

Vampire and demon

A legend about love, hate and a boy...

Von abgemeldet

Destination

„When the time is right... I will tell you the truth about your destiny....“

We all are born for a certain reason. Nothing on earth happens because of chance. You might believe it, you might not. But I do.

I believe in destiny.

Not long ago... a few years I think... I would have laughed at my own words. Back then I thought, everything on earth happens because of your own willpower, and I was sure, there was no meaning behind the things that actually happened.

But my life has changed.
And so has my mind.

I am no longer the small kid, climbing on those huge stones of destroyed houses. Taking pictures of everything and nothing in particular, dreaming of becoming a photographer.

During the past fifty years I grew up immensely.

Yes. Fifty years.

I forgot... it must sound like an eternity for you. You must think I am an old man by now. Old and embittered.

But that's not true. My life has just begun.

I may be a lot older. And my body has changed a lot during the past years. But I am not physically older. My body stopped aging.

I am immortal.

You don't believe me, I can tell... but it's the truth.

And to tell you the whole truth:

I am a werewolf.

I wasn't born as a werewolf, you know. But I wasn't bitten by one either. That's one of incredibly many clichés people have.

Werewolves are no animals, that come out when the moon's full. And they don't bite each other.

We start our life when a werewolf is marking us. That means, he has to touch you and force some of his energy in your body. Sounds easy, but it's rather difficult. However, when his energy floats in your body, it burns like hell and the pain is lingering there for quite some time. If you're lucky, it stops burning after a few hours passed.

When the pain is gone, there is a mark on your left hand.

This is called the „ seal of blood“ and it's quite annoying to have such a huge tattoo on your hand.

However, it will disappear when your former, the werewolf that put that mark on you, decides that it is time.

And then, the energy, bound in your hand, releases and is flooding through your body. You start to change immediately. You don't look like a wolf. You just... grow and... well... you get sharp teeth and... your eyes become dark black. And your nails become sharp. That's all.

Well... the funny thing is, that your body isn't the only thing that grows. Your appetite grows, too!

Believe me, you start to eat so much...

However, a werewolf is immortal. And so am I now.

The only thing that can kill us, are vampires. I know this sounds weird.

Well... vampires and werewolves are enemies. They hate each other because of their instinct. Vampires die when they got screw up by a werewolf. Bloody business, you know?

But... there are always things... that are out of the row.

And...

When I first met a vampire... I could do nothing but falling in love with him. He was so... cool. I mean, he really was cool in his dark outfit, the shoulder long, dark hair, his mystic aura surrounding him.

He seemed just perfect to me.

Strong, yet so fragile.

And so I fell for him. At first I thought it was just a crush. But soon I discovered, that it was much more serious than a simple crush.

I could say... he was and still is... my One Love.

And soon I discovered, that foolish vampire felt the same for me.

You can imagine that my former wasn't that pleased, when he found out. But instead of killing that vampire, or me, or both... instead of yelling and screaming... he let it be. He accepted our foolish love and he did everything he could do, to make this love as long living as possible.

At this point, I might add, I wasn't a werewolf at that time. I had still the seal of blood. And my dear former decided, not to make me a real werewolf until the day my One Love and I might part.

But that day never came.

However, you are wondering now when my mind changed and I started to believe in destiny, right?

Well... it all begun, when I noticed something strange about my One Love.

Something, that made him even more not-so-human than the fact of being a vampire.

It sounds dramatic and... well... silly... but, the truth is that the weather which surrounds my One Love is always kind of a mirror of his mood. Whenever he's angry or in rage, there's a storm and thunder and lightning are with it. When he's feeling blue or is thinking, the sky is full of clouds. When he's in his mysterious mood, the whole town is foggy. And when he's happy, which is rare, the sun shines. Most time of all, the weather around him is cloudy and rainy. You now know what this means.

So, why is my One Love so special?
Why has nobody else such mystic power?
Why is he the only one, who has such a talent?
The answer is simple, yet not satisfying.
The answer is: Because he's the only one of his type.
Of course there are many vampires on this world, but.... my One Love isn't just a simple vampire. He's something, that's called a demon.
He's both. A werewolf and a vampire.
And this is more than rare.
Under normal circumstances it's impossible.
I won't explain why he is a demon, and why it's impossible to be one, 'cause it would take too much time.
The fact is, I asked my former about it and he told me to ask my One Love's friend about it.
So I did.
His friend, and mine too, is a true vampire. And he's rather nice.
He has a problem with my master but that's just the way it is between a vampire and a werewolf .
However, he told me about his destiny.
And about mine.
And... it sounded so simple and comprehensible... I started to believe in its truth.

The words he said to me were these:

*„When the time is right, I will tell you the truth about your destiny.
But for now you have to live with the things I tell you..
There is a legend. A myth. And it tells us, that there have to be four people to rule and protect the world.
Humans called them angels. Vampires called them gods. Werewolves called them spirits.
But the fact is, there have to be four. Four for each type of living on earth.
One for the normal ones. The human beings.
One for the beauty ones. The vampires.
One for the strong ones. The werewolves.
And one for the three of them together.“*

And that was the moment I realised that there was a reason we all met each other. We four... born to be immortal...

we are the angels of humanity.