



CLAUDIA GRAY

EVERNIGHT

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ARGUMENT

A boarding school where nothing is what it seems.

Two young people attracted by a magnetic force.

A dark and dangerous secret.

And an only certainty:

To give itself to the love is to play with fire...

Chapter 1

ra the first day of class, that is to say, the last opportunity to escape.

EIt did not have a knapsack with an emergency reserve, nor an enlarged monedero with which to buy a ticket of airplane to where outside, nor a friend to me hoping to me in the street in a car with the motor in march. In summary: it lacked which the majority of people in its healthy judgment would call “a plan”.

Without embargo, I in the Academy gave equal, did not think to have left Midnight by anything of the world.

The dim light of the dawn aimed in the horizon while I tried to be contained cattle tenders and removed a heavy black jersey. To those hours the morning and the height to which we were, it was cold even in September. I took shelter the hair in a monkey as quickly as possible done and I wore mountain boots. In spite of the important thing that it was not to make noise, it did not have to worry to me because my parents awoke. They were not indeed madrugadores, so to speak. They fell dead in the bed until it sounded the awakener and for that still they were left a pair of hours.

The one that provided a good advantage to me.

To the other side of the window of my dormitory, the stone gargoyle goaded to me with the glance while it smiled to me with a face flanked by prominent eyeteeth. I took the jacket cattle and I removed the language to him.

- Equal you like to be hung there outside, in the Bastion of the Damn ones - I murmured. Since it takes advantage of to you.

I made the bed before going to me. Normally they must be upon me so that it does it, but this time they did not have nor that to say it to me. They would already have enough with the attack that was going to give them later and I thought that stretching colcha it would reconcile a poquito to me with them. Although most probable it was that they did not share this point of view , I did it anyway. It was hollowing the pillows when, of sudden movement, I remembered something strange with as much vividness as if it had still not waked up, something that had dreamed that same night:

A color flower bleeds.

The wind howled between the trees that surrounded to me, whipping the branches in all directions. In the stop, the sky encapotaba of stormy clouds. I separated the hair, that punished the face to me. Single it wanted to watch the flower.

The petals, perlados of rain, red were lived, languid ones and sharpened, like those of some tropical orquídeas. Without embargo, the flower was lozana and completely open, caught of the branch, like a rose. He was most exotic and fascinating than it had never seen. It had to be mine.

By what it made me shake that memory? Single it was a dream. I breathed deep and I concentrated myself. It was hour to start off.

It had stock-market prepared; it had filled the previous night to it with hardly four things: a sun book, glasses and a few tickets by final S.A. had to go until Riverton, closest to the civilization than it had by the zone. That to me would maintain occupied all the day.

To see, it was not saving me of house, in serious, like when you break yet and you assume a new identity and, I do not know at least, you are united to a circus or something thus. No, one was a declaration of principles. It had opposed me from the first moment to the idea that my parents had let glimpse that we would enter the Academy Midnight, they like professors and I eat student. We had lived in he himself pueblecito all the life, I had gone to he himself school with the same people since she was five years old and she wanted that she continued being thus. There is people whom it likes to know strangers and makes friends with facility, but I never I have been thus. By no means.

Is peculiar, when people call to you "timid", usually it smiles. As if it made grace, as if one was one of those odd habits that you end up losing when you become greater, like the hollows that you have left between the teeth when those of milk fall to you. If they knew what one feels when not only one is which it costs to you to break the ice, but of being timid really, they would not smile. They would think it twice if they knew that that sensation ties down the stomach to you, or it makes you sweat the hands, or it prevents to say something you that has sense. It does not make any grace.

My parents had never smiled when saying it. They knew me very well and for that reason always I thought that they understood to me... until they decided that, with sixteen years, the moment had arrived for surpassing it. And what better place than a boarding school? Mainly if they also went including in the package.

In certain way I guessed what they seted out, although single was in theory. As soon as we lined up the entrance of the Academy Midnight and I saw that gothic mass of so monstrous stone, I knew immediately that it was not going to be to me nor there dead. My parents would make ears deaf, so that he would have to force to them to listen to me.

I was advancing of finishing nails by the small apartment for the teaching staff who my family had used during that last month. I heard the slight snores of my mother after the closed door of the dormitory of my parents. I put the brigand to the shoulder, turned the knob slowly and I began to lower the stairs. We lived in the one stop on the towers of Midnight, and I know that that sounds more exciting of the one than in fact it is, since it tolerated to have to lower steps that had been carved on the rock more ago than two hundred years and that, with the wearing down of the time, now were irregular. The long spiral staircase had few windows and still they had not ignited the lights, reason why the dark contributed to make difficult the reduction.

When bending me to take the flower, the fence shook. It was the wind, I thought, but it was not the wind. No, the fence grew, and it made so fast that it could be appraised at first. Enredaderas and brambles broke through between the leaves through a maze of complaints. Before it could throw to run, the fence almost had surrounded to me. It was surrounded by branches, leaves and thorns.

The latest that needed was that my nightmares assaulted each two to me by three. I breathed deep and I continued lowering the steps until arriving at the great lobby of the ground floor. It was a majestic space, constructed to move or to make an impression at least: marble grounds, stops vaulted ceilings and large windows with show windows that raised from the ground to the beams forming a calidoscópico drawing. All except one, in he himself center, whose S glasses transparent. The preparations for the ceremony of that day must of have finished to the previous night , because already it had arranged podio to the director, from where would receive the students just arrived. It seemed that everybody continued sleeping, which meant that there was nobody could stop to me. I opened the heavy one and ornamented front door of a strong push and breathed freedom.

The first fog of the dawn covered everything with a bluish gray mantle while it crossed the meadows that surrounded the boarding school. In century XVIII, when Midnight was constructed to the Academy, that zone was closed forest. Although whichever desperdigados pueblecitos sprinkled the environs, no was too much near Midnight; and in spite of the views of valleys and the dense forests, nobody had never constructed a house in the neighborhoods. And with all the reason, who was going to want to be near that place? I returned the Vista towards the high stone towers of the school, both surrounded by the twisted silhouettes of the gargoyles, and I shook. Steps and more began to vanish between the fog.

Midnight was raised threatening behind me. The stone walls of their high towers were the only barrier that the thorns could not break. It must have left running towards the school, but I did not do it. Midnight was much more dangerous that the thorns and, in addition, did not think to go to me without the flower.

The nightmare was beginning to seem more real than the reality. Intranquila, I occurred the return and I threw to run. I moved away of the meadows and I disappeared in the forest.

Soon everything will finish, I was said, opening to me to passage between hojarasca and the fallen branches of the pines, that crujían under my feet. Although as soon as there were hundreds of meters until the fore door, it had the sensation to be much more far. The dense fog obtained that it seemed as if already it found me in the heart of the forest. "My parents will awake and they will realize of which I am not. By aim they will include/understand that I cannot support it, that cannot force to me. They will leave to look for to me and, it is worth, will get upset much by them to have scared in this way, but they will understand it. In the end always they end up understanding it, no? And soon we will go away. We will leave the Academy Midnight and we will never return more."

It had the heart rampant. Instead of comforting to me, each step that moved away of the Academy Midnight to me put my determination on approval. Before, when elaborating the plan, was good similarity to me idea, as if outside infallible, but that was real and me it found single in the forest, now entering to me in the thickness, she was not so safe. Perhaps it was fleeing for anything. And if they dragged to me of return of all ways?

A thunderclap exploded. The pulse was accelerated to me. I returned the back to Midnight definitively and observed the flower that shook in its branch. The wind took a petal to him. I introduced the hands between the thorns, I felt that they laceraban the skin painfully to me, but that did not stop to me; she was determined.

I threw to run towards the east, being tried to put land of by means between Midnight and, while my nightmare insisted on accompanying to me. It was that place. It put the end hairs to me, it made me feel anxious and empty. If it moved away to me of there, everything would come out well. Jadeante, I back returned the Vista to verify how much stretch had crossed... when I saw. To less than one hundred meters of me, there was a man surrounded in a long and dark shelter, between the trees, hidden means by the fog. At the moment at which our glances were, it threw to run in my direction.

Until that moment it had not known what was the fear. A cold sensation as the frozen water shook all my then body and I discovered the express that could run. I did not shout, so that? It had entered to me in the forest so that nobody could find me, stupidest than it had never done in the life and, reason why it also seemed, the latest that it was going to do. In addition, so that it was going to take the moving body to me, if there were no cover? Nobody was going to come to save to me. It had to run fastest than it could.

Oía its steps behind, breaking branches and squashing leaves. One approached. God, was very fast! How could somebody run at that speed?

They have taught defenderte, I thought. Assumes that you know what to do in situations like this! Nothing remembered, could not think about anything. The branches tore the sleeves of my jacket and they enlisted in the hair tufts that had loosen to me of the monkey. I encountered over a stone and I bit the language, but I continued running. The man was more and more close, too much. It had to accelerate, but it could not.

- Ah! - I shouted asphyxiated means when it jumped on me and caímos rolling.

I occurred costalazo in the back and it squashed against the ground with its weight and its legs to me, interlaced with mine. It covered the mouth to me with a hand, but I was able to release an arm. In the classes of self-defense of my old school, always they said that there was to go direct to the eyes, that were sacárselos without contemplations. It had never doubted to be able to do it when occurred the occasion, or outside to put out of danger or to help to me another person, but so it was terrified that it did not know if could support it. I doubled the fingers, trying to arm to me of value.

- You have seen who followed to you? - the type whispered then.

I watched moments fixedly. It retired the hand of my mouth so that it could respond. It weighed much and all it gave returns me.

- You talk about in addition to you? - I was able to say to the aim.

- Of me? - It did not have nor idea of what it was speaking to him. The type sent a furtive glance to its back, as if it followed the defensive. You ran because she persecuted somebody to you... no?

- Single I ran. The only one that persecuted eras to me you.

- You mean that you thought that... - The type separated immediately from me so that moverme- could. Ah, goes, I feel it. It was not my intention... Aunt, I must of haberte given a death scare.

- Then, your intention was to help me?

I had to aloud say it before being able to believe it to me. It agreed vigorously with the head. It closely together had the face of mine, too much close, which prevented to see me nothing else. It was as if single we and the fog existed that thickened around to ours.

- I know that I must of haberte scared and I feel it very many. It thought that...

Their words were not serving to me helpful. More and more it was been annoying, not less. It needed air and to tranquilize, something to me impossible while it was so near me. I indicated it with a finger and I much less said something that I do not create to have said to him to much people, much less to a stranger, and still to the stranger who had terrified to me more in my life:

- You... you want... to shut up?

It was shut up.

I dropped the head against the ground, loosen sighed. I took the hands to the eyes and I tightened until seeing them it all red one. Still it tasted of the blood in the mouth and the heart barked to me with as much force that was as if the chest shook. A little and I piss above, perhaps the only thing more that it had lacked so that that situation was more humiliating of which already it was of in case. Without embargo, I limited myself to breathe deep, little by little, until I felt with forces to get up itself.

The type followed my side.

- By what you have thrown me to the ground? - I was able to ask to him.

- I thought that we had to put to us under cover and to hide to us of who was persiguiéndote, of which in the end she has turned out to be, this... nobody.

It seemed embarrassed enough.

The head bent and I watched it with tranquillity for the first time. The truth is that it had not had time to fix to me to anything: when first which you think of it is that he is a "pirado assassin", you do not put yourself to analyze the details. I realized about which one was not an adult man, since it had believed. Although he was high and wide of backs, was young, perhaps of my same age. The race him had excited the hair, smooth and of brown color golden, that fell to him on the forehead, hiding incredibly dark green eyes. It had a strong and angular jaw, and a muscular and robust body.

Without the embargo, most surprising of everything it was what took under the black shelter: black boots spoiled enough, black wool trousers and a dark red jersey of neck of tip adorned with a blazon: two crows embroidered to each side of a silver-plated sword. The shield of Midnight.

- You are student of the school - I said.

- Good, I am going to be it - it answered in low voice, as if it feared to return to asustarme-. And you?

Asentí with the head while it undid the monkey to me to return to do it to me.

- It is my first year. My parents found a job of professors, so... it is called on to me to happen through the hoop.

Frunció seemed to be surprised because the frown. Its glance suddenly became more anxious and uncertain, although it recovered immediately and it tended the hand to me.

- Lucas Ross.

- Hello. - It turned out Me strange to present/display me to somebody to that five minutes before believed determined to matarme-. Bianca Olivier.

- The heart goes you to thousands per hour - Lucas murmured. It returned to watch to me with inquisidores eyes and I put myself nervous, although by different reasons. Bond, if you did not run because it persecuted somebody to you, then so that you ran of that way? Because to me it did not seem to me that you were doing footing indeed.

It would have lain to him if me some credible excuse had been happened, but was not thus.

- I have madrugada stops... Good, to escape to me.

- Your parents do not treat to you well? Beats to You?

- No! He is not that. - I felt like victim very, but I included/understood that it was logical that Lucas deduced something of the sort. So that if anybody in its healthy judgment were not going to enter itself in the forest before it left the sun and to throw to run as if it was to him the life in it? We finished knowing itself, so Lucas perhaps assumed that she was dealing with a prudent person. I decided not to mention the one to him of the recurrent nightmare, not outside that that finished inclining the balance towards "chiflada" -. It is that I do not want to go to that school. I liked the one of my town and, in addition, the Academy Midnight is... It is so...

- It puts the end hairs.

- That.

- Where you went? You have finded work somewhere or something thus?

She was in favor sonrojada and not only of the physical effort of the race.

- Ah, no. In fact it did not escape to me really, single was carrying out one... declaration of principles. Or something thus. I thought that if made a thing of the sort, my parents finally would understand much who I detest to be here and perhaps we would go away.

Lucas watched to me incredulous and soon she smiled. Its smile transformed the strange energy that had been accumulated in my interior and transformed the fear into curiosity, even into excitement.

- Like I with the tirachinas.

- What?

- When it was five years old, it thought that my parents were being unjust with me and I decided to go to me of house. I took the tirachinas because or machote was everything, or you understand to me, and could take care of of same me. I believe that also I took to a lantern and a package of Oreos.

To weighing of the daze, a smile escaped to me.

- I believe that you went better prepared than I.

- I left very worthy the house in that we lived and arrived until... the end of the back patio, so I decided to resist thence same. I remained all the day outside, until it began to rain. It had not been happened to take an umbrella to me.

- A wonderful plan. - I sighed.

- I know It, is pathetic. I returned to enter house, soaked and with stomach ache after cramming down like twenty Oreos, and my mother, one very intelligent lady although removes to me from quicio, pretended that it had not happened anything. - Lucas shrank of shoulders. Just like your parents will do. You know it, no?

- Now yes.

So it was disappointed that a knot in the throat was done to me. In fact I of crossed arms had known from the beginning how she was going to finish that, but could not have left; perhaps single it had done it so that patent had left my frustration before to send a message to my parents.

At that moment Lucas it did a question to me that me left displaced:

- Quieres irte of here really?

- You talk about to... to flee? To really escape to me?

Lucas agreed, and seemed that she very said it in serious. Although it could not be. Surely that had asked to give back it me me to the reality.

- No, I do not want - I admitted to the end. I will return and I will prepare myself to go to I strained like a good girl.

Another time that smile.

- Nobody forces to you to comportarte like a good girl.

Its way to say comforted it to me.

- It is that... The Academy Midnight... I do not know if I go that is to say to fit in this place.

- I would not worry for that reason. It can that is not so bad not to finish fitting in this place.

It watched to me fixedly, very serious, as if it knew of another place in that it could fit better. Or truly it liked or me it was imagining it because it wanted to like. Practically the null experience on the subject prevented to know it me.

I put myself still on as quickly as possible.

- And that you did when she dresses to me? - I asked to him, while it also put itself in foot.

- Already there am you saying, thought that you needed aid. This way a little runs people chungu. Everybody does not know to control itself. - One shook a few

needles of pine of jersey-. It must not have precipitated in drawing conclusions to me, but it could the instinct to me. I feel it.

- It does not pass anything, really. I already know that you wanted to help me. It referred to me that what you did before seeing me. The presentation does not begin until within hours and is very early. They said to them to the students who arrived on the ten.

- One has never occurred me well to follow the norms.

That began to seem to me interesting.

- Then... You are a madrugadora person, of whom they rise of a jump by the mornings?

- Nor by I show, I have still not lain down. - A captivating smile Had and it had already given account me of which it knew how to use it. And it did not matter to me. By all ways, my mother could not accompany to me. It is outside, we could say that of trip of businesses. I took the train nocturnal and I decided to arrive on foot, to know what land was above and... to rescue damsels in hardships.

When remembering to what speed had run behind me and to include/understand that it had made it to save the life to me, the approach of the memory changed completely: all my fears vanished and I smiled.

- By what you come to Midnight? To me he is called on to me to dip in grease by my parents, but surely you could go to any other site. To the one best one. Like... I do not know, anyone.

Lucas did not seem to know how what to respond. It was separating the branches while we laid way by the forest so that they did not give me in the face. Before the step had never cleared me.

- It is a very long history.

- I am not in a hurry to return. In addition, still they are left four hours until the presentation.

Lucas inclined the head, but she did not separate the glance from me. There was something doubtlessly seductive in that movement, although she was not sure that he tried to produce that effect. It had an almost identical color of eyes to the one of the ivy that grew in the towers of Midnight.

- It is that also it is a species of secret.

- I know to keep secret. That is to say, you are going to maintain this subject by me privily, no? I talk about the one to leave running and to die to me of fear...

- I will not tell it to anybody. - To the end of seconds of hesitation, Lucas finished sincerándose-. An ancestor does about one hundred fifty years mine tried to enter the boarding school. It could say that it suspended. - Lucas lay down to laugh, and

was as if the light of the sun had burst in between the trees. For that reason it depends on me "to clean the honor of the family".

- It is not just. You would not have to have to make all your decisions based on which he made or let do.

- Not all, lets to me choose the socks.

I smiled when the pernera rose to teach the sock to rhombuses that showed by upon the heavy black boot.

- By what they suspended your retatara what is?

Lucas shook the head sadly.

- The first week was fought in duel.

- A duel? Come, somebody insulted its honor? - I tried to remember what it had learned on the duels in novels and the romantic films. What was clear is that the history of Lucas was definitively much more interesting who mine. Or was by a girl?

- Because it must very well have taken advantage of the time to know a girl in the first days of school.

Lucas stopped, as if account finished occurring of which it was the first day of class and he already had known one. I felt an impulse, as if something physically threw of me towards him, but then Lucas returned the head and nailed the glance in the towers of Midnight, that were seen between the branches of the pines. It was like if the building there were victim.

- It could have been by any thing. Then they were fought in duel to the change minim . According to the familiar legend, the other type began, although the truth is that it gives equal. What matters is that it survived, but not without before breaking one of the show windows of the lobby.

- Ah, sure is one with crystals I am transparent and it did not know so that.

- Now already you know it. Since then, Midnight family closed the doors to him to me.

- Until now.

- Until now - it agreed. And it does not matter to me. I believe that here I will learn many things, but that does not mean that it must to me please what I see.

- Because I am not sure that I like nothing - I confessed to him. "Except for you", vocecilla added one inner, that had been envalentonado suddenly.

He was as if Lucas could hear that voice, because there was something disturbing in the way in which she became to watch to me. It would have to seem the typical American boy, with those characteristics so marked and the uniform of the school, but it was not thus. During my fled and in moments later, when he thought that we

were trying to save the life, had perceived something wild watching under that facade.

- I like the gargoyles, the mountain and the pure air. That is everything.

- You like the gargoyles?

- I like that the monsters are smaller than I.

- Me it had never raised it that way.

We had arrived at is contiguous of the meadows. The sun shone with force and I had the sensation of which the school woke up and it was prepared to receive the students and to devour them through the vaulted stone entrance.

- I have pavor to Him - I confessed.

- Still it is not too much behind schedule for leaving running, Bianca - it said with all tranquillity.

- I do not want to go out running, but I either do not want to be surrounded by strangers. When I am with people that I do not know I am incapable to speak, to act with normality or of being i myself... So that you smile?

- Then to me it seems to me that you have not had many problems to speak with me.

I blinked, surprised. Lucas was right. How was possible?

- With you... I suppose that... I believe that you scared so much to me that went the fear to me of blow - I stammered.

- Eh, because if it works.

- Yes. - Without embargo, I had the sensation of which was something more. The strangers continued giving panic me, but he was not a stranger. It had let be it as soon as I included/understood that it had tried to save the life to me. It had the sensation to know Lucas from always, as if there was been waiting for its arrival during years. I must return before my parents realize of which I am not.

- You do not leave preach to you.

- They will not do it.

Lucas did not seem so safe, but she agreed and she moved away. It was lost between the shades while I entered a light wall.

- We see ourselves this way.

I raised the hand to say good bye to him, but Lucas already had gone away. It had disappeared sigilosamente in the forest.

Chapter 2

Volvía to promote the long spiral staircase until arriving at the last floor of the tower, still trembly because of the adrenalin unloading. This time I did not bother myself in not making noise. I let slip to the ground the brigand who took to the shoulder and I collapsed in the sofa. I had had left a few leaves entangled in the hair and I began to take off them.

- Bianca? - My mother left her dormitory, tying the belt of the dressing gown. Somnolienta- smiled to me. You have madrugado to go to give a stroll, heart?

- Yes - I answered, with a sigh. No longer it was worth the trouble to mount a dramatic scene.

My father left next and he embraced it behind.

- I cannot think that our niñita already is in the Academy Midnight.

- The time happens so fast... - my mother with a sigh lamented itself. Whichever greater you become, faster happens.

My father shook the head.

- I know It.

Refunfuñé. They always said the same and we had turned a species of joke the annoyance that produced to me. The smiles of my parents were high and mighty.

"They seem very young to be your parents", used to comment the people of my town, although what in fact they meant era "too handsome". In both cases it was certain.

The hair of my mother had a carameled tone and the one of my father was of reddish the so dark that it almost seemed black. My father muscular and robust era of average stature, but, whereas my mother was rather pequeña. Face of my mother was perfect and made oval, like cameo old, whereas my father had a square jaw and a nose who seemed to have participated in more than a youth fight, although in his face made a good effect. As far as me... My hair had a reddish tonality that single could be described thus: reddish; and my skin was so white that it suffered of one more a pallor more mortuary than old. There where my DNA it could have turned to the right, it had given an abrupt turn to the left. My parents said to me that he

would turn to me a very handsome woman, but that is what usually they say all the parents.

- We go to get something to have breakfast - my mother said, going to the kitchen. Or already you have taken something?

- No, still no.

I realized that it would not have been a bad idea to have eaten something before my great escape, to give the guts to me. If Lucas were not prisoner to me, at those moments she would be wandering by the forest with a hunger of wolf and one long long walk until Riverton ahead. Slight plan of flight.

At that moment, the image of Lucas came both to the mind rushing itself on me and rolling between the grass and the leaves. It had given a death scare me and I shook when remembering it, although now for different reasons affluent.

- Bihaunch. - My father seemed very serious and I watched it with culpability feeling. Perhaps had guessed what it was thinking? Immediately I included/understood that she was returning me paranoica, although was doubtless that my father did not smile when he seated to my side. I know that it is not what you wish more, but Midnight is important for you.

It was he himself type of character the one that it gave me when she was small before having to swallow the syrup to me for the cough.

- I do not want to return to have this conversation now.

- Adrián, déjala peacefully. - My mother tended a glass to me before returning to the kitchen, where there was something frying itself in a frying pan. In addition, like nonespabilemos, we are going to arrive behind schedule at the meeting of the previous teaching staff upon presentment.

My father consulted the hour and grumbled.

- By what they put these things so soon? As if to somebody it desired to lower to him there down to these hours.

- How much reason you have - it murmured.

For them, any hour before the noon was too much soon. Nevertheless, they had worked of professors since I had memory, without in the morning forgetting nor a single day its long fight with the eight.

They finished preparing itself while it took the breakfast, cracked a few jokes to me with intention to animate to me and they left single sitting me to the table. Then good. Enough after they lower the stairs and the small hands of the clock crawled sigilosas towards the hour of the presentation, I followed in the chair. I believe that it tried to convince to me that, while did not finish the breakfast to me, it would not have to go to know all those new people.

The fact that Lucas was among them - an expensive friend, a protector helped a little. Although not much.

Finally, when it was obvious that it could not postpone it more, I entered my room and I put the uniform of Midnight. It hated the uniform; it had never had to take it. Nevertheless, the worse thing of everything went than, when entering my dormitory, I returned to remember the strange nightmare that had had that night.

A starched white shirt.

Thorns scratching to me the skin, whipping, animating to me to me to return.

A plisada red skirt.

Petals curling up and blackening themselves, as if they burned in the middle of a bonfire.

A gray jersey with the shield of Midnight.

Bond, is not a this good occasion to stop being a morbosa without remedy? Like already, for example?

Decided to tolerate to me like a normal and current adolescent, at least the first day of class, I watched myself in the mirror. The uniform indeed I did not have left badly, although either of death. I became a coleta, I shook a small branch that before had ignored itself to me and decided not to give more returning him: it was already prepared.

The gargoyle continued watching to me with insistence, as if it was wondered how it was possible that somebody could have that dot. Or perhaps one was making fun of by the resounding failure of my plan. At least no longer it would have to watch its horrifying face. I put right and I left my dormitory... for the last time: it let belong to me from that moment in ahead.

It had been living in the boarding school with my parents the last month, reason why it had had time to explore the school from top to bottom: from the great lobby to the classrooms magnas of the ground floor, that later were divided in two enormous towers. The boys lived in the North tower with part of the teaching staff, and in addition there was a pair of rooms that smelled of mould and were full of archivists, where by the sight were going to stop all the files. The girls lodged in the South tower, next to the rest of the stays of the teaching staff, including those of my family. The superior plants of the main building, on the great lobby, lodged the classrooms and the library. With time, they had extended and fact additions to Midnight, reason why all the sections did not share he himself style or kept perfect symmetry with the rest. There were some serpenteantes corridors that did not lead nowhere. From the room of me tower studied the tile roof, a different mantle of pieces of arcs, splints and styles. It had learned to move me by the building and its environs, it was the only way in which it would feel to me prepared to confront the one that would come next.

I returned to lower the steps. It gave equal the times that that way had done, always had the sensation of which it would fall rolling by the worn away stairs until the last step. Sight which you are idiot preocupándote by nightmares with withered flowers or caerte by the stairs, I said myself. More terrorífico waited something to me enough.

I arrived down and I went to the lobby. That same morning, more early, everything were in silence, like in a cathedral. At those moments, it was finessed of people and their voices resonated throughout. In spite of the bullicio, I had the sensation of which my steps resounded in the room because several people became simultaneously towards me; it was as if everybody had become to watch the intruder, as if it took hung to the neck a neon signal that said: THE NEW ONE.

The students, reunited in groups of people too much tightened so that he could enter just arrived, quickly returned their alive dark eyes towards me. It was like if they even could feel the terrified fluttering of my heart. All they seemed to me equal, a clear way and does not need, but by the perfection that shared. To all the girls the hair shone to them, or took small change to it on shoulders or gathered in pulcro monkey. All the boys seemed safe of vigorous themselves and, with smiles that served to them as masks. Everybody dressed the uniform: jerséis, skirts, jackets and trousers in all the possible variations: grays, red, to pictures, black. All took the shield of the embroidered crow and they shone it as if outside the blazon of its family. All wasted security, superiority and disdain. I felt the heat that gave off there standing up, in the periphery of the stay, changing from a foot to another one, uncomfortable.

Nobody saluted to me.

The general murmur returned to prevail immediately. By the sight, the desgarbadas new girls did not deserve more than moments of attention. It had the cheeks ignited by the shame, because it was obvious that already it had done something badly, although was not able to imagine what could be. Perhaps Or had felt, just as I, who in fact was not going to fit there?

I wondered myself where she would be Lucas. I extended the neck, looking for it between the multitude. It believed to be able to face to me all that if Lucas were to my side. Perhaps it was a triviality to lodge that type of feelings towards a boy to whom as soon as it knew, but it gave me equal. Lucas had to be in favor of some part, although she was not able to find it. It felt to me completely single in the middle of all that people.

Measurement that was bordering the stay towards a corner, I began to pay attention to which there were other students in the same situation that I or, at least, that also was new. A blond boy with beach colored person wore the wrinkled clothes so that he gave the impression of to have slept with put her, although indeed did not seem there that to go superinformal it go to hacerte to gain points.

Underneath the jacket, although upon the jersey, it so took open to a hawaiana shirt of colors chillones that they are desgañitaban in the penumbra of Midnight. Also there was a girl of very dark and cortito hair, so short that it seemed a boy. The haircut was not self-assured and youthful, but that it gave the impression of to it to have made it with a razor as better it had seemed to him. The uniform, two statures greater, hung to him of shoulders. She was as if people separated from her, as if she repelled an energy field. As if outside invisible. The sambenito of insignificant had hung him even before the first class.

That how could be so safe? Then because also it had happened to me to me. It was caught in the periphery of the multitude, squashed by the racket, intimidated by the stone lobby and as lost as it could be.

- Attention!

The retumbante voice broke the bullicio and it reduced it to silence. All we became to the time towards the end of the great lobby, where Mrs. Bethany, the director, had raised the estrado one.

She was a high woman, of abundant dark hair that took gathered in cogote, like the women of the Victorian time. It was impossible to guess its age to me. It wore a finishing nail blouse that was closed with a clasp golden in the neck. If you consider that severity is synonymous of beauty, there would not be anybody more attractive than she. It had known it when my parents and I we settled in the lodgings of the teaching staff, and then a little had already intimidated me, although I committed myself to remember that as soon as it knew it.

In any case, at those moments it still seemed more imposing. When seeing whereupon immediacy and facility it imposed the order in that full room of people - the same who had excluded to me from mutuum and Tacitus agreement before giving the opportunity me of which something was happened to me that to say, I included/understood for the first time that Mrs. Bethany had to be able. And one was not the power that the director position accompanies by inherent way, but to the real power, to the innate one.

- Welcome to Midnight - it said, being the openhanded in a refugee gesture. It had the long and translucent nails. Some of you already you have been here before. Others will have heard speak about the Academy Midnight during years, perhaps to their families, and they will have been asked if sometimes they would enter our school. This year, in addition, also we counted on a new type of students, result of a change in the admission policy. Let us think that the moment has arrived from that our students know a greater fan people of many-colored origins and, in this way, preparing them better for the world than it waits for the other side to them of the walls of our institution. All we have much to learn of these other students, and I am sure that they will deal them with the respect who deserve themselves.

For the case, already it could have painted with aerosol in gigantic red letters: SOME OF YOU YOU DO NOT FIT HERE. The “new policy of admissions” was without doubt the person in charge of the presence of the surfista and the girl of the short hair. By the sight, not even one considered students of Midnight “true”, but that solely represented an educative experience for “ the legitimate” students.

I did not comprise of the new policy. If it had not been by my parents, it would not have there been. In other words: not even it was the quite different thing from them so that they considered one me of the marginalized ones.

- In Midnight we did not treat our students as if they were young. - Mrs. Bethany did not go to anybody in particular, but that seemed to limit itself to otear over all with a species of distant glance that, nevertheless, included everything what entered within its field of vision. They have come here to learn to handle itself like adults of century XXI, and thus it is as one hopes that they behave. Nevertheless, that does not mean that Midnight lacks norms. The position that we occupied demands to us to maintain strictest of the disciplines. We waited for much of you.

It did not comment which would be the repercussions in the case of skipping the norms, but it feared to me much that the punishments single would be the appetizer.

The hands sweated to me. She was more and more sonrojada and it had the impression that it called the attention like a flare. It had promised to me to be strong and not to allow that people intimidated to me, but the words the wind takes to them. The high ceilings and the walls of the great lobby seemed to close themselves on me. I even felt that I without air began to have left.

My mother fixed them to call my attention without doing no gesture to me nor calling me by my name, since usually they make the mothers. My parents were in one of the ends of the row of professors hoping to that they presented/displayed them and both they smiled to me with confidence. They wanted to see me enjoy the moment.

That infundada hope was what overwhelmed the glass. It was already enough duro to have to fight the fear for above seeing me forced to face me its deception.

- The classes will begin tomorrow - Mrs. Bethany- concluded. For today, they settle in its rooms, they appear to its companions, they take a walk by the facilities. We counted whereupon they are prepared. It is a pleasure to have to them and we hoped here that they know to take advantage of its stay in Midnight.

The room exploded in applause and Mrs. Bethany thanked for with one slight smile and one fall of eyes, a blinking slow and satisfied like the one with a fed affluent cat. Next, the generalized murmur returned to prevail in the room, more boisterous than before. Single there was a person with whom she desired to speak to me and it was clear that that could be the only person to whom to perhaps interested to speak with me him.

I always surrounded all the room maintaining the stuck back to the wall. I looked for it between the multitude with desperation, yearning for to watch a sparkle of the golden brown hair of Lucas, its wide backs or those eyes green dark. If I looked for it and he looked for to me me, sooner or later we had to find us. To weighing of the panic that to me the masificaciones of people, and my tendency caused to exaggerate them, it knew that single there were about two hundred students in that place.

I said that Lucas would excel, who was not like the others: cold, pedantic and vain. Nevertheless, immediately I included/understood the mistaken thing that was. Lucas was not pedantic, but she shared he himself aspect: beautiful and defined characteristics, the same body of perfect proportions and the same one... in short, the same perfection. It would not emphasize too much in the middle of those so perfect people because in fact it comprised of them.

To difference of me.

To measurement that professors and students dispersed, the crowd went diminishing little to little. I remained rambling that way until almost I was the unique one that was in the great lobby. It was convinced that Lucas would come to look for to me. The scared thing knew that it was and felt responsible by to me to have scared still more. Is that not even it would want to salute to me?

Without embargo, it did not appear. In the end I had to accept that it had judged it badly and that meant that I did not have left more remedy than to go to know my companion of room.

I raised the stone steps slowly. My new shoes of hard soles repiqueteaban against the ground and my steps resonated with great scandal. What it had desired was to continue raising to me until the last plant and to direct me right to the lodging for the teaching staff of my parents, but knew that they would send stairs to me underneath immediate as soon as it opened the door. It had time very well to gather my things and to change to me definitively after eating. By the moment, the first priority was "to install to me".

I tried to watch it after the positive side. Perhaps the school as much intimidated my companion of room as to me. Surely the things would be simpler if it were called on to me to coexist with "marginalized" other. It was going to be a torture to have to live with a stranger, to see me forced to even share he himself space with somebody that did not know, at night, although it hoped that it was ended up to me happening. Nor in my better dreams it imagined to make friendship with anybody.

In the form it put "Patrice Devereaux". I tried to relate the name to the girl who remembered, but she did not beat to him, although, who could know it?

I opened the door and I discovered, with the soul in the feet, that the name of my companion went to him as ring to the finger. She was not none marginalized. In fact Midnight was the very same personification of the prototype.

The skin of Patrice had the tonality from a river to the dawn, an exquisitely toasted and smooth skin, and took the curly hair gathered in a loose monkey that let its slopes at sight per it and esbelto neck. It was seated in front of the dressing table and it watched to me while it carefully ordered its lacquer boats of nails.

- Thus that you are Bianca - she said. Neither handshakes, nor hugs, single the tintineo of the lacquer boats of nails against the dressing table: pale, choral rose, melon, target. You are not as it hoped.

Thousands of thanks.

- The same thing I say.

Patrice tipped the head and me escudriñó with the glance. I asked myself if already we hated ourselves. It raised a hand with a perfect manicure and began to make several points clear counting on the fingers.

- You can ponerte my perfume, but not them jewels nor the clothes. - It did not mention the opposite case, but it was quite evident that in the life it would be crossed to him the mind. In principle I will study almost always in the library, but you want to work here, I occurred it and I will speak with my friends in another place. If you help me in the subjects that occur you well, I will do the same as for me. I am sure that both we can learn many things the one of the other. Some objection?

- All perfect one.

- In agreement. We will take well.

I believe that he would have left patidifusa much more me if Patrice had pretended a false friendship of good to first. To say it finely, I had left quite clear that to Patrice it did not like to digress.

- I am glad - I said. I know that we are... different.

Nor at least it was bothered in protesting.

- Your parents are professors of the school, no?

- Yes, already I see that the news fly.

- It will go to You well. They will take care of of you.

I tried to thank for it to it with a smile, saying so that it was right.

- Already you have been before in Midnight?

- No, it is the first time - Patrice answered, as if to change completely of life she was as simple her as to wear a pair of shoes of design just bought. She is precious, you do not create?

I kept my opinion on the architectonic style from the building.

- But you have said that you had friends here.

- , Yes clear. - Its smile was as etérea as all the related one to her, from the peachlike brightness of its lips to the perfume and the boats of lacquer of carefully ordered nails in the dressing table. Courtney and I knew in Switzerland the last winter. With Vidette I made friendship when I was in Paris. And together Genevieve and I spent a summer in the Caribbean. Was in Santo Tomás? Equal it was in Jamaica. Not it affluent memory.

My one-horse town seemed more insipid to me than ever.

- Ah, then you... you are accustomed to such moveros in circles.

- More or less. - Little behind schedule, Patrice seemed to realize the uncomfortable thing that felt to me. Also they will finish being yours.

- Hopefully she was as safe as you.

- You will already see it. - Patrice lived in a world in which the interminable summers in the tropical were within reach of all. It was impossible to me to imagine that someday it comprised of that. Conoces somebody here? In addition to a your parents, clear.

- Single to people that I have known this morning.

The one that added the apabullante amount of two people: Lucas and Patrice.

- We will have long time to make friendships - Patrice with decision assured, following with the distribution of his things: handkerchiefs of color silk ivory, averages of brown tonality or gray dove. Where thought to shine those so elegant things? Perhaps Patrice was unimaginable to travel without them. They have said to me that Midnight is the perfect place where to know men.

- Conocer men?

- Salts with somebody?

It was going to speak to him of Lucas, but I stopped. I do not know what it had happened between us in the forest, but was sure that it meant something; nevertheless, which felt turned out to me too new to share it.

- I did not leave any fiancé in my town - I limited myself to respond.

It knew all the boys of the institute since she was small and still it remembered them with its games of constructions or emplastando me plastilina in the hair, the type of things that was able to prevent him to one to have some minimum romantic inclination by some of them.

- Fiancé... - Patrice repeated, smiling without being able to avoid it, as if the word had surprised to him by its naivete.

Not , one was not making fun of of me. From his point of view, I was too young and inexperienced like taking me in serious.

- Patrice? I am Courtney. - The girl called at the same time to the door that opened it, convinced that it would be welcome.

She was even more handsome than Patrice: blond hair that almost arrived to him at the waist and those fleshy lips that single I had seen in the suction young people star of the television which things like the colágeno could be allowed. The same skirt that to me hung until the knees without grace some to me, caused that their legs seemed kilometric.

- Oh, your room is far better than mine. Enchants to Me!

All the rooms practically came being equal: a dormitory the quite great thing to give capacity to two people, white strained iron beds and dressing tables of wood carved to each side. Our window gave right to one of the trees that grew near Midnight, but by the others, I was not able to guess what had our room of special. Until I fell in the account of something.

- We are more near the washbasins - I said.

Courtney and Patrice watched to me fixedly, as if grosería had said one. Perhaps was too fine to admit that we needed washbasins?

- Eh... I have never shared the bath - I excused myself, uncomfortable. That is to say, with my parents yes, but not with... I do not know, we will be as twelve or thus by each bath, no? This will be a madness by the mornings.

The turn had arrived them to give the reason me and of complaining, supporting with me; nevertheless, Courtney continued watching to me with curiosity, concentrated. I said that it was normal that it watched to me with surprise, but had preferred that something said. Their entrecerrados eyes seemed threatening, enough more than those of the majority of the strangers.

- This night we are going to go to the meadows - it said, going to Patrice, not to me. To have supper. Picnic could be said that in plan.

One assumed that the students had to eat in their dormitories. She was seen that one was a "tradition", was like was made long ago, before the dining rooms had been invented, and the families sent packages whereupon to complement the Spartan vegetable allocation that received each dormitory weekly. That meant that it would have to learn to cook in the microwaves that my parents had bought to me. It was obvious that Patrice was very over those so worldly problems.

- It does not sound bad. What seems to you, Bianca?

Courtney thundered against it with the glance. By the sight one was not an open invitation.

- I feel It, I must go to have supper with my parents - I apologized. Anyway, thanks to ask.

The exuberant lips of Courtney adopted an almost perverse face when forcing them in a faint smile.

- Still you like to spend the short while with mami and papi? Is that they give the baby's bottle you?

- Courtney! - it reprimanded Patrice, although she was sure that also grace had done him.

- You have to do the room of Gwen. - Courtney began to push Patrice towards the door. She is dark and frightful. It says that for the case they could have given mazmorras to him.

They left meetings and the fragile bond that could have established between Patrice and I it was truncated in opening and closing of eyes. Their laughter resonated in the corridor. With the ignited cheeks, I left my dormitory immediately, I went to the lobby of the residence and raised running the apartment and refuge of my parents.

For my surprise, they let enter without arming to me a scandal to me. Not even they asked to me so that it arrived so soon. On the contrary, my mother gave a strong hug me and my father said to me:

- It sees throw a look to him to the luggage that we have done to you, in agreement? Still you have left things to gather, but we have advanced work.

So it was been thankful them that it would have thrown to me to cry. I entered my room, anxious to find a little peace and tranquillity in a safe place.

Single they were left a few hung articles of shelter in the closet. All the others had inserted it in the old leather trunk of my father. I threw a fast look to him to my neceser and saw maquillaje, pins for the hair, champú and all the others carefully placed. Most of my books they would remain there, had too many for the little bookcases of our dormitory. Without embargo, there were separated my favourites to put them in the suitcase: Stormy Jane Eyre, Summits and my books of astronomy. In one of the pillows, on the done bed, there were several things whereupon to decorate the walls of my new dormitory, like postal that my friends had sent to me throughout the years and some stellar maps that it had hung in our old house. Without embargo, also there was something new in the room, something with which my parents tried to assure to me that this also he continued being my home: a small lamina framed of *The kiss*, of Klimt. Months ago it had seen it in a showcase and it had said to them much that I liked. By the sight me they had bought to give it to me it as a gift surprise the first day of school.

To the principle simply I felt been thankful by the gift, but soon I could not let watch the lamina nor shake to me of the sensation above of which never it had stopped to me to watch it truly.

The kiss she was one of my favourite works. Klimt always I had liked since my mother taught her books to me of art for the first time. It was surprising how it obtained gilded of the segments and the lines, and I liked the beauty of those pale faces that showed in the kaleidoscopic images that created. Nevertheless, the lamina had received another meaning suddenly. It had never paid too much attention to the way in which the pair was embraced: the man inclined towards her, from the stop, as if an inexorable force pushed it towards the woman. It had the head thrown backwards, like in a fading, giving to the force of the gravity. The lips stood out on the pallor of the ruborizada skin. However, most beautiful of everything it was that the rutilante bottom had let seem something other people's to the man and the woman, was as if one was a warm and dense mist that its love made visible and that turned gold the world that surrounded them.

The hair of the man was darker than the one of Lucas, but anyway it was trying to imagine it in the picture. I felt the ignited cheeks, had returned to ruborizar to me, although with a different flesh color.

I returned to the blow reality: it was as if to me it had been slept and had begun to dream. I fixed the hair quickly and I breathed deep a pair of times. Then I heard the String of Pearls de Glenn Miller in the music equipment . When it sounded jazz was signal that my father was of the good humor.

I smiled to my grief. To one of us it at least liked the Academy Midnight.

Almost it was already hour to eat when finally I finished making the suitcase and I went to the dining room, where still sounded music. I was my parents dancing embraced, making the idiot: my father fruncía the lips in a face that supposedly had to make him seem seductive and my mother subjected the edge of the black skirt with a hand.

My father rotated it between his arms and soon he inclined it backwards. My mother almost tipped the head until the ground, smiling and she saw me.

- Already you are here, heart - it said, still mouth down. My father straightened it. Already you have finished making the suitcase?

- Yes. Thanks to make use to me. And by the lamina, she is precious.

They smiled, alleviated of to me to have made a happy poquitito at least.

- Slight festín that has prepared you your mother. - My father made a gesture with the head in direction of the table. This time has been surpassed.

My mother did not use to cook great plates, reason why it was evident that she was a special occasion. It had prepared my favorites, more than what could never eat of a sitting. The food had jumped me, so I discovered that it was dying me of hunger, reason for which my parents had to entertain the one to the other during the first part of the supper. The voracious appetite prevented me to strain nor a single word with the so full mouth.

- Mrs. Bethany said that finally they had finished reacondicionar the laboratories - my father said between sucks and sucks. I hope to find the moment for throwing a look to them before the students, not it go to being who the equipment is so modern that it does not know to use it.

- By that I teach history - my mother answered. The past it does not change, single is extended.

- I will have to You of professors? - I asked, with the full mouth.

- With the full mouth it is not spoken - it reprimanded my father to me of automatic way. You will have to wait for morning, like the others.

- Ah, is worth.

He was not own of him to cut to me of that way and I remained a little disturbed.

- We must accustom to not darte too much extra information to us - my mother with gentleness explained itself. Whatever more things you have in common with the rest of the students, as much better.

It did not say it with bad faith, but I felt wounded.

- And with whom one assumes that there am to have things in common of all what they study here? With the boys of Midnight whose families have been studying in this school for centuries? With the marginalized ones that fit here still less than I? To what group one assumes that I must seem to me?

- Bianca, I know reasonable - my father said, with a sigh. It is not worth the trouble to return to discuss it.

It already was too much behind schedule to loosen it, but I could not remedy it.

- Yes, already I know it, we have come here "by my own good". Can be known what is going well to make me leave my home and to my friends? It returns to explain it to me because I do not finish understanding it.

My mother covered my hand with hers.

- It is good for you because it can say that you have never left Arrowwood, because as soon as you moved away of the district if we to you did not force and because the four friends who you had did not go to durarte all the life.

He was right and I knew it.

My father took off the glasses.

- You must learn to adaptarte to the changes and hacerte more independent. Perhaps it is most important that your mother and I pruned enseñarte. You cannot continue being our niñita for always, Bianca, no matter how much it weighs to us. Let us think that this is the best way than it has of prepararte for the person in which you go to convertirte.

- Queréis to let pretend that all this has to do with maturing? - I protested. It is not by that and you know it. One is which you want for me and are determined to saliros with your as much if I like as if no.

I rose and me aside from the table. Instead of putting to me in my room in search of my sweater shirt, I took the jacket of point of my mother who had hung in the perchero and me I put it. Although as soon as we were in autumn, in lands of the school it was cold when the sun was put.

My parents did not ask to me where he went. It was an old norm: that that it was on the verge of getting upset had to make a pause in the middle of the discussion, to leave to give a return and soon to return and to say what had to say. By very displeased that we were, the stroll always worked.

Of fact, I was who created the rule. It was happened to me with nine years, for that reason it knew that the subject of the maturity was not the true problem.

The uneasiness that produced the world to me which it surrounded to me, the deep conviction of which did not exist a place for me, did not have anything to do with being adolescent. It comprised of me and thus it had been always. Perhaps always it would be thus.

While it took a walk by the environs, I threw a look around me, asking to me if it would return to see Lucas in the forest. She was one devises idiot, so that it was going to go all along outside? , but it felt to me single and I went to verify it. It was not. To my backs, the intimidante Academy Midnight before seemed a castle that a boarding school. It was easy to imagine princess locked up in its cells, princes fighting with dragoons in the shades and evil witches sealing the doors with spells. Before it had never found less feeling him to fairy tales.

The wind changed of direction and brought with himself a built the framework for burst of voices. The laughter came from the west, near the cenador of the western meadow. It was clear that one was which was celebrating the rustic food. I crumpled up myself still more in the point jacket and I entered myself in the forest, although I did not take the way that went towards the east, towards the highway, he himself way that that morning had done, but the one of the small lake that the north had left.

It was very behind schedule and everything was too dark to see something, but it enjoyed the whisper of the wind between the trees, the vigorizante aroma of the pines and ulular of the owls, near there. I filled the air lungs and I let think about which was of picnic, in Midnight and all the others. I giveave the moment.

Seconds later, I heard passages near me that frightened to me. I thought that she would be Lucas, but one was my father, who approached calmly with the hands in the pockets by he himself way that I had taken. It knew where to find me.

- That lechuza is close. Rare what, we must it have scared.

- Surely it smells a prey. One will not go away if it thinks that something can fall to him.

Like if it wanted to give the reason me, a quick fluttering shook the branches over our heads and the dark silhouette of one lechuza was sent in perforated towards the ground. Frightful whines convinced to us that a ratoncito or a small squirrel it finished becoming his supper. Lechuza overcame the too fast flight to be able to see it. My father and I remained watching. It knew that it had to admire the hunting dowries of lechuza, but I could not avoid to feel pity by the mouse.

- I feel if there am too abrupt similarity to you - my father apologized. You are a very mature young person and it must not have suggested the opposite.

- It does not pass anything. In addition, I also are lost the stirrups. I already know that it is not worth the trouble to discuss the one to come to us here. At least at this point.

My father smiled to me affectionately.

- Bianca, already you know that your mother and I never thought possible that we could tenerle.

- I already know it.

By favor, again char it on the "young miracle" no.

- In whatever you appeared in our lives, we began to dedicate to you in body and soul to us. Perhaps too much. And that is fault ours, not yours.

- Papa, please. - It adored to my family, single we three before the world. I request to you that you do not speak of it as if outside something bad.

- No, he is not that. - It seemed sad, and I asked myself for the first time if in fact to him it liked east place. But everything changes, heart, and the sooner you accept it, better than better.

- I know It... and I feel it, is that still I am doing me to the idea. - The guts rugieron to Me and I wrinkled the nose. I can return to warm up the supper to me? - I asked, esperanzada.

- I have the slight suspicion that your mother can have ordered already of that.

Indeed. We passed an evening pleasant. I decided that more it was worth to me to pass it well to me while it could. Tommy Dorsey replaced Glenn Miller and soon Fitzgerald arrived the turn to him at Her. We chatted and we joked on things without importance: films, programs of television and all that in which my parents would not lose nor a minute if not outside by me, although tried to joke on the school in a pair of occasions.

