

PROLOGUE TO THE DAEMON' LORDS TALE: I saw them staring at me, all of them, wondering who I was. I didn't care for most of them; they were insignificant to me. In fact this entire line of people was "beneath me." Most of them have just recently experienced death. I, on the other hand have been dead since my 20th year of living, in 1813A.D. I am undead, or I was, until I recently suffered Final Death, though my own doing. I will tell you part of my tale, so that you may understand my decision to reject the Lord Almighty.

There are too many gods these days. People are convinced that the Christian god is *the only* god that has ever existed though I beg to differ. The ancient Egyptians thought the same with their gods that no other religion could exist. The ancient Greeks and Romans thought similar as well. What is religion; nothing but a mere excuse for something to believe in, something to comfort those who are self-conscious. Gods die, and new ones arise. New faiths begin and people start over. .Again and again, this vicious cycle will repeat itself, numerous times. Religion; what is it to me? What will happen when this God dies and a new faith begins?

So, my story is not a happy one. If you wish to hear the story of a little good hero, I suggest you stop listening to the tale right now.

~~~~~Do not Pass this point unless you truly wish to hear my tale~~~~~

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And so it begins...

Life at Home and my Family

It all started when I was 16 years of age in my mortal life. The year was 1809; I lived with my mother and father with two brothers, both older. I had a sister who was younger by a year. My two older brother's names were Alain and Alexandre and my sister's name was Cassandra. The main thing with my family is that we were a family of nobility.

Now, keep in mind 1809 was there year Napoleon Bonaparte renamed our country the French Empire. He planned an assault on many of the European nations in his attempt for world power.

My family had supported Napoleon at first since he had helped to stop the bourgeoisie from rioting. When he had become the emperor, my father and mother became more unsettled, mainly because we lost a bit of power. But our family would always kiss the feet of royalty in their presence, while secretly finding a way to get to the top of the social system. These plans never ended up working too well. So my father had all the males in our family enlist in the French military.

I had never enjoyed fighting. Where my heart truly lied was in the arts. My father hated the arts. I loved them though, I loved acting and playing the violin. I wanted to study with the famous Mozart and study with the best. Though my family was rich, they weren't about to "waste" that kind of money on unessential things. I played and practiced and played fairly well.

I had an old teacher for a while who would always yell at me for never doing anything correctly, whenever I made the slightest mistake. I became frustrated with him at times and told him he was an old cynical bastard who took his misery in failure of life out on his students, or student, rather. Lucky I don't think he heard me since his hearing was a loss. That was another thing I didn't understand. If he was practically deaf, how could he hear me make the amount of mistakes he claimed I made?! Well, I always threatened to not take lessons with him thus ending his financial supply and he always cursed me under his breath, saying I would never be a "true musician." He died eventually, though I never stopped practicing.

My mother was always more supportive with my dreams. She enjoyed reading and often I would find her in her bed chamber with a pile of books at her side. She rarely spoke to anyone, and I knew she hated my family, my father in particular. I would

always go to her to talk about things; about history, love, and other such intellectual conversations I would never find with my older brothers or father.

My sister was always very “busy” and was the hot conversation topic of the town, as she would always “get around.” She came home one night pregnant at the age of 15. My father was so outraged he beat her, before sending her off to the Convent.

He always beat us, me in particular. He always enjoyed beating me and raping me. After a while, he stopped raping me and told me to perform certain sexual pleasures for him. He would give me money on occasion. More than once I had refused him, in which he beat me into a bloody pulp, and remained in bed for three days, before I recovered. For a long time I thought I was the only one who he did this to. I was so afraid of him, ever since the age of twelve because of this. That is when I would cry to my mom. Most of the time she thought I had made it up for attention, but occasionally she would appear to listen, and “try” to talk to my father about it. I never knew if it helped any, but one night I heard him yelling at her and he had his way with her, so that she would never speak out again.

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The French Military

I set off with my father and brothers to the army. We were trained in combat, and, quite surprisingly, I was very good at fighting. I was even better than my brothers. My father was the only one who really beat me in combat, though I think it had much to do with my inner fear of him, which I never spoke to anyone about except my mother.

Eventually combat came against the Russian hussar regiments. I enjoyed killing them, with their white breeches and grey overalls and jackets. I loved the kill, watching the life leave their eyes and their souls parting from this world. It helped me relieve my anger.

During one of the battles there, my father was wounded on the battlefield and a Russian was coming after him. My father was crawling to get his sword which had fallen a

couple feet away from him. The Russian had come towards him with a rifle and a bayonet at the point ready to kill my father. I rushed toward the soldier, with a fiery rage that burned within me, not because he would have killed my father, but because I hated him. I hated them I hated their damn screaming, there pathetic war cries. I hated the Russians. I ran towards him and took him off guard. He gave a bloodcurdling scream as I thrust the point of my bayonet through his neck.

