

# Vampire and demon

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

Von abgemeldet

### 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 went 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.