

Your eighteenth birthday is supposed to be one of the greatest birthdays of your life. Well, not for me. You see, my parents decided not to tell me that I am a vampire, and on my eighteenth my heart would stop and I would have to feed for the first time. My name is Xander, and I am a vampire.

“Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear Xander! Happy birthday to you!” a chorus of voices flooded my ears. It was my parents, singing to me as I woke up as always on my birthday. I looked at the clock it was 6:20 am. For some odd reason they woke me up extremely early for school. Even though it was my birthday they never got me up this early.

“Thank you for this honestly, but why are y’all waking me up so early?” I asked.

“It is a very special birthday,” Mama said. “Plus, we need to talk before you go to school.” My mom, Josie, was a relatively short compared to my father and I, she was only about five foot six. She had short dark black hair and skin the color of cinnamon. Her eyes a deep green like lily pads in an open pond.

“We will talk when you get home from school,” my dad, James said. Unlike my mom my dad was very tall. He was six foot two, and about one hundred seventy pounds of pure muscle. He had short brown hair and light brown skin. His eyes were a smooth bright brown. “It is best if we don’t tell him until he gets home. I don’t want him thinking about that all day,” he said, turning his attention to mama.

“Tell me what?” I asked.

“Don’t worry about it. It is a surprise,” he said. There was something in his voice that made me feel a little uneasy. I felt as though this surprise wasn’t necessarily a good one.

They left my room. I figured I would just go ahead and get ready for school, being up so early I would be able to take a longer shower. Once I got out the shower, I got dressed, and since it was my birthday I had to find the perfect outfit. I’m an averaged size teenager. I am about five foot ten with an extremely slender body. I am one of the skinniest at school. I only weigh about one hundred ten pounds. My hair is short, fluffy and the color of dark sand. My skin the color of cinnamon mixed with sugar. My eyes a deep hazel color.

I went outside to find my birthday gift, a two thousand twelve coral blue Ford mustang. I have been wanting a mustang since I was able to walk. It was my dream car. I couldn’t find the words to thank my parents. I was so full of emotion that for once in my life I was speechless.

I drove to school with the giant ribbon still on my new car. I wasn’t one of those kids who liked to attract a lot of attention unless it was my birthday. I met my friends in the parking lot. We always parked in the exact same spot every day. Seven of my friends stood in the parking lot waiting for me. Previously I drove an old beat up Honda. My friends were almost as surprised as I was to see my new car, for the first time I had the nicest car in the group. All my friends were all either eighteen or nineteen already. I was the youngest in the group. We weren’t the popular kids, nor the jock, nor the geeks, nor the gothics. We were the groups most would have to call other.

School went as it normally does. My birthday is in September, so by now we are well into the grove of things here at school. I knew everyone in all my classes, and I had already begun to make new friends as well as reconnect with old ones. Everything was going great until fifth period. When I got to fifth period, our teacher was late as usual. Which meant that anything could happen and we wouldn’t get in trouble. I shared fifth period with my worst enemy, Johnny Green. Johnny had hated me ever since the seventh grade. Johnny was one of those kids who was rich and thought he owned the world and everything in it. His father owned most of the county. Johnny and his family was nothing more than the local bully. No one had ever stood up to

Johnny until that day when I did. We participated in a class debate. It soon got pretty heated between us two. The rest of the class just watched and listened to us argue. It diverged from a class argument about politics to a one on one argument between Johnny and me. We shared different opinions and unlike the rest of the class I wasn't going to be intimidated by Johnny and change my opinion to fit his. In the end I embarrassed him with solid facts that he couldn't respond to, and he has hated me ever since.

"Well, well, well if little Xander hasn't turned eighteen. We should celebrate, but we won't. No one here likes you enough to enjoy your special day with you," Johnny taunted. Johnny was only a few pounds heavier than me. He has pale white skin and bright red hair. He looked like something straight out of Ireland. "You don't deserve to walk on the grounds of this county. You are nothing more than a little rat hiding in a house savaging for food, avoiding traps. You are pathetic. I hope your birthday sucks."

"Oh, Johnny, not even you can bring me down today," I said. "I mean let's be honest we both know the real reason you don't like me. You are just jealous that you aren't the riches family in the county anymore. Now that my mother is the number one lawyer in the state and my dad being a doctor, we earned our money unlike you who had to inherit your wealth." I knew just what to say to make him mad. He hated when I brought up the fact that my family is now richer than his.