After having difficulty removing it from his neck, I looked down at my father, helpless. A smile crept across his face, showing a mess of bloody teeth. He looked up at me, reaching out for me with his hand, saying "Give me a hand son. You were always good at giving that," he said with a sick smile and harsh cackle.

At first I did not know what he meant, thinking I was always helpful. After a moment passed, I realized what he had truly meant, and my face contorted in rage. I managed to conceal it as I helped the bastard up.

I retrieved his sword for him. Yes, I would give it to him alright. He held his hand out so that he could take the weapon. I shook my head and yelled with a fury of hate as I thrust the sword deep into his chest, and twisted the blade to cause him more pain. He cursed at me as he feebly attempted to punch me but he ended up just falling deeper onto the blade. I hit him in his face and sent him sprawling on the ground. I could smell his disgusting breath and sweaty lifeless body as blood spewed from his mouth.

"Now your pathetic life is over you son of a bitch," I said as I kicked his twitching body one last time and removed the sword which I have kept to this day.

The smell of victory was on the air. We won the battle. Both of my brothers survived. They were grieved to hear that my father had perished, but they coped with it well enough. We managed to bring his body home without it rotting. The funeral service was quick and painless. My mother hardly shed a tear.

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Returning Home

The next few weeks rolled around and were almost pleasant. There was little conversation between my family members and me. My sister returned home finally, still pregnant with her baby. I could tell that this baby would be important to me in life, or death.

The castle which we lived was huge. It dated back past the middle ages. It had huge towers and a fifty foot wall surrounding the keep. We had ornate tapestries on the walls inside and many old furnishings and fireplaces in almost every room. My room had a huge four poster bed. It had blood red sheets and cover on top. My room was stone, cold, and pretty much plain, with exception of my elaborate bed and matching curtains on the single window.

I loved the color of red, more of a deep red though, the darker not so boisterous color red. It reminded me of romance. I loved so much. I loved the colors and smells of flowers too. The Abalone Pearl flower was my favorite. It was a beautiful pink flower, common in France. If only I had words to describe it more accurately. There was only one word I could really think of, very simple and complex at the same time; it was perfect.

I wanted to study so much. I wanted to go to Egypt and study the ancient kings and queens and the vast pyramids. I wanted to study Rome and Italy, but I most of all wanted to go to Paris. The New World seemed exciting too. I was interested in visiting New York and Philadelphia... maybe New Orleans as well. Since it was relatively new, there wasn't much history there, but I did want to study democracy to see what a democracy was like in person, if it was as wonderful as everyone made it out to be. America, "The Land of Opportunities;" I liked the sound of that.

I didn't know what I wanted to do really, I mean, there was so much to accomplish in one lifetime. I knew I needed to leave this place though. There were too many terrible memories of my father, of him forcing me to do his bidding in my room. I felt absolutely no guilt killing him and causing him the pain he caused me. I enjoyed killing him, it felt good, to get it off my chest, the burden that I would have carried forever, was lifted.

Life bothered me also. I kept thinking of what life was, what was its meaning? Why were people created to live if they were only destined to die? The whole concept of "good" and "evil" stumped me as well. My father was neither good nor evil. He simply did as he chose. Who was the judge of what was "good" and "evil?" We only truly know what happened in history from the winner's perspective. What would society be like if the Roman Empire survived, or if Alexander the Great had never died, and Greece was still a major power? These were only some of my many thoughts.

There was a knock on my large oak door, distracting me from my thoughts. It was night now. It was strange how I could think for hours on end without realizing it! "Come in," I said. The door opened slowly as I saw my mother peek her head around its corner. She seemed to be sad, or a little depressed, though none of these words seem quite accurate. What was the word I was looking for; melancholy. That's what it was, she was melancholy. 'What's wrong mother?' I asked a little worried.

"Nothing is wrong, my dear. Just many things of late have been bothering me." She looked beautiful; her long dark brown hair was gleaming from the light of the candles by my bedside. My mother and I looked alike, which was maybe why I felt the most connection with her. My other siblings were more like my father, blonde hair and blue eyes, which was strange as it was uncommon to have both of the recessive traits.

After a long while, she spoke. "I know you killed your father on the battlefield," she said calmly. I started to speak up but she cut me off. "Don't ask me how, I just know. I am

glad you did it though, you saved me the trouble of doing it." She broke off, deep into thought and stared silently into space for a long time.

"I didn't mean to do it, I swear. He tempted me mother. He scoffed me when he needed my help! I didn't know what to do. He angered me so much, and I have been so afraid of him, so I... just put it to an end. He would have died anyway if I hadn't been there," I said trying to justify myself.

