

Blood is Thicker

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This is the story to my picture of Vampire Ankou. In this story, her name is Faen Tivris, because that is what her human father named her. Um.. it's the first chapeter in a long line of them...

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1 - Blood is Thicker

It was raining, again. The small child looked up, seeing her mother busily walking around the small cavern. The woman's name was Kay'el, and she was a vampire. Her skin was pale, and almost gray in the shadows, but she wasn't rotting or anything, on the contrary, she was very pretty. Her eyes were black, and deep, almost always devoid of warmth. She seemed anxious as she kept glancing at the small girl. There was something odd about her, and not just the fact she was a crossbreed freak, it was her hair, not midnight black like her mothers, but reddened at the bangs. An attribute of it's father no less. Then again, that may or may not have been her fault. This alternative seemed like a good idea at the time, but now it had gotten annoying.

"Mommy? What's a matter?"

That annoying voice had broken her thoughts again, but her resolve had taken but a moment, it was dark, so she would have no problem doing this, she didn't really feel attached to the child, it HAD been an accident. But atleast she was still alive...

"Come on bratling," She pulled on her cloak to stop the rain from touching her, but didn't bother with the little girl of whom she would be rid of in mere moments.

"Mommy, where are we going?"

"Shut up, and follow. We're going to see your father, and stop calling me mommy...."

The small girl followed willingly, because even though her mother was a cold uncaring person to her, she was SURE her mum loved her. Why else would she have kept her for those three whole years of her life? She ran into the rain, wearing her tattered black shirt and pants, which she was swimming in, trying not to lose stride with her mother.

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They came upon a wooden house in the middle of a human town; the rain had not subsided yet, so everything was muddy. Kay'el knocked on the door twice, and then took a step back as a man opened it. He had a slightly tanned complexion, strange for this region, and nearly blood red hair; the same color as the halfling 's bangs. Kay'el had specifically instructed her to stay quiet while she and the nice man talked, and she was silent. The dark skinned man looked surprised, and blinked the sleep from his eyes.

"You..."

"I am flattered you remember me Fawn."

"How could I forget you?" He spat bitterly, looking to the side ashamedly, "I should have destroyed you like the rest of your coven..."

“How you flatter me... but I have something for you.”

“I don’t want it, whatever it is, now get thee hence woman, or I’ll kill you right here.”

“Really?” She stiffened a little, and grabbed hold of the girl, shoving her forehead, “Meet your daughter, her name is Ankou, and I’m sick of taking care of her. You take care of it now, I don’t want to see it again till it grows up... then again, I don’t really care...” Kay’el smiled, “Bye...” With that said, she turned, putting her hood up. She had been anxious earlier because she had timed this. The sun would be up in a few minutes, and this way, Ankou would either be destroyed by the sun, or she would be raised by that human. Either way, she was free.

“Hey... Daddy? Where Mommy going?” She blinked up at the dark skinned man, who her mother had called Fawn. This man was her daddy? She didn’t think she had one. He seemed confused. “Daddy?”

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Fawn looked down at the little girl, thoughts whirling in his head. What was he going to do with this thing? He couldn’t raise a child, let alone a half vampire? He was a carpenter now, having given up the life of a slayer. Ofcourse he still owned his clothes and tools from his past that had been passed down, but he never used them now. He momentarily thought about leaving her in the sun, then he wouldn’t have to deal with it, but the thought fled his mind as the little girl hugged his leg, smiling.

“Daddy...”

She seemed happy, and without thinking, he picked her up, looking at her. That was odd, she had her own eyes. Not the black ones of her mother, or the deep brown of his, but a blue-green color all her own. “... Ankou? That was your name, wasn’t it?”

“Mmhmm...” She cuddled her head into her father neck, smiling at the warmth, her mother had not once held her, except to pick her up and hide her from view. She felt loved, really honestly loved.

“How old are you little one?”

“three daddy...”

His eyes widened slightly, ‘so... the vampress wasn’t lying to me... she is my child....’

“Little one-“

“Ankou.”

“Ankou,” Her held her with one arm and moved her wet bangs from her face, pushing them behind one of her pointed ears, “You are going to stay with me until you grow up, alright? Your name isn’t Ankou, now I’m going to call you Faen.”

“But why?” She was curious, how come she didn’t have her name anymore?

“Because, in this region, it is custom to name your birth child after yourself. My name is Fawn, so your

name shall be Faen, Faen Ankou Tavis.”

“What’s the last one?”

“That’s your family name. And if anyone asks your name, you have to say ‘Faen Tavis...’ Alright little one?”

“Yes daddy...” She hugged him tightly, smiling brightly. She had rather large fangs for a vampire ling. Hopefully, they would stay that length... he would already have difficulty explaining her ears and her skin. He’d think of something, he had to, Ankou... er.. Faen was his responsibility now. He turned and went back into his house, looking at the smiling little demon in his arms. And he surprisingly smiled back.

“We should get you some new clothes... you’re soaked...Faen...”

“Yes daddy.”

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Outside the window, a pair of glowing red eyes was seen. There were two black skinned creatures in the tree which lay beside the house.

“Fawn has a child?”

“A HALFLING child no less...”

“Azreal-sama will be amused by this! Lets go tell him.”

“We might get rewarded, oh! Lets go!”

“No so loud... lets not let him hear us...”

With that, there was a black puff of smoke, and the pair disappeared, leaving no mark they were there, well, no mark that a human could tell.