

War of the Vampires Part 5&6

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Alice knows now she has no one to turn to; Shriken has betrayed her and now all she can depend on his her will to survive. Her only chance is to use the power of the stone, but all the while she can feel herself losing control, this vampire feasts on her suffering, soon Alice will succumb to its wishes and it will be too late to return.

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She felt wronged, betrayed. Ever since her initiation he had been there, he was more than a teacher and guide; he was a friend, a father. She remembered a time before her choosing, a time when the two of them would just sit and talk. It was nothing compared to Daekon, but she had certainly felt compassion, love for this man, and right now she wanted nothing more than to be back there: in a dodgy pub with a half-time waiter, just talking about how their weekends would be spent and what was going on two streets away. She missed him, she knew it. She felt a tear roll down her face, then another. Before she knew it she was sobbing and hiding her face from every passer-by, she'd never see him again, anyone again.

She reached her door and opened it, carelessly stubbing her toe on the slightly raised entrance. She let the pain take over her mind, allowing it to replace the great vacuum that she felt within her. Alice collapsed in her bed and grabbed the pillow to smother her sobs, the tears came steaming down her face and threatened to drown her in her sorrow. She felt another presence within her, the vampire taunted her as she wept, took pleasure in hearing her whelp. "You felt love for him" she wept more "You really thought that you, a meagre spec, would mean anything to him?" She begged and sobbed as the vampire tormented her, her tears still covering her pale face. The Vampire stopped its mocking tone; the words it spoke were that of an appealing solution "There is another way" Alice walked towards the basin and washed herself before staring into the mirror. The vampire within her stared out at her, its lips moving in time with the thoughts drumming inside her head. "You can end this right now, stop this old man before he can ruin you too" she found herself nodding, too unsure of her own feelings to object to the fiend's words. "I am you, Alice, I can feel the hatred that you harbour against this man, your love for him once cannot be matched by the hatred you feel now. You felt you knew him, and now, he has betrayed you, cast you out and left his doors barred to you." Alice found herself staring into the bottom of the sink, the vampire smiling out of the black tears at the sink hole "You know it's what you want Alice, what we want," She began to flail around the room "he will kill us both Alice, and you know it" She screamed as she knocked over a table "NO, STOP IT" the voice continued "Alice, he does not care for you, he never did!" "STOP IT" she curled up next to her bed and sat there rocking quietly. The voice didn't stop "But you can change it Alice, YOU CAN KILL HIM" it hissed. Alice felt a feeling within her uncurl, a mad evil longing to be rid of this man "You feel it now, why should we not kill him, he has brought nothing but pain to you Alice, it is only polite to oblige" Alice felt her resolve diminish, the familiar sensation of darkness overpowering her

She stood up tall, her dark beauty showing through her thick red jerkin. She walked towards the door to retrieve her falchion. The vampire stood there to admire it. Its hilt was an acute curve, ending at the bottom with a raven's head. Beautifully crafted, the dark metal blade stretched out over two feet and ended in two sinister points. She knew she wouldn't need it for this deed; her opponent was far from herself in both skill and strength. But the blade felt, right somehow, like an old friend from which she had parted from. She returned it to its sheath at her waist and walked outside. She checked both left and right and hid frantically behind her door as three soldiers ran past. When she knew it was safe she left the safety of her room and considered where to go. Instinct told her to kill the target, but the human within her spoke differently, being only half a vampire meant that she had such choices, even if it limited her powers. She stalked along the way the soldiers had come from, brandishing her falchion ready for an ambush. She saw in the shadow of the upcoming corridor a man knelt over another, but something was not quite right. As she reached the corner she realized what it was. The knelt figure was no normal man, his build had been all wrong, the size had been too big and the position uncomfortable. There crouched over a bleeding body was a full fledged male vampire, his clothes tattered and patchy showing his pale white skin. It lifted his head and sniffed the air as they kind do, he turned his head to reveal huge fangs jutting out from his upper jaw, and slightly smaller from his bottom jaw. His claws dwarfed her own and as he stood up he was at least two heads taller than her. He stood tall with his broad shoulders by his side, his acute face staring down at her fiendishly. He licked his reddened lips as she drew out her own claws and fangs, it seemed eager for a challenge. Only now did she realize that something was wrong, this man wore the same robes as the body she had seen on the road. The same knife was held in its pouch and the same deep wound was visible in its side. No wonder it needed to feed, it was lucky its opponent had not sealed the wound with garlic, which would have been the end of this vampire. It looked at her longingly and struck

