

Vampire and demon

A legend about love, hate and a boy...

Von abgemeldet

Chapter One ~ Stranger

„Chapter one“

The first thing I noticed, when I woke up this morning was, that my stomach needed something to eat. The second thing I noticed was I had to get some food because the small room I called my home was lack of something to eat. So I sighed and got dressed in my usual clothes. Long dark trousers, old shoes and this long black jacket I bought a few months ago.

My little flat was an old house which had been destroyed during the second world war. There hadn't been enough money to rebuild it, but the room I lived in was nearly lack of destruction. Anyway, it was a nice house, even if it wasn't in its best condition. Simply builded with bricks and with wooden windows at the front. The sites of fracture, where the bricks were broken or even missing gave the house its character which I loved so much. To grant so, it was always rather cold during winter or fall. But I didn't care at all. This house was my pride and joy.

Taking my new camera with me, which I wouldn't dare to left anywhere, and some money I had earned the day before by cleaning an old ladies flat, I made my way out of the house.

It was a cool Saturday morning and the sky was lack of clouds, allowing the sun to shine brightly on the roofs of my small hometown. There were many people on the streets already as I walked across the crowded market place. Hungry I searched for a small booth which would sale food for a small fee and I actually found one woman who selled me bread and fruits in exchange for a little money.

Also there was a booth where a small man tried to sell paper and pens, things I really loved. I had always liked to write letters with expensive but beautiful paper to France where my family lived. A long time I stood in front of his goods, having an inner fight with myself but then I decided not to buy something of it, because I didn't need these things badly. And on top of that was my wallet quite empty those days.

So I continued walking over the market place, listening to the stories of old women, observing the busy people there, all the time eating some of my fruits.

The atmosphere today was peaceful and most of the people I met seemed to be happy or at least not sad. So I was in a good mood myself. I smiled and closed my eyes, as the warm wind caught my hair and played with it. Slowly I walked through the streets inhaling the different smells which came out of the stores. When I came to the church I stopped at the small flow beneath it, sitting down at its edge. For a while I

just sat there, enjoying the fresh air, before I started flipping little stones across the water surface.

I was so absorbed in my little play I did not notice the sudden change of the weather. I finally noticed, when the first raindrops started to fall on my head. Frowning I looked up to the now cloudy sky as the wind blew stronger.

„A storm is coming up...” I mumbled and started to pick up my belongings.

A little depressed by the rain I ran through the now empty alleys, my head stubbornly fixed on the ground. It was just then, that I ran directly into something warm. I stumbled backward and fell flat onto my bud. Mumbling an excuse I started wiping away the mud off my clothes.

„You don't have to apology, it was my fault, I wasn't paying attention.” came a quiet voice from the man in front of me and I lifted my head to look at him. A small figure stood there smiling softly at me, offering me a hand. But I was too distracted by the sheer beauty in front of me to except his offer. In front of me stood this beautiful Angel, pale skin and lips with a light rosy touch. His face was close to perfect. No sign of impurities or crinkles or something like that. And his eyes... his pretty light brown eyes sparkled friendly in my direction.

„Do you want to sit there any longer or shall I help you getting on your feet?” he seemed to be amused.

I simply nodded and reached for the hand of the stranger. He helped me up easily and I continued to wipe the dirt off my trousers. I did not want to look like a dosser. Especially not when someone as elegant as him stood there, watching me.

„So... why are you still out on the streets? It is rainy and stormy.”

„The rain has stopped.” I simply said, pointing at the clouds „but you're right it has become stormy.”

He seemed to be confused as he followed my look to the sky, then he smiled: „I see... so it stopped raining... very interesting...”

„What's so interesting about it?” I wanted to know.

„Oh.... nothing... I just hadn't noticed yet...” he still smiled at me and took a step closer

„But still it isn't a friendly weather. Why aren't you at home by now? Looking for your wife and children?”

I laugh at him: „Why do you think I am married? I am not! And I don't have a family here. My family is living in France, you know?”

„I see... so you're alone?”

„Yes I am. Why?”

„And there's nobody waiting for you, isn't there?”

„Uhm... I don't think so... why are you asking?”

He smiled at me even brighter than before mumbling just another: „I see...”

He started to seem peculiar to me and I nodded my good bye at him, explaining that I should go home now since the weather wasn't that nice. He just smiled and nodded, watching me, as I walked past him.

I could feel his gaze in my back and when I looked over my shoulder I saw him following me. This became weird and I walked quicker. But that didn't help so I started to run. I didn't exactly know where I was heading but I wanted to get rid of that stranger behind me. Whoever he was, he was definitely strange. When I ran around the corner of a building I crashed into someone and when I looked up I froze. There he stood. But... this was impossible... he was right behind me, how could it be that he was standing in front of me? Was there a shortcut I didn't know?

Don't think about it! Run! This man is weird!

So I turned to run in the other direction but he grabbed me from behind. He pulled me close and held me prison with his incredibly strong hands.

„Why do you run from me, dear? Do you think I bite?“ his smile was insane and it frightened the hell out of me. I struggled to get free but he wouldn't let got of me.

