

Moonlight Lovers

Sunday

Von currypulver

Kapitel 2: Chapter 1(english)

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up, rays of the sun fell through the window. I was lying in a bed, in a room that was completely alien to me and yet I did not feel the slightest sign of panic or fear. I ... just lay there, rolled over on my back and stared at the ceiling. My head hurt and my body ached all over the place. I closed my eyes again and listened to the birds chirping. But suddenly, I saw something else. The creaking of floorboards and shortly afterwards there was a knock on the door. I started up and held the blanket protectively in front of my body. There was another knock. I held my breath. But whoever knocked there knew that I was here. He probably brought me here. I cleared my throat. "Come in ...?" I said out loud, trying to appear confident, but my voice burst like a soap bubble.

The door opened and creaked in protest of the movement.

"You're awake. So, I wasn't wrong. "

I nodded. "Seems like it," I mumbled, taking a closer look at the woman. She looked like someone you shouldn't walk across at night ... and to be honest, I didn't want to be during the day either.

"I thought you might be hungry when you wake up... so I made you a bite to eat. I hope you like it." She put the tablet on the bedside table and my eyes followed her. A vase with a single flower, a cup and a plate that was covered.

"I would gladly pick you a bouquet ... it is so common as you bring in a hospital visit flowers. Or? Vladimir caught me doing it and chased me out of the garden ..." She laughed and then sat down on the edge of the bed. "Anyway... I'm called Sunday. Will you tell me your name?" She asked smiling and looking at me.

"Eloise ..." I gave only a short answer. I had to find out what had happened, and she looked like she was ready to give me answers. But my eyes followed her hands, which grabbed the cup and held it out to me.

"A hot chocolate with Marshmallows and ..." Her hands went to the plate, which was still covered. She lifted the cover and grinned proudly. "Pancakes with apple sauce. I don't want to show off ... but this time they didn't burn me ... and I think they even turned out to be edible." She chuckled with laughter and her hair bobbed in motion.

"Um thanks ..." I looked down. Did I really want to eat this? On the other hand, ... I was hungry and it looked good. I put my doubts aside and tried, and sure enough - it was delicious. I finished quickly and drank the last sip before I put the empty cup on the tablet. Sunday stayed with me the whole time, but now she reached for the tray.

"I'll take this to the kitchen quickly ... then I'll answer all of your questions. You sure

have a lot." She smiled and took the vase and set it on the dressing table. "When you leave the room, you will find a door on the right. There is the bathroom, unfortunately, you must share it with me ... but it will be fine. I'm waiting for you downstairs Just come down when you want." Sunday nodded to me and then left the room.

I stay back Sunday was right - I had questions and lots of them. The memories slowly came back too. The men in the house - in my house. De r pathetic attempt to escape, and finally the fall from the window. I remembered because I was between flowers, followed by a vote clutter and choose the prompt someone ...? To choose for what? First, there were six men, just before I had made my choice, this woman appeared in a circle. Did I choose her? My eyes fell on my hands, which I clenched into a fist and then loosened again. I turned it and looked at my palms and back. But if I wanted answers, then I had to go to her.

Finally, I peeled myself out of bed, my suitcase and the backpack, which I had with me when I arrived, were carefully placed next to the closet.

I sighed briefly, then left the room and looked for Sunday. Amazed, I ran across the large hallway, then down the stairs to the entrance hall. And now? Music played and I decided to follow it. She led me into the large drawing-room, and I looked around the room devoutly before I discovered the piano, which was seen by the very woman who had introduced herself to me with Sunday.

"Sunday? " Began I to. "Why Sunday? Is that your name? Who are you... where are these men and... what is everyone doing here, in my house?" It gushed out of me and Sunday smiled.

