

Music thrums from the other room, muffled by layers of plaster, insulation, and wood. The overwhelming fluorescent light of the bathroom illuminates every flaw in my makeup, crack in my skin, and the signs of over intoxication. Vampirism is a beautiful thing, eternal youth, a blood sucking parasitic nature, and immortal undeath. Unfortunately, it is merely something that I can mimic with a poorly made costume. I wipe vomit from my red lips - smearing my lipstick in the process - and return to the party with a jittery and unnatural energy that my body tries to resist. A shirtless woman in the hallway, cleaning her fingernails with a butterfly knife, says something to me but my mind is too far gone to comprehend - instead I pass the almost ethereal barrier into a blacklight lit room. My ex glares at me from across the makeshift dance floor as people move their bodies to ripped music played by a DJ looming in a corner, anime playing on the TV. My friends are absent, likely gone to chain smoke during my extended puking and recovery session. I try to join in with the collective dance, a vain attempt to become possessed by the perpetual beat of the music, but my body, mind, and spirit are all disconnected. Water, rest, food, *euphoria* - I need something in me that sustains or simulates the basic functions of this corpse-like vessel that I feel I merely inhabit.

On my way back to the kitchen, passing through the dimly lit hallway spray painted with graffiti, the woman stops me this time. She looks me up and down, grips my face and pushes my upper lip aside to reveal my teeth. She smiles.

“Blood?” She asks.

“Blood...” I say, with a haze in my voice and delirium in my eyes.

She takes my hand and leads me away to a cramped room, a couple engaged in a moment of heated passion don't seem to notice us - one at the other's throat. She gestures with a smile to the woman whose head hangs limp, seemingly in a state of ecstasy, and I note something very wrong. This is not some intimate makeout session, but the intimate process of one consuming the blood of another. I stare in shock. In a moment of revelation, the woman from the hallway steps to me and pulls out one of my plastic fangs.

“Unfortunate...” She says, and grabs my hair to bend my neck. “...but it doesn't matter.”

I feel her teeth sink into me and my blood turns ice cold, my thoughts are lost and replaced by euphoria and fear. I want to run, I want to give in. Seconds, minutes, or hours pass - I do not know.

I wake up, slumped against the wall of this cramped room. The two women from before stand over me smiling. The still warm body of the now lifeless and drained girl lies next to me. My head still swimming, the two women help me stand and embrace me.

“Welcome, sister.” They say, holding me tighter than anyone ever has. Only now can I feel their ice cold bodies, long drained of the warmth of life. I touch my neck, wet with blood that feels alien and inspires a deep hunger in me, and feel the residual heat slowly draining from my own body.

Overwhelmed with joy, I ask -

“When can I feed?”