

Moonlight Lovers

Sunday

Von currypulver

Kapitel 4: Chapter 2 (english)

Since the first bite, a few days had passed. A few days in which I got to know my new roommates better, or at least tried.

I was just in the library, looking for some evening reading to distract myself from the fact that I couldn't find my vampire. She had disappeared since last night, without anyone having any idea where she could be. I sighed and at that moment the door opened.

"Oh, I..." Ivan had just come into the room and now looked to the side. Sunday had briefly introduced us to each other, and the conversation had been quite short as well. "I'll come back later..."

"Stop! Stay here!" I shouted and saw the vampire flinch and stare slightly startled at my command to me. "While you're here, Ivan..." I smiled slightly and blushed. "Could you give me the book down there? I can't get there..." In fact, I had been trying to get to one of the upper books for several minutes - without success.

"Sure..." The vampire cautiously approached and didn't seem to take his eyes off me before standing next to me. "This?" He asked, handing me down a book in an old envelope. "This...you want to read?" He asked, puzzled, and handed it to me.

"Actually, I don't know what I want to read...I'm more on a quest." I confessed, taking the book from him and flipping through it. "Mm..." Oh great. I had been given a book I couldn't read. "Could you put it back up there?" I asked, looking slightly to the side. In the corner of my eye, I saw Ivan nod and put the book back in its place.

"For... recommendations, maybe you should ask Vladimir or Raphael..." He then muttered.

"Why not you?" I asked curiously and now it was Ivan who looked to the side and nervously tugged at his cloak.

"Well..." He began, but then didn't get another word out. "I... have comics in my room...if...you read something like that." Towards the end, he got quieter and quieter and seemed to want to hide more and more in his cloak.

"So far, I've only ever read comics in magazines." I nodded. "If you'd lend them to me...I'd love to read them."

"Really?" The vampire looked at me with a look I didn't know how to interpret. But one thing struck me so clearly, almost as if he were saying it to my face. One thing...that I desperately needed to put an end to.

"Ivan. Look at me." I commanded and the vampire looked at me almost shyly. "About my accident... the fall from the window..."

"I'm so sorry...I didn't mean to...I..."

"Quiet. I don't want to hear about it. Ivan, the fall is not your fault. I mean, you asked me to leave and I wouldn't listen until it was too late. Sure, I could blame you and maybe it would make so many things easier for me... but no. I didn't want to listen. So, don't blame yourself for it...I certainly don't." I took a deep breath and watched Ivan, who seemed to be slowly processing the words. "Sunday explained to me that you're having certain difficulties. I don't know if I can help you with that, but... I'd like to offer you my friendship."

A smile flitted across his lips and tentatively he nodded. "... thank you. I appreciate it very much, although I don't know if my friendship is of any use to you...but." Now he looked directly at me and nodded again while smiling broadly and just as he was about to say something, the door opened again and we both looked towards the entrance of the room.

"Here you are, Ivan." Aaron stepped in and looked at both of us. "Are you okay?" He asked and Ivan and I nodded in sync.

"Yes, everything is fine. We were talking and Ivan was kind enough to hand me a book from the shelf." I quickly explained and Aaron nodded.

"You don't have to answer to me. Come on Ivan, we have to make you eat something. Now is the best time to do it..."

"Um, yeah." The younger vampire nodded and left the room, but then looked briefly at me again, smiled a little, and then disappeared completely. A moment later I was alone in the library and sat down on the armchair. I still had no reading to do, but the conversation with Ivan had been worth it.

Then I looked around. I probably wouldn't find another book today, so I left the room and walked into the garden.

It was a moonless night and quite cool, I noticed. Well, a small round through the garden and then back inside. But finally, something else drew my attention.

"Good evening, Vladimir." I greeted the vampire, who considered himself the master of the house. He turned to me and nodded.

"Good evening." Then he turned away again, and I came a little closer.

