



Vampire Mom to the Rescue

by Victoria L. Pierce

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a short story by
Victoria L. Pierce

for Michele Bardsley,
who generously said,
"Write it anyway!"

Chapter 1

Being undead sucks. At least that's what my teenage son would say, and he'd be right. Don't get me wrong, it's better than the alternative, which is being completely and utterly dead, but this vampire stuff isn't nearly as fun or glamorous as it's made out to be.

First of all, there was no big, mystical change that turned me into a walking sex goddess. I look basically the same, which was kind of disappointing. Maybe I can get an upgrade later if I'm very, very good and eat only vegetarians.

There was no ancient magic that transformed my hair into lovely, voluptuous curls like Claudia in "Interview with a Vampire." My skin didn't become creamy and luminous like the Dracu-babes in "Van Helsing." And Hell will freeze over before I can wear that leather outfit Kate Beckensdale had in "Underworld." I'd be cited with a moving violation if I tried to shove my hips into that. But generally, in spite of the substantial internal changes to my body, I still look like me, only pale. Really, really pale.

I don't even get to be super strong. At least, not yet. I think I can work my way up to that, but Michael hasn't explained how everything works just yet. I just hope it doesn't involve Tae Bo videos.

I didn't really have a choice, I guess, about whether or not I became one of the 'Cursed Undead' as my almost ex-husband called them. It was sort of an accident, and before I had the chance to choose what I wanted, the deed was done, the world went black, and I was dead. Three days later, I wasn't. Just like Jesus.

Well, okay, maybe not just like Jesus, but there are similarities. He died, then he rose, and then he got to go to Heaven and be with his dad and watch over his children from a safe distance. It doesn't appear to be that easy for me, but I do get to watch my children grow up from a closer location.

The day I died was understandably the worst day of my life. The weather was awful, the roads icy, the traffic heinous, and I was, of course, running late to pick up Ashley from school. She was playing on the swings with the other two kids whose mother is always late. The playground monitor shot me a too-familiar hard glance.

"Sorry, traffic was bad," I waved and gave her a weak, but sincerely apologetic smile.

Even cold and shivering, Ashley was cheerful as she climbed into the car, eager to tell me about the science experiment she had done and the field trip to a real, live play they were planning next week. Her good mood made my frantic, stressed frame of mind skedaddle away, and we laughed and chatted on the short drive home.

By the time we arrived, I was feeling chipper, bless her adorable little heart. While I started dinner, Matt and Ali came in the back door, hauling their high school-sized backpacks and talking about game club.

"How was school?"

"Fine," they said in unison.

"And game club?"

"Fine," Ali replied, Matt having obviously used up his quota of words for the day. "Matt found some cheats for Kingdom Hearts 2."

Older sister bragging on little brother? Had the world suddenly changed its orbit? More importantly, what exactly was a cheat? Was it age appropriate? Would it make them shave their heads and join a cult? Or worse, fail Algebra?

I tossed aside Things Moms Worry About #5, #12, and #37 and focused on dinner, mentioning as casually as possible how nice it would be if all the homework were finished before dinner.

Sometimes if I'm casual about it, they don't recognize it as nagging. Then again, sometimes dinner cooks itself and the laundry gets folded and put away without my direct intervention. Yeah, right.

Pulling chicken breasts from the freezer, I tossed them into the microwave to defrost and started gathering the other dinner ingredients. I cringed. No swiss cheese. Well, we could do without that.

No onions either. Drat, that would be harder to maneuver. But what the hey, I could use dried onion powder, right?

Crap. No cream of mushroom soup. What on earth had convinced me I had the ingredients to make this? But Ashley had asked for her favorite mushroom chicken dish, and she had been such a trooper about being picked up late.

I sighed and grabbed my car keys.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," I yelled up the stairs.

"Okay, mom!" came at least two replies.

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The store was crowded, but I managed to snag what I needed and zip through the self check-out line. Thank goodness.

On the way to the car I was surprised at how dark it was already. Blasted daylight savings. As I came around to the driver's side of the mom-mobile there were scuffling and grunting sounds.

A fight. My eyes adjusted a little. Worse, a mugging.

Here? In suburbia?

Even though I couldn't tell how many there were or really even see clearly what was going on, my mouth shot off before my brain could engage. "Hey! Stop that!"

"No!" the victim shouted. "Get away, I can take care of this, ma'am," he said between groans and the sickening sounds of a fists meeting flesh.

Ma'am? When had I gotten so old that an adult called me ma'am? Hey.

"Leave him alone!" I insisted and set down my bag of groceries to go help, looking around for someone else to enlist as well. Why are there never any lot attendants when you need them?

Three almost animalistic faces turned on me and growled. Growled?

Uh-oh.

Before I could scream, two snarling man-beasts leaped into the air, knocking me to the ground as they tore into my flesh. I was in trouble, really bad trouble, and though I used all my self-defense training techniques, they were useless against slashing claws and fangs. Fangs? Sensai Tony was so going to hear about this.

I heard screams and thought the mugging victim was still being attacked. It wasn't until I felt something warm and wet oozing down my neck and into my hair, pooling on the ground beneath me that I realized the screams were mine. Crap.

Dinner was gonna be really late.

Continue with Chapter 2 in the writing section of <http://victorialpierce.com>

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Vicki has spent equal portions of her life in Texas, California, and Colorado and also lived in Europe where she met her husband of 26 years. She has a Bachelor's degree in Music from the University of Texas at Arlington, performs professionally in musical theater locally, and teaches voice privately. She and her husband live in Highlands Ranch, Colorado with their three teenagers and an Australian shepherd.

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