"Well... one at a time. Sunday is kind of a nickname ... I've gotten so used to it, I don't even remember my real name. But understandable after so many years..." She thought and I knitted my eyebrows. "But further in the text. This is ... your house ... you inherited it from your parents. It's like ... when the house was empty ... we used it temporarily as an apartment ... well ... temporarily for 18 years. Vladimir and I arrived here almost at the same time. While he stayed here and looked after the house and the garden, I left a short time later. But I come here for a visit almost once a year and bring the boys presents from all over the world. " Sunday giggled. "But the much more interesting part... when you showed up here. Did you startle the boys like the fox the chicken coop? "

"Do you know what happened to my parents? Does this ... Vladimir know? Have you or he, done anything to my parents?" I asked angrily, and Sunday held up her hands soothingly and shook her head while her hair followed the movement

"As far as I know ... they were already dead ... the police had stopped the investigation and sealed the house. We only used the favour of the vacant house to hide. "

"Hide?! Only murderers must hide ... "I shouted and tears welled up in my eyes. "What are you going to do with me?" I asked, clenching my fists. I turned around, looked for an escape route with my eyes and just as I was about to storm, Sunday's answer came. "We are vampires! You ... ran into a house full of vampires. Well ... legitimately, it was yours ... or was ... " she muttered. "But please, listen to me. The others have built a home here. You have no other place where you can go ... "

I spun around and stared at her. She still saw it on the stool in front of the piano and looked to the side in dismay. But she must have felt my gaze because just then, she looked at me and got up. She came slowly towards me.

"Please Eloise... listen to me." Finally, she stood in front of me and brushed my tears away with one finger. "I understand it's confusing ... but I'll explain everything to you.

Because yes, there are vampires ... just as many other creatures who stay in secret. I know it sounds ridiculous ... and believe me, my first encounter with a vampire was ... well ... I'm one now, after all. For almost 500 years ..." She grimaced a little and looked at me again. Then she continued. "You tripped awkwardly and fell out of the window ... you were injured and the only way to save yourself was ..." "Transform me?" I asked in a panic. Was I a vampire I looked at my hands, but then I remembered the food?

"The pancakes ... and ..." Sunday put his finger to my mouth.

"You are not a vampire. I'm a vampire ... the boys in this house are vampires, but you aren't. You are ... a chalice. Not a vampire, but no longer a human either ..." Sunday looked away and seemed to consider, then looked at me and opened his mouth. In panic, I looked at her teeth - fangs. Then she brought her wrist to her mouth and, with a quick bite, parted her skin and the blood oozed out.

"You see ... that's how it works with the fangs and the biting. But don't worry, I'll ... "

The rest of the sentence I did not understand more, all in my head turned, I went black and I lost consciousness. Far away a panicked call for my name echoed, but I didn't notice anything after that.

When I came to, I was lying in another room. Dazed, I grabbed my head and looked around. In the fireplace across the street the fire crackled after the light, it must have been dark outside by now. I looked at the door. The babble of voices reached me from next door, and I sat up heavily. What was going on there?

I opened the door a crack and investigated the large drawing-room. There were a couple of the men from the night before ... and Sunday.

"How could you be so reckless and bite yourself in front of their eyes?"

"I ... I'm sorry ... I thought it was the best decision to show her just what we are, instead of doing it forever with words to try ... how would you have her because say?" Sunday shook his head and limited the poor. "She ... is my chalice, I am responsible for her ... and will explain everything to her ... but in my own way. And if you will excuse me, then I will do my duty and see if she is awake." turned around and came towards the room.

I rushed back to the sofa and pretended to be asleep. A little later the door opened, and I felt someone beside d a set s bed.

"Hey ... I know you're awake ... I'm sorry. Everything..." She mumbled and I turned to her and looked at her.

"What... is a chalice? You mentioned that you turned me into one ... and that you are responsible for me ..." I spoke softly and looked at the vampire, who turned her head to me. "You don't seem like a vampire ... not like ... they're portrayed in books and films." I added and Sunday laughed. I didn't know if it was the comparison or that I was just using you. But she didn't seem to mind.

"I know ... for that Vladimir ... but someone has to fulfil the clichés." She giggled and began to twist one of her curls between her fingers.

"A chalice is a person who connects with the Vampire has been received. A covenant that will accompany us until the end of life. "

"When ... I chose you?"

