

Forbidden Friendship

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Okay. This is a random story. It's about a werewolf and a vampire. Werewolves and vampires are enemy races. Eina (werewolf) and Nixre (vampire) become friends. That's why it's called "Forbidden Friendship".

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/crazicat06/42857/Forbidden-Friendship>

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1 - A Dream

"Mom! Mom!" I yell, clawing at my playroom door.

I break through and run down the stairs that lead to the living room. I see my mom, backed against a wall by... by... by two dark figures. My eyes go wide with fear.

"Mom!" I yell again.

"Eina! Run! Run away and never come back! It's not safe here!" my mom yells out.

I shake my head.

"Run!!!" she yells again as the dark figures turn to me.

I freeze when I see them. Their eyes, Dark. Dark with bloodlust. I'm rooted to the spot. Out of the corner of my eyes, I see a dark shape where my mom was standing. It attacks the dark figures and howls out.

"Run Eina!!! Run!! AAARWOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!"

I bolt. I run to my playroom. I grab my plushie dog toy and leap out of the window. I land on the ground with a thud. As I pick myself up, I hear a whispering wind behind me. I bolt again, not daring to look back. I run for the forest with one thought in my mind.

~Make it to the forest. You know it like the back of your paw. They'll never find you there.~

I squeeze my eyes shut. I open them again and look up at the moon.

"AAAAARWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!" I howl at the full moon.

2 - Werewolf

I jerk awake with a yelp. I look around wildly at my surroundings.

"Whew."

I'm in my cave. My oh so familiar cave in the forest. I snuggle my plushie dog toy.

"Thank God. I thought that was happening. Glad it wasn't."

I set my toy down and head out of my cave to hunt. I look at the moon. Full. Again.

"Damn. That frackin' things been full for the past week. That can't be good."

I look at my hands and sigh.

~Still paws. When will this ever end?~

I'm a werewolf you see. I've lived on my own since.... well, you read the first chapter. The moon's been full for the past week, causing my senses to heighten. And they tell me something's about to happen.

Something bad.

My ears perk up. A deer. Some ten yards away. I creep up on it, and pounce!

3 - Nixre

"Mmmmm...." I lick my claws.

I bend down and pick up the carcass. I fling it over my shoulder to take back and skin. My ears perk up again. I hear a whispering wind behind me. I freeze and turn around slowly. I see a dark figure, dark eyes. I stand rooted to the spot. Wait. I look a little closer. Not dark. Not bloodthirsty. Just scared. I sense fear surrounding it. It's scared of me, just like I am of it. I set the deer carcass down.

"Hi." I say quietly and gently, trying to coax it out into the open.

"Hello." says a feminine voice.

"Were you watching me?"

"Yes."

"Are you a girl?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes. My name's Eina."

"Mine's Nixre." she says, alighting to the ground.

I pick up the deer carcass again and head towards my cave. Nixre follows me in silence. We get there and I set the deer down. I whip out my skinning knife and begin skinning it.

"Um... Not to be rude, but, what are you?" Nixre asks curiously.

"I was about to ask the same thing." I say not looking up from my work. "*sigh* I'm a werewolf." I say quietly.

"I'm a vampire." Nixre says looking at her feet.

I finish skinning the deer. I stretch the skin out to dry and begin scraping the meat off the bones. I toss some in a pot of water and drape the rest on suspended sticks to dry out in the fire's smoke. I shove the bones aside to deal with later.

4 - Possible Friendship

"So you're a vampire. My mom was killed by some." I say, a hard tone in my voice.

"My mom was killed by a werewolf." she says quietly back. "How long have you been out here?"

"Since... *sigh* Since my mom was killed. I've lived alone, in fear. Afraid to come in contact with anyone. Even my own kind."

"Then why's you let me into your cave?"

"Because," I look up smiling. "I can sense that you're different. That you've been through the same hell as me. And from your confession earlier, I guess I'm right!"

"You are. I've lived on my own too. In fear, fear of being killed."

We talk awhile about our lives. I suddenly remember something.

"You know, when I was little, my mom would tell me these stories. Stories of how werewolves are supreme and vampires are shoot. But of course, my mom was always a little on the mental side." I say laughing.

"My mom would tell me that vampires are supreme and that werewolves are doges." Nixre says laughing.

"It is tue!We are doges!" I say, falling over laughing.

We continue talking. I begin to wonder about something.

"I wonder why are races hate each other...." I say.

"I think it's a racist thing."

"Your probably right. Like with humans and their black/white racist conflict!"