„Let me go!“ I yelled and tried my best not to sound afraid but I think I failed, because he smiled softly at me, shaking his pretty head.

„I don't think I will. I am pretty thirsty you know?“ And then his smile brightened, and I was able to see his teeth. My blood froze as I stared at them. Sharp and Long. He looked as if he had the teeth of an animal.

He let go of my left hand to run his fingers through my hair to the back of my head. I was too shocked to try to run away back then. It felt like a dream when his face came closer to mine. I was still not able to move, when his soft lips touched my neck while his hand held my head in position. There where too many thoughts and questions rushing through my brain, when he was about to bite down, that I could think of something I could do and when I was sure my life had come to an end he suddenly stopped moving.

For a long moment no one did anything and there was a heavy silence between the two of us. Then he slowly pushed away and looked at me frowning. I looked back in his questioning eyes. Whatever he did not understand, I didn't understand it either. When he let go of me, my legs gave in and I sunk onto my knees. Shaking I sat there on the dusty ground, staring frightened at my hands and his shoes, not knowing what happened or what to do.

He on the other hand just stood there, staring a hole in the air, as if thinking hard.

It was just when my brain decided to work again. I jumped on my feet and started running from him. And to my surprise and release he wasn't following though that didn't kept me from running all the way home. When I entered my room I locked the door twice. I even carried my bedstand in front of the door to block up. Staring at it for some time I tried to catch my breath.

I had spend the whole day inside of my house after that, hidden under my blanket. I was afraid that stranger could still have followed me and I was expecting him to show up every moment. But he never came and so I finally relaxed and after a while I even fell asleep.

The next day I woke up early. The sun was hidden behind thick, gray clouds I noticed straight away, as I stared outside the window over my bed. I yawned and pulled my blanket higher, cuddling my pillow. I thought back of the day before and what had happened, wondering if it had all been a dream. When I came to think of it, it was most likely one. First, the man I remembered so clearly had been far to beautiful to be real, second, nobody would act that strange. But then I noticed, I had still my clothes on, even my shoes, and there were doubts. I was sure it hadn't been real but.... Frowning I thought of this stranger and wondered what he exactly was. Even if it had been only a dream, what had he been? Definately nothing close to human. My instinct had told me he had been dangerous. But... what exactly had he done so menacing? He had held me back then... and he had leaned forward to press his mouth against my skin. But... what had he planned to do? Suddenly I remembered his sharp teeth. The thrill it had caused to just look at them.

Maybe he is a vampire... I thought but then laughed out loud at my silliness.

Sure a vampire, here in your very own town! Haunting you. A vampire who doesn't

even look like one. U-hun, Jiro, great thought!

„So you're already awake ...? Or do you always laugh in your dreams?“

I froze immediately. Slowly I turned around just to look straight into those beautiful eyes I had been sure they had existed only in my dreams.

„W-who are you? What are you doing in my house? Get lost!“ I hissed and for a short second I was surprised at how good I was at hiding my fear from him.

He looked at me for a while then nodded slowly: „My apologies I should have knocked before I came in, shouldn't I?“

„Go away!“ I yelled, throwing a book in his direction.

He caught it and sighed: „Listen, I don't want to kill you, okay? I have had my breakfast anyway. I just... want to ask you something.“

That sounded hard to believe and so I jumped off my bed and tried my best to get to my door, but he reached for my hand and pulled me back. This was too much.

„Let me go!“ I screamed and pulled at my arm but it didn't help „What do you want from me?!“

„Answers“ he simply said.

„Well I don't know any answer, let me go!!“

He shook his head and pushed me on my bed, holding me down: „Your stubborn you know? I don't want to hurt you I only want and answer.“ he sighed in frustration, when I started to lash about. Some minutes passed where I didn't stop screaming and struggling. It couldn't be that he was standing there. Or rather, sitting there on my. After all he wasn't real... I was just... dreaming again. It had to be, nothing else would have made sense. But... why was it feeling so real then?

He finally let go of me. I breathed hard, sat up and pressed myself against the wall behind me, trying to get as far from him as possible.

He sat down on my bed, looking straight into my eyes.

„Okay...“ he began after a while „then question me first. If that makes you feel more relaxed. But I will ask you something, too. And I want you to answer my question, understand?“

I simply nodded. My body was shaking badly and my hands were limp. I couldn't look away. His eyes held mine prison.

„Fine“ he nodded and then there was his smile again. He stared at me friendly and a few beams of sunlight found their way through the cloudy sky and on his face. Gosh, he was too beautiful to be real. But still... yes... he was real.

While I was still distracted by his beauty he rushed his hand through his hair all the time looking expectantly at me. He was truly waiting for me to start to question him! I couldn't really believe it at first. He was crazy. He really was crazy. First he tried to kill me, then he sneaked in my room, forcing me to sit on my bloody bed, yet acting so damn friendly. I cleared my throat, trying my best to find a question: „uhm... so... what's your name?“

He looked at me surprised and then he laughed: „That's your question? You want to know my name? Sheesh you're strange, you know that?!“ he couldn't stop laughing for quite a while and I felt more and more uncomfortable.

