

# Short Stories (Just Because)

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*Okay, so, the other day I was thinking (scary, huh?). I have no way to share my short stories other than creating a story thing for each. why not just have one whole 'story' for short stories? so, here we are. Just Because.*

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# 1 - My Brother

## My Brother

Twilight. The hour closest to Hades. The hour most claim to see ghosts.

And the hour I saw my brother.

He was walking, in no hurry, no rush, just walking. He was wrapped in his coat, boots scuffing the sidewalk, gloves pushed low in his pockets. I knew he wasn't real, he couldn't be. My brother was dead, but

He was there, right in front of me!

I called out to him, my voice cracking with the pain in my sore throat. He didn't answer me, just looked into my tear-filled eyes. Again, I called to him, taking to a run; I wanted to see him so badly, even with tears misting my vision.

As I reached him, I & I saw right through him. That was when my fears were realized. My brother was dead; it wasn't just a bad dream.

*The car swerved...he pushed me out...the car tumbled off the bridge...* The scene played in my head over and over again, never stopping. I felt dizzy, but it was real.

He was dead. And I was seeing his ghost. Did he regret saving me and not himself? I asked him&but I got no response. He just gazed at me no, *though* me and his eyes seemed&hungry, almost.

But I wasn't afraid of my brother; I was safe, he couldn't, wouldn't hurt me. I knew.

Or, at least, I believed.

I must have missed something, because at that moment, my brother reached out his hand and we were together in the twilight, the hour closest to Hades, when ghosts can be seen.

I was cold, very cold. But that must have been why my brother wore that huge coat of his.

End.

## 2 - Waiting: Part I, Lamppost

### Waiting: Part I, Lamppost

Under the lamplight, the rain flowing over her umbrella, the sky thundering in anger or sadness, stood a young woman, alone, just waiting perhaps. No one else was around; no one else would witness her death. She stood, watching the silent road, watching the dark silhouette. The silhouette never moved, never breathed, never made a sound. There, in the night, it stood, beckoning to passersby.

But the only one about tonight, the only one drawn, was the young woman, waiting, with her umbrella overhead.

The silhouette beckoned her, urged her to come over, urged to come forward. The woman glanced around her, conflicted. She was waiting, but for what, the silhouette knew not. Yet, the woman came anyways. She stepped forward, hesitant at first. As her foot touched the muddy pavement, she grew in confidence, and strode with pride towards the dark silhouette.

As she reached the rail of the silhouette, she knew it was a bridge overlooking a raging river. But the thunderclaps deafened the river's waves, and the woman knew not the river's rage.

Again, she stepped forward.

"You are nothing," the wind howled.

"A waste of oxygen," the rain pattered.

"Nothing at all," the thunder roared.

"No one will miss you," the river raged.

And she believed. She gripped the rail with her free hand and looked below. All she saw was a flowing river. Slowly, she released her umbrella, letting the wind rip it from her grasp. As the rain poured over her brow, she squeezed past the rail and stood, holding the rail behind her. And then she fell. Just as she hit the water, a car pulled up to the lamppost and a bright, deafening stroke of lightning hit where she'd been standing, waiting perhaps, under the lamplight.

### 3 - GOTSR and RAS RPG - explicit yaoi

Gardian\_of\_the\_shadow\_relm and Rei\_Anul\_Sama&in&

Diesel, Lian, Craven, and Raven (along with Even, Jeron, Shen, and Lizza making a small appearance)&in&

&no name yet? XD

Rei: \*snicker\* don't know Lian? hehe

Lian: \*sniff\* I feel so unloved

Rei: Lian is one of my OCs, as well as a pervert, a fox demon, Lord of Lust, yadda yadda yadda.

Lian: hey, no shorting my introduction!

Rei: \*snicker\* basically, he likes have men under his control. He's bi, though he likes men the most. Oh, and he has like...over 1,000 kids right now...at least i think thats what he's up to...

Raven: Actually, he has a little under 700. I told him to stop.

Rei: And Raven is Lian's...well, husband. Yeah, they're both dudes. Oh, and Lian can make a dude preggy^\_^ that's the only reason he has so many kids. He goes after everyone.

Lian: ...do not...

Raven and Rei: Yes, yes you do.

Me: lol, awww poor Lian! I didn't mean to make you feel unloved ;\_; \*hugs Lian\*

Diesel: .....a fox demon huh? \*licks lips\*

Craven: O\_O your such a whore! what ever happened to our so called 'loyal' relationship?!?!?!?

Diesel: \*looks unimpressed\* Excuse me, i've never 'been' with anyone but you.....sure i may have kissed a few ...um...'beings' in my time, but i've never committed to any of them.

Craven:...hmmm, ya know, i think i may try this 'kissing' thing \*looks around\*.....\*grabs Lian\*

Diesel: O\_O HEY!!!!

Me: oh, dear....I've looked in your gallery, i'm sure there's none of Lian, maybe i missed him. What does he look like?!?!?! and Raven, he sounds like a kick as dude ^\_^

Lian: \*smirks\* Ladies, ladies, there's plenty of me to go around^\_^

Raven: \*glares at Lian\* \*grumbles and pulls Diesel over to him, snoggling him for a few moments.\* I think I need a new partner. You willing, Diesel?

Lian: O\_O ...but...but...wait...that's not cool... \*glances at Craven\* I think I should try a new partner too...

Rei: -\_- ' perhaps a little time in a cage, away from everyone, will do you some good, Lian...

Raven: \*raises hand\* I second that!

Shen: ...I think Father and Mother need a time out...

Jeron: Yes, I agree...

Lizza: Wait...is the sky falling? Cuz you two just agreed...that's scary...

(Jeron, Shen, and Lizza are triplets and part of Lian and Raven's brood.)

Rei: yes, I think the sky IS falling....

Diesel:.....yes, that is a talent which i poses as well....

Evan: o\_O.....humf! did you have to get frisky with him dad?.....You don't realise the crap i get at from other people!!!

Craven: Hey, i didn't know that was gonna happen. It should be impossible!

Diesel: WELL it's not! Alright! .....a new partner.....

Craven: don't you dare! \*Grabs Lian for more\*

Diesel: O\_O \*Grabs Raven and pulls him to the ground\*

Evan: \* starts crying\* i don't want a brother or sister!!!! STOP!!!!!! \*runs off\*

Me:....eheh, well, that went well i think.

Rei: O\_O oh god...can u imagine? A CravenXLian kid and a DieselxRaven kid?

Raven: ...might be interesting, actually...

Rei: Okay, I'd expect that from Lian...but from you?!

Lian: Hey, I'm willing to try it^\_^

Rei: And make your brood number 800? ...did you find someone who sells crack for cheap or something?

Lian: ...heeeeeeeeeey...i'm not drugged...or anything... \*pulls Craven into his sanctuary (yes, there is a temple to him in his universe) and shows him around\* Welcome, Craven, to my sanctuary...  
\*OUTSIDE\*

Raven: ...heeeeeeeeeey...\*looking at Diesel on top of him\* ...though I agree new partnership is in order, mind if we find a comfortable place? like a couch or a bed...or even a blanket to put under me?

Craven: O\_O , OH No mister, i'm not givin birth again! Hell i don't know how women do it.....\*looks around sanctuary\*....hmmm, what does this do?

Diesel: \*gets off Raven\* fair enough, though i would prefer to make you scream.....\*evil grin\*

Craven: Is it just me or is it getting hot in here? .....i wonder where Diesel went....

Diesel: \*takes Raven to a comfortable secluded area\*....now what?

Lian: \*takes Craven into arms\* it will become quite hot, no worries^\_^

Raven: Now, you see if you can make me scream^\_^

Diesel:...humf....you think you can withstand the pain....very well. \*pins Raven to the ground face down and rakes nails down back...then drinks the blood\* This is just the beginning.

Craven: \*swallows lump in throat\* \*heart beat races\* ...but...

Raven: \*glances at Diesel, a smirk on his lips\* are you sure you're quite skilled in this? Lian can make me scream...can you?

Lian: \*places a gentle hand on Craven's cheek\* There are no 'buts', dear Craven...\*kisses Craven passionately, trailing his slender hands up Craven's torso, bringing Craven's shirt along\* \*once Craven's torso is cleared of fabric, Lian ends the kiss and begins to lick Craven's left nipple\*

Diesel: \*slaps Raven\* How dare you mention his name whilst i'm here! \*smirks back\* ...i have more experience than you could ever dream to have....it's not wise to mock me. \*turns Raven over and runs nail up his chest, causing pain, but not hard enough to pierce the flesh...then runs tongue up throat\*

Craven: \*starts moaning\* \*breathes heavily as Lian touches a scar left by Diesel\* \*starts to dig nails into Lian s back and pulls him closer\* this is wrong...why are you doing this? \*tries to fight it\*

Raven: \*moans\* so we...truly begin now...\*grins, showing his razor teeth, and lets his claws extend to their full length, running his nails along Diesel's back\* Then...i'll just have to tease you more...\*pushes one of his nails into Diesel's thigh\* Shall we also see how much a vampire can withstand?

Lian: \*moves down Craven's torso, undoing Craven's pants at the same time\* \*trail's his tongue down Craven's middle, going inside Craven's bellybutton (XD)\* nothing I do is wrong, dear Craven...I am a god to these people...everything I do is righteous... \*begins to suck on one of Craven's balls, drawing down Craven's pants and all extra clothing\*

Craven: \*pulse races as blood rushes to lower body\* (least explicit wording i could use lol) \* Craven's grip on Lian's back strengthens , pulling him closer, their bodies entwined as he tries to hold back an intense moan...but fails.\* \* struggling for breath utters some words\* ...p...please...don't....i....oh god. \*pulls Lian's body up towards his face and delivers a delicate kiss\*...why can't i stop...someone s going to get hurt....

Diesel: \*lets out a small sigh of pleasure\* ...We vampires are accustomed to pain, you will have to do more than that....if you want to really to see me suffer... \*leans up close to Ravens face and slowly licks his ear, proceeding down to his torso to deliver a harsh bite on his nipple...then moves down further dragging his sharp nails over his ribcage\*

Lian: \*smiles with a knowing look in his silver eyes as he traces Craven's pelvic bone with a slender finger\* you really shouldn't worry...no one will get hurt... \*leans in and gives Craven a passionate kiss\* (god he loves thoseXD) \*as the kiss continues, one of Lian's hands is busy in the lower regions, preparing for Lian's entry\* Dear Craven, I will be gentle...no one will be hurt...and those other two...ah, they *will* be jealous...of the time we share, here and now...

Raven: \*lets out a small moan as Diesel's claws drag over his ribcage\* good...then i might really enjoy this... \*retracts the claw from Diesel's thigh, tracing the vampire's spine with the bloodied hand; with the other, Raven brings up Diesel and kisses the vampire, biting into Diesel's lower lip, drawing blood\* \*as he licks at the blood, he looks into Diesel's eyes and smiles a wicked, cruel smile\* you should also know...we Raven Demons...are also accustomed to pain...in fact...we love it...more than our clans...

