

Vampire and demon

Von abgemeldet

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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. Thats 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.

Chapter One ~ Stranger

„Chapter one“

The first thing I noticed, when I woke up this morning was, that my stomach needed something to eat. The second thing I noticed was I had to get some food because the small room I called my home was lack of something to eat. So I sighed and got dressed in my usual clothes. Long dark trousers, old shoes and this long black jacket I bought a few months ago.

My little flat was an old house which had been destroyed during the second world war. There hadn't been enough money to rebuild it, but the room I lived in was nearly lack of destruction. Anyway, it was a nice house, even if it wasn't in its best condition. Simply builded with bricks and with wooden windows at the front. The sites of fracture, where the bricks were broken or even missing gave the house its character which I loved so much. To grant so, it was always rather cold during winter or fall. But I didn't care at all. This house was my pride and joy.

Taking my new camera with me, which I wouldn't dare to left anywhere, and some money I had earned the day before by cleaning an old ladies flat, I made my way out of the house.

It was a cool Saturday morning and the sky was lack of clouds, allowing the sun to shine brightly on the roofs of my small hometown. There were many people on the streets already as I walked across the crowded market place. Hungry I searched for a small booth which would sale food for a small fee and I actually found one woman who solded me bread and fruits in exchange for a little money.

Also there was a booth where a small man tried to sell paper and pens, things I really loved. I had always liked to write letters with expensive but beautiful paper to France where my family lived. A long time I stood in front of his goods, having an inner fight with myself but then I decided not to buy something of it, because I didn't need these things badly. And on top of that was my wallet quite empty those days.

So I continued walking over the market place, listening to the stories of old women, observing the busy people there, all the time eating some of my fruits.

The atmosphere today was peaceful and most of the people I met seemed to be happy or at least not sad. So I was in a good mood myself. I smiled and closed my eyes, as the warm wind caught my hair and played with it. Slowly I walked through the streets inhaling the different smells which came out of the stores. When I came to the church I stopped at the small flow beneath it, sitting down at its edge. For a while I just sat there, enjoying the fresh air, before I started flipping little stones across the water surface.

I was so absorbed in my little play I did not notice the sudden change of the weather. I finally noticed, when the first raindrops started to fall on my head. Frowning I looked up to the now cloudy sky as the wind blew stronger.

„A storm is coming up...“ I mumbled and started to pick up my belongings.

A little depressed by the rain I ran through the now empty alleys, my head stubbornly fixed on the ground. It was just then, that I ran directly into something warm. I stumbled backward and fell flat onto my bud. Mumbling an excuse I started wiping away the mud off my clothes.

„You don't have to apology, it was my fault, I wasn't paying attention.“ came a quiet

voice from the man in front of me and I lifted my head to look at him. A small figure stood there smiling softly at me, offering me a hand. But I was too distracted by the sheer beauty in front of me to except his offer. In front of me stood this beautiful Angel, pale skin and lips with a light rosy touch. His face was close to perfect. No sign of impurities or crinkles or something like that. And his eyes... his pretty light brown eyes sparkled friendly in my direction.

„Do you want to sit there any longer or shall I help you getting on your feet?“ he seemed to be amused.

I simply nodded and reached for the hand of the stranger. He helped me up easily and I continued to wipe the dirt off my trousers. I did not want to look like a dosser. Especially not when someone as elegant as him stood there, watching me.

„So... why are you still out on the streets? It is rainy and stormy.“

„The rain has stopped.“ I simply said, pointing at the clouds „but you're right it has become stormy.“

He seemed to be confused as he followed my look to the sky, then he smiled: „I see... so it stopped raining... very interesting...“

„What's so interesting about it?“ I wanted to know.

„Oh.... nothing... I just hadn't noticed yet...“ he still smiled at me and took a step closer

„But still it isn't a friendly weather. Why aren't you at home by now? Looking for your wife and children?“

I laugh at him: „Why do you think I am married? I am not! And I don't have a family here. My family is living in France, you know?“

„I see... so you're alone?“

„Yes I am. Why?“

„And there's nobody waiting for you, isn't there?“

„Uhm... I don't think so... why are you asking?“

He smiled at me even brighter than before mumbling just another: „I see...“

He started to seem peculiar to me and I nodded my good bye at him, explaining that I should go home now since the weather wasn't that nice. He just smiled and nodded, watching me, as I walked past him.

