

Pierced

By: Soroya Biela

Nikki adjusted the top, it was half top and half corset really, and she was elated she had discovered it in the back of her closet. She was amazed it still fit, she hadn't been in it for 20 years, yet here it was, hugging her body the way it did when she was 17. Coupled with the black skirt and heels, she barely recognized herself. The dark eye shadow and temporary black hair dye completed the transition. Nikki's long, dark hair hung down to the middle of her back in waves. A stranger stared back at her in the mirror. *Just a means to an end*, she reminded herself. She had to feed, didn't she? She hadn't exactly chosen to become a vampire, but facts were facts, her 3 kids needed their mother, and without feeding, there was no way that was possible. Besides, picking off a few of those annoying Emo kids, who were ruining Detroit's goth scene, was really doing everyone a favor.

It had been a little over a year since Nikki was bitten, and the attacker had not intended on her surviving. *Fucking Josh*, she thought, as she snarled at her reflection in the mirror, running her tongue along her fangs, which were retractable, very similar to cat claws. *Fucking Josh, and his whole, I need help with my paper bit. I should have known, only in a Victorian Literature class would I*

pick the one kid who was actually one of the undead. She had heard rumors that such foolishness was going on at school, but refused to believe it. Zombies seemed way more likely, but apparently there had been a recent rise in the numbers of dead bodies on campus. All of them, just happened to have their blood removed through two tiny holes in the throat. She never saw Josh coming. *Just like he never saw me coming,* she smiled, remembering the delicious sweetness of his blood, he had just fed when she had killed him. *And really,* she thought, *am I unhappy?* She had managed to hide the truth from her family, blaming her aversion to the sun on her developing illness, to all the chemotherapy she had started. Prior to Josh deciding to feed on her, Nikki, at 37, had the unfortunate luck of being diagnosed with ovarian cancer. The doctors had removed all that they could, but the cancer had already started to spread to her other organs.

“He did you a favor.” She said aloud, not intending to, and sorry as soon as she did.

“Who did you a favor, Momma?” Nikki looked down and saw Jenny, her 8 year old, staring up at her. Her daughter was a younger version of her husband, more than herself. *It's as if his blue eyes were plucked from his head, and put into this female version of him,* she thought.

“Oh, just a friend of mine from school. He helped me with a project.” She ran the deep red lipstick across her lips, then carefully blotted them with a tissue.

“You look scary Momma. Like on Halloween when we get to dress up for school. Is this a Halloween party?”

“Sort of. Jenny, where is Katie?” Nikki was growing impatient, she was starving. She allowed herself to hunt once a week for human blood. The rest of the days she managed to get by either on pig or cow's blood, which ever was on sale. Goat's blood seemed a bit too cliché, and harder to come by. She discovered people asked questions when trying to purchase goat's blood, so she had stuck to the basics. Microwaved, animal blood offered a similar warmth, and consistency, without all the guilt. In her previous life, coffee had been necessary to start her day, now, she required a different beverage. But nothing compared to fresh blood, and tonight, she wouldn't be microwaving anything.

“Watching TV. She said I had to go to bed at 9, but it's the weekend, and I want to stay up.” Jenny whined.

“Tell you what Jenny, if you go get Katie, you can stay up an extra half hour, OK?”

“YES! Katie, Momma needs you.” Jenny yelled, running off in search of her older sibling. Nikki sighed as she began to line her eyes.

“You called?” Katie said, appearing in the doorway of the tiny bathroom. She leaned on the door frame, arms crossed, and stared at her mother. “Who are you going to this club with again?”

“Hey, who's in charge here? Let Jenny stay up until 9:30, she'll pass out on the couch, then you can put her to bed without a fight. Oh, and Suzanne should be here any minute.” Jenny never went quietly, she was always afraid she was missing something.

“I was going to do that anyway. It's not like it's the first time I've ever had to put Jenny to bed, I've been doing it since she was four. I'm glad you're going with Suzanne, it means you won't get into any trouble.” Katie was 16, going on 40.

“Don't worry, she already told me that boys are after only one thing. So, what do you think?” Nikki set the eyeliner down, and turned to her daughter. She smiled, lips closed, just in case, the fangs usually retracted on command, but she wasn't taking any chances.