Alice felt her back hit the wall and grunted. He removed herself from him whole in the wall and sprinted at the vampire, as

he charged in kind. The two met in the centre, Alice was suspended in mid air with her claws pointing towards her target's throat. Were he a mortal his fate would have been sealed, but he was not. He grabbed Alice's wrist and yelped as her other claw plunged into his leg. Dark blood dripped from the wound as Alice was thrown to the ground. She rolled out of the way as the vampire's foot fell on where she had been only seconds ago. She watched the great beast's rage as she evaded it's next attack, but soon realized that it had been scarce: a deep cut ran down her leg; a deep recess of dark red embedded in her flesh. It was no use, the fiend was both stronger and faster than her in this form. She felt the vampire within her give a howl of rage and anger of her: she was slowing her down, suddenly she realized that she could help in this fight, two minds are better than one. She stood up tall and turned around, grabbing the incoming fist with her hand and clamped it there in her claws. She kicked the rancor in the head and unleashed a fury of blows upon the vampire. It blocked these attacks, but with obvious difficulty. She let the fury of her alter-ego empower her body, her strikes became fluid, strong, powerful. She felt invincible, her body was a vessel of power, a chalice of strength, the home of two great warriors, together, how could they fail? She felt the vampire take the lead and she followed, under a torrent of blows the vampire was forced back along the corridor, it's face twisted into a grimace of hatred as the air between them vibrated with the intensity of the fight. The vampire finally battled her to a stalemate, the two's claws in the centre, pushing each other with all there strength. The two neared towards each other, each vampire hissing in a show of strength. In a second it was over. The vampire lunged forward, his mouth jutting out towards Alice's throat, Alice's leg shot up and flung the vampire across the hall, his jaw broken and lying at an unnatural angle, his face smeared in blood and teeth dislodged and sticking out of his lips. Alice retrieved her sword and walked towards the vampire, she saw his face in an accepting state, his face was set in a long smile, she knew he couldn't speak, so chose to accept the message in her mind from the dying vampire as she drove her falchion into him. She watched a howl of pain appear on his face, but the picture in her mind was one of victory: "You have already lost, Alice" it said. The body lay burning before her, only charred bones left and the strange shape of the mans teeth and hands. She felt weak, tired, she felt her strength dwindle with the absence of battle, then it returned as a head poked round the corner.

The vampire practically leapt across the room instantly, her body lifting a feet in the air as she descended upon the enemy. The vampire braced herself for the kill, her jaw sticking forward, aiming for the beating vein at her targets neck. Alice found time moving so slowly, the man she had wanted to kill was only centimeters from her, the kill was hers, she should savour it now, yet something held her back. The vampire wanted this, but did she? She remembered the moment of unison that she had shared with this creature, the passion, the strength...the evil. Suddenly she didn't want this, she wanted an end to it, she remembered the stone that still lay in her room, the stone that still held the power to end all of this. She saw herself so close now, she could feel the being almost upon her fangs, she attacked in force, marshalling all of her feelings for this man, and hurled it at the second presence.

He watched as Alice through herself at the wall, screaming and flailing he watched as the wretched creature's eyes became lighter, as she screamed her teeth returned to normal, the Alice he knew returned, she looked at him once more, a glowing pleasure in her eyes. He embraced her as he stared down at the daemon she had just defeated. But of course, she was still a threat, one that had to be dealt with. He clasped her shoulders and held her like a child, but he couldn't bring himself to say it to her, not now after she had saved his life. So he improvised "Alice, what will you do from here?"