Craven: \*gets a shiver up spine and jerks forward as Lian continues below\* \*lightly trails a finger down Lian's Mid-drift; with both hands thrusts his pelvis tight against his and lets out a moan\* ..please don't hurt me, ..... \*suddenly something snaps\* ..... \*grins\*, at least not yet... \*Grabs hold of Lian's manhood XD and squeezes tightly and bites his shoulder\* oh yes...they will be jealous of our time together...

Diesel: \*gives a piercing look into Raven's eyes, revealing his fangs as they grow to their full length, blood still dripping from Raven's bite\* I think i'm going to enjoy this... \*licks the blood from his mouth and dips his spine as Raven's finger moves down, slowly moving his pelvis from side to side whilst pressing against Raven's...then takes a hand and digs his claws into Raven's manhood, pressing his thumb nail into the tip and smirks\* ..I see....so this is what you give me to work with....

Lian: \*lets out a moan and grins\* indeed they will... \*moves second hand down Craven's midsection and grabs hold of Craven's length, claws extending; his fox tail appears, weaving above his head and stroking Craven's thigh\* \*nips at the nape of Craven's neck, using his first hand to insert two of his long fingers, claws extended, into Craven's @\$\$ and begins to pump and move them around\* Now you will see...why fox demons...are often called...vixens...

Raven: \*throws back head, mouth open in a silent exclamation of pleasure\* \*out of the corner of his eye, he gives Diesel a wicked, pleasure-filled smirk\* perhaps...I've given you...too much...to work with... \*digs nails into Diesel's back and pushes himself to Diesel's hands\* and i'm sure...you can do quite a lot more... \*wicked grin\*

Craven: \* Lets out an intense moan as a single tear runs down his face\* \*claws the ground in an attempt to bear the pain\* \*his arms give way as he falls to the ground\* \*tears in his eyes he looks into Lian's \* y....you said you wouldn't hurt me. \*lays face down on the floor, helpless as Lian's body presses against his\*

Diesel: \*Digs nail in further to the tip of Raven's manhood drawing blood\* \*Fangs bared, starts at the throat, moving his tongue down Raven's chest, proceeding down to his pelvis; Still clutching Raven, glides his tongue over his manhood, sucking the blood from the tip.\* \*suddenly takes both hands with elongated claws and rams them into Ravens thighs piercing the flesh, then violently drags them down creating deep gashes\*

Lian: I will give you pleasure beyond pain&\*his mouth takes the place of his hand as he begins to suck on Craven s length, as well as taking out his fingers. As he sucks on Craven s dick, his hands are busy stroking Craven s thighs alongside Lian s tail\* \*as Craven releases, Lian moves up to cover Craven's body, gently stroking Craven's cheek\* Dear Craven, \*Lian whispers into Craven's ear\* I could never give you pain without equal pleasure...though it will hurt...will you allow me in?

Raven: \*moans loudly as Diesel moves, then lets out a surprise yelp when Diesel claws Raven s thighs and drags them down\* \*as the vampire draws blood, Raven whimpers with the pain, his hands forming fists\* \*a tear at the corner of his eye and a grin on his lips, Raven almost laughs\* I have to say&this is the most fun&I ve had in years&

Craven: \*Moans loudly as Lian caresses his thighs; pushing himself further into Lian's mouth as he releases; wrapping his thighs around his neck.\* \*pulls Lian's hot pumping body close up against his, wrapping his arms around his slender neck; running his delicate fingers round the back of his head and through his long hair\* \*gives Lian a passionate kiss, his mouth still full of cum (O\_O)\* ....why are you doing this to me...you make me so bad, i love.....i...love..... \*moans as their lengths touch\*

Diesel: \*brings head up and gives a cruel grin, fangs dripping with blood\* You like that....you said you liked pain, do you want more?... \*retracts claws as he runs his slender fingers back up Ravens hot torso, leaning in, pressing his cold dead body against Raven's; continuing to run his fingers over Raven's arms,



delivers a sharp bite to his right bicep as he brings his thumb nails over Raven's nipples\* heh-heh...you seem to be giving in slightly, do i detect a hint of weakness.....

Lian: \*presses himself against the heated body beneath him\* Dear Craven, \*he whispers into Craven's ear\*, I'm going in... \*pushes his lance into Craven's @\$\$, stroking Craven's thigh with one hand and his tail, while with the other hand he holds Craven's cheek\* \*with his claws withdrawn (contrast to DieselXD), he gently holds Craven's cheek, and kisses the mortal beneath him\* \*whispering into his ear, he reveals one thing he's never told another, mortal or not,\* I...love...you...

Raven: \*mouth open in surprise, Raven lets out a small scream\* ah...maybe...but only...to you... \*he rolls, pushing Diesel under him; suddenly, the dark feather wings of a raven sprout from his back as he leans in to kiss Diesel\* only...to you... \*Raven kisses Diesel and envelopes himself and the vampire with this black wings\* \*he whispers into Diesel's ear as his arms wrap around the vampire, holding him in death's grip (no, Raven's not dead, just very strongXD)\*and to you&I give...my...love...

Craven: \*Arches his back as Lian enters, letting out a small moan; tilting his head back as Lian strokes his cheek\* \*closes eyes and moans again\* ...why do you torment me, what about Raven...you don't mean it... \*breathing becomes heavy once again as he feels the blood rush towards his length\* \*helpless to do anything as Lian holds him in place\* ...how can you love me, we should both go to hell for what we are doing, we're betraying the ones we truly love....

Diesel: \*gives a sadistic grin\* ...tell, me...who takes control when your with Lian?... \*hesitates for a slight moment\* ...what did you call me...you should not say such things...that you do not mean. Love is sacred. The life i live is a living hell, i'm damned. I do not deserve love.... \*suddenly a slight glint appears in Diesel's eyes\* ....what am i doing... \*moans loudly as Raven's wings stroke his torso\* I want more...make me pay for what i have done. I cannot be killed.

Lian: \*smiles gently, leaning over Craven, gently stroking the mortal\* do not fear hell...I have seen it...my brother rules it...and Raven...hah...I mean nothing to him... \*places his head on Craven's shoulder, letting a small tear run down his face\* only once...only once have I loved...but never did I confess...but you...you have changed me somehow... \*places a hand on Craven's chest, running his fingers up and down, from his neck to his chest\*

Raven: \*lets out a haunting laugh\* the Raven Clan and the Fox Clan can never unite as one. \*lets his claws extend and runs them down the front of Diesel's body, drawing small channels of blood\* \*he licks up the blood then kisses Diesel without swallowing the blood, giving some to the vampire\* I will make your life so much better than it is... \*cuts open Diesel's left arm, bites down on Diesel's shoulder, and impales himself on Diesel's manhood\* the pain I will give will sate your desire...your lust...this pain will show you...how much I ve come to love you...

Craven: \*his heart skips a beat as he hears Lian's fragile words\*...But why me...i have done nothing for you, except spend time with you right now...before this night, you never even knew i existed...\* heart pounds as Lian strokes his chest\* ...I fear death...and hell. Diesel does not know...i am weak compared to him. \*rolls over as Lian slides beneath him\* \* places a delicate hand on Lian's cheek; with his thumb, wipes away his tear as he gazes into his eyes\* ...\* places his head on Lian's chest; breathing in time with his heart beat\* \*running one hand of his slender fingers back and forth against his ribs\* ....what is it you seek from me....

Diesel: \*draws in a deep silent breath and jerks forward as Raven bleeds him\* \* pulling the Demon close against his ice cold body; digging his claws into Raven's back\* ah...you think you can give me what I need...you might be right...\* Blood rushes to Diesel's length as it presses against Raven's\* \*he moans slightly, both out of pain and pleasure\* \*the stitches in his left arm begin to open\*ahaha...so your Clan would not unite with the fox...but why the Vampire...are you so fervent.... to see blood flow?.....show me, how much i mean to you...make me believe you...

Lian: \*cradles Craven against his chest\* I have watched all from the shadows of my brother's domain...there is no reason to fear death or hell, for I will be there to comfort you...and there is no need to compare yourself to a vampire...but for a mortal, you give yourself far too little credit...\*strokes Craven's hair, letting the silent halls fill a vast emptiness within him\* all I seek...is one to talk to...Raven does not listen, he does not even care...no, one of Raven Clan would never care...they are carrion eaters...while humans...mortals are creatures out of myths, ones who think and imagine and create...but not the demon clans...no, they do not like change...\*wraps his tail around Craven's leg, brings Craven up and kisses him\* now...do you want me out of you, or should we continue?

Raven: \*blushes under the vampire's gaze\* my clan...though I am the heir to the clan...I am yet to be their leader...nor do I want the position...whoever I choose to give myself to...for him or her I would leave the clan behind...I would leave my position, my title, everything I have...to be with you...\*begins to move on Diesel's length, pushing himself up and slamming himself down, giving out a cry as he did so\* I...I'm not sure if I can do this...\*blushing profusely, he turns from Diesel, his wings wrapping protectively about him\* the only thing I can really offer...is pleasure in life...\*he glances back at Diesel and leans in to the vampire\* hope i'm not too boring for you...\*licks at the blood on Diesel's shoulder, his saliva entering the vampire's veins\* did you know...a raven demon's saliva...is much like a snake demon's? We have two properties alike...though it isn't lethal, it will hurt a great deal for at least four hours...and it can either go in the victim's body by saliva or fangs...hope it's not too much...\*grins wickedly at the vampire\*

Craven: \* sheds a tear, turning his face away from Lian's out of shame\* ...humans are over rated...power-hungry, destructive, easily corrupted. I have nothing to be proud of. Diesel, is what keeps me going, he fascinates me, yet he does not see....\*jerks slightly as Lian moves\*...you...\*suddenly, hugs

Lian tight. Tighter than the first night he ever made love to Diesel\* \*bringing his head up to rest against Lian's slender neck\* ...something inside me...this feeling...it burns, like my blood is on fire...i.....i.....\* slides his tongue into Lian's mouth as they kiss; uttering only two words\* .....don't stop.....

Diesel: \*leans over Raven as his wings encase him; slowly encouraging his wings to open\*...Dear Raven, do not be afraid...you have made it clear how you feel \*takes Raven into his arms, holding his body tight\* \*grinds his fangs as the saliva enters his body\* ....you amaze me... fascinate me...fulfill my desire...my lust...my....\* suddenly screams in pain as the venom starts to course through his veins\* ...what have you done to me....\*loosens his grip on Raven as he continues to scream\* yes.....\*out of nowhere slams Raven into the ground, his infected wound still pumping\* \* his eyes turning an even more vivid crimson than before\* ...so you truly love me...you would give everything up....\*gazes into Ravens eyes a hypnotic stare; revealing a tiny glimmer of empathy\* \* withdrawing his fangs\* ...would it make you happy if i did the same.....