I could feel his gaze in my back and when I looked over my shoulder I saw him following me. This became weird and I walked quicker. But that didn't help so I started to run. I didn't exactly know where I was heading but I wanted to get rid of that stranger behind me. Whoever he was, he was definitely strange. When I ran around the corner of a building I crashed into someone and when I looked up I froze. There he stood. But... this was impossible... he was right behind me, how could it be that he was standing in front of me? Was there a shortcut I didn't know?

Don't think about it! Run! This man is weird!

So I turned to run in the other direction but he grabbed me from behind. He pulled me close and held me prison with his incredibly strong hands.

„Why do you run from me, dear? Do you think I bite?“ his smile was insane and it frightened the hell out of me. I struggled to get free but he wouldn't let got of me.

„Let me go!“ I yelled and tried my best not to sound afraid but I think I failed, because he smiled softly at me, shaking his pretty head.

„I don't think I will. I am pretty thirsty you know?“ And then his smile brightened, and I was able to see his teeth. My blood froze as I stared at them. Sharp and Long. He looked as if he had the teeth of an animal.

He let go of my left hand to run his fingers through my hair to the back of my head. I was too shocked to try to run away back then. It felt like a dream when his face came

closer to mine. I was still not able to move, when his soft lips touched my neck while his hand held my head in position. There were too many thoughts and questions rushing through my brain, when he was about to bite down, that I could think of something I could do and when I was sure my life had come to an end he suddenly stopped moving.

For a long moment no one did anything and there was a heavy silence between the two of us. Then he slowly pushed away and looked at me frowning. I looked back in his questioning eyes. Whatever he did not understand, I didn't understand it either. When he let go of me, my legs gave in and I sunk onto my knees. Shaking I sat there on the dusty ground, staring frightened at my hands and his shoes, not knowing what happened or what to do.

He on the other hand just stood there, staring a hole in the air, as if thinking hard.

It was just when my brain decided to work again. I jumped on my feet and started running from him. And to my surprise and release he wasn't following though that didn't keep me from running all the way home. When I entered my room I locked the door twice. I even carried my bedstand in front of the door to block up. Staring at it for some time I tried to catch my breath.

I had spend the whole day inside of my house after that, hidden under my blanket. I was afraid that stranger could still have followed me and I was expecting him to show up every moment. But he never came and so I finally relaxed and after a while I even fell asleep.

The next day I woke up early. The sun was hidden behind thick, gray clouds I noticed straight away, as I stared outside the window over my bed. I yawned and pulled my blanket higher, cuddling my pillow. I thought back of the day before and what had happened, wondering if it had all been a dream. When I came to think of it, it was most likely one. First, the man I remembered so clearly had been far too beautiful to be real, second, nobody would act that strange. But then I noticed, I had still my clothes on, even my shoes, and there were doubts. I was sure it hadn't been real but.... Frowning I thought of this stranger and wondered what he exactly was. Even if it had been only a dream, what had he been? Definitely nothing close to human. My instinct had told me he had been dangerous. But... what exactly had he done so menacing? He had held me back then... and he had leaned forward to press his mouth against my skin. But... what had he planned to do? Suddenly I remembered his sharp teeth. The thrill it had caused to just look at them.

Maybe he is a vampire... I thought but then laughed out loud at my silliness.

Sure a vampire, here in your very own town! Haunting you. A vampire who doesn't even look like one. U-hun, Jiro, great thought!

„So you're already awake ...? Or do you always laugh in your dreams?“

I froze immediately. Slowly I turned around just to look straight into those beautiful eyes I had been sure they had existed only in my dreams.

„W-who are you? What are you doing in my house? Get lost!“ I hissed and for a short second I was surprised at how good I was at hiding my fear from him.

He looked at me for a while then nodded slowly: „My apologies I should have knocked before I came in, shouldn't I?“

„Go away!“ I yelled, throwing a book in his direction.

He caught it and sighed: „Listen, I don't want to kill you, okay? I have had my breakfast anyway. I just... want to ask you something.“

That sounded hard to believe and so I jumped off my bed and tried my best to get to my door, but he reached for my hand and pulled me back. This was too much.

„Let me go!“ I screamed and pulled at my arm but it didn't help „What do you want from me?!“

„Answers“ he simply said.

