

# Family blood

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Submitted: July 21, 2008

Updated: July 21, 2008

*A story I am working on.. Some details are crpited from my life but most of it is fiction.. so enjoy. ^^*

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# 1 - There is no chapter title

These are notes from a journal I kept during an unbelievable time. They are all compiled into story form. What happened to me may seem fictional, but it's not. I don't even know if I will be alive when this is looked upon by other eyes. But through the madness, writing was the only place I could hold myself together.

## Chapter 1

Dusk. Why, why do we need to use this word in so many poems and songs? Was there a raffle and the winning word was going to be one of the main words in American literature? But strangely enough, dusk is when most things happen. And that is exactly where this happened. But I am getting a head of myself. Let me start from the begging. My name is Blake Slentor. Don't blame me, blame Marilyn and... well, I don't know his name. And I know what you are thinking. "Great, another kid who had a parent walk out on him," but no. My father, was never mentioned by name to me. I asked my mother, but she keeps repeating her self like a broken record, and says word for word " When I was young, I went to a sperm bank. I wanted a baby so bad that I couldn't wait to get hitched." For fourteen years I believed that lie. Until I found a little black book buried underneath some old news papers with coffee stains on them. Apparently my mother wasn't a prude ( if you know what I mean). I read the aged little pages of the scribbled writings of my mothers relationships. Until I came upon the page that described with explicate detail, a man my mother knew who gave an alias to her. She described him with having dark, jet black hair, hazel eyes with a freckle in each eye, slim build, and a sense of, overwhelming potential about him. He told her his name was John Smith. But she also wrote down that he had a slight English accent. Also, he had tattoos all over his body. But they all looked like symbols from an ancient civilization. Like Egyptian, or Mesopotamian. I didn't pay much attention to this guy. I had been busier finding all of the spelling and grammatical errors in the book. But a few pages later after this mysterious Smith guy, mom wrote that she took a pregnancy test. It came up positive. And this was the last guy she met.

## 2 - there is no chapter title

### Chapter 2

I never confronted her about my biological father. I read that book further, but to my dismay, nothing more about this guy. He disappeared from my mom's life after seeing her for one night. But at least it explained why I barely looked like my mother. She has red hair with blue eyes. Also, she has the disgusting habit of inhaling the deadly mix of poison and tobacco rolled into tiny cylinders of death. I've shown her medical pictures of a smokers lungs. Told her about nicotine gum, and even tried to tell her about the danger of second hand smoke on my part. But, like a moth to a burning candle, she can't quit her oral fixation. So, anyway, a few years go by after learning about my real father. I was wiser, taller, and stronger. And I have to admit, a little rebellious. Not to the government or anything like that. But to the stereotypes of the modern adolescents in todays social school environment. Why can't I wear black clothing, wear wristbands, like emo and metal bands without being judged by my peers. Everyone assumes that I cut myself or that I am always dark and negative. But because I have two anarchy symbols on my wrists doesn't make me an anarchist. And because I wear a cross, doesn't make me a religious fanatic. I am not even baptized, and I have only gone to church a handful of times. But because of this, I was not what you call one of the popular kids in my school. Yet I wasn't a nerd or geek. I was a nobody. Someone you wouldn't give a second glance unless you needed something from me. So I had a lot of extra time. I read a lot, wrote, and tried to exercise on a regular basis. But, after a few months after my sixteenth birthday, I started to notice changes.

### 3 - there is no chapter title

#### Chapter 3

At first It looked like nothing. My eyesight got better, hearing a little more acute, and my overall strength was, well... you could tell I was different. I accidentally crushed a glass once when I was taking a drink of ice tea. I thought it was just a cheap glass, so I tried a different one. Same thing happened. But the second time it happened, some glass shards got lodged in my palm. It barely even stung, let alone had any pain. As I pulled out the shrapnel of my recently deceased drinking glass, I saw my wounds start to move and contract. And even stranger, I saw a glimpse of darkish liquid beneath my skin. But for only a second. I decided to test this new talent I had further. A small knife. Barely a threat to humanity, it could easily show me if I could regenerate from wounds. I tried it on my left arm, the same that the glass broke onto. I drove the blade closer to my skin. Trying my hardest to make a hairline slice. I eventually was able to, but it took me a while. Again, next to no pain. I even tried to get that black ooze on to my index fingertip. I only got a little bit and it felt like nothing I had ever felt before. It was like the smoothest fabric you could ever. Almost liquid, but it felt as though you could make a coat out of it. I wanted to play around more with this strange substance, but about sixty seconds after I extracted it from my limb, it turned into a gas. Blackish gray smoke that clouded my lungs. I couldn't stay up, my footing was all over the place. My eyelids felt as if they had tiny weights on the ends of them. I knew this feeling from being in a fight with a thug of a tenth grader. We got into a fight about how I disrespected him by not congratulating him over a touchdown on the football field. Long story short, he basically knocked my jaw off. Along with my consciousness. It feels like your body is shutting down and trying to make you fall asleep. That is exactly how I felt then, after that smoke went into my nostrils. I woke up what felt like hours later but was probably only a few minutes. Mom was standing over me. A cigarette half burnt between her stained lips. She smelled of cheap perfume and tobacco. She was just looking at me on the ground. Staring with her disappointed eyes. " So, what are you on that made you pass out" said the loving and protective mother. I explained to her that I wasn't on anything and said that I was just tired from being in a school full of brain dead, red bull induced, attention craving sheep. She bought it, then left the kitchen to go to her room. She spent eighty percent of her day in there. I got to my feet and trekked over to my room. It smelled of incense and looked like a small library. A hide away place from the awful mechanics of the world. But I was feeling immense pain. A mixture of burning hell, and testicle shrinking freezing at the same time. Also a hint of stabbing and throbbing. It was all radiating from one spot on my back. My right shoulder blade.