"What are you doing?" I asked curiously, watching him dig up one of the plants. "I need to move some of the plants. These, go over there." He explained briefly and I looked to where Vladimir was pointing. Then I looked at the flowers. They were small flowers that seemed quite inconspicuous. If their blossoms were not coloured in such a clear orange, they could have been easily overlooked. "Vladimir? What are those flowers?"

"Tagetes. More commonly known as student flowers. Sunday planted these flowers here. But please excuse me, I only have time for this today." He said, then turned away completely.

I briefly considered offering my help, but then decided to go back inside. Student flowers. I thought about it. Supposedly, each flower stood for something. I wondered if Sunday associated something with these flowers.

I ran back to the library. Earlier I had seen a book about plants. Maybe I could find something there. But as soon as I found the book, the noise came from the entrance hall.

I hurriedly put the book aside and ran out of the room.

I almost ran into Beliath, who immediately put on a smile when he saw me.

"Good evening, beautiful. You are just what we need right now."

"Please?" I asked and Beliath sighed. "Sunday has reappeared and has a pretty bad wound. Ethan is taking care of her, but our sunshine just won't come clean about what

happened."

"And... now you want me to ask her? Is she badly hurt? Where is she?" It bubbled out of me and the vampire nodded.

"They went into the bathroom and..." Even as Beliath spoke, I left him and ran upstairs.

"Sunday!" I shouted as I tore open the door and the smell of blood hit me directly.

"Out!" Ethan growled, but I ignored him and looked on Sunday. Her hair was caked with blood and there were two gashes on her back.

"Sunday..." I murmured, circling her. Even on her chest, she had a minor wound. She looked bare-chested in front of Ethan and me, while she twisted her face into a crooked grin. Only now I saw the many bruises, which were hardly noticeable on her dark skin.

"What...happened?" I asked, squatting down as the air filled with the acrid smell of disinfectant.

"I... tripped." She began, while Ethan snorted beside me.

"Stumbled into a fist, and right into it several times..." He growled and Sunday laughed softly, but then screwed up his face.

"It's all good. There was a little altercation, I sorted it all out... don't worry." She murmured, and Ethan brushed aside her hair, which until just now had covered the crook of her neck. I leaned over her and took a closer look.

"Are those..." I began, startled.

"Bite marks. She got into a fight with a vampire."

"That's not true at all." She muttered and looked to the side, then the bathroom door opened, and Vladimir rushed in, followed by Beliath.

"Oh my God, Sunday!" Vladimir cried and Sunday sighed.

"I'm fine...everything is fine. Don't worry about anything," she murmured as she let Ethan treat her.

"Can I lie down...or are you still going to cross-examine me?" She then asked as Ethan began to put his things away. I looked to the other vampires and finally, Vladimir nodded.

"Wash off the blood and rest. We'll talk about what happened tomorrow."

"Yes, mom." Sunday grumbled and Vladimir snorted softly, but then left the bathroom with Ethan and Beliath. Only I stayed with her.

"Sunday?" I began, searching for the right words.

"I don't want to talk about it. Please go..." Her words seemed strangely dismissive, not at all like the woman I had come to know over the past few days. I watched her for a moment, saw her pick up her tattered clothes and then leave the bathroom as well, only to disappear two rooms away, into the boys' bathroom.

I sighed, then ran downstairs. Maybe the others could tell me more. In the large salon, I finally found the vampires.

"We found them near the Moondance, but there was no one else around...and if someone had been there, we would have kicked the shit out of them." Growled Ethan and crossed his arms.

"When she saw us, she also tried to run away at first..." Beliath added, then looked to me. "Did you get anything else out of her?" He asked me and I shook my head as I blushed because and the gazes of everyone present was on me.

"Sunday...sent me away. But I'll try again later..." I muttered and lowered my eyes. The vampires discussed for a while longer what might have happened to Sunday and why she wouldn't talk. I had only listened half-heartedly and then just went to check on my

vampire. By now I knew where she was sleeping, so I headed for the attic.