Lian: You should be ashamed...of nothing...\*lays Craven gently on the ground as he moves with Craven\* \*lavishes the mortal with kisses filled with a burning passion\* \*holds tight to Craven, almost as tight as Craven did to him\*

Raven: whatever you choose...that would make me happy...ecstatic...\*holds tight to Diesel's back, encompassing the two of them in his dark wings\* anything...for you...\*kisses Diesel passionately\* enjoy my venom...for you will have...four hours of agony...agony I will share with you...

Craven: \*gazes gently into Lian's eyes as they kiss; then closes them, enhancing the pleasure of their passionate embrace; sliding his hands up and down his neck\* ...i shall always treasure this time together...\*a single tear slips out the corner of his eye as he pulls Lian close and whispers sweetly in his ear\* .....I ...love you...

Lian: \*wipes Craven's tear away, holding the mortal close to him\* I know...

Diesel: \* moans as the pain overwhelms him\* ...you will watch me suffer for 4 hours; my pain is your pain. I bare it for you....\* falls to the ground and turns on his back, pulling the Demon over his body embracing him\* (few hours later) \*as the pain starts to subside, Diesel relaxes, running his slender, corpse like fingers through Ravens wings\* \*sighs gently\* What ever i do or choose, the ones i love will always get hurt. I do not want this for you...i value your very existence....you have made me realize what it means to feel again...stay with me....\* moaning slightly as the pain of the venom fades, the two fall into a deep sleep; a sleep that no other being could reach. The night fades as the two slumber together, their minds at peace once again\*

And that, is that. At least of this episode. Hope you enjoyed!

## 4 - Gwen and I - Chapter 1

### Chapter One: Family

My father was, I am sure, intended by nature to be a cheerful, kindly man. He always came to the University on time; he always, *always* helped with the rent.

But this was waaaaaay before he and mom got a divorce. I don't know what happened, really; I never got the whole story. I remember Mom started yelling about something to do with another woman. I think it was the woman I saw hanging off Dad in the mall. She's cute, with her long blonde hair, but a bit of ditz. *Dad* said her name was Gwen, but I doubt that. I had reasons to doubt her.

Anyways, I *think* she was the reason Mom walked out on Dad. I'm still not too sure though. After the divorce, Mom moved away. She didn't get custody of me, Dan, Carl; we stayed with Dad. She did, however, get Cathy and Mary, though I think Mary reminds her of Gwen. I get letters from Cathy saying Mom gets drunk a lot and takes it out on Mary. When I show the letters to Dad, he doesn't seem to care. Then Dad told me Dan, Carl, and I were *all* born from Gwen; my sisters were mom's kids. I didn't really believe that, but what I found was *much* worse. I delved deeper into our backgrounds and saw, for the first time, my dad had *actually lied to me*.

Carl was the son of an Irish woman Dad had met during the war, Dan was the son of a British woman, and I was Gwen's son, her only son. Mary was the daughter of someone in the Philippines and Cathy was the only one of us to be Mom's *real* daughter. She was the only one who was never mistreated by our so-called Mom.

And none of us were treated well anyways.

Except by Gwen. But something about my biological mother made my skin crawl. I think it was the fangs I saw in her smile, or her sickly pale skin. Perhaps it was the way her hair always shined at night, or the way her eyes glowed with a beastly hunger.

Dad never seemed to notice. Until she picked me up from the University for the first time, I didn't mind. But when the black hover car pulled up to the sidewalk and the window rolled down, I felt the blood rush from my cheeks to flee to my toes. She smiled kindly, showing her fangs. I couldn't help but shiver.

Heeloo, Alexander! She called from where she sat. Come along, dear, the family's waiting!

I sighed, my shoulders slumping. A clap on the back sent me flying down the University stairs and I caught sight of Nick, my roommate. I glared at him and all he did was laugh.

Alexander, Alexander! a few of my friends mocked. Hurry up, darling! Get in the car, sweetie! I glanced around and found a sizable grey stone in the garden. Slowly, I removed the stone from its resting place and hurled it at the group of mockers. They dodged and laughed again as I climbed into the front seat.

Gwen, *please* don't do that, I sighed, settling into the seat.

Oh, dear, call me mom! she flashed a toothy grin, completely ignoring my request. Well, let's get going, shall we?

The car lurched forward, hovering slowly into the air. Gwen pressed down gently on the gas pedal and the car pushed forward through empty air. I didn't pay attention to where we were going; it's not that I trusted Gwen, I was just too tired. I think I even fell asleep.

When I felt a cold hand touch mine, I jolted awake. My red eyes met hungry gold ones. The pale skin around the craving eyes told me who it was, but I cringed away from Gwen all the same.

Sorry, Alexander, she apologized, I didn't mean to scare you.



inconvenient if you returned to him. I doubt he would welcome you back, though.

*What?* I shrieked. *What the hell are you talking about?!* He s my *Dad!* *Why wouldn t he welcome me back?!*

Natasha, I m surprised at you, the man sighed. You really haven t told him. Not even about his family. I&there was never a time& Gwen sighed. I m sorry, Ancestor, there is no excuse for my inaction. The man held open his arms and Gwen went to him.

There, there, my child, all will be set right, the man promised. *I almost gagged.*

Really, this is nice and all, but I have school in the morning, I snorted.

The man turned to me; I couldn t see his face. You shall never see another morning, child. *Today was the last you will ever see the sun.*

## 5 - GOTSR and RAS RPG Episode 2 - explicit yaoi

[Gardian\\_of\\_the\\_shadow\\_relm](#) and [Rei\\_Anul\\_Sama](#) bring you the continuation of our OC s RPG!

Part Two: Enter [Macabre](#) and [Airal](#)

The next morning&

Craven: ....I don't want this time to end...but i must go...

Diesel: \*wakes up next morning; subconsciously turns over and puts his arm over the figure laying beside him\* ....my love... \*stirs slightly uttering a few words under his faint breath\* no.....no.....i can't lose you..... \*starts to toss and turn\* ...don't go!.....

Macabre: \*to Airal\* I love no one....Ariel my dear. Your bearer is a fool for loving my brother. \* goes and lays down on the sofa. As he gets comfortable, his shirt lifts slightly, revealing a little glimpse of his pelvis\* hmmmm.....

Lian: \*strokes Craven's cheek\* then return to me soon, Dear Craven... \*allows the sanctuary doors to unlock and open\* do come back to me, my love...

Raven: \*waking, hugs Diesel tightly\* Diesel! \*as the vampire tosses, Raven holds on tighter\* Diesel, wake up! It s a dream, just a dream! \*when Diesel doesn't wake, Raven bites the vampire, holding back his venom\*

Airal: \*watches Macabre\* Raven is younger than me; he is not my bearer. Lian is my sire, though I'm not sure how that happened... \*glances away from Macabre...I don't even know who my bearer truly is...I've asked father to explain it, but...he won't...I don't know why... \*glances back to Macabre to find that a bit of Macabre's pelvis was revealed\* \*has to hold on to his mind, but is really turned on\*



Craven: \* smiles gently and kisses Lian on the cheek sweetly\*...do not fear...for i will return to you. \*gets up and walks away, glancing back at Lian just as he exit's the sanctuary\*

Diesel: \* Moans as Raven sinks his fangs into him; suddenly awake, Jerks up. Realizing he has blood dripping from his face...puts his hand to his eyes to find tears\* ....It, was a dream...just a dream. \*looks at Raven\* ..... \*leans over him and kisses him, holding him tight\* \*gazing into his eyes\*.....

Macabre: \*still laying on the sofa\* hmmm....you could have fooled me....the fact that you did amuses me even more... \* avoiding eye contact purposely, looks up at the ceiling\* ..You know, you look very young for your age.....i envy you... \*stretches, revealing even more of his torso as his shirt rises ...and his fangs as he yawns\*

Lian: \*watches silently as Craven leaves, then transforms into a white fox, curling up on the place where Craven had been, closing his eyes, he allows the mortal's scent to fill his nostrils\*

Raven: \*holds the vampire gently, he kisses the vampire passionately\* what dream, love? what could make you toss so? \*eyes full of concern\*

Airal: \*shifts slightly, trying very, very hard not to stare at Macabre's exposed skin\* I'm a fox demon...at least, that's what father tells me...we don't normally begin to show our age until about five thousand years of age. Our powers are really the only thing that shows how old we are. Uncle Lucifer shows his age by his knowledge. Sometimes you can see the past reflected in his eyes. \*glances back to Macabre's exposed skin, blushing profusely\* Ma-maybe I should go... \*shifts eyes to the exit\*

Craven: \* walks outside, goes to a nearby tree and breaks down, falling to his knees\* ....what have I done.....

Diesel: ...\*lays on his back\* ....I've never felt such feelings. It was like i was human again...being starved of air...only my heart was aching, hollow...dying. \*sits up, looking away from Raven\*... \* wrapping his arms around his bare torso\* ....I cannot allow myself to love, not again....I never want to feel that pain again, the pain of loss....

Macabre: \* looks into Airal's eyes, an intense stare\* ...how much power do you have?...I would like you to show me. \*slides his tongue over one of his fangs smiling\* Take no notice of Your sire. Even if you are his...it is hard to believe such a demon could produce such a fine specimen such as yourself...i find it hard to believe you've not been with anyone in all your years....Are you telling me the truth?...\* ...Still on sofa lol, relaxes even more, opening his legs and running his right hand down his inner thigh as he scratches an itch\*

Lian: \*feels the pain in Craven's heart (after he's been w/ someone, he can sense them and their feelings from a mile away) and pricks up his ears and head, gazing toward the door\* \*as he searches for the mortal's whereabouts, he leaps towards the door, lopping up to the sanctuary's entrance\* \*spots Craven and runs to the mortal, wrapping his huge, lithe body around the mortal, meeting Craven's eyes with his\* \*speaking into Craven's mind,\* what is it, little one? there is much pain in your heart...much sorrow...and doubt...\*eyes full of concern\* are you...regretting it? \*nuzzles Craven's cheek\*

Raven: \*sits up, wrapping his wings and arms from behind around the vampire\* \*rests head against the vampire's cold back\* you won't loose me...I am immortal, like you...that pain you felt...I'll make it go away...I'll make it so you never feel that pain again...

Airal: \*hesitant\* what kind of...demonstration? I can show you my powers...its not forbidden... \*blushes as thoughts forbidden enter his mind\* I...\*glances away from Macabre's gaze\* I've...never been...with anyone...ever...\*hugs midsection tighter, allowing his tail to wrap around his waist\* \*slides down to the ground, hugging himself\* It s...a little embarrassing...admitting it...I know my sisters and brothers...they've been with so many...and father...\*shakes head, trying to clear his mind\* I may have no experience in that area...but in war and battle, I excel. There is no warrior who can beat me, not even Uncle Lucifer. \*really really trying not go to the subject of his virginity\*

Macabre: \*closes eyes and traces a slender finger over his lips, moving slowly down his neck; pressing slightly harder to draw a tiny bit of blood\* \*moans ever so slightly\*

\*glances back at Airal\* ....a demonstration....well. Do what ever you feel comfortable doing...whatever that may be...My dear child...by your body language, i can tell your not lying to me. But i can also see you insecure.....why does it embarrass you?....personally, i find it enticing. Tell me.....what do you want right here....right now. What does your heart feel. Forget everyone else.....what do you want....