- You are going to know wonderful people - my mother promised to me.

I shook the head thinking about Courtney. Hardly they had spent hours and she was already one of the people less wonderful than it had known in all my life.

- How you know it?

- I know It.

- How? Now you see the future? - I made fun of.

- Affection, me you had not said it. And what other things predicts the fortune teller? - my father asked, rising to change the disc. The man continued conserving his vinyl collection. I would like to hear it.

My mother followed the game to him and she took the fingers to sienes like a gypsy predicting the future.

- I believe that Bianca will know... boys.

The face of Lucas appeared in my mind and the pulse was accelerated to me. My parents interchanged a glance. Is that my beats were heard from the other end of the room? Perhaps he was that.

- Because I hope that they are handsome - I joked.

- Because I hope that not too much - my father said, and all we lay down to laugh: my parents with desire, I trying to hide mariposillas that they revoloteaban in my stomach.

It felt strange not to speak to me to them of Lucas. It always told everything them what happened in my life. Nevertheless, Lucas was different and to speak of him would be broken the spell. It wanted that Lucas continued being at the moment a secret, thus could keep it to me for single me.

He wanted that Lucas belonged to me single to me.

Chapter 3

or the uniform has done you to size, truth? - Patrice commented, smoothing itself the skirt while we prepared ourselves for the first day of class.

How had not given account me before? "The legitimate" students of Midnight had sent their uniforms to a tailor so that she put to them to the shirts this way or the skirts over there and to obtain that they were elegant and favorecedores in time of ramplones and asexuales. Like mine.

- No, it was not happened to me.

- Then never you forget it - Patrice- said. The clothes to size are a world to part. No woman would have to neglect her aspect.

It had already given account to me of much that liked to give it advice and to demonstrate sophisticated and intelligent that it was, the something who would have annoyed to me enough of not being because he was all the right of the world. I sent a sigh and I followed with mine: to try that the hair to me was not bulky behind the tape. Or behind schedule early it would see Lucas and it wanted to have the best aspect possible, or at least best the possible one with that worthless object of uniform.

Later to make one long tail in the great lobby, we gathered the listing of the subjets that had assigned to us. They were giving a sheet of paper to us of one in one, as one had become during hundreds of years. The students who were approached armed less scandal enough than those of my old school in their same situation. It seemed that everybody knew the operation.

Although perhaps the one of single silence was imaginations mine. It was as if my anxiety devoured the sound and the enmudeciera everything, to such an extent that I began to ask itself if somebody would hear to me in the case of putting to me to shout.

Patrice did not separate of me the first hour, but single because we went together to the first class, the sujet of American History that distributed my mother, the only relative whom she would have by professor. Instead of the class of Biology of my father, such professor Iwerebon would be the one in charge to give me Chemical. It felt to me uncomfortable walking next to Patrice without knowing what to say,

although did not have anything better either than to do... until I saw Lucas. The light that was strained through frosted crystal of the corridors bathed of bronze its golden brown hair. To the principle I thought that it had seen us, but continued walking without getting out of step.

I outlined a smile.

- We see ourselves soon, is worth? - I said to him to Patrice, moving away to me of her. Patrice shrank of shoulders while she looked for other friends with those who to take a walk. Lucas - I called it.

Nor at least it seemed oírme. It did not want to put to me to shout, so I tightened the step to give reach him. It went in opposite direction of mine - of the sight it would not be in favor in the class of my mother, but it was arranged to run the risk of arriving behind schedule.

- Lucas! - I insisted, this time upper.

One became enough to see who called it and soon it watched his around, as if it worried to him that somebody heard to us.

- Eh, how is everything?

Where was my protector of the forest? The boy whom he had ahead not tolerated as if he worried about me, but as if he did not know me. Although in fact it did not know me, truth? We had spoken a single time and in the forest, when it had tried to save the life to me and I had thanked for it making him shut up. Single because I thought that that was the beginning of something did not mean that outside.

Of fact, it gave the impression that it did not know me absolutely anything. Lucas returned the head a second, fleetingly greeted with the hand and a head gesture to me , like when somebody greets to a well-known anyone, and continued walking until she disappeared between the multitude.

There it was, finished giving pumpkins to me. I wondered myself how it was possible that it understood the boys still less than what believed.

The washbasin of the girls of that plant was close, so I strained myself in one of the compartments and I recovered as I could instead of throwing to me to cry. What had done badly? In spite of strange it that had been our first encounter, Lucas and I had ended up maintaining a conversation as intimate as those that she had with my better friends. Perhaps it did not know much of boys, but it was convinced that we had connected. It had mistaken to me. It returned to be single in Midnight and it felt much to me worse than before.

When finally I had calmed, I left running towards the class of my mother, to whom nearly I arrive behind schedule. It thundered against to me with the glance and I shrank of shoulders and I got lazy myself in one of the writing desks of the last row. Then it happened of immediate of the way mother to the way professor.

- We see, who would know to say something to me on the war of Independence? - It joined the hands and it watched expectant its students. Me arrellané in the seat, although knew that it would not ask to me in the first class. It wanted solely that it knew how it felt to me on the matter. A boy who seated to my side raised the hand for lightening of all the others. My mother smiled slightly. And you are the gentleman...?

- Moore. Balthazar Moore.

First which it would have to know of him it is that it had the aspect of which it could take the name of "Balthazar" without nobody made fun of. It had left well. It seemed very calm reason why my mother could ask to him, but without the insolencia of most of the boys of the class; single it seemed safe of same himself.

- Well, Mr. Moore, if had to summarize the causes of the war of Independence, what would say?

- That the taxes burden established by the British Parliament were the drop that overwhelmed the glass. - It spoke with facility, without haste. Balthazar was great and fornido, as much that as soon as it fitted in the old wood writing desk. Its position turned the incomodidad elegance, as if it preferred thousand times to be repantingado that to seat right. Although to people also the political freedom and of religion worried to him, by discounted.

My mother arched an eyebrow.

- Of way that, God and the policy is powerful but, as always, the money is the motor of the world. - Timid giggles by all the class were heard. For fifty years, no professor of American institute would have mentioned the taxes. For a century, the conversation would have turned around the religion. It does one hundred fifty years, the answer would have depended on the residence place. In the north, they would have spoken to you of the political freedom. In the south, they would have taught to you on the economic freedom, which, of course, was unthinkable without the slavery. - To Patrice a disdainful bellow escaped to him. And by discounted, in Great Britain there would be one that it had described to the United States as a estrambótico intellectual experiment condemned the failure.

Laughter again: I included/understood that my mother had gained to all the class. Balthazar even outlined a smile, so charming that it was almost able to make forget Lucas me.

In agreement, no. But that flattering smile made him gain many points.

- And that, than any other thing, is more what wanted that you learned on history. - My mother remangó the point jacket and was written in the slate: "Evolutionary Interpretations" -. The idea that people have of the past changes so much as it makes the present. The image in the rear-view one changes to every moment. In order to include/understand history, it is not sufficient with knowing the

names, the dates and the places. I am convinced that many of you already know them. Nevertheless, you must learn to distinguish the different interpretations that have occurred to the historical events along of the centuries. That is the only way to have a perspective that resists the passage of time, and is in that in which this year we will center great part of our efforts.

People inclined towards ahead, opened her books and watched my completely fascinated mother. Then, I included/understood that more it was worth to me to put to me to take notes, like all the others. It can which it loved me more than to, but would not doubt in searching to me first if it had to do it.

The hour happened flying. The students did not let make him questions to put it to test and the answers convinced to them. While they took notes, their pens moved at a speed that never had believed possible and, in more than an occasion, I felt that incline entered to me the fingers. Until that moment it had not fallen in the competitive thing that was going to be my companions. No, it is not absolutely certain, it was evident that they were competitive as far as the loving clothes, possessions and pretensions. That voracity hung in the air that surrounded them. In which it had not fallen was that also they were going to be it in class. It gave equal of that one treated, in Midnight everybody wanted to be the best one in everything.

In aim, a little pressure don't mention it...

- Your mother is fantastic - Patrice, moved, in the corridor, after class said to me. It has a global vision, you know what I talk about? That he is not nothing narrow of sights. The truth, is very little people thus.

-, Yes good... I hope to seem me to her. Someday.

At that Courtney moment it doubled the corner. It took the gathered blond hair in a very tense coleta that made him bend the eyebrows with a still more disdainful air. Patrice put itself tense. By the sight, to accept me to its side did not imply to have to defend to me in front of Courtney, so I prepared myself to receive its arrogant commentary of turn. Nevertheless, it could say that it smiled to me, although was evident that Courtney thought that it was being much more kind of which it deserved to me.

- This finde, celebration - it said. Saturday. Next to the lake. We will let pass one hour after the touch of is.

- Perfect.

Patrice shrank single shoulder, as if she concerned three peppers to him that invited it to that probably it would be the best celebration of Midnight of that semester, to less until Baile of autumn. Or the formal dances do not molaban? My parents me had painted it like the greater event of the year, although already it had been clear that their opinions about Midnight and mine distaban enough.

The doubt that assaulted on the dances to me had prevented me to respond to Courtney, who did not clear eye to me, clearly annoying by not having to me exhausted in gratefulness.

- And well?

If he had been a little more bold, it would have said to him that he was a pedantic one and one pelmaza and that had better things than to do than to go to its celebration.

- This... , Yes brilliant, he will be brilliant - he was the unique thing that I was able to say, however.

Patrice gave light codazo me while Courtney moved away by the very worthy corridor, to the compass of the balance of his blond coleta.

- You see It? You I said it. People will accept to you because you are... Good, because you are its daughter.

What type of human misfortune was necessary to be to promote in the ranking of popularity of the institute thanks to your parents? Nevertheless, it could not either allow me to despise the acceptance that won to me, came from where it came.

- By certain, what type of celebration one is? That is to say, is going away to do in the environs? And at night?

- You already have gone to some celebration before, truth?

To times Patrice so much was not different from Courtney.

- Clear - I answered, thinking about the birthday celebrations of when she was small, although Patrice did not have so that saberlo-. Single it asked to me if... It was going to have drunk.

Patrice lay down to laugh as if she had said something graceful.

- By favor, Bianca, mature.

It threw to walk towards the library and it gave the impression me that it did not want that followed it, so I became single to our dormitory.

It did not know how, but all thought that my parents molaban. Is that that skipped a generation?

My parents had said me that soon he would accustom me to the routine and that, when she did it, Midnight would begin to like I. Good, after the first week, I included/understood that they were in the certain thing to the fifty percent.

The classes were well, at least the majority. To my mother one escaped to him at certain moment that I was his daughter and immediately added: "Neither Bianca nor I will return to never mention this fact the more. And you would not have either to do it". All the world lay down to laugh. It had them eating of the palm of the hand. How did? And most important: so that it had not taught to me to also do it to me ?

It cost to me to accustom me to other professors and missed the unmannerliness and the proximity of my old school. Here the teachers intimidated to me and was unthinkable who anybody could not fulfill its high expectations. All a life passed in the library, where to hide me of the world, it had prepared to me to work hard and in addition I dedicated more time to him to my studies that never before. The only class that worried to me was the one of English Language, because she was the one that distributed Mrs. Bethany. There was something in her, in the way in which one stayed raised or in that it tipped the head before somebody answered a question in class that, in short, that intimidated to me.

Without embargo, the professors would not be a problem, was safe. However, my social life was another history.

Courtney and other students of Midnight had decided that I did not deserve his scorn; my very appreciated parents the blessed one right to being ignored, but to nothing else had gained me. Nevertheless, the "new admissions" watched to me with distrust. By the sight, to share dormitory with Patrice was reason sufficient to assume that it would never put to me in his against or against its friends. The groups had formed of a day for another one and I saw myself just caught in the middle.

The only one "marginalized" to that I was able to come near went to Raquel Vargas, the girl of the short hair. We had spent a morning protesting through the amount of trigonometry duties that we had and that had been almost the only social contact that we had had. Tapeworm the impression that to Raquel it cost to him to make friends. It seemed a solitary girl, shut in in itself. In reality much was not different from me, although it seemed abandoned more.

And the other students made sure that thus outside.

- The same black jersey, such black trousers - a day commented Courtney with sonsonete that passed next to Raquel- and the same black bracelet. Good looking me what you want to that tomorrow we will return to see them.

- Everybody cannot allow the uniform in all its variants, you know? - Raquel defended itself.

- No, that is evident - Erich, a brown boy, of sharpened and made oval face took part, that used to follow Courtney to all parts. Single the people who really are of here.

Courtney and all its friends lay down to laugh. Raquel put itself red like a tomato, but she was limited to give returned average and to go away with angry step, to the time that the laughter became outbursts of laughter. Our glances were when happening through my side. I tried to express to him without words that felt to me bad by her, but believe that that single one caused that it felt worse. By the sight, it hated that they felt sorry it.

She was sure that if had known Raquel in any other site, we would have discovered that we had much in common. Nevertheless, with badly which it felt me by her, it doubted that it go to make no good me be more with somebody depressed than I.

Although also it was convinced that I would not be nor sunk half of of which was if it had been able to include/understand what had happened between Lucas and I.

We went together to the class of Chemistry of professor Iwerebon, but we seated one in each end of the classroom. When it was not concentrated trying to decipher the closed Nigerian accent of the professor, it dedicated to send to me to him miraditas disguised. Our eyes never were neither before nor after class, and it never went to me. Strangest of everything it was that Lucas did not have any problem in speaking with anybody. And a hair at the time of stopping the feet to him was not cut on that put gallito, pedantic or at any time crude, is to say, practically all those that fitted in the prototype Midnight.

By example, a day in the meadows, two boys began to ***reflx mng themselves of a girl who evidently did not belong to the prototype Midnight, to who him had fallen stock-market over which almost he had encountered. Lucas approached them with determined step.

- Irony What - it said.

- What? - Erich asked, one of the boys who were riéndose-. That now also lets enter pardillos this school?

The girl to whom him stock-market had fallen sonrojó.

- Although outside certain, that would not be an irony - Lucas- indicated. Irony is the resistance between which it says and what it happens.

Erich made a face.

- Pero what you say?

- You have ed ***reflx mng yourselves of her by to have encountered just before you occurred of noses.

I do not have nor idea of how it put the trip to him, but know that it did it before seeing Erich despatarrado in the ground. There was people who lay down to laugh, but the majority of the friends of Courtney thundered against to Lucas with the glance, as if to come out in defense of that girl it did not have well been.

- Ves? That is an irony - Lucas said, and followed his way.

If it had had the opportunity, it would have said to him that it thought that it had done the correct thing and it would not have mattered to me that Erich, Courtney and the others were watching. Nevertheless, I did not have occasion to do it: Lucas happened through my side like if me he had returned invisible.

Erich hated Lucas. Courtney hated Lucas. Patrice hated Lucas. Reason why I knew, practically everybody in the Academy Midnight hated to Lucas except for the gracioso surfero to which the first day had fixed me... and I. In agreement, Lucas was a little macarra, but also he was brave and honest, qualities that to more than one it needed in that school.

Without embargo, by the sight it would have to admire Lucas of distant spot. At the moment, it followed single.

- Still you are not ready? - Patrice encaramó to the window sill of the window. Su esbelto body even stood out against the night, graceful on the verge of jumping until the nearest branch of the tree. The monitors will happen immediately.

The corridor monitors watched the academy all the nights, although my parents were the only professors to whom still had seen roaming by the runners, seized to rush itself on whom he tried to skip the norms. That reason was sufficient to leave the sooner, but I continued trying to fix to me in front of the mirror.

"To fix itself" it was the key word. With trousers of sport fit and clear a pink jersey that she emphasized his shining skin, Patrice had a natural elegance. However I... It already had enough with trying that téjanos and a black t-shirt I had left pasables. Without too much success, it would have to add.

- Bianca, we go. - To Patrice the patience had finished to him. I go away already. Vienes or no?

- I go, I go.

Of all forms, what plus gave the dot that it had? Single it was going to go to the celebration because it had not had nutgalls to deny to me.

Patrice jumped until the branch of the tree and soon she was dropped to the ground with a landing so controlled as the exit of a gymnast of the parallel bars. I followed it as I could and I ended up scraping the hands to me with the crust. The fear to that they discovered to us sharpened my ear and I paid attention to all the sounds that surrounded to us: laughter in a dormitory, the whisper of the first leaves of the autumn in the ground, ulular of another one lechuza leaving hunting...

The cold nocturnal air made me shake when crossing the meadows to the race in direction of the forest. Patrice knew to lay way between the weeds without making noise, an ability that I envied to him. Perhaps someday it would get to have that coordination, but it cost to imagine it to me.

By aim we saw the bonfire. They had ignited a fire to the border of the lake, the quite small thing not to call the attention, but sufficiently great to emit a phantasmagoric and vacillating light and to be able to warm up us to his around. The students joined themselves in desperdigados groups, inclining to speak between whispers or when they lay down to laugh. I asked myself if they would be the same laughter that the night of picnic had heard.

To first Vista, they were not different from any other group of adolescents who had left to amuse itself, but something vibrated in the air that worsened my senses, something that added to tension to its movements and cruelty to most of the smiles. Then, I remembered what it had thought when knowing Lucas in the forest during our first and frightful encounter: when watching at certain people, sometimes something wild under the surface is perceived. That then same one was what felt there.

Somebody had put music in its radius, smooth hypnotizante and. It did not know the singer and they did not sing in English. Patrice did not take in disappearing between his circle of friendships, so I remained planted and single there, without knowing how what to do with the hands.

“ Me I put them in the pockets? No, thus I will have dot of stupid idiot. Pongo the arms in jars? Come already, as if it was gotten upset or something thus? No Bond, to even think about this is pathetic.”

- Eh, hello - Balthazar saluted to me.

One had approached to me by the back, for that reason it had not seen it come. It wore a black jacket of before and a bottle in the hand. The bonfire bathed the face to him with a warm light. It had the curled hair, a square jaw and heavy eyebrows. It seemed a hard type, a killer, somebody more familiarized with the fists that with the words. Nevertheless, its glance made accessible and even attractive, because in its eyes the talent was also guessed to intelligence and . In addition, its smile lacked cruelty.

- Quieres a beer? Still they are.

- No, thus it is well. - To weighing of the dark that was, surely that occurred to account of that me sonrojaba-. I do not have the age.

That did not have the age? As if there it go to matter to him to somebody. It must to me have hung to the neck a poster that “rarita” said, to save work to them.

Balthazar smiled, but it did not seem to be ing ***reflx mng itself of me.

- Before, the children used to drink wine with their parents during the meals. And the doctors recommended the women whose children did not suck the sufficient thing that they gave a little them beer like additional feeding.

- That was before.

- You are right. - It did not insist and I realized of which he was not nothing drunk. I began to relax. In spite of its corpulencia and his more than evident physical strength, Balthazar had a gift to obtain that people felt comfortable. From the first day that I have desire to speak with you.

- Of truth? - I said, trusting that a whine did not escape to me.

- You I notice it, I go behind something. - Balthazar had to see the face that I put because it lay down to laugh, a serious guffaw and estentórea-. Your mother said that already she had given classes you before, for that reason wanted that you gave a few advice me, to know of what cojea foot. I must find out the secrets of my professor.

I decided that to my mother it would not matter to him that one counted them.

- Then he would not be bad that you paid attention when it is balanced on the feet.

- When it is balanced?

- Yes, that usually means that it is moved, that is something interests much to him. And if to her it interests to him, it thinks that also it would have interesarte you.

- The one that means that it will leave in the examination.

- Exact.

It returned to laugh. It had hoyuelo in the chin that gave to an air travieso him. To fix to me to the lady's man who was Balthazar almost made me feel that it betrayed Lucas, but is that it jumped at sight. After the way in which Lucas had ignored to me during all the week, she was not safe to continue having loyalty to him. In addition, he was not nothing bad that a boy guapísimo was interested in one.

Balthazar approached a little more.

- I see that I am not going to regret to us to have known.

I gave back the smile to him and during three seconds, neither one the more nor one the less, had the sensation of which the celebration was going to be or... Until Courtney made formal appearance . It almost took to a black skirt very, very short and an opened white shirt until the navel. It did not have many curves, but it compensated it happening of the support, something quite obvious at those moments.

- Balthazar, I am glad of that we have the opportunity to put us to the day.

- We already are up-to-date.

Balthazar seemed excited still less than I to see it; nevertheless, Courtney did not seem to realize or that pretended at least.

- It seems that they have spent centuries since we left together. Good, it has spent too much time. The last time that we saw ourselves was in London, no?

- San Petersburgo - it corrected it.

Balthazar said the name of the city like that does not want the thing. By the sight he was the quite audacious thing and experimented to cross the ocean without thinking it twice to it.

Courtney slid to the hands with smoothness on the jacket of Balthazar, outlining its powerful physicist with the movement of the fingers. I envied it. Not by its star aspect, nor by its continental trips, but by their impudence. If in the forest it had been sent half of with Lucas, if it had touched it or used the commentary on the “girl good” to tontear with him, perhaps would not behave as if we were two strangers. The voice of Courtney broke through between my fantasies.

- You are not doing anything, no, Balthazar?

- I am speaking with Bianca.

Courtney became to watch to me. The long blond hair, that loose arrived to him at the waist, waved when tipping the head.

- Somewhat interesting Tienes that to share, Bianca?

- I... - What assumed that it had to say? Although any thing would have been better than what I said: Then no.

- Then it will not matter to you that me it takes it awhile, truth?

It began to throw of him without waiting for an answer. Balthazar watched to me with intention and I included/understood that if I said something, although outside a single word, he would stop. Nevertheless, I remained planted there as pasmarote seeing how they went away.

A pair of people drowned a giggle. I watched a side and I saw Erich, and in spite of the vacillating shades that the light of the bonfire projected, it would put the hand in the fire that was indicating to me.

Me aside from there with the intention to disappear of the map until finding Patrice or to whom it could consider minimumly warm. Nevertheless, each step that moved away to me of other made me feel better and, before giving account me, already it had gone to me of the celebration.

If it had not escabullido me after the touch of is, it would have run until the door and it would have raised the dormitory, but I stopped in time when remembering that at those moments it was outside the law. So I went to the cenador, to the west of lands of the boarding school, to tranquilize to me and to plan the entrance.

It was raising the steps when I saw to somebody, although at the outset I did not recognize who was. It was the one who was, had binoculars placed in front of the face. I identified it when the moon illuminated its cobrizo hair.

- Lucas?

- Eh, hello, Bianca. - Still it took seconds in separating to the binoculars and sonreírme-. Pretty night for a celebration.

I remained watching the prisms binocular.

- What you do?

- You what you create? I am spying on to those of the celebration - me espetó almost with the same abruptness that in the corridor, until she watched me at the face. I had to seem to him very desolate, because it asked to me with greater smoothness: You are well?

- Yes, it does not pass anything. I am a bread in gravy, but I am well.

Lucas lay down to laugh.

- I have already seen that you have needed time for irte. Has bothered You somebody?

- No, the truth is that no, but it is that was a little... overwhelmed. You already know what it happens to me with the strangers.

- Because you have done well, you do not beat with them.

- You do not say to me. - I remained watching the prisms binocular. Single somebody with excellent night vision could use them to see something, although I supposed that the light of the bonfire would help little. So that you are watching the celebration?

- I am controlling that nobody emborrache, puts tontorrón or it gives him to go to take a walk to the forest.

- Is that now you are the monitor of corridor of Mrs. Bethany or what?

- Nor of coña. - Lucas lowered the prisms binocular. Dress went to be confused with the shades: black trousers and a t-shirt of long sleeve that emphasized its muscular arms and their chest. He was thinner and he was fibrado than Balthazar, but also he was lower. There was something almost aggressively masculine in him. It asked me what noses made those uncles when they are not putting with the others, pavoneando themselves or doing the ball to him to somebody. - It sent a peculiar glance to Me. It seems that you like.

- What!

One shrank of shoulders.

- You always walk with that people.

- That is lie! Patrice is my companion of room, for that reason step time with her, and their friends come to visit it each two by three, I cannot ignore them. That is to say, there is a pair that is saved, but to the others I have pavor to them.

- One is not saved nor, créeme.

It was happened to me that it could break a lance in favor of Balthazar, but at those moments did not desire to speak to me of him. Also I realized of which Lucas had made me put to the defensive and of which it did not have right to do it.

- A moment, for that reason you have been so cold with me? So that you behave like if we did not know ourselves?

- I Did not want to have left to see how you fell in the claws of that people, a as sweet girl as you. Mainly without being able to do nothing on the matter. - It surprised the feeling to Me whereupon it said it. Still they separated a few meters to us, but never it had had the sensation to be so near somebody. When I saw you leave running, I included/understood that everything was not lost.

- Créeme, I am not member of that group - I insisted. I believe that they invited me to the single celebration to ***reflx mng itself of me. I have gone solely because, good, because I say that behind schedule or early I will have to know people. You were the only friend who had and thought that he had to you lost.

Lucas united the hands around one of the adornments in form of scrolls of the cenador and I did the same, so that we were left the one next to the other. Enroscábamos us with the scrolls, like the enredadera.

- I have hurt your feelings, truth?

- More or less - I admitted with a voice thread. That is to say,... I already know that single we have spoken once...

- But for you it was important. - Our glances were as soon as a moment. Also it was it for me, but it had not given account to me of which... Good, it thought that single it had happened to me to me.

Lucas had not realized of which to me also I liked he? In the life it would never be able to include/understand the men.

- But if I approached to speak with you the first day of class...

-, And Yes right before that you walked taking a walk and chatting with Patrice Devereaux, who cannot be more of here. Those of its class and those of mine... Let us admit it, are not mixed. - It seemed displeased seconds. You said to me that as soon as you spoke with strangers, for that reason I thought that you had very of being friends.

- She is my roommate. More it is worth to me to be able to communicate to me with her if I want to be throwing.

- Bond, I was mistaken. I feel it.

I had the sensation of which it was not absolutely sincere, but Lucas seemed truely sorry of to have drawn hasty conclusions and with that was enough to me. My protector had not let worry about me, although I did not know it, and that certainty made feel warmly comforted me, as if a shelter had thrown me on shoulders to protect to me of the cold.

Silence settled between us, although he was not uncomfortable. Sometimes you find people with whom you can be shut up without having the sensation of which you need to fill up silence with char them insubstantial. Single taste with a pair of people had that felt me a, in my town, and it had always thought that years were

needed to get to share that complicity. Nevertheless, already it happened to me with Lucas.

I remembered the impudence of Courtney and I decided that I also could be, like minimum, sent half of that she. Although never one had occurred me well to establish conversation, I tried it:

- You take well with your companion of room?

- With Vic? - Lucas outlined a slight smile. He is not bad, like room companion at least. A little unconscious. A clown. But he is a legal uncle.

The word "clown" made me think that it knew to whom it talked about.

- Vic are the boy who takes hawaianas shirts, truth?

- That same one.

- We have not spoken, but it seems likeable.

- It is It. Equal we could leave a day all together ones.

The heart gave an upset me.

- He would not be bad, but... It would prefer to spend more time with you - I sent myself.

Our glances were and I had the sensation of which we had crossed some type of line. That was good or was bad?

- We could... But... - So that Lucas vacillated? - Bianca, I hope that we are friends. I like, but it is not good idea that you pass too much time with me. You have already seen that I am not indeed the most popular boy of the campus. I am not here for making friends.

- And you are for making enemy? By how you fight Erich and, sometimes it seems it.

- Preferirías that outside friend of Erich?

Erich was a stupid idiot one of greater mark and both we knew it.

- No, clear that no. Single it is that sometimes it seems that, I do not know, that you are looking for fight. That is to say, really you hate so much? It is not that to me I like, but is that to you... It is as if not even you could support to breathe he himself air.

- I trust my instinct.

It was not going to discuss it to it.

- He is better not to have them against if you can avoid it.

- Bianca, if you and I... If we...

If we what? I imagined thousands of answers to that question and I liked all almost. Our glances were interlaced with as much force that seemed impossible to give off them. If the passion of Lucas were sweeping even when it did not go directed towards me, when I was his objective - like at those moments, while she studied until the last centimeter of my face, hefting his words before to pronounce them in high voice cut the breathing to me.

- It could not support that they made the impossible life by my fault - was able to say to the aim Lucas-. And they would have ended up doing it.

Was protecting to me? From not to have been a sovereign stupidity, it would have been enternecedor.

- Sabes? I do not believe that it has no social credibility that you can ruin.

- You are not so safe.

- You are not so tozudo.

We remained moments in silence. The light of the moon was strained between the leaves of the enredadera. Lucas was the enough fence to be able to recognize his fragrance, something that remembered to cedar and pine to me, like the forest that surrounded to us, as if of some way he comprised of that dark place.

- I have entangled It everything, truth? - Lucas seemed embarrassed almost so as I. I am not customary.

- To speak with girls? - I asked, arching an eyebrow.

With the aspect that had Lucas, it cost much to believe to me to him. Nevertheless, doubt of its sincerity did not fit when it agreed with the head. The brightness and naughtiness had disappeared of its glance.

- I have spent many years going of here for there, traveling from a place to another one. Whenever it took affection to him somebody, it disappeared suddenly of my side. I believe that I have learned to maintain the distances with people.

- You made Me feel like a stupid idiot one by to have trusted you.

- You do not feel thus. The problem is mine and it would also not support that outside yours.

It had always thought that the fact to have passed all my life in a pueblecito had contributed to not knowing how how to tolerate to me in front of strangers. Nevertheless, after hearing Lucas I included/understood that a traveling existence could have the same effect: the isolation and the introversión that turned the communication with the others most difficult of the world.

Such time its rage was looked like my timidity. It was a signal that both we felt so single, and perhaps we did not have so that to continue being it too much time.

- You are not tired of esconderte? - I asked, in low voice. I yes.

- I hide-it did not replace Lucas to me, but immediately it remained in silence, meditating. Good, excrement.

- It could mistake to me.

- You are not mistaken. - Lucas continued watching to me, and right when I began to think that she must not have been so frank, she added: It would not have to do this.

- What?

I felt that the heart began to bark to me with force. Lucas shook the head and smiled. The glance itched had returned to its eyes.

- When the thing is complicated, you do not say that I did not warn to you.

- Such time the complicated one is I.

The commentary widened its smile.

- I already see that this is going to take to us awhile. - I remained stuned when it smiled to me since it did it and I wished that the time did not happen in the cenador. Nevertheless, at that moment Lucas it tipped the head. You have heard that?

- What? - Then I heard it: the front door of the school was opened and it was closed repeatedly to the distant spot and there was passages in the main way. Van to make a cast in the celebration!

- I would not like to be Courtney - Lucas- said. This gives the opportunity us to return inside.

We crossed the turf to the race, kind to the voices that came from the place of the celebration, and interchanged an ample smile when crossing the fore door without which you would pillaran to us.

- Until soon - Lucas whispered to me when she loosen the arm to me and she went to his corridor.

That word continued resonating in my ears from way my room and my bed: soon.

Chapter 4

I bequeathed to my quarter just in time to put to me under sheets before Patrice accompanied by Mrs. Bethany entered. The figure of the director stood out against the weak light of the corridor, reason why single I could distinguish its silhouette.

- Already you know the norms, Patrice - it said in voice low, although doubtlessly serious. To say that it intimidated would be to remain short, and that that not even was I to whom it reprimanded. You must include/understand that the norms are for obeying them. We cannot in the heat of walk running by the field night. What would say people? The students would desmadrarían themselves and could happen a tragedy. Is clear?

Patrice agreed and the door was closed of blow. I straightened myself.

- Has gone very badly? - I asked to him in a whisper.

- No, single a little - gruñó Patrice while he began to undress. We had been one week changing to us in the same room, but me it continued giving shame me. To her no. In fact, not even it let watch to me while the shirt took off precipitadamente-. But still you go dressed!

- Ah, yes.

- It thought that you had gone away of the celebration.

- I did It, but... I could not enter the school. They were of patrol. Soon they realized where you were and they left tooting. I have arrived three minutes before you.

Patrice shrank of shoulders when crouching itself to gather the pajamas. I did what I could to change without returning to me. The conversation had been finished and I had lain successfully to my roommate for the first time.

Such time must to him have explained so that it had delayed to me. Most of the girls I would die to tell to whom they finished to him binding with a boy guapísimo, but wanted that it continued being a secret, liked. In certain way, the fact that I was the unique one in knowing it made more special. "It likes I him and I like he me. Perhaps soon we are together."

While it returned to put me under sheets, I recalled to mind and I decided that perhaps it was throwing the bells to the flight. The thoughts acted hastily in my head and they prevented me to sleep. I smiled to him to the pillow.

"He is mine."

- I have heard that last night was a celebration - my father said, leaving in front of me a hamburger and chips; we were seated to the table of my family.

- Hum... - I answered with the full potato mouth. I finished swallowing and mascullé-: That is to say, that has said to me.

My parents interchanged a glance and I had the impression that he even did grace to them. What lightening.

It would be first of the many weekly suppers of Sundays. All along which it could happen with my family in the lodgings of the teaching staff instead of surrounded by students of Midnight, for me it was inverted affluent time. Although they tried to act of the possible most informal way, was easy to guess that my parents had missed to me as much as I to them. Duke Ellington sounded in the music equipment and, in spite of the paternal interrogation, the world returned to recover its order.

- Not you desmadrasteis much, truth? - By the sight my mother had decided to ignore the fact that I had denied my attendance to this celebration. Single there was beer and music, reason why they have said to me.

- I do not know anything of the subject - I answered, without denying it. That is to say, single I was about fifteen minutes in the celebration.

- It gives just as single one was beers - the head said to my father shaking, in the direction of my mother. The norms are for fulfilling them, Celia. A thing is the land of the school, but and if the week that comes gives them to go to the city? Bianca does not worry to me, but some of the others...

- I am not against the norms, but it is normal that the students of greater age rebel themselves from time to time against them. Another deslíz without importance is better to have some from time to time that incident more serious. - My mother became towards me. Which is your subyet preferred until now?

- Yours, which is going to be? - I responded, and I watched it like meaning if really it thought that it was going to be as idiot as to respond another thing. One lay down to laugh.

- In addition to mine. - My mother rested the chin in the hand, skipping to the bullfigther the norm of not putting the elbows on the table. Perhaps English? You have always liked much.

- Not with Mrs. Bethany.

The commentary did not win any affection to me.

- Because he takes care of which he says to you - my father with severity said. It left the glasses on the table of oak with abruptness, thump-. Think of it very seriously.

Idiot what had been, but she was its female leader. What would happen if the voice ran of which her daughter went that way speaking badly of the director? Perhaps it would have to let think single about me to vary.

- I will make an effort - I promised to him.

- I know that you will do it.

My mother covered my hand with hers.

Monday I entered the class of English decided to make blotch and counts new. It did little that we had begun to speak of mythology and folclore in Literature, two subjects that always I had liked. If there were some area in which to be able to demonstrate my aptitudes to Mrs. Bethany, was indeed that.

Although it was seen that it was not going to be able to demonstrate nothing to him.

- I suppose that relatively few of you you will have read our following book of study - it said, as it was distributing by the class a book battery of soft cover. Mrs. Bethany always smelled of lavender. Feminine, but very penetrating. Nevertheless, I imagine that practically all will have heard speak of him.

The books arrived until my writing-desk and I took a unit of Drácula, of Bram Stoker.

- Vampires? - I heard that Raquel murmured in the row of opposite.

Nothing to pronounce those words more, the air seemed to load itself of electricity.

- Is there some problem with the book, young lady Vargas? - Mrs. Bethany spat at him, nailing its watched brilliant of bird rapaz in Raquel, who gave the impression of to have preferred to bite the language before opening the mouth. Balls were leaving him to the only jersey the school that it had, to that also were being spent him the elbows.

- No, lady.

- Then it does not seem it. Please, young lady Raquel, ilumínenos. - Mrs. Bethany crossed itself of arms, enchanted with the way to lead the situation. It had strangely furrowed heavy nails and. If she finds that the Scandinavian sagas on giant monsters are deserving of their attention, so that not them novels on vampires?

Raquel was lost responded what responded. She would try to answer and the professor would ruin her argument, whatever outside, and thus we could throw almost all the hour. That was the entertainment way that Mrs. Bethany had chosen during her classes: it chose to somebody to that to torture, generally for delight of

the students whose powerful families felt an obvious predilection. Most sensible it would have been to keep silence and to leave to that day Raquel was the head of Turk of Mrs. Bethany, but I could not resist.

I raised the hand, timidly. Mrs. Bethany as soon as she watched to me.

- Yes, young lady Olivier?

- With everything, Dracula is not a very good book, no? - All they watched disturbed to me, surprised of which somebody in addition to Raquel was had bold to contradict Mrs. Bethany-. It has a very flowery language and many letters within other letters.

- I already see that somebody disapproves the style to epistolar that so many distinguished authors used during centuries XVIII and XIX. - The repiqueteo of the heels of the shoes of Mrs. Bethany on the tiled ground resonated with extraordinary force when directing its passages towards me, forgetting Raquel. The aroma to lavanda intensified. Finds It old fashioned? Out of phase?

Who would command to raise the hand to me?

- It is that one is not a book that ***reflexes mng express, nothing else.

- The speed, sure the criterion by which it is had to judge all Literature. - The drowned giggles that crossed the classroom made me shrink of shame in my seat. Perhaps it would want that their classmates asked themselves if he is worth the trouble to study it.

- We are studying folclore - Courtney- took part. And the vampires are a common element to folclore world-wide.

It had not left in my aid, was being conceited solely. I asked myself if would make it to make I have left badly or so that Balthazar paid attention to her. Days ago it tried that the skirt possible it had left shortest to shine the legs to the maximum whenever seated, but until the moment it did not seem to have had no desired effect in him. Mrs. Bethany limited itself to agree in the direction of Courtney.

- In the western modern culture there is no vampire more famous than Dracula. By where beginning better?

— *Another return of nut* - I answered, surprising everybody, to me including.

- Disculpe?

Mrs. Bethany arched the eyebrows. Nobody seemed to know what referred to me except for Balthazar, that was evident that the lip was biting not to lie down to laugh.

— *Another return of nut*. The novel of Henry James on ghosts, at least in a principle.
- It was not going to initiate the old debate on if the main personage were crazy or no. The frightful ghosts always were similarity, but they were easier to confront in

the fiction that to one Mrs. Bethany of meat and bone. The ghosts are even more universal in folklore than the vampires. And Henry James is better writer than Bram Stoker.

- Young lady Olivier, when you are who you program the classes, can begin by the ghosts. - The sharpened voice of the professor could have cut the crystal. I had to repress a tremor when seeing to hang it over me more imperturbable than a gargoyle. Here one will begin by the vampires. We will learn how they have perceived them different cultures throughout history, from remote times to today. If it finds it boring, it animese, we will not take much in arriving at the ghosts, will advance enough express, even for you.

Later of that I learned to be to me calladita.

When the finishing the class, already in the corridor, trembly because of that strange weakness that always accompanies the humiliation, I was opening slow cadence to me between the boisterous students. It seemed as if everybody had a friend with whom to spend the short while less I. Raquel and I could to us have consoled mutually, but she already had disappeared.

- Another reader of Henry James - I heard that it said somebody.

I became and I saw to Balthazar, that it had tightened the step to give reach me. She was not safe if one had approached to transmit its support to me or to avoid to Courtney, but in any case I was glad to see an expensive friend.

- Good, single I have read *Another return of nut* and *Daisy Miller*, nothing else.

- Because read *Picture of a lady*, I believe that you will like.

- Of truth? So that?

I supposed that Balthazar would say something on the good thing that it was the book, but surprised to me.

- It goes of a woman whom it loves to define itself to itself instead of allowing that another people define her. - It was opened passage between people without no effort and separating the Vista from me. The only boy who at some time had watched to me with that intensity was Lucas-. I had the prefeeling of which it would interest the subject to you.

- It can that you are right - I said. I will look for it in the library. And... thanks. By the recommendation.

And to think as much about me.

- Of nothing. - Balthazar smiled of ear ear, shining that hoyuelo of the chin, but then both we heard laugh to Courtney, not too much far, and it put a face of pretended panic that made me laugh. Hour to leave running.

- Fast! - I whispered to him to the time that he escapullía by the corridor that it had left close more.

Although the support of Balthazar had raised the spirit to me, continued feeling to me fatal after the confrontation with Mrs. Bethany, so I decided to give to a cortito stroll by the gardens in search of a little fresh air and tranquillity before eating. Perhaps it could enjoy minutes solo.

By misfortune, I was not the unique one to which him the same idea had been happened: it was were several students taking a walk while they listened to music or they chatted. I repaired in a group of seated girls to the shade. By the sight no of them returned to its dormitory to eat and, while it saw them cuchichear between the shades projected by one of the old elm trees, it was happened to me that surely they would be to diet, thinking about Baile of autumn.

Single there was a person went there whom desired to see to me. I remembered it of the first day and I recognized it by the description of Lucas.

- Vic - I called it.

Vic it smiled to me.

- Eh!

Anyone would say that éramos old friends instead of being the first time who we spoke. Its smooth hair of golden brown color showed below the cap of the Phillies and took mp3 with a printed housing of color spirals green orange and.

- Hello, you have seen Lucas? - I asked to him, when one approached me to trote and one took off the earpieces

- That uncle is zumbao. - In the world of Vic, "to be in favor hummed" of the sight he was fulfilling. It was going to pirar them to it of the room of study when I go and I say to him: " Oye, what you do". And it goes and he says to me that if him I can cover and that, no? Good, because that did until now, but you are not going to expose it, you you are legal.

Considering that Vic and I never had spoken before, how could know if I were legal or no? But then I wondered myself if Lucas would not have spoken to him of me, and the idea made me smile.

- Sabes where is?

- If me it asked profe to it, I do not know anything, but since you are... I would watch after the garage.

The garage, that the north had left, near the lake, was where long ago the horses and the caleches kept. With time Midnight had been transformed the administrative offices of the Academy and into the residence of Mrs. Bethany. What would be making Lucas there?

- I believe that I am going to occur a stroll that way - I said. Single I am going to walk awhile, eh? I am not going to do nothing in individual.

- Top - Vic answered, agreeing with the head as if I had said something really intelligent. You have pillado it.

While it directed to me with all parsimony towards the garage, like that does not want the thing, it was thinking about that Vic were not indeed a light, although seemed a smart boy. At least he was not the typical student of Midnight. Nobody paid attention to me when I moved away of the others; that was the good thing for seeming invisible, that you could disappear as if you were it.

In that part there was no forest in which to be able to shelter, single the extensive turf of the meadows, ready plenty of tréboles and several trees to me at intervals regular that surely they were planted long time back to provide shade. I watched between the weeds the body of a died squirrel, as soon as a withered testimony of which it had been; the wind made bristle the tail sadly to him. I wrinkled the nose and I tried to ignore it to concentrate itself in which it walked looking for. I lessen the step and I paid more attention with the hope to hear Lucas.

The garage was an extended and white building, of a single plant. I supposed that a second floor would not have had sense if the renters were going to be horses. It was surrounded by high trees that surrounded everything in so dense shades that it almost seemed at night, and single a few vacillating rays of light reached the ground. I approached the back part of finishing nails, showed the head when arriving at the corner and saw to Lucas leaving by the window of Mrs. Bethany. It landed with lightness and it behind closed the folds with well-taken care of of him.

At that moment, one became and it saw me. We remained watching a second eternal one fixedly to us and I had the sensation of to have been I pillada it in fraganti doing something that did not have instead of on the contrary.

- Eh - I stammered.

In time to try to justify his behavior, Lucas smiled.

- Eh, so that you are not eating?

His to walk carefree when approaching me it made to me clear that Lucas tried to pretend that it had not happened anything, that I had not seen anything outside the normal thing. Perhaps Or I had given foot him to that she believed something when greeting it in time thus to ask to him what was doing?

- I believe that I am not hungry.

- He is not own of you to ignore it.

- The food?

- Man, I would talk about before so that you have not asked to me what was doing in the office of Mrs. Bethany.

I loosen a lightening sigh and both we lay down to laugh.

- Bond, if you are arranged to say it to me, then cannot be so bad.

- My mother does not let say that single she will sign the authorization so that she can go to Riverton Saturdays if coat an excellent one in the partial examinations, but I had the prefeeling of which already she had signed it and Chemical I do not take it very well, so I decided to verify if the authorization were in my file. As I already said to you: the norms and I did not finish congeniar.

-, Already clear. - Although it was not well what it had done, was not so terrible either, no? It was very easy to trust Lucas-. You have found It?

- Yes. - Lucas exaggerated his autocomplacencia to make me smile. And it obtained it. I am free as a bird although removes a notable.

- By what the free week ends are so important? In summer I was in the city before you arrived and, créeme, is much no to see.

We took a walk between the shades and we were advancing with taken care of by one of the sides towards Midnight, until we ended up mixing to us with the other students without being observed. Both the one occurred us to enough good to walk with sigilo.

- It has been happened to me that could be a good together place where to be able to spend a time. Far from Midnight. What seems to you?

Given the conversation which we had maintained in the cenador, the surprise must not so me have left patidifusa, but it did it, and it was a frightful sensation to the time that, in certain way, wonderful.

- Yes. That is to say, that I like the idea.

- To me also.

Later of that, both we followed shut up. It wished that it gave the hand me, although I still it did not feel enough sent to me to take hers to him. I febrile searched carefully between my memories something amused that could become in Riverton, one more a city bigger than Arrowwood, but even more boring. There was a cinema at least where sometimes they projected classic films before the normal sessions.

- You like the old films? - I dared to ask to him.

To Lucas the glance was illuminated to him.

- They enchant pelis to Me, the old ones, those of now, all. From John Ford to Quentin Tarantino.

I smiled alleviated to him. Perhaps it was certain that everything was going to come out well.

That same week, the station changed overnight. The cold was first in waking up to me with the first lights and I noticed it in the bones.

I crumpled up myself between the blankets, but it did not serve don't mention it. The autumn already had adorned crystals with frost. It would not have more remedy than to later lower heavy edredón of the superior shelf of my closet. As of that moment, it was going to be more complicated not to die to me of cold.

The light continued being tenuous and dawn and I knew that it did awhile that it had amanecido. Refunfuñando, I straightened myself and I resigned myself to be wide-awake. It could have removed edredón and to have tried to scratch a few hours of dream, but it had to finish giving a last review him to the work on Drácula or facing to me once again the wrath of Mrs. Bethany. So I put the dressing gown and I happened of finishing nails next to Patrice, who slept deeply, as if the cold could not penetrate the fine sheet that covered it.

The baths of Midnight had been constructed at another time, in a time in which the students probably thanked not to have to leave outside to use the washbasin like putting tiquismiquis with things like the facilities: insufficient cubículos, without comforts type drained electrical of the cisterns or different mirrors, and faucets for the cold water and warm up in the tiny sinks... It had taken odd habit to them from the first day. At least already it had learned to accumulate a little water frozen in the palm of the hand before opening the faucet of the hot water, that left burning. That way it could wash the face to me without escaldar the fingers to me. I noticed the so cold ground under the barefoot feet, that I committed myself to remember to put socks to me when it went me to the bed, like minimum until the spring.

In whatever I closed the faucets, I heard something, a weak sob. I dried the face with my towel and I approached the place del that came the moaned one.

- Hello? Hay somebody there?

The moans stopped. It was beginning to think that it had put to me where they did not call to me when the face of Raquel showed by one of the cubículos. It wore to position the pajamas and the bracelet of entretejido leather of which it was seen that one never separated. It had the reddened eyes.

- Bianca? - it whispered.

- Yes. You are well?

Raquel denied with the head and she dried the cheeks.

- I am attacked, I cannot sleep.

- It has begun to be cold of blow, truth?

I could not feel like more idiot when saying that. It knew as well as Raquel who was not crying in the bath at daybreak because they had lowered the temperatures.

- I have decirte something. - The hand of Raquel was closed on my wrist and it tightened it with a force that never had imagined to him. She was very pale and it

had the nose reddened of as much crying. I need that you say to me if you think that I am returning to me crazy.

A quite rare request indifferently of whom it did it, when, where or how.

- Crees that these volviéndote crazy? - I asked to him, with caution.

- Perhaps?

To Raquel a difficult giggle escaped to him and that gave confidence me: if he were able to see an amused side him, then it was probable that it did not pass anything to him burdens. I around threw a glance to my, but the bath was empty. To those hours, we could be sure that we would have the washbasins for single us during a good short while.

- Tienes nightmares or something thus?

- Vampires, black layers, eyeteeth and all the fishing. - It pretended that it was ed ***reflx mng. Nobody would say that to which no longer goes to parvulario they could continue giving him to fear the vampires, but in my dreams... Bianca, is horrible.

- The night previous to that the classes began I had a nightmare on a withered flower - I said. It wanted to distract it so that it let think about its nightmares and I thought that perhaps it would help in something to share mine, although it felt an idiot one little to me commenting it in high voice. It was a orquídea, or an iris or something thus that marchitaba in the middle of a storm. It gave so much repelús me, that I could not remove it from the head in all the day.

- I either cannot quitármelos of the head. Those died hands, catching to me...

- Single you think about those things by the work of Drácula - I said. The week that comes or we will have ended Bram Stoker, or you will see it.

- I already know it, I am not idiot, but I will have nightmares with other things. I never feel safe. It is as if always there was a person, a presence, somebody, something that blossoming on me. Something frightful. - Raquel inclined towards me and she whispered to me: Never you have had the sensation of which in this school there is something... bad?

- Courtney, sometimes - I answered, trying to joke.

- I do not talk about that type of badness, but to really - the voice shook to him. Crees in Badly?

Nobody that question had never done me, but the answer knew.

- Yes.

I heard that Raquel swallowed saliva and we remained watching a little while without knowing how what to say to us. It knew that it had to continue animating it, but the intensity of its fear forced to me to pay attention to him.

- Always I have the sensation Here of which they observe to me - it commented. To all hours. Even when I am single. I know that it seems of crazy people, but is truth. Sometimes I have the sensation of which the nightmares continue although she is wide-awake. I already hear things late at night, scratches and blows in the tile roof. When I watch after the window, I swear to you that sometimes I see a shade entering itself in the forest. And the squirrels... You have seen them, no? There are dead squirrels throughout.

