

# Demons With Hearts

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*Voile Kanno reflects upon his reason for fighting after a battle. He ponders; are he and his fellow slayers humans, angels, or demons?*

*-Oneshot-*

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## *Demons With Hearts*

Voile Kanno gazed forlornly up at the sky, his pale skin smeared with ash, hair matted with sweat, sword tainted in blood. His Dragonslayer armour was slashed open on his arms, and a minor wound on his stomach alerted him of its presence whenever he sat or stood up. His often-lively violet eyes were now darkened to the deepest of their shade, and a frown rested on his lips. Smoke soon clouded his vision and he heard his master's joyous cries ring throughout the air.

Voile wasn't pleased though. He looked dismally around him, seeing his fellow slayers cleaning off their swords, or in those like Chesta's case, knelling with their heads bent in prayer for the souls departed.

The souls they had ripped from the joyful bodies of the young, the old, and those in-between. Their corpses littered the ground, their blood seeping into the earth. Voile repressed a shudder when the sound of agonized screams filled his ears, and Dilandau laughed insanely with a sick joy. The sent of burning skin would soon fill the air, and Voile thought that he should have been used to this by now.

But he wasn't. None of them, safe for Dilandau, were used to it. They weren't used to causing pain to those who lived joyfully, they weren't used to the massacres their lord took such pleasure in, and they weren't used to the smell of death. They should have been. They lived with such things, caused pain almost ritually.

Voile scowled as he drove his sword into the earth, watching in disgust as even more blood seeped from the new hole. Blood that had seeped into the earth to hide from them, from him. It wasn't so odd to think that so many thought of them as monsters, for Voile often found himself thinking such things. But they weren't.

Voile remembered when he was still a young boy, innocent of murder and such an intense pain. When

he was still six years old, eleven years ago, he never thought of being a soldier. He wanted to grow up and be just like his father, a successful blacksmith. But then bandits had slain his father right before young Voile's very eyes. They didn't stop there, they went after his mother as well, with the very swords that Voile's father had made.

There was a lot of blood then too, though not nearly as much as what covered Voile and his comrades now. He was eight when he really choose to be a soldier in the Zaibach military, for it was when he was eight that his younger sister, then six, had been taken away from him, from the orphanage. Somewhere out there in this wide world, his younger sister, who would now be sixteen, lived away from him. Voile had had enough; there had been too much pain in his heart at such a young age. The family that had taken in his sister didn't want him...and they refused anyone else.

Voile missed his little sister, and if there was one thing he was fighting for, it was she. She was what drove him on, what made him block out the overwhelming self-hate he felt whenever he would slay so many. He tore his eyes away from the ground where his sword had impaled and looked again up to the sky, eyes filling with tears as smoke entered his lungs. The revolting scent of burnt flesh filled his nose and he choked, but refused to look back down to the ground. Refused to see all of their bodies.

He yanked his sword out of the ground again and sheathed it, not bothering to attempt to wipe it clean of all the blood. His purple bangs shielded his eyes as he walked back toward his Guymelef, passing Chesta along the way. He paused briefly and placed one of his gloved and yet blood-soaked hands on Chesta's small shoulders. Chesta looked up in surprise and smiled gently at his comrade, but neither said anything. There was nothing to say. No one, except Dilandau, ever said anything after they were forced into these massacres.

Voile continued on his walk, until he reached the trees where their Guymelef's awaited them. Awaited them so they could return to their home, a desolate rock with freezing water, dim lights, and next to no heat. Voile smiled dryly as he pulled all his armour off and flung it and his sword into the cockpit of his mecha, leaving him with only is black pants, pale blue tunic, and his boots. Then he walked right passed his guymelef and into the cover of the trees, his master's screams of joy and maniacal laughter ringing in his ears. Much like the memories of their screams, their pleads for mercy.

The young man who had seen far too much in his young life sank heavily to the ground, leaning his back against the rough bark of the trees, wincing discreetly at the slight pain from his wound. He gazed at his hands, his shaking hands, one that was gloved in blue and black leather, and one that was soaked with blood. Voile could barely see his pale skin under the coating of the coppery essence of life. He glared weakly at it, before letting it drop to the ground. With a sigh, he closed his eyes, leaning his head against

the tree, allowing himself to sink into his thoughts.

He never thought that he would become one of Dilandau Albatou's elite Dragonslayers, but that was where he had found himself after years of training. He had only been accepted into the unit four years ago, well into his thirteen year on this world. This world full of pain and of hate, hiding the love and joy of so many. Killing so many.

There wasn't much else he could do though, a soldier was the only thing left for him. When the war was over, if it ever really ended, there would be nothing for Voile to return to; if he lived that is. He had no idea where his little sister was, and whether or not she would hate him if they ever actually did reunite and she found out what he had done, what he did to so many souls.

"Damn," he muttered to himself as he heard a whistle, and he pushed himself off the ground. He winced slightly and looked down at his stomach, seeing blood seeping from his wound. He brushed his bangs away from his face and forced his way away from the tree and once again headed to his Guymelef quickly. He slipped his armour back on, choking slightly on the intense heat he felt as soon as he had. Guimel, the one who had whistled, sheathed his sword (which he had been making a futile attempt at cleaning) just as Dilandau -still in his giant red mecha- came to them.

"Get into your Guymelefs and report back to the Voine," they heard his malicious voice bark out, and each and every one of them complied. Voile was forced to look out upon the ruined land as he hopped into his melef, and he closed his eyes with his head bent. He could see the farmhouses in the distance burning like the beacons of the devil, the stench of death, burnt flesh and of blood over-whelming. He frowned but said nothing.

After all, he should be used to it. He worked for the devil in a war against heaven and hell; he had sold his meagre soul to feed that devil, to serve him forever...maybe things could have been different, but why bother trying to imagine a new life? He had to pay complete attention to the one he lead, or else feel the wrath of his general, the devil himself.

So, if Dilandau was the devil and he himself was under his control, didn't that make Voile a demon? He looked around and winced as he heard a heart- wrenched cry fill the air, a single scream that should have chilled him to the very core of his being. But it didn't.

Maybe he was a demon...they all were. Demons with hearts, that couldn't do anything but kill.

**-FIN-**

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*VDG: I have NO idea where this came from, but it's here, so here it shall stay.*

*Disclaimer: The Dragonslayers were slain. Need I say more?*