"Sunday?" I called out as I opened the door and then slowly walked up the stairs, which creaked softly with each step. Among all the old stuff that belonged to my parents, and in some cases even to the owners before them, Sunday had set up camp. She had cleared an area, spread out a blanket and stowed her things in a small dresser. Conspicuous were probably the sleeping bag and the extension cord. Because next to the sleeping bag, lay her laptop and phone. By now I knew that Vladimir had an aversion to modern technology, which is why there was no TV here in the house, which was very ... unfortunate. But even if her things were here, there was still no trace of her.

Suddenly the phone vibrated, and a message lit up on the screen. Grippled by curiosity, I bent down and tapped the screen.

"...taken care of it? Be careful." I let and listened to the darkness. For a moment I toyed with the idea of picking up the phone and finding out exactly what was written, but by moment the stairs creaked, and a little later Sunday appeared.

"Eloise... I told you I didn't want to talk." She started directly and sat down.

"I'm worried... as well as the others," I muttered, sitting down with her. "Besides. Has it been a while since you last had anything to eat." I quickly added. "I want you to bite me. You don't have to tell me what happened...but I want you to have a drink."

A smile played around the vampire's lips and she nodded.

"Thank you." She said softly and took my wrist, which I held out to her. I watched it squat and Sunday leaned down. A few moments later, she buried her fangs in my flesh and drank. When she lifted her head, only small fine bite marks were left. I looked at my wrist and then at Sunday, who turned to her phone. "One question.... I'll answer one question for you. Then I'd like to sleep." She finally said, and I considered. Surely it would be easiest to ask what had happened to her. Who she had met, but before I knew it, the words had bubbled out of my mouth on their own.

"The flowers... Vladimir said that you planted the student flowers. Why... student flowers?" I then asked, and Sunday's surprise was clearly written on her face. Then she laughed.

"The others would have scolded you for that question ... but fine." She knocked her hand next to her to understand me, sat down next to her and as soon as I saw her, she put the blanket around herself and me.

"These flowers... are also called flowers of the dead. In Mexico, there is the Day of the Dead, Día de Muertos. According to popular belief, the souls of the deceased return on this day to visit their families. I like the idea behind this holiday and have often been to Mexico during it. I... don't have any family left, no photos to put up... but I like to listen to the stories there." She explained, smiling faintly. "I was given these flowers by an old man back in the day and I treasured them like a treasure. When I came here and saw the garden...I just had to plant them here."

"Are you from Mexico?" I asked and Sunday shook his head.

"Not exactly...well...there used to be other peoples and religions there. I was born in 1500nChr...in the Aztec Empire."

My mouth dropped open.

"An Aztec? Like... in the books? You...I mean...I never thought you'd come from there." I stammered, and Sunday laughed.

"I left my Aztec faith a long time ago. I was 19years old when the Spanish conquistadors came to our land... Hernán Cortés, maybe tells you something from the history books. I wish his ship had sunk before it reached our shores." She sighed

heavily but then shook her head. "Never mind. I'd like to lie down now."

I nodded and stood up. "Will... you tell me more about your life and... your past there later?" I asked, and Sunday nodded. "Of course."

With that, I said goodbye and left the attic. Lost in thought, I walked down the hall. Aztecs. Maybe Vladimir would have books about them in the library. I would ask him the next evening, and otherwise, maybe I could find some in the city library.

Finally, I looked up and saw Raphael standing in front of me and winced.

"I didn't mean to scare you. Sorry. How's Sunday?" He asked directly with a worried expression.

"She had a drink but wouldn't say anything." I summarized. "Well, at least not what happened. But she told me about her heritage. Did you know... that she is an Aztec?" I asked curiously and Raphael nodded.