- I have seen a pair.

Such time was the autumnal cold of the ventilated and old bath which caused that it shook to me, but also could have been the fear of Raquel.

- Some time you have felt safe here?

- I do not feel safe, but I do not believe that he is nothing rare - I answered between stammerings. Although, sure "rare" it meant different things stops according to whom. It is this school, this site. The stone gargoyles, building, the cold... And the atmosphere. All that makes me feel outside place. Single. And scared.

- Midnight absorbs the life to you. - Raquel ed ***reflx mng itself weakly. You see It? To absorb the life. Like the vampires.

- The one that you need is to rest - I said with firmness, remembering me to my mother. Something of rest and to change of readings.

- The one to rest does not sound bad. Crees that the nurse of the school would give tablets me to sleep?

- I do not believe that here there is infirmary. - Raquel wrinkled the nose, opposed. But surely you will be able to buy them in drugstore when we go to Riverton - I suggested.

- I suppose. In any case it is a good idea. - A pause Did and soon it smiled to me, with the tearful eyes. Thanks to listen to me. I already know that it seems of crazy people.

I shook the head.

- In absolute. As already there am saying to you, Midnight puts the end hairs.

- Drugstore - Raquel in low voice said, gathering his things to return to his dormitory. Tablets to sleep. Thus I will sleep in spite of everything.

- To weighing of what?

- Although it continues being noises in the tile roof. - She was very serious, had adopted the expression of a much greater person of which it would correspond to its age. Because at night there is somebody there above. I hear it. That does not comprise of the nightmare, Bianca. He is real.

Enough time after Raquel returned to his bed, I followed single in the washbasin, shaking.

Chapter 5

Normally it would be impossible to take off of in front of the mirror a girl who is to prepare for his first appointment, but when the night arrived from Friday, the one of the escape to Riverton, Patrice so was occupied watching itself that for the case she could to me have dressed in the dark. It was being examined the face and the figure in the mirror of whole body, becoming to a side and the other, incapable to find what it was looking for, or were imperfections or beauty.

- You are very handsome - I said. It eats something, is worth? You are almost transparent.

- It is not left nor a month for Baile of autumn. I want to be wonderful.

- And as what it serves to go to Baile of autumn if you cannot enjoy it?

- Therefore I will enjoy more. - Patrice smiled to me. It had the gift of paternalista and completely sincere power to be to he himself time. Someday you will understand it.

I did not like when she spoke me of that way, with those airs of superiority, but already a friend considered like a. Patrice had lent me a very smooth jersey of color ivory for my appointment as if outside the greater favor than somebody could never make another person. Perhaps it was in the certain thing. Thanks to that jersey, my figure... We go, that became that it had one, something evident that the insipid plisadas skirts and the jackets of Midnight hid to the world.

- You are not going to go? - I asked to him, while it tried to make me a braid high. It was not necessary that made specific to whom referred to me.

- Erich is going to give another celebration next to the lake. - Patrice shrank of shoulders. Still it wore to putting the pink dressing gown of satén and a tape that retired the hair to him of the face. If it not even had begun to prepare itself, were signal that surely the celebration would not begin after midnight. Most of the professors they will be in the city doing of companions and that assures one night to us first here.

- It costs to Me much to imagine that in the Academy Midnight are nights of first.

- Nor which they had to us locked up in a cage, Bianca. In addition, that hairdo does not favor anything to you.

I sighed.

- Either I to it know it, or see *sólita*.

- It hopes.

Patrice put itself behind me, undid the unequal braids that had been able to *entretejer* with many efforts and passed the fingers between the tufts of hair. Soon it gathered the hair to me in a loose and very low monkey, and a few tufts loosen and they fell to me on the face. Self-assured, but with style, as always it had wanted to take it. When seeing the transformation in the mirror, I thought that almost it seemed that they had fixed the hair to me by magic art.

- How you have done it?

- You will already learn with time. - Patrice smiled, more satisfied with his work that of me. You have a color of precious hair, you know? You must shine it more when it falls to you on the jersey; it has been watching what contrasts for with the color ivory, you see it?

When that reddish tone had become a “precious color” of hair? I smiled to him to my reflection thinking that, starting off that Lucas and I was going to leave together, any miracle was possible.

- Perfect - Patrice said and, I do not know so that, but I knew that she said it sincerely.

For that reason the fulfilled one did not stop being impersonal. He was convinced that the perfection concept meant more for her than for me, but Patrice would not have said it if she really did not think it.

Enchanted *Cohibida* and, I remained watching my reflection in the mirror. If Patrice were able to find me handsome, then perhaps Lucas also would do it.

- You are wonderful! - Lucas when seeing me exclaimed.

I greeted it with a head gesture, trying not to break away from the visual enemy while we broke through between the students who were jammed in the bus that would take us to the city. The Academy Midnight could not have something as ordinary as a normal and current yellow bus scholastic, that by discounted; instead of that, it waited for a small shuttle to us of luxury, of which usually they use the hotels of *postín*, which surely they would have rented for the occasion. I entered pressure with the first big wave of students while Lucas continued doing what could approach the door. It could at least see it smile from the window.

- Of luxury. - Vic lay down to laugh, dropping itself in the free seat that was to my side. It wore a felt hat that directly seemed removed from the forty, and the truth is that he was very handsome, but even so was not the person who wished like

companion; and something had to expose my expression, because it gave codazo me friendly. You do not worry, single I am warming up him the seat to Lucas.

- Thanks.

If it had not been by Vic, it could not to me have seated with Lucas. People killed themselves to raise the bus and seemed that twenty people - of fact, almost all those that did not fit with the typical student of Midnight they were determined to go to Riverton. Considering the boring thing that was the city, surely the only thing that wished was to move away of the school and for that any place it was worth. It knew how they felt.

Vic he yielded the seat with galantería to Lucas when this he was able to arrive finally until us, although I would not say that the appointment began then. Completely we were surrounded by other companions who did not let laugh, speak and shout, alleviated by being able to leave finally the claustrofóbicas properties of the school. Raquel seated rows more ahead and chatted animatedly with his roommate; it must of have appeased its fears, at least by the moment. There were some sent surprised miraditas to me not too friendly. By the sight it continued being suspicious to comprise of the "legitimate ones", something so absurd that until it had grace. Vic one knelt down in the seat of ahead and one became towards us with the intention to speak to us of ampli that was going to buy itself in a music store which they finished opening in the city.

- What you are going to do with ampli? - I asked to him, raising the voice to make me hear by upon the general bullicio, as we advanced to trompicones by the highway in the direction of the city. They do not go to dejarte to touch the electrical guitar in the room.

Vic one shrank of shoulders, but it did not lose the smile.

- Is enough to Me with being able to watch it, uncle! And knowledge that I have something so incredible. Thus I will go contented every day.

- But if you always are contented. You smile until in dreams.

To weighing of the mocking tone in which Lucas was saying, it was clear that at heart it liked Vic.

- It is what it maintains to you alive, you know?

Vic he was right in opposition to the typical student of Midnight and I decided that to me also I liked.

- What you are going to do while we are in the cinema?

- To explore, to give a return, to feel the Earth under my feet. - Vic arched the repeated eyebrows times. Perhaps to know some good aunt in the city.

- Then it will be better than you buy ampli later - Lucas- said. Equal it cuts the roll to you to have to drag that thing with you.

Vic it agreed very serious and I had to cover the mouth to me with the hand to hide a smile.

It is to say, that Lucas and I was not really single until we were not taking a walk by the main street of Riverton, to a single apple of the cinema. Both we were glad much when we saw what it had announced in the marquee.

— *Suspicion* - it read. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, a genius.

- With Cary Grant. - When Lucas watched to me, I added: You have your preferences and I them mine.

There were more students teeming by the lobby, something that surely more was related whereupon Riverton did not offer too many entertainments that with suddenly and renewed interest in Cary Grant. Nevertheless, to us it interested to us really, until we verified at least who were the professors who would do of companions in the cinema.

- Créeme, so we are surprised as you - my mother said.

- We were convinced that you would go to tomarte something. - My father had passed him the arm through shoulders to my mother, as if he was his appointment and not about ours. We were all planted in front of the poster of the lobby and Joan Fontaine watched to us fixedly, scandalized, as if his faced my dilemma instead of a . For that reason we decided to order to us of the cinema. Already there are others being in charge of the cafeteria.

- Still it is not too much behind schedule for a pastelito - animarnos- added to my mother, trying. We will not take offense.

- You do not worry. - In reality yes that was worrisome to have to pass my first appointment with my parents, but what was going to say if no? -. It is that to Lucas it likes the old films, so... It does not pass anything, no?

- No, it does not pass anything.

Although it did not seem indeed that it did not pass anything; it gave the impression that Lucas even more was displeased than I.

- To nonbeing whom you like the pastelitos - I said.

- No That is to say,..., yes, the pastelitos I like, but I like enough plus the old films.
- The chin Raised as if it was challenging my parents to that they tried intimidarlo-. We remained.

My parents, far from feeling intimidated, smiled of ear ear.

It had to them counted that Lucas and I was going to go together to Riverton during the food of previous Sunday. I did not give more details them by fear to paralyze them of the impression, but it was clear that it had not entered to them by an ear and left by the other. For my surprise and lightening, they did not interrogate

to me; in fact, first they interchanged a glance, calibrating its respective reaction in front of me. Probably he was stranger who your “young miracle” already outside the quite greater thing to leave with somebody. My father mentioned with calm that Lucas seemed a good boy and soon she asked to me if she wanted more tubular powders with cheese.

In summary, I do not know that type of exaggerated sobreprotective reaction would be waiting for Lucas, but this did not take place.

- In the case that you wanted to avoid to us, thing that would not be strange to me, we are going to go to silverplates it, who are where they will be almost all the students - my mother said.

My father agreed.

- You silverplate Them they are powerful temptations and they exert an intense gravitational attraction on drinks maintained by adolescent hands. I have been witness.

- I create it to have studied in some class of sciences of the institute - Lucas, very serious said.

My parents laughed and I let myself wrap by a warm big wave of lightening. Lucas they liked and can that they did not take much in inviting it to eat some Sunday. It was already seeing us together all hours and everywhere, to my side, molded to my life.

Lucas did not seem convinced so as I - I had a cautious glance when entering the cinema, but I gave by fact that was the typical reaction of the boy before the parents of its pair.

We chose the armchairs that were underneath silverplates it, where was impossible that my parents could see us. Lucas and I seated very together, with the inclined average body towards the other, so that our shoulders and knees were close.

- Never it had done this - it said.

- Never you had gone to an old cinema? - I watched embelesada the golden scrolls that decorated the walls and silverplates it, and the garnet velvet drop curtain. They are precious.

- I do not talk about that. - To weighing of its innate aggressiveness, sometimes even it could seem timid; although that single one happened when it spoke. It had never arrived at... To leave with a girl.

- Also is your first appointment?

- It mentions. People still uses that word? - It would have died to Me of shame if Lucas had not given codazo socarrón- me. I talk about to that never it had felt to me thus with anybody, without pressures nor fearing to have to change to me after a pair of weeks again.

- You speak as if never you had felt like in house nowhere.
- Until now no.

I watched it with skepticism.

- You feel like in house in Midnight? Come already.

One weighs smile appeared slowly in the face of Lucas.

- It did not refer Midnight to me.

At that moment the lights of the cinema began to lower of intensity, and thank heavens, because if not surely it would have given to say some triviality me instead of enjoying the moment.

Suspicion he was one of the films of Cary Grant who had not seen. The woman, Joan Fontaine, married with Cary although he was an irresponsible one and wasted much money, but did anyway because Grant was the bulk of Cary, and that good was worth to remain without white. To Lucas it did not seem to convince my reasoning to him.

- You do not think that he is a little strange that he investigates on poisons? - it whispered to me. Who studies poisons as if it was a pastime? It admits at least that it has a a little rare entertainment.

- A man with that plant cannot be an assassin - I insisted.
- Has said to You sometimes that you trust people too much quickly?
- That you streets.

I gave codazo him and several popcorn jumped of stock-market. It was enjoying the film, but still more to be so near Lucas. He was incredible much that we could say without opening the mouth to us, single we needed one amused cautious one I avoid or the natural way in which our hands were close and it interlaced its fingers with mine. It caressed the palm to me of the hand with its thumb, drawing circulitos and if that single one already were sufficient so that me desbocara the heart, what had to feel between their arms?

To the end one demonstrated that it was not mistaken: by the Cary sight it studied poisons to commit suicide and thus to avoid that the poor woman Joan Fontaine had to load with the debts. She insisted on which they would find a solution and they went away together in car. Lucas shook the head with the fused one of the last taking.

- It is not the true end, you know? Hitchcock wanted that he was the culprit, but the study forced to him to save to Cary Grant in the end so that it liked the public.

- If one finishes thus, it is the true end - I insisted. They ignited the lights moments, before the beginning of the following session. We go to another site, is worth? Still it is left a good short while before we must return to the bus.

Lucas threw a look upwards and I guessed that she did not matter minimum to move away a little to him the watchmen to pater to us.

- We go.

We took a walk by the small main street of Riverton, where it gave the impression that there was store or no restaurant that was not taken to the assault by the refugees from the Academy Midnight. Lucas and I happened in silence, looking for ahead what really she desired to us: a place where to be single. The idea that Lucas wanted a little privacy for both moved to me and intimidated simultaneously. The night refreshed and the autumnal leaves did not let whisper while we took a walk by the sidewalk, sending to us watched disguised without hardly interchanging a word.

By aim, right when happening the bus-station, that delimited the end of the main street, when doubling the corner we found old pizzería that it seemed intact from the day of his inauguration, that had been in 1961.

In time to request one whole one, we took pieces to us of pizza single of cheese and a refreshment and we went to a compartment. We before seated the one other in a table with a table cloth to red and white pictures and a bottle of chianti covered with wax of melted candle. In the gramola of the corner it sounded to a song of Elton John of before I had been born.

- I like these sites - Lucas- said. They really seem, as if a sounding group had not designed until the last detail.

- To me also. - Although if me it had requested it until him it would have said that I liked to eat eggplants in the moon. Nevertheless, in this case in particular it was saying the truth. Here you can relajarte and be you yourself.

- To be you yourself... - Lucas smiled, although it suddenly seemed to be to kilometers of there, as if those words had made him grace by which single he knew. Something that would have to be easier of which is in fact.

It knew to what one talked about.

We were practically single in pizzería. Single there was another occupied table, to which four types seated that seemed to have finished working in a work. They had the t-shirts covered with plaster dust and a pair of empty jars of beer attested that already they were drunk. They were ed ***reflx mng very high of its own jokes, but it gave me equal. In fact, that served to me as excuse to incline to me on the table and to be a little near Lucas more.

- Thus that Cary Grant... - black pepper said to Lucas, dusting on its piece of pizza-. It is your ideal type, eh?

- Man, I would say that he is the king of the ideal types, no? I am chiflada by him from which I saw for the first time in *To live to enjoy*, when it was five or six years old.

She was sure that Lucas, cinefilo, would agree, but was not thus.

- The majority of the girls of insti would be pirrarian by cinema stars that still made films. Or by somebody of tele.

I gave a mouthful him to my piece of pizza and of moments too much I was rolled trying to solve an embarrassing situation related to extended cheese threads.

- I like many actors - I mumbled when finally I managed to put pizza in the mouth, but who can say that Cary Grant is not the plus?

- Although I agree in which it is a tragedy, we assume it: much people of our generation not even have heard speak of Cary Grant.

- A crime. - I tried to imagine the face that would put Mrs. Bethany if it suggested to him we made History of the cinema like optative sujet. Thanks to my parents I have seen films and I have read books that they liked of before I was born.

- Cary Grant was very famous in the forty, Bianca. It made films seventy years ago.

- That continues emitting itself by television. It is easy to find a film old if you look for a little.

Lucas watched to me doubtful and I felt a sudden fear: the fast and urgent necessity to change of subject and to speak of another thing, of which outside. Too much behind schedule, because Lucas went ahead to me.

- You said that your parents brought to you to Midnight so that you knew more people and you had one more a ampler perspective of the world, but I have the sensation of which they have dedicated long time to try that your world was smallest possible.

- Disculpa?

- Olvídalo. - It sighed deeply while it left the rim of its piece of pizza in the plate. It must not now have removed that subject. One assumes that we would have to pass it well to us.

Such time must it have let run because the latest that wished was to discuss with Lucas the first night that left with him; nevertheless, I could not avoid it.

- No, no, to what you talk about? Can be known what you know you of my parents?

- I know that they sent to you to Midnight, practically the last Earth place at which century XXI has still not arrived: there are no moving bodies, does not have wireless, single is Internet in a room of computer science with what? , four computers? There are no television sets, as soon as contact with the outer world is had...

- Is a boarding school! Assumes that it must be remote of the outer world!

- They want separate of the rest of the world, for that reason they have taught to you to appreciate the things that they like them, what it does not assume that they like the girls of your age.

- I Am the one that I decide what I like and what no. - I felt that the rage ignited the cheeks to me. Normally always it ended up crying when so it was gotten upset, but this time was determined not to spill nor a single tear. In addition, it is to you to whom it likes Hitchcock and the old films. Perhaps means that that your parents control your life?

Lucas inclined on the table, she took the hand to me with force and she watched to me fixedly with its eyes green dark. It had been all the night wishing that it watched to me of that way, but not in those circumstances.

- You tried to flee from your family and you reduced single importance to him as if outside a bad one passed that you wanted to play to him somebody.

- Because it was not more than that.

- Because I believe that he was something more, than you did not go desencaminada with respect to Midnight. And I believe that you would have to listen plus your own voice and to let listen to so much the one of your parents.

It was not possible that Lucas was saying that to me. If my parents heard speak to him thus... No, it did not want nor to imagine it.

- That Midnight is an excrement does not mean that my parents are bad parents, and is necessary to have nose to criticize them when as soon as you know them. You do not know anything of my family and, in addition, to you what matters to you?

- It matters to Me because... - it was interrupted, as if one did not dare to follow. It matters to me because you to me concern.

By what it had to say it then? Of that form. I shook the head.

- The one that you say does not have sense.

- Eh. - One of the workers of the construction finished puncturing one of those machaconas songs heavy of the eighty in the gramola and it went to us, swaying. You are bothering the young lady?

- It does not pass anything - I hurried to say. There was no worse moment to discover than the chivalry had not been extinguished. Really, it does not pass anything.

Lucas reacted as if she had not heard to me.

- It is not subject yours - him espetó, thundering against it with the glance.

It was like dropping a match ignited in a gasoline tank. The type approached with vacillating step and all their friends rose.

- When somebody thus treats its fiancée in public, damn it is, already I believe it that it is subject mine.

- Was not bothering to me! - It followed gotten upset with Lucas, but the situation was leaving mother. It is very well that, this... you worry about the women, really, is fantastic, but it does not pass anything.

- I do not put to you in this - Lucas with serious voice said. I detected something in its tone of voice that had not heard before, an almost supernatural force. A chill crossed the back to me. It is not subject your.

- Is that you think that thus belongs or something to you and that for that reason you can treat it as it comes to you in desire? You remember me to the pig of my brother-in-law. - The worker seemed gotten upset more than ever. And if you think that you are not going to receive just like he, you dream, chaval.

Desperate, I watched around at my in search of a waiter or of the owner of the premises. Or of my parents. Or of Raquel. In two words, it hoped that somebody, gave me equal who goes, ended that before those drunk workers did papilla to Lucas, because they were enormous and they were four and at those moments it was clear that all had fight desire.

Although never it would have imagined that Lucas would be first in beginning.

One moved with as much rapidity that nor I saw. He happened next to me like an exhalation and, seconds later, the worker fell of backs on his companions. Lucas had the extended arm and the closed fist, but even so I needed seconds to include/understand what she had happened. By God, it finished beating to him to somebody.

- Now you will see.

One of the workers was rushed on Lucas, who avoided it with as much agility that was seen and not seen. One had become to a side, which allowed him to push its adversary with as much force which I thought that it would finish in the ground.

- Eh! - A man of about forty years, with an apron filled with tomato spots, appeared in the hall. It gave me equal if the cook or Mr. Pizza Hut were the owner, but the certain thing is that in my life it had cheered so much to see to me somebody. What is happening here?

- Does not pass anything! - Yes, I lay, but what gave more. I left cubículo and I began to back down towards the door. We go away, already is.

The workers and Lucas continued watching itself fixedly, as if they wanted to kill itself, but thanks to God Lucas followed to me. When the door was closed behind us, I heard that the owner mumbled something on the children of that damn school.

Lucas became towards me as soon as we were in the street.

- You are well?

- Nonthanks to you! - I threw to walk as quickly as possible towards the main street. Can be known what happens with you? You have begun a fight with that type because yes!

- Began he!

- No, it began the discussion, but you began the fight.

- He was protegiéndote.

- Also it thought that it protected to me. It can that was drunk and that outside a little coarse, but did not try to do damage to him to anybody.

- You do not have nor idea of the dangerous thing that it is the world in fact, Bianca.

That Lucas had spoken to me thus, as if always outside much greater than I and wanted to teach something to me and to protect to me, had made me feel wrapped and happy, but in that occasion it removed to me from quicio.

- You behave as if you knew everything to it and soon you act as a stupid idiot one and you put yourself to fight with four uncles! And I have paid attention to how fights. It is not the first time.

Lucas walked to my side, but little by little it was remaining back, as if it had remained pasmado. Immediately I included/understood that what really had surprised it was that had guessed something of the sort. It was right: Lucas already had fought itself before, and more of once.

- Bianca...

- Ahórratelo.

I raised hand and I directed in silence to bus rented, which already it was surrounded by the students who crowded around to around, most of them with bags of purchase and refreshments in the hands.

Lucas seated next to me, as if still she lodged the hope of being able to speak with me, but I crossed myself of arms and I did not take off the glance of the window. Vic one seated of a boat in the seat of ahead and one became towards us.

- Eh, uncles, what happens? - it saluted to us, before paying attention to our faces. Bond, this has dot of being the perfect moment to count one of my long and liosas histories that do not take nowhere.

- Brilliant - Lucas answered, immediately.

Faithful to his word, Vic began to speak without stopping of tables of surf, of Panic! AT The Disco and of a rare dream that it had once, and did not stop until we arrived at the school. That saved to have to direct to him the word to me to Lucas, who, by another side, did not open the mouth either.

Chapter 6

Después of the trip to Riverton, I felt like the stupid idiot one that was broken with Lucas by a triviality.

Those types of the construction had been drinking and, in addition, they were four and single Lucas one. Perhaps it had had to demonstrate to them that it knew what one became so that they did not grind it to woods. If it had not had left more remedy, what right had I to judge it?

- Nor to speak! - Raquel said, when I trusted her on the following day, taking a walk by the environs of the boarding school. The leaves had finished changing of color, reason why the distant mounts no longer green, but reddish and were gilded. If an uncle puts itself violent, you the pyres. And point. You already can thank of to have discovered how the target of its wrath is in fact before being you.

Its vehemence left me overwhelmed.

- It seems as if you knew very well of which you are speaking.

- Is that you have never seen telefilme? - Raquel did not watch me at the eyes and continued jugueteando with the braided leather bracelet that took in the wrist. All the world knows it: the men who beat are not good.

- I already know that one went three towns, but Lucas never would do damage to me.

Raquel shrank of shoulders and she was crumpled up still more in its jacket, as if she had entered to him cold, although outside she was well. Until that moment, it had not asked to me to what extent their discreet behavior and its masculine aspect would not respond to a desire to turn aside an attention that did not wish.

- Nobody thinks that it is going to happen something bad until it happens. In addition, it did not stop of decirte that the people of made sick here and which you had to intimar neither with your roommate nor with anybody, is not thus?

- Good... Yes, but...

- But nothing. Lucas has been trying aislarte worldwide to be able to have more power on you. - Raquel shook the head. You are better without him.

I knew that she was mistaken with respect to Lucas, but also was conscious that she had not spent as much time to his side to know it thoroughly.

By what Lucas had begun to criticize my parents? The only time that had seen us all together ones had been in the cinema and they had been warm and affectionate. Lucas had said that she guided myself by my pathetic attempt of flight of the first day of class, but did not know if to believe to him. If it had some problem with my parents, were obvious that one had invented it he by some stranger and paranoica reason with which I did not want to have nothing to do.

Possible explanations went to my mind without being invited. Perhaps it had had a fiancée before me, by Europe, an elegant girl and sophisticated who had traveled around the world, whose parents had been pedantic ones and they had behaved unjustly with him. Perhaps the door in the noses had closed him , or they had even prohibited to return to never see him its daughter more, and by that now was learned lesson and it did not trust anybody.

The history that had finished inventing to me not helped me in minimum. First: it made me feel badly by Lucas, as if it included/understood so that one had behaved that way so strange when it was not thus in fact. And second: it made me feel uncertain when comparing to me with a theoretical European and sophisticated fiancée... And what has more pathetic than to feel threatened by a person who not even exists?

I believe that until that moment, until separating to us and having good reasons to maintain to me remote of him, I did not include/understand the important thing that Lucas was for me. The class of Chemistry, only to that we went together, was one hour of daily torture. It was as if it felt it near me just as the heat feels that comes off the fire a home in a cold room. Nevertheless, I did not go to him at any moment, and he did the same, respecting the silence that I had imposed and who maintained. It was to me impossible to imagine that it was suffering more than I. The logic dictated that the best thing for me was to move away to me of him, but the logic mattered to me well little. It missed it to all hours and gave the impression that, the more it said to me that left it peacefully, the more wished to be with him.

Would feel equal he? It did not have nor idea; the only thing that knew was that it was mistaken with respect to my parents.

- How you are, Bianca? - my mother asked to me tenderly, while we clarified plates of the supper of Sunday.

It had not slept well, as soon as it had proven mouthful and the only thing that desired to me was more or less to hide the head underneath a blanket following the two years. Without embargo, in my life it for the first time did not have desire to share my preoccupations with them. They were its professors and he would not be right for him who told them what Lucas thought of them. In addition, to speak of the fact that Lucas and I apparently had finished even before beginning single would have been able to go deep in the wound.

- I am well.

My parents interchanged a glance. They knew that it was lying, but they did not press to me.

- Sabes what? It is not necessary that you become already to your room - my father said, going towards the music equipment.

- Of truth?

By the general, according to the norms of the supper of Sundays, it had to return to my dormitory to put to study shortly after finishing to me having supper.

- The night is cleared and it has been happened to me that perhaps you would like to throw a glance by the telescope. In addition, it was on the verge of putting Frank Sinatra and I know the one that you like the voice.

—*Fly Me to the Moon* - I requested to him, and after little second Frank it sang for us.

I taught the galaxy to them of Andrómeda. I requested to them that first they looked for the Pegaso in the firmament and that soon they went towards the northeast until they ran into with the smooth and diffuse brilliance of a trillion of distant stars. After that, I spent a good short while walking me through the cosmos and greeting to stars known like a my old friends.

To the following day, I saw to Lucas in the corridor of way to the class of History at the same moment at which it saw me me. The light sifted by crystals of the show window bathed it with the colors of the autumn, and I thought that never it had been so handsome.

Without embargo, when our glances were, the moment lost all its beauty. Lucas seemed suffered, and so disoriented and abandoned as I from the fight of the restaurant, that by a distressing moment I felt like person in charge of its misfortune. Nevertheless, in its eyes also I guessed the culpability feeling, although immediately it tightened the jaw and it gave average return, with shoulders slightly overcome. Seconds later, it had disappeared between the tide of uniforms, an invisible person more of Midnight.

Such time the best era was being repeated once again that to stay remote of people. I remembered how one had behaved being together, much more relaxed and happy, freer, and the idea that I had been able to force to separate to him from the others made unbearable.

- Lucas is of a bassoon that you do not see - that same day informed Vic to me, when we ran into in the stairs a little later. By once in its life, Vic went dress of formal way, at least of the ankles for above because sport the red ones of boot that took in the feet definitively did not comprise of the uniform. Bond, anyway the uncle always has had its rare rolls, but it is that it is rare that you cagas. Superraro. Megarraro. Extreme Rarito.

Vic it made a cross with the arms to draw the "x" of end.

- Has sent to You so that you defend its case? - I said, with intention to seem self-assured, although I believe that it did not come out to me very well; it had the so hoarse voice that anyone would have guessed that was been crying, even somebody as confused as Vic.

- It has not envidado me, does not beat to him. - Vic shrank of shoulders. It is that it asked to me of what goes east drama.

- There is no drama.

- Or I believe it that yes, a melodrama, and or I see that you are not going to loosen article; but, eh, does not pass anything, because it is not subject mine.

Slight disappointment. It would have gotten upset to me if Lucas had sent to Vic to discuss the subject in his name, but was even worse to include/understand than Lucas was going to occur by won without fighting.

- It is worth.

Vic it gave codazo me friendly.

- You and I continued being friends, no? That you know that in this divorce you have the shared safekeeping. Ample rights of visits.

- Divorcio? - I lay down to laugh to my grief. Single to Vic it would be happened to him to call divorce to the result of one first appointment that had left badly. We continued being friends.

In reality before we had not been exactly friends either, so the one "to continue being it" was a little exaggerated, but would have turned out from very badly taste to remove that to shine. In addition, Vic I liked.

- Excellent. The rare tiny beasts must stay united in these sites.

- You are calling Me rare tiny beast?

- It is the greater honor than I can concederte. - It extended the arms while we walked by the corridors, including it everything in that gesture: the high wood ceilings, the dark scrolls that framed lobbies and doors, and the sifted light that filtered through the old large windows and that drew long and irregular shades in the ground. This place is the capital of the rare thing. What is rare here is normal in any other site. Good, that is my opinion at least.

I sighed.

- Sabes? I believe that you are more right than santo.

Vic it was all the right of the world when saying that it agreed to me to have all the friends whom Midnight could in a place like the Academy. It is not that that site I had never liked, but just a short time that had passed with Lucas had made me include/understand what it feels when she is not completely single, and now who was it lost, the relief of my neglect stood out with greater clearness. To know the

different thing that it could have been single was able that outside still more hard to support to the hostility and the intimidation that was breathed in that place.

The change of station was not either from much aid. The gothic style of the building had been slightly smoothed by the exuberante ivy and hills covered with turf. The narrow large windows and the strange dye light had not been able to completely mask the fulgor of the sun of end of summer. Nevertheless, now it grew dark more and more soon, which caused that Midnight it seemed more isolated than ever. As they lowered the temperatures, a perpetual cold slid in the classrooms and the dormitories and to times it seemed that the flecos of the frost in crystals were trying to lay way through glass. The beautiful autumnal leaves even whispered shaken by the solitary rumor of the wind. They had begun to fall and already they left to the first naked branches as removed flesh claws that investigated in a encapotado sky.

I asked myself if the founders of the academy would have restored Baile of autumn to in a while raise the spirit of the students of the so languid year.

- I do not create - Balthazar thought.

We shared table in the library. It had invited to me to study with him a pair of days after the fatídico trip to Riverton. In my old school it had not studied with anybody, because "to study" normally one became "speaking and gandulear", and soon the works were made interminable. It preferred to take the duties to me and to make them I single. Was that Balthazar was of the same opinion and we had passed a together pile of time in last the two weeks, working the one to the side of the other without hardly interchanging a word during hours. In fact, we did not speak until we began to gather books.

- I suspect that the founders of the academy adored the autumn. I believe that it removes to shine the true nature of Midnight.

- By that they would need to animate itself.

Balthazar smiled and the portfolio of leather to the shoulder was hung.

- It is not the worse academy on the Earth face, Bianca. - Single Balthazar wanted to cause to me, although its preoccupation by me was genuine. I would like that you you passed it better here.

- Already we are two - I said, throwing a look to the corner where minutes before it had seen that Lucas was reading.

It followed there. Its hair reflected the light of the night light, but it not even deigned to return the Vista towards us.

- Gustarte Could if you really gave an opportunity him. - Balthazar held the door of the library so that I happened. You would have to explore a little and to put more little more of your part to know people.

Me I was left it watching.

- Like Courtney?

- I correct: to put a little more your part to know suitable people.

When Balthazar said "suitable" did not talk about to richest or most popular, it talked about to which really was worth the trouble to know. Until the moment, the only one of the students typically from which the own Balthazar could be worth the trouble to know era, so I thought that either it was not making it so bad.

- I do not believe that Midnight is adapted for anybody - I confessed to him. At least surely that for me no. I know that it fulfills its assignment, but I assure to you that when finishes the classes I am the happiest person of the world.

- I also, but not for the same reason. - Balthazar walked to my side with slow cadence, measuring its long taken care of stride with so that I did not remain back. Times it surprised the great thing that were, stop and fornido to me, of strong constitution, and felt a stranger and small creeps in the stomach. Thanks to Midnight, I have the sensation of which I can get to include/understand the world, to handle to me in him without problems. The new matters that study, everything what I learn... It is like if he were impatient to leave outside to prove it by my account there.

Its enthusiasm was not enough to be able to reconcile to me with the academy, but it made me smile for the first time in which already they seemed to me centuries.

- Good, at least one of both is happy.

- I hope that both we are it soon - Balthazar answered, in low voice.

It had its nailed black eyes in me and I returned to feel the warm creeps.

We had arrived at the vaulted passage that lead to the wing of the dormitories of the girls, and Balthazar stopped just in the border. It was easy to imagine it to it in century XIX, with its fine modales. A smile showed to my lips when thinking about him making a reverence.

Balthazar seemed on the verge of saying something, but then she appeared Patrice, who by the sight already had finished studying.

- Ah, Bianca, you are here. - Its arm with mine with all naturalness Interlaced, like if we were intimate friends. You must explain the duties to me that have put to us in modern Technology, I do not understand anything.

- This... In agreement. - I returned the Vista back while they dragged me by the corridor and I said good bye to him with the hand to Balthazar, that seemed amused than annoying more. We were speaking - I whispered to him to Patrice.

- Already I have realized - it responded of he himself way. Thus it will remain with the desire to continue speaking with you and, whatever more desire have, before will go to buscarte.

- Of truth?

- You I say it by experience. In addition, it is not joke, I need that you help me with the duties.

It was not the first time that had to help to Patrice in that sujet in concrete, nor the last one which it asked to me so that it bothered to me in yes saying that to everything.

- No problem - I answered in a sigh.

Patrice laughed idiot and for a moment almost it seemed to me a young.

- If it interests my opinion to you, Balthazar is the most attractive man of the school. It is not that it is my type indeed, but you have seen what back? And those dark eyes? You you have mounted it well.

- Single we are friends - I protested, while we returned to our quarter.

- Single friends, already - Patrice said, with ojillos traviesos-. I ask myself if Courtney would agree.

I raised the hands to try to cut that conversation before she became more uncomfortable from which already it was.

- You do not say anything to him to Courtney of this, is worth? I do not want problems.

Patrice arched an eyebrow.

- That does not speak to him of what? It thought that you had said to me that there was nothing no to count.

- If you want that it helps you with the duties, it will be better than you leave the subject. Already.

Slightly victim, Patrice shrank of shoulders.

- As you want. I in your place it would be enchanted to attract the attention of a type like Balthazar, but, of agreement, we speak of the duties in its place.

To be sincere, flattered I to like to him to Balthazar. It did not know too clearly that it loved to be another thing more than friends, but was convinced that sometimes tonteaba with me. After the disaster with Lucas, it seated very well that handsome and really outside fascinating somebody coqueteara with me as if instead of the timid and patosa girl of the corner.

Balthazar was amiable, intelligent and had a sense of very fine humor. It fell to him or to everybody, surely because everybody seemed to fall to him or to him.

Raquel, who detested practically all “the legitimate” students, even greeted it by the corridors and he always responded. He was neither a pedantic one nor one behaved of cold and distant way. In addition to being irresistible.

In definitive: he was everything what a girl could request. But she was not Lucas.

In my old school, the professors always decorated the classrooms when Halloween arrived. Pumpkins of plastic orange in the windows were placed to fill them of caramels and barritas of chocolate, and the paper witches flew by all the walls. The last year, the director had hung lights of colors within the framework of the door of her office, in which also there was a poster that said in green letters of irregular handwriting: Uh! It had always seemed me horterada and it would never have been crossed to me the mind that someday would miss it.

Adornments in Midnight were not hung.

- Equal they think that the gargoyles already give enough fear - suggested Raquel while we ate in its dormitory.

I remembered the one that was to the other side of the window of my room and tried to imagine surrounded it in lucecitas of colors.

- Yes, already I know to what you talk about. When the school already is one mazmorra frightful, humid and dark of in case, the adornments of Halloween exceed.

- What pity that we did not prune to mount an enchanted house. For the small children of Riverton, I say. We could adorn it so that it gave much fear and disguise of demons a weekend. Some of these cocoons not even would have to make an effort too much. We could collect money for the school.

- I do not believe that the Academy Midnight walks little of bottoms.

- Bond, you are right - it admitted, perhaps but we could collect money for the charity. Like a telephone of aid, or a telephone of the hope or something thus. I suppose that to the people of the charity concerns a pepper here to him, but perhaps they would make it to put it in its university requests of entrance. Perhaps still I have not heard mention the university to any of them , surely because those stupid witches will have relatives in Harvard or Yale, or one of those, but anyway will have to fill up the request , so approve the idea, no?

It saw at full speed pass the images in my head: spiderwebs in the stairs, the demonic laughter of the students bouncing against the walls of the main lobby and innocent small children watching it everything with crazy eyes after the terror while Courtney or Vidette shook long and black nails on their heads.

- Although already he is a little, behind schedule single are left two weeks for Halloween. Perhaps the year that comes.

- If next year I return to be here, please, pégame a shot - Raquel grumbled, leaving itself to fall in his bed. My parents say that I am going to have to hold, who stop that I removed a scholarship, to come here, and that if not only I know what he touches to me: to return to my old public institute with its metal detectors and to forget to me to obtain a degree. But it is that I have east choked site.

The guts rugieron to me. The salty salad of tuna and cakes that Raquel and I had shared as soon as they had been able to kill the hunger. It would have to eat something in my room more, but it did not want that Raquel found out.

- Surely that the thing improves.

- You really create It?

- No

We watched ourselves without saying nothing and suddenly we exploded in outbursts of laughter.

Measurement that the laughter was being extinguished, I began to hear shouts, although remote, to the other side of the main lobby. Raquel lodged next to the passage vaulted central that communicated the dormitories of the girls with the zone of classrooms, of where seemed to me that the shouts came.

- Eh, you hear that?

- Yes. - Raquel straightened itself to pay attention, leaning in the elbows. I believe that it is a fight.

- One fights?

- It trusts a person who before went to the worse public institute of Boston. I recognize one fights when I hear it.

- We go.

I took stock-market of books and I went to the door, but Raquel took hold me by the sleeve of the jersey.

- What you do? You will not want meterte in the middle of a fight? - it said, watching to me with the awares been on like plates. You do not look for problems.

It was right, but I did not listen to it. If there were a fight, had to assure to me, by complete, of which Lucas was not implied.

- Quédate if you want, I go.

Raquel let to me go.

I went to the race towards the place del that came the shouts now and even whines.

- Acaba with him! - I heard rugir to Courtney, as if it was enjoying.

- Uncles, eh, uncles! - the voice of Vic in the corridor resonated. Dejadlo already!

I doubled the corner with the heart in a fist just in time to see Erich giving him puñetazo in the face to Lucas.

Lucas fell of backs and was despatarrado in the ground in front of all the school. The prototípicos students of Midnight lay down to laugh and Courtney even applauded. Lucas had the stained lips of blood, that contrasted strongly on its clear skin. When it saw me between people, it closed the eyes with force. Perhaps the shame hurt more than puñetazo.

- You do not return to insult to me - it warned to Erich, raising the hands to him and watching them as if it was satisfied with which they finished doing. It had the knuckles stained with the blood of Lucas-. Or the next time I will shut up the mouth to you for always.

Lucas straightened itself without separating the glance from Erich and a strange silence settled between the presents. As if suddenly all outside much more serious one of which it seemed, as if the fight had not done more than to begin. Nevertheless, it was not fear the one that I felt, but sense of expectancy. Impatience. Desire of revenge.

- The next time I assure to you that it will finish of another way.

- Yes, I do not doubt it - Erich answered, with self-assurance, the next time will hurt to you truly.

Erich left to great strides, being considered like a hero by Courtney and that followed it. The others hurried to desperdigar themselves before he appeared some professor. Single we remained Vic and I.

Vic one knelt down next to Lucas.

- By certain, slight dot, DAS suffer.

- Thanks for the gentleness.

Lucas breathed deep and loosen gruñido. Vic it served to him as support and it offered a quilted tissue to him so that the blood was cleaned that dripped to him of the nose.

I did not know what to say, single could think about the pitiful aspect that it had Lucas. It was clear that Erich had been able with him.

From the incident in pizzería, it considered to Lucas a type it last more of which it had believed at first, somebody that put in fights to first of change because yes, without reason some. And now it finished putting in another one. Perhaps did not demonstrate that that I was right? Or the fact that the worse part had taken demonstrated that, after all, Lucas was not the hard type that had imagined?

- You are well? - I asked to him the aim.

- Yes, it does not pass anything. - Lucas not even watched to me. In fact single a pair is needed teeth, the others are of spare part.

- You has jumped a tooth? - Vic asked, waning per moments.

- It dances one to Me, but I believe that it will hold. - Lucas waited for seconds before going to me. I said to you that this would happen sooner or later.

It had said to me that someday he would be marginalizing in Midnight and it was clear that that day had arrived, but so that it tried to give to understand that he had been he who had left me by my own good? She was I the one that there was broken our relation.

- The important thing is that you are well - I said.

I returned to leave it, this time despatarrado in the ground. Perhaps thus it would include/understand which of both was leaving to whom.

It obstructed a deep sadness to me and a neglect sensation that shook shoulders to me and did a knot to me in the throat. I bit the lip with as much force that I became blood. It would have comforted to me to return to the dormitory of Raquel, but it was still not prepared to face me its questions, so I directed myself towards the library to hide half an hour during the following one until the class of Political Sciences. Surely that would find something that to read, such time an astronomy book, even a fashionable magazine. Perhaps it would feel to me better if it hid to me behind a book during awhile.

When approaching me the door, this was opened wide and by her it showed Balthazar, that threw a humorous look to the corridor.

- Hay Moors in the coast?

- What?

- I suppose that you look for refuge of the pitched battle between Lucas and Erich.

- The battle has finished. - I sighed. Erich has won.

- I feel to hear that.

- Of truth? He thought that Lucas did not fall to him well to almost anybody.

- I am not going to deny that he is a little liante - said Balthazar-, but Erich does not remain back and he already has here who supports to him. I suppose that I feel weakness by weakest.

I leaned against the wall. Midnight instead of average was exhausted, as if already outside behind schedule.

- To times as much tension in this place is breathed that surprises to me that the building does not become pieces like the crystal.

- Then relájate. You do not study during awhile - Balthazar proposed to me, flatterer.

- I do not come to study. I believe that single it was going to spend the short while.

- To spend the short while... in the library? Bond. Sabes what? - One inclined slightly towards me. You must leave more.

It did not have desire to laugh, but I delivered an attack to smile.

- You underestimate to Me.

- Then permítame proponerte something. - Balthazar vacillated the sufficient thing to give time to guess me what was on the verge of doing. It took the hand to me. They see with me Baile of autumn.

To weighing of the hints and the jokes of Patrice, never had crossed itself I the mind that Balthazar could request me that goes to the dance with him. He was the most handsome boy of the school and could have invited to that gave the desire him. Although we took and to éramos friends well, and in spite of not being immune to its irresistible enchantment, never it would have imagined it.

Nor that me requested it, nor that my first impulse was to say to him that no.

If grandísima would have been one well stupidity. The only reason that was happened to me to reject the invitation of Balthazar was the hope of which another person requested me and that other person was not going to request it to me because I had thrown it of my side for always.

Balthazar watched to me with infinite tenderness and, when seeing those so esperanzados brown eyes, single I could answer:

- It will be a pleasure.

- Brilliant. - When it smiled of that way, it was marked to him plus hoyuelo of the chin. Us we will pass it well.

- Thanks to request it to me.

It shook the head and it watched to me as if it did not believe what finished hearing.

- The lucky person I am, créeme.

I smiled to him because that was one of the things prettier than nobody had never said to me. A lie as a piano considering that the most popular boy of the school was going to take to the great dance friqui of the class - did not make lack say who was the lucky person of the two, but very pretty after all.

Without embargo, there was no feeling in that smile. I not deigned to watch the good looking face of Balthazar wishing that outside the one of Lucas, but I could not avoid it.

Chapter 7

your first packages arrived with the distribution of the mail of Halloween: enormous cardboard boxes, some of which took printed elegant labels of expensive stores, a few with directions of New York and Paris. The one of Patrice it came from Milan.

- Lila. You do not think that it is a precious color? - The tisú paper crujió when removing the dress for Baile from autumn. Patrice put the fabric of silk of clear color on the body, supposedly so that I saw how it had left, although what in fact it desired to him it was to narrow it against her. I know that right now he is not fashionable, but I adore it.

- You are going to be guapísima. - Era easy to guess that that color would marry perfectly with its tone of skin. You must of have gone to hundreds of celebrations like this.

Patrice pretended modestia.

- Ah, with time all seems equal. Will be your first dance?

- A pair in my old school Celebrated - I said, without mentioning that they became in the gymnasium and that of music friqui was in charge of audio-visual, that was dedicated to put its mixtures miserly.

Patrice would not have known of what she spoke to him, and would have less still understood the fact that I standing up went both dances like pasmarote, supported against a wall, or hidden in the washbasin of the girls.

- Good, because you are going away to take a very pleasant surprise. No longer dances like these are celebrated. They are magicians, Bianca, really.

The face when thinking about it was illuminated to him and I wished to be able to share its emotion.

The two weeks that passed between the invitation of Balthazar and the dance were very confused because of the eddy of emotions that sent in opposite directions each two to me by three. So soon it was with my mother watching dressed in a catalogue to choose the one that I liked more, as hours later she began to throw as much of less to Lucas than as soon as she could breathe. Balthazar smiled to give me me spirits during one of the classes interrogation of Mrs. Bethany, and single to

think about the magnificent person who was it caused that it obstructed a culpability big wave to me because I believed to be giving false hopes him. It is not that he had knelt down in front of me and had promised eternal love to me, but was convinced that it waited for of me something deeper of which I felt by him.

Of night, knocked down in the bed, it imagined that Balthazar kissed to me and it held the face to me between its hands. It did not mean anything, could have been remembering a scene of a film. Soon, as it induced sleep to me and my thoughts began to digress, the fantasies changed. The dark eyes that it had nailed in me returned from green color forest and was Lucas who was with me, their lips on mine. It had never kissed to anybody, but it was able to imagine it with dazzling clarity while revolvía troubles to me under sheets. My body seemed expert much more that I. The heart was accelerated to me , noticed the cheeks ignited by the heat and had times that as soon as it was able to sleep. The fantasies with Lucas were better than any dream.

I said that it could not follow thus. It was going to attend Baile of autumn with the most handsome boy of all the school. It was only the really good thing that me it had happened until the moment in the Academy Midnight and wanted to enjoy it. Nevertheless, no matter how much me it repeated it, in fact never it was able to get to convince to me that the dance went to cheer the life to me.

Without embargo, everything changed when I put the dress the night of the dance.

- I have put a little the waist. - My mother took a tape measure hung of the neck and a few pins caught in the fists of the shirt. It knew to sew any article that crossed you the mind, in fact was an artist of the needle, and it had modified me the dress bought by catalogue. Without embargo, there was no way of which did the same with the uniforms. It was shielded in the excuse of which it did not have time and it ended up suggesting to me that it learned to sew, although without success. My mother was not loving of the machines to sew, and I did not imagine spending to me the afternoons free of Sundays learning to use the thimble. Also I have lowered a little the neck.

- Quieres that it exhibits to me in front of the boys? - We lay down to laugh. He would be a little ridiculous that tolerated to me there with pudor being standing up in front of her in panties and with a support without braces. This and the kilos of maquillaje that I take... I believe that you are buscándote a problem with papa.

- Your father will surpass it, mainly when he sees the handsome thing that you are going to be.

I put the dress, of bluish black color, that whispered smoothly when my mother helped me to contain it to me. When raising to me the rack of the flank, I thought that me it had fitted it too much, but when it fastened the hook I saw that still it

could breathe. The bodice, that ended up being fused with the skirt of the dress, stayed to me as a glove.

- Guau - I whispered, smoothing the smooth and vaporous fabric with the hands, enjoying the pleasant tact that it had. I want to see me.

My mother stopped to me before she could approach me the mirror.

- It hopes. First I have peinarte.

- But if single I want to see the dress, not the hair!

- It trusts me. You will already see as it is worth the trouble to hope to see the complete effect. - It smiled satisfied. In addition, me I am passing it pump.

It could not say to him that not to the woman who had gone the last week altering the dress, so I seated in the edge of the bed and left began to comb to me and to braid the hair to me.

- Balthazar is a very smart boy - it said. That is at least the impression that it gives.

- Yes, yes that is it.

- Hum... You do not seem convinced very.

- He is not that. At least, I do not try to give that impression. - Thus it was not going to be able to deceive anybody, not even to me. It is that I do not know too much, nothing else.

- You go studying together all along. I would say that you know enough good for one first appointment. - The skilful fingers of my mother entretejieron an elegant braid to me in sien-. Tiene something to see with Lucas? What has happened to you?

"It tried to put to me in yours against and soon one put in a fight with workers of the construction in the city, mother. So you already see that it is logical that he is with whom I want to be. Now surely papa and you will want to go out behind Lucas with torches in the hand."

- In reality nothing. We are not done the one for the other. That is everything.

- But you it follows gustándote - it said my mother with as much dulzura that to me desire entered to return to me and abrazarla-. If it serves to you as consolation, it jumps at sight that Balthazar and you have more in common. She is a serious person. Although already I am anticipating to me. You are sixteen years old and it does not need to think to you about serious relations, which you need is pasártelo in the dance well.

- Me I will pass it well. Single to wear this dress already it causes that it is worth the trouble.

- Him lack something. - My mother was placed in front of me and inspected her work with the hands in jars, until the face was illuminated to him. Eureka!