"You may have more money, but you are still a classless, tragic, excuse for a human. We all know that you were adopted. Your real family has no money. By birth you are a poor lower class citizen. Your parents didn't want at all that's why they gave you away. You weren't worth creating," he said. It was true I was adopted. My real parents and my adopted parents are best friends they grew up together. When my mother got pregnant with me, she knew that she and my birth father were not ready to raise a child, so they made the decision to put me up for adoption so I could be with a family fit to raise a child.

I was instantly furious. I hated when people talked about my family situation. My parents made a decision so I would be able to live a good life. My heart started racing. I got extremely dizzy. I had never been this angry before. It felt like the anger was taking control of my body. Our teacher still hadn't gotten back, and I felt I might do something I would regret later. I had so much running through my mind at this moment that I could focus on anything. Johnny friends, who act like his body guards, stepped up and pushed my down. After that I don't remember much.

When I woke up, I was on the floor. The entire class was crowded in the farthest corner from me. They looked terrified. I imagined I had got my ass kicked. My head was pounding, but surprisingly my heart wasn't. I expected it to be beating out of my chest, but it felt as if wasn't even beating at all. My friends Brittany, Trevor, and Ebony walked over and helped me up. "We need to get you home. Now!" ebony said forcefully.

"What happened? Did I get into a fight? Did I win?" I asked. "Where is Johnny and his goons?" Once I was on my feet, I looked across the room in between two desk lay Johnny. His arm was covered in blood. It looked like someone had bit him or something. His friends were unconscious laid out in between the row of desk next to Johnny. I was horrified. There was a part of me that felt like he what was coming to him. Then there was the other part that hoped he was all right, praying that I didn't do it to him. I ran over to the mirror in the classroom, for some reason every classroom had a mirror. My face was covered in blood, more specifically my mouth. Two fangs impaled my lower lip as I closed my mouth. "What happened?" I screamed. I

got dizzy and light headed. I was oddly very hungry. I felt nauseous. I was about to faint. Trevor and Brittany caught me.

“We need to get you home before another teacher comes in and sees what happened,” Brittany said. Trevor and Brittany carried me to the door. On the way out the classroom Ebony turned and waved her hand and said some words.

“What is she doing?” I asked.

“She is erasing their memory. No one will remember what happened,” Brittany said. “She also turned the sound off, so to speak, when it all went down so no one would hear the screams and run in.” I didn’t know if I was delusional or if I heard her correctly.

By the time we all got back to my house, my head had cleared up and I was feeling a lot better. I walked in the house it was around two o’clock, so I didn’t expect anyone to be home. We all went into the living room to find my parents, adopted and birth, all sitting looking worried. All four of them ran to me and hugged me. I had a good relationship my birth parents. They still acted like my parents I just didn’t live with them. “Sit down, son,” my birth father, Leo said. Leo look exactly like me, only he was six foot two and one hundred seventy pounds. “We need to talk.” By the sound of his voice I knew it wasn’t going to be good.

“Do you want my friends to leave?” I asked.

“No, it’s best if they stay,” my birth mother, Elizabeth said. Elizabeth was tall and had the body of a goddess. She was about five foot eleven with a slender curvy body. She had crisp blue eyes and dark brown hair. Her skin a smooth tan. “As you know when you were born, Leo and I decided it would be best if you didn’t live with us. We told you that it was because we weren’t ready to raise a child. Well, that’s not exactly true.”

“Then why did you give me away?” I asked. My mind instant went back to what Johnny said about not being wanted. My body flooded with sadness. “Did you not want me?”

“No! That’s not it at all. We weren’t allowed to keep you. We are lucky that was our only punishment. Honestly, we aren’t supposed to be in your life at all,” she said. I was so confused. What did she mean by that?

“What do you mean? Why weren’t you allowed to keep me?” I asked.

“Listen, before you were born your mother and I got into some trouble,” Leo said. “I’m not exactly sure how to tell you this, but your mother is a witch and I am a vampire.” I looked at him and started laughing. How absurd? The very thought of witches and vampires being real made me laugh. I looked from face to face in the room. Everyone looked so guilty.

