

POV's from Feb 22, 2024

Conflict (Cassie POV) - Feb 22, 2024

Synopsis :The kiss at the party ended up confusing Cassie a bit. Maybe more than a bit... She placed her hands over her face and groaned in frustration. What was her problem? It was just a kiss. A good kiss, but a kiss, and she... She let out a grunt before jumping out of bed and standing up, breathing heavily and suddenly feeling anxious. The room seemed small now, and she paced back and forth in front of the bed, hands going to her short hair, and she felt like she was going to explode. What was she thinking? Why didn't she shut up before saying and doing something so foolish? Even though she initially thought that if she kissed you, at least once, it would diminish. The desire, the urge to be close to you, the curiosity, and the confusion tormenting her mind would stop. She thought it would, that it would decrease or, I don't know, disappear altogether. But no, it was the opposite. Everything seemed to increase even more. And that was more disturbing. She couldn't concentrate, remembering your lips, the hands holding her waist as she eagerly pressed against you. How much she wanted more and more of your lips, she wanted more and... No, not that. She shakes her head and lets out a quick sigh, still pacing back and forth. The scent of the room, the warmth it provided, the sounds, everything seemed like too much or too little. None of it reminded her of you, which in itself made her feel even more restless. She was seriously confused and frustrated now. Maybe a run would help her calm down? Yes, that should help, it has to help. She takes a deep breath once again, and for a moment, her gaze shifts to the phone, wondering if she should call you, maybe go see you? No, no. That would be too much, right? No, she should leave you alone. She steps back and goes to the window in her room, opening it and quickly jumping down with the agility and lightness of a ballerina. She hesitated for a moment, looking in the direction of the forest where your house would be, but shakes her head. No. So she ran, as much as she could, so much that she seemed invisible, the darkness of the night welcoming her like an old friend. The cold wind passing through her body and clothes, giving her a bit of calm. She reached a clearing and then the top of a rock, right in front of the river. She wondered if she should jump into the water, swim, stay there in the dark depths and watch the moon from below, try to distract herself, forget what happened. She didn't jump, knowing that even if she went down there, in the turbulent waters, swimming as she used to do to dispel thoughts, it wouldn't help. Releasing another groan of frustration, she sat on the rock with a huff and pulled her knees to her chest, embracing them while biting her lower lip, resting her chin on her arms. She's an idiot. She shouldn't have done what she did, shouldn't have talked about kissing, shouldn't have kissed. But would that have made a difference? She was already anxious, thinking about what it would be like to kiss you, taste, feel your lips, your body, and...

She closes her eyes, letting out a shaky sigh. Focus, Cassie, don't think about it, although she feels her lips tingling and memories of your eyes on hers, the smile... Damn. She's so screwed. So much... She lets herself fall back and lies on the rock, squeezing her fingers on the rock below and breaking them, undoubtedly leaving deep marks there. Alice had talked about emotions, even Mr. Carlos had talked about it. How intense it can be for a vampire, how it can affect them, the connections that can be

formed, and how difficult it would be to break or change them. She knew this, she felt them, like a hurricane in her chest, in her heart that no longer beat but felt. It was all so... too much. She swallows hard, squeezing her legs together and looking at the starry sky. She didn't know where to go, didn't know what to do not to think about you. She was already in conflict before, even before the kiss, internally struggling with what to do or not to do. She didn't want to ruin everything; she also didn't want to complicate everything, but she already was. Even if there hadn't been a kiss, she knew she would be thinking about you. She knew because she already did long before. Tonight wasn't and wouldn't be different. Which just frustrated her. You were so close but also so far away. Were you okay? She wasn't sure. Were you sleeping or spending nights awake thinking and looking at the stars like her? It was already a challenge to sleep when human, but as a vampire... it was even more. Especially because she didn't get tired, and she didn't need to sleep, not anymore. Which she had been avoiding for a long time, especially today. Would she have nightmares or dreams? Which of the two would be worse for her sanity? She didn't even know anymore, but she was almost sure that if she went to sleep, she would end up dreaming about you, which definitely wouldn't help her deal with her emotions. She sat again with a sigh, wiping her hands on her jeans and looking around. Flashes of eyes with dilated pupils, the sound of heavy breathing and the sensation of lips against hers, the hands that held her... She clenched her fists and wanted to scream to the heavens, closing her eyes and clenching her jaw, she began to run back home. She needs to go to the club and take a shower urgently.

Still here (POV Taylor-F) - Feb 22, 2024

Still Here (Taylor's POV / New Era) Author: Ldnunes Synopsis: Taylor has been more than worried about the recent events involving Silas, and can't help but think about you and the trip you'll take in two days. But at least you're still there, close by... It was raining outside, and the winds were a bit strong. It was also dark, and Taylor wondered if she could still see anything amidst the forest out there, beyond the fences. Should she grab a pair of night vision binoculars, maybe leave a weapon below the balcony floor, just in case? Her father said Silas was far away, yet Taylor couldn't help but worry, thinking about the things that had happened a few months ago. She's not going to let this slide. Taylor knew it; she saw it in her gaze, in the way Silas smiled with pure malice at them. Her father noticed it too, but Alice had already made it clear that Silas was gone and definitely not coming back. Taylor didn't believe that. She knew well that as strong and influential as Alice may be, she couldn't erase the pain and anger Silas felt, especially after what Taylor's father did. Taylor clenched her jaw, pacing back and forth near the windows with her arms crossed in her white shirt. Should she do something? Maybe keep some distance from you as a precaution? Or stay close? She couldn't help but think about what it would be like to be in Silas's shoes. She didn't desire to be a vampire, of course, that went against her duties as a hunter, but to feel emotions even stronger than a human, to have the bond with those she loves and protects intensified tenfold, and what if she felt everything she feels for you even stronger, if what happened to Silas happened to her and you - "You're going to end up digging a hole like that." Taylor freezes, stopping her pacing to look at the floor and then at you, who just entered the room. "It's wood." "So?" You question as you walk over and place the popcorn bowl on the bed and go to her. "What's