"Shut up," my mother snapped suddenly. "You knew what you were doing and you knew you wanted to kill him. I could feel the hate running through you every time you cried to me for help. I know you, my son. You killed him out of hate, and nothing more." She broke away and glanced up at me for the first time during the entire conversation. "But don't worry," she said. "I will keep your secret. I commend you for your efforts in putting up with the contemptible bastard as long as you did."

I didn't know what to say. The feelings inside of me were so confusing. I was puzzled because I wasn't sure if what I had done was the right thing. My mother seemed to be quite happy that I did, though. As I said before, I was relieved by killing him. Something felt out of place though. I could scarcely describe it, embarrassment? What could it be? After a few minutes it hit me; guilt. That was one thing I never regretted getting rid of when I became a vampire, the human emotion of guilt. But I am jumping ahead of myself aren't I?

I stood, stunned by what my mother was telling me. Since when had it been alright to kill? Since when had it been okay to kill my father, a man of nobility! I couldn't understand why she would say the things she did. It made me wonder as to why she had even married him, was it really out of love, or was it an arranged marriage? Maybe, their love simply died after the years, as does everything in this world.

"I want you to leave us," my mother said suddenly, her voice sounding cold and forceful. "You are to go to Paris and learn as much as you can because I know it is what you desire, you thirst for knowledge. You will study music, art, and the architecture, and whatever the hell you want to do. You will stay there for six months. At that point you will return to the house as I have foreseen that you will be needed at that pointing time. Now, go, and do as I ask."

"Yes, mother." And that was it. I got up from my bedside, kissed my mother goodbye and left the room silently. It would be best to simply follow her orders. She was incredibly smart, and I did not have the strength to carry out an argument.

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Leaving Again?

I walked slowly down our beautiful spiral staircase. It had an ornate burgundy stair carpet runner trimmed in gold. This was our fancy hallway that was especially decorated to impress guests when they entered. I found my manservant and told him to ready a coach and prepare all that which is necessary for such a journey. He scuffled off to obey my orders like an obedient dog.

"Hey there," a feminine voice said from the corner of the room. It was soft and sweet, and startled me momentarily. I smelled sweet perfume of lilacs that almost made me dizzy with its intoxicating fume. I looked around and saw Cassandra standing in the corner. She was leaning against the wall to support herself. Her blonde hair was long and combed neatly. She gazed up at me with her big blue eyes. She was very beautiful, even though she was pregnant. Her stomach was actually pretty large. I believe she was 4 months pregnant at the time.

"Leavin already?" she asked, innocently.

I nodded silently.

"Too bad," she said. "I wanted to talk to you before you left, but I knew mom wanted you to go to study." She paused, studying me. "I wanted to talk to you about the baby though, names and that kind of stuff..." She broke off as if deep in thought thinking about something unknown to me.

I laughed abruptly. "You know how bad I am with names. How about Gertrude," I said chuckling a little at the thought. After she didn't respond I realized she wasn't laughing too, I said, "unless that is, if it's a boy."

"Yeah, right," she said after a while.

"Is everything alright Cass?" I asked, curiously.

"Well, still thinking about that damn convent father sent me off to before he died. The penguins, those nuns, they were *evil*. They hated me. I could tell in their little eyes the way they looked at me, like I was something that didn't deserve to live. They acted as though I just ran out and had a baby."

"Well, you did," I said.

"No, no Cael. Not everything is as it seems. For example, I thought forgiveness was the big thing about Catholicism, but the way they treated me proved me that I was wrong." She laughed a bizarre laughter, kind of crazy sounding. "Damn Catholics, made me scrub their dirty floors and everything!" She paused. "Well Cael, you better get on your way."

"I will talk to you later, when I get home, just make sure you don't go off having any more babies."

With that comment she laughed a cold and bitter laugh that sounded almost forced. "I promise," she said with a smile. "Now, get out of here!"

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The Embrace

From that point on I went off studying as much as I could and going to every place in Paris; Notre Dame, the newly built Arc de Triomph, and the Louvre where I saw Da Vinci's Mona Lisa. To my shock it was much smaller than I had expected. Everything was so exciting, the crowded streets, the people, the architecture, it was so beautiful. I got to see lovely operas and go out to the taverns after, and get drunk, taking a woman to bed to comfort me for the night.

At this point, life was at its best. I was where I wanted to be. I was only missing was a companion, a long term companion. I wanted to be with someone, to have someone with me and to support me at all times, a best friend or a lover. I didn't care. I felt alone. I needed to rid myself of this ongoing solitude. Fortunately though, these desires were not strong enough to make me depressed. But as I said before, life was still at its best.

