

The Rose by PD Alleva

Excerpt

Dr. Blum escorted an alien vampire, a Drac, down the pristine hallway. This Drac was tall, standing well above six feet. He wore thick black armor that shined under the light, covering his torso, neck to navel, all the way down his arms, locked at the wrists. Standard armor for Drac soldiers. His skin was pale, at least as pale as a scaly brownish auburn flesh could allow. His skull was smooth and large, and his neck bones stood on his shoulders protruding from the skin and skull like two thick stints up to the top of his head. The bones swelled then retracted, in unison with his breathing. The skin beneath his eyes was a pale red circling dry yellowish eyeballs with emerald pupils. His fingers were long and thick with sharp nails. Part of the Drac species, he wore his people's badge of honor proud on his sleeve.

“He’s the first to receive the new pills,” Dr. Blum explained. “He’s still coherent though, seems his strength and adrenaline are fighting off the effects, but at least he’s calm. Shock to the system if you know what I mean, Sanos?”

“Indeed,” replied Sanos, his voice a thick and heavy baritone. “He’s had all the necessary tests completed?”

“Of course,” Dr. Blum replied.

“Good...I’m starved.”

Dr. Blum bowed. “Of course.”

They stopped in front of the door leading to Ben’s chamber.

“This is it,” said Dr. Blum, sliding a panel from the small window. He looked inside seeing Ben sitting on the floor, his back against the wall. Ben’s pupils circled beneath half closed eyelids. His body jerked. The back of his head smacked against the wall. “Hmm, see, much more calm.”

“Delightful,” breathed Sanos. “May I?”

“Naturally.”

Sanos commanded perfection in his food. His eyes widened, delighted in observing Ben.