"She had mentioned it once. Pretty amazing isn't it? Because of her beliefs and ideas, she has a very different connection to her vampire life than the rest of us."

"What do you mean?" I asked curiously and Raphael tilted his head slightly.

"In Aztec beliefs, the gods sacrificed themselves for humans and would therefore crave blood. They expected humans to make sacrifices as well to keep the world alive. Sunday said that blood would have been the most valuable sacrifice and guaranteed the preservation of the sun and life." He explained briefly, smiling faintly. "But surely she will be able to explain it to you in more detail..." He added and I nodded.

"Raphael... do you know if there are any books about it in the library?" I asked and the vampire thought for a moment and then shook his head.

"If it is, I don't think I can read it. But Vladimir will be able to tell you more. Best ask him about it in the morning. Now if you'll excuse me, the sun will be up soon."

I nodded, even if Raphael couldn't see it.

"Of course, I didn't want to keep you long at all." I hurriedly said goodbye to the vampire and ran downstairs to my room.

As I crawled into bed, I stared out the window for a while before sleep overcame me. Sleepily, I blinked as I woke up. The sun was still shining outside and I decided to just turn over and go back to sleep. But something made me sit up and take notice. The creaking of the floorboards in the hallway, the footsteps that ended right outside my bedroom door. I turned to the door as it was opened a crack wide, but I couldn't tell who was there because it was immediately pulled shut again. Something whispered to me that it would be better to lock the door, not to go out into the hall to look. But my curiosity won out and I ran out into the hallway. There was no one to be seen, so I hurried down the stairs.

Voices came from the kitchen. They were arguing... and slowly I crept over and listened at the door. It was definitely Sunday's voice. But who was the man? As the voices faded, I stood there for a moment, paralyzed, before slowly creeping backwards and then running upstairs. But my room suddenly seemed strangely threatening. I had not entered it and yet everything in me refused to go in there.

Where should I go? Wake up one of the boys, go down to Sunday, or go to my room? A creak of floorboards sounded in the distance, then I ran. Without thinking about it, I hurried up to the second floor and banged on Ivan's door.

"Ivan!" I shouted and a few moments later, the vampire opened his bedroom door and looked at me sleepily.

"Eloise? What..."

I didn't let him finish, but squeezed past him and closed the door. I slid my back down the door and sat on the floor. "There was someone... someone trying to get into my

room. Then...there was Sunday's voice, she seemed to be arguing with someone...with a man...but I can't hear the voice. But my room...it...I couldn't go back there. It felt like...there was someone there...I know it sounds strange...but I...I was suddenly so panicked and..." Tears were running down my cheek while my hands were shaking and my heart was trembling up to my neck. I noticed how Ivan sat down next to me and put his blanket around my shoulders. "I'm sorry... I just ran off then..." I whispered and Ivan shook his head.

"Don't apologize. I was still awake anyway... Sunday was in town earlier. I saw her there... sometimes, she goes there with me. But today, she didn't seem to notice me at all..." He muttered. "Maybe... maybe you should talk to one of the others about it? They're certainly a better help than I am." Ivan sighed, tightened his legs and put his arms around them.

Ivan and I remained in silence for a while before my eyes fell on the comics lying on the floor. Just as I was about to ask about them, there was a knock on the door and Ivan and I jumped up at the same time, especially since I was hiding behind the blond vampire.

"Ivan? Is Eloise with you?"

Sunday's voice came through the door and Ivan nodded.

"Yes... it's open, come in." He said and a moment later, Sunday opened the door.

"Hey... are you okay? You were in your room earlier... and then suddenly gone." She said and looked at me worriedly.

"Then... was it you?" I asked and she tilted her head.

"I was going to check on you, but then I turned around because my phone rang. A friend was calling me and well..." Sunday smiled a little. But something didn't fit the puzzle, something wasn't right here.

"I wanted to apologize for being so dismissive yesterday..." She said and I nodded.