wrong? Is it the trip?" Taylor hesitates, uncrossing her arms. "I just... I'll miss you." "I haven't even left yet." You laugh and take her hand in yours, intertwining your fingers. Taylor felt a small warmth in her chest at the action, feeling lighter with your hand in hers. She just couldn't bear to look you in the eyes when you softened your gaze, seeming genuinely concerned, and that made her feel wrong, she didn't want to worry you. "But it's not just that, is it?"

Taylor shakes her head, her gaze to the cold night air beyond the window. "It's nothing. It's just... my father, he's just really worried about business lately." "He's always worried about business. I swear, it's like you two share the same neuron. You and he have this thing about pacing." "This thing about pacing?" Taylor raises an eyebrow, turning her gaze back to you, feeling her lips curve into a playful smile. "You know, pacing back and forth like you're ready to run a marathon. It's almost funny, if it didn't make you feel so anxious." "I'm not anxious." Taylor furrows her brow, but with your gaze, she sighs. "Okay, maybe a little." "A little?" You tease. Taylor smiles, rolling her eyes. "Okay, a little more than a little." You return the smile. "Is that an admission? Looks like one, which is strange, you know. You're not one to give up easily. What's up? Have my incredible persuasion skills finally kicked in?" "Oh, shut up." Taylor laughs before approaching and raising her hands to your face, holding it in them, tilting her face towards yours and joining her lips to yours. Taylor could feel your smile against her lips during the kiss, and that alone made her heart race, knowing that the reason for this was her, that she was holding your face, touching you, kissing you, making you smile. It was so stupid and silly, and yet she couldn't help but feel warm inside, as if nothing else mattered, nothing beyond that moment, and you, you... You pull away too quickly for Taylor's liking, which makes her release a whine and also blush, but you smile and look at her with a fondness that she found hard not to mirror. "So, it worked." You reply, lips still so close to hers that Taylor can't help but kiss them once more, making you laugh a little. Resting her forehead against yours and parting her lips from yours with a gentle smile, Taylor traced your cheek with her thumb. "You're ridiculous." You huff. "You like it." Your hands tug at Taylor's waist, and consequently, she moves closer, to the point where your bodies were pressed against each other, which makes her gasp. The heat coming from your body, from your hands on her waist while your faces were so close to each other, noses touching while your lips were an inch away. It felt good. The nervous anticipation that hit her chest, and the relief that came when the distance closed. She would never tire of the sensation. Taylor sighed softly, leaning in again and kissing you slowly, her hands around your face moving to tangle in your hair, making you let out a soft moan. She loved the sound, loved how you seemed to melt and fit into her hands. A smile adorning her face as she moved her lips against yours gently and slowly. It almost made her forget that you were leaving in two days, almost, but you were still there, with her, safe, close. She needed to remember that. Still, there was a treacherous part of her that said you might not be. That she would mess everything up, that she would put you in danger by being close, or by being apart, by her... Because she loved... she...

Taylor clenched her jaw and pulled away, opening her eyes. You felt the change, of course, you did. Your hands gripped her clothes even tighter around your waist, and Taylor saw the moment you furrowed your brow, looking at her with concern and opening your mouth to speak, but she interrupted you. "We should go to bed, it's getting late already, and my father may not like us staying up so late... again." She joked to disguise, clearing her throat, turning too quickly to be suspicious as she walked to the bed. Your hands slid from her waist effortlessly. You let her go, but Taylor still felt the questioning gaze on her back. She swallowed hard as she reached the bed and fiddled with the pillows

unnecessarily. She climbed onto the bed, lying on her back and pulling the blankets to herself, waiting for you to cover yourself with them. You approached the bed, climbing and crawling towards her, and she froze when you leaned down, to her, to your lips. Your hand held her cheek, and it was almost automatic when her eyes closed, and her lips parted, pressing yours against hers. It was a brief and gentle kiss, then you pulled away a moment later and gave her a kiss on the forehead. The warm and soft sensation of your lips against her skin made her squeeze her eyes shut, swallowing hard with the amount of affection you seemed to deposit there. She didn't want her voice to sound so low when she asked. "Promise to be careful?" "I promise to come back to you." You whisper against her forehead, causing shivers as you feel your smile. "And to be careful." You said, lowering yourself and giving her another kiss on the lips. Taylor couldn't help but look with a softer look as you sat beside her, an automatic hand seeking hers and giving her a kiss on the back of her hand, holding it firmly in yours. There were so many kisses, but she would never complain about that. She looks at you, staring more than necessary. "We have a movie to watch, you know." You look at her sideways with amusement. Taylor smiles and gives you a kiss on the cheek, earning a smile back. You'll be leaving soon, but she can enjoy these little moments. And at least you'll be away from the mess and danger that exists in New Era, even if it means being away from her too. Everything is relatively peaceful for now, but that can change, and Taylor feels it will. Vampires don't leave unfinished business, and Silas isn't one to forgive easily...

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