

Home

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This is an old story I did in 10th grade. While I have improved quite a bit since writing this, it's still one of my favorites.

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It was dark and dreary in the confines of the box that Donavin was in. He was used to it, though, and found the walls all around him quite comfortable. With just enough room to lie down flat, he called it cozy. Most people would have called it claustrophobic, especially since it let in absolutely no light.

While lying in the dirt, Donavin thought of his past life, and of the future. He remembered the forest that he hunted in at night, the way the wind whistled through the leaves. He remembered the dirt path that was his favorite hunting spot. The glorious kills that he had enjoyed at that spot came to his mind, those few victims that had been foolish enough to wander from the main path that the rest of the herd used. Donavin remembered the look of pure terror on their faces and in their eyes as they realized what was to befall them. He smiled as he remembered this.

He remembered the reclusive village that he used to live in. His neighbors thought he was odd and a little eccentric. They rarely saw him outside of his home, and when they knocked on his door for a social visit, no one answered. Donavin knew that the children of the town made stories about him, but the stories don't matter now. He remembered his house and all the fine artwork he had collected.

He thought about where he was going. He thought about the Eiffel Tower and how beautiful the city would look at night. He thought of the trouble he would have trying to find a place in Paris, but with a little persuasion it would be possible. For a while Donavin got lost in the thoughts of the past and future, in all that had been and all that may be.

He came to with a jolt when he realized that he was no longer in the vessel that he had been in. He could hear the sound of an engine, too loud to be a car. He guessed that he was in a van or a truck. The vehicle moved down the pavement, hitting several potholes on its way. He could tell that his destination was near. His anticipation was so thick that he could almost taste it. Donavin could feel his hunger rising; it had been a long trip, after all. Now that he was close to being out of his box, the hunger wanted to be fed.

The vehicle rolled to a stop. The sounds of two doors opening and slamming shut reached his ears.

“Hey, Larry, whatcha think could be in this thing?” said one of them, sounding tired, confused, and ignorant all at the same time. Donavin realized that these were not French accents; they were American.

“I ain't go the foggiest,” said the other, most likely Larry, “but we're not getting paid enough to haul it here. This is a terrible neighborhood.” He felt them take a hold of the box he was in and lift it out of the vehicle.

“That's for sure,” said the first. “This thing weighs a ton!” With that remark, Donavin felt them drop the box to the ground, outside! Now he was beginning to get confused. He was supposed to be inside of a building, not out in the street, or in some back alley.

“I've got no clue as to why anyone would want this crate dropped off here, anyhow. It's awfully strange, if you ask me...” droned Larry as the man heard the sound of two doors opening and shutting, and the sound of a large vehicle pulling away. The hunger returned then, demanding to be fed. He forced it down, waiting for the right time to leave the box.

A few minutes after dusk Donavin cracked the box open and let the pale streetlight wash over him. He squinted his green eyes as the sudden light assailed him. He eased the lid open wider and rubbed a hand through his shoulder-length black hair. A wave of smells assailed his keen scent, most of them highly unpleasant. As he looked around the dingy slum that he was in, he realized that he wasn't in Paris at all. He did not think that he was in France at all.

His hunger didn't care. It demanded to be fed. Now. He crept out of the box and looked around the alley. No one was around. Donavin pushed the crate further into the alley, so that it would be harder for a passing person to spot it. He walked silently down the street, his eyes already adjusted to the streetlight. He looked around and saw that there was no one on the street. He saw cars parked along the side of the road. The steering wheels were on the left side of the car. He knew that he wasn't in France now. He wasn't even in Europe! His hunger still gave him no respite. He whirled from the cars and quickly walked down to the next corner. No one was on that street, either.

Donavin wandered down two more streets before he found a single soul. There he saw a woman with blonde hair. She was wearing a tight-fitting, pink plastic shirt and light blue miniskirt. A horrible combination when compared to his own darker, more formal attire. Her high heels clicked on the cracked sidewalk. Her face was not visible to him, for she was walking away from him. He moved silently behind

her. At one point she turned around, maybe sensing him subconsciously. He slipped into an alley before she could see him. When he came out she was walking hurriedly away. He began to walk faster so that he could catch up to her.

Again she turned around, but this time Donavin kept walking toward her. She gasped and broke into a stumbling run. In her terror she ran down a dead-end alley. She stopped against the back wall as he turned into the alley. He smiled as she tried to push herself into the back wall of the alley.

“What is the matter?” He asked, slowly walking towards her. “Are you afraid?” She just looked around, trying to find a place to hide. Her eyes flitted from shadow to shadow, but could find no sanctuary. “Now that is a little rude, is it now? It certainly is not very friendly.” He frowned at her, as if looking at a child who had done something wrong.

“Just... just stay away.. stay away from me... please?” the woman muttered, her ragged breathing a testament to her fear.