## 4 - there is no chapter title

### Chapter 4

I couldn't rip my shirt off fast enough. I could feel something move beneath my skin and wrap around my bone. I looked at the mirror right by my small, but nice television. I saw veins, black lines, and my skin stretching till it became a pasty white color. The pain was becoming unbearable. I screamed out, and my eyes began to seep tears onto the hardwood floor. Then I felt the hot, dripping of my blood trickling down my back. It was starting to stain my belt, but I could care less at that time. For I finally saw what had been causing me so much agony. It almost looked like a finger of a demon. It started to creep out of my back. Each time it juddered forward, it made the opening in my back larger. No matter how much I tried to push it back, I could not stop this.... thing bursting out of me. I felt like I was going to pass out again. But after about an hour of torture, the growing subsided. I looked back at what had just happened. What I saw I could not believe, so I had to look again to believe it. It looked to be a giant spike protruding from me. It was dripping with that black crap that I had touched earlier. But by the gallons this time. And just like before, it turned into the smoke that knocked me out. But this time it was every where. I tried to duck and stay down. But I was too late and got a mouthful of the stuff. Before I hit the ground, I saw the image of the spike coil around me. Waking up later, with a headache that could make the books, I clambered for the bathroom, racing to beat the upcoming of last knights fast food. While in my attempts, I saw Marilyn on the ground in her room. The smoke must of knocked her out too. An ash tray was broken by her hip. She must have been imbibing one of her cigarettes when she felt the effects of the smoke. I didn't have time to check on her. The spike was still hugging me tightly. After I was done vomiting blood and white castle, I made my way over to mom. I lifted her to her bed, she seem very light, almost like a child. In fact everything seemed light to me then. I decided that too much strange things could happen at once, and I returned to my room and slept until I was ready to deal with things.

## 5 - there is no chapter title

### Chapter 5

I woke during dusk. I had forgotten all of the transformation going through me for that brief time of sleep. The image of the demonic looking spike coiling out of my body had escaped me, like tears from a widow. I gave a glance around my room. I reached over my head, scrabbling to find any evidence of the spike. I could feel it between my fingers. It was slightly sticking through my skin. Maybe an inch or two out. Not nearly as long as before. I felt like it was connected to my shoulder blade. I tried rotating my arm, that in turn caused a nasty pain in my lower back. Forcing me to thrust my chest forward. After I was stretching and moving my back, I caused the spike to show itself again. But the second coming of it wasn't as painful as this time. I don't even think I bled. The new extremity, was... different. It was covered in patches of feathers, and there was more skin on it. I was able to move the feathers I had too. They were the same dark, black color as my hair. It sort of looked like a crow's wing, mixed with a bat's. I always liked bats. They are a misunderstood creature. Most think all bats drink blood. But only vampire bats drink, and rarely from people, even then they are usually asleep. Sometimes I wish I could change my name to something with an edge, like bat. But it would be more unusual, like Battt. I hate the name Blake. It makes me sound like I kid that is given anything he wants in the world, and has a trust fund from mommy and daddy to fall back on. But has any kid who had it easy in life ever become famous, or is known for anything? No, people don't want to hear about a normal person's life or experiences. Only people that something bad has happened to them, that is who people want to learn about. I moved my wing, wow, I never thought something like that would pass my lips. My eyes were half open, and I was half awake. I looked at the mirror, I saw blood stains all over my back. I said in my mind I wouldn't start to panic. That is another thing I didn't mention about myself, I sometimes have panic attacks. I don't get them frequently, but I get them. Maybe, two or three times a year. The attacks are just random to. Once I got one when I was in the midst of sleep. So panicking now, in the sight of all of this, was new. The panicking caused questions in my brain, and the questions caused further panicking. Will this thing grow, will it kill me, will another one grow? As more and more time dashed by, other questions flourished into my head. Like, will my kids have this wing? Will I be taken in like a lab rat and be tested for the rest of my life? I had to find a way to make the questions stop in my head. The most obvious answer kept starring me in the face, even if I didn't want to do it. But since I didn't control my fate, like the rest of god's play things, I decided I would run.