Craven: \*cries into Lian's arms, holding him tight\* I cannot cope with what i have done!.....\*pauses for a moment\* ...It's not that i regret our time together...how can i....but my heart tortures me. I love you more than anything...but there is still part of me that is bound to Diesel....

Diesel: \*like Lian can sense the pain of those he cares for\* \*pauses for a moment; Grabbing the left side of his chest in pain\* C...cr.....AH! \*moans\* \* glances up at Raven, reaching a hand out to him as he falls unconscious\*

Airal: \*before his cheeks become a deep red, he transforms himself into a mix of a grey fox and wolf, curling his tail around him\* \*glances away from Macabre\* \*can't think of an excuse or lie that wouldn't be too obvious\* I've never been able to tell...what my heart wants. But right now...\*glances at Macabre\* I think...I want...you...

Lian: \*holds Craven close to him, stroking the mortal's hair\* shh, my dear...I'm here...\*simply holds him, not knowing what to say\*

Raven: \*catches Diesel in his arms, shaking the vampire\* \*curses\* Diesel! Diesel!!! \*has no idea how to tell if he's 'alive'\*

Craven:\* curls up in Lian's arms and curls the demon's hair around his fingers\* ....i'm sorry....ignore my emotions.

Diesel: \* smiles as the demon panics\*.....You are so easy to fool.... I am a creature born of night and darkness. Do you really think i would be that easy to kill \* Grins as he gives a chilling glare into Raven's eyes\*

Macabre: \*smiles seductively at Airal\* \*reaching out an arm, curling his index finger\* hmmm....come here a minute, I want to show you something. ...You are such a delicate little creature, what makes this so appealing to you.....why now.

Lian: \*shakes his head\* I won't ignore any part of you, good or bad! \*holds the mortal tighter and gazes steadily into his eyes\* Tell me, what's bothering you? What ails your heart?

Raven: \*hits Diesel on the shoulder\* Stop that! \*glares playfully at the vampire\* Don't play with my worries like that! I don't need the stress. \*kisses the vampire squarely on the lips\* I may live forever, but I really don't want my hair to go grey in a few years! I like it black^\_^

Airal: \*cue playing of 'Mountain' by Good Charlotte\* \*as he slowly pads over to Macabre, his form changes and he stands as he did before, his skin radiant with secret pleasure, his eyes filled with a hidden passion\* Perhaps...it is just the atmosphere...all my life, I've been surrounded by those who delve freely in their passions...their loves...but, I've always controlled my emotions... \*sits on the arm of the couch\* Yet around you...I cannot seem to keep my emotions in check...they just...get away from me... \*smiles weakly at Macabre\*

Craven: \*Slides Lian's Kimono away from his chest slightly and places his head against his heart, breathing softly\* ....I love you. That's all you need to know.....

Diesel: OW! \*snickers\* ....I will play with you all I want... \*leans over Raven, slides a hand down his inner thigh, and squeezes\* [awww.....has](#) your little friend gone to sleep.....that's a shame..... \*grins playfully at Raven; rising to his feet again, suddenly runs off\*

Macabre: (first of all good song choice for the moment lol) \*watches Airal as he gets closer, continuing his stare as he sits on the arm of the sofa; listening carefully to his words\* .....are you trying to turn me on...it's working... \*lets out a big sigh as he undoes his jeans; lifting his shirt up more, slides his right hand slowly down his chest and down into his jeans, moaning slightly\* ...damn...look what you've done.....

Lian: \*strokes Craven's hair, laying his head on Craven's\* are you certain, dear Craven? \*eyes full of concern\* I don't want anything to happen to you...

Raven: Diesel! \*curses again, glaring at the vampire, jumps to his feet and sprints after the vampire, frantically pumping his wings and rising into the air\* \*pursues the vampire and tackles Diesel\* What the hell?! What was that for?! \*glares steadily at the vampire\* more playing, I'm guessing? \*kisses the vampire under him\*

Airal: (thanks^\_^) \*blushes profusely\* \*hastily glances away, though out of the corner of his eyes, he sees Macabre's length poking out of Macabre's jeans\*

Craven: \* gently kisses Lian's Chest\* ...i'm certain, don't worry....

Diesel: \* Lets out a playful yet sadistic laugh as Raven takes him down\*...So what if I was playing. What are you going to do?...punish me....I like to play. You should know that by now... \* grinds his pelvis against the Demons as he kisses him\*

Macabre:...does my body not please you.. \* gives a luring stare into Airal's eyes, forcing him to make eye contact\* ... \* gently takes Airal's hand and moves it across his chest, running it over his nipples as he inhales deeply, bringing it up his neck; starts to suck on Airal's finger\* .....is this what you want...

Lian: \*smiles gently\* very well, my dear Craven... \*brings Craven's chin up and kisses the mortal\* then I will press no further...

Raven: Oh, I know you love to play! \*holding Diesel's chin in his hand, the demon runs one claw over the vampire's chin, cutting the vampire slightly\* And don't worry, I will punish you so you will never leave... \*leans down and licks up the small trickle of blood, trailing his tongue down to the vampire's nape and playfully nips him\* \*while he does so, his other clawed hand is busy running over Diesel's chest, playing with one of Diesel's nipples\*

Airal: \*blushes an even brighter scarlet\* I...I do want it... \*is drawn to sit between Macabre's legs\* I just...don't know...what to do... \*can't seem to stop his blushing\*

Diesel: \*His senses completely clouded by lust, bares his fangs as he moans out in pleasure as the Demon plays with his nipple\* mmmmm..... \*pulling Raven closer, grinds his body against the Demons\* You learn fast.....you know what pleases me....make me pay. \* runs his claws down Ravens rib cage, then digs his thumbnails into both his nipples\*

Macabre: aaww.....look, i see you re nervous. You do not need to worry..... I will take you gently....i will be your first....i will give you the pleasure which you have so longingly yearned for.... \*as Airal slides between his legs, he tightens his thighs, pressing his trapped length up against his back\* \* continues to take his shirt off completely; starts to grind his hips against Airal's back and moans faintly\* mmmm.....It's not very often i get to play with beginners \*grins\* .....i remember my first time.....long ago...for now though.....i am yours..... \*guides Airal' hand between his legs\* ...do as you wish...

Raven: \*moans slightly, pressing himself into Diesel's hands\* \*with his claws dragging across Diesel's

chest and drawing blood, the Demon moves down Diesel's torso\* \*when he encounters Diesel's pants, he slowly unbuttons the vampire's pants, slowly removing them\* \*using his tongue, he laps at the blood on the vampire's chest; using one clawed hand, he massages the vampire's dick, cutting lightly into the cold membrane\*

Airal: \*blushes as his hand touches Macabre's dick\* I...what do I do...? \*he looks questioningly into Macabre's eyes\* I've...I've never...\*blushes more\*

Diesel: \*Moans loudly as Raven works, getting even harder, pushes himself into Ravens claws\* yes.....more!....\*throws his head back in pleasure, wrapping his thighs around Raven's waist and pushes into him\* ...harder! \*starts to claw at the ground both out of pain and pleasure as his blood starts to form a puddle around him\*

Macabre: \*places a slender finger on Airal's sweet, innocent, tender lips\* hush my dear.....i will guide you \*Licks his right fang as they grow to their full length\* \* gently starts to slide Airal's hand over his length, gradually closing his hand to intensify the grip\* \*moans slightly\* .....you see.....; see what you re doing to me.. \*grits teeth to hold back an intense moan whilst staring into Airal's eyes\* mmmmm....wait....\*Rolls over, forcing Airal underneath his body\* \*moving his hand away from Airal's allowing him to

continue, he brings his slender hands up Airal's chest, undoing his Shirt\* ....\*moans again as Airal continues\*

Raven: \*grins mischievously\* very well...\*bites Diesel's dick, sinking his fangs into the hard membrane, not injecting his venom (he wants to have fun)\* \*as he sucks on the membrane, drawing in the blood and hardening the membrane further, one clawed hand sinks into Diesel's thigh, moving up and down, while the other is stroking the vampire's other thigh\*

Airal: \*still embarrassed, Airal does as Macabre instructed and moves his hand over Macabre's dick\* \*moans slightly as Macabre finds Airal's hard nipples\*

Diesel: \* suddenly rams his nails into Ravens back as the demon bites\* \*moaning loudly, pushes himself further into the Demons mouth\* \*his skin going even paler then before due to blood loss, he starts to laugh sadistically\* You hit the spot right there..... \*starts squirming underneath the Demon as he struggles to hold back\* Ah!.....not yet....not yet!..... \*suddenly pulls Ravens mouth to his, biting his tongue, the two embrace in a bloody kiss\*

Macabre: \*as he moves his hands up Airal's body, he feels the demon trembling beneath him\*  
....calm yourself....you need to relax...only then will your senses be blind to nothing but  
lust.....\*presses his body against Airal's, jabbing his pelvis against Airal's\* \*Gazing softly into the  
demons troubled eyes, he leans in close and slides his tongue into his mouth to deliver Airal's first kiss\*

Raven: \*As they kiss, one hand travel's up the vampire's chest and one claw sinks into Diesel's nipple\*  
\*he lets his wings sag into the vampire's blood and rests his body atop the vampire under him.\*

Airal: \*blushes as Macabre's tongue enters his mouth, but closes his eyes and forces himself to relax,  
still moving his hand on Macabre's length\* \*moans into the kiss as their membrane's touch\*

Diesel: \*breathes heavily from his weakened state, wrapping his lean arms around the Demon. \*sighing  
out of pleasure; His surroundings, becoming nothing but a blur as he gets drawn deeper into the  
moment, making intense eye contact, panting heavily still fighting to hold back\*

Macabre: \*rolling his tongue around Airal's, shows as light grin as he hears Airal's faint  
moan\*....it's beginning to happen....do you feel it in your blood...it's like wild fire....Fierce, untamable,  
but above all....the feeling of ruthless passion... \*slowly slides his left hand down to Airal's length, which  
is now beginning to harden for the first time\*.....oh....your quite impressive, I must say...I think I m going  
to enjoy breaking you.... \*gradually trails his tongue from Airal's mouth down his heated torso and round  
the base of his length\*....now.....let me show you how it's done.... \*begins to suck gently on the  
membrane as his hand caresses Airal's thigh\*

Raven: \*grins seductively, moving back down in between the vampire's thighs, gazes at the vampire in  
his pleasure-filled, weakened state\* Would you like me to finish...with my mouth, hand, or @\$\$? \*lightly  
strokes the vampire's membrane with his long nails\*

Airal: \*lets out a surprised yelp, and moans loudly as Macabre begins on his cock\* \*squirms slightly  
under Macabre's masterful touch, blushing scarlet, his head pushing back into the couch cushions, his  
mouth open, letting our loud moans he couldn't possibly keep in (he is new to thisXD)\*

Diesel: \*bucking his hips slightly as Raven gently claws his membrane; Digging his own nails into Raven's lower arm\* mmmm.....finish already.... \*grins\* ....your mouth....do you think you can manage it \*Licks the Demons cheek\*

Macabre: \*moans with Airal as he sucks, encouraging him to moan louder and get even more aroused\* \*starts to suck harder, focusing on the tip of Airal's length\* let it out.....don't hold back, don't be afraid....it's just you and me.... \*moans again as he lowers his upper body more and slides Airal's thighs onto his shoulders, using his claws to run up the Demons body and rub over his nipples\* ...is this how you envisioned....does it feel good....

