

WWE, MADNESS (part2)

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Submitted: February 4, 2007

Updated: February 20, 2007

This is the second part of the WWE MADNESS. There are a lot of parts...

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/DeathNinja919/43137/WWE-MADNESS-part2>

Chapter 1 - Disabled; Stealing Energy	2
Chapter 2 - Fight Between Death, And Life	4
Chapter 3 - His Sacrifice	6
Chapter 4 - I'm Finally Free...	7
Chapter 5 - Seeing Is Beleiving	8
Chapter 6 - Jamie's Powers; Spirit of Light	9
Chapter 7 - The Attacker; The Death	11
Chapter 8 - Defeated With A Price	12
Chapter 9 - Haunting	14
Chapter 10 - Caring For Pain	15

1 - Disabled; Stealing Energy

We had to continue our journey. Because we had noticed two days later, at the tiny, little tatami house, we had been working around it, hopefully making it a house of our own. Now it is, we fixed it up and everything. But as we worked, I noticed somebody stalking us. We need to find out who it is, and what they're up to...

We all walked down the dirt road, the same one we have for hours. I felt weak and tired ever since we left the house. I panted as I walked beside Jamie. "Dameon... you don't look good." she said, concerned. "We should take a break, you need one."

"No, no... I'm fine..." I muttered under my breath. I began to feel light-headed. Under my own weight, I collapsed. I heard faint voices in the distance, one was a deep, threatening voice. I felt myself be picked up and cradled. I opened my eyes weakly, only to see myself being cradled by a protective Batista. I turned my head slightly to see a cloaked figure, and this time, it wasn't Eddie... With gleaming red eyes like mine, only now, mine were weak and dull.

I heard Batista shriek and I felt myself be dropped. A "thud" followed me. Batista had been shot by the figure! I tried to move, but I was too weak. The cloaked figure picked me up and jump away with me.

I had been set down in a dim place, near a river. "Ahh," the cloaked figure said. "she's bursting with energy...". I felt confused... "Bursting with energy"? I felt weaker then ever!

I felt his hot breath down my neck. A cold bolt had stricken my spine. He sunk, what felt like, fangs into my neck, taking the "bursting energy". He took his fangs out of my neck and I slumped against a tree trunk. He lifted me up and threw me into the nearby river. I felt the water pressure close in on my body, I was sinking. I opened my mouth, trying to scream, but instead, releasing the last of my breath.

(Somewhere near the river...)

"Where did they go?!" Batista asked furiously. "I'll kill that bastard!" Batista suddenly stopped, looking depressed. "Whoa, what's wrong now?" asked Jeff. "What if..." Batista sighed. "she's dead..." Tears welled up in his eyes, as well as Jamie's. Just a lone tear streamed down John's cheek. Jeff looked at the ground. "No!" Matt screamed. "She can't be! She's too strong to die... she can't...."

Batista started to walk again, but tripped on a big rock, into the river. He blinked underwater to see a blurry figure up ahead. He surfaced, getting more air. He treaded the calm water, containing an unconscious body. "I see something ahead, meet me over there... by that tree." Batista ordered as he went back under and swam to the body. He picked me up and swam back to the surface. He put me on the side of the river, then climbing out himself.

He touched the two incisions on my neck, bite marks... "She was bit, there's blood around the marks."

Batista said, tears streaming down his face. "The marks are too small to be bullets..."

Jamie felt my pulse. "She's... she's dead!" she cried. John looked in disbelief, as tears streamed down his face. "We need to get back to the house, it isn't safe... she's dead, nothing we can do... leave her here..." Matt shrugged. "MATT!" Jeff cried as he kicked him down. "MATT HARDY! I can't believe you!" Jamie cried. "But..." John sighed as more tears fell to the ground. "What do we do with the body?"

"We bring it with us..." Batista said. "But she's dead." Matt said as he wiped the blood off his mouth. They heard shifting in the bushes. A big black streak ran across and slashed my cheek, making it dribble blood. It hawked around us. "We need to leave! Just leave her here!" Matt cried. "NO! I'm bringing her!" Batista cried as he picked me up.

We got back inside the house and closed up the doors and windows. "She may seem dead, but she has a strong will, she'll live..." Batista said as he cradled me.

2 - Fight Between Death, And Life

"I don't know what's wrong with her, first she was okay, then she was weak, now she's dead!" Jeff moaned. "She isn't dead!" Batista cried. "Batista... you may be in denile, dude. She looks dead, she isn't breathing, and she has bite marks on her neck. I think she's pretty dead." Matt sighed. Jamie backhand slapped Matt. "OW!" he cried out. They set me down on the couch, and they went into the other room.

I walked down a dark, shadowy path. "Where am I?" I murmured to myself. "Dead..." a dark voice said. "You have no more reasons to live."

"WHAT?! I have tons of reasons to live!" I cried out. "Really? Like what? Name one." the dark voice said. "Uh..."

