

Vendetta for the Dead

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A teenage florentine boy cries in the night and meets a mysterious stranger who attempts to take his life. He is faced with immortality, and now he is out to seek revenge for his death.

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Chapter 1: A Lifeless Stranger

If I was to choose to live forever or die early, I would most definitely choose what most everyone else fears, “death”. I've given up my very soul to the one who I believed I loved, and that, my friends, was the biggest mistake I have ever done during my whole entire existence. If you haven't already noticed by the paleness of my skin and the stiffness of my posture, then I shall explain it all to you. I am, yet of course, a vampire. You may have imagined a vampire to be without a soul or personality.. maybe a worshiper of the devil? An evil assailant who you should fear? No, that is complete fabrication. I dread the devil. I now hate myself. The human inside of me is trying its hardest to break free from this hard and soul stealing shell that I call a body. You may wonder, why don't I just kill myself if I have not a care in the world for existence? Well, suicide is bland. Suicide is weak. I am Vendetta. I am revenge.

It was a cool night in the city of Florence, Italy, and a young, 17 year old boy, sat staring into the sky with no chance of having a real life. I am that boy and I remember it like yesterday, though it was long ago in 1958. My eyes were engulfed in tears and I yelled at the stars to tell me why my life wasn't like the other adolescents at school. I was loveless, alone, and mentally dying. My parents always made me irate and useless; they talked to me like I was the stupidest person on the face of the earth! Just because I was forgetful, they called me absent minded and cold.

Just then, something struck me. A quick flash of white swept past me. I looked around and saw nothing. There was absolute silence. It was probably a bird?

Right when I took it as a hallucination, I saw a pale figure of a man standing at the end of the fountain I was sitting by.

“Who are you?” I bellowed at the foul man, “What in heaven's name are you doing? Why are watching me? If you want to kidnap me, go ahead! I don't give a damn if you do! My parents won't pay for your ransom, so you better—“

“If I frightened you, young sir, then I am very sorry,” the cryptic man interrupted. “I was just passing by the park and I noticed a child, you, crying all alone at the peak of midnight! Tell me, just out of sheer curiosity, why a boy like you is crying' and alone, if I shall add?” He revealed himself to me and I couldn't believe what I saw. He was remarkably handsome and a pure gentleman, but there was something about his aura that made me feel uneasy. He looked about my age, however, why did he call me, “boy?”

I stood shocked and mute during my contemplation until I realized that I wasn't talking; I was just staring at the surreal figure standing before me. “I.. I... Why exactly do you care? My doings do not concern you!”

“Hahahahaha...” I stared at him with bewilderment and fright. He gave me a wicked grin and took me stealthily into his stiff arms. “Death, boy. I am here for death. You want it and I am here to make all of your silly, little wishes come true.” Before I knew it, his teeth were pierced in the nape of my neck while he pinned me to the floor with abnormal strength.

There it was. My life flashed before me in a red tint. Were my eyes bleeding? I don't know. I felt nothing. I saw visions of me when I was a young boy, in fights with my parents and crying in the bathrooms at school. I saw me at 13, drawing pictures of suicide with thick paints while watching them smear as my tears caught the paint and created small rivers of light red. It was all flashing so quickly. It's death. What I've yearned for. But, wait. This is different. Why don't I want it? I want life. I need it, no, don't leave me now. My visions... they're too horrible... My life has meant nothing. I haven't affected anything! I need to break free and change myself! I cannot let go. This feeling is burning me. I won't give in without a fight. My life is mine and if this satanic creature wants it from me, he's going to have to fight incredibly hard to steal it from me.

“Yahh..” I drove him off with a push of unknown strength and I saw his teeth, stained with my blood. What the hell was he? I hated him. I wanted to kill him. He chose to kill me out of randomness! It's impossible for him to know that I wanted death.

“What are you doing, boy?! It was almost finished! Get back over here!” cried the mysterious man in complete rage.

Then, he came to a calm and he spoke to me gently, “Monsieur, there's no use in avoiding me. You're going to die whether you like it or not..” He seemed a little stressed with every word he spoke. I saw a lie in his eyes.. a lie in his red, devious eyes.

My anger was the only emotion I felt at the moment, yet, something tingled within me and the anger transformed into fear. My vision soon became red again and the noise of the man's yelling was growing quieter and quieter. My stomach felt as if it was going to burst and my ears rang with fury. The sounds of bells and moaning screeched through my ears and I fell into a state of madness. Is this hell? Am I dead?

Then, everything returned back to normality. The red was gone, the bells.. it was all okay.

I saw the wretched man coming toward me. He was laughing and told me I was too weak. Oh, he thinks he can get me? He thinks he can destroy me? I've been destroyed before and I'm not letting this guy do what he wants. I've been hurt too many times and I'm letting myself go.

“Oh, goodness,” he laughed with a tone of spite, “Your time of death has finally come!”

His feet were no longer on the ground. He was flying straight at me with tremendous speed. I saw his eyes blaze with his malicious grin coloring his pallid face. I hated him. I stared right into his eyes and screamed. It felt as if all of my strength went into it.

After my senses returned to me, I saw that he was on the floor, covering his eyes with his hands quaking. As I peered closer, I saw blood sear through the cracks between his fingers as he began to shake uncontrollably. His hands gave way of his eyes. I was shrieking in my head. His red eyes weren't in his eye sockets. They were substituted with a massive amount of deep, black blood. I knew that I did

it. I made his eyes burst.

What kind of being had I possible become? This is all so unclear. Why is this happening?

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