„Well I don't know any answer, let me go!!“

He shook his head and pushed me on my bed, holding me down: „Your stubborn you know? I don't want to hurt you I only want an answer.“ he sighed in frustration, when I started to lash out. Some minutes passed where I didn't stop screaming and struggling. It couldn't be that he was standing there. Or rather, sitting there on my. After all he wasn't real... I was just... dreaming again. It had to be, nothing else would have made sense. But... why was it feeling so real then?

He finally let go of me. I breathed hard, sat up and pressed myself against the wall behind me, trying to get as far from him as possible.

He sat down on my bed, looking straight into my eyes.

„Okay...“ he began after a while „then question me first. If that makes you feel more relaxed. But I will ask you something, too. And I want you to answer my question, understand?“

I simply nodded. My body was shaking badly and my hands were limp. I couldn't look away. His eyes held mine prison.

„Fine“ he nodded and then there was his smile again. He stared at me friendly and a few beams of sunlight found their way through the cloudy sky and on his face. Gosh, he was too beautiful to be real. But still... yes... he was real.

While I was still distracted by his beauty he rushed his hand through his hair all the time looking expectantly at me. He was truly waiting for me to start to question him! I couldn't really believe it at first. He was crazy. He really was crazy. First he tried to kill me, then he sneaked in my room, forcing me to sit on my bloody bed, yet acting so damn friendly. I cleared my throat, trying my best to find a question: „uhm... so... what's your name?“

He looked at me surprised and then he laughed: „That's your question? You want to know my name? Sheesh you're strange, you know that?!“ he couldn't stop laughing for quite a while and I felt more and more uncomfortable.

„Why is it so strange that I want to know your name?“ I mumbled.

I wanted to get out of here so badly but somehow this slim guy had more strength than I thought he had. There was no chance I could get away from him, was there?

When his laughter finally died he explained: „Well, most people want to know _what_ I am, instead of _who_ I am. However... I am Hisashi.“

„I am Jiro“ I muttered and he looked quite puzzled. Then he nodded and coughed twice. I could tell he was surprised I had introduced myself, too.

Again there was silence between us. We both just looked at each other. I think he was nervous but I didn't get why he was.

My mouth started speaking again before I even noticed it: „You're a vampire aren't you?“

Oh fuck! I shouldn't have said that! Either he would kill me for these words or he would die himself, by laughing his ass off.

But he just frowned at me, letting his slim fingers glide through his dark brown hair „How can you tell?“

„Well... you said you were thirsty before you pressed your lips on my neck. And now you told me not to freak out because you already had had your breakfast...“, I replied in a

rather low voice.

„Hmpf... so you know my secret. But I still don't know yours.“

„Mine?“ I asked confused and I started to wonder what this Hisashi thought who I would be. Or what I would know. „There is no secret.“

„But why hadn't I been able to bite you then?“ he leaned forward and studied my face. When I did not respond he sighed and nodded to himself as if he had made a decision. He stood up and went to my shelf, looking at my belongings I had put there. He picked up my photo album and opened it, looking quite interested at the pictures I had taken during the last year.

„Uhm... so... uhm...“ I started, scratching my chin „You only wanted to know, why you weren't able to bite me yesterday? That's all?“

„No.“ He just said, continuing to flip through the folder.

„Uhm... so what do you want either? I mean... you're in my room and... you're not human and... I mean... I am confused and... this... this all.-“

„It must feel like a dream to you, right?“, he smiled at me again „The fact that there are things on earth you thought they wouldn't exist, I mean.“

I nodded and started to feel a bit more comfortable around him. Beside the fact that he had been trying to kill me earlier he was kind.

„Well... I thought so, too... back then... so long ago...“ he looked straight through my wall and somehow I knew he was remembering something he didn't think of very often.

„You know...“, he continued „I like you, I really do. But... there are rules. And even I have to respect them.“

„What rules...?“ I asked, suddenly feeling uncomfortable again. Nervous I started to fumble with my hands.

„To let no human being alive, which knows about you.“

I stared at him in shock. What did he just say? To let no human being alive? Did that mean he was about to kill me? I felt sick and weak and my hands started shaking again. This couldn't be. He couldn't truly mean this... could he? Hisashi put the folder back on my shelf and shifted. I panicked and searched for something I could use as a weapon against him but all the sharp items I had were in the corner of the room where he stood.