'My friends but... do they even care?' "Okay, I guess your right. I don't have any more reasons to live."

I looked down, disdainfully. "But if you still wish to live..." the figure said. "Yea? YEA?" I asked hopefully. "You must fight me... with your powers."

"But... I don't know how to control them. It happens automaticly..." I sighed. "Then I will make you..."

I felt myself being slashed, blood dripping from my face. I moaned in pain, it hurt bad... But I couldn't die! I saw a dark shadow slicer, a sharp, dark pointed figure. I felt a black pulse, I transformed into my demon form! I ran at the figure, showing off my sharp fangs. Seconds later, I had slashed something. I looked behind me, the shadow was in two! I got to live! But... wait!

The figure rose, dripping something purple. It moved at n amazing speed. I couldn't beleive how fast it was going! Oh w-- ARGH! I was cut through my chest. I fell to the shadow like path. I couldn't win! Not with that speed... "Alright..." I murmured. I held out my arms, waiting for the final strike. It didn't come. I heard a song in the faint distance. 'Taking it back, to my hardcore level, better be ready put your pedal to the metal!'

I know that song... It always kept me energized. I pulled my arms back, but the figure was already coming! I grabbed the shadowy figure. I brought up my hand, pulled down, releasing hellish fire.

"You have won... you may live..."

I opened my eyes, I was... on the rooftop? Rain poured down. Blood was streaked across my face, and a hole through my chest. I felt myself getting ready to give way. I fell, off the tiny rooftop, making a loud "THUD" on the dirt. I saw a blurry person come up and grab me. I looked hard, it was Jeff. "Uh, Batista... guys... you need to see this..." he called quietly.

My eyes were barely open, but I noticed them all run out. They started crying, as did Jeff. Jeff handed me to Batista. He cradled me gently, but I still heard tears falling with the rain. Tears streamed down my

face too. I had won the fight, but barely... where did that music come from?

3 - His Sacrifice

I tried to get up, walking on my own. I hurt to walk, but I tried. Leaning my weight on the house, I panted. I had felt like I had more energy that was stolen by that... that 'thing'. I wiped the blood of my face, but drops of blood still fell off my face. But, now... I had a new power, fire. No idea how to control it though...

"Guys..." I said, solemnly. "I'm going for a walk..."

"But your hurt, shouldn't you--?" John asked. But it was too late, I had already left. I heard a familiar song close by. "Where is that coming from?" I asked myself. I started to run after the music. I wasn't looking for danger, I just kept running. I felt my balance lost. I tripped over a rock. "DAMMIT!" I yelled. I got back up and chased it again.

I noticed something, the music was coming from... the sky?! I looked up at the rainy sky, with rain mixing with blood. I heard the music... "Cause when you are with me, I'm free.... I'm careless... I believe...." That song... Tears streamed down my face. It was my favorite song.

When I was little... Eddie would always sing it to me... To help me sleep. The day he died, I had realized, he's gone forever... This is the memory of him... Terror had stricken me.

I cradled my tiny body, hoping it would save me from the attacker, but I knew it wouldn't do me any good. The figure raised his gun. Eddie turned around, a bloody streak down his face. "DAMEON!" Eddie cried. 'It's--- It's over...' I cradled my nine-year-old body in a ball. "NO!" my ten-year-old brother cried. The figure's finger was on the trigger, ready to pull. I saw something dash in front of me, just then... I heard it... Blood splattered onto my arms and face. 'Oh no...' I thought. I lifted my head out of my arms. I didn't see the shadow figure! But... I **did** see something... I gasped. More tears streaking down my face. "Eddie!" I cried. His body lay life-less on the ground. "No! Eddie! Please! Wake up!!!" I wailed. But it was no use, he was gone. I cried over him. The bullet had passed through his heart, and slashed my shoulder. I held him in my arms.

I found myself crying at the peak of a hill. Still hearing the music. 'It's Eddie...' I thought.

4 - I'm Finally Free...

I noticed gray figures ontop of the clouds, the souls of the dead... I noticed one, it looked like Eddie... "Eddie..." I whispered. "I want to join you..."
The music still played.

Eddie shook his head no. "No?" I asked confused. I heard a voice in my head. It was Eddie's soft, sweet voice. "No Dameon! You have things to live for. I didn't." Eddie soothed. "Eddie, you had a life. You had me, and your friends..." I whispered. "No, You need to stay there where your needed."

I felt something jab into my chest. I coughed up blood. The colors started to blend together. I knew instantly, I was going to die. I was happy, but somewhat sad. First of all, who enjoys dying? Even though I was going to see Eddie. I felt the sharp object, supposivly a knife, get pulled out of me. A giant slit was left in my chest.

I felt myself began to rise. I looked down, and I saw... my body?! "If I'm down there, but I'm up here... I'M DEAD?!" I shrieked. I fell hard onto something white. I noticed a figure far away. I looked down to see my attacker. "Oh... my... god..." I murmured to myself.

