

Nameless Story

By MrsCullen

Submitted: July 14, 2008

Updated: July 15, 2008

For Veronica Smith, a half-werewolf, the existence of vampires are a curse from the devil. But when she seeks help from a group of these creatures, the seventeen year-old finds that the darkness is not that terrifying.

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Chapter 1 - Dreams in the Dark

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1 - Dreams in the Dark

“Fire only burns when you are idiotic enough to stick your hand inside,” the voice said rather harshly as it slowly danced around the broken wooden box that lay flat on the floor. The owner of the voice had a smile on his face that could send a thousand chills down your spine if you ever saw it up close. Of course, the voice only seemed to be enjoying this moment a bit too much, more than an average human should be feeling about a situation like this.

But this threat wasn't a human at all. I was able to pick up on that fact rather quickly for this was not the only time I had seen the figure in the shadows or heard that eerie voice that once had filled my dreams with terror and agony. And the more I pondered on the whole scenario, the more my mind actually remembered where it had seen this place before. Somehow, I was in a locked room, all the walls painted black, probably to add more darkness to it. Only one window was present in the room, but it had been barred with the heaviest metal poles money could buy. There was a tiny amount of furniture laid across the floor, all of it either turned over or ripped to shreds.

And now, this was the part that always got me stumped every time I had come across it. Everything in here, including the room itself, seemed like it was from a movie set or something like that. Even the atmosphere felt as gruesome as the room altogether. But why was it so secluded here? Where was I anyway? Why was all the furniture demolished, and who did it? There were so many questions that I desperately needed to ask, but the real question was whether I would find the answers out myself or if someone would tell me the whole story any time soon. And if someone did decide to tell me, who would that somebody be? The only other creature in this room seemed to be the ghost in the shadows, and he looked rather malicious right now. Most people would say I was as good as dead now.

“No matter how mesmerizing or enchanted the flames are,” the voice continued, obviously not noticing the seed of fear that it had planted in me for it was too busy basking in the moment. But little did I know that the voice was completely aware of my current change in mood. Whoever the voice belonged to was just too caught up in the moment to say anything. “Fire can consume someone with just one try. And soon you will become nothing but the ashes that dance around the fire. Either way, you get seriously burned.”

The shadow seemed like the poetic type of person, but that didn't distract me at all from what I knew would come up next. This is where my dreams became a real nightmare, the part where I felt that I would just die of shock from the whole experience. Now was the time when the mysterious censor circled around my surprisingly weak body, taunting my mind with worries that would soon seem minor after what was planned ahead for my future. It was basically like playing around with your food. And I had a good idea why the creature would approach me so directly, why it would let its presence be known before I was officially dead. This was the part where my perpetrator finished me off in just a matter of moments.

Knowing that resistance was worthless, I took a deep breath while anxiously waiting for a truckload of pain to course through my veins in my body at any moment. And when the dark figure broke away from the shadows to walk calmly in my direction, nothing could have prepared me for everything I was just about to go through. Expecting to feel Death enter my aching body by first inflowing through the back of my head, Fate made a snap decision and changed Nature's course to where the pain would now make its unwanted entrance.

Instead of feeling the blood in my bruised head rush, something snuck up behind me and slashed a sharp object right through the bottom of my back. The pain that I had been waiting for with disgust had

finally come, but it seemed to set my whole being on fire. At least, it felt that way. The blood didn't take long to spread across the ancient green and black tiles that had been placed on the floor probably before I was even born. Soaking right through my garments in a matter of seconds, I knew right then and there that my last breath was right around the corner. I might as well put it to some good use for the time being.

Closing my eyes shut as if this certain action would block out the immense pain I was being put through, I drew in my last breath sharply and screamed at the top of my lungs. After that, my world went black. It ended with a shrill scream and the weight of Hell on my limp shoulders.

But when I was sure that my eyes would remain permanently closed for eternity with my life now over, I could feel someone pushing my body around, like they were either trying to wake me up from the dead or turn my lifeless corpse over. Only when I was certain I heard the sound of a distant voice was I deeply confused.

"Wake up V!" The voice sounded so far away, and yet my mind could detect where the slightly annoying sound was coming from. I could have been partially deaf and would have known who was smacking my sore arm violently, nagging me to get up. And if my mother wasn't already dead, I could swear that I was in my room with her right now, refusing to get up from a restless night.