Raven: \*smirks\* do not mock me...of course I can manage it... \*as he moves down Diesel's torso, his other clawed hand rakes gently against the vampire's skin\* \*closing eyes, he takes the vampire's bloodied cock into his mouth, sucking gently at first, then more, encouraging Diesel's climax by running his claws over the vampire's thighs, torso, and swollen balls\*

Airal: \*cries out in ecstasy, rising his midsection and pushing further into Macabre's masterful mouth\* mo...more...ahhh... \*moans very loudly, gripping the cushions beneath him, pushing his head further into the cushions behind him\* ahh...! Ma...ca...bre...ahhhh! \*let's himself release, crying out, and moaning louder\*

Diesel: \*smirks as he taunts Raven; resting his head on the ground smiling\* \*suddenly when Raven starts to suck again, he arches his torso forward, slamming his head into the ground, oblivious to the pain as his lust takes over\* \*As the Demon works, his heart pounds, as if life itself were returning to his body once again; letting out intense moans as he claws the ground. Blood still pumping from his body\* AHHH! R...RAVEN!....AAHHH..... \*Trying desperately to grind his teeth to prevent his moans, clawing the Demons hands as they move over his body\* \*finally, as the Demon increases power, he explodes into his mouth\* \*still panting for air, he relaxes as he brings the Demon's mouth up to his and delivers a soft kiss upon his lips\* .....

Macabre: \*feeling Airal's release, grins as he gently slows down the pace, bringing his head up, tilts it back in a provocative manner as he swallows, running his tongue over his lips\* mmmmm..... \*brings his head forward again to make eye contact with the demon\* ...you taste good..... \* leans forward and gently nibbles Airal's ear; guiding his right hand from the cushion down his torso and into his jeans\* .....do you want to see what it's like.....your doing so well.....i'm impressed.....



Raven: \*enjoys the kiss, running his hands over the vampire's soft body, playing with a nipple\* \*his hips lay atop Diesel's; he moves his pelvis seductively, smiling into the kiss\*

Airal: \*blushes profusely\* I...I'm not...boring...? \*searches for answers in Macabre's glorious eyes\* \*let's Macabre guide his hand and pushes himself against Macabre, burying his face in the nape of Macabre's neck\* I'm...doing well...? \*slowly grips Macabre's hard cock, his cheeks turning a rose color\*

Diesel: \*gaining control back of his breathing, he gently rubs his body against the demons as they kiss.\* .... \*under his breath utters a few soft words\* ...I love you.

Macabre: boring?.....my dear Airal, you are nothing of the sort... \*gazes into his eyes softly making him relax\* ... \*grins slightly\* ...are you sure this is your first time, your a natural at this..... \* kisses the demon's neck softly and moans into his ear as Airal starts to slide his hand down his membrane.\* It's your turn.....do not be afraid.....my body is yours to do as you wish.....

Raven: ... \*smirks\* ...I love you more... \*is certainly asking for it (Raven: HEY!)\*

Airal: \*blushing a rosy pink, he grips Macabre's cock tighter, feeling the hard membrane distinctly\* \*begins to move his hand in quick, hard movements\* \*going by instinct, he moves his other hand over Macabre's chest and lays his hand on one of Macabre's nipples\*

Diesel: ....oh i don't think so \*squeezes Raven between the legs as the Demon's body lay atop his\* ...oh look...your friend woke up i see.... \*smirks, gently pulling Raven's head close to kiss him\*

Macabre: \* leans in close to Airal, resting his head against his neck\* \*he moans as Airal moves\* yes....mmmmm..... \* Rubbing his hips against Airal's, grins\* ....how does it feel.....does my please you....AH! more!.....MORE! \*gives a sudden nip to Airal's neck as his heart pounds, pulling his hand away\* .....that s enough. \*sits up and faces the Demon, stroking his cheek gently as he gazes into his eyes\* ....do you want to know...how it tastes.....

Raven: \*moans gently into the kiss\* \*smirks\* my little friend...has been awake for some time... \*nuzzles Diesel\*

Airal: \*blushes\* I...for you... \*pushes Macabre onto his back, blushing slightly as he moves in between Macabre's legs and take's Macabre into his mouth\*

## 6 - Waiting: Part II, Nature

### Waiting: Part II, Nature

Wind howling, windows rattling, he shivered in the corner, the cold forcing its way to every crevice of his body. He tucked his knees beneath his chin, his eyes staring down at his hands. The steel reflected blue in the evening gloom, showing his drawn features in the dim light, showing his bulging tears. He clutched at the steel, keeping it close to his legs, protecting him from the dark silhouette just in front of him.

The silhouette never moved, never breathed, never made a sound. But it's very presence beckoned him, calling him. His body quaked, a shiver ran down his spine, and his eyes wavered for only a moment...

The torrent winds outside crashed through his window. His head snapped up at the sound, eyes full of fear, his tears falling upon the ground and the walls alike. The tempest slammed against him, pressing his body into the wall behind him. Something clattered to the ground at his feet, but was not heard over the howls of the winds.

Suddenly, the roof was torn from the walls, flying up into the dark sky. His eyes followed the roof until it was out of sight; until his eyes took on a sense of peace.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rummaging through the crumbled home, the rescue team found only an impaled body beneath a tee-pee of two walls. As she leaned her head against a wall, trying to calm her thrashing heart, her foot slid across the would-be floor, hitting something...and sending it skidding across the floor. When she looked up, her eyes fell upon a blue steel dagger with trace amounts of blood on the blade.

## 7 - Waiting: Part III, Cynic

### Waiting: Part III, Cynic

Listless eyes gazed up out of the window, seeing nothing but the gray snow falling to the street below. A piece of the snow landed beside her hand on the windowsill, right beside the tiny bottle. What she saw in that bottle...was escape.

Slowly, her fingers enclosed the bottle, her other hand, shaking, tore the cap off, the cap falling to the floor. Breathing slowly, trying to calm her hammering heart, she gazed once more past the window frame, once more upon the city of hate.

She glared at the city, glared at the sullen lights all around her. Hatred and loathing filled her heart, pushing the fear behind the barricade. She turned her back on the city of hatred, the city of her birth, her life. She turned her back on all the family she had ever known, on the people she had depended on. Now there was no one left for her to lean on, and she was done waiting for them, done being a good little girl for them.

Without a hesitating glance, she took the bottle to her lips and flipped back her head, chugging the contents of the bottle.

Just as weakness clutched her body, the ground shook and threw her to the ground, her arms flailing to catch the window frame. With all the strength left in her frail body, she lifted her head and watched as flames and smoke...and ash filled the sky.

As the last of her strength failed her, her eyes fell upon a dark silhouette staring at her from far off in the distance; never moving, never breathing, never making a sound.

Only staring at her last the last beat of her heard sounded and she slipped silently to the floor, away from the windowsill, away from the rushing heat and ash.

## 8 - CEO

### CEO

The meeting wasn't supposed to run long. He scripted it in his head, running through possible barriers the board members might present. He wanted to get this over with and he wasn't about to let the Board get in his way.

His eyes heavy with the weight of responsibility, he strode confidently around the board table, his fingers trailing lightly on the polished surface. As he watched the lights dance upon the table, reflecting in bursts of radiance, he saw out of the corner of his eye an aid enter the room with cups and pitchers of water and coffee.

Sighing, he reached the head of the table and slumped into the chair. He passed a hand before his eyes, dreading the reactions to come. Just as he got comfortable and accepted his difficult situation, the board members began to silently trickle in, one or two at a time, until all twelve members creaked into their seats.

Their mouths were solemn, the brooding beasts, but their eyes spoke, even yelled, volumes of gloats and snide comments.

He sighed to himself. This was *not* going to be easy.

"Mr. President," one of the older board members said, interrupting his sulking, "we're ready."

Leaning forward, the President of the Company placed his palms on the gleaming table, slowly rising from his chair and pushing it back. He cleared his dry throat and leveled an even, firm gaze at each of the board members.

"Gentlemen, please remember *why* we are here," he began, noticing a few uncomfortable fidgets, "and remember *not* to reveal anything about the company's private life. We already had to clean up multiple messes caused by careless executive comments."

Murmurs of consent around the table followed, along with telling glances at those responsible for the 'comments.'

His gaze rested upon all faces before continuing.

"Very well," he sighed, then remembered an important note. "Before it happens again or you lose control of yourself...Flynn, keep quiet. If you say anything, anything at all, even a whisper to Meier or Olsen, you're fired. You will never be able to get another job. You're reputation will be ruined. This company will ensure you never get another cent. *Understood?*"

The fat pig nodded profusely, sweating up a lake.

The CEO shivered. *I hate this job*, said his spine as he slumped back into his chair. He motioned toward the door, where the aid sat uncomplaining.

“Let Mr. Connewell in, then, so we can all get back to our lives,” he ordered, impatient for the order to be followed.

Agonizingly slow, the board aid opened the room’s double doors and ushered the infamous reporter, Jason Connewell, into the room. Though he had heard of the freelance journalist, he had never seen him. Now, though, his eyes fell upon a completely unexpected meal.

Right before his eyes strode a man who could possibly destroy the world with a smile. This man, Jason Connewell, bore the eyes of the Board and CEO without a hint of nervousness. There was nothing in Jason’s bearing that suggested he was even the least bit intimidated by one of the most powerful men in the world.

This annoyed the President to no end.

Jason lazily yawned and scratched his disheveled brunette hair, his yellow eyes alert. The reporter’s eyes, his manner, reminded the CEO of a cat. His careless, smooth gait as Jason strode into the room put the CEO off balance. Something about watching the reporter’s slim body move across the room mesmerized the President. Jason’s messy and uneven suit did nothing to hide the sculpted body beneath.

“Mr. President,” the board member to the CEO’s right murmured, glancing in his direction.

Again, the President cleared his throat and gazed at the reporter, rolling a pen between his slender fingers.

“Jason Connewell,” he began, setting the pen upon the table and glancing at a file he took from the table, “a freelance journalist living in a small apartment on Wilson Boulevard in Arlington, Virginia, yes?” He glanced up to see if Jason was paying attention. “You have no immediate family to speak of, a dog you’ve had for eight years...your parents both died last year in a car accident...” At this, Jason’s back stiffened and his eyes screamed to dispute.

Yet the reporter said nothing.

“We filed a law suit against you,” the President continued, silently congratulating Jason for his restraint, “however, we are willing to drop all charges if you write an apology to each person involved-”

This sparked Jason’s tongue.