“Very spooky.” Katie did an exaggerated shiver. “Mother, you do realize that you are almost 40, and this is highly in-appropriate. Oh, and there is no way you would ever let me leave the house in anything which remotely resembled that.”

Katie pushed her glasses back into place.

“But everyone else there is going to be dressed like this. Wait until you see Suzanne. This whole thing was *her* idea.” Nikki looked at her daughter, they could be sisters, same build, same hair, and unlike Jenny, Katie looked just like her. The thought of her daughter knowing the truth, knowing that she was going out to hunt, to kill, to feed...she pushed the thoughts out of her head. *Best to let her think I am trying to re-live my youth, than the truth, your mother is a killer Katie, and in the dark, smokey club, in this much make up, they can't tell my age, and struggle less when they think I am one of their own.*

A knock at the door saved Nikki from anymore conversation, or stares, and she welcomed it. She always welcomed Suzanne. Suzanne had been in her Victorian Literature class as well, it was where they had met. *Remember, Suzanne never liked him, didn't trust him, was almost glad when he disappeared from campus. If only I had went with her that night. Oh right, I probably would be dead by now, dead from the cancer that was eating me alive.* Nikki needed a drink.

“Suzanne!” Jenny shrieked, and jumped into Suzanne's arms before she had even set her keys on the counter.

“Hey Jenny!” Suzanne caught her, and remained standing, which wasn't easy in the three inch heels she had on.

“Jenny! That's not very nice, Suzanne is dressed up, and you are going to knock her over. Get down right now.”

“It's OK Nikki. You are Nikki, right?” Suzanne's eyes looked her up and down, much like Nikki did when she was looking for prey. She barely recognized her friend.

“It's me. But according to Katie, I am not dressed properly for someone my age, isn't that right?” Nikki snickered.

“Yes, I stand by what I said. Look at Suzanne, not nearly as much eye make up.” Nikki rolled her eyes, *she doesn't have to hide her ungodly pale skin, or dark circles that come from only feeding on fresh blood one night a week.*

“See Katie, it's not about too much. Not at this place. I went light, because I can't pull it off, but your mother can. I see you found the top we talked about the other night.”

“Yes, still fits after 20 years.”

“Unbelievable. I couldn't get into clothes from high school if I tried. Sorry Jenny, I gotta put you down, before I wind up at the bottom of the basement stairs.” Jenny let go, pouting as she did.

“Jenny, give me a kiss, we need to go.” Jenny kissed her mother, and disappeared into the living room.

“You ready?” Suzanne asked. It was then Nikki noticed what she had on, a black dress the hugged all her curves, fishnets, and three inch Mary Jane style heels. She was already taller than Nikki, almost everyone was, but this meant she was a lot taller. Nikki smiled, she liked their height difference, somehow it made her more interesting. Suzanne looked stunning, red hair straightened, hanging down past her shoulders, her blue eyes so full of curiosity. She noticed the vein on her neck, which pulsed under her pale skin, and had to stop herself from licking her lips. Feeding on friends was a rule she didn't break, even when they looked so delicious. If there was one thing she was going to keep during this whole ordeal, it was her morals.

“Yes, I'm ready. Katie, if you need anything, you have our numbers.”

“Yes Mother, we'll be fine. Have a good time. Call if you aren't coming home. You know how Daddy worries.” Nikki sighed, she knew how Tony worried, how it made him uneasy for her to go to clubs. If he only knew, she wasn't looking for men, that if she didn't feed, the hunger would take over any remaining self control she had, and he could wind up as breakfast.

“Bye Katie. Andy is at Jared's spending the night, so you just have Jenny. Call me if you need me.”

“Bye Mother, Bye Suzanne.” Katie called as the screen door slammed.

They arrived at The Cellar a little before 10:30. Usually on Friday night the place was packed, but an hour later, much to Nikki's disappointment, barely 20 goths lined the dance floor. Smaller crowds made it much trickier to feed, she could do it, but it would require some effort. The Cellar resided in the basement under an old dorm on campus, next to the engineering building. It wasn't the first Friday night they had spent there. Suzanne, per usual was two drinks in, and appeared with their third round in her hands.

