

Eventide

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Starting College had seemed like both a good step forward into Independence and a sad glance back at home. Each step was another opportunity that did nothing but help build Lynn a future in this world. How could a single night completely change all of that?

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An evening with no light hid the way as a new moon blanketed the sky. A man walked, slowly, down a dirt path and peered at the stars. He had walked this path many times through the park at night to enjoy its peaceful whispers of leaves in their trees and insects at their noisiest. However, his work had not been easy that day and his body ran weary with aches.

The stars glowed numerously above him. He winced. His back and shoulders ached as he peered up at the gleaming dots, so he reluctantly glanced down to rub them.

A cry echoed across his path, suddenly stopping him. The familiarity of the scream caused his heart to abruptly jump, and then he suddenly reacted as the scream reached his ears once again. He found himself running toward the direction of the scream. He knew where it had come.

Tree branches blurred by as he ran to the end of the park's path. His legs were sore as he pressed them to go faster, his adrenaline warming his veins as he neared his secluded home. He pushed through the gate and his shirt caught onto it, ripping as he jerked from its hold. He ran slower down the stone walk path, and up the wooden stairs, his breath trying to keep up with him. He then angled his shoulder and with the rest of his strength, burst through the front door. He suddenly stopped with a yell.

Pain struck through him as he now stared down at the knife within his chest, and at his own blood that slowly soaked through his wool shirt. His heart beat fast as the blood continued to soak through. He breathed heavy, as he began to feel the familiar call of sleep. The unbearable pain was shutting him down. His body tingled and his eyes burned. Light engulfed his vision. His eyes dimmed as he grasped the hand that held the knife and peered up at the eyes that stared back into his. He wavered and his vision cleared, but just enough to see for a moment.

"V-Vinc-e..?" He stuttered through the taste of blood in his mouth. "Collin." The dimming figure acknowledged back. The knife jerked from Collin's flesh. His legs suddenly gave in and he fell unwillingly to his knees. Collin's balance wavered as he covered his wound with one of his hands. Through his dimming sight, he peered around the dark room and found four figures standing several feet behind his brother, who stood with the bloody knife still in his hand. It was becoming surreal. This wasn't really happening. Collin wanted to refuse what was happening. "n..no." Collin's face ran cold and pale as he peered in front of the four figures and found a young girl lying on the floor in front of them. His eyes widened, but before he could call her name, he was struck in the face. He fell to the side, and landed on his face, unable to catch himself. Collin began to sob as he tried picking himself back up. His muscles pained with weakness. Suddenly he was struck in the ribs. "Uu-uugh-er!" Collin cried aloud, rolling over onto his back. His eyes rolling with sleep. He forced himself to peer back over at the young girl. He quickly closed his eyes and turned his face. "Elizabeth!" He cried. Tears began to streak down his face as his pain increased, and his heart burned with hurt. "You killed her?!" Collin yelled out in anger. He breathed heavily as he peered up at his brother. Each breath sending a sharp pain through his chest. "Vinc-" Collin was interrupted as he was struck in his side again. Collin only cringed as he cried and instinctively cupped his open wound. Both his hands were oily with his blood. His voice turned hoarse and he coughed blood sputtering from his mouth. "Brother!" He uttered. "What. Are. You doing?" Vincent

smiled, watching his brother.

"Brother." He mimicked as he squatted down, displaying the knife in front of Collin. "I do not regret this..." Vincent suddenly stabbed the floor with the bloodied knife only inches from Collin's face. Vincent stood. He stretched and breathed in as if he had been holding his breath. He peered back down at Collin and spat. "This is the least that I can do for you." Vincent turned away from Collin.

Collin's face was soaked in his tears that stung his bloodied wound on his cheek bone. He began to feel increasingly cold, and his vision darkened. This is the least that I can do for you? He thought.

Collin coughed up more blood and shivered as he watched his brother walk away from him. Vincent walked to his sister and kneeled down on his one knee. "Elizabeth." He said, as he moved a black strand of her hair from off of her face. He then bent over and kissed her gently on her forehead. Collin's face tensed in disgust and he cringed as he watched his brother unable to do anything. He felt useless. It was useless.

Vincent stood to his feet and walked towards the figures. He was the first to walk out of the back door. Collin's heart jumped slowly and hard, no longer beating normally as he struggled to watch the rest of the four figures follow his brother.

As the last figure stepped through the door way he paused to look back at Collin. The figure shook his head at Collin before finally walking out of the house. Collin's eyes finally gave in and closed after they disappeared from his sight and his body went numb from the cold. Who were they? Why? Questions flooded his tired mind.

"Don't...fall asleep" He told himself. But it was useless. Just useless...His body had a mind of its own. His muscles relaxed. This couldn't be the end...but before he could resist it, he fell asleep.