

Bloodaholic

Addiction has never been so intoxicating

R.J. MEULENS

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To my wife...for being my motivation to achieve my
dream.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dear Kirsten,

I saw how I inspired you to create your own book. You may be a child when this book is published, but in a couple of years, when you are older, you will discover you have an awesome gift. I only hope I can witness the greatness of it. And if possible be part of your journey to triumph.

But, no matter how life goes, I will always be proud of you.

Dear Syona,

You may be three years old, but you have a fantastic imagination and a unique character. Never change who you are. Because, if you believe, you can accomplish whatever you want.

Dear Liam,

My baby boy! You are strong and determined. One day, you will be the man of the house, but remember, in leadership lies love and forgiveness. Be strong but kind. Always love your family.

I love you guys!

CHAPTER ONE

On the night before I had to get married, I slaughtered for the first time. On that night, an unsatisfied craving began that led me to an unmarked grave. Stocked and presumed dead. Buried in a dark abandoned place where no soul would find me. I'd killed people before, but never like this...never as a real monster.

A long period had passed since I saw the daylight—the shining splendor that used to fondle my skin. It gave me warmth during a cold breeze.

Throughout my endless solitude, I had been rotten from within—not physical but emotional—remembering every victim and all the pain I caused.

I didn't want to...or needed to...I...couldn't stop. I had to acquire blood, but I consumed more than I needed. The desire turned out to be stronger than my will. What I am doesn't have a name. What I did has no honor in it. And what I will tell is how it all started.

My name is Dorian Sorin, and in the year 1865, I was living on an island called Cancana, which was a place for immigrants and those who sought to hide. I had a house near the south coast, a lovely woman, and a stupid dog that died a week after we moved in. We called it Princess. She had gray fur with white spots all over her body.

One day before it all happened, everything appeared to be normal as usual. I was fishing at the north coast, my preferred spot to cast a line. It was quiet, with no one living nearby, and I made easy catch on that location. The island was long in length, from east to west, but short in width. Someone could walk from the south to the north coast in less than four hours, although the distance from my house to the north seashore took me an extra hour. That is why I had to wake up early so I could go and come back home before noon. It became a daily routine and a personal time for me; meanwhile, my woman baked pie and bread for the day.

That morning, I left the house with an empty

stomach eager to go back, all because she baked my favorite tart, pumpkin pie. But I had to wait for it to be ready. So I kept fishing longer than normal. I enjoyed the blue ocean view while I sat on a rock with my legs submerged in the water.

A subtle warmth stroked on my back, even though it was a sunny day. The seawater was fresh, and the waves that moved toward me made me feel relaxed, along with the gentle breeze that passed around me. I took a deep breath, for the peacefulness I was blessed with. I had never had such tranquility in my life before I came to Cancana.

With my sight facing the horizon, I thought about my life in Romania before we immigrated. Pain and hate were the most part of it. It began with my father, an abusive average-size, thick, and well-fed man. He was ten years older than my mother. She was my dad's trophy during the day. At night, she became his amusement.

My mother was beautiful. Long black hair, light and smooth skin, green eyes like an emerald. She was a kind woman who loved me during his days of physical and mental torture. One day, she left without a trace. Too bad she forgot to take me with her.

Because of my mother's absence, I became my father's new target. He dedicated every day to mold me

with abuse. My father used the same recipe he gave my mother but with more anger.

He slapped me on my back and my face. My dad had rough hands and fat fingers. Every clap left my skin red and sore. When he yelled the disappointment I was, my father reached closer to my face, and I could smell the odor of wine and meat coming from his mouth. A disgusting stench I will never forget. If I had luck, he would use just his hands. If not, I would end up unconscious beneath furniture. My dad would make sure he hurt me enough to satisfy his twisted and sadistic pleasure.

I was glad those days were over, and for the last sixteen months, I had been filling my life with new beautiful memories. I buried the old ones away, although my crippled foot reminded me sometimes of another dark part of my life as a soldier. A period where I came to be ruthless and without mercy.

I fought many battles until I met Elizabeth Vladeti. She was the only one I loved. She became the reason I quit, deserted the army, and fled from Romania to this place with her. She gave me a reason to live and cherish life.