“Don't you think we should slow down a bit, the place is dead, and one of us has to drive later.” Nikki took the drink, more grateful than she let on. One of the things she was relieved about after changing was that she could still drink. Most food repulsed her, but drinking, well it didn't. Only one problem with drinking, if she didn't feed, the hunger would hit her harder, and faster as soon as the buzz wore off.

“Yes, eventually we can slow down, but how fun is it to have the place to ourselves? Oh and I bought these.” Suzanne held up two vials of red liquid. The vials had little medical crosses on them. Fake blood shots.

“Oh, you really shouldn't have. Really.” Reluctantly, Nikki took the shot from Suzanne's hand. Normally she was grateful for her friend's generosity, being drunk

made feeding easier, less guilt. Not to mention that as soon as she fed, she would be sober. But tonight, with no food...

“Why not? We don't get to do this very often. Remember when it was every week? Now it's once a month, I have to enjoy every second I get. Besides, how could I resist drinks that look like vials of blood. I've always wanted to be a vampire. You know, live forever, drink blood, seduce strangers.” Suzanne smiled wickedly. *It's not all it's cracked up to be*, Nikki thought, holding the drinks in her hands, wishing it were real blood, instead of this fruity concoction.

“Here's to us.”

“Cheers.” They toasted. Nikki watched Suzanne's throat as she took the shot. She didn't hide it this time, she licked her lips. She swore she could smell the scent of Suzanne's blood through her skin. Only a thin membrane separated her from the savory, crimson liquid she craved.

“Why don't we dance?” Suzanne asked after downing a bit more of her drink. *Yes, why don't we dance?* Nikki felt the rational part of her brain slipping away. The animal was in charge now. The shot, along with the prior two drinks, had dissolved most of her remaining self control. She felt her fangs descend from their hiding place. She took Suzanne's hand in hers, and led her to the dance floor. The

bass echoed off the walls. Nikki felt it in her bones, her muscles tensed, ready to strike, watching Suzanne dance only a few inches away from her.

There had always been attraction between the two women, from the first time they met. Pre-blood sucker days, the two had joked about hooking up if Nikki ever got divorced. The pang of hunger in her stomach would not be ignored much longer. She never fed on anyone she cared about, Josh was for revenge, and the others were strangers, strung out kids in a dark club, who she had no real connection with. Suzanne locked eyes with her. *I could just kiss her, slip my lips down her neck. She's drunk, she wouldn't feel anything, and I don't have to kill her, I could just have a taste, until dinner arrives, an appetizer. Besides, she always said she wondered what it would be like if we kissed, I would be doing both of us a favor.* She danced closer, and leaned in.

“You look really sexy tonight.” She purred into Suzanne's ear. She watched her friend's eyes grow wide in disbelief.

“What?”

“You heard me.” She threaded one of her hands behind Suzanne's neck, pulling her closer. It was dark enough on the dance floor. She had fantasied about taking someone on the dance floor, knew the timing of the smoke machines by

heart. The first burst would be short, it always was. She brushed her lips against Suzanne's. She felt her shudder. *Just a taste. That's all, nothing more than a taste.*

Suzanne moaned, and Nikki slipped her tongue into her mouth, with her other hand she pulled Suzanne to her, pressing their bodies closer. They moved in time with the music. *Oh fuck, I can hear the rush, I can hear your blood. Forgive me, my friend. .*

Nikki kissed her way down Suzanne's neck, anxious for second burst of smoke. The longer burst. Suzanne moaned, the machine hissed. Smoke filled the whole floor, making it impossible to see. She pierced the flesh, feeling the warm drops of blood greet her tongue. She sighed. Suzanne arched into her mouth. Nikki had never thought of feeding as anything but that, feeding, but this, this was something entirely different. She wanted more than the blood. She wanted inside her . She lifted her head, licking her fangs as she did, she hated to spill a single drop, and most nights didn't.

“Ouch Nikki, that hurt.” Suzanne reached for her neck. Nikki had barely pierced the skin. She had been careful.