- Mother, what you do? - For my fright, one approached the telescope with the scissors in the hand and began to cut the ends of the strings of star paper of origami-. Mother! Those I liked much!

- We will already fix it later. - It had two small rows in the hands, those that had the pequeñas stars in the ends. The silver-plated painting sent flashed when putting them to me in the hands. It holds a little while.

- You are as a goat - I said when including/understanding what tried to do.

- To see if now you say the same - my mother said, after placing the last pin in its place and forcing to give returned average to me so that she saw me in the mirror. Sigh.

To the principle it cost to me to think that that was reflected in the mirror she was I. The bluish black dress caused that my skin seemed so smooth and perfect as the silk. The maquillaje was not different too much del that used to take, but the expert hands of my mother had contributed a stumped shade to him more. Tiny different braids of wide started from the forehead and soon my dark hair pelirrojo fell behind, until the neck, as they must of it have taken the women in the Average Age. Instead of one diadema of flowers like which they shone in the old photos, I took stars silverplated in the hair, the quite small thing so that adorned brackets seemed, that they gave off sparkles whenever it moved the head to watch to me from all the angles.

- Mother! How you have done it?

The tears were crowded in the eyes of my mother. Yet the affection of the world: she was a clown.

- Having a daughter guapísima.

My mother did not stop to say to me that she was handsome, but never she had believed it until that moment. She was not a girl of cover of magazine like Courtney or Patrice, but he was not nothing bad.

When entering the dining room, my father seemed to be surprised as much as I. My parents embraced themselves.

- We did It well, eh? - my mother whispered to him.

- Nor that you say it.

They were kissed as if it was not there. I cleared one's throat.

- This... Boys. Were not the adolescents those that they were in full dress made it in the dances?

- It pardons, affection. - My father put a hand to me in the shoulder. I felt it fries, as if I gave off heat. You are overwhelming. I hope that Balthazar is conscious of the lucky person who is.

- It is worth to him More - I said, and they were ed ***reflx mng.

I feared that my parents wanted to lower with me, but for my lightening they remained above. That would have been to take the monitoring of the pupils too much far. In addition, I was glad to have minutes for single me of way to the dance. I took shelter the skirt of the dress with a hand while it descended the steps like in a cloud. Those moments gave the opportunity me to convince to me that all that was real and not a dream.

From down it arrived the rumor of people, the laughter and the smooth compasses of music. The dance already had begun and I was being delayed. He hoped that Patrice was right in the one to make wait for the boys.

It finished descending the last step from stone and stepping on the great lobby illuminated by the light of the candles, when Balthazar became towards me as if it had felt my presence. When watching it to the eyes and seeing the way in that it had nailed its glance in me, I included/understood that Patrice was all the right of the world.

- Bianca, you are overwhelming - it said, approaching.

- You also. - Balthazar took a classic smoking, like those of Cary Grant in the forty. Nevertheless, by lady's man who was, I could not avoid to throw a look to the great hall that was to its back. Uau - one escaped to me.

The main lobby was adorned of enramadas of ivy, and they had illuminated it with high white candles that they had placed in front of the old beaten brass trays by hand so that they reflected the light. The band was in a small platform in one of the corners. One was not about a group of rockers with téjanos and t-shirts, but a classic orchestra of dance whose members went dresses with smokings even more formal than the one of Balthazar, and that at those moments was interpreting vals. There were many pairs in the dance track, perfectly aligned, like the scene of a picture of century XIX. Also there were several supported new students against the walls, boys with deliberately horteras suits or to last and the small ones with short spangle dresses, and all seemed to be very conscious of not to have known to choose the model for the occasion.

- I finish giving account of which it would have habértelo asked before: you know to dance vals? - Balthazar offered the arm to me.

- Yes. Good, more or less - I said, aceptándolo-. My parents have taught some old dances to me, but never I have practiced with which not outside they. Or in no other site that not outside my house.

- It is the first time of everything. - It lead Me to the center of the great hall, so that the light of the candles shone around with more force to ours. We go there.

Balthazar incorporated us to the wheel of dance with a single turn, as if it had tried it. It knew perfectly where we had to be placed and how we had to move. The

doubts that I could have about my aptitudes to dance vals vanished immediately. I remembered the passages without effort and Balthazar was a completed pair of dance that, with his manaza in my comparatively tiny back, guided to me with expert skill. Before disappearing of sudden movement in the following movement, I watched to Patrice to a pleased side smiling to me.

Later of that, the dance was extended in one expanded and happy indefinición. Balthazar never did not get tired to dance and I either. The energy flowed through me as the electricity and had the sensation of being able to continue dancing during days without rest. The smiles of Patrice and the incredulous glance of Courtney confirmed to me that she was really handsome. It is more, felt to me thus.

Until that night, it had not discovered to what extent I liked that type of dance. Not only it knew the steps to me, but that the other dancers also. The pairs comprised of the dance, everybody moved on a par, the women just extended the arms in the correct angle at the moment. The skirts of the dresses, long and ample, turned with us and created eddy rows of alive colors in front of the black shoes of the boys, while all we followed the rate the compass of music. He was not limitativo, he was liberating, it made forget the confusion and the doubts you. Each movement was born of the previous one. Perhaps that was what ballet felt when dancing: an unisonous movement to create something beautiful, even magician.

By first time since Midnight had arrived at the Academy, it knew exactly what had to do. It knew how to move to me and how to smile. It felt to me to taste with Balthazar and it delighted to me with its warm admiration. It fitted.

It had always denied to me to think that someday it could comprise of the world of Midnight, but at those moments the way was opened before me, wide, deep and encouraging...

" I Did not want to have left to see how you fell in the claws of that people, a as sweet girl as you."

The voice of Lucas resonated in my head with as much clarity as if it finished whispering me to the ear. I gave a stumble and I lost the rate in a matter of seconds completely. Balthazar passed an arm to me over shoulders and it hurried to remove to me from the dance track.

- You are well?

- Yes, it does not pass anything - I lay. It is that... long ago heat. I believe that I am a little choked.

- We are going to take the air.

To the time that Balthazar laid way to us between the pairs of dance, I included/understood the one that was been on the verge of doing. It had felt me proud to comprise of Midnight, a place where the forts took advantage of the weak ones, where attractive people watched at normal and the current one over the

shoulder and where the snobbishness was more important than the friendship. Single they had let put with me one night, and it was already arranged to forget the cocoons that were the majority of them.

To remember Lucas had made me enter reason.

We went to the meadows. There were no professors watching at sight. By the sight, Mrs. Bethany and the other teachers counted whereupon the cold of end of autumn maintained to most of the students in the interior, and when the frozen air caressed naked shoulders and the back to me, I included/understood it perfectly. Without embargo, before it gave time me to throw to me to shake, Balthazar took off the jacket of the smoking and me it placed it on shoulders.

- Better?

-, Yes single it will be a second.

Balthazar approached a little more, worried. A horseman, a good person, and honest was everything, and at those moments I wished that he had invited to another person to the dance, a girl who knew to really value it.

- We are going to give a stroll - it proposed.

- A stroll?

- To nonbeing that you prefer to return to the dance...

- No! - If it returned to enter, the spell could dim my mind once again and had to maintain the head cleared until it was able to include/understand what there was been on the verge of doing. I mean that... still no. We go.

The stars titilaban in the nocturnal sky. Was one night cleared, perfect to observe the firmament, and had wanted to be able to raise the room of the stop of the tower to watch after the telescope distant stars and to move away to me of once of the chaos that surrounded to me. To our backs, the music and the echo of the laughter that came from the dance were vanishing slowly in the distance as we entered ourselves in the forest.

- It is worth, who is he? - Balthazar asked in the end.

- Who?

- The boy del that you are enamored.

Balthazar smiled with sadness.

- What? - She was so ashamed, as much by him as by me, that I tried to leave the hardship being invented to me the answer. I do not leave with anybody.

- You do not take me by idiot, Bianca. I have sufficient experience to know when a woman is thinking about another man.

- I feel It - I answered in low voice, suffocated. Damage did not try hacerte.

- I will be able to support it. - It placed its hands on my shoulders. We are friends, no? And that implies that desire that you are happy. It would prefer that you were it with me...

- Balthazar...

—... but I know that not always he is so simple.

I shook the head.

- No, it is not it. You are a magnificent person and would have to be who occupied my thoughts.

- It does not have “you would have” that is worth when it is love. Créeme. - The white shirt of the smoking refulgía to the light of the moon. Balthazar never had been as handsome as then, in the heat of retired. Is that Vic? Sometimes I see speak you.

- Vic? - I could not by less than to throw to me to laugh. No He is very smart, but single we are friends.

- Then, who?

To the principle I vacillated, but soon I included/understood that it desired to say to me to it it after much that had narrowed our friendship throughout those last weeks, in that as soon as we had ourselves separated. Balthazar always was arranged to listen to me and, although I was smaller than he and more was mimada, it was taken in serious my opinions. In fact, which Balthazar also thought was important for me.

- Lucas Ross.

- Weaker He gains a game. - Balthazar did not seem pleased very. Although, sure of what it was going to be glad when it finished saying to him that I liked another boy? -. I already know what you see in him.

- Of truth?

- I am convinced. I suppose that... he is handsome.

- He is not that. - It wanted that it understood to me. I am not saying that Lucas is ugly, but is that she is the only person who understands how I feel.

- I also could do it. Or it could try. - Balthazar lowered the glance and I intuited that, in spite of the entereza that demonstrated, the conversation was not being to him simple. The pleas finished. I promise it.

- Balthazar, you fit here - I said with all the gentleness that I could, for that reason you cannot include/understand how we felt those that we do not belong to this place.

- You could fit if you wanted.

- It is that I do not want.

Balthazar arched an eyebrow.

- Then, sooner or later you will be with problems.

- I do not talk about that. - Balthazar spoke of the future, of a future to Vista years in which I did not want to think having before me a sufficiently chaotic present. I talk about the institute. You have everywhere been and have seen world. I do not believe that you can get to imagine... The great thing which it is east place for me, which intimidates to me. If under the guard, it could fall in the trap to leave Midnight decides who and what I am, and that is not what I want. And that is what I share with Lucas.

Balthazar meditated seconds and finally it agreed. It did not believe it to have convinced, but less it had listened to me.

- Lucas is not bad person - she admitted, at least reason why I know. I have seen it come out in defense of students to those who were bothering and, by the things that say in class... it seems intelligent.

I smiled. After to have spent whole weeks without knowing to me what to think of Lucas, a lightening was everything to hear that somebody had something good that for saying of him. Nevertheless, Balthazar not yet had finished.

- But it has an explosive character. In fact, you were when I fight myself with Erich, so you already know it. - I felt secretly alleviated of which Balthazar did not know nothing of which it had happened in pizzería of Riverton-. And it always is to that it jumps. I understand that Midnight can put to the defensive to somebody like him, but that does not have anything to do whereupon it sometimes is...

- Unforseeable - I said. Yes, already I know it. He is indeed why I do not know if we will get to be together sometimes, but you deserve to know what I feel.

- The only thing that I say is that you go with care. If it does damage to you, déjalo as soon as possible. - It watched to Me, tipping a smile. Equal then I catch to you by ricochet.

I placed a hand in its arm.

- It would be enchanted.

Balthazar kissed to me on the forehead. It smelled of smoke of pipe and leather, and I almost regreted not to have hoped to say all that to him after that it had kissed to me of truth, although single had been by once.

- Ready to enter? - it asked to me.

- A minute more. I like to be here outside. In addition, tonight the stars are seen.

- You Are truth, likes astronomy... - One put the hands in the pockets of the trousers and continued walking my side while we continued entering to us in the

forest, raising the Vista towards the constellations that titilaban through the naked branches. That is Orión, truth?

- Yes, the Cazador. - I raised a hand to reseguir the legs, the belt, the stretched arm to strike a blow. Ves that star so shining of the shoulder? That is Betelgeuse.

- Which?

It was probable that astronomy to him did not interest minimum, but I thought that such time would feel more comfortable if we had something more than what to speak to part of its loving disappointment. It knew how one felt.

- That, low. - When crouching itself to my side, I guided one of its arms upwards to indicate the star to him with its own finger. You see It now?

Balthazar smiled.

- I believe yes that. Is no a nebula in Orión?

- Yes, a little more down. You I will teach it.

- Bianca? - somebody behind us said.

Balthazar and I became in round. It had recognized the voice immediately, but it could not give credit to my ears. Perhaps the desire that outside certain a last one was playing me bad, but in the dark I believed there to see Lucas dressed in its uniform. Fire threw by the eyes, although it did not watch me to me, not even to both, solely to Balthazar.

- Lucas, what you do here? - I asked in a whisper.

- To assure to me that well you are.

To Balthazar it did not like that. It was straightened.

- Bianca is completely out of danger.

- It is behind schedule. It has grown dark. You have removed it here outside, solo...

- It has come taking a walk up to here by its own will. - Balthazar breathed deep, trying not to lose the stirrups. If you prefer to be the companion of Bianca, ahead.

Lucas remained perplex. It waited for a challenge, not a surrender.

- I will enter with you - I said to him to Balthazar.

To weighing of which we finished speaking, or of which I felt, Balthazar it was my pair of dance and he had, but he shook the head.

- It does not pass anything. The desire have gone me to dance.

- Thanks. By everything - I said, stunned and ashamed, clearing the jacket to me of the smoking and embracing me to take shelter of the cold nocturnal air.

- If you need to me, I occurred it.

Balthazar put the jacket with the glance nailed in Lucas and next it moved away walking, single, in the direction of the school.

- That has been completely unnecessary - I murmured as soon as Balthazar disappeared of the Vista.

- It was being rushed on you.

- Was teaching stars to Him! - I rubbed the arms treating to enter heat. Creíste that it was going to kiss to me?

- No

- Mentiroso.

Lucas protested.

- Bond, I admit, single wanted to move away it of you. But it understands that it could not be to me planted there like pasmarote while another type threw the disks to you.

The jacket removed from the uniform and me it offered it. It was not a as elegant gesture as he had been the one of Balthazar, although in the case of Balthazar their good modales had been dictated to it, it was what it was expected of a horseman, and however Lucas it had pushed it the desperation to do something that demonstrated that it could take care of of me, at least a little.

I accepted the jacket and me I put it. The lining still conserved the heat of its body.

- Thanks.

- What pity that covers that dress.

It watched of above low to me and one sonrisilla showed in the comisura of its lips.

- It lets tontear with me. - Although part of me wished that Lucas coqueteara with me all the night, knew that we could not delay plus that conversation. We must speak.

- In agreement. Let us speak.

Evidently, after that neither it knew what to say. I threw to walk, partly to gain time, and Lucas followed to me. To certain distance of us we heard the crujido one of leaves, but immediately they accompanied repressed giggles. By the sight there were more pairs than they had decided to lose in the forest that night and, through the noise that did, they were going it better than we.

Finally I included/understood that the first one would have to give I I happen.

- You must not have said that on my parents.

- It was outside place. - Lucas sighed. They worry about you. That is evident.

- Then, so that you have that so rare odd habit to them?

It meditated moments, without knowing by where beginning.

- We have not spoken much of my mother.

I blinked, surprised.

- No, I believe that no.

- The taking everything very in serious. - Lucas did not separate the Vista from the feet while dense passage through and smooth mantle was opened of toasted pine needles. A little advanced more was an apple tree surrounded by the fallen fruit that nobody had gathered. The apples were macadas and soft. Its aroma dulzón cloyed the air. It tries to direct my life and nothing occurs him badly.

- It costs much to imagine to anybody dándote to Me orders.

- That is because you do not know my mother.

- It will change as you go haciéndote greater - I said. Before my parents used to be much more protectors than now.

- It is not looked like your parents. - Lucas lay down to laugh, although its laughter seemed to me strange by which I did not know to define. My mother sees the things in black and white. It says that there is to be strong to reach your goals. Reason why to her it concerns, in the single world are two types of people: the predators and the prey.

- That sounds a little... extremist.

- That term defines it very well. With respect to me, it knows very clearly who would have to be and what it would have to do. It can which it is not always in agreement with her, but, in short, it does not stop being my mother. Their words do not leave me indifferent. - A depth Sent I sigh. Surely it seems before an excuse that an explanation, but has much to do with my behavior in Riverton.

While it was giving him returned to which it told me, I began to include/understand to what extent it explained everything: Lucas had assumed who my parents tried to direct my life because he was what her mother tried to do with him.

- I understand It, really.

- For cold. - Lucas gave the hand me. The heart began to bark to me with force. We go. Let us return to the school.

We continued walking of return to Midnight. We went from the forest to the gardens, from where we saw the lights shining of the hall and the silhouettes the pairs dancing. I imagined how he could have been that night if Lucas and I had not discussed and he had been my pair for Baile of autumn. He was almost too perfect to be able to imagine it.

- I do not want to still enter.

- For cold.
- Your jacket is very calentita.
- When you take putting to it, yes.

It smiled to me. Lucas always seemed to me greater than I less when she smiled.

- Delay just a little bit - supliqué, throwing of him towards the cenador that we had found the night of the bonfire. We will stay calentitos the one to the other.
- Man, if it pinto that way...

The dense enredadera hid stars of the firmament when we seated in the cenador. Lucas surrounded to me with his arms and with that only gesture all the doubts and the confusion vanished that were been harassing the last weeks to me. It had believed to be happy during the dance, but single because it had let take to me in the middle of the eddy.

Now it was different. It knew where it was, who was and it felt with me peacefully to me same. Although it had not forgotten the reasons that had made me doubt Lucas, when we were so close trusted him completely. It was not scared don't mention it in the world. It could be i myself, without inhibitions. I closed the eyes and I rubbed my nose against its neck. Lucas shook, and I did not think that she had been by the cold.

- You know that single I want to take care of of you, truth? - it whispered. I felt its lips grazing my front. I want that you are out of danger.

- I do not need that you protect to me of no danger, Lucas. - I embraced It by the waist and I narrowed it against me, with force. What I need is that you protect to me of the solitude. You do not fight yourself by me, quédate to my side. That is what I need.

One lay down to laugh. A strange and sad laughter.

- You need that somebody takes care of of you, who makes sure that she does not pass anything. And I want to be that somebody.

I raised the head. We were so close that my eyelashes cleared their chin and I felt the heat that our bodies in the small resquicio gave off that separated our mouths.

- Lucas, single I need you to you - I said, reuniting value.

Lucas caressed the cheek to me and cleared his lips against mine. That first contact cut the breathing to me, but it had let be scared. It was with Lucas and it could not pass nothing to me.

I kissed it and I discovered that my dreams had not deceived to me: it knew how to kiss it, how to touch it. It was a knowledge that had hoarded in my interior from always, to the delay of the spark that caught it and it intensified it. Lucas narrowed to me against his chest with as much force that as soon as I could breathe. It was

different deep and slow, impetuous and delicate a kiss, thousand times. Perfect in all its facets.

The jacket of shoulders fell and my arms and shoulders were exposed to the air. It slid the hands by my back to protect to me of the nocturnal cold and I felt its palms in my omóplatos and their fingers in my column. The tact of its skin on mine was very pleasant, far better of which it had imagined, and I dropped the head backwards, sighing of pleasing. Lucas kissed to me on the mouth, the cheeks, the ear, the neck.

- Bianca - it said in a sweet whisper that I felt in the skin. The lips of Lucas cleared my neck. We would have to stop.

- I do not want.

- Here outside... We would not have... To let take to us...

- You do not have to stop.

I kissed the hair and the forehead to him. Single it could think about that now it belonged to me, to single me and me.

When our lips returned to be, the kiss was different, intense, almost desperate. Our breathings had been accelerated and they prevented to speak us. Nothing in the world except for him and that singsong voice in my interior existed that mine time and time again insisted on which it was mine, mine...

Their fingers cleared the fine brace of the dress and this it slipped of my shoulder and it left the superior curvature of my chest at sight. Lucas drew with his thumb a line between my ear and my shoulder. I wished that one did not stop, that touched to me as it needed that they touched to me. It did not think rationally, in fact as soon as it was able to think. At that time single my body existed and what it demanded to me. It knew what had to do, although not even got to still imagine it. It knew it.

For, I said myself. Nevertheless, Lucas and I had gone too much far to be able to stop to us. It needed it, completely, now.

I held its face between my hands and smoothly put my lips in his, their chin, its neck. And when seeing the pulse of the veins barking under the skin, I could not repress my thirst of him.

I bit it in the neck, with force. I heard it shout of pain, disturbed, but to the same time the blood left sudden flight towards my language and the thick metallic flavor propagated in my interior like a fire: ardent, uncontrollable, deadly and beautiful. When swallowing, the flavor of the blood of Lucas in my throat was sweetest than it had known until the moment.

Lucas tried to separate of me, but already very she was debilitated. I took it between my arms when it began to collapse to be able to continue drinking with

avidity. Its blood had the sensation to be inhaling its soul along with. We never had been as united as then.

Mine, I thought. Mine.

At that moment, the body of Lucas relaxed completely: it was had in a faint. And giving me account of its state was like jarro of cold water that removed to me from the blow critical moment.

I breathed jadeante and I loosen to Lucas, who fell desmadejado to the ground of the cenador. The ample and deep cut that my teeth had left in their neck, dark and humid the light of the moon, shone like spilled red. Hilillo of blood fell small on planks of the ground, where a pool around a small silver-plated star was forming that had fallen to me of the hair.

- Socorro - jadeé, without air, in a hardly audible whisper. Still it had the sticky lips and I warm up by the blood of Lucas-. Please, that somebody helps me.

I descended swaying the steps from the cenador, desperate to find to somebody, to that outside. My parents would put facts a fury, not to mention Mrs. Bethany, but somebody had to help Lucas.

- Hay somebody there?

- And to you what happens to you? - Courtney left the forest, visibly annoying. It took wrinkled the white dress of embroider. Its pair followed it behind. By the sight it had interrupted a session of morreo-. A little while... That that you have in the mouth... is blood?

- Lucas. - Too much it was scared not even to try explicarme-. Please, you help Lucas.

Courtney retired the long blond hair backwards and entered the cenador, where it found to Lucas tended in the ground, with the open neck.

- God mine - it said with a voice thread and one became towards me with a slick smile. It was already hour of which you grew and you became a vampire like the others.

Chapter 8

and killed Lucas? Is well? - I sobbed. It could not let cry. My mother had passed me an arm over shoulders and I left lead to me far of the cenador without offering resistance. Also there were other professors being in charge of which the other students did not find out of which it had happened. Mother, what I have done?

- Lucas is alive. - Dulzura- had never spoken to me with so much. It will be put well.

- You are safe?

- Of the whole. - I was encountering over almost all the stone steps as we raised. It shook of the head on the feet in such a way that as soon as it could maintain to me right. The braids were had to me exhausted and my mother was caressing the hair to me, that now fell to me straight around the face. Affection, raises my room, in agreement? Láivate the face and tranquilízate.

I denied with the head.

- I want to be with Lucas.

- Nor at least it will know that you are to its side.

- Mother, please.

It was going to refuse, but at that moment it included/understood that he would be useless to discuss.

- We go.

Me father had taken to Lucas to the garage. When entering I asked myself so that it would be divided in stays, with the covered walls of tinted flood and black wood panels of color photographs sepia with old made oval marks. Soon I remembered that Mrs. Bethany lived there. Too much it was shocked so that its presence worried to me. When I tried to enter the dormitory to see Lucas, my mother shook the head.

- Láivate the face with cold water, breathes deep and tranquilízate, affection. Soon already we will speak. - A tipped smile Outlined and added: It does not pass anything, already you will see it.

My clumsy and temblorosas hands completely without information looked for pomo of crystal of the bath. In whichever I watched myself in the mirror, I included/understood so that my mother had insisted as much on that she washed the face to me: it had the lips stained with the blood of Lucas and a few drops had sprinkled the cheeks to me. I opened the faucets of immediate, desperate eliminating the tests of which it had done, but when the water cold began to run between my fingers, I was watching the spots of blood with greater thoroughness. It had the very red lips and followed inflations of having been kissing to us.

I slowly went the end of the language through the contour of the lips. I returned to prove the flavor of the blood of Lucas and was as if then it was so near me as when it had had it between my arms.

Then they talked about this, I thought. My parents always had said that someday the blood would be something more than single blood, something to me different from which they brought of the store of the butcher and with which fed to me. It had never been able to include/understand to what they talked about, but now it knew it. In certain way, it had been as the first kiss with Lucas: my body knew what needed and wanted before my mind had gotten to guess it.

I thought about Lucas recostando itself so that it could kiss it, totally trusted. The fault feeling made me return to cry and I got wet the face and the nape of the neck with water. I had to make several deep inspirations during minutes before being able to leave the bath by my own foot.

The bed of Mrs. Bethany was armatoste of carved black wood with columns in spiral that supported a canopy. Lucas, unconscious in the middle of the bed, was as white as Wendish them that they surrounded the neck to him, but breathed at least.

- It is well - I whispered.

- With the amount that you drank it did not have enough to kill it. - My father watched to me after first time since he had entered running the cenador. Me mortificaba the possibility of having to face me its disapproval or, considering what was doing when it assaulted the necessity to me to bite Lucas, its shame, but was calm, even was affectionate. You must try to drink more than half liter in each taking.

- Then, so that it is had in a faint?

- It is the effect that has in them the bite - my mother answered, talking about to the humans with that "they". Generally, it tried not to make distinctions. It liked to say that people were people of all ways, but the dividing line between us never had been so clear. It is as if they remained... hypnotized, perhaps, or enchanted. At the outset they resist, but to little they fall in critical moment.

- Which we cannot either complain, because that means that tomorrow nothing will remember. - My father took the wrist of Lucas to verify the pulse. We will invent

a history to explain the one of the wound, something not too much searched carefully on an accident. The old cenador has a pair of loose crosspieces, perhaps one of them could have fallen and it to have struck in the head.

- I do not like to lie to him to Lucas.

My mother shook the head.

- Affection, already you know that there are things that people do not have so that to know.

- Lucas is not like most of people.

The one that I knew and they ignored was that Lucas already had his suspicions about the Academy Midnight. It was evident that it did not know the truth on the school - of another way never would have crossed the front door, but knew that it happened something, that there was something more than what it was seen at first. She was proud of the fine instinct of Lucas, without forgetting that, at the same time, that same complicaba everything.

Without embargo, how could at least pasárseme by the head say the truth to him? Perdona because last night I was on the verge of matarte? Asentí with the head, slowly, accepting what had to do. Lucas could not know to what extent she had betrayed to him. Me it would never pardon it, and that considering that believed to me when it began to speak to him of vampires and it did not think that me she had returned crazy, who would be most logical.

- Bond - I wavered. We must lie. I understand it.

- Hopefully I had understood to it - Mrs. Bethany lamented itself, with dryness. It crossed the door of the dormitory, with the hands interlaced in front of her. Instead of its typical shirts of embroider and their dark skirts, it in full dress wore to a dark mulberry dress and black gloves of satén that arrived to him until the elbows. The slopes of per it black sent to a sparkle when shaking the head. We already knew that we were going to have security problems when we accepted the entrance of human students in Midnight. We have preached the greater students, we have controlled the corridors and we have maintained the groups as separated as us it has been possible, and with good results. Or that believed I at least. Me it would never have waited for it of you, young lady Olivier.

My parents put themselves still on. At the outset I thought that one was a deference sample towards Mrs. Bethany, its superiora, whose opinion always had respected, but then my father took a step to the front to defend to me.

- It already knows that Bianca is not like the rest of us. It is the first time that proves fresh blood. It did not know how it was going to affect to him.

Mrs. Bethany frunció the lips in a disagreeable and tense smile.

- It is evident that Bianca is a special case. Very few vampires are born instead of becoming. Sabe that from 1812 single one I have known other two in addition to you? My parents had explained to me who conceived very few babies vampire each century. They had before been together during almost three hundred fifty years of which my mother left them pasmados to both when pregnant remaining of me. I always thought that they exaggerated a little to make me feel only, but at that moment I included/understood that it was the pure truth.

Mrs. Bethany had not finished.

- Most logical it would be to think than to have been bred by vampires and to know our nature and necessities would tell its favor. Reason of more for a greater automatic control.

- I feel It. - It could not allow that my parents loaded with the fault, mainly because there was no more culprit than I. My parents always me have warned that it would happen someday, that would feel the necessity to bite, but had in fact not gotten to understand them until he has happened to me.

Mrs. Bethany agreed with the head, meditating my words. It sent brief a cautious one to him to Lucas, as if outside trasto that we had left in its room.

- Vivirá? Then he is not all lost one. Tomorrow we will decide the punishment of Bianca.

My mother sent an excuse glance to me.

- Bianca has promised to us that she will not return to do it.

- If the voice by the school runs of which somebody has bitten to one of the new students and it has not undergone the consequences, more incidents will take place.

- Mrs. Bethany took shelter the skirt with a hand. And it can that some did not have as much luck. It is of vital importance that does not return to touch itself more to any human student, we cannot allow us nor I show of suspicion. So large trasgresión cannot be without punishment.

Mrs. Bethany and I agreed completely for the first time in the life. It felt to me fatal by to him to have made damage to Lucas, reason why to pass to me several nights cleaning the lobby was less than it deserved to me, although something was happened to me suddenly that could complicate it a little.

- They cannot punish to me, cannot force to clean to me nor to nothing of the sort.

The eyebrows of Mrs. Bethany almost cleared the line of the birth of the hair.

-Perhaps you are over those smaller workings?

- If somebody realizes of which has punished me by, Lucas will ask itself for what and the latest which we want is that begins to make questions, no?

My reasoning was irrefutable. Mrs. Bethany agreed slowly, although it was easy to guess that she bothered to him that had advanced to me to her.

- Then it will do a work to me of ten folios stops of here to two weeks on, we say, the use of the form to epistolar in novels of centuries XVIII and XIX.

She was so downcast and stampede that the punishment was not able to make me feel much worse.

Mrs. Bethany approached me, accompanied of the whisper of the ample skirt of the dress, seemed to the fluttering of a bird. The aroma to lavanda surrounded to me like smoke earrings. It was not to me easy to hold its glance, that it made me feel unprotected and ashamed.

- The Academy Midnight has served as sanctuary for ours for more than two centuries. Those that they have an appearance the quite youthful thing to happen through students can come here to instruct themselves in the changes of the world to be able to reenter in the society and to move with freedom without raising suspicions. This it is a learning place , a safe place, and single it will be able to continue being it if the humans to the other side of the walls, and now within them, also are out of danger. If our students lose the control and kill, Midnight soon will raise suspicions. This sanctuary would come down and ruin two hundred years of tradition. Young lady Olivier, I take almost protecting this school from its foundation, and I can assure to him that I do not have any intention to allow that neither you nor nobody alter that balance. Has understood to Me?

- Yes, lady - I whispered. I feel much. It will not return to happen.

- That is what says now. - It returned to watch Lucas, without hiding its curiosity. We will already see what it happens when Mr. Ross wakes up.

Mrs. Bethany left with the head in stop of the room to return to the dance. He was strange to think that there was people who continued dancing hardly meters of there.

- I will remain with Lucas - my father said. Celia, llévate to Bianca to the school.

- I cannot return now to my dormitory. I want to be here when Lucas awakes - supliqué.

My mother denied with the head.

- The best thing for both is than you are not here. Your presence could make him remember the one that has happened and Lucas needs to forget. Sabes what? It raises your old room. But single by tonight. Nobody will put you beat.

The comfortable room of the turret at the top of the so cosy tower never was similarity to me. Desire even entered to me to return to see the gargoyle.

- What good. Thanks to both for everything. - The tears went to my eyes. This night you have saved to us to both.

- You do not put melodramática. - The smile of my father smoothed its words. Lucas would have lived anyway and you would have ended up biting somebody. Hopefully you had waited for a little more, but I suppose that our niñita had to grow sooner or later.

- Adrián - My mother took it of the hand and began to throw of him to remove it from the room. We would have to speak of that.

- Of that? Of what that?

- Of which there is in the corridor.

- Ah.

My father caught it more or less simultaneously that I. My mother had invented an excuse to leave me solo with Lucas a little while.

In whatever they had left, I seated in the edge of the bed of the side where she was Lucas. It continued being captivating in spite of the pallor and of the dark depressions under the eyes. Due to its lividez, the golden brown tone of its hair seemed more dull, darker. When I put the hand to him in the forehead, he was cold to the tact.

- I feel much haberte made damage.

A burning tear rolled by my cheek. The poor man Lucas, who always was trying to protect to me of the danger, had never suspected that the danger was I.

That same night, later, I contemplated my precious stained dress of blood. My mother had hung it in pomo of the door of my room.

- It thought that the dance was going to be perfect - I whispered.

- Hopefully it had been thus, affection. - One seated in the bed, my side, and began to caress the hair to me since it used to do it when I was small. Tomorrow you will see the things of another way, you do not worry.

- You are sure that Lucas will not be a vampire when awakes?

- I am safe. Lucas is lost no sufficient blood to put his life in danger. And it is the first time that you bite to him, no?

- Yes - I answered, sucking the nose to me.

- Single those become vampires that have been bitten several times and, even so, solely when the last bite is lethal. It remembers what always we have said to you: in fact he is quite complicated to kill somebody bleeding it. He gives the same thing, it is necessary to die to become vampire and Lucas is not going to die.

- I am a vampire and I have never died.

- That is different, affection, already you know it. You were born being special. - My mother was called on the chin to me to return to me the face towards her. I saw

that the gargoyle smiled us to its back, like one fishgona listening to an other people's conversation. You will not become a true vampire until you kill somebody. When you do it, also you will die, although single for a moment. It will be like lying down a siesta.

Evidently, my parents or were counted all that to me like a million times, equally that remembered to me that it had to cepillar the teeth before going to me to sleep or to take note from the name and the telephone number to me of that called while they were outside. According to them, most of the vampires they did not kill, and although it was impossible to imagine to me doing damage to him to somebody, insisted in which there were ways to do the one that were well. We had given to returns and more returning him to the famous transformation through which someday it would have to happen: it could go to a hospital or a home of old, look for somebody very greater or the doors of the death and do it.

They had assured to me that it would be that simple: or it could end the suffering of somebody or it even could give the opportunity him to live for always like a vampire if we planned it beforehand and we made sure that I could drink more of once. The explanation was that simple and ordered, as they liked that it left my room.

The one that had happened between Lucas and I I had demonstrated that the reality was not so simple and ordered as the explanations of my parents.

- I do not have to turn to me a vampire if I am not prepared - I said.

She was another one of the things that did not let repeat to me and hoped that my mother gave the reason me of automatic way. Nevertheless, it remained shut up seconds.

- We will already see, Bianca. We will already see.

- What you mean?

- You have proven the blood of an alive person. In fact you finish giving the return to the sand clock: now there will be times in which your body will react like the one of a vampire. - I had to put fright face, because it tightened the hand to me. You do not worry. It is not that you are going to change this week, surely not even this year, but now you will feel with greater urgency the necessity to do what we do, and that urgency will be more and more pressing. In addition, Lucas matters to you. You two will feel... very attracted from now on. When the body changes to the speed of the heart occurs a very powerful combination. - My mother supported the head against the wall and I wondered myself if she would be going back in the middle of century XVII, when she was alive and my father was a good looking and mysterious stranger. It tries to avoid the problems.

- I will be strong - I promised.

- I know that you will try it, affection. You more cannot be requested.

What meant with that? It did not know it and it must have asked, but I could not. The future approached huge steps and so was tired that it had the sensation to take wide-awake several days. I closed the eyes with force, I sank the face in the pillow and waited for the arrival of the forgetfulness that accompanies the dream.

To the following morning, I even noticed the difference before being on the awares.

My senses had been become serious. It noticed the plot of the fabric of sheets on my skin, and not only oía to my parents speaking in the other room, but also other sounds coming from other plants below our aposentos: professor Iwerebon shouting to him to whom he tried to later make young bulls of one night of celebration, footsteps on the tables of the ground, a faucet dripping somewhere... Lending something more of attention, it could even have counted the leaves that whispered to the compass of the wind in the tree of outside. When I was on the awares, the light of the sun was almost blinding.

To the principle I thought that my parents had been mistaken, who had turned to me a vampire overnight and that that meant that Lucas was...

No My heart still barked. If I were alive, Lucas also had to be it. I could not die and complete my transformation in vampire until the life to somebody had cleared him.

With everything, if thus it were... what was happening to me?

My father me explained it during the breakfast.

- You are experiencing a small sample of which you will feel when you make the change. You have drunk blood of a human being and now already you know what effect has in you. Soon it is even more fort.

- Slight roll. How you support it?

It had to entrecerrar the eyes so that the light of the kitchen did not dazzle to me. The oatmeal that had given my mother me even tasted very hard, was as if it could feel the root, the stem and the Earth from which oats came. However, the glass of blood the mornings never had known to me so insipid. The flavor always had pleased to me, but then I included/understood that single it was a bad imitation of which assumed that it would have to be drinking.

- Not always he is as intense as the first times. Surely one will go to you in a pair of hours. - My mother gave light taps me in the shoulder. It had its glass of blood in the other and seemed satisfied with him. Later... Good, in the end you finish acostumbrándote. And thank heavens, sure if no of us could never sleep.

It had the head on the verge of exploding with as much stimulation. It had never gotten to drink a whole beer to me, but it suspected that that was as to have an undertow.

- It would prefer not to have to accustom me to this, thanks.

- Bihaunch. - The voice of my father sounded butcher, impregnated of the rage that had not demonstrated the previous night. My mother even seemed surprised. That it does not return to oírte to speak that way.

- Papa... Single it meant that...

- You are predestined, Bianca. You were born to be vampire. You had never questioned it until this moment and now I am not going to allow it, is clear?

It took its glass and it left from the kitchen to great strides.

- Very clear - I answered with a voice thread the empty seat that my father had occupied seconds before.

When I lowered to the stairs dressed in téjanos and my sweater shirt with hood of yellow color sure my senses were returning to normality. In certain way I felt alleviated. The clarity and the bullicio had been on the verge of making me lose the nerves; at least no longer it had to hear to Courtney complaining about its hair. Nevertheless, also I felt in certain empty way. What until then it had been for me the normal world now it strangely seemed a quiet and distant place.

The only thing that mattered in fact was that it felt to me better and than could go to visit Lucas. After which there was past, it knew that it was impossible that one had risen and it walked that way, but could at least go to see it the house of Mrs. Bethany. The horror could not nor imagine me that had to feel there when awaking; in addition, that is to say what history would be counted Mrs. to him Bethany.

In those it was when I felt that my body was tightened, as if was anticipated to receive a blow. Me mother had promised to me that Lucas would not remember anything, but how was going to be that possible one? At its moment nor it had been crossed to me the mind, but at that moment I included/understood that the bite must to him have hurt a barbarism. Surely it would remain shocked, one would get upset and it would be frightened. It knew that the best era to hope than had forgotten everything to it, but then also had to forget our kisses? As much it gave, had arrived the moment for facing to me which it had done.

I crossed the gardens without paying attention to the students who were playing rugby in one of the moved away ends more of the turf, although saw that some became to watch to me and heard malicious giggles vaguely. It was clear that Courtney had gone away of the language, and to those hours most probable was that all the vampires of the school knew what had done. Suffocated and angered, I tightened the passage towards the garage... and I stopped in dry when seeing Lucas going towards me. It raised a hand when recognizing to me, almost with timidity.

Desire entered to me to leave running, but Lucas had not deserved it, thus whom she would have to apechugar with me shame.

- Lucas! You are well? - I asked to him, forcing to direct to me to me towards him.

- Yes. - The leaves crujieron under their feet when arriving the one next to the other. Jesus, what has happened?

I felt the dry mouth.

- You has not said it?

- Yes, me there are it counted, but... Fell a crosspiece to Me in the head? Really? - It was sonrojado, like suffocated, and it almost seemed gotten upset... with the cenador, the gravity or with which outside. It had seen Lucas lose its seriousness other times, but never it had seen it thus. I have become a edge in the neck with the stupid railing of forged iron, that is most pathetic of everything. She is that cabrea me who something had to put itself in the middle while he was besándote by first time.

Somebody a little more bold him would have returned to kiss there same; nevertheless, I remained it watching agape. It seemed that it was well. Lucas continued being pale and a heavy white bandage covered part to him of the neck, but by the others it could have dealt with a day any. I saw that several people observed to us with curiosity the distant spot, but tried to forget the fact that we had public.

- I believed... That is to say, I suppose... - Before to continue stammering incoherences, I went to the grain: At the outset I thought that you had yourself in a faint. Sometimes I have that effect in the boys. He is too intense and they cannot support it.

Lucas lay down to laugh. It had not been an outburst of laughter, but it had been ed ***reflx mng. It was certain that everything went well: he did not know anything don't mention it. Alleviated, I surrounded it with my arms and I narrowed it with force. Lucas gave back the hug to me and by seconds we remained thus, interlaced, and I allowed myself to pretend that nothing had left badly.

Its hair shone as the gold to the light of the sun and I inspired its fragrance, that that as much remembered the one to me of the forest that surrounded to us. Knowledge that was mine made feel very well, and to be able to embrace it thus, outdoors, because now it was mine and I was hers and, frequently that we touched ourselves, the memory of when it kissed it received force, of when it felt his hands in my back, of the mullida salty skin between my teeth and of the hot blood flowing in my mouth.

Mine.

Now it knew what had meant my mother. To bite a human was not as simple as to drink I suck of a glass. When drinking the blood of Lucas, he had happened to be

part of me... and I part of him. We were united of a form that I could not control and who Lucas would never understand. For which outside less real the way in which it embraced to me? I closed the eyes with force and I said so that not outside thus. It was too much behind schedule to regret.

- Bianca? - it murmured between my hair.

- Yes?

- Last night... I occurred thus with the railing as well as? Mrs. Bethany said to me that she was given off, but it seems to me that... Good, nonmemory nothing, but and you? You remember something?

Their old suspicions about Midnight had to be assaulting it again. Most logical it would have been to answer that yes, but I could not do it, would be one more a lie.

- More or less. That is to say, everything was very confused and... I suppose that the panic entered to me. If you want to know the truth, it memory everything very blurred.

He was the worse one of the imaginable lies, but for my surprise, Lucas seemed to believe it to it. One relaxed between my arms and it agreed, as if then already it included/understood everything.

- I will not return to defraudarte. You I promise it.

- You never have defrauded to me, Lucas, is impossible. - The fault corroded to me, and I clung to him with more force. I will not defraud to you either.

I will maintain to you safe from any danger, I promised myself. Even of me.

Chapter 9

Después of the encounter, I had the sensation to be living in two parallel worlds. In one of them, Lucas and I finally was together, and had the sensation of which she was in that where she had wanted to be all my life. In the other, it was a mentirosa that deserved to be neither with Lucas nor with anybody.

- It is that it seems rare to me - said Lucas to me in a whisper so that it did not resonate in the library.

- What seems rare to you?

Lucas watched around at his before answering to make sure that anybody us oía. It would not have so that to have worried. We were seated in one of the vaulted passages more moved away, had with bound books by hand of a pair of centuries of antiquity, one of the corners more gathered of the school.

- That neither remembers what spent that night.

- You had an accident. - When it did not know what to say, it grasped me to the history that had invented Mrs. Bethany. Lucas had not finished it believing, but she would do it with time. It did not have left more remedy. Everything depended on that. Often people forget what it has happened just before having an accident. It has sense, you do not create? Those decorative reasons for iron have a quite sharp edge.

- When I have kissed some girl... - one went away extinguishing to the voice when seeing my expression to him. To nobody like you. To that not even comparársete can.

I lowered the head to hide a ashamed smile.

- It gives equal, the case is that it never had to me in a faint, never - it continued. You kiss of fear, créeme, but not even you could make me lose the sense.

- Not you desmayaste for that reason - I said, pretending that it wished to return to the reading of the gardening book that had found. Single it had removed it from its bookcase by the persistent curiosity that felt by the flower that had seen in my dream months back. You desmayaste because that enormous iron bar gave you in the head. That is everything.

- But that does not explain so that either you do not remember.

- You already know that I have anxiety problems, no? Sometimes because the pot goes away to me. When we knew ourselves for the first time, it was in the middle of one of those attacks. One of really! Even there are parts of the day of my spectacular flight that hardly memory. Surely I returned to have one of those attacks when you struck yourself in the head. Go, you could have died. - Except that part one approached enough the truth. It is not strange to me that it was scared.

- Chichón in the head has not left me any. Single I have a bruise, as if something had fallen me or thus.

- We put an ice package to You. We took care of to you immediately.

- It follows without having too much sense - it insisted, little convinced.

- I do not know so that you continue giving him returned. - Although it did not say nothing else, that single one returned to turn to me a mentirosa, and much worse than before. She had to fit me to history by his own security, because if at some time Mrs. Bethany discovered that Lucas suspected something, she could... It could... It did not know what could do, but it feared to me that he would not be nothing good. Nevertheless, to say to him to Lucas who their doubts were infundadas, that their sensible questions about Midnight and its transitory amnesia were not more than trivialities, that was worse. That was to ask to him Lucas who doubted he himself and she did not want to do something thus to him. Now it knew badly that one felt when it was doubted same himself. Please, Lucas, déjalo.

Lucas agreed slowly.

- We will already speak of it at another moment.

When one forgot the subject and it let worry at night about Baile of autumn, there was nothing no better than to be together. He was almost perfect. We studied in the library or the classroom of my mother, and sometimes they accompanied Vic or Raquel to us. We ate in the meadows: we surrounded our sandwiches in brown bags and us we put them in the pockets of the shelter. In class, it dreamed wakes up with him and it woke up to me exclusively of my happy unique ensoñación and when I did not have left more remedy than to pay attention not to suspend. When we had Chemistry, we entered and we left the classroom of Iwerebon without taking off itself. The other days it came to look for to me as soon as the classes finished, as if there was been thinking about me even more than what I had been thinking about him.

- Asúmelo, I do not know anything of art - a Sunday whispered to me in the evening Lucas that had invited it to the apartment of my parents.

They had saluted to us with much diplomacy and soon they had let to us be in my room the rest of the day. We had eased up in the ground, without touching to us, but together, and were contemplating póster of Klimt.

- You do not have to know nothing, single you must watch it and say what transmits to you.

- The one does not occur me very well to transmit.

- Yes, already I have noticed it. Inténtalo, is worth?

- Bond, well. - It was thinking awhile, very concentrated, watching fixedly *The kiss* —. I believe that... I believe that I like how she holds the face to him between the hands. As if it was the unique thing in the world that him made happy, only that outside really his.

- Of truth you see that in the lamina? To me it seems to me... Hard, I create.

The man thought that of *The kiss* it had the control of the situation and seemed that to the desfalleciente woman it liked thus that outside, at least at the moment.

Lucas became towards me and I inclined the head towards a side to be expensive to face. The way in which it watched to me, the intensity, seriousness, desire, cut the breathing to me.

- Créeme, I know that I am right - it was limited to say.

We kissed ourselves and my father chose that precise moment to be called to have supper. The paternal synchronization is amazing.

They enjoyed the supper to the maximum, they even ate foods and they behaved as if they liked.

To be near Lucas meant to have less time to share with my other friends, no matter how much it wished not outside that thus. Balthazar continued being so amiable as always, greeted with the hand by the corridors and a gesture of head to Lucas, as if outside a friend to me of all the life and not somebody that was been on the verge of rushing on him the night of Baile of autumn. Nevertheless, it had a sad glance and it knew that it was suffered by to him to have denied an opportunity.

Raquel also felt single. Although we invited it to study some nights, never more we returned to share the food. It had not made more friends either, than I knew. Lucas and I had the brilliant idea to match it with Vic, but there was nothing no to do, they two simply did not connect. They left with us and they went it well, but that was everything.

I apologized to spend less time with her, but Raquel did not seem to give importance him.

- You are enamored and that turns to you muermo for the people who are not it. You already know, for that they are not chalados.

- I am not muermo - I protested, at least not more than before.

Raquel responded joining the hands and raising the Vista to the ceiling of the library with the slightly defocused glance, in a gesture that she tried to be disdainful.

- Sabías that to Lucas it likes the light of the sun? Uy, enchants to him! And the flowers and also the conejitos. And now I go to hablarte of the fascinating bows that Lucas becomes in his fascinating shoes.

- Cállate. - I gave manotazo Him in the shoulder and one lay down to laugh. Even so, I felt the strange distance that had settled down between us. I do not want dejarte single.

- It does not pass anything. We continued being friends.

Raquel opened his text book of Biology, decided to forget the subject.

- It seems that Lucas falls to you well - I said, with extreme well-taken care of.

One shrank of shoulders and it did not raise the Vista of the book.

- Clear, so that it was not going to fall to me well?

- Good... By some of the things of which we had spoken... It is not going to pass nothing, in serious. - Raquel had been very safe that Lucas could attack to me, without knowledge that was to the misfortune. I would like that you knew how she is really.

- A fabulous and wonderful type to which it likes the light of the sun and vomits roses... - Raquel joked, although not absolutely. When finally were our glances, it sighed. Yes, it falls to me well.

It knew that it did not have to press it plus that day, so I changed of subject.

Although to my better friend in Midnight it did not move to him minimum than it was with Lucas, many of my worse enemies thought that it was a wonderful idea. Of fact, they are relamían of taste of which it had bitten to him.

- It knew that sooner or later you would bring up to date yourself with the program - Courtney in modern Technology said to me, the only class from which had been excluded the human students. You were born being vampire. He is like superrare and powerful and that, no? It was impossible that you continued being one pardilla the rest of your life.

- It goes, thanks, Courtney - I answered of inexpressive way. We could speak of another thing?

- I do not know so that you behave of a so rare form. - Erich sent a flattering smile to me while jugueteaba with the duties of the day: mp3-. That is to say, I suppose that a as cloying type as Lucas Ross must leave regusto, but, eh, the fresh blood is fresh blood.

- All we would have to take refrigerio from time to time - Gwen- insisted. It is necessary to see, this school comes completes with buffet andante including and nobody can give nor a mordisquito him?

An approval murmur was heard.

- To see, attention everybody - Mr. Yee, our professor requested. You have already had mp3 minutes, questions?