I smiled and gasped because I was happy, and those moments were like the sands on the coast. They were there once but got taken away. I moved my left hand in

the salty water, enjoying the kind and peaceful sensation it was giving me, until voices of people yelling behind me broke the atmosphere. I turned around and saw a group of gypsies who also came from Romania. They called themselves Vultures and were the oddest people on this forgotten island. They talked to nobody. They didn't mingle. And whatever the Vultures did, they always kept it to themselves. But, most of all, they were extremely superstitious.

The women wore long, dark-blue skirts, white long sleeve blouses, and blue printed bandanas on their head. While the man dressed in black pants, off-white long sleeve shirts, with black linen gilet. Both the women and men had always filthy clothes as if they worked with dirt all day. They all lived in cheap custom-made tents next to each other. They made them by sewing pieces of old clothes together.

I thought of them as lazy, filthy, and sloppy people. The kind who didn't take hygiene as a priority, like washing themselves or their clothes. If they even did it, it would have been once a month at most. That I'm sure of it because the odor they emitted had almost the same stank as putrefying fish and grease. I did not like them.

They walked all over the place. Searching and shouting one name, "Donka! Donka!"

By the solicitous countenance on their faces, I

already discerned what happened. The trouble and the pain that hit them. A misfortune that I didn't wish for anybody. I looked in my fishing basket, and I had already caught five fish. It was enough food for the day, and I didn't want to be involved in their search party. So I picked up my things and left.

On my way, one of them walked toward me. I didn't know his name, but he was the only one kind to my woman. And by kind, I mean, he made a salute by waving his hand one time in the air when he passed her by. He always did it when Elizabeth was alone. I'd never proved it, but I believed he had a thing for her. Too bad I never asked, because, like many others, he would be dead by my hand the very next day.

I looked away, pretending I didn't see him. But then he yelled my name for the first time, "Dorian!"

That he knew my name caught me by surprise. I realized they knew more about us than we about them. That was something I needed to keep in mind.

I stopped but did not respond. I looked and waited to hear what he wanted to ask me. The same question some people had been asking the last two days.

He said, "Have you seen Donka? She is missing since last night."

Of course, she was missing. So were two other girls for the last two nights. One moment they went out,

after that, they never returned. The first time the people thought it to be bad luck. By the second, they worried it may become a situation. But with Donka's disappearing, panic would reign among the inhabitants. The people would live in terror of the night and the dread that a monster will come for one of them.

I saw fear in his eyes, similar to what my mother had in her beautiful green eyes.

I did not like him, but I felt sorry for him, because I knew, as he feared, that they would never see her again. She belonged to the forgotten, those taken by a sadistic evil. Something that had just tasted on the people and had yet to feast on them to satisfy its impulsive wish for blood.

I felt even more pity for the answer I had to give him, "No, I didn't."

I turned around right away and continued, but I didn't have the chance to take a single step before his hand grabbed me on my shoulder. He held me firm, pressing his fingers against my flesh. His actions had me stunned. But I became more astounded for what I watched when I looked back.

The man along with the other Vultures stared at me. Like the man, they watched me with hate, giving me the look you have when you gaze upon the guilty, the one you know to be responsible for the tragedy.

He said, "Are you sure?"

It seemed an odd question to ask a random person, though it didn't give the impression to be by chance at all. Because it felt as if I was their prime suspect and they did not have proof, I got mad that they thought I was capable of doing something so despicable. I used to kill people but only in war, against men who fought back. But murder for pleasure or any other reason made me feel disgusted.

With force, I pulled my shoulder out of his grip. "I said no!" I had an aggressive tone in my voice because they insulted me.

The man said nothing back. He stayed quiet, watching me. All of them did the same. But in between those judging eyes, I caught one who saw me with more hate than the others. Her name was Tsura. She was the wife of their leader. Tsura was a small woman, but she had a heavy posture.

Far in the back, she stood next to a tree. It seemed as if there was someone behind it, talking to her, in the manner she kept gazing toward me. She kept waving her head up and down to affirm whatever this person said, while her eyes remained steady on me. It appeared they were discussing me.

I moved to my right to see who this other person was. But the moment I took a step, Tsura walked away, and