

Night by Death

By saiko

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A little something I made. A love triangle between the living and the dead. Saiko, a young vampiress, falls in Love with a Deamon lord. Her sire, Yazzen, continually tries to keep her from him, until one day she realizes her love for the Deamon Lord

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Chapter 1 - Death by Night-One Shot

2

1 - Death by Night-One Shot

~~~~~ Night by Death ~~~~~

Having finally fed, I walked my way through the blackened forest. Me, being the only one who knows her secrets. Delicately walking through the newborn shadows, my mind races back to the previous events which had taken place but moments ago. I had rejected him. Told him the truth that held its thick meaning. His face still runs through my mind. Twisted with hurt and rejection, I can only look away shyly. I had nothing to say but what I had come to say. I apologized...and he said nothing. Grabbing for my arm as I gently passed him did nothing, for I was gone before he could fully turn around. A crimson tear was all I shed. Knowing that in death, I would watch over him and his life. He will take a mate, and she will bare him children. Heirs of the Western Lands, something I could not do. Her skin will be warm, as mine was cold to the touch. And it will be the color of life, as mine is white and the tint of death. When she walks past roses, they will not wither, or past pure water, it will not freeze. And she will not take life...to support her own. Yes....it truly is better that I realized what was best for him, And that I left for the both of us. I knew it was only a silly infatuation at most. Or please let it be...

As I walk on, another tear slips down my cheek. I cannot go back to him either. My sire, my other love. He was all I had, and I rejected him cruelly as well. I did not think he needed...or wanted me. For he always made his way with his other vampiresses. Feeling alone I could not bare, so I grew cold towards him. How I miss him now. And I know he will most likely not take me back. So I will not ask.

I finally realize where I'm standing. A field, where the moonlight, the only light my vampire being can bask in, floods over the small clearing. I drop to my knees. I weep for myself silently. Only because I have no one to weep for me. Looking down at my pale hands, I shift, sitting Indian style. Looking back up to the moon, I pause upon hearing a familiar voice. He has come for me again....even when I told him not to. He still comes.

`` Why are you crying?" He asks. As I shift my eyes to the side, I bite my bottom lip. My sire...I see him cross his arms. He knows I went back to him.....

I can say nothing as I hear him take silent steps closer, and I tense. He kneels behind me, wrapping his arms securely about my body, finally speaking close to my ear,

`` My foolish Saiko.....have you finally accepted what I've been telling you all along?" I bite my bottom lip, placing my hands over his.

`` I'm sorry....." I whimper softly, turning in towards him. I now fear rejection. He pulls me over as he sits back, and I fall against him. Burying my face in his shirt, I feel his hand run through my hair as he smiles and murmurs so only I can hear,

`` My foolish Saiko..." he leans down, kissing my cheek, and I stay still in his arms. His cold lips I can feel...and My hands move up, gripping his shirt only slightly.

`` As long as you now understand the laws of the living, and the restrictions of the dead... `` He added. I nod my head once. And so this is how it will be. I will live my life in death, and watch those who live with life. I will stay with my sire, and ignore my jealousy of his absent lusts. I accept what he has turned me into, and be what I have become.....a child of the shadows.