He walked in my direction, slowly and concentrated.

My heart jumped and breathing was getting more and more difficult. I jumped off my bed but as soon as I reached the door he was right behind me, pulling at my jacket. He slammed me into the floor and pressed his knees in my shoulders, holding my hands down with his own. He was indeed stronger than he looked, and much stronger than I was. I struggled but couldn't get myself free so I decided to scream for help as loud as I could. He moaned and pushed my hands over my head, holding them together with only one hand now. He used the free hand to cover my mouth with it and I tried desperately to bite him. But nothing I tried worked and when he leaned his head down to bite into my neck I finally gave up.

I just laid there, shaking and sobbing, waiting for him to bite me to death. The fear I had felt before was nearly gone and it was replaced by something which could be described best as a mixture of disinterest and sudden calmness.

But again he stopped his actions when his teeth touched my cold skin. He hesitated. Again. Why?

Please do it... just do it! I pleaded in mind. Do it so it's over quickly!

But instead of hurting me he pushed himself off me again, rushed through my door

shouting and cursing at himself and his weakness. And then... he was gone. Just like that. He was gone, leaving me shaking and sweating on the ground.

I didn't get up at first. I was too confused and finished to do anything at that moment. I wasn't able to move for a while but when my muscles finally remembered how to move I curled up into a ball. I started crying and sobbing right away and I wasn't even ashamed of it.

There was a vampire. A beautiful, kind being. And it was trying to kill me.

And there was obviously nothing I could do about it.

But -and I am sure you would have done the same- I tried anyway. I tried to get away from this town, hoping that I could run as far from his as possible so he wouldn't be able to find me.

I packed a small bag, throwing my camera in it, as well as a bottle of cold tea I used to have and the small wallet I had. My blanket was too big but I succeeded in cramming it in my bag. All the other things I owned had to be left here.

When I finished packing my few belongings I stepped out of my home with pounding heart. Scared I searched for him. No sign of him so far on the streets I could see. So I ran. I just ran. Out of the town. I didn't know where I wanted to go, but I was sure I wanted to get out of England. Maybe to France, where my parents lived? But that would have been a bad idea, because I had told Hisashi, my family lived in France. He would search for me there, wouldn't he? So I decided to flee to Scotland or Ireland. Maybe I would sneak myself on a ship there to get somewhere else.

But first I had to reach one of those countries. I just had to.

No matter what this would cost.

Arms of hope

The old clock in the corner of our small house was very loud.

Tic Tac Tic Tac.

Shesh.... annoying.

I couldn't really concentrate on the book I was reading. Well, rather trying than actually reading. The book I was at was about a hundred years old and it was handwritten. All the letters were written in a neat but beautiful way but still it was difficult to decipher them. Sighing I stretched my limp legs and yawned. It was still way too early to feel sleepy.

Closing the book I headed to the giant bookshelf to choose another random book of my dear brother's small library. I opened it and whined: Even older than the other one. I began to read it none the less and found myself absorbed in the book very soon. The writing was more readable and it was easier to understand though it was not in a good condition. When I was just about to forget the damned clock something disturbed me again.

"Jeez...! This day is starting horrible!", the young man hissed when he entered the room. I rolled my eyes at him without even looking up.

"What's the matter?"

"This stupid little boy" he sighed in frustration and rushed with his hand through his dark hair.

"What's with him? Did he bite you?" I joked, smiling to myself.

"Ha-ha... very funny, Teru! No, he hadn't bitten... But I hadn't either..."

I finally looked up to him, very confused I might add: "Why?"

"I... I don't know... I... I couldn't. I just..." he looked finished and tired and I stood up, closing the now forgotten book.

"Come here, dear brother" I smiled at him and hugged the slim guy softly "Don't worry about him anymore, okay?"

"Don't worry?! Sheshh..."

"Hey... If you don't want to kill him, that's okay."

"It's not like that."

"Hisashi... dear... let him go."

"I can't!"

"Why? Do you think anyone would believe him if he would talk?"

"Don't know..." he shrugged and looked away.

"Let it be, dear... destiny chose him to be alive."

"But he shouldn't be alive!!" Hisashi was mad at himself and rushed away to look out of the small window arms folded on his back.

Laughing I continued reading the leather book, placing me back on the wooden armchair.