“Oh come on. I’m not an idiot I know there is no such thing as vampires and witches.” I said. I looked in to my mother’s eyes as she nodded her head yes.

“Just listen for a minute. When we first got together the vampire council approved of our relationship, but they told us we were not allowed to have children. It was against the code for a vampire to mate with any creature other than a vampire,” Leo started. “When your mother got pregnant with you, it didn’t take long for the council to find out. They gave us an ultimatum we could either: have the child and have it destroyed right after birth, or have the child and give to a family of its kind and never see the child again. We wouldn’t let them hurt you so we decided to give you to a family of your kind. At the time we weren’t sure what you would be: a warlock or a vampire.”

“Right after your birth it was clear you were no warlock. You were a vampire. I personally was crushed. I wanted you to be like your mother, but that is beside the point,” Elizabeth started. “Three days after we were released from the hospital the council came to our door to see what you were and take you away. We told them you were a vampire. They were

going to take you as far away as possible to live with some family we knew nothing about, but your father, being the brilliant man he is, convinced the council to give you to his sister. That way you would grow up with someone with the same blood as you. You would still be with family. The council agreed to this, but we were still not allowed to be in your life at all. We broke the rules so we would have to pay the consequences.”

“When the council appeared at my door with a newborn baby, I already knew what happened. James and I agreed to take you in and raise you as our own. The council told us that my brother and his wife, your birth parents, were not allowed to have any connection with you ever. The council returned to their home in Australia. They told us they would periodically check in. They said if your birth parents were caught having a relationship with you, you along with both of them would be killed. From that point on we have kept the relationship between your birth parents and you a secret. That’s why every so often we send you to your grandparents for a while. We couldn’t risk the council asking you any questions,” Josie said.

“So if what you are saying is true, then why don’t I drink blood?” I asked.

“When a vampire is born they are mortal until their eighteenth birthday. On their eighteenth birthday their heart will stop and they will die, so to speak. When your heart stops, your hunger will begin. You will have to feed for the first time,” James said. “It wasn’t supposed to happen to tonight, but I don’t know what happened at school that would have sped up the process.”

“He got angry,” Trevor said. “Extreme emotion like that is enough to speed up the process. He wasn’t in control of himself. Once he got to his boiling point, he lost control and the vampire inside him activated. There are only two things that activate the vampire inside a born vampire on their eighteenth birthday: the light of the moon or extreme emotion.”

“When we realized what was happening, Ebony silenced the room with a spell. Trevor and I tried to stop him but it was too late. When he got a hold of Johnny, his instincts told him to feed and he did. We stopped him before he could do any real harm to Johnny. Then Ebony erased everyone’s memory,” Brittany said.

“Did you clean his blood?” Leo asked.

“Yes, luckily I had a purity potion on me,” Ebony said.

“Clean him of what?” I asked. I was slowing trying to accept and understand what was going on.

“When a vampire bite a mortal one of two things will happen: either the mortal will become a vampire, or the mortal will become fledgling. Fledglings are human who were bit but not infected by the “disease” of vampirism. The fledgling become a zombie like servant to the one who bit him. He loses his memory and his free will. He will spend the rest of his life following you and taking orders,” James said.

“So what are you, Ebony?” I asked.

“I am a witch,” she proudly said. “Trained by your mother, Elizabeth. She made me into the powerful witch I am.”

“You have been through a lot today you should go upstairs and get some rest. When you wake up we will all still be here waiting on you,” Josie said.

“First he needs to feed again. The hunger is probably killing him,” James said.

“I am incredibly hungry. I feel nauseous,” I said.

We all went into the kitchen. In our kitchen there was a small refrigerator along with our big one I wasn’t allowed inside the little one. It was never opened while I was home and it remained locked. The giant lock had a symbol on it. The same symbol as my birth mark.

Everyone in my family, which I now know to be my father's vampire side of the family, had the same birth mark, a star inside an angel's wing. Located in the same spot on every person, on the right side of our neck. Our birth mark was bold and black like a tattoo. I always adored my birthmark. Everyone growing up in school would complain about their birthmark, but I always showed mine off. James grabbed a key from his pocket and opened the refrigerator. It was full of bottles of blood.