His voice turning to a whine, the reporter countered, “But the article wasn’t even published!”

*He’s still a child*, the President’s mind grumbled. “Yes, because my company is on good terms with that particular newspaper editor. All we had to do was line his pocket a little, and quite frankly, that cut into

our profits. We may not catch it next time or have the funds to get rid of it. And before you start complaining, Connewell, let me finish with your punishment.” He paused to silence the reporter. “You will be working for the company for the next five years under constant surveillance. I suggest you don’t object, Mr. Connewell; you’ve brought this on yourself and you’re getting off light. We gave you fair warning last time and you blew us off. Just be glad neither the article nor the photographs were published. Otherwise, you would not be breathing.” He noticed Jason swallow hard and knew then the reporter took him seriously. “Do you understand your position, Mr. Connewell?”

Slowly, the reporter yielded, beads of sweat on his brow.

“Very well, Mr. Connewell,” the President set the file down on the table and leaned back into his chair, folding his hands on his lap, watching the reporter’s every fidget. “Do you have any questions for I or the Board?”

The reporter breathed in slowly and nodded. “Where will I be working?”

“As my personal aid,” he surprised the Board with his response; he hadn’t discussed this part with the board members and they didn’t look happy.

“And might I know who you are?” Jason’s eyes revealed he truly didn’t know.

Smirking inside, he answered without any of his previous irritation present in his voice, “I am the President of this Company, Nicholas Krestan.”

Jason physically flinched. The CEO had been the focus of his article, but Jason was unable to obtain a photo, or even a description, of the elusive president. That very President had blocked the reporter’s every attempt.

Now, Jason was face-to-face with the very man the reporter had come very close to ruining.

Jason didn’t look very confident anymore.

“Any *other* questions, Mr. Connewell?” he asked impatiently.

Defeated, Jason shook his head. “No, sir.”

“Good. You begin work tomorrow, early,” he told the ex-reporter, picking up the pen once more, “I’ll expect you in my office at 6:30; I’ve informed the secretary at the front desk, so if you are not in the building by 6:20, you *will* be regret it. Understand?”

Jason’s dejected voice floated across the room, “Yes, sir.”

“Dismissed, then,” Nicholas said, returning to his papers. As he heard the door click open, Nicholas glanced up. “One more thing,” – Nicholas’ voice caused Jason to pause within the door frame– “if you tell anyone about this, we will know. I’m sure you understand what that means, yes?”

Slowly, Jason turned and nodded, “...Yes, sir.”

“Very well,” he waved his hand dismissively, his other hand rubbing the bridge of his nose, “I expect you bright and early, don’t forget.”

“I understand, sir.”?



## 9 - "Thank You"

**"Thank You"**

"Excuse me?"

I glance over my shoulder. On the sidewalk, behind me, stands a woman in her mid-thirties or so, clutching the leash of a dog.

"Can I help you?" I tilt my head, raising an eyebrow.

"Well..." the woman approaches me, hugs me, and says, "Thank you." In that moment, my mind blanks. What have I done to be thanked for?

Before I can ask her, she's gone, walking up the street with her dog. I want to call to her, to ask her why she thanked me. But I don't. There are people around. I don't want to call attention to myself.

So I turn and walk away. I walk home to my girlfriend. I tell her about the woman, about the 'thank you' I received.

"What did I do to earn that?" I ask her, truly bewildered.

"It's what you do, scatterbrain," she laughs, "use that noggin of yours and think."

"But...I don't really do anything," I admit, "I'm a desk jockey. I sit behind a desk and work on the computer. How do I do anything that deserves a 'thank you'?"

She tilts her head. "You really don't know?"

I shake mine.

"Every little bit helps, Mike."

"But...what do I do?"

She smiles, as if in pity. "You're rather slow tonight."

"Rache, stop beating around the bush and tell me already!"

"Alright, if you really can't connect the dots." She stands and goes to the wall, gazing at one of the photographs, then turns to me. "Do you know what normal people are doing tonight? They're at the movies, or at home, eating dinner with their families, hanging out with friends, being what they are: humans. What did you do last night? You stayed at work to finish a project; you came home at 9. Other wives would complain; I don't, because I know what you're doing is helping people. You're one of the

few brave souls I know that will stick his life on the line for a country. Not even that, but for another in danger. You may not be on the front lines, but like I said: every bit helps. Even desk jockeys like you, Mike. Even the cook in the kitchen. People thank you for what you do, for what you stand for. They don't thank a grocery store clerk for their job; it's expected of them to do everything quickly. It's normal; their life isn't in danger. But what you do? You could be shipped out to a combat zone without being able to say good-bye. You could be here one day, and gone the next. You do more for this country than you think, Mike. You're the backbone, the grunt. That's why people say 'thank you', Mike. That's why that woman gave you a hug."

I sit there, dumbfounded. "Do I really do all that?"

"Of course you do, Captain." She grins at me. "And good captains get rewards."

I smile at her. "Rewards, hm? I think I like that."

"Yeah," she walks over and kisses me on the forehead, "So, 'thank you', Captain."

## 10 - Masque

~~ Author's Note: Yeah, I didn't feel like checking the rules, so here ya go.~~

### Masque

Flashing colored lights, bursting sounds, flagrant odors,; all flickering before her eyes, her mind reeling. The sounds hammer on her ears, the lights and colors burn her eyes, and the odors fill her nostrils. She can barely breathe, she cannot think, she can do nothing but turn in the circles as those around her dance, laugh, and make merry. Her eyes feel like they are being stabbed with a hot poker as the lights and colors fade from her sight. Her head feels a weight upon her shoulders, pulling her down into the dark. Her mind tumbles from the awareness of the world. As she falls, her mind registers a blue and black spot hitting the floor before she does.

~~~~~

Out of the corner of his eyes, he sees a masked woman teetering before those around her react. He runs, aiming to catch her before she hits the ground, leaving behind the woman beside him. Startled, the woman stares after him, and slowly follows. She watches as her date slips and slides on the wet stones in the square, until he finally reaches a falling woman, her blue-feathered mask falling from her face. The woman does not seem to register that she is falling, or that anyone has caught her. But under her, the man keeps her from the ground, dirtying his own costume.

The woman heads to him, but is blocked by the crowd as they cluster around him and the fallen lady. She can hear his voice try to wake the unconscious woman, but she cannot see him.

Slowly, she turns away, lifting her hand to her mouth, chewing on her nail. She turns to try and find a way into the crowd, but there is none.

Beneath an overhang, a man stands, watching the commotion as people rush towards the crowd. But the man does not seem to be interested in the crowd or the unconscious woman. His eyes, though partly shrouded by his dark, haunting mask, are on her. As she notices the man, he smiles and motions her to approach him. Shaking like a leaf, she slowly approaches him. His lips show a hint of a smile as he holds out his hand.

“Take my hand and come with me,” he murmurs to her, his smile never fading. Hesitantly, she places her hand in his, and he leads her into the doorway behind him. The man smiles back to her as he leads her into a room full of light and covered in beautifully crafted rugs.

The man lets go of her hand, faces her, and spreads his arms, his eyes cloaked by the mask. “Welcome to the Masque’s Manor, my manor.”

She glances around, eyes wide. Then, remembering the events of only a few moments ago, she asks, “Why did you bring me here?”

That gentle smile remains on his face as he says, "We can supply anything your heart desires, but the consequences can be dire. I have brought you here to fulfill your greatest desire."

She does not comprehend. "My greatest desire?"

The man nods. "I know what it is," his voice is no louder than a whisper, yet it feels like a shout, "and you know as well. Would you like the Manor to fulfill your desire?"

She does, but she only manages to say, "Tell me what you think my desire is."

The man's smile barely moves as he says, "Of course."

~~~~~

Breathing deeply, he takes in the night air, filling his lungs with the sweet smells. He leans on a windowsill, gazing out the hospital window, the sights and sounds of the Carnival below. Glancing behind him, he listens to the beep of the various machines. The heart monitor dances, the cardio-regulator plays the clarinet, and the drip plays the chimes. Drip...beep...chirp..., a constant, small band in the confined room.

Then there is the woman sleeping among the white hospital sheets, her eyes lightly closed, her lips crinkled with the hint of a smile, and the muscles the very picture of relaxation. He smiles to himself; she is beautiful, he had to admit. There is something about her that draws him in, but he cannot place it. As he gazes at her, he watches her eyeballs moving beneath their lids; she's dreaming, he realizes.

There was something about this that made him chuckle. Logos tells him he should be gone; the hospital would care for her. However, pathos tells him he should stay. Confusion spears his heart; what he should do escapes him.

He will wait for this woman to wake, he decides.

~~~~~

For the first time in a very long time, she wakes to the sound of beeping machines. Her eyes open slowly, and she is met by the bright lights of a white room. Groaning, she shuts her eyes tight.

She groans inside, denying this fact, telling herself she is dreaming, she is not in the hospital. She cannot be in the hospital.

Not again.

A clearing of the throat jolts her, her eyes flying open in her shock. There, standing by the open window, is a tall, handsome man with short hair. There are bags of exhaustion beneath his eyes; was he waiting for her, she wonders briefly.

"I'm glad you're awake," comes the cliché greeting. She nods, rolling her head away from him.

“Well...the doctors assure me you’ll be up in no time. I was rather worried when you collapsed at the Carnival.”

She shrugs. “I’m enochlophobic.”

He blinks. “You’re...what?”

Sighing, she turns her head back to him. “The fear of crowds.”

Tilting his head like a dog, he asks, “Then why were you at the Carnival? That’s the most crowded place to go.”

“I wanted to see it,” she murmurs, “before I die.”

“What, are you thanatophobic, too?” He means it as a joke; she can tell.

“No,” she sits up slowly, glaring at the white sheets. “I just wanted to go to the Carnival. I wanted to see it.”

He shrugs. “Alright, but you shouldn’t push yourself.”

“Why would you care?”

He smiles. “Because I care about everyone.

“Even your enemies?”

“Of course.”

So handsome, yet so naïve; she shakes her head. “Whatever floats your boat.”

A rich, bell-like laugh escapes his throat, causing her to shake her head once more.

~~~~~

“Well?” she asks, glancing at the masked man.

“It’s done,” the man’s lips still bare that illusion of a smile. “Just kiss him when next you see him.”

She sighs. “Will he notice?”

“Perhaps,” the man replies, “but if he does, it will not be for some time.”

Nodding, she pauses to glance at a pendant in a glass case. “When will you collect your...payment?”

“Now.” The man strides to her, his hand hovering above her chest. “Are you prepared to give this up?”

She nods. "For him."

"Very well." Without hesitation, he plunges his hand into her chest, as if his hand is that of a ghost's. Burning pain spikes up her spine, a scream loosed from her throat.

Then the sensation is gone. She stands before the man, breathing heavily, but otherwise perfectly fine. She gazes at the man with wide eyes. In his hand, her payment beats steadily, the muscles of the red and blue organ tremor in sync with the pulse in her veins.