But since I knew that she was long gone and that my room was burnt with all its contents about a year ago, I ran a quick reality check in the back of my head to exterminate any other conclusions that seemed impossible right now. But before my scan was finished, the darkness suddenly evaporated from my sight, a bright light blinding my vision to see. As if on instinct, I raised my hand up to shade my still adjusting eyes and brought my head up slowly. Grogginess took over along with the familiar stiffness one got after laying on a bumpy surface for a matter of hours. It proved to be challenge just to see how many fingers I had on my hand right now, nonetheless actually remember where I was. For now, I was lucky if I could be able to string together what my surroundings were.

The grass beneath my backside and legs was still a bit wet from the rain shower that had occurred two hours before. Clouds were floating over my poorly organized and confused mind as they bonded together to deprive the people of Earth some sunlight, wanting to keep the world damp for a little while longer. Seeing as no sounds were erupting spontaneously all around my still figure, all I was able to piece together was that I was still in the woods with two other people. The others, of course, didn't even dare speak another word as they watched me rise up from my somewhat comforting yet stressful slumber. Rubbing my eyelids until I was sure that they would bleed, a scowl appeared on my face as I finally realized who I was and where I was sitting.

There was no dark room in the middle of nowhere.

There were no evil beings ascending from the shadows, preparing to jump me at any given moment as a command by an unseen master in the vast darkness.

There was no life-or-death situation with just me and some stranger I completely sure I had never met.

So that means that my whole death at a stranger's feet thing was nothing but a dream turned sour. I was still alive and well as far I knew about. Everything was a measly dream, a bad nightmare really.

"Kiana," I called to the source of the bothersome voice from before when I was positive that I would be able to restrain myself from showing an irritated attitude. My voice, however, gave out on me and made me sound like I had just been strangled. It actually made me sound weak and pretty petty, something I could never get used to no matter how frightened I was from my nightmare. But now was not the time to be easily frustrated by things that would probably never happen. It was the time to be a leader. This was when I had to prove that I was stronger than ever to deal with the little girl beside my body on the grass. Lifting my head up ever so gently once again, I suddenly recalled the black-haired seventeen year-old that was hidden behind this tough exterior I had tried so hard to perfect. Of course it was difficult for me to act so prepared after only have just woken up from a deep and obviously pathetic sleep. It was after

all, the time in the whole day when I was fully vulnerable to everything and everyone around me. Someday, I would have to work on being intimidating even when I shut my eyes for the night. When I was one hundred percent sure that dizziness would no longer target me at the moment, the hand covering my eyes fell down at my side, allowing me a few moments to find out what was going on. It didn't even take seconds before I soon saw that what had blinded me.

A flashlight.

The one thing that could blind me and possibly could cause me to lose my eyesight forever was four by six inch plastic tube that was sold at drugstores for six bucks each. How mortifying to train yourself her whole life, only to find out that one of your worst enemies was a big hunk of synthetic material that happened to be able to shine a light when needed.

Swatting at it while once again shielding my eyes, the inexpensive contraption was swiped away from Kiana's grasp by the boy standing next to the child. The spotlight that been focused on me soon vanished with a simple click, assuring me that my pupils were no longer at any risk of getting damaged. I opened my eyes, just realizing that I had closed them sometime in the past few moments, to glance at the only person around who had the spunk to deal with little and bratty Kiana Smith. And of course, my eyes feel on the tall form of Zane Richards.

If one ever looked close enough, they would see that his hair was fairly blond and he had a great build. Many would assume that he lifted weights everyday by the way his muscles made his black T-shirt look tight, and would probably describe him as a mean-looking fellow. But the way he grabbed the flashlight from Kiana's hold would show him as someone who was compassionate and aware of other's feelings. Never did he throw her a dirty look or slapped her hand, which was what I would have done at anytime if I was given the chance. He had taken it gently, but swift enough to show Kiana he did not approve of her actions.

"Kiana, I suggest you don't flash this in her eyes. Veronica doesn't really need you to temporarily blind her." The accent on the his tone was a bit heavy, easily giving away that he was obviously from London or some other place in England. People who used to know him could tell you that he had spent almost ten years getting rid of the "humiliating" drawl, claiming it was a speech impediment of some sort. But to many others, especially teenage girls, the accent only seemed to add to his attractive profile and stunning personality.