Equal that the rest of professors of Midnight, was a vampire of great powers, somebody that took to long time forming part of this world and even so it continued conserving a surpassed position. Mr. Yee was not excessively greater; it had said to us that it had died by the decade of 1880, but came off a force and an authority almost as imposing as those Mrs. Bethany. For that reason the students, even those that removed several centuries to him, respected it. To its orders, all we kept silence.

Patrice was first in raising the hand.

- It has said that most of the electronic devices they can establish wireless connections, but this it does not seem that it can.

- Very good observation, Patrice. - When Mr. Yee praised it, Patrice sent a gratefulness smile to me. We had discussed several times on the concept of the wireless communications. This limitation is one of the failures of design of mp3. The later models surely will incorporate some type of wireless connection and, by discounted, also the telephone of last generation exists, that we will see next.

- If the information that contains mp3 recreates the song - Balthazar said, meditatundo-, then the quality of the sound will depend completely on the type of loudspeakers or earpieces that are used, is not thus?

- In great part, yes. Better formats of recording exist, but a normal and current listener, even an expert ear, would not be able to distinguish the difference already that mp3 was connected to an audio system of superior. Somebody more? - Mr. Yee watched his around and sighed. Yes, Ranulf?

- What spirits give life him to this box?

- That already we have discussed it. - Mr. Yee put the hands in the writing desk of Ranulf and he spoke to him with extreme calm: The spirits do not give life to any of the apparatuses that we have studied in class or which we will study more ahead. In fact, the spirits do not give life to no apparatus. Is clear once and for all?

Ranulf agreed slowly, although it did not seem convinced. It took the brown hair cut to the paje and had a face of sincere and innocent expression.

- And what says of the spirits of the metal del to me that is made this box? - it was ventured to ask after seconds.

Mr. Yee lowered the head, as if he occurred by won.

- Hay somebody this way of the medieval time that could make use to him to Ranulf with the transition?

Genevieve agreed and she was put to its side.

- God, is not so difficult, is as, I do not know, as they walkman with I disturb or something thus.

Courtney sent to Ranulf a disdainful and annoyed glance to him.

She was one of the few students of Midnight that did not seem to have lost the contact with the modern world. Reason why it had seen, Courtney had been going basically to socialize there. Unfortunately for the others. I sighed and I returned to dedicate to me to create a list of reproduction of my favorite songs for Lucas. Technology modern very easy era for me.

By rare that it seemed, the place where it more cost to forget the problem to me that watched under the surface was the class of English. We had already left back the study of popular Literature and now we were reviewing the classic ones and deepening in Jane Austen, one of my preferred authors, reason why I thought that it would be very difficult not to guess right this time. The class of Mrs. Bethany was like a universe where Literature was reflected in a mirror, a place where everything was seen the other way around, even I. There were books that had read before and that knew to feet juntillas to me that strangers in their class, as if they had translated them to a strange language, complicated and guttural became. Pero *Pride and prejudice* it would be different. Or that believed.

- Charlotte Lucas is desperate. - Of fact, it had raised the hand, rendering to me voluntary to that it chose to me. So that would cross myself I the mind that could be a good idea? -. In those times, if the women did not marry were... in short, they were not nobody. They could not work nor have properties. If they did not want to be a load for its parents, had to marry.

I tried it, but it could not think that it had to explain that to him to my professor.

- Interesting - Mrs. Bethany said. "Interesting" he was synonymous of "incorrect" for her. I began to sweat. Mrs. Bethany took a walk slowly by the class, and the light afternoon was reflected in the finishing touch that took caught to the neck of the embroider blouse. I saw the striae of its long and heavy nails. Dígame, Jane Austen married?

- No

- They proposed marriage to Him in an occasion. Her family left it very clear in several memories. A means man offered his hand in marriage to Jane Austen, but she rejected it. Tuvo she who to marry, young lady Olivier?

- Good, no, but she was writer. Their books would report to him...

- Less income of those than imagine. - Mrs. Bethany was enchanted of which she had fallen in his trap. Until then it had not given account me of which the section of folclore of our readings had served to teach to the vampires how the supernatural world dealt with the society century XXI, and that the classic ones were a way to study the change of attitude through which the present time was counted in those

histories and. The Austen was not a specially rich family. However the Lucas... was poor?

- Not - Courtney trick put. It had not gone in my rescue, single made to be conceited. Since no longer it were bothered in reducing to me before the others, I supposed that it did so that Balthazar paid attention to her. From the dance, he had renewed his efforts to gain it to it, but reason why I had seen until the moment, with enough little success. The father is to sir William Lucas, the only member of the small aristocracy of the place. They count on sufficient means so that Charlotte does not have to marry with anybody, unless she wants.

- Of truth you think that it wants to marry with Collins? - I talked back. She is a pretencioso idiot.

Courtney shrank of shoulders.

- He wants to marry and it is not more than an average one to obtain his objective.

Mrs. Bethany agreed with the head as a approval.

- Of way that single Charlotte is using Collins. She creates to be acting by necessity, whereas he creates to be doing it by love, or at least by the affection due to a potential wife. Collins is sincere, whereas Charlotte is not it. - I thought about the lies that the book with as much force were to him counted to Lucas tightening which I thought that the sharpened edge of the paper sank to me in the yolks of the fingers. Mrs. Bethany had to guess what felt, because continued: Perhaps the deceived man would not deserve our compassion instead of our disdain?

I wanted that it swallowed the Earth to me.

Balthazar sent a breath smile to me then, as he used to do, and I knew that although no longer we saw ourselves like before, we continued being at least friends. Of fact, no of the typical students of Midnight continued watching superficially to me of the shoulder since they used to do it. Although still not outside a vampire really, had demonstrated something to them. Perhaps already it was "in the club".

In certain way, it had the sensation of to me to have left with mine, of which it had made a magic trick successfully: it had closed the eyes, there was this abracadabra and the world was suddenly the other way around. When it gave the hand him to Lucas and we laughed after class with some of its jokes, then it could think that everything was going to go better from then.

Although it was not certain. It could not be certain while it continued deceiving Lucas.

Before, never it had raised to me that not to share with Lucas the secret of my family was to lie. They had taught to me to keep that secret since she was young and it drank blood of the baby's bottle that brought of the slaughter. Nevertheless, now it knew close that there was been to do damage to him and my secret no longer seemed to me as innocent as before.

Lucas and I was kissing us to all hours, without stopping: in the morning before having breakfast, at night when we took leave to go to our respective dormitories... In two words: at any time that we were together and solo. Nevertheless, I always stopped before letting take to us.

To times it wanted more, and it also knew that Lucas by the form in which it watched to me, putting attention in my movements or the way in which my fingers clung to their wrist. Nevertheless, never it pressed to me. Solo in the bed, my fantasies became wild and passional much more. Now it knew the flavor the lips of Lucas on mine and imagined the tact of its hands on my naked skin with a clarity that made me lose serenity.

Not , lately, during those fantasies, always it ended up appearing a same image: my teeth sinking in the neck of Lucas.

There were times in which it believed to me able of any thing to return to prove the blood of Lucas. And those moments were those that scared to me more.

- What seems to you?

I put the old velvet hat for Lucas, thinking that one would lie down to laugh when seeing the effect that would make the color dwelled of the weave on my hair pelirrojo.

Without embargo, it smiled to me in such a way that suddenly it began to me to enter heat.

- You are guapísima.

We were in a store of clothes of second hand of Riverton, enjoying the second week that we happened together much more in the city that first. My parents returned to be on duty in the cinema, so we had decided to lose the opportunity to see to us *The hawk maltes*, and its place we were entering and leaving all the stores that were open, throwing a look to pósters and books, and having to support some hastiadas glances of the employees behind the counter, clearly fed up with the adolescents of "that school" who like were driven crazy. Bad luck for them, because we were passing it to us of fear.

I took a stole of white hair of a shelf and I became involved shoulders with her.

- What seems to you?

- The skins are something dead - Lucas answered, twisting the gesture, although she perhaps thought really that people would not have to put skins.

From my point of view, it thought that the time things had to be an exception: the animals had died decades ago, so it is not as if you were contributing to make more damage. Anyway, I took off the stole.

While as much, Lucas proved a gray shelter of tweed that she had rescued of a shelf of the bottom filled with things. Like the rest of the store, it smelled a little to

mould, although it was not a disagreeable scent, and the shelter seated to him very well.

- Sherlock Holmes Is a little - I said. If Sherlock Holmes were sexy.

One lay down to laugh.

- To some girls the intellectuals go to him, you know?

- Because you have luck of which she is not one of them.

By fortune, it liked that it took the hair him. It embraced, it passed its arms to me through upon mine so that I was caught between his and I could not give back the gesture to him, and it planted a sonorous kiss to me in the forehead.

- You are insufferable - it murmured, but aguantarte is worth the trouble.

When holding me of that way, my face was beaten to the curve of its neck and the only thing that saw were the weak pink lines, the scars that my bite had left him.

- I am glad of which you think thus.

- I know It.

It was not going to discuss with him. There was no reason so that my only and terrible error could not continue being that: an error that did not have to be repeated.

Lucas caressed the cheek to me with a finger, delicate like the smooth end of a brush. Then I remembered *The kiss* of Klimt, with his golden and its mists, and for a moment I had the sensation of to be attracted next to Lucas the interior of the picture, surrounded by its beauty and passion. Hidden behind the shelves as we were, lost in a labyrinth of old leather and cuarteado, satén wrinkled and clasps with diamonds of imitation ajados by the time, Lucas and I could to us have kissed during hours without they found us. I imagined the scene a little while: Lucas placing a black shelter of skins in the ground, leaving me upon the blanket improvised, inclining on me...

I tightened my lips against its neck, on the scars, like when my mother used to kiss a cardinal or a scratch so that she healed. Its pulse was firm. Lucas put itself tense and I thought that perhaps she had gone too much far.

"Either it does not have of being easy for him. Sometimes I think that I am going to return to me crazy if I do not touch it, so how much worse does not have to be for him? Mainly when it does not know so that."

The bells of the door removed to us from the critical moment in which we had fallen. Both we threw a look to see who had entered.

- Vic! - Lucas shook the head. I had to imagine to me that you would appear this way.

Vic one approached calmly, with the thumbs under the lapels of the jacket to rays that took underneath its shelter of winter.

- This aspect is not obtained thus as well as, you know? It is necessary to work it to it to have this plant. - When paying attention to the shelter of tweed of Lucas, Vic watched it with envy and protested. The high uncles always you take the best thing.

- I am not going to buy it.

Lucas took off it, prepared to go away. Surely it wanted that we had minutes more of privacy, because almost it was already the hour to return to the bus. It knew how one felt. No matter how much I liked Vic, she did not want that she stuck to us.

- Lucas, you are crazy. If something therefore seated to me well, me it would not think it twice.

Vic it sighed. It was clear that it had not passed the danger that wanted to accompany to us until the bus, so I tried to think quickly about something.

- Sabes? I believe that I have seen neckties with hawaianas girls the bottom of the store.

- Of truth?

Vic one went immediately, laying way between the jumble of clothes in search of the hawaianas neckties.

- Good work. - Lucas cleared the hat to me and soon she took the hand to me. We go.

We almost were in the door when we happened next to the imitation jewellery exhibitor and a dark and shining object called the attention to me. It was a clasp with a carved , black stone as the night, although of an intense brightness. One was a pair of flowers of exotic and sharpened petals, as the one of my dream. The clasp was so small that it fitted to me in the hand and profusely was worked, but the one that surprised me more was how much it was looked like the flower that had begun to think that single it existed in my imagination. I stopped in dry watching it with thoroughness.

- Sight, Lucas, are precious.

- It is authentic jet of Whitby. Jewels of mourning of the Victorian time. - The employee scrutinized to us with the glance over his glasses of reading of blue, evaluating if éramos potential clients or single mount chavales to which he had to frighten. Very expensive.

To Lucas it did not like that they put it in prohibition.

- How of expensive? - it said with all the naturalness of the world, as if Rockefeller instead of Ross named.

- Two hundred dollars.

It is probable that the eyes left to me the orbits. With parents who worked of professors, the payment who you receive is not the greater one of the world indeed.

The only thing that had bought me who had cost to me more than two hundred dollars had been the telescope and that with the aid of my parents. I laughed a little, trying to hide to my incomodidad and the sadness that felt when having to forget to me the clasp. There was no black petal that not outside more beautiful than the previous one.

Lucas limited itself to remove the portfolio and she tended to the employee a credit card to him .

- Us we took it.

The woman arched an eyebrow, but she accepted the card and she went to pass it through the machine.

- Lucas! - I took It by the arm and I tried to speak to him in whispers. You cannot.

- I already create it.

- But is two hundred dollars!

- You have fallen in love with him - it said with all tranquillity, I know it by how it sights, and if you like so much, you must have it.

The clasp followed in the exhibitor. I watched it fixedly, trying to imagine that something so beautiful could be mine.

- Yes... I like, that is to say, but... Lucas, I do not want that you become indebted yourself by my fault.

- From when the poor men goes to Midnight?

Bond, in that was right. I do not know so that, but never it had been happened to me that Lucas could swim in the abundance. And it was probable that it happened the same to Vic. Raquel had arrived until there thanks to a scholarship, but there were very few granted a scholarship students. In fact, to most of the humans them a kidney was costing to be able to be surrounded by vampires, although, at discounted, of this last one they did not have nor the most remote idea. If the humans did not excel to perhaps behave like snobs he had to that they had not had the opportunity to do it. The only ones which really they behaved like rich children were those that were been saving money during centuries or that bought actions of IBM when the typewriter era the latest as soon as to inventions. The hierarchy of Midnight was so strict, vampires in the stop and hardly deserving humans of attention, that had not fallen in which most of the humans also they came from wealthy families.

At that moment, I remembered that Lucas was trying to speak to me of his mother in an occasion and the controller who could get to be. They had traveled by all the world, had even lived in Europe, and had said that its grandfathers or his great-grandfather or I do not know who also had studied in Midnight, at least until that expelled it to fight itself in duel. It must have known that it did not need the money.

It is not either that one was a disagreeable surprise indeed. In my opinion, all the fiancès would have to be rich without one knew it, although that also made me remember that no matter how much adored Lucas, still we were to the doors to know us.

In addition to the secrets that I kept.

The employee asked to us if we wanted that he surrounded the clasp, but Lucas took it and me she caught it in the shelter. I was caressing with the finger the sharpened petals while we took a walk of the hand by the seat of the town.

- Thanks. It is the best gift than they have never done to me.

- Then, it is the best money than I have never used.

I lowered the head, embarrassed and happy. We would have continued putting to us sentimental if we had not entered the seat of the town and we had run into with the students who surrounded the bus, chatting animated without no at sight professor.

- Of what he is in favor everybody hoping down? So that they have still not raised the bus?

Lucas blinked, obvious opposed by the abrupt change of subject.

- Eh, I do not know. You are right - it said, when it obtained situarse-. These hours already they must have begun to call to us.

We approached the group of people of students.

- What happens? - I asked to him Rodney, a boy who knew the chemistry classes.

- She is Raquel. It has been released.

That could not be certain. I insisted.

- One would not have left single. It is scared with facility.

Vic passage between people had been opened until us. It took to a stock market of plastic full transparency of neckties chillonas.

- Of truth? Then to me always there is a little distant similarity to me - it was interrupted immediately, as if account had occurred of which he was not perhaps too appropriate to speak badly of a missing person. I have before seen it in the cafeteria. A boy of the town was trying to speak with her, although without too much success. No longer it I have returned to see after that.

I took to Lucas of the hand.

- Crees that that boy has been able to do something to him?

- It can that single is being delayed.

Lucas tried to pretend tranquillity, but she was not too convincing. Vic one shrank of shoulders.

- Eh, equal the uncle in the end said what she wanted to hear and now are occurring the lot that way.

Raquel never would make a thing thus. He was too prudent and too distrustful like embroiling with that it did not know taken by an impulse. With certain remorse, I regreted not to have said to him that one came with Lucas and with me, instead of leaving it single.

When seeing to appear to my father in the seat with the gathered frown, I included/understood that even more it was worried than I.

- That everybody raises the bus and returns to the school. We will find Raquel, you do not worry - it said.

- I remain for ayudaros to look for it - I said to him to my father, moving away to me of Lucas-. We are friends. Some sites are happened to me to which it could have gone.

- Very well. - My father agreed with the head. It arrives everybody.

I felt the hand of Lucas in the shoulder. That was not the romantic goodbye that had glided; nevertheless, it egoistically did not seem disappointed. The only thing which I saw in him was preoccupation by Raquel and me.

- I also would have to remain for ayudaros.

- They do not go to dejarte. It even surprises to me that they have left me.

- He is dangerous - it insisted, in low voice.

I felt much pity by him, desperate to protect to me and completely unconscious of the good that knew to protect *sólita* I to me, so I said the only thing to him that I thought that could tranquilize it:

- My father will take care of of me. - I put myself of finishing nails to kiss to Lucas on the cheek and soon I returned to caress my clasp with the end of the fingers. Thanks. Many thanks.

To Lucas it did not make grace leave him there me, but everything had been fixed when mentioning to my father. It gave a fleeting kiss me.

- We will see ourselves tomorrow.

In whatever it took the bus, my father and I we went as quickly as possible towards the outskirts of the town.

- Of truth you know where has been able to go? - my father asked to me.

- I do not have nor the most remote idea - I admitted, but you need all people that you prune to arrange. In addition, and if you need that somebody cross a river?

To the vampires they did not like the water in movement. To me he did not matter to me, to less at the moment, but my parents put themselves frenetic whenever they had to cross until most ridiculous of the brooks.

- My girl knows to take care of of itself. - Its pride of father took to me with the low guard, although for good. You are maturing much here, Bianca. All this time in Midnight is changing to you for better.

I raised the Vista to the sky, tired of the paternal sermon of "your father knows what is better for you".

- It is what it happens when you have sobreponerte to the adversity.

- Information of last hour: that is the institute.

- You say It as if you had gone.

- Créeme, the adolescence also was a tin in century XI. The Humanity advances, but there are certain things that never they change: people make trivialities when she falls in love, wishes what she cannot have and that age between the twelve and eighteen years has been, are and will be always the worse one. - My father returned to put itself serious when we left the main street. We do not have to anybody in the border the west of the river. Quédate near the shore if you think that you go to perderte.

- I cannot lose to me. - I indicated above, to the starred firmament, where the constellations hoped for guiarme-. So long.

Although we had still not seen fall the first Nevada, the winter already had been made master and gentleman of the fields. The Earth crujía under my feet because of the frost, and the withered grass and the naked scrubs cleared the téjanos to me while it advanced throughout the border. The pale trunks of there are excelled them between the other trees like rays in a stormy sky. In the end I chose not to move away of the river, and not because it worried to me to lose to me, but because Raquel yes could be it, and if she had been ventured in that direction, perhaps it would have tried to find the river to orient itself.

" It must not have moved away of the town. If Raquel has happened this way, can who to lose itself is the minor of their problems."

My desbocada imagination, always quick to conceive the worse one of the possible panoramas, insisted on bombing to me with horrifying scenes: Raquel victim of a holdup at the hands of one of the boys of the town eager to rob to one of the "rich children" of the school; Raquel trying to flee from the workers of the construction, drunkards, whom that had seen in pizzería and the fear had transformed of protectors of women to rapists; Raquel surpassed by the sadness that oppressed it, entering the frosts waters of the river and being attracted towards the bottom by its powerful current...

I gave respingo when hearing a sudden and evasive noise over my head, but single one was a crow that revoloteaba from a branch to another one. I sighed alleviated and then I paid attention to which a little beyond, towards the west, was something shining between the scrubs.

I went towards there without wasting time, to the race. It was going to open the mouth to call it, but I closed it immediately without pronouncing its name. If one were Raquel, it would find out it immediately. If it were not thus, perhaps the best thing was not to call the attention.

When approaching to me, with the difficult breathing because of the effort, I heard the voice of Raquel, although the joy that had been able to feel when finding was it annihilated by its terrified voice.

- Déjame peacefully!

- Eh, but what problem has? - Also it knew that voice. Too calm, slightly disdainful. You behave as if we had never seen ourselves.

She was Erich. It had not gone to the town in the bus of the school. No of "typical" the students of Midnight approached Riverton. By the sight they found it boring or most probable it is than they hoped impatient to that the others went for being able to happen awhile and to behave like they were in fact without having to hide its true nature. Nevertheless, Erich seemed to be worrisome near his true nature at those moments. It was seen that it had followed to us until Riverton with the hope of which somebody goes to give a single return. And that somebody had been Raquel.

- Already I have said to you that I do not want to speak with you - Raquel insisted. It was terrified. Normally it used to give an image of hard girl, but the harassment of Erich it had frightened it so much that was lost all his I throw. So it lets follow to me.

- You behave as if outside a stranger. - It smiled. Their white teeth shone in the dark and it remembered the films to me of sharks that had seen. We seated together in Biology, Raquel. What problem has? What you think that I go to hacerte?

Now already it knew what it had happened. Erich had found it single in the city and had begun to follow it. Instead of hoping in the seat with the others, where Raquel had had to support his presence or even to perhaps have to end up seating with him in the bus, it had tried to escabullir itself. And in those it had ended up moving away more and more of the center of Riverton and, in the end, it had left the town. To those heights Raquel he had of knowledge that had committed an error, but by then Erich already had it where he wanted and solo. To weighing of fry it that it was the night, Raquel had crossed almost three kilometers in the direction of the school, and I felt filled of pride by its anger and tozudez.

In agreement, also it had been a triviality, but Raquel was not right by whom to fear that one of its classmates wanted to kill it.

- Sabes what? I am hungry - Erich with all naturalness said.

Raquel waned. It was impossible that she knew to what was talking about in reality, but felt just like I: what until the moment it had not happened of a provocation was on the verge of becoming something more. The potential energy that flowed among them began to transform itself into kinetic energy.

- I go away - Raquel said.

- Already we will see if you go away - he answered.

- Eh! - I shouted with all my forces.

Both became in round towards me and a lightening expression appeared right away in the face of Raquel.

- Bianca!

- This is not subject yours - me espetó Erich-. Lárgate.

It could not believe it. One assumed that he would be he who would release himself as soon as he included/understood that they had pillado it with the hands in the mass, but was seen that he was not thus going to be. In other circumstances, that had been the moment at which I would have begun to intimidate to me, but this time no. I felt that the adrenalin ran by my veins, but instead of noticing cold or putting to me to shake, my muscles were tightened like when you are on the verge of participating in a race. My sense of smell was become serious and I perceived the sweat of Raquel, the cheap lotion stops after the shaved one of Erich, even the hair of the ratoncitos between the grass. I swallowed saliva and my language cleared the incisors, that grew slowly because of the tension.

"You will begin to react like a vampire", had said my mother to me. That comprised of which it had meant to me.

- I am not the one that is going to go away, but you.

I went towards them and Raquel approached swaying me, too trembly to be able to run.

Erich frunció the frown, irritated. It seemed a bad-tempered boy to which had denied him a treat after the school.

-Perhaps What happens, you are the unique one who can skip the norms?

- To skip the norms? - Raquel, confused asked, with voice bordering on the hysteria. Bianca, of what he is speaking? So that we do not go away of here?

I waned. Erich outlined one sonrisilla disdainful and then I felt the threat: it was on the verge of saying to him to Raquel éramos who and what. If Erich divulged the secret of Midnight and convinced Raquel that éramos vampires - and of the previous suspicions of Raquel she was in favor quite safe that conseguirlo- would not be difficult to him, she would try to leave fleeing to move away of both and that would

offer to Erich a magnificent opportunity to him to attack it. Later it even could allege that he had made it to erase the memory to him. Perhaps it could try to stop it thanks to the instinct fighter who felt becoming serious itself within me, but still was not a vampire completely. Erich was stronger and faster than I. It would win to me and it would be rushed on Raquel. And it was to a step to obtain it, single were enough a pair to him of words.

- I will say it to Mrs. Bethany - I said without thinking it.

The flattering smile of Erich was becoming blurred little by little of its face. He even knew little the sensible thing that he was to have Mrs. Bethany against, on everything after the grandiloquent speeches of the director about the necessity to maintain the human students out of danger to protect the school. No, to Mrs. Bethany it was not going don't mention it to like nothing the attitude of Erich.

- Nor it is happened to you - Erich- said. Déjalo already, is worth?

- Déjalo you. Length of here. Veto.

Erich thundered against to Raquel with the glance and soon she was entered in the forest with angry, single step.

- Bianca!

Raquel laid way with unstable step between the last branches that interposed between us. I quickly went the language through the teeth, trying to calm to return to seem to me to me and to tolerate to me like a human one.

- God, but what happens to him to that uncle?

- That is a cocoon.

Certain, although not outside all the truth. Raquel embraced itself to me with force.

- That it looks for... That one behaves as if... Please. Bond. Come.

Entrecerré the eyes to scrutinize in the dark and to assure to me that Erich moved away of truth. Their steps were had lost in the distance and no longer its shelter of clear color was seen. One had gone away, at least at the moment, although it did not trust to me in him.

- We go, we will give a fast roundup.

Raquel followed me from return the river, too much stunned to ask. Single we had to walk half kilometer before giving with a small stone bridge. Long time that he was not used and some ago of stones she was loose, but Raquel did not complain nor made questions while we crossed to the other side.

Erich could cross a river if she wanted, but its natural aversion to the water in movement along with the reverencial fear that instilled Mrs. to him Bethany almost surely that would be sufficient to maintain to us out of danger.

- How you are? - I asked to him already in the other border.

- Well. I am well.

- Raquel, tell me the truth. Erich followed to you until the forest and... But still you are shaking!

- I am well! - Raquel insisted, almost screaming. It had the sudorosa skin. We watched ourselves fixedly and in silence by moments and soon it added in a whisper: Bianca, please. It has not touched to me. I am well.

Some day Raquel would be prepared to speak of that, but not that night. That night needed to move away of there and the sooner better.

- Very well, we return to the school.

- Who was going to say to me that someday it would cheer to me to return to Midnight. - Its laughter sounded slightly difficult. We began to walk, but one stopped immediately. You are not going to call to anybody? To the police, to the professors, I do not know, to anybody...

- We will say it to Mrs. Bethany as soon as we arrive.

- It could try to call from here. I have the moving body... In the city it worked...

- We are already not in the city. You know that here there is no cover.

- He is incredible. - It shook with as much violence that until to him the teeth castañeaban. So that those rich witches do not cause that their mothers and their papas put a repeater?

"Because most of them still they follow without being accustomed to the fixed ones", I thought.

- We go, walks.

It did not allow me to pass the arm to him over shoulders through the way that moved away to us of the frozen forest, and did not let twist its leather bracelet time and time again .

That night I went to see Mrs. Bethany to the office of the garage after Raquel went to the bed. Considering the disdainful attitude whereupon it used to treat, I assumed that it would doubt to me my word, but was not thus.

- We will take care of the subject - it said. It can retire.

I vacillated seconds.

- That is everything?

- Cree that would have to let to him decide its punishment? Can that even wished to impose it you to it? - An eyebrow Arched. I know how to maintain the discipline in my own school, young lady Olivier. Or it would like to write another work like reminder?

- It referred to Me to what we are going to say to him to people. They will want to know what it happened to him to Raquel. - The beautiful face of Lucas was imagining to me returning to question itself if it would not happen anything strange in Midnight. Raquel will say to him to the people who were Erich. Single it would be necessary to say that was cracking him a joke or something by the style, no?

- That seems reasonable. - So that it had the sensation of which it amused the situation to him? I included/understood the reason when Mrs. Bethany added: One is becoming all a teacher of the deceit, young lady Olivier. Finally we progressed.

The one that feared more was that it was right.

Chapter 10

to the first Nevada of the winter it was a deception for all: hardly four centimeters that they gave enough to be fused, to become ice and to return the slippery sidewalks. The slopes had a speckled and sad aspect, and the mounts, yellowish and parduzcos, were sprinkled of melted average snow small piles . To the other side of the window of the dormitory of the tower, to per them of frozen water they sprinkled the grudges and the wings of the gargoyle. Not even there was sufficient snow to leave to play or to enjoy its contemplation.

- Then to me it seems to me perfect - a scarf of fluorescent green color around the neck with skill said to Patrice, putting itself. I like that she does a little of sun.

- Now that already you can return to leave to take it, you talk about.

The obsession of Patrice and all the others to make “diet” before Baile of autumn had been very frustrating. Like all the vampires that refused to drink blood, they were more and more skeletal... and vampíricos. Courtney and its cut of admirers had stayed moved away of the sun, something of which a fed affluent vampire does not have to worry, but that is very painful for one famélico. It had had to swallow whole hours seeing to me how Patrice took a walk in front of the mirror trying to see while its reflection, bordering on the invisibility, vanished with the passage of time. Also it had seemed me that they behaved with greater cruelty, but with that people never it was possible to be safe.

Patrice knew to what she referred and she shook the head to me, exasperated with me.

- I am well from the day of the dance. Valió the pain to pass a few weeks tightening itself the belt and staying to the shade! Sooner or later you also will discover the value of the sacrifice. - When smiling, hoyuelos in his formed to him rechonchas cheeks. Although Lucas is going to be difficult while is this way making the rounds, no?

We were laughing a good short while of one of the few subjects that we shared and on that we joked. It cheered to me that we took so well in general because, between the problem of Raquel and which the examinations approached, life needed minimum possible stress in me.

The end was incredible. Me it already waited for it, but for that reason the examinations of Mrs. Bethany became neither the one single of trigonometry was the more easy. My mother jealously demonstrated a sadistic vein unknown until the moment when keeping any thing that had mentioned in class, although a small balance on the heels had at least revealed in advance the exercise that scored more, the work on the Commitment of Missouri. I hope that that means that to Balthazar it is going to him well, I thought while it wrote so fast that it ended up entering incline to me the hand. Single it hoped that to me it was to me at least half of good that to him.

I turned upside down completely in the study during the final weeks, and not only by the hardness of the examinations, but also because the work served to me as distraction. To cause that Raquel reviewed with me constantly helped it to let think about which there was been on the verge of happening in the forest. Although also she contributed that Mrs. Bethany admonished Erich, which was translated in which he practically went all along frees that he had mopping the corridors and watching to me with hatred whenever the occasion appeared to him.

- I do not entrust myself in that uncle - Lucas in an occasion said, when happening through his side.

- You are incompatible.

And it did not lie, although it knew reasons much better not to trust Erich.

To weighing of our efforts to have entertained Raquel, the anguish did not leave it. The harassment of Erich had multiplied the fears that it had lodged from always in her interior. The dark ojeras under their eyes revealed that Raquel was not able to conciliate the dream at night and a day appeared in the library with the hair just cut... to edges. It was obvious that she had become it and not with too much manna.

- Sabes? In my town it used to cut the hair to my friends... - I said, trying to be diplomatic and separating books to a side so that it could seat next to me.

- I already know that I take a very miserly hairdo. - Raquel not even watched when leaving the stock market in the ground with a deaf blow. And no, I do not want that neither you nor nobody it tries to fix it. I hope that it seems miserly, equal thus will let watch to me.

- Who? Erich? - Lucas asked immediately, putting itself tense.

Raquel collapsed in his chair.

- Who you create? Sure that Erich.

Until that moment, it had not given account me of which I was not to the only one at whom Erich watched fixedly. It had interrupted it in the middle of a hunting, decided to perhaps drink the blood of Raquel and... Perhaps to even do damage to him. According to that there were counted my parents to me, most of the vampires they never killed. Would be Erich the exception that confirmed the rule?

"Surely that not - I thought. Mrs. Bethany would not allow the entrance in Midnight nobody thus."

When Lucas changed quickly of subject and she asked Raquel the notes to him of the class of Biology of my father, I watched it and once again I felt the force of desire, the anxiety of the possession that assaulted to me continuously in its presence. "Mine - I thought. I want that you are mine for always."

It had always given by seated that was the heart the one that spoke, but perhaps outside another thing. Perhaps that necessity to demand the possession of somebody comprised of being a vampire and, therefore, he was more powerful than any human desire.

It was evident that Erich such did not lodge feelings towards Raquel who I towards Lucas, but solely felt by her one tenth part of the possession right that I felt by Lucas...

... then it was impossible that it go to leave it peacefully.

That night I returned to be with Raquel in the washbasin. It was draining in the hand the boat of tablets to sleep that it had recommended to him, four or five.

- Eye, to see if you go to tomarte too many - I said.

Raquel watched to me, inexpressive.

- And no longer I wake up to me? It does not sound either so badly. - It sighed. Créeme, Bianca, with these you do not have nor to begin if you want matarte.

- They are more of those than you need to sleep.

- Not with the noises of the tile roof. - One put the tablets in the mouth and soon one inclined to directly drink a pair of drinks of the faucet of the cold water of the washbasin. They have not disappeared - it said, after curing the face with the back of the hand. I believe that now they are stronger. And they do not stop. And I am sure that me I am not imagining them.

That began to give bad thorn me.

- I create to You.

He had said it immediately, but Raquel watched to me with crazy eyes.

- Of truth? - it asked, as soon as with a voice thread. In serious? You do not say it to say?

- Of truth, I create to you.

For my surprise, the eyes of tears filled to him. Raquel hurried to retain them blinking several times, but I knew that she had seen them.

- Nobody had believed to me until now.

I approached a little more her.

- Acerca of what?

It shook the head, refusing to answer, but when it happened next to me from way to its dormitory, it touched to the arm, single a second to me. Coming from Raquel, that had been almost like a bear hug. It did not have nor idea of what it tormented it of its past, but knew that Erich did not let it live peacefully. Surely it did not have intention to do damage to him, but it seemed the type of person who enjoyed mortificando to the others.

And in that last one yes that could make use to him to Raquel.

That same night, after the touch of it is enough, I rose and I put the téjanos, the sport slippers and my black jersey of shelter. Me encasqueté the cap of black point in the head, under which I hid my reddish melena. I doubted a pair of seconds if to paint black rays in the cheeks and the nose, since the thieves in the films did, but in the end I decided that either it was not necessary to exaggerate.

- Salts to take tentempié? - mascullo Patrice to its pillow. The squirrels hibernan. Easy food.

- Single I am going to give a return - I answered, although Patrice already had returned to fall asleep.

I noticed the frozen nocturnal air when me encaramé to the shelf of the window, but the gloves and the black jersey protected to me of the cold. As soon as I restored the balance on the branch of the tree, stretched the arms towards the superior branches and was propping up the feet against the trunk so that it served to me as support. Some branches crujieron under my weight, but they did not become broken. After minutes, it had arrived at the tile roof.

To the tile roof of the lowest part of the building, clear. Meters beyond, the South tower was raised towards the nocturnal firmament. If it extended the neck, the dark windows of the stays of my parents were even distinguished. To the other side it was the gigantic North tower and, in the middle of both, was the small board tile roof of the main building. One was not about a flat surface, but an extension at several levels, fruit of the slow one and expanded construction of the school throughout the centuries, in which the additions did not finish assembling themselves perfectly with the rest. It was looked a little like an enraged sea, with stirred up and rompientes waves that came off a bluish black fulgor to the light the moon.

I tightened the teeth and I crawled by the slope that it had close more, trying to move to me in absolute silence. If somebody had left to take tentempié, gave equal that saw me or no. Nevertheless, if somebody had raised until there with other intentions, it preferred to tell on the factor surprise to my favor.

To weighing of which it did not let remember to me that there was nothing no to fear, she was dead of fear. It knew that the challenges did not occur me well: when it

had to face to me outside who, it used to bend the head. Nevertheless, somebody had to defend Raquel and, by the sight, I was the unique one who could do it, thus that I tried to forget the butterflies that revolteaban in my stomach and I animated myself to follow ahead.

I tried to mentally visualize the disposition of the rooms under my feet, concentrating me to locate the dormitory of Raquel, who was in the other end of the corridor, far from the room that I shared with Patrice. Our dormitory fell underneath the South tower, but Raquel did not have the same luck. No, somebody could mount guard on its room, to only meters over its head while she slept.

I threw to walk as soon as I was safe of the location of the dormitory and memoricé. Fortunately there was no ice, reason why I too much did not slip while it went of roofing tile in roofing tile, sometimes walking and others crawling. I worsened the ear throughout the way, letter to any sound: a footstep, a word, even a breathing. The conscience of a possible danger had waked up my darker instincts and the senses had sharpened me. It was prepared for any thing.

Or that believed.

Hardly it found me to meters of the zone of dormitories of Raquel, when I heard a squeak that crossed all the tile roof. A prolonged, parsimonioso and surely deliberate sound. There there was somebody. Somebody that wanted that Raquel heard it.

I stopped next to the following inclined slope, with caution. There was Erich, seized between the shades, with a branch divided in the hand, that dragged above and down on the slate roofing tiles.

- You will be... - I murmured.

Erich straightened itself suddenly, surprised. Their way to react and the way in which it became involved quickly in his long shelter forced to me to ask to me what was doing with the other hand. Disgusted and nervous, desire entered to give returned average me and to leave running, but I was able to stay in my site.

- Piérdete.

- Who is now the one that skips the norms? - Erich murmured around, watching at his. You cannot expose without exposing us to me to both.

I approached him, the enough thing to get to touch to us. Before it had never been looked as much like a rat, with that absorbed face and its aquiline nose.

- I will not doubt in doing it.

- Uy, yes, what fear, to skip the touch of is. And what? Everybody does. It gives them equal.

- You have not left in search of food, you are harassing Raquel.

Erich directed the glance to me more indignant than never she had seen him anybody, as if I was something that she would avoid of a jump if she found distance me in the sidewalk.

- You do not have tests.

The rage that awoke in my interior drowned the fear. All my muscles were tightened and my incisors began to extend themselves until becoming eyeteeth. When corno was reacted a vampire, there was no reverse gear.

- That you create?

I took it of the hand and I bit to him with force.

The blood of a vampire does not know like the one of a human nor like the one of something alive. Neither it knows or, nor it satiates, in fact not even feeds. It is information. The flavor of the blood of a vampire reveals what feels at that same moment. Until certain point you also share those sensations and begin to receive images in your head that hardly seconds before were in the mind of the vampire. Me it parents had taught my, even had left proved it with them in pair of occasions, although when I asked if some time they had bitten among them, both to them seemed to embarrass itself much and they asked to me if he did not have duties that to do.

When savoring the blood of my parents single had felt love and joy, and had seen images of same me of small, more handsome of which it was in fact, peculiar to know the world. The blood of Erich was different. It was the horror.

It knew to resentment, to rage and a disturbed anxiety to harvest human lives. The liquid was so hot that it burned and so cloudy that me revolvió the stomach, refusing to admit neither to the blood nor him. An image titiló in my mind and was becoming greater and clearer to every second that happened, like a fire that propagates outside control: the one of Raquel as Erich wished to see it: scattered in the bed, with the opened neck, gasping its last breath.

- Ay! - Erich got away of a pull. What cone you think that beams?

- You want to do damage to him. - It was to Me difficult to control the voice. It was shaking, terrified by the violent scene that finished seeing. You want to kill it.

- To want a thing is not just like to do it - it talked back. Crees that I am the unique one of by here which it wants to from time to time sink the tooth to him to a little fresh meat? You go list if you think that they are going to punish to me for that reason.

- That you release yourself of its tile roof! Veto and you do not return more. If it beams, I will say it to Mrs. Bethany. You can be sure that it will think to me and that will put to you of patitas in the street.

- Then hazlo. I am very of this site. Although I deserve a joy before going to me, you do not create?

Erich lay down to laugh and for a moment I thought that, after all, she wanted to fight with me. Nevertheless, which did was to jump of the tile roof without bothering itself at least in catching the branch of a tree in its fall.

Before it had never felt nothing comparable to that wrath blinds and I said not to return to never feel it. In spite of dismal and the stingy thing that could be Midnight, it had the sensation of to me to have faced the true badness for the first time.

Raquel had asked to me in an occasion if she believed in Badly and I had said to him that yes, but until that moment she did not know what expensive had. Trembly, I made a pair of deep inspirations trying recover the composure. It had to think at great length on which it had happened, but that night the only thing that it wanted was to go to me of there as soon as possible.

I advanced a pair of steps and I let myself slip by the slope of the end of the tile roof to throw a look to the place in which Erich had landed. It wanted to assure to me that one had really gone away. Nevertheless, when beginning to lower, I saw another figure in the dark, like a shade seized safe from the waves. Perhaps Erich was not single.

- Quiet! - I said. Who walks there?

The figure was straightened slowly, showing to the light of the moon. She was Lucas.

- Lucas? What you do here?

Immediately I included/understood that it had asked a triviality. Lucas had gone until there for the same reason that I, to verify if Erich were harassing Raquel. It did not respond. It watched to me fixedly, as if it did not know and it backed down a step me.

- Lucas?

To the principle I did not include/understand so that it avoided to me, but then I fell in the account: the eyeteeth had still not been dissuaded and had the stained mouth of blood. Depending on the time that took there seized, it would have seen speak me with Erich... and it would have seen me bite to him...

"Lucas knows that I am a vampire."

The majority of people no longer believes in vampires and it would not think it either no matter how much one made an effort in convincing it, but Lucas did not need that nobody convinced it, mainly when had ahead to a vampire of long eyeteeth with blood in the lips. It watched to me as if outside one is strange... No, as if outside of another planet.

The secrets finished keeping awake that everything me life had fought to protect.

Chapter 11

Espera - him supliqué. Still it had the humid lips because of the blood. You do not go away. I can explicártelo!

- You do not approach me.

Lucas was white like the snow.

- Lucas... Please...

- You are vampire!

What could say? My new aptitudes as masterful of the deceit did not serve to me as anything. Lucas knew the truth and no longer she could continue hiding it to it.

It continued backing down and encountering over the slate roofing tiles, shaking the arms to maintain the balance. The stupor obstructed its steps. Lucas, whose movements always precise and were calculated. It was as if it walked completely without information.

I felt the impulse to go after him to avoid that it lost the balance and fell, but mainly needed to explain to me, with absolute desperation. Nevertheless, Lucas was not going to leave helped him. No longer. If it followed it, the panic would seize of him and would flee. It would flee from me.

Trembly, I seated in the tile roof and I saw how Lucas moved away. Not even one deigned to watch back until as soon as it had left steps to arrive at the North tower and the rooms of the boys. By then, I had passed the arms around the knees and the tears rolled by my cheeks. In my life it had never felt to me so scared and shamed, not even when it had bitten to him.

Would have guessed what the night of Baile of autumn had happened in fact and that had been I who I had made him the wound of the neck? She was sure that it would not take much in tying ends, if had not done it already.

What had to do? To say it to it to my parents without wasting time? They would get upset with me... Besides to have to take measures with respect to Lucas. It ignored what reserved the vampires to him to the human who discovered the secret of Midnight, but suspected that he was not nothing good. And if were told it Mrs. Bethany? Nor to speak. It could try to wake up to Patrice to request advice to him,

but surely one would shrink of shoulders, one would occur adjustments in its shade of eyes and would return to remain slept.

Now that the secret had let be it, all that people were in danger. It was probable that Lucas did not say it to anybody from fear of that they called it *chiflado*. And although was told it somebody, was very little probable that they believed it. Nevertheless, it tormented the risk to me, by small that outside, of which we were ourselves exposed. And everything by my fault.

It must have some way to be able to fix it, had to do something.

"I will speak with Lucas. It will be first that does in the morning. No, that has examination. - Very strange Era to have to think about as worldly things as an examination in the middle of all that. I will look for it later. It will not want to speak with me, but it is not going to put itself to shout in the corridor on vampires. I will have to take advantage of that opportunity, whenever it is happened to me what to say to him..."

And soon, what? It had lain to him. Damage had done him. Perhaps the best thing was that everything moved away of me what could.

Without embargo, it knew that it had to try, although it risked to me to lose to Lucas for always. If it were thus, would do what outside to recover it: to suplicar, to cry or to divulge all my secrets to him; but of something she was safe was of which it had an explanation to him.

After one it releases night in candle, I rose, I put the black jersey and the skirt and lowered the stairs as quickly as possible. He thought that he had arrived just in time from which the examination of Lucas finished, but according to it told one me of his companions had let leave to the students as they finished the test, and Lucas had finished of first. That meant that probably it returned to be in his dormitory. I reunited all my value and I strained myself in the zone of dormitories of the boys. Vic and Lucas had indicated their window to me from the gardens, so she would not have problems in finding the room, if they did not fish to me before, clear.

Would terrify to see to Him appear me suddenly in its room? Perhaps. It had to risk to me, no longer supported more to it. The suspense was torturing to me, me was returning crazy. Although Lucas ended up saying to me that she did not want that she returned to never approach me him more, at least had to know it. The uncertainty was worse than nothing.

I knew that it had arrived at my destiny when I ran into with a door decorated with two pósters: one of *Vertigo*, the film of Alfred Hitchcock, and another one of something called *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*

They did not respond when I called, so I opened it, uncertain. There was nobody. The room of Lucas smelled him: to spices and forest, almost it was like being between the trees. Half of the room was covered with pósters of films of action, arms

and women placed in all directions. Half that contained the bed with one colcha printed with knots. That is to say, half of Vic. Other half, the one of Lucas, were almost empty. There were pósters nor laminae no hung in the naked walls, and in the small bulletin board, that hung upon all the beds of the boarding school, single it had punctured its class schedule and a cinema entrance: *Suspicion*, of ours first appointment. One colcha of the excesses of the army covered the bed.

By the sight did not have left more remedy than to hope I. Without knowing how what to do, I approached the window from which a section of the way of entrance of the school was descried , place setting of gravilla. It had parked several cars, almost all pertaining ones to the parents who had been going to gather to their children the last day of examinations for llevárselos to house to spend Christmas. Human children, clear. I saw people embracing themselves, loading the maletero... and to Lucas leaving by the fore door with its stock market heavy fabric to the shoulder.

- Oh, not - I whispered.

I tightened the hands against the window with as much force that I feared that the crystal, or I, we became pieces, but Lucas continued his way without vacillating. One went right towards sedán black with the tinted windows. The door of sedán was opened and I tried to see who had inside, but I did not obtain it. Naked half of the room began to receive sense for me. Then I knew that Lucas had gone away of Midnight to outside spend the vacations of Christmas, without taking leave, and that surely she would return never.

- Eh, now the rooms are going to be mixed? What pasóte. - Vic had entered the dormitory. I greeted it with a weak smile before returning me to see move away the car of Lucas. The automobile left sudden flight, as if it was in a hurry. Good what you are colándote here. You two single will have taken leave, no?

- Aha.

What another thing was going to say to him?

- You do not put depre, is worth? - Vic gave a smooth empujoncito me in the shoulder. Some types know what there is to say to him to a girl when it is sad, but I am not one of those.

- I am well, really. - I watched Vic at great length. She was the only person of the school with which Lucas had shared his suspicions. Has seemed You that Lucas... it was well?

- My invitation to Jamaica Rejected. - Vic shrank of shoulders. It said I do not know what to meet with friends of the family, but gave the impression me that they were not going to make nothing special. You would not prefer to spend Christmas knocked down in the beach instead of going that way with heavy ones that single your mother knows?

He was not that to which it referred to me. Nevertheless, if that were the only stranger who Vic had seen, perhaps Lucas had kept its ideas on the vampires for single him. Vic it was not of that they could hide something similar. With certain remorse, I realized of which Vic were a sincere person much more who I.

- Potatoes? - Vic offered a stock market average full and cover to me of polvillo orange. I denied with the head and I tried to pretend with all my forces that did not long for it. One will regret. Delay and you will see. My family and I am going to pass it to us of fear. And what is going to be doing he? Worrying about its modales in the table it vetoes to knowing where. It is going to be a very long month - it predicted Vic with the full potato mouth.

- Yes, much - I murmured.

I suppose that most of the people it would give by seated whom to the vampires they do not like Christmas. And most of people it would be mistaken.

The religious part made us feel discomforts. We did not burn nor we became smoke if they showed a cross to us or they there were dew to us with blessed water, like in the terror films, but it did not seat to us or to enter a chapel or a church, produced a very rare chilling sensation to us, as if it was observing somebody hair net to us. So neither we celebrated the mass of the rooster, nor we mounted the manger nor nothing of that. Nevertheless, to the vampires they like to receive gifts like a any. If to that you add to him that it is not necessary to go to class, you have vacations that until died do not enjoy.

To the not died minus most of. That Christmas I felt more gotten depressed of the one than ever there was it been in my life.

Single the exhausting atmosphere distendió when the human students went away and remained in the boarding school the vampires. People let occur so many airs; in reality it was not left anybody with that to put or to who to make an impression. A few went away, among them Patrice, who insisted on which to ski in Switzerland at that time of the year he was something that could not be lost. The others, professors and students the same, we remained in the Midnight because it was our home, or next to a home who had many.

- We are an exception, Bianca. - My mother hung garlands upon the door while I was underneath, holding the stairs. As much it as my father had repaired in my languor and they were making an effort to imbuir of the spirit navideño- to me. We are the only family of Midnight, gives account you? No of that they are here has had a family from... Good, since they were alive, I suppose.

- Stranger becomes that does not have a home to which to go. - I passed a thumbtack to Him for which it held the garland in its site. We had a house. How grasps the people who do not have house?

- We have been house sixteen years old - my father corrected to me from the sofa, where very he was occupied looking for between his old discs the one of *Ella Wishes You to Swinging Christmas*—. That is all your life, but for your mother and me it is like...

- To open and to close of eyes - she answered, with a sigh.

My father smiled to him and its expression even remembered that he was about six hundred years greater than she, than the together centuries to me that were past had to be as soon as a blinking for him.

- The permanent thing does not exist. People come and go from a place to another one and she is #***aed-refl mng in the pleasures or the luxuries or any other thing that can distract to them of the occasional boredom of immortality. The life continues and those that we are not alive we have problems to follow the rate to him.

- By that Midnight exists - I said, thinking about modern Technology and the confused faces of the students when Mr. Yee introduced the concept of electronic mail . Many of them had heard speak of him, and some even knew to use it, but I was the unique one who really understood his operation before Mr. Yee explained it. A thing was to leave the hardship in the day to day in the century XXI, and another one to include/understand what it happened of truth. And what happens with which they seem too greater to enter the school?