## 6 - there is no chapter title

### Chapter 6

I am a liar, a manipulator, a deceiver. And I was going to become a coward. That was the phrase being played in my head as I stuffed necessities in my bag. Food, sweaters, t-shirts, jeans, notebook(without which, you would not be reading this), and a map I got from the internet. I walked toward the door, hoping that I would not have to talk to mom. I could hear the fan whirling, and the sound of my favorite band playing on the television. What a strange way to end my days of dwelling in this hole. I made it outside, clenching the strap on my bag, which was stuffed to the point of ripping. I think I heard one of the buttons on it tear off. I walked up the steady incline, slipping once on the cracked pavement. I reached the end of the driveway, not even looking back. Soon I made it around the block, thirty minutes later, out of town. It was strange, I hated my mother but... There was a small part of me that wanted her to come running out the door, screaming "Don't Go", or "I need you here", or at least "I love you." I didn't like her, but she was still my mother. So she must have had some compassion for me when I was born, right? That was why I was leaving. To save her the trouble of dealing with whatever was happening to me. But this isn't a happy story. You want to read about a fantasy story? Then go read freaking harry potter! What happened to me was not a magical thing. More like hell on earth during the summer. Back to the run away adolescent. I was walking for about two or three hours down a highway when I started to feel like crap. Like my forehead was being pressed against a hot oven. I dropped to the ground, rolling in what I hoped was just dirt, trying to stop the pain. It seeped into my right eye, burning each second. I tried opening my eye lids, but no luck. Do you know the feeling when you get soap or shampoo in your eyes when you're in the shower? Well this felt like I squirted a whole bottle of cleaning detergent into my eye. No, strike that. This felt worse. I couldn't see, so I hopped up onto my feet. I started to scramble around, reaching for something to grab onto to get my footing. The fourth time I stuck my hand out, I grabbed a telephone pole. I stood there, scraping at my eye for what felt like a day. It finally subsided, and I got my vision back. I looked around, waiting for the fuzziness of rubbing my eyes to kick in. But, another weird change happened then. I could actually see better. I could make out details on things you would never expect to have such definition. Like my hand, when I looked down at it, I could see each individual pore open. I freaked me out. I started to get dizzy from the sight of everything. I felt my self get light headed, and I was down again, past out. I thought in the few fleeting seconds before unconsciousness, maybe I'll wake up from all of this like a dream. But what I got in return was a nightmare, one of many to come.

## 7 - there is no chapter title

### Chapter 7

I saw images. Things you wouldn't see in a slasher film. People, being ripped apart, being killed, slaughtered, and sacrifice. Blood everywhere, on the ground, on peoples faces, in the dirt. I saw one of the attackers faces. His skin was light gray, and the whites of his eyes where pitch black. His irises were a yellow color. He was covered in the ruby liquid. And he was consuming gallons of the stuff. Licking the body parts of victims until they were drained. I could see myself, looking down at my hands. Like an out-of-body experience. At least I thought it was me. My head was down, and my hair was long, much longer than it was in real life. I was starring down at me hand. I couldn't make it out well, but It looked like my left arm burst open. The black goop went everywhere, splattering over things and then evaporating just like with the glass. The gas cleared and I could see my wing, fully extended and fully grown. The smoke was still hovering around my torso, and I was trying to see my left arm. Then, It went away. The nightmare had vanished from me, and then I woke up. I hated fainting at the whim of my stupid body. I got up and tried not to seem disoriented. It was dark, the sun was just in the corner of the sky making a pink glow reign over me. I would have to stop somewhere to get some sleep. Another hour down the road took me to an abandon shed of a house. It was watered damaged, and there were holes the size of tennis balls in its rusted tin roof. Better than a hole in the ground though. I grabbed one of my sweaters and used it as a makeshift pillow/bed. I could the sky through the holes, and I saw star overhead. They were beautiful, pressed against the sky like shards of jewels. I lay there, thinking of what my life would have been if I knew my father. Knew my heritage, where I came from. Maybe I could figure out how to act like. Have a role model to look up to. I started to drift away, but before I did, I saw a piece of mirror that been thrown away to the side. I hadn't seen what I looked like for a few days. I was expecting a dirty face, some dried blood, and maybe even black eye from the fall earlier. But I saw what else had changed. I saw another thing that was happening to me that wasn't normal. I saw the reason from which the pain that had plagued my eye earlier. My right eye was black, and my iris was yellow. And you can imagine how much sleep I got after that.