"It's okay," I mumbled and looked at Ivan, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Also... I discovered something super cool in town earlier. I couldn't wait that long because of it... but wanted to show it to you right away." She pulled a piece of paper out of her pocket and unfolded it. "The department store has extended hours this weekend. Until midnight...and I wanted to go shopping with you." She said cheerfully and I had to smile. The whole situation was so strange, so unreal. The fear I had just a few minutes ago was suddenly so embarrassing to me. I had seen ghosts where there were none.

"Ivan... I'm sorry that I disturbed you." I said softly and the vampire shook his head.

"It's okay." He nodded with a smile and I left the room with Sunday. She accompanied me to mine and with a queasy feeling, I entered it. There was no one here. Sunday had accompanied me to my room but then said goodbye to lie down again. I also crawled under the covers after I had locked up and reviewed the last half hour. There was something strange about it and I would have to find out what it was.

I had actually fallen asleep again and didn't wake up until after nightfall. I hurriedly got up and got ready before leaving my room and hurrying downstairs. I heard the voices of the vampires from the large salon and slipped inside.

"So you really don't want to tell us what happened?" Vladimir asked annoyed and Sunday nodded.

"It's my business, and usually I wouldn't even be here anymore, I'd have been on my way again a long time ago. This little fight was a one-time thing that you shouldn't worry about." Sunday assured and grinned.

"Only now you're not out travelling, you're probably staying here for now. So if

anything could happen just because you're here...we should know." Interjected Aaron, and Sunday looked to the side. "You're putting the group in danger, and your chalice too." He added and Sunday sighed.

"He will not harm you. And neither will Eloise. I am the only one who is his target. As long as you don't interfere, you have nothing to fear."

"So does that mean if he tears you to pieces, we should pretend we didn't see anything and just keep walking?" Ethan asked, and Sunday nodded.

"Yes. And if he leaves anything of mine, gather the parts together and throw them in the sun. Preferably with my flowers..."

Silence spread and no one knew what to say. Finally, it was Sunday who broke the silence. "Don't pull faces like that. If I were out and he killed me, you wouldn't even notice...just maybe wonder why I don't visit anymore the next few years." She laughed, giving the whole thing such a bitter taste that it made me sick. I could still hear Sunday's laugh and how the other vampires protested against it, but then I just left the room and went into the garden. I brought fresh air and just settled down on the garden bench, leaned back and breathed in the cool night air.

"Eloise? Are you all right?" It was Aaron's voice that joined me. "You're all pale around the nose."

I shook my head.

"I think...I looked at the whole thing too...too...naively. I thought it would be interesting to see how my life would turn out. Here among vampires. Like a character in a novel, only I was really experiencing it. Others read about it in books and it happens to me. But I never thought about it... that this world is much darker than I imagined." I confessed and sighed. "Do you think... he would really kill her? Does... that sort of thing happen a lot among vampires?" I looked at Aaron and he tilted his head.

"I don't know this vampire. The others are trying to find out more about him. But sometimes it happens that vampires kill each other... but there must be really serious reasons for that. "

"I see..." I mumbled and looked up at the starry sky.

The rest of the night was quite uneventful. Sunday hadn't said another word and instead crawled into the attic.

Also the next night's nothing much happened. I spent the time reading the comics that Ivan had lent me and the vampires each went about their daily lives.

But as the weekend approached, Sunday and I had a date for dusk. I hurried down to the entrance hall where she was already waiting for me.

"Good evening." She called cheerfully, wearing simpler clothes this time and not the black clothes and fishnet stockings as usual. A pair of jeans, a top and a cloth jacket, and sneakers.

"Can we go?" She asked and I nodded.

"Yes. Is it actually far from here?" I asked and she shook her head.

"All the way to town and then the bus stop in front of Moondance. But come on... let's hurry."

With that, we set off. On the way, Sunday chatted happily and told me what she wanted to look for. Especially since she had also received a small list from the boys from the manor.