There were so many stories I would love to share, but I could go on forever about those. Anyway, before I knew it, the six month time period had elapsed. I quickly gathered everything I had acquired from my journey and set up my carriage and hired a new coachman to take me home. It was late night and raining when I left. My coachman was wearing a long black cloak and I couldn't even see his face. He made sure my luggage was all there and beckoned for me to enter the carriage. I entered the carriage with the lovely velvet interior and I set up for a nap, as I was tired.

The carriage had stopped abruptly, waking me from my sleep. I drew back the curtain to see where I was and it was dark still and raining. We had stopped in the woods, for some reason. Maybe there had been a fallen tree. It was very windy out so that was possible. I got out of the carriage and looked up to where the coachman ought to be. To my surprise he was not there.

"Hello," I shouted, as the wind whipped around my face, masking my voice. "Where are you?" I attempted one more time to shout over the wind. No one heard me. There was not a living person out here! Where had my coachman gone? Where was I? "Goddamn it," I cursed under my breath. I managed to find a cloak in my luggage so that I wouldn't be cold and put it on. And then I saw it, a face in the darkness, pale and light, almost angelical. "Whose there?" I shouted. But as soon as I shouted, it had disappeared. I must have been seeing things

I scrambled up to the coachman's seat and started to use the whip to get the horses going. And then I saw it again, the unmistakable face. It was so white! And then, at a second glance it had disappeared again. By this time, I was really frightened. I was alone in the dark, I had no idea how to use a horse and carriage, and my mind was playing tricks on me! "But you are not alone. Your father's spirit is always with you," a voice taunting me in my head. And there it was again, that damn feeling of guilt!

The horses started running out of control. I had no idea where I was going or any idea on how to drive a horse and carriage! I was simply trying to find proper shelter and food and to get away from this haunted place. Now that I thought of it, my money bag was missing at my side. That damn driver must have stolen it! I wouldn't bother finding him since he could have been anywhere in this wilderness. Maybe there was a nearby town where he lived.

I found it soon enough. After I had made it out of the woods, I found a secluded little town with a small tavern in it. I managed to trade the amount of gold required to stay at the inn for one of my fancy rings; a family heirloom! And now, this beggar of a peasant would have it. I would get it back one day, I promised myself. And then I saw the face again, in the corner of the inn this time. I was going crazy! I ran up to my room and locked the door. It was cold, so I shut the window which was blowing rain into the room, and I lit a fire. I huddled by the fireplace and fell asleep there.

It wasn't long before I awoke again. The bells were ringing; it must have been 2 o'clock in the morning! It was cold again and the window was open. The fire had died out. A man was standing above me. He must have been at least 6 feet tall as he stood towering over my frozen body. He wore a black cloak and the hood was up, but I could still manage to see his white jaw protruding from the darkness and green radiant eyes emanating from the darkness. I wanted to escape from here! What was he doing? I was terrified. I tried to shout out "what do you want," but the words got stuck in my throat like a nightmare.

He picked me up by the neck with one arm and my feet were dangling almost a foot away from the ground. His hood fell back as he did this, and I could see long brown hair and a face of a thirty year old man, or so it seemed. His face was very pale and his eyes were transfixed on me. I was awestruck by the power and wisdom he held in his eyes. I was very attracted to this, his power, like a moth to the flames, I burned with desire. All thought and feeling left me and I could only think of how I wanted this power he had; the power over any other living being.

"And do you really want this power, beautiful one," he said, as if he had read my very thoughts.

"Yes," I managed to stammer out. And it was as simple as that. My fate had been sealed with a simple word.

I felt the sharp prick of his teeth against my neck. I could scarcely describe the feeling, the beauty of it. The blood was rushing out of my body, which gave me a sudden rush; the ecstasy of it was so awesome. I felt the life leaving my body. I saw light "towards the end of the tunnel," as some might say, but that light, I never reached, as most of you reached on your first experience of death. I saw a mixture of beautiful colors and I saw bright ones of that white light changing to yellow to orange to red, and so on, till the

colors turned darker and deeper and more beautiful. The dark colors were what I would see from this point on. That was my last glimpse of pure light, almost like the sun.

I had dreams and visions while the Embrace took place. That's what we vampires call it, the Embrace; being transformed into a vampire, when your body dies and you are bestowed with the supernatural gift of immortality. The Embrace; it sounded so beautiful. I can never get over the feeling; the addiction.

Suddenly, it stopped and I felt very cold and I started to shudder and spasm. I dropped to the cold floor of the inn and hit it hard. I felt as if I would die. Then I felt the warmth of blood trickled into my mouth. I was drinking the blood of this vampire. It was necessary for the transformation. I felt the blood flow through my entire body, my heart pumping the new and more powerful blood. I never felt so alive, the feeling of power, the drive! It was the most amazing experience I had ever felt before in my life.