A heart. No, her heart.

~~~~~

A knock on the door alerts the two to the entrance of a young, smiling woman.

"I knew you would be here," her smile broadens when she sees the man, still standing by the window.

His eyes widen. "Oh, Em, I'm sorry I left, I just wasn't thinking-"

The woman shakes her head, laughing. "Its okay, don't worry about it."

The man sighs with relief. "Thanks, I mean it."

Again, she laughs. "You shouldn't be thanking me; you should be kissing me."

Laughing with her, he slaps his forehead. "Duh." With that, he strides from the window, wraps his arms around the woman's abdomen, and kisses her passionately.

The woman on the hospital bed looks away. She berates herself; she should have known a man like that would already have someone. There was no hope for her; not with her failing body.

"So when's the wedding?" she asks between clenched teeth.

"Wedding?" the woman asks innocently enough.

"Next year," the man responds with a broad smile on his face, "Some time in...yeah, spring."

~~~~~

"I'm happy for them," she lies to the herself, forcing a smile.

Nevertheless, she cannot lie to herself; her mind knows. Her heart races, thumping in her ears. It drowns out the sounds of the hospital machines.

There is a sharp pain in her chest; she gasps, her shoulders shaking as she bows over her legs, twisting in the agony. Her eyes are wide, her breath coming in gasps. The room spins, the lights are too bright, her lungs cannot hold-

Then it stops. Everything stops. The machines behind her drone out their tune, their ending line.

