

# The Vampire Lady's Boudoir

“You’re sleeping – in a coffin?!” he spluttered, quite against his will.

“My dear,” I replied patiently, “this is only a bed with a lid. So I might lock myself inside and feel safe when I sleep. There is nothing so unusual about that.”

He took a deep breath then and stepped a little closer, looking at the comfortable sea green pillows and quilt inside the box framed bed which stood on castor legs, a foot high each and terminating in the lion’s claws around a golden brass ball each.

The mahogany bed was beautifully custom crafted and very large, very deep. And indeed, it did have a lid which was now raised to half vertical, much like a grand piano, open to let the sweet sounds escape without hindrance and with maximum resonance.

Just like a grand piano, the wood of the bed and that of the lid were polished and deeply reflecting the young man in the black dinner jacket, his white face and the white breast of his dress shirt clearly outlined in the shiny mahogany, wavering slightly with his movements, becoming larger and better defined as he stepped closer still.

“I don’t think I could ...” he half whispered to himself behind my right ear and it took him quite a time before it finally sank into his awareness that his reflection was indeed, alone, even though I stood right next to him.

It was then that he turned to me, his beautiful blue grey eyes wide and black with shock, his mouth half open but no words came.

Time stood quite still.

I lovingly raised my gloved hand and lightly, gently, touched his lower lip.

“Don’t be afraid, my beautiful darling,” I said in reverence, my voice vibrating into his bones and into his blood, my light touch sending flames of recognition and desire into and through him, into the very center of his being, and he was mine.

He was mine.

All his youth, all his beauty and all his life were mine; he knew this too and strangely, he was not afraid. Indeed, if he had words to speak at this moment, what he would say would be, “I have waited for you, I have prayed for you to come, to claim me at last, to give me home and hearth, a reason for my existence.

I have sought and searched, traversed and always, always I have looked for you, for you to give me this moment of homecoming, of acceptance and of love.

For I need to see myself reflected in your eyes to know me at all, to honour me as I always knew deep down I should, for me to come alive.”

I know, my beautiful child. I know this and that is why we are here, you and I, on this night, your last night and your first, your alpha and your omega, your beginning and your end – this is why you came so willingly, quite against your thoughts of reason and of any kind of logic, but you knew, just as did I, that there is a greater logic, a greater reason and tonight, you and I will explore it together, transcend into another world, a new birth for you, a new birth for me, for just as I will be your mother and your master, you will be my lover and my child and bring to me your youth, your uniqueness, and exactly what I need, what I have hungered for and saw within you when we met tonight.

Gently, I bridge the space between us and I touch my lips to yours, a meeting of the dimensions, a sensation quite unlike any other, for you are still there and not quite here with me, as all the mirrors know, as all reflections tell those who would listen – and yet, I can feel you and you can feel me, a touch that tingles you and me, a touch that serves to open up the worlds and layers, have us know with force that though we think we know the here and here is all there is, it’s quite untrue in the most physical sense of them all.

Sweetly, you begin to taste me in return, shyly and yet you are excited, you are more than just excited but filled with wonder of this time, of this encounter and of gladness that your prayers have been answered.

Shh, my little one, so full of physicality you are, so full of old thoughts and the cages of your world, there is no need to thank me or to feel this joy is not entirely well deserved, earned by rights and by the simple fact that you are here.

We are made for one another, were made for one another and tonight, we celebrate our gifts – I give myself to you and you in turn present yourself to me.

He trembles lightly and I take him in my arms, allow myself the most luxurious sensation of a contact, still restrained though it may be by the fabrics that endeavour to make a barrier, keep apart what cannot be divided, what seeks to mesh and deeply re-align, not one unto the other but to make a third, a newness that we both aspire to and we both have hungered for, yet cannot ever know unless we make this gift of each to one another.

Now, there is nothing that could make us be apart.

Now, there is nothing that could stop the forward rushing, pure delight and wonderment, a taste so sweet, delicious and heady, beautiful and haunting both, to hold back now would be a pure atrocity of wrongness, and to flow together, headlong and joyful, is the holiest that we could ever know.

Another breath from you, and then another – I lose with gladness every sense of self and now, together we rush forward, to the endless starry night.