Hisashi was not satisfied with my behavior. If it would go his way, I'd present to him the solution of his problems.

He turned and looked straight into my eyes: "Say something! Tell me what you're thinking at the moment! I hate it when you're that silent."

"Well... you like him, don't you?"

He didn't answer my question he just came close to me again, sitting on my lap.

"You do like him!"

He cuddled against me even more burying his face into my neck.

"It's not like I hate him..." he mumbled before he started speaking loud again: "But he has to be dead! The rules demand it that way!"

I sighed and rolled my eyes but nodded: "Okay. Where is he right now? Maybe I would like to have a little boy for dinner this evening..."

He stared in shock at me then shook his head determinate: "No Teru. This would be too much... I'll do it myself. But..." and there was his smile again: "thank you for your offer."

"Shall I at least help you, since it seems to be rather difficult for you?"

He grimaced "No thanks. I told you I can do it on my own."

"Sure? Well, okay. So where is he right now?"

Hisashi closed his eyes and concentrated hard on something. He inhaled slowly. Maybe he tried to smell this boy? Only a few seconds passed until he opened his eyes again, a sheepish smile on his lips and a light red color on his cheeks: "I can't smell him... someone's cooking dinner."

I laughed hard, holding my belly. This was more than funny to me. I couldn't stop laughing for quite a while and when I finally managed to stop it I patted Hisashi on the shoulder: "You idiot! You know you can't smell like a dog! C'mon we're visiting him at his place."

He grimaced again but gave in to my offer.

Before we went outside Hisashi handed me his dark blue scarf.

"just in case...."

"It won't help, you know that." I smiled, wrapping it over my mouth and nose.

"You never know...", he shrugged and we were heading now to Jiros home.

I was curious to meet him, because this guy had caused more trouble in a few hours than any other guy before.

Facing the enemy

The marketplace was much bigger than the one I had used to walk over. I sighed and sat down on a bench in the shadow of a cathedral. I didn't know where exactly I was but I knew for sure it was Ireland. But which town? I didn't know but decided it did not matter at all.

I was safe.

Two weeks have passed and there was no sign of a thirsty vampire following me.

Sad truth was, I had no money left. So where from here?

I stood up and began to ask the people on the streets for a little money of a bed to sleep, since the sun was already setting.

But no one helped me or even looked at me. of course... I must have looked like a savage or a thief in their eyes.

Totally down I surrendered and sunk back on that bench where my bag still waited for me. I watched the people going home or into small Pubs. No one shared my desperate look and I was sure I'd never catch their attention. The lights on the streets went on. It was getting night.

My stomach hurt of hunger and my legs screamed for a comfortable bed.

Sadly I put out my blanket and cuddled against it and myself. The night would be rather cold because there were no clouds in the sky.

I rested my head on my hands and watched the stars for a while until my swollen eyes closed on their own accord.

So I had to spend another night outside.

~

I couldn't really tell if it was angriness that pushed him forward or his own stubbornness.

He dashed through the thick woods like a furious animal and looked like the living death itself. I followed him after never slowing down a bit. He was incredibly fast and I had to do my best to not lose his sight. I'm not as gracious as him and far from his quickness. Why couldn't he just slow down a bit for me? He knows I am a horrible runner. But instead of taking care of me he sped up even more and I slowly fell behind. I could still sense him for some moments but then I lost him totally. Continuing to dash through the woods for some time, hoping I could find him, I promised myself to calm down. Hisashi wouldn't find him without me. His senses were the worst I've ever seen.

When I reached an old-looking town I gave up and stopped. He wouldn't wait for me but sooner or later he would come back and search for me when he realized he needed me to find this boy.

Out of breathe I looked around the place climbing with few problems over the town wall into the silent city. No one on the streets. Still night. I walked around the streets to catch my breath a little when something familiar caught my attention. I frowned and stopped walking around closing my eyes. Concentrating. My nose is good. I know that. And what I'd smelled that night was him.

This little boy was here. The wind had been changing during my little walk and it blew his smell directly into my nose now.

Good luck I took a break at this place.

I smiled and followed his sweet scent till I stepped on a big place with a fountain in the middle. On the other edge of the place was a church. Or a cathedral? Didn't know for sure...