"Yes. At first, only the boys were there ... when I got back to the manor house it was locked, so I wanted to try the kitchen and went into the garden. The guys were all standing in a circle and curious as I am, I pushed myself in between to see what was there. And right there... you pointed your finger at me." She explained briefly. "However, they gave me the choice ... whether I agree and enter into this covenant or decline and you have to vote again ... but I agreed." She said and looked at the

fireplace. "A blood maid is not to be envied... and depending on which vampire she chooses, the rest of her life depends on it. Sure ... the boys would have n all care about you ... some more, some less ... with you had you from the start understood and the other perhaps you'd like for the jugular gone ... but protected would you everyone. No ... everyone will protect you in case something should happen. But it's mostly my job. I protect you and take care of you ... although I won't limit you in your life. You can do whatever you want ... no matter whether it's a shopping tour in the city, a trip to Moondance ... or whether you say you want to study or travel - no matter what it is. I adjust to you. "

"Why? Why should you do this Because... I'm your... your chalice?" I asked, confused, and Sunday nodded.

"As my chalice, will ... you will feed me from now on ... you can also call it to feed. So not like a mother who is breastfeeding her child, no. It's more like ... I need your grace. You decide when I can bite you and drink your blood ... Or just barely. You determine the feeding times. Like a dog. Because I am just as dependent on your grace." Her gaze returned to me and she smiled weakly. "I won't force you to do anything ... I promise."

I nodded. I first had to process everything, because my life had taken a turn that I only knew from books and films. The courageous heroines of the stories who suddenly had to decide the fate of the world found themselves in new worlds and had to live there from then on. But the stories had one thing in common. There was always a happy ending. My eyes went to Sunday. Would I have a happy ending if I trusted her? Could I in the new world find their way in which I should now live surrounded by vampires and a blood bank for a vampire?

I sighed.

"What if I don't want it?" I asked the question and Sunday looked at me. "If... I don't want to be your chalice. If I want to be human again..." I asked, looking at her and her eyes clouded over.

"A chalice bound to the vampire ... can only one way to be human again ... when the vampire dies. However, if you die, in an accident for example, then I would die with you. Should you succumb to old age, I would be by your side until that day ... and when the day comes, I would be free. There is still the option to turn into a vampire. "She explained calmly.

"And ... I can't exchange you? If I like one of the other vampires better? There's the 14-day cancellation period ... " Began I to.

"Please ?!" Sunday interrupted me, indignation in her voice. Then our eyes met and we both had to laugh. "I'll give you a 14-day right of withdrawal ... No exchange and if only with presentation of the receipt. "She joked and looked at me with a grin.

Then I sat up and straightened my hair. "I'll get used to all of this here. Just give me some time ... you know. I used to dream of being one of the characters in my books ... It all seems so surreal. " I smiled. I didn't know why. But maybe my new chapter in life would turn out to be more interesting than expected.

Then there was a knock on the door and a short time later one of the men I knew from the previous evening entered.

"I didn't mean to disturb you. But we heard you laughing next door. "

"Oh of course. I need you even imagine today." Sunday jumped up and held out his hand, which I took after a moment. "Eloise, this is Raphael."

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, miss." Raphael smiled as gently as I would never have expected a vampire. I inevitably blushed, and probably my face

turned red like a tomato when I heard Sunday's giggle.

"Are you coming? Beliath and Vladimir are waiting in the large drawing-room to meet you, miss." Raphael was still smiling and pointing to the door with his hand. Sunday nodded and the three of us entered the room.

"Raphael, who would have thought that I would see you in the company of two beautiful women."

Raphael sighed.

"You would certainly have preferred you could have accompanied them to the salon."

"Oh, certainly ... I even know ..."

"Beliath." Sunday grinned slightly. "I know you would not only have accompanied us both out of the small salon but ideally to your room. Then a little chat, a cheeky flirtation and at the end of the day the three of us tore up the sheets. Make a note of one thing my friend, make Eloise some advances, and I'll dye all your white laundry pink ... and add some colour to your shampoo." She threatened him with a grin and crossed her arms while I blushed again.

"As beautiful as you want. But this nastiness doesn't suit you at all, sunshine." With a wave of his hand, he tossed his dark curls over his shoulder. Then he looked at me and winked at me. "Good evening, my dear."

With that, he left the room. I was left with three vampires.