“Sorry about that. The music, the drinks, I got a bit carried away.” Nikki lied. “Why don't we go to your car? I can't smoke in here, and it's way too cold to stand outside.”

“It's OK. I'm not upset, just wasn't expecting you to..”

“Shh..” She said, as she put her finger to Suzanne's lips.

They made it to Suzanne's SUV and climbed into the last row of seats. Nikki locked the doors. Suzanne, though drunk, raised an eyebrow.

“We are in the middle of Detroit.” Nikki started. She wondered how long she could keep the lie going. She could hear Suzanne's heartbeat, the blood was pumping fast through her veins. *It would gush into my mouth if I bit her now*, Nikki thought. She wasn't going to last much longer, the hunger was in control, and it would stop at nothing to be satisfied.

“Since when are you afraid of Detroit. We go to school here, remember?”

“I'm not, I just didn't want to continue what we were doing on the dance floor in public. I wanted some privacy.”

“Nikki, forgive me for being a bit confused, for months you and I talked about..”

“Didn't I tell you to quit talking about it? Here, drink this.” Nikki handed Suzanne a flask from her purse. Suzanne unscrewed the top, and took a long drink.

“Oh, my, it's Jameson.” She wiped her lips, and smiled, feeling the burn in her chest as she swallowed. Nikki took a drink, then slid the flask back into her purse.

“Who's gonna drive home?” Suzanne asked. Nikki didn't reply, instead she leaned over, and kissed her friend hard on the lips. She didn't resist. Their tongues touched, slowly sliding against each other. Suzanne slid her hand across Nikki's breast. Nikki moaned. Between the alcohol and the blood she had taken earlier, her senses were on overload. Nikki broke their kiss, just long enough to pushed her down onto the bench seat. Suzanne spread her legs.

“Oh my God. I've wanted this forever..” Suzanne moaned, as Nikki kissed a path down her neck. She was done with the neck, Suzanne had a much better area for feeding than those malnourished goth kids. Suzanne's plump DD breasts looked absolutely inviting in the shadows of the backseat. Besides, this wasn't just about her pleasure, for the first time, in almost a year, she wanted to do more than just feed. Her hands pulled Suzanne's breast from the confines of her dress. She brought the nipple to her mouth, looked into Suzanne's eyes, and bit it softly. After a moment she slowly released it from her teeth. Suzanne groaned in approval, wrapping her legs around Nikki's body. She pushed Suzanne's dress up, slipping her hands under the panties, and touched her flesh at the exact moment her teeth broke the skin just above her nipple.

“Ooh..” Suzanne moaned. She couldn't believe it. The pain and pleasure combined were making her insane. *Is she, no she couldn't be.* Suzanne pushed it

out of her mind, *she isn't drinking my blood, is she?* She didn't care if she was, it felt too good not to let it continue.

Nikki fed, feeling the warmth return to her limbs. She thrust her fingers deep in Suzanne, working them in and out, feeling the gush of fluids coat her hand. She was so drenched, from the combination of fucking and feeding, that her own juice was starting to line her inner thighs. She tried to remember the last time she was this wet? Months, years? She couldn't remember. Why hadn't she thought of this before? Blood and sex? Suzanne was desperately humping her hand now, trying to cum.

“Harder, bite me again!” Suzanne begged. Nikki was only too happy to oblige, and bit her breast again, in a new spot, letting the fresh blood gush into her mouth, while they continued to fuck. The blood was flowing now, and Nikki felt sobriety beginning to hit her, right as orgasm tore through the woman underneath her. Suzanne was cumming, crying out as she did. Nikki sucked, but the wound wasn't deep enough, the flow had slowed down considerably. She couldn't stop herself from licking the two tiny punctures, trying to coax just a few more drops into her mouth. The beat of Suzanne's heart was echoing in her ears. Nikki didn't expect what happened next. An animalistic look flashed in Suzanne's eyes, as she pushed Nikki off her, and flipped her over in one fluid motion. She hiked her skirt

up from behind, pushed her panties aside, and thrust two fingers inside. Nikki moaned, feeling the cold glass of the car window pressed against her cheek. She clenched Suzanne's fingers, while she licked the blood on her lips. *How did she know what I wanted? How did she know I was so wet? How did she know I wanted someone else to take control?* None of it mattered, she felt the familiar build of orgasm start. She reached down and started touching her clit, not fully aware of what she was doing, as if she were lost in some other world. It was so easy between the two of them. Neither fought for control, instead they shared it, moving as one fluid being. Nikki let out a groan. Her body tensed, feeling wave after wave of pleasure begin to rip through her tiny frame.