There in front of the impressive building, on a hard-looking bench was laying a thin figure. He wasn't asleep 'cause he was rubbing his feed against themselves. He was freezing and somehow his poor appearance made me feel sorry for him. He had ran away from his warm home to survive and now he had to sleep outside. And for what? Nothing. Those blood thirsting vampire was still behind him.

When I took some steps closer to him he lifted his head and looked at me. Surprised? Quite a few moments passed till he was moving again. Sitting up very sudden, running his fingers through his light hair.

"You have a little money for me, Mister? Or a place to sleep? I would even appreciate some food, Sir. Please...?" his puppy-eyes looked at me pleading.

I gulped: "You don't even have something to eat, Jiro? How's that?"

He now stared at me wide eyed and his mouth flew open.

"H-how..?"

I smiled at him and was about to answer when I felt someone coming closer. Hisashi... and someone else I wasn't really looking forward to meet.

"Listen, Jiro... we don't have much time. Hisashi will be here soon. He's very fast and if you'll run you'd have no chance to survive. The only option you have is to hide. Got it? He won't smell you since he hasn't good senses. Don't be afraid, I won't tell him you're here. I want you to be alive."

He stared at me all the time and when I'd finished my last sentence he parted his pouty lips to speak, voice pregnant with emotion: "Are you... an Angel or something?" I chuckled at him: "I don't think so... you-" I turned around in shock. He was closer than I've thought "hide, Jiro. Hide, don't run. Cos' he's faster than you." I whispered and turned around to run away from the person who was getting far too close for my taste.

"Teru!" I heard Hisashis voice behind me and soon I felt his slim hands on mine. He was pulling me so I would be faster. So he was running away, too? Well, good luck for the small boy...

"Teru! We're on his land! He's after us!" he pressed, breathing hard.

"I know! I smelled him... I still do..."

"Damn!" He pulled me into a side alley where I promptly stumbled over something. I fell, taking my dear friend with me. We both knelt on the ground for some moments in shock when I heard steps coming closer.

"Hurry!!" Hisashi wheezed and helped me back on my feed. Just when we were about to continue our run someone grabbed my scarf from behind and pulled me back a bit. I got rid of the damned scarf quickly and turned around to face the person I used to hate mostly.

Hisashi was by my side again, pushing me behind him. Was it because he was afraid I could be harmed or because he was afraid I could harm him?

"Well, well... the two bats are back in town... How is it that I wasn't informed?"

His voice held a dangerous tone and I felt anger growing inside of me.

"You arrogant bastard...", I growled at him, causing Hisashi to through me a warning glance.

"My apologies." he turned back to him "We're searching for a certain person. We didn't mean to disturb you in whatever you might have done before we came."

The eyes of the person in front of us narrowed "Who are you searching for?"

Hisashi didn't answer and so I kept my mouth shut, too.

"I just asked you a question, Hisashi"

"I noticed that."

"Then answer!"

"I doubt you know him. He's from our town. He ran away and is hiding somewhere now."

"What's his name?"

"What do you care?" I hissed and two angry eyes faced mine.

"I can't remember talkin' to you"

"Then start thinking!"

"Teru!" Hisashi whispered "calm down. Where on his land. We have to be careful"

I turned my head to the side, staring at a stone on the ground.

Hisashi continued talking: "His name is Jiro. And he knows about us. I think you know what we're about to do."

"Jiro... and he's here? In my town? Well... then I have to take care of him. Not you."

Hisashi and I grimaced at the same time.

"You are allowed to stay, as long as you won't hurt someone. You know what I mean."

Hisashi nodded: "Thank you." He then turned, taking my hand, pushing me forward in a rather brutal way. I didn't want to go. I wanted to hit this stupid man's face. But Hisashi guided me away from him so I could calm down.

"Why are you doing this?!" I hissed a few houses later.

"What?"

"You do always lick his ass when he's around!" I complained.

"I'm not! I'm just polite and now shut up and tell me where Jiro is!"

I shook my head, freeing myself of his grip.

"I don't smell him."

"But he's here, isn't he? Otherwise you wouldn't have stopped."

"I think so... there's nothing else in this god damned place than this god damned town."

Hisashi nodded twice and took my hand again, guiding me through the streets, looking for something.

"You'll find him, won't you?"

"I guess...." I mumbled, not thinking of telling Hisashi the truth for at least week! Or... at rather one day... I didn't think I could stand lying to him any longer.