- Good, this it is not the only site that we have, you know? - My mother crouched itself to take another garland. There is spas and hotels, that type from places to which one assumes that people go to isolate themselves of the rest of the world and where she can be controlled who enters. Time back, we used to have a pile of monasteries and convents, but now it is difficult to create new. The Reformation closed enough, by the crowds of hugonotes, the fires and things of the sort. The residents could not explain that they were not catholic without making worse the things. Nowadays, the majority of us assigns to clubs and schools.

- The year that comes they will open a false disciplinary center in Arizona - my father added.

I here and there imagined us to all we desperdigados by the world, joining to us single once to the century. Era as well as was going to pass the rest of my existence?

It seemed of an unbearable solitude. What sense had to be immortal if it had to take a life without love? My parents had had luck when being the one to the other and to follow together during centuries. I had found Lucas and there was it lost in a matter of few months. I tried to be convinced that someday it would seem to me a triviality, that the time that had happened with Lucas as soon as it would be "to open and to close of eyes", but denied to believe it to me.

The first week of vacations I fundamentally passed it in my room. Almost always in the bed. From time to time it verified the electronic mail in desolate the room of

computers, with the vain hope to receive a message of Lucas. Nevertheless, the only thing that I received was several photos of Vic making the idiot in the beach, with glasses of sun and a cap of papa Noel. I asked myself if he would not be better to write to Lucas instead of hoping to that he did, but what was going to say to him?

My parents removed to me from the room to make vacaciones activities whenever they could and I tried to follow the current to them. These things single happen to me to me: to be daughter of the only vampires of the history of the world that hornean cake of fruits. From time to time pillaba interchanging a glance. It was obvious that they had paid attention to my mood and that they would not take much in asking to me what it happened to me.

In certain way it wanted to tell it to it. There were times in which the only thing that wished was to confess all the history to them of a pull and to cry in its arms... And if that were to be an immature one, because it gave me equal. What it really worried me was that they informed to Mrs. Bethany after telling the truth them, like, by another side, would be its obligation, because she was sure that the director would go behind of Lucas to make him the life impossible.

By the good of Lucas, it could not share my infelicidad.

It would have followed all the vacations thus if it had not been by the Nevada that fell two days before Christmas. She was more abundant than first and covered the meadows with silence, smoothness and a bluish white brightness. The snow always had liked and was to see I it, brilliant and perfect on the landscape, and to raise the spirit to me. I put the téjanos, the boots and the dense and heavy green jersey than had. With the clasp caught in the lapel of the gray shelter, I lowered the stairs to go to give a stroll. It knew that the cold was going away to me to put until the bones, but would be worth the trouble if the first footsteps of the meadows and the forest were mine. Nevertheless, when arriving at the door I saw that she had not been the unique one that had had the same idea.

Balthazar smiled to me ashamed over its red scarf.

- Hundreds of years in the New England and the snow continues moving to me.

- I know how you feel. - Still it continued existing certain friction between us, but my good modales forced to me to invite to him to take a walk. Quieres to go to give a return?

- Yes. We go.

To the principle both we remained shut up, although we were not uncomfortable. Nevada and the light primeriza in the morning, pink and golden, demanded silence, and to no of both it desired to him to hear another thing that not outside the cushioned crujido one of our boots on the snow. The way that we took took to us until the forest, just as the stroll that we had given the night of Baile of autumn. I inhaled and I loosen a warm smooth and gray vapor whiff in the winter sky.

To Balthazar arruguitas in the comisura of the eyes formed to him, as if it was being amused or, at least, as if it felt happy. I thought about the centuries that must of have lived and in the fact that still it did not have to anybody with that to share them.

- I can hacerte a personal question?

Balthazar blinked, surprised, although nonannoying.

- Clear.

- When you died?

In time to answer immediately, Balthazar continued walking. By the way in which it watched the horizon I thought that it was trying to remember how they were the things... before.

- In 1691.

- In the New England? - I asked, remembering what already it had to me counted.

- Yes, in fact not very far from here. In he himself town in which I was born. Single it had left him a pair of times. - Balthazar had the lost glance in the horizon. In a trip to Boston.

- If you prefer not to speak of the subject...

- No, it does not pass anything. Long ago that I do not speak of house.

A hungry crow I settle in a branch of a near, black and brilliant holly in the middle of the thorny leaves, and it was put to peck the berries. Balthazar I remain observing the progresses of the crow, probably not to have to watch me to me. It did not know what was being prepared to say, but I included/understood that it was not to him easy.

- My parents settled down themselves here in the first years. They did not come in the Mayflower, but they did not take either much more. My Charity sister was born during the trip. Already it was a day old when it saw mainland for the first time. They said that that made it unstable, that was not taken root to the Earth. - It sighed. I was born here. American of birth with European ancestry. In those times it was not very common.

- Charity. It was a puritano name, no?

I believed to remember that it had read it in some book, but could not imagine to me to Balthazar dressed like the one the first colonos celebrating Thanksgiving day .

- Oldest they would not have located to us between the devotee ones. Single they admitted to us in the parish of the church because... - My expression had to betray my confusion, because it lay down to laugh. Old history. For the present standards, my family was deeply religious. My parents baptized to my sister with the name of one of the sagradas virtues. They believed in those virtues as if they were something

so real that it could be touched, in something remote of them. As it is today created in the sun and stars.

- If they were so religious, so that they put a as original name to you as Balthazar?

It watched to me fixedly.

- Balthazar was one of three Kings Magos who took to presents to the Boy Jesus to him.

- Ah.

- Hacerte was not my intention to feel badly. - Balthazar rested his hardly manaza in my shoulder a minute. Now there is very little people who teach it children to her, but before comprised of the daily life. The world changes to forced marches and is very difficult to follow its rate.

- You must throw them much of less. To your family, I talk about.

It felt to me totally outside place. What had of supposing for Balthazar taking several centuries without seeing their parents or their sister? Not even it could get to imagine the pain that carried.

“ And when you have been two hundred years without seeing Lucas”

It could not support to return to think again about that, so I concentrated myself in Balthazar.

- To times I believe that I have changed so much that my parents as soon as they would recognize to me. And my sister... - Balthazar stopped and soon it shook the head. I know that you have asked to me how they were the then things, to what extent they change, but in reality which changes we are we, Bianca. That is what it scares more and is one of the reasons for which much people behave here like adolescents, although have hundreds of years. They do not understand what it happens to them or what it happens to him to the world to that is to get up itself. It is a species of eternal adolescence. And very it is not amused.

I embraced myself, shook of cold and fear when thinking about all those uncertain years, decades and centuries that hoped to me ahead, money changers and.

I in mine continued awhile walking, Balthazar become absorbed in thought in their thoughts and lost. Our feet raised small to esquir them of fresh snow and we were leaving the only footsteps in a white sea. In the end, I found the value of asking to him Balthazar which really wanted to know.

- If you could back down in the time, you you would bring them with you? To your family?

It hoped that it said yes to me that, that it would make any thing to return to be with them. Or that said to me that no, that in spite of everything it would not have found the forces to end its lives. Anyone of the two answers would say much to me

about how much the pain lasted, until when would have to support the lost anguish of having to Lucas. What it did not hope was that Balthazar stopped in dry and it watched to me with hardness.

- If it could return back, it would die with my parents - it answered.

- What?

So it was surprised that nothing better was happened than to say to me.

Balthazar approached me and it touched the cheek to me with its enguantada hand. Its gesture was not affectionate, like the one of Lucas. What Balthazar tried was to be on me the awares, to wake up me to the reality.

- You are alive, Bianca, although still you do not know to appreciate what that means. It is better than to be a vampire, better than any thing. Already hardly memory what felt being alive, and if it could return to feel it, although single outside by a day, could not pay it nor gold of the world yet. To even return to die, for always. The centuries that I have lived and the wonders that I have seen cannot be compared to be alive. So that you think that the vampires of are so cruel here with the human students?

- Because... Good, because they are snobs, I suppose...

- You are mistaken, is by jealousy. - We watched in silence a long short while before it added: It enjoys the life while you can, because it does not last... Neither for the vampires nor for nobody.

They had never said nothing to me of the sort. My parents did not long for to be alive, no? It had never heard say nor a word on the matter to them. And Courtney, Erich, Patrice, Ranulf... Really all of them wished to be human?

- You do not create to me - Balthazar said, perhaps guessing my doubts.

- He is not that. I know that you do not lie to me, you would not lie to me on something so important, you you are not thus.

Balthazar agreed and when seeing the slow one and weighs smile that began to draw itself in its lips, I had the sensation of having this more than what tried to say. That light *esperanzada* in its glance was something that had not seen from the night of Baile of autumn, before it praised/poured off to me by Lucas.

Without embargo, which me *reconcomía* was more that I also had said the truth: Balthazar never would lie to me about something important, nor although the truth turned out to me ungrateful to hear. Balthazar was somebody that could be trusted, a good person, and I wished to be like him, somebody that the communal property to its own interests put in front, somebody that had deserved the confidence of Lucas.

"Such time still is not too much behind schedule", I thought.

Our footsteps drew a serpentine way by the meadows from return to the boarding school, where I took leave of Balthazar and I as quickly as possible raised the stairs towards the room of computers. Fortunately, the door was not closed. While it hoped that my computer ignited, I remembered the lamina of *The kiss* of Klimt on my bed. Both loving they were embraced for the eternity, merging in one single one, fused in a mosaic of rose and gold.

When it is loved somebody is necessary to prevent that the lies interpose between both. It does not matter what happens, although is lost for always, to say the truth to him is fundamental.

I introduced the direction of electronic mail of Lucas with trembly fingers, and in the line of subject I put: "and nothing else than the truth". I began to write and I vomited everything what it had kept until that day. I told him that what had seen that night was certain with all the brevity and simplicity of which I was able.

That it was a vampire, daughter of vampires and that was predestined to being like them.

That Midnight was full of vampires, that the school existed to instruct to us in the changes that the world underwent and to protect to us of the people who were scared to us because she did not understand to us.

That the night of Baile of autumn without intention had bitten him to do damage to him because wished to be more close possible of him.

The words gushed forth. In fact he was a little chaotic. It never had bold to tell those secrets to me and it did not let repeat to me and explain to me bad or make questions of whose answers were not safe. Nevertheless, all that gave equal. The only thing that really mattered was to sincerar to me with Lucas of a time by all.

To the end, I wrote:

Not you the story because with it it waits for recuperarte. I know that I do not deserve it, mainly after which I have done, and although you are not in danger in Midnight, I suppose that you will not want to return to acercarte to the school.

If you I write it is to a great extent for pedirte that, if you have still not said to him to anybody what dresses here, please you do not do it. You do not teach to nobody east mail. It keeps east secret by me. If the truth comes to the light, my parents, Balthazar and many other students will be in danger and everything would have been by my fault. It could not support to have been the person in charge to him to have made damage anybody.

I do not have to him counted to that it dresses to me in Erich in the tile roof. I have done it for mantenerte out of danger. In return you could do the same by me, in agreement? He is the unique thing that I request to you. Perhaps it is more than what I deserve, but one is not single me, one is the people who could be damaged.

Also it wanted that you knew that you concern the sufficient thing to me like for contarte the truth. I feel to have taken as much and that it is too much behind schedule, but I hope that you know to understand its importance when you include/understand how I feel.

I will always long for to you. Good bye, Lucas.

I pushed the button "to send" before it could regret to me, and nothing else to do it, I felt that a chill crossed the body to me. And if Lucas ignored my words? And if the electronic mail that it had sent to him not only not animated it to keep silence but also that provided tests to him? Perhaps it must have to me sorry to it to have sent it, but it was not thus. Perhaps Lucas no longer returned to trust me, but I continued trusting him.

It did not wait for an answer. Nevertheless, the hope was the latest that was lost. I spent all the day verifying and returning to verify the electronic mail, and the following one, and soon in Christmas, as soon as I could be sloped off of the delivery of gifts.

Lucas had not answered.

New Year . Nothing.

I said that it had been worth the trouble to say the single truth to him although outside to become aware calm, and it believed it of all heart, but for that reason it was not easier to have to confront that my confession had not served don't mention it. There was it lost for always.

Chapter 12

The day that the students returned to the school, I stood in the steps of the entrance with the hope to see an expensive friend. He knew that Lucas was not going to return; and although it did not let fantasear time and time again whereupon it saw it, single was my imagination, that cruel played to me bad last.

I thought that, in certain way, that day would mark before and later: it would at least know what relying to me when Lucas did not appear definitively and would let torture uselessly wishing something to me that was denied to me. It would confront the reality and it would force to me to follow ahead.

And if it were thus going to be, it would need the few friends whom still I had left in Midnight.

I saw to Raquel opening itself way between people, nervous bending and. Immediately I included/understood the cause of its nervousness, single I had to return the head and to see that Erich had his glance nailed in her at the top of the steps. I approached Raquel quickly and I hung one from its bags to the shoulder.

- You have returned. It did not have all - I said.

- If by me outside... - Raquel did not raise the eyes of the ground. You do not take offense, to you would have missed to you, but it did not want to return to see it him.

It was not necessary that explained to me of whom it was speaking.

- You have not said it to your parents?

I supposed that they would call to Mrs. Bethany, gotten upset by not to have thrown to Erich, and that they would perhaps remove to Raquel from the academy. One shrank of shoulders.

- They thought that it was making a mountain of a sand grain. They always do the same.

I remembered the emotion in the face of Raquel when I said to him that it believed it and then I included/understood so that.

- It gives equal. I have returned. I must swallow. In addition, I lost my favourite bracelet the night before vacations. It had to return although single outside to look for it.

I returned the head towards Erich. Their dark eyes followed nailed in us. When seeing that it watched it, a mocking faint smile was drawn in its lips. Indignant, I became towards the multitude...

Lucas.

No, it was not possible. My imagination tried to make fun of of me once again to continue encouraging my hopes. It was impossible that Lucas never returned to Midnight, and less after which had seen and of which I I had to him counted.

Without embargo, when opening themselves a hollow between people and seeing it with clarity, I included/understood that it had not mistaken to me: Lucas had returned.

There it was, to as soon as passages of me. It seemed untidier than before: it went unkempt and it took the spent cleared jersey navy blue more than it had of its uniform of Midnight. To him it had left of death.

The face when seeing it was illuminated, I could not avoid it. As soon as our glances were, Lucas returned the head, as if it did not know what to do. It was like an in the heat of expensive slap.

My first impulse went to throw stock-market of Raquel to the ground and to leave running to the washbasin before putting to me to bawl there same, in the steps, but at that moment a saeta to pictures happened running through my side as an exhalation and were rushed on the back of Lucas.

- Lucas! - Vic- exclaimed. Eh, uncle! You have returned.

- He walks, suéltame - Lucas between laughter said, while she separated to Vic.

- Echadle a look to this. - Vic searched carefully in its knapsack and removed salacot one hundred authentic percent, like which they used to take in the old films of safaris. Us it taught it both. By the sight, Vic had not realized of which no longer we were together. To that it is milk?

- You go ready if you think that they go to dejarte to take that in class - I said, pretending that it did not pass anything. Perhaps Lucas would follow the current to me and that would give foot to speak me with him. They already passed the sport ones to you, but I believe that salacot is to make the normal loop.

- Single I have intention to take it in *Chez Lucas ET Victor*. - Vic were placed the hat in the head to make a demonstration. He is ideal for the moments of relaxation and study. To that mola, Lucas?

Nobody answered. Lucas had disappeared between people Vic became towards me, evidently confused before the number of escapism perpetrated by his companion of room. I also enough was confused, did not happen myself to me so that reason had returned.

It was evident that Lucas was going to need a time before being decided to speak with me. Considering which knew of me, of Midnight and the vampires, I thought that it was deserved all along that it needed. Until then, did not have left more remedy than to hope I.

A pair of days later, while it prepared to me to go to class, pretended to be really fascinated by histories of Patrice about its vacations in Switzerland.

- It will never let surprise to me that there is people whom it prefers to ski in Colorado. - Patrice wrinkled the nose. Really thought that everything what had to do with the United States was hortera? Or would be a species of compensation and pretended to be more sophisticated of which it was in fact? Knowing all the secrets that i myself kept, it began not to take me exactly what the others said. Switzerland much more is civilized for my pleasure. And it is known a ampler fan of people.

- I do not like to ski - I said very carefreely while she put rimel- to me. More it is amused to do snowboard.

- What?

Patrice to me remained watching of landmark in landmark. Before it had never been happened to take to him the opposite to me. Although it was clear that it did not like that they contradicted it, nor at least in a as trivial subject as the ski or snowboard.

Before of which it could explain to me, the door was opened wide. It was Courtney and it seemed... messed up hair. Courtney, the one that always the smoothing hair took perfectly and maquillaje even when you ran into in the morning with her in the washbasin to two.

- You have seen Erich?

- To Erich? - Patrice arched an eyebrow. Memory it not to have invited to my room. And you, Bianca?

- To less not last night.

- Ahorraos the sarcasm, is worth? - us espetó Courtney-. Anyone would say that it concerns a pepper to you that one of your companions has disappeared. Somebody is released and you behave as if all outside playfully. Genevieve is crying to alive tear.

- A moment, Erich has disappeared?

Raquel appeared in the door, next to a pair of students more, all of them in different stages of preparation to go to class. The news flew.

- Conocéís its companion of room, David? It returned yesterday. - I realized of which the preoccupation of Courtney was not as deep as not to enjoy being the attention center. David says that she is as if they had registered the room of Erich from top to bottom - she continued, excited. The site is legs above! And there is sign

of no Erich by no part. One assumed that Genevieve and he were going to leave this weekend, and now it is throws dust.

- Then from now on we will try that it is not heard to us laugh - promised Raquel, enough less worried about Erich.

Who was going to have it to it in account? Courtney watched to us frunciendo the frown and it went away making theatricalities.

- Anyone would say that Genevieve does not support to lose the gold opportunity of which they violate it during a loving appointment - she commented Raquel that same morning to me, later, of way to ours first class.

- I believe that Erich was very of the school - I said. According to I have heard, a pile of students leave it every year before the course finishes.

He knew that Erich was a student more between the many vampires that went to Midnight to include/understand the operation of the modern world that was satiated with being treated like students and that were going to amuse itself to another side. Or it can that Mrs. Bethany had guessed in him what I had seen and had ordered to him that left the school immediately.

- The students who escape themselves are most intelligent, for that reason he surprises to me that Erich is first in leaving. - Raquel made a pause. They seem to be very safe that one has gone away, because did not comment anything to him to anybody. In addition, if it had intention to go away, most logical it would have been than it had done it during the vacations of Christmas. Crees that will come poli? They would have at least to investigate it.

- Surely it called to its parents so that they came to gather it and took to another boarding school pijo. I am sure that Mrs. Bethany is found out everything. To Courtney it likes to dramatize.

- Yes, it would not surprise to me. In addition, Erich is the typical cocoon that would above leave to its room legs before going away so that somebody had to order it. - Without embargo, Raquel did not seem convinced of the whole. Although they would have to investigate it anyway. The professors and even poli.

- To the end it will end up knowing itself. - The subject was beginning intranquilizarme-. Dale time.

- The people of this school behave as if she did not pass anything when a student disappears . - Raquel shook the head. I repeat what I said the last semester: the year that comes I do not think to return to this place.

I asked myself if that same one would be what there would be this Erich.

All the world behaved of way surprises the rest of the day. The students were distracted in class, sending conjectures on where could have gone Erich. David informed to us into who had taken all to his books and papers, but that the clothes

had left, something that did not fit absolutely with its character. I was hoping to that Mrs. Bethany reunited us to offer some type to us of explanation, but this did not take place.

That night, I ended up roaming by the stairs of the tower, the one of the narrow windows that as soon as they opened a resquicio in the wall and from which it was had the best views of the gravel road that lead to the main highway. It did not hope to see Erich, but anyway I remained waiting for something.

- I believe that the police will not come.

I separated the head from the window and saw to Lucas steps above. It dressed the black version the uniform, and its silhouette stood out with as much clearness against the light of the corridor of the superior floor that I could not differentiate its face. Single its figure was distinguished: its wide shoulders, the way in which one leaned against the stone wall of the stairs. My fear dissolved in desire.

- No, Mrs. Bethany will not call to the police - I responded, almost without breath. That would attract a quite undesired attention.

- But there is no danger that one of... One of the "rich children" gives with him.

- No, Erich was so "young rich" as the one that more.

Lucas lowered a step and finally I was able to see its face in spite of the penumbra. All the hours that had happened throwing to him of less in Christmas came out ahead to the time and I wished with all my forces to caress the cheek to him or to support my head in their shoulder. But I did not do it. There was a barrier between both, one that could not never save.

- I feel not to have answered your mail - Lucas- said. I believe that it was... shocked.

- I do not blame to you.

The heart was accelerated to me.

- We must speak. Solo - it was limited to say.

If in spite of knowledge that had been I who I had bitten continued trusting me the sufficient thing to him to be solo with me, that meant that still he was not all lost one.

- I know a site - I said, trying to calm to me so that the voice did not shake to me. Quieres that we go there?

- You direct - Lucas said and I dared to caress a hope.

Chapter 13

where we go? - Lucas asked while she followed to me towards the stop of the back stairs.

A - To the North tower. The one that is behind and over the dormitories of the boys. Single they use it to keep things. There it will not bother anybody to us.

- And we could not go to another site?

The soul on the feet fell. Perhaps it did not trust the sufficient thing me like daring to remain with me solo.

- I believe that it is the only place where we could have a little privacy. If you prefer... I do not know, if you want to hope to that it leaves the sun or something thus...

- No, it does not pass anything.

Lucas seemed distrustful, as if yes she passed something, but continued following to me. I said that it could not request more.

The students did not use to extend themselves by the back stairs, mainly because he was near the lodgings of the teaching staff. By discounted, the professors also were vampires, in their majority very powerful vampires. It can that the students as Vic and Raquel they did not know the existence that difference between the other students and the professors, but was evident that they felt it. In my old school, people made fun of of the teachers to all hours, but everybody in Midnight, from humans to vampires, went to them with respect. Some, like my parents, lived in the other tower, but the majority lodged there. I supposed that seriamos Lucas and first who we happened next to the aposentos of the teaching staff in all the year.

The echo of our footsteps bounced against the stone walls, but nobody seemed oírnos. At least, that hoped. That conversation would be the latest that would want that somebody listened.

- How you know east site? Subes here from time to time?

Lucas continued being intranquilo.

- Recuerdas that I said to you that it had done a little of exploration before the course began ? This he is one of the sites that I found. It had not returned since then, but I am sure that nobody knows more of its existence.

I opened the extreme door with well-taken care of when arriving at the stop of the stairs. A rain of spiderwebs and dust had given to the welcome the past autumn me. The spiders must of have changed, because nothing prevented the step us. The stay was divided in rooms that were distributed like in the apartment of my parents, but instead of being furnished of cosy way, they were filled with boxes and more piled up boxes, of which they showed the yellowish corners of the papers that contained. They were the archives of Midnight, the files of all the students who had passed by the school from their foundation, to end of century XVIII.

- Here above it is cold. - Lucas stretched the sleeves of the jersey to cover the hands. You are sure that there is no another site better?

- We must speak and we must be solo.

- The cenador...

- It is covered with ice, Don Friolero. In addition, they could see us it go and they would make us return to enter and... And we could not finish speaking. - I became towards the window to be able to see stars, able to even comfort to me at those moments. One occurs us very well to avoid the subject.

- Yes, you are right. - Lucas wavered and she seated with slowness in a large chest that she had close. By where we began?

- I do not know. - I embraced myself to enter heat and I down saw the gargoyle of the railing, the binocular of which it was seen by the window of my room. Sigues having to me fear?

- No, I am not scared to you. Absolutely. - Lucas shook the head, incredulous slowly. It would have... Excrement, I do not know how it would have to feel to me. I do not do more than to repeat itself than it would have to maintain to me remote and to forget to me you, because everything has changed. But I cannot.

- What?

To me it had been so dumb of astonishment that I even forgot my hopes.

- When I saw for the first time what eras, there above, in the tile roof... - it said, with hoarse voice. Bianca, he was as if everything in which had believed until the moment was lie.

- I suppose that it is not easy to accept that the vampires really exist.

- In reality, he was not that what it bothered to me.

Then I included/understood it: no matter how much it had disturbed to him what it had discovered about the vampires, my lies had been much worse for him.

- There are counted your mother? You have said it to somebody?

Lucas lay down to laugh.

- How I am going away it to say to anybody? - I watched It been strange. Happens a better way to you to finish in a unit of psychiatry for adolescents?

- Not - I had to admit, most probable is than they took directly to the loquero.

- In addition, you requested to me that it did not do it - added Lucas, with harshness.

Lucas had read that long letter full of revelations and had discovered that him she had lain, that I was something who surely would consider a monster, and thus had even been able to take care of my plea of which she maintained it privily and she had done what she had requested to him.

- Thanks.

- It was not going to return. It was not going to never return to verte more. Very it was hurt and I thought that the only way to surpass it was forcing olvidarte to me. - One rubbed the eyes with the back of the hand, as if it outside exhausted to him although single to remember the dilemma to which it had had enfrentarse-. I tried olvidarte with all my forces, Bianca, and I could not. Soon I was convinced that my to have era to return to Midnight.

- To have? - I asked, confused.

Lucas shrank of shoulders, blunt if she did not know what to say.

- To find out the truth? To try to understand it? I do not know it. - Its expression changed when raising the Vista towards me and to watch to me, like did before, with that glance that obtained that the legs would flaquearan to me, like when it said that the man of the picture of single Klimt had a thing appraised in the world. Nevertheless, in whichever I saw you, I knew that it followed necesitándote, that still trusted you, although you are a vampire or almost a vampire or what wants that you are. - Lucas continued pronouncing the word "vampire" as if creerlo- could not. It does not matter; it would have, but it is not thus. He is useless to deny what I feel by you.

I could not support it more. I approached Lucas and I fell of knees in front of him. It held the face to me between his hands and all its body shook.

- Still you want to be with me? Although lay to you?

Lucas closed the eyes with force.

- You I have never considered it.

- Then... then you include/understand so that it had to maintain it privily. - All the fears and the terror that lodged in my interior vanished and I wished to be able

to surround to Lucas with my arms and to fuse to me in him. You really understand it. It had never imagined that you could do it.

- I cannot think that it does not matter to me - it whispered. I cannot think to what extent I need to you.

Lucas cleared his lips against mine once, single. Perhaps it did not have intention to go more far, but I yes. I surrounded it with my arms and I kissed it. All the others let have importance; single it thought about Lucas and in it surrounds it that it had it, in the aroma to cedar of its skin, in the way in which we breathed together when we kissed ourselves, as if we were two parts of a same person. Shaken by the emotion, I noticed that the ends of the fingers hormigueaban to me, the abdomen, all the body.

- It would have to leave running here. - Its warm breath beat against my ear. Their fingers slid until cinturilla of my skirt, that used to cover with sand to me against him. What you have done to me?

I decided to separate when it tightened to me against its chest. Arrived at that point, it used to retire to me by fear of which my desire by Lucas could take to me to do. The logical thing would have been that outside it who was scared, but was not thus. It trusted the sufficient thing me to kiss, to drop themselves to me to the ground and as opposed to to finish both made kneel the one to the other, to close the eyes when I passed the hands to him through the hair.

- To start off it is very difficult to maintain the control to me here - I whispered, warning to him to him.

- We find out until where that control arrives.

The neck of the jersey stretched and exposed its throat before me. It was putting to me to test to demonstrate to me that it could contain to me. I put the hand to him on the skin undresses and I still more pressed the open lips on him. Lucas loosen guttural moaning that had a strange effect in all my body, as if it had raised to me too much quickly and it had been annoying to me. Their hands were approaching slowly towards the edge of the jersey of me uniforms, letters to my reaction. I kissed it enthusiastically. Lucas raised the jersey to me by the back and I raised the arms to help him to clear it to me. Single it took to a fine inner t-shirt and the sujetador, bluish black, that was transparent under the white t-shirt without sleeves.

Lucas watched to me with intensity and its breathing became fast and superficial more and more. The jersey took off and it extended it in the ground, like a blanket. Soon it tended to me above, so that it was fallen down on the jersey, underneath him. The breathing of Lucas followed desbocada, but it fought to maintain the control.

- Here no, nor tonight... Perhaps but we could bring something or to find another place where to be single one night...

I silenced it with a kiss, the enough enthusiastic efusivo and to make him understand that it acceded. Lucas gave back the kiss to me and she embraced to me with force... Although not with so much as not to be able to give the return me and to place to me upon him, so that now she was Lucas who had the back against the ground and was left laying of me underneath. It felt everything multiplied percent: its legs around mine, the frozen square of its clasp against my abdomen, its fingers jugueteando with the brace of my sujetador, doing it to slip by my shoulder.

For a moment, single a moment, I wondered myself how it would be if Lucas and I had raised there with blankets, pillows, music and protection and we had had all the night to be together.

- Hopefully we could - I said jadeante-, hopefully we could be sure that I can stop.
- Such time... Perhaps it is not necessary.
- What?

To Lucas the eyes shone to him and noticed their warm one and accelerated breathing against my cheek.

- You bit to Me once and you stopped in time. It was not necessary that you killed to me nor that you transformed to me, single that you bit to me. If single he is that... Then perhaps... Oh, God. Hazlo.

Lucas loved just like I. Desire burned in my interior and it did not have to stop to me. I pushed Lucas against the ground and I bit to him with force.

- Bianca...

Single Lucas revolvió a second when the éxtasis reached us to both: my pulse was fused with his to the time that its blood flowed in my interior, more powerful than most enthusiastic of the kisses, interlacing to us. It knew the flavor its blood, but this time he was even more irresistible. I swallowed it, savoring the heat, the life and the salt in my language. Lucas shook underneath me and I understood that the bite had he himself effect in both.

Lucas began to gasp and I committed myself to stop. I separated little by little of him. It was been annoying and weak, but there was lost no the knowledge. It took the face to me with both hands and I returned to the blow reality: it had the stained lips of blood and the eyeteeth had still not been dissuaded. How could watch to me being vampire without feeling repulsion?

Without embargo, in spite of the blood, it kissed to me.

- Single he is this, you I promise it - I whispered to him, when our lips separated. Seems to You well? You will be able to support it?

- I want to be with you, Bianca - it answered. Be what you are. Happen what happens.

Chapter 14

uedes levantarte?

PStill no. - Lucas took the hands to the eyes and soon she dropped the arms, inermes, to the ground. I need a second plus.

- I have tried not to drink too much blood. - The latest that wished was to have to go to again request aid to him to Mrs. Bethany-. You gave permission me, truth?

- Yes, I am not sure that it was in my exact, but that is problem mine, not yours. - The tension that until that moment had felt in my interior disappeared completely and I could return to breathe calm. While Lucas thought of that way, everything would go well. Said to your parents or Mrs. to You Bethany who you did it?

- Morderte?

- That already I know that no. I talk about to that you spoke to me of the school.

- All the opposite. They requested to me that it lay to you, for that reason I did it. - All that continued making me feel ashamed. I feel it, Lucas. I thought that to follow the current to him Mrs. Bethany and to corroborate the history that was invented to fill up the hours that you had forgotten would be the best thing for both.

- It is rare. Memory that you finish biting to me... but it is like blurred. Like sometimes when you are not able to later remember perfectly a dream five minutes of despertarte. If you did not have here been with me and you had not maintained to me wide-awake, most probable it is than it had returned to forget it. Although the logical thing would be to think that to be bitten by a vampire she is one of those things that to you remain recorded in the memory... I do not know, because they leave the normal thing, I suppose.

- The amnesia comprises of the bite, but I do not know so that. Perhaps nobody knows it. It is not that too many scientific explanations exist indeed on the vampires.

Lucas made a deep inspiration and next, little by little, she was propped up on the elbows until being able to remain seated. I took it by the shoulder with the free hand, but it shook the head.

- I am well, I create.

- Now already you know so that there are times that when we kissed ourselves I have, good, I must repress to me.

- Now I understand it. - Lucas smiled as if something amused to him. Partly it is a lightening. It was beginning to think that it had to change of mouthwash or something thus.

A giggle escaped to me and I kissed it on the cheek.

- You do not worry, I have not turned to you vampire.

- I know It. Good, the heart still barks to me, so I am not a vampire. - Lucas removed the handkerchief from the pocket and took it to the neck. While the wound became thin , it made a gesture of pain. Still I cannot think that you were born being vampire. It had never heard speak thus of something.

- How you were going to hear speak thus of something if you did not know that the vampires really existed?

- You are right.

- I will not return to morderte, unless me you request it.

- I create to You. - Lucas lay down to laugh, although of a strange way, as if something had made him grace that I ignored. I create to you absolutely. Even now.

I embraced it with force. It meant much that Lucas said that after knowledge that had lain to him... In short, it could not request more.

I did a bandage to him to taken care of Lucas with extreme so that nobody repaired in the wound while it took the shirt of the uniform. We lowered the stairs and we were able to get rid of the fact to skip the touch of is. It kissed to me with total naturalness to the entrance of the dormitories of the boys and one moved away as if that night had not been different in anything from the others.

- You are rare - it said to Raquel, while cepillábamos us shortly after to me the teeth in the washbasin. I know that the thing was a little tense between Lucas and you. Va all good?

- Everything goes phenomenal. We had a species of malentendido during the vacations, but now already he is all neat one. - With the one "to be rare" one talked about to that I was trying to cover the angle to me so that Raquel could not see that the toothpaste that was escupiendo was pink because of the blood of Lucas-. What so you?

- I? Brilliant - it answered with true enthusiasm, which took to me to watch it fixedly, very surprised. Raquel lay down to laugh I feel It. Now that is not Erich, Midnight almost it seems to me bearable.

- Of truth? You would have escucharte. Next year you will be the flagship of the entertainers of Midnight.

- First: if you return to call entertainer to me, I will clean the ground with you - Raquel with the toothbrush in the mouth said. And second: slight roll to animate a school where single one practices equitación and fencing. Really, it is like being anchored in the Average Age.

- I would say that at the beginning of century XVIII. - I closed the faucet of the cold water and I watched it with a sufficiency smile. And you do not believe that I have not realized of which you have not denied that you went to return next year.

That was worth a humid towel sent to me at the top, but I was able to avoid it.

That night, while it was in the bed and Patrice escabullía by the window in looks for of tentempié, I tried to evaluate how it felt to me. It returned to feel that almost mystical proximity with Lucas, but this time it was even better. Now he knew it and he included/understood everything. No longer it had to continue lying, and that in himself already was a notable and confortante lightening. In fact all the others gave equal.

Or that believed I, until the following morning.

I rose with the worsened senses, just as again. My parents had said me that he would accustom me to those sensations, but was evident that he went for length. I sank the head in the pillow in a vain attempt to cushion the madrigales that Genevieve sang in the shower, the birds graznando in the outside and the noise that somebody in the floor was doing of down which already it was removing end to the pencils. The plot of the cover of the pillow cleared the skin to me and it navigated the lacquer scent to me of nails of Patrice.

- Tienes hacerte the pedicura every day?

I retired colcha.

Patrice watched the barefoot feet to me, which were evident that they had not received too much attention a time ago.

- Some put more persistence in the personal care that others. It is a question of personal preferences. I do not try to consider it like a reflection of the character of anybody.

- Some have better things than to do than to paint the nails - I talked back.

Patrice ignored and continued being applied lacquer to me of Bordeaux color in the nail of the small finger.

When finally I lowered, I had the impression that it began to handle my worsened senses. Nevertheless, which really worried to me was the uncertainty if it would return to see Lucas. Although it had requested to me that bit it, the wound had to hurt. And if that drove away it?

It was not waiting for to me when I lowered. The previous trimester, when we left together, used to wait for me to the entrance of the dormitories of the girls, with the

knapsack to the shoulder, but that day, nothing. I did not give greater importance him and I said that it would have returned to fall asleep. Sometimes it happened to him, and after the previous night, it was evident that it needed to rest.

Lunch time, I looked for it by the environs of the boarding school, but I did not find it by any part. Even so, I said anything to them neither to my parents nor to anybody the more. The previous night Lucas had assured to me that she believed in me and that meant that I had to believe in him. Not even when I went to the class of Chemistry and saw that Lucas had made young bulls I let repeat itself that must have faith.

I had to hope after classes, when Vic approached me in the corridor and tried to behave with naturalness, although left to him very badly.

- Eh, hello. Recuerdas that time that you strained yourself in our room?

- Yes, before Christmas. - I watched It of I avoid. So that?

- Crees that you could return to do it? To Lucas it passes something to him rare and it does not mean nothing. I suppose that if somebody can convince it so that it is going to see the doctor, that somebody you are you.

" The doctor? Oh, no." Distressed, I took to Vic by the arm.

- Llévame there. Now.

- Vale, is worth! - It began to around guide towards the dormitories of the boys, throwing a furtive look to me in case they followed to us. Cálmate. It is not an appendicitis nor nothing of the sort. Single it is that he is a little rare. Rarer of the normal thing, I mean .

All the world was in tension from the disappearance of Erich, so this time was not to me so easy to strain to me. Vic it verified the corridors, it hoped to that they were cleared and soon did signs to me like a possessed person. Next, I crossed the corridor to the race and she bent to me in a corner, while Vic verified the following corridor. Finally we arrived and I entered its room.

Lucas was knocked down in the bed, with the hands on the stomach, as if he was ill. It was surprised when seeing me, but immediately it seemed to feel alleviated. To weighing of everything, that was glad of was there and that me made so happy that I could not by less than to smile.

- Hello, stomach ache? - I asked to him, making kneel to me next to the bed.

- I do not believe that that is the problem. - It closed the eyes while it separated to tufts from the forehead sudorosa- to him. Vic, you could leave us single a little while?

- Clear. It hangs the necktie of pomo if you are occupied. Porno goes to me free, but...

- Vic! - we protested both in unison.

Vic it raised the hands and it left reverse gear, smiling.

- Bond, is worth.

In whatever the door was closed, I became towards Lucas.

- What happens to you?

- It is from this morning, is as if... Bianca, I hear everything. Everything what happens in this school. People when she even speaks, when walk, when writes. The ball-point pens on the paper. I hear everything very high. - Their symptoms were to me so well-known that a chill crossed the body to me. Lucas entrecerró the eyelids, as if the light did damage to him in the eyes. The scents also are very penetrating. It is as if everything was... exaggerated. He is unbearable.

- To me also it happened to me after morderte.

Lucas shook the head.

- It cannot be by the bite - it insisted. I did not feel again thus. I awoke in house of Mrs. Bethany with a slight headache, but nothing else.

- More of once... - I murmured, remembering what my mother had said to me. You cannot convertirte in vampire until they have bitten to you more of once.

Lucas straightened itself suddenly and supported the back against the metal head.

- Eh, eh, that I am not a vampire, I am alive.

- No, you are not a vampire, but convertirte in one could. It is possible. And perhaps... Perhaps, since it is possible, your body is beginning to change.

It made a face.

- You are taking Me the hair, truth?

- Would not joke thus with a thing!

- Good, because we can, I do not know, to give reverse gear? We can fix it so that it does not turn to me a vampire?

- I do not know it! I do not have nor idea of how this works.

- How you are not going to know it? Has not given any type you to char it on how are made the vampires or something thus?

It already returned to be insinuating that my parents had hidden important information to me and although continued finding it irritating, I had the devastating idea that it could be certain.

- They have explained to Me how it would turn to me a vampire. They have prepared to me for my own change, does not stop yours.

- I know It, I know it. - Its hand in my shoulder tranquilized to me and I felt outside ashamed of which ill he whom it had to console to me so being scared and as was. It is that it costs to me to do me to the idea.

- Then already we are two.

By what until that moment it had never stopped to me to think on little that it knew about which meant to be a vampire? Before not even it had raised to ask to me for the question. Perhaps my parents were not hiding the truth to me of conscious way, perhaps single were hoping to that he was prepared. And then I realized that that could be the true explanation of so that they had insisted on which Midnight came to the Academy. Perhaps they were preparing me to know all the truth.

If it were thus, they had obtained it.

- I will try to find out something on the matter. It must have books in the library. Or it could ask to him which did not suspect. To Patrice, perhaps. I know that Balthazar me would say it, but he would know immediately that I have returned to morderte. It can which was not said it to my parents, but would end up doing it if it thought that it is necessary by our good.

- You do not risk - Lucas- said. We will already find out it somehow.

To discover the truth finished much more being hard of which it thought.

- Ves the easy thing that it is? - Patrice was so contented that she had requested to him whom she initiated to me in the art of the pedicura that anyone would say that it was paying particular classes to him. Tomorrow we will prove with a color that goes better with your tone of skin. This red chorale does not finish of pegarte.

- It goes, what well. That is to say, that that would be very well. - It did not have counted whereupon it would have to repintar the nails of the feet the rest to me of the course, but it could learn something useful, would be worth the trouble. I suppose that in the old times, I do not know, before that existed quitaesmalte and those things, had to be difficult to stay.

- Good, there was no pintaúñas that to take off, but to fix themselves he was everything a challenge. The talc dusts helped much. - Patrice sighed and one slight smile arose to its lips. Water of Florida. Saquitos also perfumed, and perfumes in pañuelitos that you could put in the decollete of the dress.

- And that attracted the boys? - When seeing that asentía, I ventured a little more. Thus you could, good, to bite them?

- To times. - At that moment, the face of Patrice adopted an expression that almost never had seen in her: the rage. The men who I knew were not horsemen indeed, you know? They were you postpray. Buyers. The dances to which it went before the civil war were dances for mestizos... You do not know of what I am speaking to you, truth?

I denied with the head.

- To the girls like I, with black and white blood in the veins, although of skin the quite clear thing like pleasing the masters of the plantations, sent to us to live to New Orleans, where it was educated like a respectable youngsters to us. At times you got to forget that eras a slave. - Patrice fixedly watched his nails of the feet to means to paint, three of which still they were humid and they shone. Soon, when growing and arriving at certain age, you could go to the dances for mestizos where the white men examined to you and they bought your master, like a species of concubine.

- Patrice, that is horrible.

It had never heard speak of something so frightful.

- I became the night previous to my first dance - the head said with all naturalness, shaking. It is possible to be said that I spent all the social season drinking from a man to another one. While they thought that they were using to me, she was I who I used them. Soon, I fled.

It was the first time that Patrice shared something with me... At least, something real. I would have liked that she had continued telling things me on its past, but I had to change of subject by the good of Lucas.

- Some time you got to drink the blood of somebody in more than an occasion?

- Hum? - Patrice seemed to return of very far. Ah, yes, the one of Beauregard. A fat type and very paid of itself. It could lose a liter without finding out, which came to me very well.

- And what happened to him to that such Beauregard?

- The last night of the social season, fell of the horse and the neck was broken. Perhaps it had the weak thing that it was after losing as much blood, but most probable is than he was drunk. Crees that the plum goes well with my tone of skin?

- The plum you have left of death.

And there our conversation finished, the bridge that had tended between us had taken shelter, and Patrice had returned to take refuge in its world of silks and perfumes, safe from having to recall its last duro. It knew that it could not continue asking without raising suspicions to him, so the conversation in himself had not served to me don't mention it.

And the library? Still worse. The logical thing would have been to think that about the library of a school of vampires would find books on vampires, no? Then no. The only units that they had were novels of terror (classified in the humor section) and serious studies on folklore like which we had read in the class of Mrs. Bethany, more colorful than realistic. It was seen that no vampire had written a book on vampires. The time that supported the head against an encyclopedic volume row, sighing of frustration, I asked myself if someday it would not have to of the sort

make a raid in the publishing market with something. It can which that served to me at the time of choosing race, but not too much to solve the situation of Lucas.

By fortune, Lucas felt better in a pair of days. Their worsened senses sent more slowly than mine, but in the end they returned to normality and they stopped being a problem. Nevertheless, there were other changes, changes more complicated to include/understand, but which more it was accustomed.

- Sight this - Lucas said while we took a walk by being contiguous from the meadows to the following week.

While it watched, it gave a jump to reach the lowest branch of a pine, one clung to her with force and it was hanging without no effort. Soon, slowly, it was raising to the legs, strengthening the hands on the branch as it was raising the body over this, inclined towards ahead when exceeding it with the thorax and finally it stretched the legs upwards to make the pine. The feet were in vertical on their head.

- You do not say to me that now you are Olympic gymnast - I joked, intranquila.

- It goes, my secret life has come to the light.

- Noneras you the one that left in that tin of spinach?

- In serious, I am in form, but nor in my better dreams it could make something similar. And to lower would have to be a suplicio, but... - Lucas returned to enroscar itself, she loosen and she landed with hardness. No problem.

- I also can do it - I confessed, but single after feeding to me. My parents make things of the sort to any hour.

- Then you are saying to me that they are vampire powers. - I saw that to Lucas it did not like anything how it sounded that. That now I am stronger than a human, perhaps even more fort than you, although are not a vampire.

- I either do not finish understanding it, but... equal yes.

With the February arrival, we were discovering more things about the changes that Lucas underwent. We left to run by the field and it did not have to wait for it. We ran more express than any human, sometimes during hours. We finished exhausted, but we did it without problems. At night, escabullíamos us to the gardens or the tile roof and it on approval put the reach of the ear of Lucas. Lechuza could distinguish ulular of one or it breaks almost of a small branch to a kilometer of distance. It did not have a as fine ear as mine, and neither we had the developed senses so as after it bit to him, but it continued being over the human threshold.

We did not return to visit the stay of the stop of the North tower. Although it wished to be more with Lucas than ever and knew that to him it happened to him the same, cautious éramos. As they were the things, we already had sufficient problems treating to control my thirst of blood. In addition, in case something had changed in the nature of Lucas, also other dangers if could arise we began to kiss

itself and we let ourselves take too much far. Therefore, it was not difficult to imagine the desire that it had to obtain answers.

One night I decided that we had to try the definitive test.

I was with Lucas in the cenador and I appeared with a thermus in the hand.

- What is that? - it asked, without suspecting nothing.

- Blood.

- Ah. - A face Put rare. If you are hungry, then... You already know, as if I was not.

Lucas avoided my glance while she interchanged nervous the weight from a foot to the other. By the sight still incomodaba the idea that I drank blood, which did not foretell anything good for the experiment that it had in mind.

- It is not for me, is for you.

- Nor to speak - it answered, horrified.

- Lucas, we confront it: when I bit the second time to you, something changed in your nature and perhaps it has been for always. We must find out if I have turned you vampire in the middle or if you are going to finish being it like I.

It waned and it was crumpled up in its long shelter.

- Of truth you think that that was what it happened? Because... Bianca, the idea to turn to me a vampire is superior to my forces.

Its categorical rejection to the idea of being as I it hurt to me; it had already begun to imagine that it would share with him one long life through the centuries, young , beautiful and enamored vampires for the eternity, but I tried to concentrate itself in the experiment. It took gray gloves without fingers, reason why it was not to me difficult to unscrew the cover of the thermus.

- We must find out how you react before the blood, you already know that it is not left another remedy. It drinks a drink and we end this of once.

- This will not be, good, I do not know, of a person, truth?

- No! It is of cow. Just milked.

He gave the impression that Lucas had preferred who left it naked to the inclemency in the middle of the frozen night, but breathed deep, accepted the glass and tried not to make too many faces while she served a finger to him as blood. Hardly it had for a drink, but it would be sufficient to find out what we wanted. Lucas took the glass to the mouth with a loathing face, inclined it slowly, drank...

... and escupió in the ground immediately.

- Uf! By love of God, what disgust!

- There we have the answer. - Very serious, I returned to enroscar the cover of the thermus. It had warmed up it and it had proven it i myself, so he knew that she was delicious. If to Lucas it did not like, then still not oía the call of the blood. You are not like I, you are another thing.

- And how assumes that we are going to find out it? - Lucas was occupied cleaning the mouth with the back of the hand, trying to take off any rest of blood. There are no works to which to go in search of information and neither has run into before with something of the sort. And before you ask it, no, in the Wikipedia they do not say anything of this. He was desperate and I looked for it. Nothing. It does not have... nothing.

I wished that Lucas let speak as if something knew on the vampires, was a little irritating. Nevertheless, the poor man finished proving something repugnant for him, thus that I decided to pardon it by this time.

- I have a proposal. You will not like, but I believe that yes you think it, you will see that it is the best thing than we can do.

- Very well, expícame that proposal that I am not going to like.

- We ask to them my parents.

- Because you were right in that I was not going to like. - Lucas went the hands through the hair, as if she wanted to take to it taken it by the desperation. Quieres to say it thus to it, immediately? Quieres to tell to the vampires what it happens to me?

- It lets think about them as the "vampires" and thinks about them like my parents. - It knew that Lucas would need a time to become to the idea, but that did not mean that not it go to press it. With time it had learned to accept to me as it was and, sooner or later, would happen to him the same to my parents. They will listen to you and, if they can ayudarte, they will do it. - Lucas shook the head. If they must get upset with somebody, will be with me. I am the one that returned to morderte and began all this.

- Then we would not have meterte in problems.

- If you need aid, all the others do not matter. - I directly watched It at the eyes. Piénsalo, Lucas. When they know it, we will be able to speak of the subject openly and to obtain answers as much for your questions as for mine. If you are destined to convertirte in a vampire...

One shook.

- That we do not know it.

- I have said "if". You will have to know it everything of us, you do not create? Even history and the powers that I still do not know. We could learn it together. - And perhaps it ended up convincing to him what heard and decided be united to me like vampire for always never. To request that not outside, no? -. When you are one

of ours, vampire or human, gives the same, will be able to speak with you with clarity and you will be able to ask to them what you want. Perhaps thus it is able to convince my parents that I am the quite greater thing to know all the truth. We will not return to feel destitute or confused. We will find out what we want to know, we will know everything to it. You do not see it?

Lucas remained ice cream and I had the sensation of which she included/understood for the first time what she was trying to say to him: that outside what was what it had happened to him, that in certain way allowed him to happen to comprise of Midnight. In spite of little that it liked the school, it gave the impression me that as much it wanted to know more , than it surprised us both. After all, perhaps Lucas needed to fit somewhere.

Or perhaps the one was beginning to consider to become a vampire and to remain with me for always.

- You do not request to me that it does that - said Lucas with a voice thread. Not me DES that option.

- Tienes fear of which you like what you hear? - I challenged it.

Lucas did not answer. In the end, slowly, it agreed.

- We are going to speak with them.