"Eloise?" Sunday tapped me on the shoulder and nodded in the direction of the other vampire.

"Allow? Vladimir." Turned it to me before and he nodded at me smiling.

"I hope you will get used to it quickly. We will of course help you all as best we can. Sunday has already explained everything to you?" He asked and Sunday groaned in annoyance.

"Yes mom, I told her everything important ... " He said and crossed her arms. "I hope ... " She then added quietly.

"I beg your pardon?" Vladimir raised his eyebrows.

"You are a curious mother hen!" She laughed and looked at me. "Come on, there are three more residents I have to introduce to you."

"Are you sure that you can do it with ..."

"Yes!" Whatever Raphael wanted to ask, I had interrupted Sunday and indicated with a nod of my head that I should follow her.

"See you ... later." I said goodbye quickly and followed the greenshop into the entrance hall.

"There's already the man I'm looking for ... the prettiest boy in the house." She called and curiously I looked past her and discovered ... Beliath. But next to him was another vampire, with short white hair.

"Forget it sunshine, you had your chance with me ... but of course I would forgive you if ..." Beliath grinned and Sunday shook her head.

"That's your problem Beliath, she had a chance with you, but you never with her." Then he turned to Sunday and me. "Well ... with your chalice on the tip of your skirt, you probably won't come along to flirt women at first, huh?"

"No. Not at first. But..." Sunday turned to me. "This is Ethan. Sometimes a nasty potato, but the perfect party accompaniment if you want to celebrate."

"You know I can hear you?" Ethan asked annoyed and Sunday nodded with a giggle.

"You both have fun in Moondance."

The two vampires left the mansion and Sunday pushed me up the stairs.

"Come on... Aaron and Ivan want to chat with you too. One more, the other less..."

"Well, Aaron is quite tall and has red hair. We both come from... sunny areas." She explained briefly. "And Ivan ..."

"Is the reason for the accident, no ... my fall out of the window?" I asked and she nodded.

"Yes. But please don't blame him for it. He's still a young vampire who doesn't have his blood thirst under control, he's already blaming himself enough. "

When we knocked on Aaron's door, no one answered, so we went on to Ivan's room. On this occasion, Sunday showed me the upper floors of the house. But Ivan's door remained closed too. Sunday opened the door carefully and peered into the room.

"He's sleeping ... then I'll introduce you two to each other in the morning." She said softly as she gently closed the door. "I think ... I must show you the rest of the rooms and the garden. So, come on ... the night is still young." And again, I was pushed through the corridors down to the entrance hall.

Sunday showed me the library and I was immediately under the spell of the books, but we didn't stay long. I was dragged out of the book-filled room and led into the kitchen and from there into the garden. I breathed in the cool air and sit on the garden bench.

"Are you okay?" I heard Sunday's voice and felt her sit down on the floor in front of the bench. I nodded.

"Yes ... it's just all at once. But I'll digest it ... don't worry. " I wasn't as confident as in the small salon. But I wasn't scared and that was what was important. I opened my eyes briefly and looked at the starry sky and the moon, then I closed my eyes again.

Without realizing it, I slowly dawned and slid sideways on the bench and fell asleep.

When I woke up the last rays of the sun shone into my room and coloured it in a soft gold tone. I looked around sleepily. Sunday must have carried me here when I fell asleep on the bench. I stretched and found that everything hurt me. I felt my head and found a big bump. I must have bumped the head of the bed while sleeping. And immediately so violently that I didn't wake up, but probably put myself out of action.

Finally, I got up, got ready, and went downstairs. Sunday had shown me the house ... but where did she sleep? She hadn't shown me a room. Or did she sleep with one of the boys? Belial would probably have liked that very much. I shook my head and ran down the stairs, but then remained abruptly stand. Although it was still light, Sunday was already on his feet. She was wearing headphones and swung the mop with such passion as if she were dancing. What she did. I giggled and hid to watch the spectacle a little longer. She turned, swung her hips, and trilled to her music.

Only when she turned around with a swing you noticed me, she dropped the mop and cried out in shock.

"Holy ...! Girl! Do not scare me like that. Should I die of a heart attack? " She asked, putting the headphones on her shoulders and picking up the mop.