“That would not be very gentlemen-like of me, now would it? I can not just leave a young woman here, in the middle of the night, all alone, now can I? Who knows what terrible monsters might try to come after you at this hour?” Donavin was right in front of her now. He reached out a hand and gently pulled her toward him so that her back was against his chest. She fought him, but it was like fighting a mountain. His strength was incredible. “Do not be afraid, little one,” he said, “I will not harm you.” She whimpered as he pulled the hair away from her neck. He opened his mouth and two long, white fangs glistened in the streetlight. She whimpered again as he kissed her neck. A gasp tore from her throat as his teeth slid through her skin, but it was in surprise, not pain. She moaned from the pleasure of his dark kiss.

Later, after his hunger was fully satiated, he walked out of the alley. He had left the body there. The authorities of this city would never figure out the truth behind what had happened to her. No one ever truly figured out what happened to his victims. He walked back to the crate and made sure that no one would discover it. He did not want anyone seeing the coffin that was inside. He walked around until he found a nice motel. He rented a room with some of the money from the woman's purse and pushed the crate into it. Since it was nearing dawn he settled into the casket and closed the lid.

At dusk Donavin opened the casket once again and got out. Normally he would have been satisfied from the kill he had made the previous night, but he had gone so long without nourishment that his hunger

attacked him again. He exited the motel and walked the streets again. This night he wandered into a more prosperous section of the city. Some people stared at his odd form of clothing, but they stayed out of his way as well. The hunger gnawed at him, but he pushed it down. He wanted to explore the surroundings a bit before he finished that particular deed.

As he made his way through the town, he heard a terrible racket. There was a deafening noise coming from some open doors where a burly, dark-skinned man was standing guard. He saw some people outside the doors, listening to the noise. They appeared to be enjoying it. He walked towards the doors, and the guard nodded him in. The music coming from the band in the club was horrible, at least it was to Donavin. He didn't want to leave, though, so he found a table and sat down. Shortly after this a young brunette sat down across from him.

"Hi, I'm Linda," she said. "What's your name?"

"I am Donavin," he said.

"That's an interesting name," she replied. He didn't answer. "Do you want to dance? She asked.

"It would be a pleasure." They got up and went onto the crowded danced floor. Donavin didn't notice the dark-haired woman frowning at him while he was dancing with Linda. She followed him as he led Linda out the back exit. Donavin still didn't notice her as he sank his fangs into Linda's neck. She ran back into the club as he fed, unaware that he had been watched.

Back in his apartment, Donavin was thinking about finding a place to stay. He definitely could not stay in the apartment he was in for an extended length of time. He would have to find a new place that would be much more suitable. He thought on this for a while before he climbed back into the casket and closed the lid.

Donavin was back at the club the next evening. The rock band had mellowed since the previous night, making the stay much easier for Donavin. The dark-haired woman who had watched him the night before came over to him and sat down.

"I saw you dancing with Linda last night," she said to him, smiling faintly. "I'm glad to see that you're not with her right now."

"She was a pretty young lady, but she left a little to be desired. I don't think that I will be dancing with her again any time soon," he said with a smile.

"Well, that's good to hear," she said coyly. "By the way, my name is Lilly. What's yours?"

"Donavin."

"Well, Donavin, why don't we go somewhere private, so we can get to know each other?"

"That would be... perfect," he answered.

"Great," said the woman, "we can go to my place." She got out of the chair and walked towards the front exit. Donavin got up and followed her. "Taxi," she called, waving her hand in the air. A cab pulled up and she got it. Donavin followed. She told the cab driver where to go.

The dark-haired woman paid the cabby and exited the taxi. Donavin followed suit. She walked to the front of a nice-sized building. She pulled out a key and unlocked the door.

"Come on in," she said, offhandedly.

"That's just what I wanted to hear..." he muttered. Chuckling, Donavin followed her into the living room. She casually walked over to a coffee table. She took a necklace off it and put it on. When she turned around he saw that Lilly wore a cross.

"I know what you are, fiend, and I cannot allow you to take anymore victims!" A blue glow started to form around her hand. She flung her hand at him, and he fell back in pain.

"Sorceress," he hissed, "you'll pay for that." He leaped to his feet. Donavin was moving extremely fast. The sorceress's hand began to glow again. She threw another bolt at him, but this time he was ready. He jumped out of its way, and it scorched the wall.

"Quit jumping around like a coward!" she screamed, throwing a bolt at him. "Fight with some dignity!" Lilly threw another bolt at him. When the bolt blasted the wall this time, she lost sight of him. She glanced about the room, but she could not see him at all. She suddenly felt a hand rest upon her shoulder. Another hand reached around to her front and grabbed the cross.

"Not all the myths are true, sorceress," Donavin said as he sank his teeth into her neck.

"Nooo...," she whispered as the darkness washed over her.

Donavin wandered around the apartment for a little while. It was fairly spacious, and in a remote part of the city. No one would notice a little unusual behavior in this neighborhood. The sorceress must have been very picky about where she lived. It was a pity she had tried to kill him. He may have liked her.

Donavin found her spell book in the bedroom. It may come in handy some time, he thought. He looked around the place one more time, and came to a decision. He decided that this would be a perfect place to stay. He was going to move in right away.