I was so bewildered by the power I could feel radiating from this creature. He had shared his power with me. This was phenomenal! I had the face of the angel, and heart of a deamon. But then again, I always had. I felt a thirst inside me, a hunger no mortal could experience and live through. I was starved. And He knew it. I saw it when He looked into my eyes.

"Now my young and beautiful Cael, you are strong. But to continue to have that strength, you must feed. Go now and retrieve that which you promised have returned to you; your family heirloom." He said this with an unmistakable passion. "Feeding," he had said. What did this mean? I would find out in time, soon enough. "Now, before you go, I must warn you. Stop drinking before the heart stops," he had said.

"Yes, master," I said obediently. I walked down the stairs so smoothly. I was swift and silent, an ability acquired with my new gift. I crept down the dark steps, and walked to

the bar. The light was low, and I had the hood of my cloak up. The bartender was behind the bar. One other old man was in the corner drinking a beer.

"You there, bartender," I said calmly and quietly. "Where is the precious jewel which I gave to you earlier for a night's stay in this filthy place? I want it now, and I suggest you get it, fast!"

"I can't do that," he said. "A deal is a deal, you can't go back on it."

"Watch me," I said. I leapt over the bar with a swift jump landing almost silently. I bit into his fat neck and the feeling was so extraordinary. I felt the blood rushing through my body, making me grow stronger as he grew weaker. I could sense his fear slip away as he drew closer and closer to death. I felt his heart rate slow until at last it had stopped. Damn it! I wasn't supposed to let the heart stop. I had gotten too carried away. I felt no change however. I found my jewel in the pocket of the bartender, and returned it to my finger, where it had belonged. But I needed more; I needed more of that feeling.

I looked around the room, and the old man was cowering in the corner, speechless. I jumped through the air right too him. He had a cross out and he was cursing at me. "Go back to hell you deamon," he shouted. I through the crucifix aside and devoured him. The feeling was not as great as it had been first, and it never would be. I left his body lifeless in the corner.

I returned to my room where my master should have been. To my dismay, the room was cold, dark and empty. Where was he? He had to be here, there was so much I desired to know! I felt like a lost child without him. He was a new father figure to me, the one I should have had, that taught me what my real father had not.

I smelled smoke. I ran to the window. There he was! I looked out and saw my master with a torch, burning the tavern. It didn't make too much sense to me, but it looked like

fun. Fire had always fascinated me. I heard people waking from their sleep, shrieking. People ran around; it was pandemonium. It was lovely watching the little humans, terrified to death, rushing out of their little rooms with their little night shirts. Some didn't even have night shirts. I saw their bare skin flushed with blood. It was magnificent!

I saw so much in humans that I had never seen before. Each human was beautiful, full of blood and innocence. Men, women, and children were all gorgeous, in their individual ways, of course; all of their imperfections that made each one simply beautiful. I loved the sound of human screams of terror, the sound of human fear, and all the human emotions. There is no way to describe this feeling, or no way to deny this feeling; this feeling of pleasure. Humans were mortal, and the fact that they would all die with time was lovely.

By this time, the fire had spread to my room, and I jumped out of the window, to where my master would be waiting. I found him after little searching, lurking in the shadows of the nearby forest. He told me very little before he departed. He told me that I was immortal now, and the only things that would be able to stop me were decapitation, flames, and daylight. He told me to keep my secret and only create those who were beautiful. And then he left me and told me to spend eternity how I wanted. And that was that. I died in the year of 1815, at the age of 22.

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Returning Home, One Last Time

I saw lights in the distance. My home was on flames. I knew this, though I did not know why. I didn't care that much, but I rushed to get there for some reason. I don't even know why I even bothered to return to this place. Maybe it was to see my family one last time. I also needed to see how my sister was doing and if she had given birth. We did need to complete our conversations where she had been depressed. Well, that was enough thinking, I needed to get there to make sure my mortal family had not perished.

I rushed inside the gates into the keep. There were 10 men or so, standing there, garbed in black robes with the red sign of a cross on the back. They were armed with different types of weapons. Some had maces, some had flails, and others had short swords. One of the older men was armed with an ornate bastard sword. I had a very fancy jewel on it. Gold designs were embroidered on the hilt and I saw a decorated crest of a bird swallowing a fish, surrounded in flames.

"You there," I said. "Who are you and what business have you here?"

"We are but noble priests sent on a mission my God," said the leader stepping forward. His voice was high and raspy. "We are here to rid the world of a horror that lies in this domain."

"What horror do you speak of? This family is a good law-abiding family. Nothing has gone wrong and no abominations have occurred here, unless within the past 6 months," I said.