It supposed that my parents would get upset with me, but what he had not imagined he was until what point. First my mother read the record to me to have jumped to the bullfigther all her warnings, and soon my father wanted to know about what Lucas when taking to a youngster to the stop of the North tower was thinking solo.

- Almost I am seventeen years old! - I shouted, already is satiated. Nonbeams more than to say to me than make mature decisions and when volume one, you shout to me!

- Mature Decisions! - My father was so outside himself that he feared to see his eyeteeth showing at any moment. You divulge all our secrets because "you like a boy" and above you try to speak of mature decisions! You are stepping on dangerous land, youngster.

- Adrián, calm. - My mother put both hands in her shoulders. I thought that it was going to defend to me, until it said: If Bianca wants to spend the next centuries seeming too young to obtain a work, to buy a car or to make any other thing that allows to handle its life him, then we cannot do nothing on the matter.

- That is not what I want! - It did not want nor to imagine to have to be teaching the card to the entrance of the discotecas for all the eternity. I have not killed it, thus that I have not become, is worth?

- You have approached much and you know it - my father talked back.

- Then in fact I do not know it! Never you have explained to me what it would happen if it bit to a human without killing it! Never you have explained to me what the humans would know or forget on the following day! There is a pile of things that never you have explained to me and now finally I discover the ignorance in which you have maintained all these years to me!

- Because it pardons by not to have known to handle the situation! Few babies are born very vampire each century, is not much people to whom can resort in search of advice, you know? - My mother seemed altered so as to take the hairs. But you are right, Bianca, in that I am in agreement with you. It is evident that we have been mistaken in something, if not now you would be comportándote with good sense in time to do it this way!

- The fault is mine... - it tried to defend Lucas to me from the sofa, where my parents had left him quite clear that sentadito remained.

- You, Hush. - The ignited glance of my father could have fused the metal. Later already I will speak with long you and laying.

And in case it thought that the things could not go worse, my mother announced:

- We must say it to it to Mrs. Bethany.

- What? - Oía did not give credit which. Lucas was on the awares of pair in pair. No, mother!

- Your mother is right. - My father went to the door with angry step. There are counted the secret to him of Midnight to a human. We must explain it to it to Mrs. Bethany. It is first in which you must have thought.

- Our secrets protect to us, Bianca - my mother with more tranquillity added when the door was closed of portazo behind him. Someday you will include/understand it.

Without embargo, at those moments it had the impression that never it would understand nothing. I seated defeated next to Lucas in the sofa, at least thus we would be together when the pump fell. The minutes happened and the three we continued keeping a dismal silence, without moving to us, until they began to resonate passages in the stone stairs. The repiqueteo made me shake. Mrs. Bethany was close.

It burst in into the room as if outside the owner of the place and other simple intruders. My father, behind her, could have been his shade. It followed a fragrance lavanda that it was appropriated the place subtly. It nailed its dark eyes in Lucas, who held his glance stoically, without saying nothing.

- To this is to which it calls automatic control, young lady Olivier? - Its long skirt swept the ground when approaching. That night took a pin of silver in the neck of the blouse, so shining that it sent light sparkles. Although one had painted the nails of very intense a mulberry color, it was not able to hide the deep furrows that

crossed them. I supposed that sooner or later it would happen. And I already see that there is lost no the time.

- Bianca is not the guilty - Lucas- said. The fault is mine.

- Very courteous on the other hand, Mr. Ross, but I believe that it is quite evident who is the active part in this case. - It took hold It by the neck of the jersey and it gave a pull him, a strangely intimate gesture being professor and student. Lucas put itself tense and I feared that she bit to him if Mrs. Bethany dared to touch the neck to him. It has received two morderduras of vampire. Sabe what that means?

- How is going to know it? - I asked. Not even it knew that the vampires really existed until makes a pair of months.

Mrs. Bethany sighed.

- Recuérdeme that we return to review in class the concept of “rhetorical question”. As he were saying to him, Mr. Ross, now is noticeable like one of ours.

- Marked - Lucas- repeated. Talks about to that I am like Bianca?

- The change as soon as he is perceivable at the outset. - Mrs. Bethany began to walk slowly around Lucas, studying it of feet to head. Now it collection, although single because they have made me fix to me to you. Nevertheless, with the time the change will be more pronouncing and the vampires of his around will notice it until it is impossible to them to ignore it. One has surrendered to a vampire, and in more than an occasion! That has been on the verge of turning it one of us.

- Significa that that I will end up turning to me a vampire I likes or no? - Lucas asked.

I removed myself troubles, incapable to hide the hopes that began to lodge. My mother sent a glance to me that restrained to me of blow.

Mrs. Bethany denied with the head.

- Not necessarily. It can that enjoys one long life and dies by other causes, if that is something that considers worthy of celebration. Nevertheless, soon it will discover that one feels irremediably attracted towards the young lady Olivier, whose breach of discipline has been of surpluses demonstrated. - My father advanced a step, as if it go to defend to me, but my mother put a hand in her shoulder for detenerlo-. It will be to them tempting to other vampires, although the prohibition to hunt the prey of another one would have to protect it... at least by a time. In the end, Mr. Ross, will discover that the perspective seduces so much to him as her. It will wish it with more force of which it can imagine. It is a desire that no human will be able to never include/understand. And when the moment arrives, it is probable that it decides to be united to us.

Yes Lucas had to lose the stirrups, I imagined that that would be the moment; without embargo, it did not seem to perturb.

- That means that I am a species of... intermediate point? Like Bianca?

- Not exactly like her, but something enough similarity. - The gathered lips of Mrs. Bethany relaxed an apex and I included/understood that almost it was smiling. You , Mr. Ross are very wide-awake.

- I would like to know more - he answered, taking advantage of the flattery Mrs. Bethany-. I would like to understand these... senses. Abilities. Powers.

- And also limitations. They root in the humans with greater slowness than our powers, but they will arrive. It does not have to forget it. - Mrs. Bethany meditated moments and soon she agreed with the head. He was not this what hoped when I opened the school to the human students, but must of it have anticipated. I will send information to him that perhaps can help him. Old letters, similar studies and things about which they have shared his situation and that they have chosen to follow our way. It does not forget it, Mr. Ross: our secret is now his. The more it learns, the more united us will be. Of now in ahead, if it betrays the truth of Midnight, it will be betrayed to itself. To start off of now, I will very watch it close by.

- I create It. I am not going to say a word to him on vampires to anybody. - It watched to Me of I avoid. Good, at least to that still it does not know it.

I tightened the hand to him, contents and alleviated. It gave me equal what my parents said to us or what it go to last my punishment. The only thing that mattered was that by aim the truth had come to the light and that to Lucas was not going to pass nothing to him. In addition, now... perhaps it could be mine for always.

Until a little later I did not realize that Mrs. Bethany had not explained Lucas to him what it would happen if she decided not to become vampire. It had not given option him. I wondered myself if it would be because it was impossible that Lucas chose another thing... or because it was not going to allow to it him to choose.

Chapter 15

On March arrived rains, torrential heavy showers that clouded crystals and turned the Earth mud. We could not for the first time be escaped in the meadows; nevertheless, also it did not need for the first time to us. Lucas and I was soaking to us of Midnight. We began to comprise of her.

- Sight this. - Behind schedule, seated in a section corner of the library, Lucas approached one to me of the heavy volumes of Mrs. Bethany, bound in black skin. Single oía rain striking itself against crystals. The passage of time had yellowed the pages of the book and the red had been stumped, by which I had to entrecerrar the eyes to guess the words. I was reading while Lucas me explained it. They speak all the short while of "the Tribe". An ancestral group of vampires. Hay somebody here of the Tribe?

- It had never heard speak of that Tribe. - The complex thing would never have imagined that it was the vampírica tradition. My parents not even had mentioned nothing of that. Although, to what you talk about when you say "ancestral"? My father has near thousand years. I doubt that it is possible to be more ancestral.

- Not if everybody is inmortal. It must of having vampires two, three, ten times greater than he. Old Romans, old Egyptian, those that came before they... Where is? Here I do not create.

It was right. Probably Ranulf, that it had died in century VII, was the vampire of greater age of Midnight. The vampires also died; that is to say, that really died. It could kill them the abstinence from blood during many months or, even, one more a shorter but combined abstinence with exposing itself to the light of the sun. My parents me had left it very clear when she was young and he did not want to finish the glass to me of goat blood. The worse nightmare of all was the fire, that even ended the vampires with greater rapidity than with the humans. Without embargo, in spite of those dangers, many vampires even must have survived more time than Ranulf.

- My parents say that there is people who lose the north - I murmured. That they lose the notion of the time and no longer they are able to follow the rate of the changes. The Academy Midnight was constructed so that the vampires did not fall in that trap. Crees that was that the intention of my parents? Perhaps the Tribe

welcomes in the vampires that lost the north, to hermits and inmates without relation with the Humanity.

I shook of single thinking it.

- You are being oppressed, truth?

- Yes, just a little bit.

Lucas caressed the cheek to me with the thumb.

- Quieres that we make a rest?

I included/understood that, in certain way, thus it was.

- It would have to be studying History. It is difficult to remove excellent when they alongside put people to you who have lived in her own meats half on the events that appear in the book. In addition, my mother is harder with me than ever.

- Ahead. - Lucas already had given back to his attention to the book on the tradition vampírica-. I will not move of here.

It did not raise the head of the volume in the following hour, and when I gathered my things to lower, I had to go to me without him because it remained working until it closed the library. Nor we had considered that could take it to its room. Vic it could be an unconscious one, but he was not idiot, and it would be an imprudence to leave at sight trustworthy information on vampires.

Of time in when they assaulted to me the doubts and asked to me if Lucas would not be other unknown right to submerge in books of Mrs. Bethany, but immediately discarded the idea. Most of the times it animated it to follow ahead, thinking that it was more and more near becoming a vampire and to remain with me for always.

By discounted, everybody did not agree. Courtney had relaxed the pressure after I bit Lucas for the first time imagining, perhaps, that finally it had joined "the club". Nevertheless, it did not want that it comprised of that club; that is to say, that after the voice by the school ran about the second bite, it had entered way "trims supino".

- You imagine to pass hundreds of years leaving with that type? - a day in class of modern Technology grumbled, going to Genevieve aloud, while Mr. Yee was in the corner explaining to him something, with santo patience, to perpetually the confused Ranulf-. That is to say, please. It is enough to me and it exceeds to me having to hold a whole course to Lucas Ross. It goes ready if it thinks that of here to twenty years I am going to go to him behind when it is trying to give coba to the people with whom one was putting.

- Eh, Courtney, refréscame the memory - Balthazar with all naturalness said, while it tried to program the microwaves, that were in which consisted the lesson of the day. The other day I thought to remember that it had seen you in the French Indochina, but soon I realized of which it could not be because you became... How much does? Fifty years?

- Hum... - Of suddenly, Courtney very seemed interested in the end of his coleta-. More or less.

- No, it hopes. It does not do fifty. - Balthazar frunció the frown, as if the microwaves were for him a ininteligible machine, although I guessed that already it had discovered how worked. It was in... No, in the seventy either... In 1987, no?

- No! - Courtney had been sonrojado. Genevieve watched it fixedly; nothing knew and seemed horrified. It was in 1984.

- Ah, in 1984, three years before. Enough after the French went of Indochina. It had mistaken to me. - Balthazar shrank of shoulders. Discúlpame, Courtney. The decades happen flying for which we had been a time already dancing this way.

I pretended that it was not listening to them, but a giggle escaped to me when Balthazar gave triunfalmente the ignition button and the microwaves began to warm up a blood glass. The age meant estatus, and all that that did not happen of half century was a novice, reason why the indignant theatricalities of Courtney were ridiculed. Lucas and I belonged as much to the school as she... What it made me feel rare, but was certain. It can that we returned to the end of forty years or four hundred; perhaps we would return to understand the changes that had taken place in the world and would return to visit the place where we had known ourselves. Still it distressed to think to me about the eternity that hoped to us ahead. It continued distressing slightly to me whenever it thought about to what extent it would have to adapt me to a world that could change so much as it had done it for my father from the invasion normanda. The sensation that it invaded to me at those moments approached much the panic to the heights: closely together of the fall.

Without embargo, when it thought about that it would have to Lucas to my side to face me all those years, my fear disappeared.

The worse storm of all exploded in the middle of March, one night of so windy Saturday that the thicknesses and old crystals of the windows of the school even traqueteaban in their marks. The lightning illuminated the sky to slight so that sometimes it seemed by day during a pair of minutes. Given the impossibility to leave outside, all the common stays were jammed. Fortunately, several friends and I found the way to distract to us.

- It is worth, how you can have so many of Duke Ellington and nor one of Dizzy Gillespie? - Balthazar asked to him my father.

It was seated in the ground with the crossed legs, searching carefully between discs to put something of music. I could have gone to look for the a few compact and minichain my quarter, but that would have meant to leave the site free that occupied next to Lucas in the sofa. An arm over shoulders had passed me and I did not have any intention to move to me.

- Before it had some of Dizzy - my father justified itself, but I lost them in the five and sixty fire.

Patrice, sitting with remilgo in a chair, sighed.

- I lived a terrible fire in 1892. He is horrible.

- Then anyone would say that it would have enchanted to you to take advantage of the opportunity to renew clothes - it took the hair him Lucas. All we became towards him. What I have said?

- The fire is one of the few things that can end us - my mother explained to him, with the arms crossed in front of the chest. For that reason it is a delicate subject.

My parents followed without FIAR of Lucas, but they did what they could. Just as Mrs. Bethany, they had included/understood whom the more knew, the less probable it would be that it committed unfortunate errors of the sort.

I saw that to Lucas the semblante was clouded to him and by a second it intrigued to me what was thinking or feeling. Although in fact it was delighting to me with the idea that my mother had said "with us", including it to him, as if Lucas already was one of ours.

- Of fact, the other day we spoke of it - Lucas said, of sudden movement. What other ways has? I talk about ways in which the vampires can die.

- Good, we see. - My father gave a pat, as if he had to dust his memories to bring them to the memory. In fact the list is enough short.

- Stakes - Lucas without dudarlo- said. That is at least what leaves in tele.

- The idiot box. - Evident Era that Patrice thought that the television was a too modern invention so that it deserved its attention, although it at least did not matter to speak to him to him to Lucas of which it meant to be a vampire. I lodged the hope of which a little was opened, just as had done it on his life in New Orleans, but until the moment she had been fitted to the facts. The stakes are deadly, but single of temporary way. As soon as you they remove it, you recover in santiamén.

- Single you must try to have a friend who unearths to you and he takes care of it, clear - a disc of Billie added to Balthazar, putting Holiday.

- Or it is that, fundamentally, they are the fire and the decapitation - took part my mother, counting them with the fingers.

- And the blessed water? - Lucas asked.

- In absolute - my father answered, without worrying to hide his disdain by the suggestion of Lucas-. Several times have sprinkled me with blessed water and if there is some difference between that water and the rain, that lowers God and it sees it.

Lucas did not seem convinced too much, but she was limited to agree with the head.

- Very well. I feel it, I know that they are idiot questions.

- There is much to learn - Patrice said.

Coming from her, it was a very generous gesture, so I smiled to him while it supported the head in the shoulder of Lucas. Rain curtains repicaban against the windows, a constant whisper of bottom for the hoarse voice of Billie.

My mother had to pay attention to which she brought closer Lucas to me, because she gave fast taps him in the shoulder to my father.

- Very well, Adrián. We have already passed a ratito with them. I am sure that these boys would prefer to chat without having to us ahead.

- Small? Reservate that for the class, but almost we are of the same age! - Balthazar lay down to laugh. It was right, although it became rare to think to me about it. You would have quedaros.

- To me he does not matter to me - Patrice, shrinking of shoulders said.

Lucas and I interchanged a glance. To us yes it mattered to us. In an ideal world, my parents would have taken to Balthazar and Patrice with them so that we could do it to us in the sofa, but that was not going to happen.

My mother made a show of that worrisome maternal telepathy that she had and sighed comprehensive.

- I suppose that there are times in which all the privacy that can proporcionarte your parents is not sufficient, eh?

- Yes, it is not easy to leave with anybody in Midnight - Lucas agreed.

Balthazar pretended to be interested suddenly in the title page of the disc of Billie Holliday.

Thinking about how it had given pumpkins him to Balthazar, I tried to find the way to relax the atmosphere so that one felt more comfortable, and then I remembered a peculiar history that could count.

- Eh, we do not have it at least as badly as he had your retatara what is, no, Lucas?

Lucas watched to me perplex and waned, as if she had said something terrible. Surely it had not understood to me.

- Is a familiar anecdote? - my mother asked. Those are the best ones.

All the world paid attention to me.

- It will do about one hundred fifty years, one of the ancestors of Lucas studied in Midnight, a great-grandfather or something thus. But you count it better! - I gave codazo Him to Lucas, but he was very tense, rigid like a table. It had noticed to me

that history was a secret, but it would have said it playfully, no? A history of more ago than one hundred fifty years could not be a secret. Perhaps Lucas thought that he was a little embarrassing, but I did not think that there was nothing of which she had avergonzarse-. Good, because it is that it came to study here and was fought in duel with another student, I believe that by a girl, just in the main lobby. And thus it is as finished to defeat that show window, you knew it? No of the two died, but they expelled it and...

My voice was becoming weak hilillo when seeing that my parents and Balthazar had remained immovable completely and had nailed their glances in Lucas, who was sinking the fingers to me in the shoulder.

The only person of the room that seemed confused so as I I was Patrice.

- Already had admitted human before?

- Not - Balthazar with harshness answered. Never.

- One of your ancestors was vampire? - It did not give credit to which he was oyendo-. Lucas, how is possible that you did not know it?

- I am afraid that he is not that. - My father put itself still on slowly. He was not a very high man, but the way in which it approached the sofa was very intimidatory. I am afraid much that one is another thing.

- For one hundred fifty years. - To my mother the voice shook to him. That was when... The time that...

- Yes - my father answered, without separating the glance from Lucas.

And it caught it by the neck.

I sent a whine. Is that my father had become crazy? Suddenly, Lucas on the inside introduced his arms of those of my father to force to loosen it to him and immediately afterwards she offered puñetazo to him in the nose. The blood flowed in torrents and humid gotitas sprinkled the face to me.

- Parad! What you are doing? Quiet! - I shouted.

To continuation, everything happened very fast. Balthazar separated me to a side, without miramientos, and I ended up trastabillando and falling to the ground. Also it sent puñetazo to him to Lucas, but this it avoided it. Patrice surrounded to me with his arms and began to shout with force, incapable to move. My mother struck one of the wood chairs of the hall against the ground with as much force that this was divided. At the outset I thought that it was trying to attract its attention to clarify what demons it happened; nevertheless, it took one of the legs of the chair with a hand and, as a club, it struck to Lucas in the kidneys.

Lucas shouted of pain, but she became immediately and she took the leg to him of the hand to my mother, whose wrist was suffered. My father and Balthazar rushed themselves on Lucas and they approached it simultaneously, but Lucas was equal of

express that they and avoided its blows. Then, I remembered the fight of pizzería. Although then the abilities of Lucas had surprised to me, I included/understood that in reality he had not been nothing. What it was seeing now was the true demonstration of its aptitudes, developed enough to reject two vampires simultaneously.

To weighing to have the force sufficient to fight with them, it did not want to fight to me with my parents by Lucas, or Lucas by my parents, at least until it knew what demons it had happened.

- What you are doing? - me desgañité-. Parad of once, you stop!

They did not stop. My father sent puñetazo to him to the stomach and when Lucas bent over, he gave the impression that he was going to fall backwards, but in fact was pretending. In fact it had been crouched to take the leg of the chair that my mother had loosen. My father and Balthazar backed down right away and I understood that Lucas had taken control of a stake. It can which it could not kill definitively neither single with, but could at least leave them outside circulation at the moment.

Patrice began to scream to me in the ear when Lucas loaded against the chest of Balthazar with the stake in stop. Balthazar gave a jump backwards and was able to avoid it by the hairs. I saw that puñetazo of Lucas had made him a cut in pómulos in form of average moon. Next, and for my absolute consternation and horror, Lucas became towards my father. It was going to try to nail the stake to him to my father.

- Lucas, no! - him supliqué-. Mother, dile that... Where is mother?

She was so engrossed in the fight that had not seen it leave.

- He has lowered to look for aid - my father with gruñido- answered. Mrs. Bethany will not take and she will take care of this.

Lucas vacillated single a second.

- Bianca, I feel it. I feel much.

- Lucas?

Our glances were.

- I want to You.

It threw to run towards the door and lowered the steps like an exhalation. To the principle, we had remained so disturbed that we did not know to react, but my father and Balthazar immediately left behind him. I became towards Patrice, who followed made a ball of yarn my side, in the ground.

- You understand something?

- No

One went the hands through the smooth braided hair, as if the hair could drive away the panic fixing itself. It did not matter to him nothing else.

Although the legs shook to me, I rose to leave after them and I lowered the stairs encountering over the steps. Thence above I heard the shouts of Balthazar, that resonated in the stone walls.

- Detenedle! Detenedle!

To continuation a great roar, the fragile sound of esquir them of crystal was heard bouncing against grounds and walls, and my father loosen I mark. The heart barked to me with as much force that I thought that it would die to me if it did not stop to run, although also it would do it if it stopped to me, because Lucas was in danger and I had to be with him.

I lowered the last steps of the spiral staircase as I could, means running, means encountering, and I was with Balthazar, my father and a few students planted more there, watching fixedly the window of the transparent crystal of the main lobby. The window was made pieces and I included/understood that Lucas had used the leg of the chair to break it and to escape that way. Not even it had had time to cross the distance that separated it of the door. Probably my parents had not left after him because the lobby was full of hallucinated human students and on the verge of putting itself to make questions it jeopardize.

My mother entered the main lobby, taking the wrist. Steps more back came Mrs. Bethany, in whose watched a disguised rage boiled badly.

- What demons it happens here? - Raquel lowered the stairs behind me. Has had...? Has been a fight or something thus?

Mrs. Bethany put itself very right.

- This is not subject his. Everybody to its rooms.

Raquel watched to me while she returned to our floor. It was obvious that it wanted that was explained it, but what was going to say to him? She was very heated, although my body was cooling off with each beat of my heart; I needed the air. It did not do nor five minutes that it was seated next to Lucas, laughing to us of the jokes of my parents.

My parents and Balthazar did not move of their site when the others returned to their rooms, and I also remained with them.

In whichever we remained single, was going to ask to him my father what meant all that, but they went ahead to me.

- What has happened? - Mrs. Bethany asked.

- Lucas is member de la Cruz Negra - my father answered. Mrs. Bethany watched it with crazy eyes, although not of fright, but of surprise; the first time that appreciated a minimum vulnerability in her. We finished discovering it now same.

- The Black Cross. - It closed the hands in a fist and fixedly watched the broken window. The wind whipped the rain that entered by the bordered sharpened crystal hole and returned to hear the outbreak of a thunderclap. What try?

- We must go immediately after him.

My father seemed arranged to leave at any time running.

- Always there will be hunters - my mother in low voice said, putting the good hand to him in the arm. Nothing has changed.

Mrs. Bethany became towards her, with the inclined head and the entrecerrados eyes.

- Its compassion does not serve to us don't mention it, Celia. I include/understand that he wishes to save sufferings to him to his daughter, but their husband and you had put greater care, now would not be in this situation.

- That small wine with a mission and made damage him to our daughter here to fulfill it. I assure to him that I will find out what tried. - My father escudriñó the dark. It cannot advance as fast as we in the storm. We would have to leave now same.

- Still there is time to form an expedition - Mrs. Bethany- insisted. Mr. Ross will request aid as soon as he can, which means that he is not safe that we find it solo. Gentleman and Mrs. Olivier, both will come with me to list and to arm to the others.

- I also go - Balthazar said, with determination.

Mrs. Bethany watched it from top to bottom, evaluating it.

- Very well, Mr. Moore. To at the moment I suggest him takes care of the young lady Olivier. Explain the folly to him that has committed and tries that it is not counting it that way.

My mother tended a hand to me.

- It would have to speak with her.

- Given its inclination to ignore the reality, it will be better than it leaves that task him one more to a more neutral part.

Mrs. Bethany indicated the spiral staircase.

Still it had the hope of which my mother said to him to Mrs. Bethany where its great power could put, but my father took it by the good arm and he pushed stairs with him above. Mrs. Bethany followed, raising them the long skirt with a hand. I became towards Balthazar as soon as we were single.

- What has happened?

- Chist, Bianca, cálmate.

Balthazar placed its hands in my shoulders, but I was not in favor of the work.

- That calms to me! You finish attacking my fiancé and it has shaken itself. I do not understand anything don't mention it! Balthazar, please, tell me... It tell me... By God, what...? If nor at least I know what to ask!

There were so many questions crowding itself to leave, that were as if they choked to me and they asphyxiated to me.

- They have lain to You. They have lain to us to all - Balthazar answered, without altering itself.

The question that went to my lips annulled all the others.

- What is the Black Cross?

- Hunters of vampires.

- What?

- The Black Cross is a group of hunters of vampires who takes besieging to us from the Average Age. They follow the sign to us, they separate to us of ours and they end us. - Balthazar cleaned the drops to me of blood of my father that had sprinkled the face to me, with as much gentleness as if they were tears. In an occasion they already tried to infiltrate in the Academy Midnight. From time to time, a human is able to enter by means of flatteries or bribes and are tolerated to him to avoid to call the attention. One of those humans turned out to be a member de la Cruz Negra.

- For one hundred fifty years... - The history that finished counting above, the one that Lucas had trusted to me when we knew ourselves, it received sudden movement sense. The fight of which it spoke... it was not a duel, truth?

Balthazar denied with the head.

- No, somebody discovered that it was member de la Cruz Negra and he was able to escape. Just like it has happened tonight.

The Black Cross. Hunters of vampires. Lucas never had mentioned to me who had found something of the sort in the books that Mrs. Bethany had rendered to him, and at that moment I included/understood that me she had hidden it. Lucas had gone to Midnight to hunt and to kill creatures like I. It had even embaucado to me so that it returned to bite to him... and thus to provide the force and the power to him that needed to defend themselves. It had used to me to become a more efficient assassin, was trying to kill my parents and it had lain to me in everything, from the principle.

"At a first moment, before Lucas knew that I was a vampire, he had tried to protect to me. I thought that she worried about me because she felt to me single, but was not for that reason; he thought that I was a human one surrounded by vampires, and about that she worried about me. But since it has discovered what I am, has to me been using to enter itself in the mysteries of Midnight, to assume our powers, to

arrive at where it wished. It made me feel culprit to him to have lain when he was telling a still greater lie me."

The one that seemed love was treason.

Chapter 16

and I seated stunned step of the stairs in the last, letter to the preparations that were being carried out to my around.

MThe expedition of Mrs. Bethany was composed by five vampires: my parents, Balthazar, professor Iwerebon and she. All wore to heavy raincoats and subject daggers to pantorrillas and the forearms.

- We would have to take pistol to face to us this type of situations - Balthazar aimed.

- Single we have had to face "this type of situations" in two occasions in more than two hundred years - Mrs. Bethany, more glacial answered than ever. Our aptitudes usually are more than sufficient to deal with the humans. Perhaps Or does not create to be prepared for which it is entrusted to him, Mr. Moore?

"Lucas is a hunter of vampires. Lucas came here to kill people like my parents. It said to me that it did not trust to me in them. I suppose that it thought that they had raptado to me being a baby. It tried to open a breach between us. Perhaps I thought that single he was being crude, but was determined to kill them."

- I to me Know to fix them single - Balthazar- said, but it is possible that Lucas also goes armed. It is a black cross. It is impossible that it came here sincerely. It is very probable that it has found a hiding place for its arsenal within the school and I assure to him that there they will be its arms.

"We raised the together stairs of the North tower and was grumbling all the way. I thought that it was because Lucas was scared to me, that feared the vampires, but it was not that. Once in the ground, when we were kissing to us, it even requested to me that we returned to see us solo, but in another place."

- In the room that there is at the top of the North tower - I said suddenly with a strange voice which as soon as I recognized like mine. It is there.

Mrs. Bethany put itself very tense.

- You knew it?

- No, it is a hunch.

- We verify it. - Balthazar tended the hand to help me me to put to me in foot. We go.

It seemed that everything was just as the last time that Lucas and I was above together there. Mrs. Bethany closed the eyes a little while, consternada.

- The file room. If there is here been above, will have read almost all our history. The places where many of ours are hidden... And now the Black Cross knows them.

- Many of these archives have been out of phase decades - it tried to reason my father. The most recent years are in the computer.

- I believe that also it has had access to those - I said, remembering the day that had found to Lucas leaving to hurtadillas of the office that Mrs. Bethany had in the garage.

Mrs. Bethany became in round towards me, on the verge of losing the stirrups.

- It saw that Lucas Ross failed to fulfill the norms and it never warned anybody of direction. It left to a member de la Cruz Negra stood out to its wide ones per Midnight during months, young lady Olivier. It does not believe that I am going to forget it.

By the general, I used to shrink when she spoke to me that way; nevertheless, that time I talked back.

- You Were who you admitted it here in the first place!

Later from that, everybody kept silence seconds. Single it had said it to defend to me, but I included/understood that Mrs. Bethany had put the leg, but until the bottom, and its attempt to endiñar the fault to him to another one had left to him badly.

In time to strangle to me, Mrs. Bethany gave the back me, very prim, to inspect the stay.

- The boxes Open, watch in the closets and the beams. I want to know what kept above Mr. Ross here.

The memory of the moments that together Lucas and I was past crushed to me, but I tried to concentrate itself in a day in particular: the day that we raised that room. Lucas had seated immediately on the enormous large chest that she had placed against a wall. About that moment I thought that it would be tired, but perhaps it had done it by a different affluent reason: so that I did not open it.

Balthazar watched towards where they pointed my eyes. It did not say anything, but it arched an eyebrow to inquisitive way. Asentí with the head and went towards the large chest to open the cover. I could not see what there was inside, but my mother gave a drowned shout and professor Iwerebon cursed between teeth.

- What is? - I asked.

Mrs. Bethany approached and threw a look to the interior of the large chest. It maintained an expression of absolute coldness when crouching itself and to remove a skull.

I drowned a shout and I felt like a stupid one.

- That must be very old. Go, you watch what dot has.

- Our bodies are disturbed when dying very quickly, young lady Olivier. - Mrs. Bethany did not stop to give him returned to the skull, which remembered its classes to me on Hamlet-. To be exact, they are deteriorated until reaching the decomposition state that they would have if they had died being human. Although the bones are clean, they conserve rest of skin... What it suggests this skull belonged to a vampire that died decades ago, perhaps even a century.

- Erich - Balthazar of soon said. Once it commented that it had died in World War I. Lucas and Erich always were looking for. If Lucas attracted it until here and Erich she did not have nor idea that de la Cruz Negra was dealing with a hunter, the result is easy to imagine.

- On everything if Lucas counted on one of these. - My father had opened another box, from which he had removed an enormous knife; no, a machete. With this it could dispatch to anyone of us in opening and closing of eyes.

Balthazar let save a prolonged whistle while it examined the leaf.

- Those two used to fight themselves, but Erich always could with Lucas. Or Lucas lost to slug, or knew that if demonstrated what was able to do we had discovered it.

- It thought that Erich had escaped - I protested.

It thus had to be; Lucas and Erich had fought themselves, but Lucas could not it have killed.

- It is what we believed all, but we were mistaken. - Mrs. Bethany gave back the skull of Erich to the large chest without ceremonies. Let us continue looking for.

The others obeyed. Trembly, I approached the large chest to watch inside. There was a pile of bones, a dusty uniform of Midnight and, in a corner, redondel of brown color. With a fright I included/understood that one was the leather bracelet that Raquel had lost. It was impossible that Lucas had robbed it. No, Erich had taken off it and she took it when she died.

"When Lucas killed."

- Bianca, affection. - My mother approached. One had put téjanos and boots. By the general, one refused to get dressed in which continued describing like man clothes, but had made an exception to go after Lucas-. You would have to go to our room. It is not necessary that you follow here.

- That is going me to the floor to do what? To read a book? To listen to music? I believe that no.

Mrs. Bethany thundered against to me with the glance over the shoulder of Iwerebon.

- We will give with its sign in spite of rain. It will never tell to anybody of this school nothing him about tonight.

I closed the cover of the large chest slowly.

- I also go.

- Bihaunch. - My mother denied with the head. You do not have so that to do it.

- Yes, yes I must do it.

- No - Balthazar approached me. This is totally new for you... and the Black Cross... They are very good. Mortals. It can that Lucas is young, but is quite obvious that it knows perfectly what becomes.

- The one that Balthazar does not say by education is that it can be dangerous. - My father seemed furious. It had the red nose and fan, probably broken. The wounds of the vampires even take a time in curing. Lucas Ross could hacerte damage, even could matarte.

I shook, but I did not give my arm to twist.

- It could mataros to anyone of you and even so you will go after him.

- We will take care of the subject - Balthazar- insisted. The worse thing of all this is what it did to you, Bianca. Your parents will not leave Lucas leaves with hers, and I either.

Mrs. Bethany arched an eyebrow. It was obvious that for her my broken heart was not "the worse thing of everything", for that reason hoped as always that it attacked against me.

- That it comes - it said, however.

My mother remained it watching, incredulous.

- Single is a girl!

- He was the quite greater thing to bite a human, the quite greater thing to give powers him, and that makes the quite greater thing to confront the consequences. - It watched to Me fixedly. Necesitará a weapon, young lady Olivier?

- No

How was going to nail a knife to him to Lucas?

Mrs. Bethany misinterpreted my refusal. Perhaps with all the intention.

- I suppose that it could complete its transformation tonight.

- This night? - my parents said in unison.

- The children grow sooner or later.

"It wants that it returns to bite Lucas, but this time wants that it kills it. They will set fire to him to the body before can return to rise in vampire form and I will have lost to Lucas for always."

Mrs. Bethany went towards the door and she opened it of a push. Balthazar put a rain-cape with hood to me on shoulders and I tried to put the arms by the sleeves, too long.

- We go.

We initiated our reduction by the stairs towards the dark.

My parents explained me that they were vampires as soon as I was the quite greater thing to know how to keep secrets, reason why the fact of being human was not something so normal and current for me because the hair of my mother had a carameled tone or that to my father it liked to take to the rate chascando the fingers to the compass of the jazz of the fifty. They drank blood seated to the table instead of ingesting foods, and they liked to lose itself in their memories about the ships of candle, rueca and, in the case of my father, about the time that Shakespeare saw William acting in one of his works. They were not more than anecdotes, amused and enternededoras, but never chilling. It had never considered them like something unnatural.

In whatever we initiated the persecution, I included/understood little that knew them in fact.

They advanced much more fast that I, more than most of the humans. Lucas and I believed to be developing our powers when we back ran by lands of the boarding school weeks, but compared with éramos them turtles. My parents, Balthazar, all advanced with safe step in spite of the mud, and could see in the dark. I had to trust the beams of light of the lanterns and their voices to guide to me.

- Here! - The Nigerian accent of professor Iwerebon was still more closed when something worried it. The boy has happened this way.

"How they can know it" I saw that Iwerebon supported the hand on the branches of a shrub. When touching it, I felt the hair of the smooth yolks of the new leaves in my frozen hands. One of the branches was divided. Lucas was it broken when happening running through the side.

"It runs to put itself out of danger. It must be dead of fear."

"It said that it wanted to me."

The outbreak of a new lightning flashing in the sky and everything was illuminated by moments as if outside day. I saw the silhouette of Mrs. Bethany trimmed against the dark forest and recognized the landscape: we were closely

together of the river. It was the first time a good short while ago that knew where we were, because the loaded rain clouds hid stars.

- He is not one of the habitual ways that take the students - Mrs. Bethany- said . The Black Cross must of it have trained the enough good so that it had prepared a flight plan, and that means that it has had to mark the route in advance.

A thunderclap exploded on us and drowned the answer of professor Iwerebon. With fatigue, I removed the feet from the mud in which they had sunk. Balthazar took me by the elbow to serve to me as support until it found mainland.

“ How it is possible that throughout this time in which thought that Lucas was protecting to me, in fact was putting to me in danger”

I noticed the pressure of the fingers of Balthazar in my arm.

- By here, we go.

When a new lightning furrowed the sky, I saw what Balthazar had found: deep footsteps in the mud that went towards the river. Lucas had had to remove the feet from the mud like I. In spite of the new powers that we shared, Lucas was neither so fast nor so supernaturally etéreo as the vampires that my had around. Single he was a boy who ran until the limit of his forces, opening itself way through a storm, conscious that the life gambled if they caught it.

It rained with too much force so that that type of footsteps held long before which the water erased them. We already were closely together.

“It lay to Me from the beginning. From the first day. While I was distressed by all the secrets that could not share with him, Lucas made fun of of me whenever we kissed ourselves.”

- Fast! - Mrs. Bethany was urgent to us. In spite of the long skirt, more express moved than no. I remained straggler, out of breath and frozen of cold, although near them to hear rain enough bouncing against his rain-capes with hood. It will have cross a river. That will make us waste time.

The river.

From which he had reason use, my parents had joked on the panic that they had to him to the water in movement. When we went on trip, they always tried to follow a route that did not cross any river. If there were to do it, they did it, but they used to be delayed enough until finally they were decided: my father restrained as soon as it appeared a at sight bridge, my mother bit the nails distressed and I could not stop to laugh during half an hour who needed to find the value and of being decided to cross it. Both described their boat trip to the New World like the worse experience than never they had lived.

“ The vampires have problems to cross the water in movement.”

Some human students had asked themselves so that the professors to which was called on to them to watch us left in the direction of Riverton before we, although I knew that I was because they wanted to cross the bridge to his rate, without witnesses of whom represented for them that experience. Then, I included/understood that Lucas also knew it and that counted on it to put itself out of danger.

We followed ahead, until all stopped steps beyond. It was not necessary that no lightning showed the way to me. Jadeando, I gave reach them and I happened alongside of professor Iwerebon, Balthazar, my parents and, finally, Mrs. Bethany, who had stopped to little passages of the bridge.

- It hopes here - it ordered, we will continue immediately.

Frunció the lips, perhaps instilling spirits to surpass its only weakness.

- It will escape.

I happened next to her.

- Young lady Olivier! Deténgase immediately!

My feet touched the bridge. He was simpler to walk on old water soaked wood planks than by the mud.

- Bianca! - my father called to me. Bianca, espéranos. You cannot make it single.

- Yes, I can.

I threw to run. Rain struck the face to me and it hurt the flank to me because of the flato. The loaded water rain-cape with hood was as a weight died on shoulders. The only thing that it wanted was to let to me fall on the bridge and cry. My body was to the limit of the debilitation.

And nevertheless I continued running. I ran although the legs weighed as the lead to me and had a knot in the throat by the repressed tears, while my parents, my professors and my friend did not let shout to me that he returned. I continued running, and to each step it gained speed.

From which it had arrived at Midnight... No, in fact during all my life it had left others solved my problems to them. Nobody could be in charge of that by me. It had to face single I to me.

It did not know if it went behind Lucas or if it fled with him. The only thing that knew was that it had to run.

Later to cross the bridge, I did not have too many problems to follow the sign of Lucas without aid of anybody. He was very dark and it did not have the extrasensorial vision or the ear of the true vampires. Nevertheless, it was obvious that Lucas went to Riverton, and in that place there were very few ways that took to

the site to which it went. Lucas knew that she did not have time that to lose and that, therefore, she had to move away of there as rapidly as possible.

Later of which one went to house to spend the vacations of Christmas, I had accompanied to Raquel until the bus-station. Although she longed for to leave Midnight the sooner, her family was not going to be in house until a little later, thus that we were waiting for one of the last buses, the one that left towards Boston to 8:08. Almost they were already the eight and was sure that Lucas was going to try to raise that bus. The following one would not happen until after a pair of hours and that was too much margin. Mrs. Bethany and the others would fall before on him. The bus to Boston was the only real opportunity that Lucas would have to escape.

Downtown was almost desert. There were no cars in the streets and the few businesses that had been bothered in following open seemed empty. To anybody it desired to him to leave in one night like that. With the soaked hair patch at the top, I considered it most normal of the world. I watched in a pair of opened stores, including the establishment where we found the clasp. Lucas was not.

"No It knows that it is the first place where they would watch."

At that moment, I included/understood that it had an advantage on Mrs. Bethany and my parents, something that not even supernatural centuries of experience and powers could give them: it knew Lucas and that meant that it knew what was going to do.

It was probable that they also imagined that Lucas would not try to hide in a public place. Even it can that made the inference that I did: that it would be hidden so near the bus-station as were possible to him not to expose itself too much in the town before being able to raise the bus and to leave there. Nevertheless, the bus-station was in he himself center of the city, surrounded by a handful of stores and, reason why they knew, he could be in anyone of them.

Lucas had been going with me to see an old film and the clasp in the store of old clothes had bought me. And before leaving running it had said to me that it wanted to me.

The one perhaps that meant that, single perhaps, would choose to hide he himself place that had chosen I.

I went again towards the store of antiques of the end more moved away of the seat, drawing for the water pools. Any doubt that had been able to lodge about my hunch vanished as soon as I arrived at the back door of the store and saw that they had left it half-closed.

I opened it little by little. The hinges did not hiss and I advanced with well-taken care of on wood planks. With the lights extinguished, the dark was practically complete. Hardly it was able to distinguish the silhouette of the strange objects that surrounded to me. At the outset it could not think what it was seeing: an armor, a

dissected fox, a bat of criquet, until I included/understood that the amalgam of objects was a right to be: they comprised of the warehouse of the store of antiques, things that little people bought very. Everything was a little surrealista, as if a nightmare lived completely being wide-awake.

To the principle I tried not to make noise, but as it advanced I included/understood that that could be dangerous. He can which Lucas was arranged to attack the others whom they went after him, but was convinced that to me she would not do anything to me.

- Lucas? - Nobody answered. Lucas, I know that you are here. - Silence, although knew that somebody observed to me. I am single, but they are close. If you have something to say to me, it will be better than me you say it now.

- Bihaunch.

Lucas said my name in a sigh, as if too much she was tired to continue retaining it. I tried to escudriñar the dark, but I did not saw it. The only thing that knew was that its voice came from some place in front of me.

- Is certain what they say of you?

- It depends on which they say.

I heard footsteps that approached little by little in my direction. I leaned with a trembly hand on the object that it had close more so that it served to me as support, an upholstered spent velvet chair.

- They say that you are member of a called organization the Black Cross. Hunters of vampires. That there are been lying to me me... And to all.

- It is certain. - It had never seemed me so tired. Really you are single? I do not blame to you if you have lain to me.

- Single I have lain to you once and I am not going to begin to do it again now.

- A time? Enough times are happened to me in which it was ignored to you to comment to me that eras a vampire.

- You either did not say that to eras a hunter to me of vampires!

It would have slapped it. My rage did not seem to affect it in minimum.

- I suppose that you are right. I suppose that after all it is the same.

- I told all the truth You in that electronic mail! I did not keep anything!

- Because you pillé. Thus it does not count and you know it.

By what it continued insisting on which we had done the same?

- I did not choose to be what I am. You... You glide to pursue to my family, to my friends...

- I did not choose it either, Bianca - she said with hoarse voice, as if she suffocated. My rage was transformed into another emotion, in which it could not name. Lucas approached a little more. When escudriñar in the dark, I glimpsed its silhouette to passages of me. Nor who I am nor what I am, not even coming to Midnight.

- But you chose to be with me.

Although he had tried to convince to me that did not agree to me, no? Then I included/understood so that.

- Yes, I did it, and I know that I have made you damage. I feel it. You are the last person in the world to which it would want to make suffer.

It completely seemed sincere. I wished to be able to believe to him as before it had never wished nothing in the world. Nevertheless, after all what it had happened that night, the one believing it everything immediately had finished.

- You can say to me so that?

- He would be very long to explain and we do not have as much time.

The bus from 8:08 h to Boston. I consulted the hour; the fluorescent small hands indicated to me that as soon as we had left five minutes.

I approached Lucas with the extended hands, laying way to me gropingly. My fingers caressed pens of ostrich, dusty after so many years, and something smooth and cold, perhaps the frame of a brass bed. Lucas became towards the left, trying to avoid to me, and she was hidden behind a panel, although I discovered that she could see through him. When approaching to me I saw that one was a show window.

We were in the main piece of the store of antiques, less finessed and in penumbra. The lampposts of the street projected their faded light verdusca and on us. Lucas remained behind the show window. Was scared to Me? Gave shame Him to watch me to the face? Instead of surrounding the panel, I was placed in front of him, therefore we would see ourselves through tinted glasses. The face of Lucas was divided in four squares of color, and in its dark eyes there was a tormented glance.

The two we remained in silence until Lucas smiled with sadness.

- Eh.

- Eh.

I also smiled, and was on the verge of throwing to me to cry.

- By favor, you do not cry.

- No, I will not do it. - A sob escaped to me, but I swallowed saliva and I bit the language. As always, the flavor of the blood gave forces me. I have to fear something?

Lucas shook the head. In its face the color of precious stones through crystal was reflected: topaz, sapphire and amethyst.

- Not of me. Of me never.

- I gave it to Erich.

- You have found It. - Lucas did not seem nor remotely sorry. Erich was harassing Raquel. Recuerdas? When I heard it speak of the bracelet that was lost, I knew that the time finished to him. To rob the possessions of its victim is a typical signal that the besieger vampire is preparing itself to attack it. Erich wanted to kill it and, if she had found the occasion, she would have done it. I believe that at heart you also know them.

It worried to have to give him the reason to me. If it had not proven the blood of Erich and had felt all that badness in myself, perhaps it would not have believed to him. Nevertheless, it had seen the thirst of badly in the mind of Erich and suspected that Lucas said the truth, at least about that subject.

- Still it costs to me to do me to the idea.

- I already know it. I know that it must of being hard for you.

- It tell me what there am to know.

Lucas kept silence and I feared that not it go to respond to me. Nevertheless, just when it was on the verge of giving me by won, it began to speak.

- To the principle I lay you for the same reason for which you lay to me to me. Black cross is a secret which I have kept with fervor all my life, something with which it jeopardized my mother to me when being born. - Lucas spoke with distant, engrossed voice in his memories. They taught to me to fight, they inculcaron discipline to me and they sent to me to fulfill my mission as soon as I was the quite greater thing to hold a stake.

I remembered that Lucas had to me counted in the past who her mother was a very severe woman, and who he sometimes had the sensation from which he did not make his own decisions. Finally I included/understood what really it had meant to me. Single it was five years old and a weapon had taken when escaping itself from house.

- To the principle I thought that eras one of the human students of the school. When you said the one to me of your parents, I thought that they would have assassinated to the true ones and that they would have adopted to you. I supposed that you did not know what was in fact. - Our glances were through the show window. Its smile was heartless. I said myself that it had to maintain to me remote of you by your own good, but could not. It was as if you almost comprised of me from the moment in which I saw you. The Black Cross would have said me that it separated you to a side, but was very to separate to people from me. By once in my life it wanted to be with somebody without worrying me about how it could affect

that to the Black Cross, about once wanted to live like a normal person. After the first conversation that we had... You can be thought that I thought that eras a very handsome and normal girl?

It was most graceful and saddest that it had heard in my life.

- For which you return to fiarte.

- It does not matter to me... what you are. You I already said it, and I said it in serious. - One became towards the showcase, and the preoccupation was outlined in its silhouette. I have decirte many things, but the bus is on the verge of leaving... Perhaps excrement, could take the following one...

- No! - I tightened one of the hands against the show window. Although it followed without knowing how it was going to be able to return to trust Lucas, knew that never it could make damage and much less have left to me of crossed arms while Mrs. Bethany and my parents had intention of matarlo-. Lucas, the others are closely together. You do not hope. Veto, express.

Lucas must have left running there at that precise moment. Nevertheless, to me it remained watching through the show window and little by little it was the openhanded to the other side so that both were faced against he himself glass, finger with finger, palm with palm. We approached the crystal and our faces were as soon as centimeters of distance. In spite of the show window that separated to us, he was as intimate as other times on which we had kissed ourselves.

- They see with me - it said in low voice.

- What? - I blinked, incapable to include/understand what it requested to me. Quieres to say that... flee with you? Really? As you said to me that it did the first day?

- For being able to speak mainly with you what it has happened and... So that we pruned to dismiss to us as it must instead of... - Lucas swallowed saliva and I understood that so she was distressed and she scared as I. I have sufficient money to buy two tickets that would remove to us from the city. Soon I can obtain more money for enviarte to house if it is what you want. We can go to us right now. It crosses the street and it raises the bus. We will leave together here.

- Vas to give me to the Black Cross?

- What? No! - Lucas did not seem to it to have raised it if she wants. In which to any human it concerns, you are human. I will take care of of you if you come with me.

- A thing Tell me before it answers to you - I requested to him, very slowly.

Lucas seemed distrustful.

- In agreement, it asks.

- You said that you wanted to me. You said It in serious?

If the others had lain me mainly, even on its name, it believed to be able to support it, whenever that knew.

It loosen the air that was been containing in that it was neither a laughter nor a sob.

- God, yes, Bianca, I want to you with all my soul. Although it never returns to verte more, although we leave here and we fall in an ambush that you had prepared to me with your parents, I will always want to you.

In means of all the lies, there was something at least was certain.

- I also want to you - I said. We must give haste us.

Chapter 17

or we have obtained - I said, when collapsing in the seat of the bus, so tired that until the legs they shook to me.

Lucas denied with the head.

- Still no.

The bus started up with a shock and lined up the highway slowly. We had been the last passengers in raising. Three minutes and there would be lost the opportunity to escape more.

- I know that my parents are fast, but do not believe that they can catch a bus in the freeway.

A greater woman, sitting a few rows in front of us, became to watch with evident curiosity to know to us of what noses we were speaking. Lucas dedicated to him most charming of his smiles, to which she responded with another one, flanked by hoyuelos, before returning to concentrate itself in her novel. Next, Lucas took me from the hand and she lead to me towards the part of back of the bus, almost empty, where we could speak with total freedom without danger that some passenger heard to us chat on vampires.

Lucas occupied the seat of the window. It thought that it was going to narrow to me between its arms, but remained tense, watching fixedly the crystal clouded by the water.