“Oh, you're cumming. I can feel you cumming.” Her juice poured onto Suzanne's fingers, and down onto the back of her hand.

“Don't stop Suzanne, please don't stop.” Suzanne fucked her harder, wrapping her whole body around her, pinching her nipple as she did so. Nikki felt herself come again, as scream escaped her throat.

“Oh yess...” Suzanne moaned, loving that she had made her scream. Slowly, she began to pull her fingers out, while Nikki's body tried desperately to suck them back in with one final clench. Suzanne grinned, easing them out of Nikki's hot flesh, and into her mouth. In the reflection of the window, Nikki watched and

smiled. “You taste so good. Can I have some more?” Suzanne's eyes pleaded as she licked the back of her hand, savoring every last drop.

“Not tonight. At least, not right now. I need to fe-feel my legs again.” She had almost said feed first, *I need to feed first before I let you eat me.* She collapsed onto the seat, her eyes coming back into focus, her breathing returning to normal. Her own heart was banging against her chest. She was done fighting it, even though she had been drunk when she had started this delightful tryst, she had been sober when she let Suzanne fuck her. *Do morals really matter at this point, I mean, I'm killing people weekly, what is a bit of infidelity?* But in the back of her mind, her conscience was slowly returning as the blood rushed back into her head. Her morals had been the only thing keeping her sane these last few months. She would have panicked if she hadn't felt so good, so *alive.* She turned over and looked up into Suzanne's eyes. Suzanne was smiling at her, a half smile, a satisfied smile. She reached down and tucked a strand of hair behind Nikki's ear. Nikki kissed her hand. She wanted more, she would deal with her conscience later, on a full stomach. Until then, the excuse of too much alcohol and not enough blood suited her just fine. She adjusted her dress, and got up to get out of the SUV.

“Hey, where are you going? I'm so sorry. I know we said we weren't going to do this.” The panic in Suzanne's voice was sweet, a little late, but sweet. Nikki leaned back and gave her a kiss on the lips.

“No worries, I'll be right back.” Nikki headed into the club, she was going to feed, and then, she was going to let herself be devoured. She called Katie on the way in, “Katie, no, I'm afraid I won't be coming home tonight..”

Nikki awoke just as the sun was beginning to rise. The first rays were beginning to stream through the window. She reached over on the nightstand for the remote control for the curtains. This wasn't the first night she had stayed at the St. Regis in Detroit, and she doubted it would be the last. Grasping the controller she hit the button, hearing the familiar hum as the curtains began to close. Something was not right about this whole situation, something was not normal. Her head was pounding, she was definitely hung over, but she couldn't determine if it was from alcohol or lack of blood. She tried to remember the details of the night before, but they were hazy at best. She needed blood before she could sort any of this mess out. Hadn't she been with Suzanne, at the Cellar? She decided to try to fall back asleep before calling room service for a snack. Rolling over she let out a small scream, and quickly clasped her hands over her mouth. There, in the bed next

to her was Suzanne. *Oh my God, did I kill her? No, no, no, this isn't happening, not Suzanne. I knew I shouldn't have bit her.* Nikki pulled the covers back, revealing a topless Suzanne. She started to shake her friend, out of desperation. The body didn't move. Nikki started to panic, and shook her harder.

“What's wrong?” Suzanne asked groggily.

“Oh, thank God, I thought you were...” Nikki stopped herself. Had she told Suzanne what she was, she couldn't remember. If she hadn't, best to keep it that way.

“You thought I was what?” Suzanne looked up, squinting a bit.

“I thought maybe you were upset, about last night.” Trying to see what exactly her friend might know.