"I thought you were dead already?" I asked jokingly.

"Yes ... somehow ... and somehow not. Oh... is like the relationship status on that one website... 'complicated'. " She chuckled and came over to me.

"Slept well?" She asked smiling and I nodded.

"Kind of... but... everything hurts. Probably have I laid me on the bench ... or hit my head on the edge of the bed ... "I mumbled and sighed and grimaced Sunday.

"Well ... you fell when I wanted to put you to bed ... amazing how deeply you slept that you didn't notice that." She said and I looked at her.

"Please what?"

"Yes... you are heavier than you look. Which shouldn't be an insult now. You have a nice body. Women don't have to be skin and bones, they can weigh something and ... "

She blushed and shook her head. "Forget it. Do you want breakfast I can cook something for you if you want ... „?"

"First you say I am heavy and now you want to cook something for me? I thought vampires were very strong ..." I asked and Sunday grinned.

"That's why I'm still far from Wonder Women and can ..." She stopped, after this I the eyebrows had pulled up.

"Chocolate pancakes or applesauce?"

"With chocolate and cocoa, please."

We both had a short laugh and I took the mop.

"You cook and I'll wipe the entrance hall for you." No sooner said than done, and I got to work while Sunday disappeared into the kitchen. The hall was swept quickly, so I followed the vampire into the kitchen and saw how she put the last pancake on the plate, coated it with chocolate and rolled it up. Then she took the pan off the stove and poured the hot milk into the cup.

"Ah, there you are already. Breakfast ... or dinner, as you like, is ready. Enjoy it." With that, she put the plate and cup in front of me and handed me the cutlery.

"Thank you." I tried it, and again it was as delicious as the night before. "Where did you learn how to make pancakes? Can vampires consume other food than blood?" I asked carefully while looking at the vampire who had sat down with me.

"Yes. To a certain extent, of course. We can drink water or alcohol, which dampens our hunger a little but cannot satisfy us. As for human food ... we can eat it, but it no longer tastes good and we get a stomachache. Unfortunately, ..." She explained to me while she was drinking a cup of hot chocolate herself.

"That doesn't answer my pancake question." I realized and grinned.

"To answer that, I have to go back a little. A friend of mine, his name is Idris, has been living with a human for 7 years and yes, she knows that he is a vampire. When I visit a few years ago the two was also InKas niece came to visit because her mother had to be hospitalized. Idris had something to do at the time and Inka wasn't given a day off, so I stepped in as a babysitter. Whereby the little one was already 9 years old ... so not that little anymore. She was hungry and so I had to do something. You must know Inca absolutely cannot cook, it therefore probably better the boyfriend is a vampire, so will spare t it much squabbling respect of cooking. Her grandmother, however, was a cook in a small eatery, which was very popular. She has collected several idiot recipes, as she called them, for Inka and put them together in a book. The pancake recipe is from that book. Cooking and baking for the girl was so much fun back then that I copied all the recipes and collected more during my travels. I can't eat it myself, but I can cook it for you now." She said happily, almost smiling all over her face.

I smiled, emptied my cup and put it on the table.

"Sunday?" Began I to. I felt her questioning look but continued to look at the empty cup. "Are you hungry? I mean... do you want to... bite me?" I asked then. On the one hand, I was curious, even if I was afraid.

"Only if you are really sure. The first bite should always be a special moment. I don't want you to ..."

"I want it!" I interrupted and looked at her. "You said I control the bites. I want you to bite me now." I said and looked at her resolutely and my vampire's amazement was written on her face for a moment, then she nodded with a smile. "As you wish." Sunday got up and then knelt in front of me and carefully took my wrist. My heartbeat was wild as she carefully brought my hand to her mouth.

I held my breath as her teeth dug into my flesh and moist, hot fluid flowed from my

body. Sunday drank slowly. I felt my blood dissolve in her mouth and how adrenaline rushed through my whole body. The pain from the bite was almost bearable ... comfortable? Then it all ended as quickly as it started. I pulled my wrist towards me and looked at the tiny fine bite marks.

This was the first step I had taken, and I wondered how many more would follow.

Chapter end