

## War of the Vampires: Parts 1&2

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Alice is a hunter, it is what she is trained to do. However she knows not what she has stumbled upon when she reaches the outskirts of her city. Now Alice must get out, she must return to her home and warn her master of the vampires' plan. But along the way she is faltered, and now her life, and the life of the world is in danger.

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Slowly, she found what she needed, a loaf of bread and wine, not exactly a balanced meal but it would be all she needed. She dug into the bread greedily at one of the small circular tables. Normally she would have been afraid by the silence, that total absence of life, not even a mouse lurking in a corner. She could not stay for long, she would hide it, and then she would be on her way, she tore off a section of her sleeve and used it as a sling as he applied wine to the cut: it had been close, but she was not away yet, regretting she could not hide her treasure more, she made her way to the door.

She was back out in the cold, the slight patter of rain joined the sounds of her splashing feet. She reached the town square, and she looked around for any signs of the enemy. She saw a pair of them hiding beneath the leafy forest canopy. Silently she drew her blade and made her way around the shadow of the buildings towards them. They looked human: their shape identical, but their eyes, there eyes where that of the dead. They where looking for something, or someone, their eyes scanning the square for any sign of their prey. She had no idea what they where planning to do, and he didn't wait to find out. She pounced on one and quickly wrung it's neck before killing the other with her sword. She looked down at the bodies with disgust and hid them under a canopy of leaves, the smell could have attracted a carnosaur, but that could not be helped. She made her way towards the church, hoping the name of god would quell these evil spirits.

She hovered at the door and felt a chill come over her. A thick blanket of shadow covered the church as black smoke came towards the place the bodies where hidden. Alice gasped as the smoke took form and gathered above the canopy. He didn't even check the bodies, he merely turned and stared at Alice hovering behind the doors. She closed the door fast and began searching for something that would keep the beasts out. The rows of benches where bolted down, the great statues fixed to the walls. She was helpless, why would they not come in here?

The church was the same: empty and cold. Still she doubted that the fiends would dare to attack her in here, none would dare to stand in a house of god. Soon she forced herself to retrace all that had happened since that day on the farm: The old man, her father, the great robed figure that had killed the whole village. It was still hounding her: the one meal he had been denied: The one treasure she held that he would never hold. Surely enough he came to her, his great shadow

extending from the church door, a diseased hand outstretched towards her, it touched her arm, and she felt a chill sensation rush from it as she closed her eyes, then it was gone, as she opened her eyes she saw the crack of sunlight that had surely saved her.

The town folk gathered around her, touching and pointing at her like some wild beast. She felt the winter breeze: so she was outside. She opened her eyes more fully and saw an old man standing over her, his wrinkled face frowned with worry. She forced herself up and heard many of the spectators gasp. She looked down at her arm and was horrified by what she saw. There upon her hand was a skull. Branded upon her hand was the mark of death itself, memories of the previous night flashed before her: the dead hand, the cut on her arm...the chill touch, once again she felt a wave of nausea fall over her, she fainted.

She awoke in a bed, fresh clothes upon her, she blushed as she realised what that meant. She heard faint voices outside and strained to listen: "We both know her, he would never betray us, we don't even know if that's what it means, your theory is a superstition, nothing more."

"That mark is the mark of his slaves, i have seen them turn on their friends within seconds of being branded, just because she is your daughter does not mean she will be any different!"

"Yes but this is Alice we are talking about, she has been with us since the beginning-

"What you do with her is your own business, me and the others are moving on, I hope you're right Gayark, I hope you're right"

It was at this moment she chose to show herself, stepping through the door and into the sparse kitchen. Frozen in mid walk was Daekon, the love of her life, his heavy leather jacket planted upon his broad shoulders, her father stood a bit further off, and it was he who spoke "Ah, Alice, i see you have risen from your slumbers" he said unnecessarily.

"Yes i have father" she looked at Daekon now, his iron face softened as hew smiled "I hear your planning on leaving." He laughed through gritted teeth, obviously she was not meant to have heard that bit "I may, Alice, I may. That mark on your hand has caused quite a stir, no ones quite sure what to do" he replied. he looked pained as he added "You do realise wh-" "AAAAUUUGGHHHHH" came the scream.