- We will not have obtained it until we cross the flyover, the one that is to almost five kilometers of the town.

It did not know of what it was speaking. It was clear that Lucas had made a tactical reconnaissance of the much more deep zone that mine.

- What you think that they would do? To stand in the middle of the highway to stop the bus?

- Mrs. Bethany is not idiot - she answered, without separating the Vista from the window. The lights of the highway that we were happening projected on him a smooth bluish light, that vanished when leaving them back and returned to shut in to us between the shades. Yes, it also can which they have followed to me until the town, but can that they have guessed that was going to take a bus and, if it is thus,

its expedition of hunting will be waiting for in that grade crossing to me. They will burst in into the bus, they will remove me to the force and that poli grasps them soon to explain the happened thing to the passengers.

- As they are going to make a thing thus!
- To stop to a hunter de la Cruz Negra? Already you can apostarte what you want.
- If you are with that Black Cross, so that you came to the Academy Midnight?
- They sent to Me so that it infiltrated to me in the school. It was my mission and the missions de la Cruz Negra are not rejected. Or you fulfill it or you die in the attempt.

The discouraged conviction whereupon Lucas said it worried as everything as much to me what it had heard on the vampires.

- Acabáis discovering the boarding school?
- The Black Cross almost knows the existence Midnight since it was based. The places to which the vampires go...
- It pardons, we went.
- It gives equal. Usually they are the places where the vampires as soon as they attack. Nobody wants to mount scenes or that the people of the environs suspect, for that reason the vampires always control themselves in those zones. They do not hunt and they do not cause problems. If the vampires behaved thus always, the Black Cross would not be right to be.

- The majority of the vampires does not hunt - I insisted.

The bus gave to a shock when finding a pocket and all we shook vigorously ourselves. I loosen a drowned shout pushed by the fear. Lucas put a hand to me in the knee to tranquilize to me, but she returned to watch immediately after the window. Almost we had already left Riverton and every time it was left less to arrive at the grade crossing .

- Recuerdas what you have said to me in the store of antiques? - it murmured. The one of which they say it to Erich. It went to by Raquel.

How could make to it understand it? I tried to find an example that served.

- You like hamburgers, no?
- We would have to speak seriously of when it is the suitable moment and when it does not stop trivial char them. During the supper: well. Five minutes before an ambush of vampires: badly.
- Escúchame. You would eat a hamburger if there were the possibility that it gave puñetazo you?
- How is going to give me puñetazo a hamburger?

- Imagínate that can. - It was not the moment to put quismiquis with the metaphors. Perderías the time trying to sink the tooth to him or you would prefer to eat another thing?

Lucas thought a pair to it of seconds.

- Leaving to a side the imagination effort that is needed to see a hamburger the attack, that already I say to you that it is much, no, I believe that me it would not eat it.

- By that most of the vampires they do not attack the humans, because the humans respond, they shout, they vomit, they call to the police by the moving body... Of a way either another one, the humans create the more problems that another thing. It is much more easy to buy blood in the slaughter or to feed themselves on small animals. Most of people it chooses the easy way, Lucas. I know that you think that the people usually we move by egoistic motivations, for that reason would have resultarte easy to understand it.

- Aseptic and logical. Surely that me you are counting it as they told you to it your parents, but still I have not heard you say that to kill somebody he is bad.

It annoyed to me that it had guessed that the explanation came from my parents and not from me. And it annoyed not to tell to me on no other version to part of which they had offered to me.

- That does not make lack say it.

- Then many vampires do not think the same. What you say has sense, but is not as reassuring as you create. One both is mistaken about how many vampires kill, but I know that much people die. I have seen it, and you?

- No, never. My parents... They are not thus. They never would do damage to him to anybody.

- That you have not seen it does not mean that it has not happened.

-Perhaps have seen you to it? - I challenged it.

The soul on the feet when seeing that fell asentía with the head and went worse still when hearing what said next.

- They killed my father.

- Oh, God.

Lucas nailed the glance in the window with greater intensity than before. We had to be closely together of the grade crossing.

- I was not. He was very small, in fact as soon as I decide to me him. But I have seen vampires attacking people and have seen the bodies that leave behind. Bianca, is horrible, more than what I believe that you can get to include/understand, from

which you even can get to imagine. Your parents single have taught the amiable face to you, but also one exists that is not it as much.

- And if you are the one that single has seen the disagreeable face? And if you are the one that does not understand the true balance? - The scrambled stomach Had and my fingers sank in the endorsement of the empty seat that it had ahead. We were to point to have to fight by our lives? -. If my parents have hidden the truth to me, perhaps your mother also has done the same with you.

- My mother usually does not dulcificar the things. Créeme. - Lucas loosen a sigh. Prepárate.

The bus took a closed curve and the passengers were themselves shaken vigorously from a side the other. I saw that the lights of the grade crossing through the rain curtain and escudriñé in the dark approached treating to guess to silhouettes or something in movement, any signal that Mrs. Bethany could be hoping to us.

Lucas inspired deep.

- I want to You.

- I also want to you.

Two second pluses and the bus happened with roar under the barriers of the grade crossing . It did not happen anything. In the end, Mrs. Bethany had lead the expedition to the town.

- We have obtained It - I whispered.

It welcomed to me in its chest. To the time that Lucas relaxed on my shoulder, I realized of the tired thing that was and the pressure which been it had put under. I passed the fingers through its humid hair to tranquilize it. There would already be time to discuss soon, to speak of Midnight and de la Cruz Negra and everything what it separated to us. At the moment, the only thing that mattered was that we were out of danger.

It did not have been in Boston since she was very small, reason why remembered very vaguely what was to be in a city and not in the field: noise and sweepings, asphalt and signals of traffic instead of earth and trees, and lights, throughout so powerful that they were able to hide stars. Although I prepared myself for the inevitable attack of panic that saw me come, it already was rather behind schedule and we were tired when we arrived at our destiny, a zone in the outskirts and, reason why was seen, one of the most gotten depressed. Nevertheless, it was not scared, single was stunned.

- We would have to think about which we are going to do tonight. - Those were the first words that Lucas said to me when we lowered of the bus. We threw to walk with the hands interlaced with force, trying to avoid people, of furtive aspect. They wore clothes that went to them too great, they laughed too high and they fixedly

watched all the cars that doubled the corner. Nobody will come to gather to us until tomorrow morning.

- To gather to us? Who is going to come to gather to us?

- Somebody de la Cruz Negra. I called them by telephone when I entered the store of antiques and I left the message them of which it directed to me towards here. I will return to call to say to them to them where they can come to gather to us when we know it.

- Would not like to continue giving I many returns by this district.

I watched of I avoid a broken window of a car.

- Bianca, thinks. - One stopped in dry and, for the first time in all the night, I returned to recognize the tense Lucas of always. Who you think that it would have to be scared? They or we?

"By what this people were going to be scared to me" And the answer went suddenly to me, as if my life was a joke and the answer the closing: "Because I am a vampire".

I began reírme idiot and Lucas infected itself. When I lost the control and the eyes began to fill to me of tears, it surrounded to me in its arms and it narrowed to me with force.

"I am a vampire. Everybody is scared to me. To me. And Lucas? She is the only person to whom the vampires fear. If all this people of threatening aspect knew it... They would leave running to put itself out of danger."

When I was able to return to breathe, I separated a little from Lucas and I tried to evaluate our situation with calm, although it was difficult to think to me about which not outside he and the abandoned thing that we were. The fluorescent light of the lampposts absorbed the golden brightness of the hair of Lucas, who single seemed brown, immediately. Perhaps the fatigue was the guilty of its pallor and its haggard aspect, reason why it did not want to know what dot would have I.

- It is Almost midnight. Where we are going to sleep?

The cheeks when thinking about which ignited immediately it had said: it sounded together to an invitation to spend the night. Although, we had perhaps not escaped? Perhaps for him it was most normal of the world to assume that we would end up laying down to us. And perhaps also it it would have been for me - in addition, it could not deny that in some occasion it had wished to be with him to such an extent that could not sleep, but that night, after all what there was past, the perspective made me feel violent and to me it put nervous.

Lucas seemed to at the same time realize our delicate situation that I.

- I do not take the credit card, I believe that me I have forgotten it with the haste, and we have spent all the money that took small change.

- The only thing that I bring is a lantern. - The too luminous signals of some stores made damage to the eyes. Tirachinas and cakes would better have gone us with.

The storm that had been lowered on Riverton had arrived until there, thus that we did not have to worry to get wet while we continued giving returned trying to think what we were going to do.

So we were soaked, we tired and we disoriented, that we very badly disguised when we tried to back behave with naturalness, leaving persistence houses and licorerías. To spend the night formed into a ball in different banks in a destartalado park was not a too encouraging panorama.

In order to tranquilize, I took the hand to me to the jersey, just below clavícula, where it had caught the clasp that same morning, although was as if it did thousand years. The clasp followed there; I felt the cold of the sharpened edges of the petals jet against my fingers.

At that moment we happened next to a house of persistence with three golden neon circles over the door, and I included/understood what had to do.

- Bianca, not - Lucas protested when I threw of him to enter squalid tiendecilla. The bookcases were jammed of lazy trastos at random, things which people had had to come off themselves, like fur coats of showy colors, sun glasses of metallic mount and expensive electronic equipment that probably were robbed. We can return to the bus-station.

- No, we cannot. - I undid the pin of the jersey, trying not to watch it. The minimum spying of the perfect black flowers would cause that it regreted to me. One is not to be comfortable or no, Lucas, is to be out of danger and to find a site where to be able to speak and...

"And to dismiss", I thought to us, although I could not say it.

Lucas meditated seconds before agreeing with a gesture.

Surely we seemed two souls in pain when we approached the moneylender, but to the tendero it did not seem to matter to him minimum, a lean man with polyester shirt that as soon as it repaired in us.

- What is this? Is of plastic or something thus?

- He is authentic - I hurried to answer. It is jet of Whitby.

- I do not know of what Whitby you speak to me. - The moneylender drumming the fingers against the wrought leaves. This is quite old-fashioned.

- That is because he is old - Lucas said.

- It is what all say - sighed the moneylender. One hundred dollars. The takings or you leave it.

- One hundred dollars! But costs the double! - I protested.

In addition, it was worth much more than the money. It had practically taken it every day months ago like the material symbol of the love that felt by Lucas. How could watch it with as much coldness?

- People do not come here because they give the best interests to them, guapita; people come here because she needs paste. Quieres the paste? Or you know the supply, if no, you do not make me waste the time, or you know where it is the door.

Lucas was determined to recover the clasp instead of coming off himself him by a so inferior amount to his real price; it knew it by the tension of the jaw. It began to give account me of which Lucas used to do what more she seduced to him, although not outside the most guessed right, and in our case of having left we with the clasp were not the most guessed right.

- Then one hundred dollars - I said with resolution, tending to him the open hand.

To change of our sacrifice, we received five twenty bills and a defense of paper with which to demand the clasp more ahead, if by one of those things we gave with a fortune in a pair of days.

- I will obtain the money - Lucas promised when going and directing us to the only motel that we had seen. I will recover it for you.

- When you gave the clasp to me, you said that eras to me rich. Is truth?

- Eh...

I arched an eyebrow.

- Not much?

- I have access to the bottoms de la Cruz Negra, and they are not nothing bad, but one assumes that I must use it to supply itself. For necessary things. - One shrank of shoulders. Nonjewels.

- You put in messes to buy it to me.

Lucas put the fists in the pockets, of the bad humor.

- The one that I came to say to them is that work for them, but considering that receipt a wage or one does not pay by danger, in which to me concerns, are in debt with me. And that is what I think to say exactly to them when explains to them that I am going to recover the clasp. Because the clasp is yours, Bianca. Point belongs to you and.

- I create to You - I held its face between my hands, but that is not most important, in agreement? Most important it is than we are out of danger and that we have the opportunity to solve the situation.

- Yes. - I noticed the heat that gave off its hair soaked and unkempt between my fingers when I retired it backwards. Lucas closed the eyes. Let us look for a site where to spend the night.

We had to walk a pair of apples more before finding a hotel cheap. In the reception, a small stay that smelled of beer and tobacco, Lucas requested that they gave a room him with two beds, which caused that the recepcionista watched to us amused from behind the screen bullet-proof. I tried not to think about the precious clasp that finished selling to pay one night in a small room with a pair of beds weakened with colchas of dark blue wool and an only porcelain lamp at night with which to see us. Although nor we were close when entering the room, of which not even we occurred the hand, he was very conscious that we were single in a dormitory. Lucas ignited the lamp that was between the beds, although that did not relax to me; on the contrary, I was discovered very interested in how the soaked white water shirt stuck to him to the body. The almost transparent cotton outlined muscles of its back.

- Quieres desnudarte in the bathroom? - Lucas asked, with gentleness. I will put in the bed and I will extinguish the light. Thus I will not see anything when you leave.

I lay down to laugh at the same time, alleviated and nervous.

- Now you have some of our powers and is one that can see in the dark.

- I, no. The right of perpetual ownership - it said, with a twisted smile.

I entered the tiny bathroom and I took off the soaked water clothes, pledges by article. The t-shirt and the underclothes were enough at least droughts. I washed the face and I became a braid with the humid and stirred up hair. I heard speak to Lucas to the other side of the door, briefly, and as soon as it hung the telephone. It was clear that it finished letting a message to inform to the Black Cross from where could find us.

I watched myself in the mirror. It is not that before attention to my body had not lent him, but never had watched to me and it had asked to me how it would see another person me. And Lucas was going to see me at any time. Would find Me handsome? I discovered that to the minus I felt I took root and who she wanted that Lucas saw me. I soon went the hands through the belly and through the hips and the thighs, waking up to the senses of my own tact. And meanwhile, Lucas was to the other side of the door. Undressing. Hoping to me.

The resquicio of light that was strained below the door of the bath disappeared. I breathed deep, I extinguished the light and I left the washbasin. The weak brilliance of the lights of the city, filtered by the curtain, illuminated our room. Escudriñando between the dark, I saw to Lucas in the penumbra. It had chosen the moved away bed more of the bath and it already was under the blankets, although with an arm it was.

I inspired a pair of times deeply and soon I approached the bed of Lucas. He watched to me, incredulous, but he raised colcha to invite to me to enter.

- Single to sleep - I said in a whisper.

The heart barked to me rampant and the voice thread that had used even sounded stranger me. It burned on the inside, it felt heat until between the fingers and the feet.

- Single to sleep - he promised.

She was not safe if believing to neither.

I put in its bed and Lucas covered us to both with the blanket. I rested the head on the pillow, to as soon as centimeters of hers. The bed was so small that he was inevitable that we touched ourselves; my naked legs caressed hers, I noticed the coarse fabric of its underpants against my thighs, and my chests were left the enough fence to feel the corporal heat that gave off its naked torso.

Lucas did not separate the glance from me.

- I need to know that you think that I am doing the correct thing.

I meditated moments.

- I believe that you are doing what you think that is correct.

- It is more or less the same - it said, tired.

- I want to You.

- I also want to you.

At that moment, I wished to attract it towards me to lose the one to us in the other and to forget all the others. It gave me equal if we were out of danger, if we would return to see us, that had even been my first time. Nevertheless, before she could take the following step, Lucas locked up my hands between hers with the same solemnity of somebody on the verge of putting itself to say.

- We cannot let take to us - it murmured.

The glance burned to him, as if there was not anything in the world that wished more than to let itself take.

- By what no? - I dared to say, with trembly voice.

Their hands were closed still more on mine and something shook to me on the inside like all answer. Nevertheless, Lucas did not approach to kiss to me.

- Because we cannot - it answered, like S.A. time that tried to convince me to me also tried to be convinced to him. Right now, both we are too much near turning to us vampires. If some of both loses the control... If we do both... You know that it could happen, Bianca.

- And that would be so bad?

- Yes, I believe yes that. - Before to get involved to us in a new discussion about which the vampires were and let be, who were bad and who the good ones, Lucas

added: In addition, tomorrow we go to we reunited with a group of hunters of vampires; perhaps it is not the best moment to transform itself into one.

Bond, that had sense, although that did not mean that I had to like.

- Very well - I murmured. But, Lucas...

- What?

- Some day...

- Some day - Lucas with hoarse voice repeated.

I closed the eyes and I lowered the head until their fingers touched my cheek. Now already it could sleep. It already could think that everything was going to come out well. Perhaps not outside more than another dream, but we were in the place where it was allowed us to dream.

- Lucas?

I heard a voice of woman as through the mist. At the outset I asked myself so that Patrice would be calling to Lucas, but soon included/understood that she was not Patrice the one that spoke.

Scared, I got up myself in the bed. The events at night previous went to my memory in a torrent, stunning to me while it blinked before the sudden light that flooded the room. Instead of waking up to me in my dormitory, it was in the bed with Lucas, who was stretching and passing a hand to me through the excited hair... and there was a woman of about forty years planted in the door of our room of motel, watching to us fixedly.

Lucas swallowed saliva and soon she smiled.

- Hello, mother.

Chapter 18

Vale that we are in the century XXI and that did not count whereupon you hoped to marry - the mother of Lucas leaned against the frame of the door and crossed the arms on the chest, but for serte sincere, Lucas, you knew that it came. Really you had to restregar it to me by the face?

- He is not what it seems - Lucas defended itself. How could be so calm? Instead of undoing in excuses and explanations average stuttering since I had done, he limited himself to put a hand in my shoulder and to smile. Bianca and I have shared the room because we were without white. We have even had to pawn something so that they gave this quarter us. In addition, nobody forced to you to force that lock, so calm, is worth?

The mother of Lucas shrank of shoulders.

- Almost you are twenty years old, you will know what you do.
- Tienes twenty years? - I whispered.
- Nineteen and little. Importa?
- I suppose that no.

In comparison with which it took in the last discovered on Lucas day, what importance had was three years old more than I?

One rose with all naturalness. What luck mine: the first time that not even saw it in underpants and could relax me to enjoy the spectacle.

- Bianca, I present/display my mother, Kate Ross. Mother, this is the girl of whom I have spoken to you, Bianca.

The mother of Lucas saluted to me with a head gesture.

- Llámame Kate.

Now that finally was enough the wide-awake thing to center to me, I paid attention to much that was looked like Lucas. She was high, perhaps even more than it, took an average melena of perhaps clearer a brown tone golden that the one of Lucas and had the same eyes of dark green color. Also it shared with its son the angular characteristics: square jaw and pointed chin. It took blue téjanos faded and a garnet shirt Henley so fitted that the muscles of the arms were marked to him. I

believe that never it had known anybody with less dot of mother than she. That is to say, what class of mother found to its son in the bed with an adolescent and was limited to smile?

Clear that that also saved a scene to me.

- Hello - I greeted, raising it a hand, greeting it with stupidity.

- The same thing I say. Boys, you must of have spent one night of dogs. We go to by a coffee and we see how we can help Bianca.

Kate indicated the street with a head gesture. Lucas either was combing itself with the fingers and being contained in his téjanos, very little cohibido in front of his mother, whereas single I wanted to of the sort become involved with colcha or something, although that had been even the more humiliating. Finally I was decided, I jumped of the bed and I stood in the bath in a pair of jumps. Once inside, I was able to recover something of dignity while it dressed to me. It had the dry, although wrinkled clothes. I undid the braid with which it had slept and the hair fell to me around of the face in smooth waves. It is not that outside the best one of the apaños, but in century XVII did not count more by far. I felt certain nostalgia when remembering that me my mother had taught to it.

- We go.

Lucas watched to me deliberately perhaps when we left by the door trying to explain what so took it. He can that my false determination convinced Kate, but he knew me rather better. I raised the chin with pride for which it knew that she was determined to do everything what was in my hands to save a situation that complicaba more and more.

Kate accompanied to us until a light truck of the Fifties quite broken-down, a faded turquesa color and with lights that had the same form of the motors of the spaceship Enterprise. Kate did not let watch to his around until we arrived next to the vehicle, examining to all the viandantes.

- Small, you create that they followed to you? To the professors usually they do not fall the students too much well to them who occur to the flight.

- They arrived until Riverton, but we already had gone away - I hurried to answer while he accommodated to me without wasting the time in center and Lucas seated to my side. The water in movement retained them.

Kate remained frost, with the hand paralyzed on the ignition key, and fixedly watched Lucas. Nevertheless, one was not typical cautious about mother displeased in whom fortune tellers who you are to two seconds of being punished, but of one much more last. It had always imagined that it was as well as the head of an army sent to the traitors to the firing squad.

- There are it counted?

- Mother, escúchame a little while. - Lucas breathed deep to tranquilize itself and extended the hands, as if thus detenerla- could. Bianca already knew the one of Midnight. Single I explained the de la Cruz to him Negra because I did not have left more remedy. She knew of the existence of the vampires of before, is worth?

- No, it is not worth. It can that your error is comprehensible, but for that reason it does not stop being an error. At this point already you would have to know it. - Flequillo retired backwards and it watched to me with greater thoroughness than before. The attitude carefree of Kate had disappeared. How you found out its existence?

To the principle I thought that de la Cruz Negra spoke, but immediately included/ understood that one talked about the existence of the vampires. Lucas had not explained to him what was I in fact and, when feeling how she removed myself in his seat to my side, I guessed that she had hidden the truth to him to protect to me. It was clear that the fact that would not have mentioned him either, until certain point, now it also had vampíricos powers.

By that I did what it was seen that to Lucas and me occurred us better: to lie.

- There was all type of tracks: that the school did not serve food to the students and who that everywhere ate in private; dead squirrels throughout; the attitudes and own ideas of other times that much people showed... It was not so difficult.

- Then to me they do not seem to me too convincing tests. - Distrustful, Kate put the motor in march and at full speed lined up a highway that lead outside the city. It is the first time that you run into with the supernatural thing and with that is enough you to find out what it is happening?

- Bianca is hiding part to you of the truth for not asustarte - Lucas- took part. It was the one that helped me when it happened this to me.

The neck of the taken care of shirt with extreme was opened. Still the dark pink marks in the skin could be appraised, the scars that it had later had left of my second bite.

- God mine. - Kate inclined immediately on me to touch the arm of Lucas. Thus that, after all, could the mother to him who took inside, although she always did not demonstrate it. We knew that this could happen, we knew it, but I wanted to be deceived convincing to me that it would not happen.

Lucas got away of her, ashamed.

- Mother, I am well.

- You have escaped. How you have obtained it?

- I killed to one of them, to a called vampire Erich who was been threatening several human students. We got involved in a fight and it took the worse part. In reality it is not much more necessary to count.

The gift of Lucas for the deceit was easier to admire when the victim of her lies was another one. Nevertheless, the truly admirable thing was that in fact Lucas was not inventing anything; fitting us to the happened thing, everything what it had said to him to his mother until the moment was certain. It simply had limited itself to explain the facts of a way that Kate would lead to think that the events were development of a different way and, according to who, Erich would have bitten Lucas and I would be the charming, espabilada and completely normal girl that she had helped him to recover.

- Then you know what we faced - Kate said, going to me with greater respect than before. It was seen that who helped his son she deserved its consideration. It at full speed did not separate the Vista from the highway at any moment, leading by the streets badly paved. We went to a district smaller than it seemed enough older and left. It is a dangerous work and you are not prepared for it, but to my to understand we have the responsibility of mantenerte out of danger. If that bad pécora of Mrs. Bethany finds out that you are helping to a member de la Cruz Negra, your life will not be worth anything.

It did not doubt that Mrs. Bethany would make any thing to protect her secrets, but she cost to me much to think that she was arranged to kill, and much less to me.

- As much wasted time and so many dangers, so that? Because I doubt that in the end you were able to find out the great secret - it said to him to Lucas-. I suppose that if you knew it he would have appeared mentioned in your information.

Lucas shook the head cansinamente.

- No, I do not have nor idea, but it is not necessary that you crush to me, is worth?

- Secret What? - I thought that perhaps it could be something that my parents had mentioned sometimes. If it could help Lucas, if there were some type of information that could reveal to him without harming to my parents or Balthazar, would occur it. What you were trying to find out in Midnight?

- It is the first year that admits human students. The member de la Cruz Negra who infiltrated before Lucas and the few humans to whom they have opened the doors to them throughout his history are very special cases, exceptions that the vampires of Midnight make to throw the glove to him to great sums of money and not to call the attention. Nevertheless, I do not know that they will be engaged in in hand, but now is different. They have admitted to a minimum of thirty humans. So that they have changed the norms?

Mrs. Bethany had said that they had allowed the entrance of "new students" in Midnight so that we could have one more a ampler vision of the world. In fact, that was the latest that it wished. Yes, the students went there to know the world better than he surrounds to them, but the intention of Mrs. Bethany was another one, and to have human students in Midnight jeopardized that intention.

Raquel had not taken much in realizing of which something did not work, although did not know exactly what, and the example of Lucas spoke by itself. In addition, the vampires were forced to hide what they were in one of the few Earth places where it assumed that they could relax and to be they themselves. A very powerful reason could solely take to Mrs. Bethany to allow something of the sort, but which?

- Then I do not know it - I admitted.

- How you were going to know it? - Kate shrank of shoulders, lining up a shaded street. The houses had destartalado aspect and a pair of them seemed left. It restrained in the back entrance of one of those uninhabited buildings, although soon I included/understood that one was not a house any. It was a civic center, one of which is in almost all the towns of the New England, although was evident that decades ago nobody used it. Half of the windows was broken at least and the white painting was chipping and had humidity spots. Single which you conserved the judgment after which you have discovered on the absorb-bloods is more than what much people would support. Lucas is a professional. If it has not been able to find out the secret, is that they have buried it very well.

- A professional, eh? - Lucas, lowering of the van with a smile of ear ear said.

It gave the impression me that her mother did not use to often praise it, but who, when she did, Lucas received it like the May water.

Kate agreed with the head and I saw that their smile and the one of Lucas looked like much.

- I feel It, but I am afraid that a professional who returns to be on watch. There is much to do.

I asked myself what would talk about.

- Of service?

Kate recovered his habitual composure.

- I do not talk about you, Bianca, you already you have made sufficient. I will always be in debt with you, always. You have helped Lucas to leave that infected hole, you have even saved him the life... - It smiled to Me while we went to the back door of the house. I am not going to compensarte enviándote to be in danger. You will remain here, out of danger. We will take care of all the others.

- When you say "we" you talk about to...

- The Black Cross.

Kate turned the key in the lock immediately and she gave a push him to the door. I shook intranquila when directing to me towards the dark, but my vision adapted quickly to the penumbra and immediately I descried the scene that was developed in its interior. It had near a dozen of people reunited in a room extended and

rectangular with wood ground, so old that the planks had shrunk and were separated. Still patches to the wall had left whichever banks, also of wood, so pulposa and old that it chipped. There were arms in all of them, as if they had had them that way to make an inventory: knives, stakes, even axes. The people who had reunited there were of most many-colored, could not be among them different : discharges and losses; fat people, skinny and muscular; dressed in clothes of newspaper of diverse styles. There was a high and black girl who did not seem much greater than Lucas, with a sweater shirt with hood several greater statures next to a old one of short and silverplated hair that wore to a very wide jacket of point of gray color and hung glasses of reading of a brown cord. The only thing which all those people seemed to have in common was the sigh of unanimous lightening that loosen when recognizing Lucas.

- Hello, boys - the hand said to Lucas, giving me.

- You have obtained It - the girl of the sweater shirt said, that turned out to have an ample smile that left a twisted tooth at sight that gave certain enchantment him. Although I do not believe that you have held until the end, unless now they are made in March, clear.

- That yes, It damages. I have not held all the course, so desire the bet. - Lucas shrank of shoulders. Although as the vampires cleared the portfolio to me, I am afraid that you will have contentarte with a moral victory.

- By which it seems you have not forgotten traerte most important. - It damages tended a hand to me. It did not make any grace loosen the one to me of Lucas, so I narrowed it with the left. I am called Damages. Lucas and I know myself for a long time. You must of being Bianca.

- What you know me?

- But if it has not spoken of another thing during all Christmases.

It damages lay down to laugh. I watched Lucas of I avoid and its timid smile pleased to me and, to weighing to find me between strangers, it made me feel safe of same me.

- Ah, whereupon this are your young lady? - The horseman of gray hair gave an ample smile to us. I am Mr. Watanabe. I know Lucas since it was...

- The sufficient thing to shame it - it interrupted another person, a high and brown man with moustache. To me it put nervous although I did not know to define so that, and the twin scars of the right cheek even gave a a little intimidante aspect him when it smiled. Kate passed an arm to him over shoulders when arriving next to us. I am called Eduardo, I am padraastro of Lucas.

- Ah, well, hello. It is a pleasure.

Lucas never had mentioned who had padraastro. By the sight it did not excite the idea to him to have to consider it a member more of the family. The smile of Lucas was little convincing.

- I had to remove to Bianca from there. I know that I have skipped the protocol when speaking to him de la Cruz Negra, but trust her.

- I hope that Lucas has not been mistaken with you, Bianca - she said to Eduardo, entrecerrando the eyes and nailing them in me before fixedly watching Lucas. The threat was clear: by my good, it was worth to me more that Lucas was right. To keep awake secret was not something that that organization was taken lightly, mainly Eduardo and Kate, who seemed to be the ringleaders. If we want to put to us in march, we will have to accelerate the explanations.

All the world began to bomb to Lucas with questions on the intempestiva fled one. In spite of being conscious that I also had to respond to his questions, although single it go to help to Lucas with the history that it would have to invent itself, something prevented me to concentrate to me. My life was changing at issue of seconds and it moved away me speed to such of which it had been my world until then which it felt a species of blockade. Although not only for that reason. Also del perceived a species of deaf humming that was incapable to establish its origin; it was as if the ground vibrated smoothly. Although it almost had been a whole day without eating, it had the scrambled stomach. In that place it happened something, something very strange.

Then, when watching at a side I saw a silhouette that was drawn in plaster, clearer that the rest of the wall, where during years it had hung something that the passage of the light had prevented. A cross.

Too much behind schedule I included/understood that we were not in a simple left civic center. Centuries back, many of those buildings also had been used for other functions. During the week they were places where the community congregated itself to debate its problems, where plays were interpreted or judgments were even celebrated; but Sundays those buildings became churches.

A church... what horror! The vampires did not burn when touching a cross, as much they liked to proclaim in the terror films, but that did not mean that they went it well in the churches. He was a little navigated and I separated the Vista from the cross form.

- Bianca? - The fingers of Lucas caressed the cheek to me. You are well?

- I cannot remain here. Is no another site to which we pruned to go?

- You cannot irte now, is not safe. - For my surprise, it was Damages that responded. It forgets to those cabrones Midnight. The bad news has arrived at the city and we already have sufficient problems with her.

It must have asked what was that “bad news”, or could have pretended which it knew a place safe to which to go, any thing, but the humming that it had put in the head was more and more intense... The consecrated Earth ordered to me that it was to me. What was feeling as soon as could begin to compare itself with which my parents experimented in the churches, but was sufficient to stun to me and to debilitate to me.

- And if I return to the motel? We have not given back the key.

- A motel? Mother of God. - Mr. Watanabe seemed scandalized. Nowadays they grow very quickly.

- We would have to take to Bianca to a safe place. - The hard tone of Kate turned a mere suggestion an order. We must be concentrated and I suspect that Lucas will not be able while she is here.

- I am well. - Evident Era that Lucas had received the commentary of Kate like a critic. Bianca helps to think me with clarity. I am better when I am with her.

Mr. Watanabe watched it with an ample smile and I would have imitated it if the necessity had not surpassed me to leave there as soon as possible.

- It does not pass anything - I assured. You can come to look for to me later. It would have to return to the motel.

Eduardo denied with the head.

- The vampires could haberos followed until there. We would have llevarte to a safe place. What you say to me of your house?

The single idea cut the breathing to me. My home - my parents, my telescope, my póster of Klimt, the old discs and the gargoyle even seemed to me the place more surely of the the most moved away world and of all. Not very often it had felt to me so single.

- I cannot return there.

- If he worries to you what you are going to say, we can ayudarte - Kate insisted, little arranged to give his arm to twist. Single we have llevarte with your family. Where is your parents?

The back door was opened of blow and gave to passage to the light and the cold air of the street, that were strained in the room. I gave respingo, but I was the unique one. All the members de la Cruz Negra, Lucas including, immediately put in guard, grasping their arms, to face the enemies who had appeared in the door. The vampires.

My parents went to the front.

Chapter 19

ianca! - my father and Lucas shouted in unison.

BBoth tried to warn to me on the other and I felt as if it was divided in two. The others also began to shout; their words were overlapped and the humming of my brain mixed with the panic prevented me to distinguish its voices individually.

- Suéltala!
- Long of here!
- Back or you will die. I do not repeat it.
- If him beams damage...
- Bihaunch. Bianca! - my mother shouted.

I concentrated myself exclusively in her. It was in the entrance, tending to me the hand. The light in the morning irisaba its carameled hair causing that seemed surrounded by I pull ahead.

- They see here, life mine. - The hand Opened so much that tightened all muscles and sinews to him, as much that it had dolerle-. They see.

- It does not go nowhere. - Kate took a step to the front and she interposed between us, with the hands in jars. It had left one of its fingers on the grip of the knife that took in the belt. The one continuing finished deceiving this girl. In fact, one finished everything, point.

- You have ten seconds - it noticed my father to them with hoarse voice.

- Ten seconds so that? So that you take the house by assault and you end all we? - Kate extended the arms in a gesture that included all the room, including the blurred silhouette de la Cruz in the wall. You are weaker in the house of God. You know it as well as I, so ahead, pónnoslo enters, easy.

To my around, all the members de la Cruz Negra went armed. Eduardo grasped an enormous knife and Damages brandished an axe as if she was customary to use it. Small Mr. Watanabe even maintained a stake. How was possible that so pleasant people could transform themselves into a moment in the assassins of my dear beings? I saw the profile of Balthazar in the door, behind my parents. It had accepted

my rejection with resignation, had continued being my friend and even there was dangerous its life to protect to me. Something better was deserved than that. Just as Lucas. In spite of the clear thing that it saw it, it seemed invisible for the others.

- We will not enter. - The gesture in a strange smile Twisted; the broken nose changed its aspect. You will be those that you will leave.

- Taken care of.

Lucas put a hand to me in the arm, although she had not gone to me. What would have seen?

Followed act, Balthazar offed-hook an arc of the shoulder with precise movements and aimed with him, giving the right time to my mother to ignite the end of the saeta with a silver-plated burner before the incendiary arrow left sudden flight and crossed the room, a flash of light and heat, to reach the wall, that catch oned immediately.

Fire. One of the few things that could end us, one of the few things that all we feared. Nevertheless, Balthazar continued shooting an arrow after another one to the interior of the church, without aiming directly neither at anybody nor at anything in particular, with the only intention to set fire to him to the place, while the members de la Cruz Negra were crouched and tried to avoid them. My mother did not move of her side, creating the safe one of fire with her lighter without vacillating a single moment. One of the projectiles made pieces the lamp of the stop and sent to esquir them of crystal in all directions; the end burning sank deeply in the ceiling. To ours around, the old and dry wood of the civic center caught immediately and the fire began to extend. The smoke, dense and dark, had begun to darken it everything.

- Corred! - Kate shouted, becoming towards the ample front doors, that Mr. Watanabe already was opening.

Without embargo, somebody plus waited for them when they finished opening them: Mrs. Bethany, professor Iwerebon, Mr. Yee and a few professors formed a shady and imposing row more. No of them went armed, although they did not need its arms either so that the threat was evident.

- Esperad! - It damages it was come off the axe and it took what it seemed to be an enormous water pistol . Vamos to give them to a good shower to those cabrones!

- Blessed Water? - I heard say to Mrs. Bethany over the roar of the flames. I could not see it with clarity, mainly because the eyes with as much smoke escocían to me, but imagined without effort the ironic gesture that had to shine its face. It is not worth the trouble. You could sink to us in the batteries of all the churches of the cristiandad and even so it would not work.

- As soon as they are you cure that they can bless the water - was suitable Eduardo. By the tone of his voice it seemed to be amusing itself and that was

something enough disturber. The majority of the preachers of the faith that is is not true servants of God, but there are them... As you are on the verge of verifying.

It damages it tightened the trigger and it sent a strong water spurt towards the professors. Mr. Yee and professor Iwerebon backed down immediately shouting of pain as if they had sprinkled them with acid.

- Therefore becomes! - Kate howled.

Without embargo, when It damages returned to shoot, the following spurt did not reach its destiny. The air was being heated as much that the water evaporated right away.

The wood beams of the ceiling crujieron of alarming way. Professor Iwerebon continued shouting of pain profusely and Mr. Watanabe tosía because of the smoke. The tables of the ground were beginning to warm up themselves. I let ask itself what side would fall and I began to question itself if we would not do all.

- Salgo! - I shouted. Voy to leave!

- No, Bianca! - The light that gave off the fire bathed the face of red and golden Lucas of. You cannot irte!

- If I do not go away, you will die. All. I cannot allow it.

Our glances were. It had never imagined how it would be to have to take leave of Lucas, because this goodbye would be impossible similarity to me. Not only it comprised of my life, comprised of me. To separate to me of him was as to cut a hand to me and to have to saw sinews and bones: bloody, heartrendering, frightful. Nevertheless, it would have made any thing by Lucas and that meant that even it could do that.

- Not - Lucas murmured. Its voice hardly was audible over the roar of the flames. The members de la Cruz Negra were meeting in center of the room for defenderse-. It must have another way.

I denied with the head.

- No, there is no it. You know it just as I. Lucas, I feel it, I feel much.

Lucas took a step towards me and I was attempted to throw to me in his arms and to return to embrace it at least one last time. Nevertheless, it knew that if did it could not never go to me. It had to be strong, by the good of both.

- I want to You - I said, before giving returned average and leaving running towards my parents.

The hand of my father was closed on my arm to the time that my mother and he threw of me towards outside. The door was closed behind us.

- Bianca! - My mother embraced to me with force and I understood that she cried. Its body was shaken with each sob. My girl, my girl, we thought that we would not return to verte.

- I feel It. - I also embraced, without loosen it the hand of my father, whose bruised face and dark eyes saw over the shoulder of my mother. Instead of the fury or the resentment that had hoped, single I discovered lightening in its glance. I want much to you to both.

- Affection, you are well? - my father asked.

- I am well, I promise it. Dejadles to go, please. Hacedlo by me. Dejadles to go.

My parents agreed with the head and if to Balthazar it did not seem to him well, he did not express it at least aloud. We went towards the front doors of the civic center. The dense smoke that escaped by the tile roof raised in a thickness and dark ensortijada column. A passer-by already had put itself to shout to him to the movable telephone from the car, parked in the street of opposite. The firemen would not take in appearing.

The three we raised the sidewalk still embraced. Balthazar followed to us very close by. Mrs. Bethany went to us without wasting time, with her long skirts being shaken after her.

- What are doing? - it asked. Vigilen the rear! Does not let to them leave!

- No! - I shouted. It cannot do that. Cannot kill them!

- It is what they would do with us - talked back Mrs. Bethany with rough voice. Their lips outlined a forced smile.

- No, déjeles to go away - my mother said, breathing deep.

My father watched a second, but he did not put objections; it was limited not to loosen the hand to me.

- They have already heard to me. - Mrs. Bethany approached us and nailed her dark eyes in me since a hawk would do before sending itself in perforated on its prey. Perhaps questions my authority? I am the director of Midnight!

It was Balthazar that answered, loading the arc with all naturalness, so that it ended up aiming directly at Mrs. Bethany. It was not threatening it of explicit way, but it was clear that it was not going to lie down back. To the time that Mrs. Bethany straightened up of respingo, shocked, Balthazar it said, extending the words:

- Now there are no classes.

Mrs. Bethany frunció the frown, but did not say anything; not even it made intention to move when we heard the van in the part of back, unequivocal signal that the members de la Cruz Negra escaped. I closed the eyes with force and I wished to

hear the sirens of the firemen so that they drowned the footsteps of Lucas moving away of me for always.

- Their parents say that they kidnapped it.

Mrs. Bethany was seated behind the writing-desk of her office, the one of the garage of Midnight. I had taken I seat in front of her, in an uncomfortable wood chair. It wore the clothes wrinkled and stained of soot. It was frozen until the bones, debilitated, and was hungry, as much of something solid as of blood. The last orange rays of light were strained through crystals. They had not spent nor twenty-four hours since my world had crumbled and the truth about Lucas had come to the light. Nevertheless, it had the sensation of which had spent centuries.

- Exact - I answered, without conviction. Lucas forced to me to go to me with him.

Sitting in its chair, Mrs. Bethany made run the relicario of gold from a side to another one of the chain time and time again, ahead and back, reason why it had the weak put metallic small noise in the ears. Unlike me, it had an impeccable aspect, the embroider of steering wheels of the neck even followed starched, although she smelled of smoke and not to lavanda.

- He is peculiar that did not know to defend itself. After all, you are a vampire.

"I am It". Not even she was already safe of that.

- It is a member de la Cruz Negra - I answered. And it has some of our powers. It could simultaneously with my father and Balthazar. What was going to do?

- I see that already it has learned to answer questions it jeopardize with another question. - Mrs. Bethany loosen to a depth sigh and, for the first time, I saw a spying of shady humor in its glance. I already see that it has stopped being pusilánime of always. To the less this year it has learned something.

I remembered what Lucas had said the previous night to me: Mrs. Bethany had changed norms of hundreds of years of antiquity to admit human students in Midnight. It had not been able to discover so that and I did not know by where beginning. While it watched it, single it could think about that she was older, and more hard slicker of which never it had imagined. Nevertheless, no longer it was scared to him because it knew that even Mrs. Bethany was vulnerable.

If it had allowed the entrance of human students in Midnight it was because it needed something, desperately, and that meant that it had a weakness, which equaled it to the others. Conscious of it, now it could watch it to the face.

I rose of the chair without requesting permission to go to me.

- Good evening, Mrs. Bethany.

Their dark eyes sent a dangerous brightness, but it was limited to dismiss to me with a gesture of the hand.

- Good evening.

That night, my parents mimaron to me as they had not done it since she was young: they looked for socks to me that sheltered, mullidas pillows affluent and they warmed up a glass to me of blood in the microwaves to corporal temperature. I did not have to ask to them if they really thought that Lucas had kidnapped to me, would have been an insult for its intelligence. It knew that they did not understand it; any affection that Lucas could wake up to them was annihilated by hatred that felt towards the Black Cross. Nevertheless, although they did not share my decisions, they pardoned to me and that was more than sufficient to remember to me much that they wanted to me. They were even gotten lazy in bed, one to each side, while Rosemary Clooney gave returns in the record player of the other room, and they told old histories me on what aspect they had the fields of wheat of England, amiable histories other people's to dangers, immutable, beautiful histories. And they continued speaking long short while until the pain surrendered in the end to the fatigue and, by aim, I was able to fall asleep.

That night I returned to dream about the storm, the trepador shrub that locked up to Midnight in a wall of brambles and about the mysterious black flowers that bloomed under my hands. In the dream he was even conscious that already it had seen it before. It had been warned that the flowers were not for me before to even know Lucas, and even so, in spite of the thorns and of the storm, I tried to take them.

- You already return to dream wide-awake.

The words of Raquel gave back me to the reality. We were in the edge of a forest , where the lands of the school began, under the buds of the new and lozanas leaves, so smooth that they curled in the edges. I do not know how much time took immovable, with the hand supported in a branch. Raquel was a good friend, she knew when she needed space and me she lent it, and when it was the moment for giving back to the Earth.

- I feel It. - We threw to walk with step relaxed without taking no direction in individual. I do not know about what it was thinking.

- You were thinking about Lucas. - Raquel did not let itself embaucar thus as well as. They have already spent almost six weeks, Bianca. You must forget it and you know it.

Single Raquel knew what the students as she knew: that Lucas had failed to fulfill a pile of norms and that had been escaped after attacking to my father in fled his. Perhaps that fitted perfectly in its bitter vision of the world where the secrets single concealed violence. It had warned to me about Lucas often. So that it was not going to think that it had been escaped? Nevertheless, never I heard nothing to him that not even was looked to him like "you I said it". Raquel was too good for that.

Vic was not taken so well it. Lucas was his better friend in Midnight and now there was an emptiness in the life of Vic that was not in my hands being able to fill.

He had tried it to convince like had been able that Lucas was a good person and that had its reasons to go away, without keeping awake no secret to him that had been able to put it in danger. It thought that Vic had believed to me, but no longer smiled as much as before, and me some would not have come anything badly from their smiles.

The other vampires, as much students as professors, knew the truth more or less. They knew that Lucas was member de la Cruz Negra and who now she shared part of the force and the power of a vampire thanks to me. Before, Courtney and its friends were limited to despise to me; now they hated to me, simple and level.

Not , and for my surprise, the group of Courtney was a minority. My parents had pardoned, by discounted to me, and Balthazar blamed to Lucas of everything, by which it dealt to me with greater gentleness to compensate the supposed cruelty of Lucas. However, also I received the consolation and the support of others: of professor Iwerebon, who had given several classes outside the program on the traicionera Black Cross while he gestured with its bandaged hands; or of Patrice, who insisted on which she could not be considered responsible to any girl to fall in love for the first time. I supposed that, for them, to face me the Black Cross it meant to be still more of its side. A vampire purer than before.

I was the unique one who knew all the truth on Lucas: who was in fact and what we felt the one by the other. That certainty was the unique thing that I had left of him and would have to carry with her single I.

- We would have to return inside. - Raquel gave light codazo me, that was the Maxima affection sample that could request to it him. The brown leather bracelet danced again in its wrist. It had said to him that it had appeared in lost objects. Soon the mail will arrive.

- Esperas a package? - The parents of Raquel had defrauded it in many occasions, but they at least knew to cook. If it is going to have more oats cakes...

Raquel shrank of shoulders.

- It will be better than you are when it opens the box or me I will cram down them in opening and closing of eyes.

- A little Learns to controlarte, walks.

I felt that a smile tried to draw itself in my face when we began to cross the gardens. He was for the first time able to happen next to the cenador without hoping to see Lucas at any time.

- To know itself itself is better than to control itself, in that there is no discussion - it affirmed Raquel-, and I know the sufficient thing to know how I behave when it is cakes.

We entered the great lobby when the first packages with wrapper of brown paper and you exceed of Fedex began to travel between the presents. As it had given to

understand, Raquel received an enormous box and both we went to the stairs that raised until its room to give account of cakes. Without embargo, it had not finished putting the foot in the first step when somebody threw to me of the arm.

- Bianca? - Vic retired flequillo blond backwards to separate it to it from the face and smiled indeciso-. Eh, we can speak a second?

- Clear, what happens?

It seemed nervous and uncomfortable.

- This... Solo?

I said so that to Vic the travelling idea had not been crossed him the mind to request to me to leave by ricochet.

- Bond, in agreement. - I shrank of shoulders and I went to Raquel-. It will be better than they are left cakes when it returns.

- I do not promise anything.

It raised running the stairs without me and I decided to take less possible.

Vic it took me end to the other of the hall, near the only window of transparent crystal, the one that was broken Lucas and, long time back, another member de la Cruz Negra. Instead of its habitual andares gawky, Vic were tense and a little rare. Good, rarer of the habitual thing.

- It hears, you are well? - I asked to him.

- I? , Yes clear. - It watched his around, one was convinced that finally we were single and soon smiled. And you are going to be very many better thanks to something than I have found in my package.

- To what you talk about...?

I Without voice was having left when Vic slid something to me in the pocket of the jacket.

"Day of mail delivery. Lucas had of supposition that would verify the letters that I received, but not those of Vic. If Lucas wanted to arrive until me, she is as well as she would do it."

I put a hand on the pocket, that now was bulky with on thickness and a wadding. Vic it agreed quickly.

- Bond, because, yes then thus it is well. I am glad of which we have been understood. We see ourselves!

I breathed deep while it saw it move away to great strides. I thought that one was going away to me to leave the heart the chest, but raised the stairs with all tranquillity until arriving at the lodgings of my parents. There was nobody, surely would be down, correcting works and preparing the end. I entered my room, I

closed the door and, after a little while of hesitation, I lowered the blind so that not even the gargoyle could see me. Soon, I opened on with trembly fingers.

Inside there was a white small box. When opening it, something dark fell in my extended hand: my clasp. The black flowers sent a sparkle in my palm, so perfect as always and beautiful.

"It promised It. Lucas promised that she would recover it for me, and she has done it. It has fulfilled its word."

By a little while I could not think about nothing else that about the clasp. I wished to catch on it in the shirt immediately, where always it took it, but where no longer it could never do it more. Too much people knew that it had been a gift of Lucas, and if somebody discovered that he and I followed in I contact, Mrs. Bethany and her acolytes would use it to go after him. No, it had to hide it by the good of Lucas, had to keep it to good collection.

It can which never more it returned to have nothing of him, but counted at least on that to remember something to me that nobody would include/understand more: that Lucas and I was really wanted and that we would always do it.

I surrounded the extreme clasp with well-taken care of in one of my scarfs and I at heart put it of a drawer of the dressing table. It was on the verge of throwing on hiding the tests, when I discovered that inside there was something more: a postcard. She was one of those expensive postal that sell in the museums, of white paper, heavy and satin, with an illustration in the front: *The kiss* of Klimt. I raised the Vista to see hung identical póster next to my bed, the same lamina that he was contemplating while he was there, sharing laughter, conversations and kisses during those brief months that we happened together. With reverence, I turned the postcard and I read what it had written:

Bianca, I have to be brief. You must destroy this postcard as soon as you finish reading it because he would be dangerous for you who Mrs. Bethany discovered it. I know that if extended too much to me, you would cling to her for always, by dangerous who outside.

I could not by less than to smile. Lucas knew me thoroughly.

I am well, just as my mother and my friends, and all thanks to you. You were stronger of which I could it have been that day. I would not have had the value of dismissing to me of you.

And I either do not think to do it now.

We will return to be together, Bianca. Not where, nor when, nor how, but I know it. It could not be otherwise.

I need that you create it. Because I believe in you.

- I create It, Lucas - I murmured.

We had returned to find us, and the only thing that it had to make era hold until that moment arrived. Someday, Lucas and I would find the way to return to be together.

Fin