"Looks can be deceiving, young one," said another priest. "For the example; there is a deamon here, in the form of newborn infant. It was born of a young girl, and her father. This abomination must not enter this world!"

"Whoa, hold on a second," I said. I had to process these thoughts. So, my father had raped my sister and made he have this child. I thought I was the only who you abused. Well, this was all too interesting and quite disturbing as well. After a moment I spoke. "How harmful could it really be? It's a baby! What kind of God would tell you to kill an infant, defenseless! So you came here to kill the baby right? What about the mother?"

They appeared to be rather livid at this comment. "She will have the choice to live, if she will step aside and allow us to destroy the deamon child," the leader said after a moment. "If she refuses, she shall have the same fate as her child."

"And what woman in her right mind would step aside and watch a bunch of people kill her child?" I said coldly.

"She will do what is right! It is what God demands! She will obey or she will perish!"

"I will not permit you to commit such an action. I warn you to leave now before I will be forced to kill you," I said calmly.

"You with such audacity!" said the leader with contempt in his voice. I could tell he hated me. "How dare you oppose the will of God? You cannot speak to us like that! We are here on a mission to stop evil! This is an outrage!"

"And killing an innocent child is not?" I leapt over the leader's head as I said this, startling all of them. I grabbed his sword as I pushed him aside and did a double-take with the sword, stabbing him in his gut. "My name is Caelestinus! Hear it, and hear it well, for it will be the last thing you hear, with the exception for the dying screams of your comrades!"

Five of the priests took off inside the tower, and I was assuming it was to get my sister. I had to be quick. The remaining four tried to surround me and attempted to take me down and tackle me to the floor. They succeeded at first, but I burst through all of them, with my new strength. Their bodies flew off me and into the walls. Most of them were stunned and knocked unconscious. Two however got up quickly retrieving their weapons. They rushed towards me at the same time. I quickly dodged one of the blows of a flail and stabbed him in his back as he ran past me. The other tried to smash my head with a mace, but I blocked it with my sword and flung him to the ground. His weapon flew a couple feet away from him and he was defenseless. I took the opportunity and leapt on top of him and drank all of his blood.

I heard screams coming from the inside of the castle. I got up and ran with a lightening speed towards the sound of screams. I found the three bodies in a hall; two priests and poor Alain. Blood was trickling down the corner of his mouth and his eyes were wide open. His blonde hair was a mess and there was blood spattered on his cheek. He had been stabbed through the stomach. The loss of blood was tremendous and it was not worth trying to save him. "Rest in peace Alain," I said, and left his body.

I found another body of a priest and my other brother Alexandre was standing over the body with a sword out. "Nice time for you to arrive. They got poor Alain, those bastards."

"I know," I said. "I came across his body in the hall. I took out five out in the front. Are mother and Cass safe?" I asked.

"No you didn't! Four?! You don't look a bit touched!" he said, as if to keep his dignity, and or pride. When he looked into my eyes however, he let it go. "Mum's got herself locked in her bed chamber and Cass; I don't know where she went off to. She took the babe to hide him. She told us they were after her, that's why we were prepared. But I don't think we have to worry about the house burning down or anything. They only burned the upper levels."

"Right, you go find mum, I'll find Cass."

I ran off to the upper areas, where the fire was. I figured that would be where Cass would hide herself. I went through dozens of rooms, and my extra speed helped considerably. Then I heard a baby crying. I ran towards the sound. I burst into a room where I saw Cass standing over her baby, protecting him from another priest who was armed with a sword. He ran towards my sister and grabbed her and pointed the sword at her throat.

"Don't come any closer!" he shouted. "I will kill her."

After brief moment, my sister stamped on his foot and elbowed him in his balls. She pulled out a dagger and stabbed him in the stomach.

"Good one sis!" I congratulated her.

After she kneed him in his face, she said, "I know how to defend myself, and my child. That's one thing I learned. If someone threatens my child, I will rip out threat intestines and feed it to them!" She laughed as she said this, and I knew my sister was pretty crazy. "Anyway, you came in time to give the distraction, so thanks!" I nodded in consent. "So pick him up! His name is Nicolas," she said picking him up in on hand, giving him to me.

All of a sudden, she stopped, frozen in the air. There was a glazed look about her eyes. "What's wrong sis?" I asked. Slowly blood seeped through her dress and trickled out the side of her mouth. Her arms let Nicolas slip and he was falling as she was at the same time. I caught the baby, and saw the priest standing behind where Cass had just been. She didn't finish him off! Damn it! Now she had suffered accordingly.

"Too bad, she was a pretty lass too," he said as he spit on her. I rushed forward and kicked at him since my arms were holding the baby. As I kicked him with fury, his sword with my sister's blood on it went flying into the wall. He tried to block one of my last kicks and I felt every bone in his arm shatter with my kick. As he howled in pain, I gave him one last kick in the head that sent him out the window.