Daekon grabbed his sword and ran out to face the vampires, roaring as he went, Alice soon grabbed her own and followed. The scene outside was bleak, many of the villages warrior already lay dead, and few of the enemies corpses joined them. Those that remained fought like true vampire slayers, but even they could not stand against such a horde. Soon it was down to these two, the remaining survivors forced to kneel and watch as a horde of servants poured upon them. Alice swung her sword again and again, determined not to succumb to the voice in her head. She joined up with Daekon and there they fought against any servant foolish enough to fight them. They seemed to be on the brink of victory, yet then something fell from the sky that heralded their doom. The vampire soared atop great wings, thin membranes held together by the extensions of it's spine. The beast landed and the servants scurried behind him like loyal pets. Alice stood sideways with Daelkon, both of them ready to fight this beast together: both of them, ready to die together. The Vampire removed his bird like mask and revealed a young and youthful face. His eyes were as black as the cloak that hid him. He smiled revealing fangs that bore the signs of recent feeding. He looked at Alice and smiled even more deeply, his heart racing all the faster. Daekon screamed as he charged "You shall not lay a hand on my Alice!" he raised his sword, the vampire held it their and burned it leaving Daekon with no weapon at all. The fiend smiled at him a second time and Daekon punched him. His fist was caught in the iron grip of the vampire's, it's nails jutted out like claws and drove into Daekons flesh. Daekon didn't even scream, but a single tear ran down his cheek. He was tossed aside like some worthless doll. He stared at Alice and she felt the alien presence of the servant build up in her mind. She fell to the ground gasping, fighting to retain control of her body. She watched the Vampire lord advance upon her, his voice sounding in her head "You are mine now" he hissed as she chocked, the last essence of her will slowly diminishing. "Now tell me where it is" he said as he pressed his finger onto the skull

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She felt the press of the knife on her back, the pressure building upon its razor edge. She marched on in, determined not

to look towards the place it had been hidden. The other members of the cult began to move sluggishly into the inn. She kept her expression neutral, it was the only way to fool them. Alice could still feel the effects of the night upon her, she would have to get away from here, or else the night would find her: he would find her.

Much had happened to Alice since her turning, the expression used to describe the changing from human to servant. She had been taken in and accepted as one of the lords own. She had told her to find the treasure that she had once guarded. She had never wanted to refuse more, yet she could do nothing to stop herself, this was the servant's body now.

The two looked the same, but they were a bread apart. The servants are drones, slaves to the Vampires, they have no emotion, they feel no pain. The stronger the infection becomes, the longer you remain one of them. She had been lucky so far, it was only at night that she succumbed to her other side. It was a horrific affliction, it was like she was two people, each shared the same memories, each one held the key to the theirs survival. They are not true people, merely manifestations of Vampires emotionless minds. Heaven knows how they could do it, but one thing was certain, once you where marked by one of them, you stayed one of them. They are the soldiers in this war. They are the infantry of darkness, the daylight warriors of the vampires.

The vampire wars are silent, unknown to all the beings of the old world. Yet silently it controls the entire globe, the events that shape cities, the disappearance of royalty, all the workings of this quiet struggle. For years the vampire slayers, a hidden order within the imperial witch hunters, have been fighting the servant uprising, raiding camps and stealing food, killing vampires and seeding spies. Yet for all this they could not be rid of them, more would come, and more would die. They had quelled it successfully, so far. It was this hidden treasure that would decide who won this war. The treasure was a stone. Alice, one of five vampire slayer leaders, had been charged with delivering the stone to the court of the brethren. Obviously she was a little sidetracked. A vampiric spectre had found her and very nearly killed her. These spectres, these black creatures are the lords of all vampires. They too can only come at night, just as many of there loyal subjects. They are in every sense gods, given near physical form. They cannot be killed, as far as we know, but they can kill us, and it is they that give the marks to servants. They can travel for miles in the blink of an eye, they can reach the highest mountain and create hordes with their minds. Not having a physical form however has it's drawbacks, they are restricted in their powers in ways mortals are not, they are unable to voice their intentions and this cannot control their own horde.. This stone however is the key to both sides success. It is rumoured to have belonged to an ancient king of the old one race, the vampires ancient enemy. This stone was forged to destroy the vampire lords and banish them forever, to a land of love and happiness. However they only partly succeeded, the coming of chaos ended the ritual before it's completion, allowing the dark creatures to scrape at life. 9 of the 12 survived, and 9 more have still to be banished. But is the spectres can get there hands on the stone they can reverse the spell and more. The powers of the stone are near limitless, and the vampires would drain every inch of it in order to achieve greatness. They would regain there physical form, and would be able to shape the world as freely as the old ones, they could forge an Empire or raze an ocean. They could battle with the godsÂ and banish mortals to damnation. One way or the other, this stone would change the world.