„Why is it so strange that I want to know your name?“ I mumbled.

I wanted to get out of here so badly but somehow this slim guy had more strength than I thought he had. There was no chance I could get away from him, was there?

When his laughter finally died he explained: „Well, most people want to know _what_ I am, instead of _who_ I am. However... I am Hisashi.“

„I am Jiro“ I muttered and he looked quite puzzled. Then he nodded and coughed

twice. I could tell he was surprised I had introduced myself, too.

Again there was silence between us. We both just looked at each other. I think he was nervous but I didn't get why he was.

My mouth started speaking again before I even noticed it: „You're a vampire aren't you?“

Oh fuck! I shouldn't have said that! Either he would kill me for this words or he would die himself, by laughing his ass off.

But he just frowned at me, letting his slim fingers gliding through his dark brown hair, „How can you tell?“

„Well... you said your thirsty before you pressed your lips on my neck. And now you told me not to freak out because you already had had your breakfast...“, I replied in a rather low voice.

„Hmpf... so you know my secret. But I still don't know yours.“

„Mine?“ I asked confused and I started to wonder what this Hisashi thought who I would be. Or what I would know. „There is no secret.“

„But why hadn't I been able to bite you then?“ he leaned forward and studied my face. When I did not respond he sighed and nodded to himself as if he had made a decision. He stood up and went to my shelf, looking at my belongings I had put there. He picked up my photo album and opened it, looking quite interested at the pictures I had taken during the last year.

„Uhm... so... uhm...“ I started, scratching my chin „You only wanted to know, why you weren't able to bite me yesterday? That's all?“

„No.“ He just said, continuing to flip through the folder.

„Uhm... so what do you want either? I mean... you're in my room and... you're not human and... I mean... I am confused and... this... this all..-“

„It must feel like a dream to you, right?“, he smiled at me again „The fact that there are things on earth you thought they wouldn't exist, I mean.“

I nodded and started to feel a bit more comfortable around him. Beside the fact that he had been trying to kill me earlier he was kind.

„Well... I thought so, too... back then... so long ago...“ he looked straight through my wall and somehow I knew he was remembering something he didn't think of very often.

„You know...“, he continued „I like you, I really do. But... there are rules. And even I have to respect them.“

„What rules...?“ I asked, suddenly feeling uncomfortable again. Nervous I started to fumble with my hands.

„To let no human being alive, which knows about you.“

I stared at him in shock. What did he just say? To let no human being alive? Did that mean he was about to kill me? I felt sick and weak and my hands started shaking again. This couldn't be. He couldn't truly mean this... could he? Hisashi put the folder back on my shelf and shifted. I panicked and searched for something I could use as a weapon against him but all the sharp items I had were in the corner of the room where he stood.

He walked in my direction, slowly and concentrated.

My heart jumped and breathing was getting more and more difficult. I jumped off my bed but as soon as I reached the door he was right behind me, pulling at my jacket. He slammed me into the floor and pressed his knees in my shoulders, holding my hands down with his own. He was indeed stronger than he looked, and much stronger than I was. I struggled but couldn't get myself free so I decided to scream for help as loud as

I could. He moaned and pushed my hands over my head, holding them together with only one hand now. He used the free hand to cover my mouth with it and I tried desperately to bite him. But nothing I tried worked and when he leaned his head down to bite into my neck I finally gave up.

I just laid there, shaking and sobbing, waiting for him to bite me to death. The fear I had felt before was nearly gone and it was replaced by something which could be described best as a mixture of disinterest and sudden calmness.

But again he stopped his actions when his teeth touched my cold skin. He hesitated. Again. Why?

Please do it... just do it! I pleaded in mind. Do it so it's over quickly!

But instead of hurting me he pushed himself off me again, rushed through my door shouting and cursing at himself and his weakness. And then... he was gone. Just like that. He was gone, leaving me shaking and sweating on the ground.

I didn't get up at first. I was too confused and finished to do anything at that moment. I wasn't able to move for a while but when my muscles finally remembered how to move I curled up into a ball. I started crying and sobbing right away and I wasn't even ashamed of it.

There was a vampire. A beautiful, kind being. And it was trying to kill me.

And there was obviously nothing I could do about it.

But -and I am sure you would have done the same- I tried anyway. I tried to get away from this town, hoping that I could run as far from his as possible so he wouldn't be able to find me.

I packed a small bag, throwing my camera in it, as well as a bottle of cold tea I used to have and the small wallet I had. My blanket was too big but I succeeded in cramming it in my bag. All the other things I owned had to be left here.

When I finished packing my few belongings I stepped out of my home with pounding heart. Scared I searched for him. No sign of him so far on the streets I could see. So I ran. I just ran. Out of the town. I didn't know where I wanted to go, but I was sure I wanted to get out of England. Maybe to France, where my parents lived? But that would have been a bad idea, because I had told Hisashi, my family lived in France. He would search for me there, wouldn't he? So I decided to fly to Scotland or Ireland. Maybe I would sneak myself on a ship there to get somewhere else.

But first I had to reach one of those countries. I just had to.

No matter what this would cost.