

# The One Without Love

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*A cursed man POV as he sees what he can't have.*

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**Chapter 1 - The One Without Love**

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# 1 - The One Without Love

A/N: Before I begin, I just want to say I OWN these characters. They're original, brought up from a dream I had when I was little. ^^ So, please avoid anything that sounds screwed up due to the fact I'm doing this at 2:40 in the morning. And this is a guy's POV, though, I have no idea how men think. Something doesn't sound right, oh well, so sue me. I'm sleepy. \*yawn\*  
[edit]This is at a different site too so don't freak out, it's by me.

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I sat solemnly at the bar. I didn't order anything to drink, but coldly turned my back to the bartender. Then I saw her.

She was sitting with her friends, laughing wholeheartedly, such a beautiful laugh that only angels could possess. I think I could actually see a faint glow around her being.

Her chestnut brown hair was cut short and glossed back, I could almost smell the shampoo she had used. Her dark eyes were twinkling with happiness, one that almost made me want to smile. A small bit of freckles was sprinkled across her nose, almost invisible against her dark skin. Her lips were full and, I pray, so soft when pulled in for a kiss.

Could I be the one to give her that kiss?

As my eyes began to trail down to take in more details of this once in a lifetime angel, the shadow awakened.

You want her....

Yes, but I only take what I need.

Beautiful isn't she? So warm I bet –

Silence! I swore inwardly as the shadow cackled. It was a pest at times like these, a curse that I'd hold for the rest of my life. It showed no mercy and turned me into the cold blooded killer I was.

You could just have a little fun with her, it cackled again. I could feel it began to break free of the mental bonds I had against it. A little rutting around wouldn't hurt, would it?

Leave her!

The shadow quieted down as the angel gracefully rose. I quickly turned my gaze away when I had realized I was staring at her well toned body. She was perfect.

I turned back to the bartender as he grew irritable. "Hey, buddy! Are you gonna order somethin' or not!" I was silent for a moment, unsure of what to say. A Screwdriver? That sounds interesting. Leave it to the humans to use a tool's name for a drink. As I opened my mouth to speak, I felt the angel come close, then pass by. She smelled so sweet...

I closed my mouth again as the shadow snickered softly into my ear. Is it me or is it starting to get hot in here?

I snarled, a mistake since the bartender seemed annoyed with me enough as it is, though, it wasn't directed at him. "Kuso..."

"Are you tryin' to start somethin' here, bud?"

Aw, see what you've started? And all this over one human female...

I said to be quiet!

A little fun never hurt anyone. Well...not everyone...

I closed my eyes as I tried to suppress the shadow. The angel's scent was still lingering in the air,

making it much harder than it should be.

I gasped as I was suddenly grabbed by the bartender. "Hey! I'm talkin' to you!"

The bar's dim light suddenly became darker, flickering on and off. The drunkards and other people alike suddenly became silent as the shadow's cackles echoed through the room.

I let go of the shadow. Red eyes opened from a few feet away from the bartender, another cackle sounding through the room. The bartender didn't let go of me, but was aware of the shadow, even in this dark room. Surprised or scared whispers started through the room, becoming louder and louder as they neared the man.

He suddenly let go of me and backed away as they came closer, narrowing with what would have been a malicious grin if it were possible for the shadow. The bartender was jerked up into the air and thrown forcefully across the room, startled screams coming from those who were sober as his head collided into the wall, splattering those around him with what was his life. I heard the angel's screams of terror as the bartender's fresh corpse was right beside her.

That's when the chaos started.

People scrambled for the exit, only to be stopped by the dark shield that eventually formed into a weapon and impaled upon them all. The angel was still in her spot, frozen with fear even as her friends begged her to get up and move.

The shadows cackle turned into laughter as it was finally allowed to do its horrible deeds after so many years of being locked away in a prison that was my mind.

A sharp pang shot through me as I saw the angel's tears as her friends were torn away and ripped to shreds. She and I were the only ones left. The sound of the bar's people still ringed in my ears, but hers were the loudest.

The shadow neared her, reached for her. A little fun won't hurt anyone...much.

I finally came to my senses as she screamed for me. "Please! Help me!" She was terrified, backing away from the ever nearing shadow. It was so close now. "Oh grace...please..." I could see her reach up and hold the pendant on the necklace around her neck as she whispered a prayer.

Couldn't I do anything?

I yelled for the shadow to stop, but it didn't listen. It formed a hand, almost closing around her neck. My eyes widened in pain as the shadow's hand was suddenly attacked by shots of electricity. I looked down at my own hand; it had turned from a pale white to a dark red as blood dripped from my palm.

The shadow couldn't touch her.

She was simply too innocent for it.

It pulled away, slowly disappearing back into the maze of my mind, sneering. She got lucky.

The angel looked up at me with wide eyes. Was it because she was relieved of the shadow's disappearance or for fear? "...You..."

I slowly straightened out my dark clothing as if nothing happened. Humans, how I wished to interact with them more. But they just wouldn't understand...

I walked over to her casually, sitting back on my haunches as she slid down the wall, eyes still on me.

Though her face was covered in blood that was not her own, she was still beautiful.

I grimaced. Maybe I was more twisted than I thought. I do find that this scene didn't bother me at all, as I've seen it many times in the past. Maybe I even let the shadow go on purpose, I don't know.

I reached out to touch her, but pausing as I felt my hand burning, testing to see how long I could keep it there before pulling away. A warning from some unknown force protecting her? I sighed and glanced apathetically around the room. "Forget all that you saw."

She was silent for a second as I rose to my full height. "...Who are you," she screamed almost angrily, "What are you!"

I almost wanted to smile, despite all of the damage the shadow had caused. I had caused. Well, she did

have a lot of nerve for a human. I walked away, murmuring, "I wish I knew." I glanced back at her, smirking. "But it will do you well to keep your mouth shut unless you wish for a visit." The shadow had chosen that time to awaken, snickering. Of course you know, Ketsusou. You're evil. A demon – a killer. Life's Enemy, the Fate's Fugitive. Stealer of Life, Bringer of Death and Grief. As I stepped out into the night air, I inhaled deeply. She could have been the one. She was perfect; she was everything I was not. She managed to awaken feelings I hadn't felt since the shadow came and stole my soul. And now I could never have her.

"I'm one without love."

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(A/N: Well, what do you think? I need to know being this is my first story and all, so, you know, I can improve on writing! Thank you for reading!! It makes me very happy! ^^ R&R!)