However, no one is in the room to care.

~~~~~

Ending note: yeah, short, but that was the point. This story is 1499 words long or so. Hope you enjoyed it. I know i enjoyed writing it. ^\_^

## 11 - Medelijden

### *medelijden*

#### *Past*

“Hey, have you *seen* that new guy? The transfer kid?”

“The creepy one?”

“Yeah, that one!”

“You seen the way he’s *always* by himself?”

“Yeah! Why is he even here? It’s the middle of the year!”

“I know! You’d think he would at least finish the year before transferring!”

“Maybe because he’s so creepy he got tossed out of school!”

“If *that* was the case, he wouldn’t be here, dumb shoot!”

The gaggle of children laughed, not caring that the object of their scorn and laughter sat alone by the window, staring out at the blue sky covered in clouds.

However, that blue sky was not what I was staring at. I did not even see those white clouds or that blue sky. My mind was far from that stuffy classroom.

*They will always laugh at you, no matter what you try to do or say. They will always tell you that you do not belong. Nevertheless, you must endure their scorn and their laughter; you must not let yourself get angry. They are not worth the effort. Moreover, if you show your anger or irritation in any way, it will never stop. Just ignore them. They do not understand a thing. It is just the way humans are, all of them. Therefore, you must endure it, Lijden. You must endure it for us all. Do you understand that? Humans will not change; they will laugh at you, they are mock you. But worst of all...*

My grandfather said more, but I cannot remember it. I remember what kind of day it was; I remember the smell of the air, pregnant with moisture. I remember he was very serious, with his wrinkled mouth in a frown.

Nevertheless, I do not remember what else he said to me. I do not even remember what he looks like anymore. I remember what he said was important, and I remember that he was trying to pass on a pearl of wisdom, from his own experiences.

However, I honestly do not remember.



As I sat there, in that stuffy classroom, trying to remember what it was he said to me, *he* came up to me. I did not hear his footsteps. The first time I noticed him was when his voice cut into my train of thought.

“Hey, you’re that new kid, right? My name’s Aiuto Mantra. What’s yours?”

I glanced up, expecting to see one of the boys who had kept making fun of me, ever since I got to the classroom. But that’s not who I saw, to my surprise. It was a boy I had yet to see.

He stood there, beside my desk, merely smiling down at me, waiting for an answer.

It would be too much of an understatement to say I was surprised he was even talking to me. Heck, it would be a lie to say I didn’t want to talk to him, or that I wasn’t grateful that someone was talking to me!

But the look in his eyes...I couldn’t help but think he had an ulterior motive.

“Lijden...Lijden Hoop...” As I said my name, I glanced over Aiuto’s shoulder. The mockers were watching us, silent as the dead. Unnerving, to say the least, but I said nothing. I knew I would regret talking with this Aiuto Mantra.

“You shouldn’t be talking to me,” I murmured, glancing away from the boy, “the others will probably shun you or something.”

I found out then that Aiuto is full of surprises. He pulled out the chair in front of me, turned it around, and sat down. All I could do was stare at him as he did this. Was he putting on a performance, just to gain my trust and crush my hopes of having any sort of normal, human friendship?

Well, too bad for him; I am *not* the trusting type.

“Oh, how sad,” Aiuto smirked, “the popular, annoying, preppy kids won’t talk to me anymore!” The boy pouted, then laughed. “Trust me, I don’t give a crap whether or not those guys talk to me. As I just said, they’re annoying and don’t have a thing between their ears.”

I have to admit, I smiled, if only a little. “Well, we have something in common.”

“What, you don’t have a brain, either? Boy, did I pick the wrong person to talk to!”

And we laughed. I couldn’t help it. He just gave off that sort of aura, the sort of air that you would expect of someone that everyone likes and trusts.

I hate to admit it, but I fell into that line; Aiuto is a trusted friend of mine, and has been for the past four years.

*Present*

“Hey! Li! Wait up!”

Grumbling, I turn to the pest who's always following me, my *darling* lost puppy.

How irritating.

"Aiuto, I *told* you to stop calling me that."

"Aw, com'on! Call me by that nickname!"

"Aiuto, I'm not calling you 'Ai'. Why would I call you that? Really?" I rub my temples as I turn from him.

"Aww...I thought we agreed that I would call *you* 'Li' and *you* would call *me* 'Ai'. They're nice and short and easier to say!"

"Why would I agree to such a thing?" I start to glare at him, but then I realize the answer to my question.

With tears building in his eyes and his hands held before him, his lip quivers in the classic 'puppy pout'.

"Right. This is why."

"Pweeeeeeease, Li-li?"

"Call me that again, and I will never see you. Ever. Again."

"Liiiiiiiiiiiiiii..."

I can feel a headache coming. And the summer heat is *not* helping the situation.

"Fine, but you're buying me lunch for the next week. Anywhere I want. Fair?"

And he strikes his victory pose...

"That's getting old, Aiu-"

"Ai! You promised!"

Gritting my teeth, I glare at the pest. "Alright, 'Ai', but no more victory poses."

"Not a chance."

I sigh. "I can always try..."

"Yup, but it won't get you anywhere!" That pest of a boy laughs without a care in the world as he starts up the street in the direction I was headed. I cannot help but shake my head as I watch his retreating back.

“What am I doing...?” I murmur to myself, smiling ever so slightly. “I can’t believe this foolish boy has me under his thumb...”

“Hey, Li! Come on! We’re gonna miss the movie!”

I smile once again. “Coming.”

### *Future*

“Ai, I think I remembered what my grandfather told me,” I lean back into the couch, stretching, hoping to release some of the tension in my muscles.

“Really? You’ve been trying to do that for...what, ten years? Twelve?”

“Fifteen. I’ve kept track.”

“So, what’d the old man say?”

I laugh at him, thinking back to that day when the moisture stuck to the windows and my grandfather sat in his favorite chair, holding a picture of my grandmother. He always kept it with him, in those last few days. He may have been going senile, but he always wanted to remember Grandma.

“Grandfather...I understand what you were trying to warn me of.” I glance over at Aiuto as he flops over the back of the couch chair. “He told me that my peers would mock me, laugh at whatever I said, even bully me. But he said...he said the worst they would do was pity me.” *Just like Grandma did for you, Grandpa.*

That stops Aiuto, but only for a moment. He lifts his head and smiles his idiotic grin. “Well, that wasn’t much of a warning, was it?” He laughs as he rolls himself onto the seat of the couch.

“You’re right, but I understand it now.”

“Uh, great, cuz I sure don’t.”

*That’s a good thing, Ai. If you did, you would probably laugh at me, maybe even leave me all alone. Right, Grandpa?*

### *Characters:*

*Lijden Zonder Hoop= meaning in Dutch “To suffer without hope”; main character, typical outcast who is picked on by everyone, his only friend being Aiuto Mantra; doesn’t trust very easily, but somehow trusts Aiuto very much, probably with his life; however, he doesn’t trust Aiuto with his secret thoughts.*

*Aiuto Mantra = meaning in Italian "Help" Mantra; best friend of Lijden, someone who is liked by everyone and no one can really stay mad at him; known for his 'puppy pout' and victory poses, as he can successfully manipulate almost anyone into doing almost anything; though he can manipulate "anyone", he is extremely gullible himself.*

## 12 - Symphony

### Symphony

Nervousness is a hazard. I discovered this when I heard a whisper in my ear. Who it was I could not say; I never found out. All I know is, that little whisper...that voice in my ear...I was drawn to it.

When I tried to ignore the voice, erase it from my hearing, I regretted it deeply. That voice was like the Angel's choir in the Highest Circle, drawing me to listen and come to it.

I fought the voice in my head...I really did...

So how did I end up in this situation, you ask? Because I did not win; I did not want to win. I was drawn to the voice, temptation at its peak.

I saw the stranger at the gates, and the whisper was coming from behind him. Enthralled by that whisper, I went to the gates...I reached out for them...then I stopped when I heard the stranger's voice. It was...beautiful. There was no other way to describe that voice of his. Slowly, I opened up the gates and melted into his arms.

Then I realized my mistake. I smile; it's too late now.

I'm at his mercy.

Authors note: Yes, its short. but its to the point. kinda.

## 13 - Gale

Gale

With the wind blowing through your perfect hair, I can't help but think you must be an angel. I know it's a cliché thought, one best reserved for a sappy romance novel. Heh, and yet, that's what this is, isn't it? My thoughts area novel no one will ever read.

With you in my life, this is a sappy romance novel. Strangely, I'm alright with that. The sun shining on your perfect curls, how the shadows play on your flushed cheeks, you are an angel sent to me by whatever god is watching.

Wouldn't want to disappoint him, would we?

I smile and climb the grassy knoll to join you as you laugh with arms spread wide to greet the wind. I admit that I can't help but laugh with you. You're just so perfect.

\*\*\*

"You're hair is so much shorter," I muse, brushing my fingers through your hair, "I miss your curls."

You sigh. "I never had curls," you say, shaking your head, "and my hair has never been long, if you'll come back to reality."

"But I remember you with long curls...you had long hair when we came here the first time..."

You sit up from the blanket, glaring down at me. Even though your hair is shorter, the wind still plays through it. I smile, thinking of your long hair. You look like an angel, even with short hair.

"This is our first time here," you growl. "Stop thinking I'm her."

I tilt my head. "What are you talking about? You're scaring me, Angie."

You stand, the summer dress I gave you blowing in the breeze.

"My name isn't Angie," you whisper, turning from me.

\*\*\*

Opening my eyes, I'm greeted with thankful darkness and silence. I smirk into the dark.

"You won't leave me, will you?" I whisper at the air.

The sheets move next to me and a hand snakes up to my chest. My eyes grow wide and I blindly reach

for the lamp, knocking it over instead.

“Mmm...what’s wrong, sweetie?” a feminine voice murmurs into my ear as you snuggle closer.

“Uh...nothings wrong...” I whisper to you, trying to cover my terror. I see your eyes in the dark, glowing yellow as a cat’s.

“Sweetie, do you know who I am?”

“Y-yeah, your...R-Rachel...” I glance around, hoping to escape those eerie cat eyes.

I hear a sigh in the dark. “No, take another guess.”

“Uhm...A-Abie? T-Taylor? B-Becky?”

You don’t respond.

“A-Angie? Carlie? Lauren?”

No response.

“I...I don’t know!”

After a moment of silence, you say with the voice of reason, “Turn on the lights, lover.” I feel you sit up on the bed, moving away from me.

Slowly, I stand from the bed and run my hands over the walls, searching for the light switch. Near the door, I find it. With hesitant fingers, I flip the switch, but do not turn to face the bed.

“Turn around,” I hear you say.

I shake my head.

“Turn around.” There’s more force in your voice, but I still refuse.

“**Gale**, turn around.” The use of my name slaps me back to reality. With slow, tentative movements, I turn around, setting eyes upon you.

“A...Angie?”

You smile. “No, lover. Angie, Rachel, Abie, Taylor, Becky, Carlie, and Lauren, they’re all dead. Remember who I am, Gale. I’ve been with you for twelve decades.”

Then it clicks. “L-Lilah?”

You nod, smiling.

And I collapse, my hands clasped around my head.

“Why do I see their faces?” I whimper, sudden tears springing to my eyes.

“Because it’s your fault.”

“No!” I scream, lunging at your throat, wrapping my hands around your thin neck. “No, no, no, no, NO! They’re not dead! They’re not, they’re not, they’re not!”

You smile, a strangled laugh escaping your lips.

“They can’t be dead! They’re alive, alive! I didn’t kill them! I couldn’t have! They’re all **ALIVE!**”

My eyes have closed, the tears spilling from my cheeks to yours.

“They’re not dead!”

A hand touches my shoulder, making me jump from you, pulling away from this new stranger and –

And your still body.

“Corpse, you mean,” says the stranger, as if reading my thoughts.

“Oh, god...” I cover my open mouth, looking away, tears streaming down my cheeks.

“God can’t help you, Gale,” the strange man smiles, his eyes holding some emotion I cannot read.

“Oh, god, oh, god...” my body shakes in spasms and shock.

The stranger laughs. “You should be used to it by now, Gale; you’ve done it before.”

“No...oh, god, no...”

“Oh, yes; same way, too.” He smirks.

“Oh god...I’m...am I...making the same mistake?”

“Over and over, Gale,” the stranger moves to one of the cushioned seats in the room, still wearing that smirk as he sits and crosses his legs. “You’ve given me a good number of dirty souls; all delicious, by the way. My compliments to the chef.”

My only response is my eyes widen in fear.

“You do know who I am, don’t you, Gale?”

I shake my head, tears still flowing.



The man's smirk widens. He leans back his head and laughs. Tilting his head and eyes to stare at me, his voice rips my soul and mind in terror.

*"I'm you."*

Author's note: I LOVED WRITING THIS ONE. :D hehe, and i love re-reading it. Please leave a comment^\_\_\_\_\_^

## 14 - Drowning

### Drowning

There isn't much to look forward to in this world. The world is black, with all its murder and theft. The world is a slum, filled with slime and dung. There is nothing but tombstones everywhere I turn.

Then again, I'm in a graveyard. That's to be expected, I guess.

Speaking frankly, though, all my friends and family are dead; I really do just see tombstones every day of every week. I have a routine and I see a new family member or friend every day. I travel to their grave site, bearing flowers, and I say a few prayers for their restful sleep. One would think this was depressing and bad for my health; maybe border on the obsessive.

But this sort of thing, it makes me happy. It reminds me I'm still alive; it reminds me I can make new friends and new family. So I'm not depressed; I'm quite happy with my life.

Even if life in this world is rather pointless.

Well, I'm at a new gravesite this evening. I've never been to his before. I never even met him. He was my great uncle, some guy named Peter Icarus. Someone told me his was famous, way back when. Now, he's just another skeleton in the ground, marked only by a grave no one visits. You can tell no one's been here in years because of all the dust and vines on his grave.

I smile and sigh, reaching out to clean off the dust and vines. One thing I can't stand is abandonment, and it's quite obvious this grave has been abandoned.

Wiping off the dust and ripping out the vines, I notice something about this grave. It is very different from previous ones; the lettering is old, the stone is rough and jagged, and the stone tombstone only tells his date of death.

It was as if Peter Icarus had never been born.

The stone read:

**Peter Icarus**

**? – 1956**

**THE ONLY REAL HERO**

**TEXAS WILL EVER KNOW.**

Hero? It makes me wonder what kind of hero he was; I wonder what he did in Texas.

Whatever he did must have been forgotten, since the tombstone is in such disrepair.

"Icarus ain't gonna bite chya," a voice states behind me. I jump, turning on my heel to face a man who

looks to be in his forties. He smiles with crooked, yellow teeth, the lines around his eyes and smile tell me he's been around for quite a while. He stands on the path, leaning on a thick cane.

"Didna mean ta scare ya, fella," the man hobbles over to me, placing each step with careful consideration.

"Did you know him, sir?" I ask, curiosity getting the better of me.

"Wish I did," the man laughs, "but no, my mother knew 'im. He saved 'er life."

"Did your mother not come with you?"

I catch him off guard with the question, but he responds. "Nah, but I'll be joining her real soon. We'll be together for a long time, her an' me."

I kick myself mentally. "Sorry, sir..."

"Nah, it's a'right, I get the question oftin'," the man stops in front of Peter's grave, looking upon the tombstone and flowers I had sat on top.

"Did yer daddy know 'im, son?" the man asks without turning his head.

"No, sir, but he is family," I smile at the old man. "I don't really know which side of the family, but he was supposedly a great uncle of mine."

"Well, yer lucky, son, yer related to a great man."

"What did he do, if you don't mind me asking?"

The man looks at me and smiles. "He saved a whole lot of people from drownin' in the Gulf, when a big cruise ship had a bit of engine trouble. Blew the whole thing sky high, but Icarus...he was jus' a fisher from a little town north east of Freeport. He was out that day in the Gulf and he saw the ship goin' down. He went to the ship and he saved 'em, most of 'em anyway. He went on the ship to try and save others, but...that's when the ship blew. Threw poor Icarus off the ship, but threw him with enough force ta knock 'im out and send him under the water." The man paused and turned his body towards me, looking into my eyes. "Yer great uncle drowned in the Gulf after savin' almost three hundred people with his tiny fishin' boat. He sacrificed himself, kid."

I smile at the man, then glance at the tombstone. "But no one takes care of his grave."

"Cuz no one appreciates what he did anymore. They've all but forgotten."

"Except you."

"Yup, 'cept me. I'm still here, and I've got a good memory. My mother asked me to take care of his grave every year for her, and I will."

I nod and smile. "Well, I'm glad he won't be forgotten."

"Yup. And since you know now, I'll pass on that responsibility to you. You won't forget him, will you?"

"Of course not."

The man smiles. "I'm glad."

I turn back to the grave. "Do you think he knew he was going to die?"

The man didn't reply. I glance to where he was beside me, but he's gone.

"Sir?" I turn my head, trying to find him. But he's disappeared.

Author's note: can anyone figure out who the stranger was?? :D

## 15 - Willow

### Willow

There is a story, a legend really, handed down from generation to generation, about a young couple who were, of course, in love. No, this is not a cliché story, nor is this a story about princesses or princes, castles or dragons. This is not a fairy tale where there are 'good guys' and 'bad guys'; this is not a story where there is a lesson to be had. This is merely a simple tale of love; a simple tale of steadfast trust.

This is a tale any woman can tell their children, for there is nothing dangerous in the telling. Women wish for a man as is in the tale, and women wish their men were as the one in the tale.

This legend is merely called, 'The Willow Tree'.

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Once, long ago, there was a young man of a lineage that was really nothing special, nothing of note. He was a homely man, neither poor nor wealthy, who lived in a house he built himself, living on food he caught and gathered himself. He was a simple man who had no wife or betrothed. He did not live in the village, as one would expect. He lived on the outskirts of the village, for he did not feel comfortable living in closed quarters. Though he was a handsome young man, there were no women fawning after him, nor was there any woman he was courting. He spent his days in his carpentry workshop, fixing and building anything the villagers asked.

In the village itself, there were many women who were much the same, as they had been raised the same way. The villagers all held the same ideals and morals, what was proper and what was not. Of course, there will always be a time when what was proper goes against someone's views in some way.

This happened when a traveling carnival troupe came through the village on their way to the city. Having the day off, everyone in the village came to the carnival; even the man living on the outskirts of town came to the carnival. Like every carnival, there were freaks on display, fortune tellers, jugglers, a house of horror, a house of mirrors, everything the heart could desire. The carnival master was like most would expect, large and happy, as if there was nothing in the world but his carnival. Of course, to him, that was true.

The carnival master saw the young man come alone, and he befriended the young man. Then again, like all stories, this one has its twist. The carnival master had a daughter, and she was lovely. You can imagine, naturally, that the young man and the daughter met and fell in love. It was not instant, not love at first sight, as so many would have you believe. They spent time together, talked about things they liked and didn't like, and eventually, their love bloomed. They wished to wed in the spring among the white apple blossoms.

Both the village elder and the carnival master were against it, for mostly the same reason. The carnival

would be moving on and the daughter had to go with them; she was from a much different walk of life, and the villagers believed the young man was only in love with her because she was different from what he had known all his life.

So they ran; cliché, expected, and because of that, they were caught. The carnival left with all their members, and the young man returned to his work. Before the carnival, his work was excellent; not perfect, but very near. After the carnival had departed, taking with it the only woman he had ever loved, his work became shoddy at best. His carpentry was never the same.

One day, he went out and sat atop a hill overlooking the south road, the road to the city. He imagined the carnival daughter sitting beside him, and he laid back on her imagined lap. Her graceful fingertips graced his forehead, the cold touch soothing him. His eyes rested on her beautiful hair, shining in the sun.

And, as if by magic, she was there, smiling down on him. She began to massage his temples, soothing him into the most restful sleep he has had before or since.

When he woke, where once the carnival daughter had been, a graceful willow tree had somehow sprouted in her place, the weeping branches gracing his cheeks as if the tree could feel his melancholy and was crying for him. The daughter was gone, and all trace of her had vanished.

But, somehow, he knew she was still there, her spirit, at least, inside the willow tree.

Years later, he discovered the young woman had committed suicide when her father learned she was carrying the young man's child. By his calculations, it was the same day the willow had sprouted, and he knew that the carnival daughter had never left him, even after death.

Author's note: First draft, so any suggestions or corrections would be happily taken and reviewed so that i can revise this. After all, i finished this at 12:30 in the morning^\_\_\_\_\_^' yeah, i'm going to bed now....