“What about last night? I'm not mad. Just tired. You didn't let me sleep much.” Suzanne said with a smile.

“I didn't?” Nikki asked.

“You don't remember? Ok, now I am upset about last night. How can you not remember?” Suzanne got up, and started to look for her clothes.

“Suzanne, no, I remember. Well sort of. It's not you.”

“Oh, really, the whole it's not you, it's me bullshit. Please Nikki, I thought you said us sleeping together wouldn't ruin our friendship. You can do better than

that.” Suzanne had located her skirt, grabbed it off of the chair. Nikki gently grabbed her hand.

“Hey.” She said softly. “It's not that, it's just you're the first person I've slept with in over 20 years. I'm just a little surprised at my actions. You know how I feel about infidelity. Come back to bed so we can talk.” Nikki looked at Suzanne's naked body in the pale shadows of the room, she was beautiful. Her long red hair hung past her shoulders, down her back. Her hourglass shape made Nikki long to trace her hands along its curves. The details were slowly coming back to her. She smiled, despite the overwhelming amount of grief that was setting in. She had never cheated, not in the whole 20 years of her marriage. Yes, she had fed on strangers, but it was food. Suzanne, however, was not just food. She stared at Nikki, trying desperately to be angry, but relented as Nikki pulled her back into bed.

“I'm sorry. It's just, last night was one of the most amazing nights of my life, and I was hoping you would remember it too. I understand if this can't happen again. But, with all that you confessed to me last night, I thought you might need some extra help with your, um, problem.”

“My problem?”

“You know, the whole vampire thing. I have to tell you at first I thought it was a ploy, to get me to sleep with you, and then, after watching you feed on the night clerk, I realized you were serious.”

“Wait, just a second. You watched me feed on Bobby?”

“Is that his name? He was real sweet, said something about how he is one of your favorite late night treats, said you have a class together, math or something?”

“Oh God. Did I at least feed on him out of public view?” Maybe this drunken feeding thing was getting a bit out of hand.

“Yes, you didn't feed on him until we were in the room, and to be fair I barged into the bathroom on you two. I thought he was hurting you, then I realized it was him groaning.”

“Suzanne, I have a question for you.” Nikki looked into her friends eyes.

“Shoot.”

“Why aren't you freaked out about me telling you I am what I am? Why didn't you leave? I could have killed you if I wanted to. I was terrified I had when you didn't wake up immediately.” Nikki touched her face, Suzanne leaned in and kissed her softly.

“Because, if you were going to kill me, what a way to go. Besides, being a writer and all, this is great material. Remember, I am the girl who writes about

zombies. So, are you hungry?" Nikki couldn't believe this. Her head was spinning. Here she was, in a hotel, with Suzanne, who was offering her breakfast. She grinned.

"What?" Suzanne asked.

"Breakfast in bed?" Nikki giggled.

"Very funny, here come the lame vampire jokes. But yes, I suppose in this case, that is exactly what it is. Is it safe to feed from me again so soon?"

"Well it's always safe for me." Nikki's fangs had descended from their hiding place. She smiled, revealing them. "Still ok with me being a vampire now?" She could hear Suzanne's heart begin to beat faster. Nikki's stomach grumbled, protesting its lack of proper nutrition.

"Yes." Suzanne swallowed hard, as she lay back down on the bed. Nikki leaned over her, her hair cascading down over the two of them, as she straddled Suzanne.

"How much did I drink from you last night?" The last words almost came out in a growl, as she moved down to nuzzle Suzanne's neck. Nikki was famished, fresh blood two days in a row made her head grow dizzy.

"Not much, mostly you fed on Bobby, and whoever you found in the club. I'm assuming you found someone in the club. I didn't know what you were at that

point, I only thought maybe you were into S&M. Ow...” Suzanne protested, feeling the sharp poke of Nikki's fangs, but quickly began to moan. The initial pierce always was painful, no way around that, but Nikki had started brushing her fingers lightly Suzanne's nipple.

The vampire fed, but not with the quick ferocity she normally did, but slowly pacing herself, making sure not to drain too quickly. The warmth spread to all of her limbs as she sucked on Suzanne.