An hour later, we were at the department store and I looked around excitedly.

"It's been ages since I've been here," I muttered and followed Sunday, who was happily walking ahead. Then she stopped and looked around.

"Do we want to buy the things from my list first...or just look around like this first?"

She asked and I thought about it.

"Maybe we can combine the two somehow? Why don't we just walk through all the stores one by one?" I suggested and she nodded. One thing I prepare, as of Sunday really ran to every store with me. Was it the toy store, to jewellery, clothing to books and at the end the electronic department. Completely knocked out I sat down on a bench, near a food stall. Sunday put down all the shopping bags once and then hurried off without a word. I took care of the purchases and then looked at her when she came back with a drink and a snack.

"Here... you deserve a break." She said and the first thing I did was to take the lemonade from her and have a drink.

"Thank you. That was really necessary..." I noticed myself blushing and as I started eating, I looked over the shopping bags. One part she had bought and one part I had. But thanks to Sunday, I guess I now had enough clothes for the next few years.

"Do you think...I can wear that one dress anytime soon?" I then asked.

"Why not? It's perfect to turn everyone's head at parties and if you want I'll go to Moondance with you sometime soon."

I nodded and when I finished eating, we took our groceries and left the mall.

"Ah...I forgot something. Please wait here." I called out, and confused Sunday looked at me, but then just nodded as I ran back and headed for the bookstore. I hurriedly scurried through the shelves before bumping into someone, my books falling to the floor.

"Oh... please excuse me. I wasn't paying attention..." I said quickly as I noticed myself blushing and hastily picking up the books.

The man knelt and picked up one of the books.

"The Aztecs, Ancient Mexico..." Let him and smiled a little. His voice sounded so soft that I could have listened to it forever. "Are you interested in this, young lady?" He asked, standing up and holding out his hand to help me up. His white hair was tied up and he smiled charmingly at me. When I realized I was staring at him, I blushed, nodded tentatively and took the books.

"Yeah, I... it's for a history project." I said quickly. I had to get away before he completely sucked me in. "Have a good evening." Without paying attention to another word, I rushed to the register, paid, and ran outside to Sunday.

"Are you okay?" She asked, holding the bag open so I could put the books inside.

"Yes... everything is fine." I confirmed and we headed home. But while we were still waiting for the bus, it started to rain and Sunday gave me her jacket to put on.

"So you don't catch a cold." She said, lifting the groceries as the bus came. We paid for the tickets and sat down. I looked out the window for the ride and the vampires nudged me when we arrived.

We walked through the streets until Sunday stopped and looked around. It was still raining, but she seemed to be paying attention to the music coming through an open window. Then she put the bags down so that no rain could get in and took off her shoes.

"To this song...I've always wanted to dance in the rain." She explained, holding out her hand to me. "May I have this dance?" She laughed and for the life of me, I couldn't have denied her that wish.

I also took off my shoes, then I stepped to her in the rain and she pulled me to her. The rain pattered down, soaked our clothes and dripped from our hair. As if spellbound, I looked at the vampire, the bright green eyes fixed on me, and the loving smile on her lips. Then she lowered her head a bit and for whatever reason, I stood on

tiptoe, but before our lips touched, a shrill scream tore the night apart and we wheeled around simultaneously.

"Shit... " She cursed and took me by the hand. "We have to go home!"

"But ...what is ... " But I could not continue to speak. Sunday threw the groceries over his shoulders and pulled me behind him. So we walked the way to the manor.

Only there, she let go of me and shooed me into the house while closing the door behind her.

"We're back!" She shouted and brushed her wet hair out of her face. Her clothes as well as mine stuck to our bodies and the water dripped down.

"I...will take this to my room," I said and took my groceries and ran up the stairs. After I got the stuff into the room, I would run myself a bath and then there was one more thing I should probably think about urgently.

Chapter end