I put Nicolas down on the floor and check to see my sister. "Take... care... of him..." she said. Those were her last words, so I made the promised, took the baby, and left.

So many thoughts were racing through my mind as I went to find my mother and brother. I didn't know what to do with this mortal babe. How the hell was I supposed to take care of it?! Well, I would resist all temptation. I would live as its "mortal" uncle perhaps and watch over it as it grew up. I realized I had kept calling the babe "it." He didn't seem like a real person yet, maybe that's why.

Well, anyway, I found my brother standing outside of room, keeping guard. "Mother is in there, wounded," he said solemnly. "She wanted to speak to you when I told you her you were here, but I couldn't find you and I didn't want to leave her alone."

I gave Nicolas to him. "Okay, I will go in."

~

Persuasion

I went into the room. There was a pile of books stacked waist-high. The window was open and there was a small candle flickering as the wind blew into the room. I saw my mother on the bed in a white night dress. There was blood around her stomach. It was obvious she was wounded, stabbed most likely in the stomach. I went over to shut the window. My mother looked at me as I moved across the room unable to speak.

I went to her bedside and inspected the wound as if I were a doctor. The wound was deep and there was a severe loss of blood. She gasped after I poked and prodded the wound a little. "Cael..." she gasped. "You can save me; I know it!" She was very short of breath and kept gasping.

I looked at her, on the brink of death. Her cheeks were no longer flushed with blood, pale and white almost. Her mouth was slightly opened and she looked weak. Her brown hair wasn't combed and she did not look as nice as she normally presented herself. She was no longer the strong woman she had always shown me. She was weak, and she asked for my help.

"Why do you want this, mother?" I asked.

"Because I want to live..." she stammered out.

"And do you really know what this power is?" She nodded her head at this. I wondered how she knew so much.

I could "save" her, but what good would it do? I would create another monster in the world, like me. I also didn't know how many vampires there were in the world. Should I try to create many vampires? My masters voice came back to me, "Create only those who are beautiful..." Well, she was my mother, and she was beautiful. I could restore her to her former beauty.

"Save me my son and we can run off together!"

Well, I don't know why I did it, but I did. I drank a tiny taste of her blood at first and poured blood from my wrist into her mouth. She jumped up with a sudden energy and started to suck the blood out of my wrist with ferocity I had never seen in her before! I let her drink a lot since she had lost so much. I watch as her wounds closed and she continued to drink. I felt it leaving me and pulled my arm free of hers. She was drinking too much. I would frenzy soon and feed on my brother or the baby if I hadn't drunk soon. I had to find the body of a priest.

"Give me more, my son," she said impatiently. "I want to see the colors again, the beautiful colors."

"Hold on, and I will fetch more, but whatever you do, promise me you won't leave this bedside," I said. She nodded and I got up to leave. Then I added hastily, and don't kill anyone till I get back!" Again, she nodded obediently.

I left the room and saw Alain. "Alain, do not let her leave this room and do not go in this room at all! I fear for your safety. Stay outside till I return." He nodded, a little confused, but stayed where he was as I dashed past him.

I ran to find a body. I needed her to drink from one of the freshly killed priests. I ran all the way up to where the most recent one had died, where my sister died too. I picked up the body easily and ran back down the stairs till I came back to my mother's room.

My brother was not standing there. I saw the baby lying on a sofa nearby. My heart skipped a beat. "Dear God, I pray this baby is alive. Let it live!" I gasped as I ran towards it. I looked down at the baby and he was staring up at me with big blue eyes, smiling a little. Thank God! Now, where was my brother? I hope he did not enter the room!

I entered the room with the body of the priest. I saw my mother resting as if she had not moved. I did notice however, that blood was on the side of her cheek. "Mother, Alain didn't come in here did he?" I asked.

"No, my dear," she said, innocently and sweetly. Her cheeks were full of blood. She was restored to her beauty. I saw a leg sticking out from under the bed. "He must have left to find more priests!"

"If you are to lie, my dear mother, you might want rid yourself of the evidence!" I said angrily, more loudly than I had intended as I stormed over to the foot of the bed. I pulled the leg out from under the bed. As I expected, my brother Alain was dead. His throat was a bloody mess and it had been ripped out almost completely! It was disgusting!

"Well, my dear son, if you hadn't taken your sweet time, you might have saved your mortal brother. But you and I are *immortal*. Do you have any idea what that means?! We

would have watched him die anyway. We would have died ourselves! Now, all that is left is the baby. Let us be rid entirely of our mortal family and leave this place forever!" She spoke these words with the same harshness as she had when she spoke of my father. What had come over her? Should I let her kill the child?

