

UNCOMMON LUST

GRAVAKUS

Not too distantly in the tapestry of time, the fates conspired to impose upon me a curse that defies the very bounds of human imagination, transcending epochs and weaving a narrative more intricate than the most ancient sagas. My odyssey through the ages has unfolded as a kaleidoscope of experiences, where sorrow and profound love have become interwoven threads within the fabric of my existence. As a Drakulis, I found myself straddling the ethereal realms of the living and the undead, a paradoxical dance of emotions that once stirred an unsettling sickness within the depths of my being.

In the epochs that have elapsed since the curse's inception, I indulged in a myriad of connections—casual dalliances, profound relationships, fleeting desires, and occasional explorations. Despite the diversity of these encounters, the one elusive emotion that remained beyond my grasp was love. The very essence that binds hearts, ignites passions, and breathes life into existence continued to elude my deadened heart.

My heart, if it can be deemed so, lies dormant within me—a lifeless organ that pulsates with the ebon fluid coursing through my veins. Unfeeling, unresponsive, and unbound by the rhythms of life, it beats not in the conventional sense. A strange paradox unfolds when my body, ostensibly devoid of life, recoils in pain at the touch of salt-laden tears. The inexplicable intricacies of my existence, a puzzle I never sought to solve, forced me to navigate the world with a detached acceptance.

The accumulation of wealth became an effortless pursuit, siphoning resources from unsuspecting humans to embellish my residence—a sprawling mansion that echoed with centuries of solitude. The only companionship I entertained was that of my kindred, vampires who pledged their allegiance to me, forming an entourage of nocturnal kin.

Love, however, remained an elusive specter, primarily due to the emotional vacuum that defined my undead nature. Emotions were distant memories, and the prospect of witnessing a human age and wither before my unchanging existence seemed a futile endeavor. Warmth, for my kind, emanated solely from the lifeblood of humans—or so I believed.

The immutable course of my existence took an unforeseen turn during a moment of unparalleled vulnerability. The catalyst for this metamorphosis was Natalie—a name etched in the annals of my transformation. The key to unlocking the dormant emotions within me did not lie in the scalding tears that once burned my lifeless visage but in the searing hatred of my own kind.

Natalie, a luminous presence amidst the shadows, emerged as the harbinger of change—a beacon of warmth in the cold, unyielding world of the undead. Despite the objections of her uncle Francois, a steadfast opponent to our union, the dying embers of love began to kindle.

And so, I stand now as Gravakus, a Drakulis of over three centuries, forever altered by the unexpected twists of fate. A debt of gratitude is owed to Stanley Swanson, an unwitting orchestrator of my transformation. Through a series of events that defied logic and expectation, I find myself attuned to the rhythmic echoes of an almost-beating heart—a testament to the enduring power of love that

transcends the boundaries between the living and the undead. In this paradoxical dance of existence, my dead heart yearns to beat for only one—Natalie.

NATALIE

The tendrils of agony, like ethereal chains, tightly wrapped around the fragile cocoon of my young existence, engulfing me in a searing torment that defied the boundaries of imagination. In the cruel tapestry of my past, I, a mere child, bore the weight of unspeakable pain, a pain that etched itself indelibly into the fabric of my being. Burned and nearly dead, my journey from that harrowing moment to the realization of my true self as a beautiful young lady spanned countless years, each one marked by the relentless pursuit of healing and self-discovery.

At the tender age of twenty-one, I emerged from the crucible of suffering, shedding the physical scars that marred nearly ninety percent of my body. The transformation, however, was not merely skin-deep; it encompassed a profound metamorphosis within. New capabilities, a reservoir of resilience, and an unyielding spirit became the hallmarks of my identity.

Yet, amid the trials of my tumultuous growth, one elusive companion continued to evade me—

compassion. Throughout my formative years, the harsh reality of isolation gnawed at my soul, leaving me yearning for a connection that transcended the physical scars that adorned my body. It was a silent plea for understanding, a desperate desire to be seen beyond the remnants of a painful past.

Then, in the serendipitous tapestry of life, I encountered an extraordinary soul. A person who, despite witnessing the ravages of my history, saw me not as a survivor of burns but as a radiant being. His genuine care transcended the superficial layers of appearance, and his words echoed like a balm to my wounded soul. "You are as beautiful then as you are now," he professed, a sentiment that reverberated through the chambers of my heart.

As he shared the vulnerability of his own tears, I witnessed the sincerity that emanated from the depths of his being. The tears, which once burned his face, now served as a testament to the authenticity of his emotions. It was a profound revelation, an irrefutable proof of the compassion that had eluded me for so long. That night, under the protective wing of Stanley Swanson and my Uncle Francois, I found solace in the presence of this remarkable individual who dared to offer confession and understanding.

In the intricate dance of our connection, I discovered that, despite our disparate beings—him a Drakulis and I a werewolf—there existed a realm where feelings, emotions, and even love could intertwine. Uncommon as it may be, our story became a testament to the resilience of the human spirit, or in my case, the spirit of a werewolf.

And so, as the chapters of my life unfolded, I embraced the uncommonness of my new beginning. My name is Natalie, a breed of werewolf destined to carry the burden of my unique existence until my fateful end. The decision to break away from my pack, to stand by the side of Gravakus, was not without its challenges. Yet, in the tapestry of our connection, I discovered a love that defied convention and a choice that, despite its difficulty, I would never come to regret.