But of course, I wasn't going to let Mr. Pretty Boy here fight my battles. This was between me and the little hobbit with a red bush on her head.

"Zane," I muttered in an annoyed tone, hinting that I didn't need him to prove my point in this situation. But the smile that played on his face showed that he only did it to help me, and I was aware of that from the start. He was just that polite, even for a street scavenger.

"Only trying to assist you. It was never my intention to get you even more frustrated." Zane's kindness towards me had always been somewhat of a joke back in the high school we both attended. Everyone would joke around and say that the way he treated me showed that he seemed to be a bit infatuated with the seventeen year-old behind standing before him. But since he was a big flirt most of the time and was chased by almost every girl in the senior class, I never really took it as something special. And while it was true that he may have liked me before, no one would be surprised if those feelings had grown stronger now. I was, after all, the only girl around right now that was actually his age. Being a runaway had those certain benefits and yet, frustrating limitations. He just wasn't my type.

Of course, I may have had a crush on him in the beginning since he was a new face and he was British, for goodness sakes. In my book, he got two points just for that. As time flew on and people got used to him in the high school, my feelings soon faded as I realized I had absolutely nothing in common with the guy. Or maybe it's because I wasn't as into the Beatles as he was. To me, the Beatles are nothing compared to today's rock and alternative bands, which I was still in the process of making Zane

addicted to. Nothing eases the mind more than hearing people on stage screaming their hearts out. But just because we had our differences, doesn't mean I couldn't enjoy his company and respect towards me for a just a little bit. It made me feel special and important, like the way he refused to leave my side even when he was ambushed by so many offers to join other groups at lunch. Well, back when Zane and I were still struggling to meet the social status of our fellow classmates. That was until we ran away about a year ago. Now we're lucky if we can sit down and have a decent talk with each other. It took a while for me to snap back to reality and fully grasp what was going around me once again. Only quick glances at Zane's worried expression and Kiana's infuriated appearance reminded of what this whole thing was about. The little dweeb had jolted me awake and had given me just moments ago, a sour attitude. What a great way to tell someone 'Good morning.'

"If you want to help me, you can start by getting that freak out of my face." I made sure to emphasize on the 'freak' part of my sentence as my voice was soon restored from its feeble state. Letting Kiana know that the slur was directed at her, I arched my eyebrows in mystification as a one of the edges of her lips twitched.

"Me? A freak?" The young girl spoke for the first time since I'd woken up from my wearisome slumber, rolling her eyes at the comment I had obviously directed at her before. One would expect her to be about six years old just by looking at all four feet of her, but her attitude definitely showed the true ten year-old behind the look. Her face was covered in dirt as her red curls limped lifelessly from her scalp and covered her right eye. The pink dress that had once impressed millionaires was now as beautiful as a rag found on the street. But despite her looks, nothing could stop Kiana from acting like the complete snob she was. And as she zeroed in on my face and tall figure, the ten year-old had never looked more frightening than now. And when she was normally mad, it actually made me laugh. Now, she just looked like a tiger cub ready to torture its first victim.

"I'm the freak after what just happened with you?" Pointing her stubby finger at my throbbing shoulder blade accusingly, Kiana made sure to keep her face fierce the whole time she stared at ygme like I was nothing but a piece of meat ready to be cut up into pieces. "In case you haven't noticed, but you scream bloody murder when you are asleep. Do you want all of Colorado to know that we are hiding near a highway?"

I froze and choked back my response to Kiana as the intensity of her words fully sunk in. I was completely aware of the fact that I would sometimes scream in my sleep, but the fact that these same screams had been heard in the real world shocked even me. Trying to convince myself how strong I truly was without Kiana's consent, everything inch of my body refused to believe that I could so defenseless once I had closed my eyes to dream.

But on the one moment when I didn't have anything to throw back at Kiana, the preteen seemed to take this as a sign that she had won the battle just now. A delicate, yet mischievous smile appeared on her face, shaping itself perfectly when she realized just how great the moment was. A ten year-old having the upper advantage over a seventeen year-old was a sight one did not see everyday. This had to be the worst day of my life yet.