No, definitely not. I had made the promise to my sister to protect Nicolas. That is what I would stick to.

"No mother, I cannot let you. We will take the child with us till he grows old enough and we will make him one of us. I promised Cass that I would protect him!" I said.

"And you will truly keep your word to your sister? You want to devour the innocence of the baby as badly as I do!" she said bitterly.

"Whatever you think mother. The baby will live," I said finalizing the argument.

"As you wish, but in time the inevitable will occur," she said.

"Now, let us clean this place as it is not fit for our living. Most of the fire has died out. The priests did not torch much of the place; only the upper roofs."

"As you wish," she said obediently.

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The Cleanup

I took Nicolas and put him in a baby cradle one of my brothers must have constructed. We piled the corpses that we did not eat outside, and set them afire. I went inside and started to clean the blood off the walls and try to repair the roof. My mother was with me most of the time, though she would get out of my sight more than once, but every time at a second glance, I saw her again.

"What are plans after this?" my mother asked.

"So, after we clean this mess up we can return to the way things were," I said as I worked. The night was beautiful. The stars were out and it was perfect. "This can be our domain, where we reside. This is our home and it always will be. We can travel the world and collect riches beyond imagination and become very powerful. Maybe we could even rule the French Empire!" I was saying this to pass time as I worked, to keep my mother happy in conversation. I looked up and the roof was on flames again, and my mother punched me, sending me flying off the building. "Damn it," I cursed as I flew off the castle. She had trapped me and tried to kill me! Nicolas! She was after Nicolas!

I ran up the flights of stairs to where I had left Nicolas. He was not there, nor was my mother. I ran about the house trying to find out where he would be. Why hadn't she simply killed him there? I eventually found her, at the top of the building at the roof again. She was holding the baby over the roof. "Now Cael, you will kill this child yourself or I will do it for you!"

"Mother no!" I shouted.

"It is your decision, taste its innocent life, or watch its pathetic helpless life splat against the battlements!" she said. The baby was crying uncontrollably at this point. I felt the heat of the flames as the roof caught more and more. "Hurry Cael, you don't have time! The baby dies or both of us die!"

I walked toward the baby, with my fangs out, ready to drink its blood. She held the baby out to me and laughed an evil laugh as I walked forward, to accept this gift she presented me. As she tossed the baby carelessly to me, I caught it and jumped forward kicking her. She almost flew off the building, but she had lightning reflexes, so that she

caught the ledge of the roof. She jumped up over my head and landed behind me. As she landed, I kicked her in the face sending her flying into the flames. She shrieked deafening screams of pain as she burned. She leapt towards me. I quickly dodged out of the way and she went flying off the building.

I thought it was over, but I forgot the roof was on fire. I ran with the baby and leapt off the building. As I was in the air, I managed to swing myself into a window. I landed with the baby safe. I grabbed a bit of money so that I could find a place to stay, and I ran far, far away.

We ran to America. I paid for a ship to take me and the child. I had a woman hired to take care of the child and she took care of Nicolas as I slept. We got to New York Harbor and traveled to Philadelphia I had a nice family take care of Nicolas. I was his "rich uncle" that would send him money and make visits once a week to make sure things were okay. Things were relatively good from that point, till Nicholas would ask me why I always looked the same around the age of 13. But that is another story isn't it?

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### Epilogue

So that is my story. My life did not end there, obviously. I suffered Final Death a little later, more towards the late 1980s. Nicolas eventually became a vampire after convincing me to turn him. He was a crazy bastard, but good at heart. He had a good mortal life though, unlike me.

But can you not see why I rejected "God"? He was never there for me. I was alone all the time. He let my father rape me, he sent the priests after my sister and her precious child,

he let my mother betray me. He claims to help all and save all, but he is only guaranteeing all who worship him slavery.

Benjamin Franklin once said, "He who trades freedom for security deserves neither." This quote will always pertain to religion in that what you give God is your freedom, and he gives you immortality, the same way I traded my freedom for immortality, for the curse of vampirism. I traded in my life for death. I will suffer the consequences for my actions. But how is your God any different? What consequences will you be forced to suffer after accepting God's proposal. Do not be so hasty in accepting immortality.

God is a dictator, a politician. He puts everything in such a way so that it sounds terrific, though enslavement is what it really is. The slave owners of the South in America thought they were giving the slaves everything, if not more that they needed. But who is to say what enough for people is? Who is God to say what is enough, when he has everything and more than his slaves have.

But I will go to Hell, simply for saying that. Why doesn't God accept all who people, and accept them as they are? Why do people have to repent for being themselves? Religion? God? I am sick of it. Let my soul rot in the 9<sup>th</sup> Layer of Hell; for that is where I shall go. Now let me die, for it is enough.