"No son of mine is going to drink blood from a bottle on his special day. We are taking him hunting," Leo said. Leo, Josie, James, Brittney, and Trevor all opened their mouths exposing their fangs. Mine had been out and stabbing my lower lip ever since I bit Johnny. I licked my lips. The taste of my own blood was exhilarating. "There is only one rule when it comes to hunting. Never, I repeat, never drink the blood of a mortal. Or at least don't kill them. The council will be all over you and they will probably kill you."

"Don't kill mortals. Got it," I said.

Leo took us deep into the woods. He said he knew a place where the deer gathered for water. The closer we got the stronger the scent of the deer's blood got, and the louder I could hear their hearts beat. When we arrived at the spot, eleven deer gathered around a holding pond. I wasn't sure if I had all the gifts of a vampire yet, so I was a little nervous. Leo counted down from three. On three we all ran so fast we were nothing more than a streak of light. We ran so swiftly and lightly it was almost as if we were gliding across the ground. Before the deer could move we had pounced on them. I took him to the ground. I looked and saw everyone else had a deer also. I watched as they sunk their teeth into the deer. I followed their example. Once the taste of the blood hit my tongue, I couldn't stop. The blood tasted like it was the only thing I ever wanted. The taste was exhilarating. It was simply the greatest thing I had ever tasted. Once I had drained all the blood from the deer, I wanted more. The deer did nothing but fuel my hunger. I wanted, no I needed more.

"More!" I screamed. "Give me more!"

"Just as I feared. His hunger is out of control. It is going to take a lot of blood to settle his hunger," James said. "As of right now, he isn't in control of anything he does. Until we can settle his hunger he is basically a walking killer machine. He will drink the blood of anything he can get his hands on. Keep your distance."

"Well we have to do something!" Josie barked.

"The only thing we can do is feed his hunger," James said. "Brittany, go to the Red Cross center and ask for Leah. Tell her we have a newborn she will know exactly what to do." Brittany took off running.

Meanwhile, I was losing my mind. I was desperate for blood. I didn't care what I had to do to get it. My nostrils filled with the scent of blood. My instincts took over, and I tried to attack James, Leo, Trevor, and Josie. I needed blood and I was determined to get it. I charged at them, hissing furiously. They tried to fight me off without hurting me. Trevor kicked me with everything he had. I was sent flying backwards. I hit a tree. I got up and charged at them once again. Josie and Leo grabbed me, and bound me to a tree using some vines. I tried to break free but I couldn't.

Brittany returned with seven bags of blood. She sat them on the ground. Everyone backed away as James cut me loose. I lunged to the bags of blood, ripping them to pieces as I drunk every last drop of blood. Once all the blood was gone I gained control of myself and the hunger was gone. "I'm sorry. I couldn't control myself," I said. I was scared of myself. What if I would have hurt one of them? I wouldn't have been able to live with myself.

“Don’t sweat it. You had no control of yourself. If anything we should be sorry. Instead of talking so much we should have attended to your hunger,” Leo said. “This won’t happen again as long as you feed regularly from now on, if you feed about every other day you will be fine.”

“Sorry about that kick,” Trevor said. “I didn’t intend to hit you that hard. Soon you will realize that sometimes you don’t know your own strength. I have been a vampire for over a year and I’m still not used to all the stuff I can do.”

“Please I barely felt that,” I said. We all laughed and headed back to the house. Even though on the way home I laughed and talked with everyone, I still felt incredibly guilty for what happened.

When I got home, I went upstairs and got into bed. I was exhausted, but I wasn’t sleepy. I tried to go to sleep, but I had too much running through mind. Slowly I began to understand what was happening to me. I was not the same person I was before. I’m technically not even alive anymore. From that point on I would never be able to go back to who I was.

Here I am three years later, and I am loving being a vampire. With my heightened senses and enhanced abilities my life is great. I am nothing like I was before. Although it took some getting used to, being a vampire has become the greatest aspect to my life. My friends and I have grown closer than ever before. Now that I was a vampire I was introduced into a whole new set of friends and lifestyle. I am now part of a local group of young vampires who help those who are just becoming vampires, both born and bitten. My life has changed for the better.

I still live with my adopted parents, and we still keep the secret from the council. I have only one worry in life and that is the council discovering our secret. As long as the council doesn’t find out my life will remain perfect.