Alice looked him directly in the eye, He felt as though she could see right through him, and see that which must remain hidden. "I have it, I have found the stone"

The proud warrior stared at her in disbelief "Where is it?" he asked. Alice got up and grasped his hand "Follow me."

She led him past the charred bones, through the destroyed corridor and into her chambers. The place was a mess, the bed was lying on an angle, books lay crumpled on the floor and glass and clay alike lay in pieces on the floor. She stepped into a corner and he walked towards the mirror, he picked up the small knife that lay on it's sill. Alice came back brandishing a small bundle of cloth, whispers coming from beneath the shawl. She didn't seem bothered with that though, her eyes were fixed on him. "Do you think you can end this, do you think you can fix me?"

He nodded and spoke soothingly "Of course my child, everything will be alright soon" He slowly advanced on Alice, the small knife in his left hand

"I think you're lying" she said, stepping backwards"

"No no" he spoke in the reassuring tone that he always used, eh raised his right hand in a gesture of peace, but Alice didn't seem at all convinced "Why would i lie to you"

"Sorry, i never meant what i said, I know you're lying, and you know how i know? Because there is a knife in your left hand." Alice flew across the room and struck him in the face with her back hand. He felt his body leave the ground. His back thudded against the wall, a huge indent now present in the wall. He leapt to his feet and saw a bat shaped hole in

the window. She was gone. A distinct shape moving towards the red horizon.

The shackles clanged in the dungeon; the sound of metal clanging on metal joined the hellish howling in the sub-levels. Lord Shriken walked along the rows of tables which were cluttered with various instruments: horrific looking knives and other instruments of torture. His chain mail rang in the echoing chamber as he made his way towards the cell at the other side. He stepped through confidently, his eyes scanning over the shackled beast. The man in the green apron stepped back and gestured the sign for nothing with his blood-stained hands. "Nothing my lord, he is as silent in questioning as he is loud in torture"

Shriken nodded gravely, keeping his eyes away from the hanging fiend "May I have a moment with him, I have something to show him that may make him a little more obedient" He drew his sword hoping the act would mask his true intentions "This may get messy"

the doctor walked towards the small arched exit "Remember, Shriken, we need him alive if he is to be of use" And he walked off. Shriken poked his head around the corner to satisfy himself and then shut himself in with the beast.

He stepped back and checked the beast over: assessing the damage done. Fresh blood trickled from its back, the whip on the small table providing the cause, A pair of nails had been inserted into it's hands attaching it to the chain in the roof. He wasn't sure how long the beast would last like this; a human could only last twenty minutes at tops before their shoulders dislocated and surely after disconnected from their torso completely. The beast's hair lay on its bare chest, dry caked blood showing the effects were slowly wearing off. He looked at the vampires great teeth and grimaced, he hadn't been able to save its jaw from the blow it had suffered. He slowly began to circle the beast, evaluating how long it had before it would die, again. He would have to move fast, everyone knew that only a spectre could resurrect a vampire, if they found out..... He quickly pushed the thought from his mind, the stone had resurrected the vampire, and he was guilty of nothing. Gritting his teeth he whispered into the vampire's ear. The vampires expressions shifted immensely, he had snarled at the human before him, now he seemed stunned at his words "You may be lying, human, but i do not think so" his voice hissed around the room like an uncoiling snake, "The woman whom you seek lies within the Darkmoth tower, she will not be an easy foe to defeat as she is not full vampire"

Shriken seemed puzzled "Of she is not vampire, then she cannot hope to pose a threat to me, can she?"

The vampire laughed "She shares our strengths, but none of our weaknesses, she is strong and fast, yet she is able to control herself. Worst of all, she cannot be killed by silver, or sunlight, or any other technique that can kill a vampire, yet she can still regenerate at an alarming speed....she is like the other one"

Shriken's head shot to the vampire, a flash of white teeth glistening in the brief movement "No, He was the only one."

The vampire laughed "No, Shriken, you are wrong, he isn't the only one who escaped....you have an equal now, my lord"

Shriken stabbed the vampire in the heart, he shrieked along with his kin as the vampire burned.