"Wipe that smile off your face now." The edge in my voice scared even myself, the tone of vocalization allowing me to announce each word carefully so that I was sure that the message was received, loud and clear. But when Kiana's smile stayed in place, the seventeen year-old that had absolutely no control over herself jumped up of my body and pushed the girl into a tree. Normally, it would have hurt someone as small as her, but Kiana was not as fragile as others, which caused the guilt building up inside to cease. Wincing when her back hit the bark, Kiana tried to release my hold on her neck, hating the feeling of being a little kid again with such limited air capacity.

"I said wipe that smile off now!" Though there were no mirrors around, I was pretty sure that my face was now beet red as my left hand was trembling while my right hand formed a hook around Kiana's little

neck.

What happened next was something that others would have killed to see, and yet afterward they would never want to get near a dog again. When I had first discovered it, it had driven me to temporary insanity and had caused me to think about committing suicide. That was until I was finally able to grasp the true meaning of it and find out why it had occurred in the first place. And even though it was extremely convenient at times, it was like having a lethal weapon glued to your body for eternity.

Before my very own eyes, the same left hand of mine that had been trembling before because of anger had now transformed from a dirty pale part of my numb body to a full fledged claw. Black fur covered it, making it look like a big fluff ball. One would have even mistaken it for a sleeping creature if they didn't see the sharp claws that stuck out from underneath the pile of dark hair. But since I was still my regular human self, it was obviously clear that my left hand was the only part of me that had changed.

Some say that losing your temper can lead to things that you will soon regret. For me, those words lived up to their full potential every time I saw what had become of me. But just because I was bound to regret it later doesn't mean I left sorry for my actions. I needed to teach Kiana a lesson in manners today.

Pointing one of my sharp nails at Kiana's throat, I made sure to plant a murderous look in my eyes as I was the one to smile this time. The little girl tried to hide her fear underneath a thick blanket of pride, but her disguise was soon destroyed when Kiana finally realized just how much danger she was in.

Undermining America's youth was just too easy these days.

"Next time you try to talk smart with me, you'll be bleeding out of your neck." Certain that I had gotten my message across by the look on her face, I retracted my left hand from the little girl and released my tight grip on the fragile neck in center of my palm, causing the bratty Kiana to fall on her bottom. Staring at me with a baffled look on his face, Zane could only bow his head in shame at he tried to think of how nasty my carelessness could have gotten if I hadn't just stopped myself from killing that ten year-old. Part of his attention was focused on the coughing Kiana still lying on the grassy floor, the part of his mind tsking her for annoying me once again. Everyone knew how tedious werewolves got when they were starving, but I was special. I wasn't like other wolves. What Kiana had done was almost as foolish as what I had attempted to do. Her actions had no way of benefitting us if she would only try to torture me more. If I had just killed, then Zane and I would have one less mouth to feed.

"You need anger management," Zane muttered under his breath when he was sure that the desperate and ravenous seventeen year-old inside of me had cooled down a bit. You also never wanted to piss off a werewolf when they already had problems of their own. He should know since it had happened to him last year. Never had one of the teachers ever approached him after he cursed out Mr. Reynolds in Science Class. Being a personal witness to this implausible show of anger towards my least favorite teacher, the memory was still so sweet in my mind as if all of it had just happened yesterday. Ever since then, he had convinced himself that he needed anger management as much as I needed it now.

"Look. Don't contradict me on what Little Ms. Daisy over here did." Since I had obviously heard what Zane had said about me, every bone in my body was ready to release all the tension on him this time. Kiana had gotten up from the damp ground, refusing to talk though her breathing appeared to have returned back to normal from before. "Let's just get near a bus station and try to snag someone's tickets. I'm dying to get out of Colorado."

Taking a black hair band from my right wrist, I rapidly put up my hair in a ponytail and waited until Zane and Kiana were ready to leave from their forest paradise. When everyone was set and Zane had made sure that we had everything we would need, he slung it on his right shoulder and showed us through the maze of trees in the vast forest.

We could have gone out on the highway and hitched a ride from someone. Knowing our luck, maybe we would have found someone to spare us some money for the bus trip. But when you are part werewolf and a runaway child, you could never play on the safe side of life again. Especially when every waking

moment of your life may be your last.