5 - Seeing Is Beleiving

Tear rolled down my face as I looked upon my attacker. It was... Batista! Blood still dribbled out of my chest. From my body, and my soul. I was heart broken. "It can't be..." I murmured to myself. I couldn't beleive the man I loved, had attacked me. More blood poured out of my chest, from my broken heart. I noticed other people on the clouds crying. 'I guess their making rain...' I thought to myself. I began to feel dizzy. I passed out under my large amount of blood lost.

My eyes came into focus as I looked at two people helping my gash. They were Eddie and Owen Hart! Owen got a wet rag with blood on it and Eddie was getting bandages. I tried to sit up, and I was helped up by Owen. "You shouldn't move..." Eddie said as he looked at me. "Who killed you?" asked Owen. "I saw Batista... he killed me..." I said quietly, holding back my tears. "WHAT?! I KNEW THAT BASTARD WOULD TURN ON MY FAMILY! Since I'm already dead, he has to go and kill my sister!" Eddie raged on. "Eddie..." I cried. He cradled me close, like when we were little... Owen stared at the sad sight, trying not to cry himself.

"But... if he was your boyfriend, why whould he kill you?" Owen asked as we looked down from the clouds. "I don't know..." I replied as tears fell down my face. From Earth, there were little droplets falling from the cloud I was sitting on, my tears as rain.

I noticed Batista with the knife in his hand. "I SWEAR! I'M GONNA KILL THAT BASTARD!" Eddie shrieked in anger. Batista looked down at my dead body, not really caring if I had died.

6 - Jamie's Powers; Spirit of Light

Another lone tear streaked down my face. I noticed three figures running down in the woods. Jamie...Jeff...Matt... and John! "NO!" I cried out. Batista still stood there with the knife in his hand. He sliced open my chest fully, blood gushing out. They stopped, dead cold, in front of him. "BATISTA!" Jamie cried. "WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?!" screamed John. John started to cry, out of anger, and depression.

Batista didn't respond, he only threw the knife in the river close by. John and Jeff both flew onto Batista. Only to be fought off by a raging force. I noticed something purple fly out of Batista. He fell to all fours and beads of sweat fell. He looked at me in shock, then began to cry. I started to cry too. Eddie held me close to him. "It's okay... It's okay..." he replied. Owen stared at Batista coldly. I felt my life force fading. I started to fade. "Goodbye Dameon..." Eddie whispered to me. I felt myself fall. Fall into pitch blackness.

My chest was paining and I felt myself being held. I looked up to find Batista holding me tight. He saw my breathing and cried more. We started to levitate, in a blood red ball. Then separated into a black force and a red force. My energy force black, and his, red. "Dameon!" Jamie cried. She banged on the floating, energy ball. "Batista!" cried John and Jeff at the same time.

I knelt down in pain. I felt my fangs grow out, as well as my claws. Jamie staggered back. "Dameon..." she murmured. Batista tried to fight his way out of the energy ball, but no luck. I made the black, shadow ball disappear and turned towards Jamie. I noticed a bolt of shock run through Jamie. I thrashed towards her, slashing a little bit of her face. She held her face in pain. I ran towards her again, at a threatening speed. I felt myself be stopped, I was locked, hand and hand with Jamie! Matt tried not to cry, as he didn't want Jamie to get hurt. Around Jamie, a glowing, white aura intimidated my black aura. "Of course!" John said. "Since Dameon is a demon, then Jamie must be the spirit of light!"

Jeff and Batista cried as they watched their loved ones fight one another.

Jamie forced me backwards with a pulse from light. I felt my arm become bloody, along with blood trickling down my mouth. Jamie noticed my injuries. She was trying her hardest not to kill me, but still trying to defend herself. Batista cried more, as did Jeff. "Jamie! You've got to stop!" Jeff cried. "I've got to save her." she replied.

"Dameon, I'm not going to watch you hurt everyone else! You're a demon, a bloodthirsty demon! But deep down, my best friend is in there somewhere. It's my job... to help you Dameon." Jamie said as she charged at me. She put her hand in front of my heart, as a white light shone. I felt myself become weaker.

I collapsed in front of her, scarcely breathing. A final shard of black and red lightning, circled each other. Switching from side to side, and finally... blasted the energy ball Batista was surrounded in. He ran over to me and cradled me in his arms. He started to cry again, for the loss of his loved one. Jamie looked at me, worriedly. "Is she... alive?" asked John, holding back the tears. Matt looked at Jamie, wondering if she had killed me. Batista held me tight. "No..." he murmured. "Don't leave me... please... no... Dameon!"

NO!"

7 - The Attacker; The Death

Beads of sweat fell to the ground in front of Jamie. "I... I think I killed her!" Jamie panicked to herself. I felt myself start to give way. Batista held me closer to him. "She's gonna die! No... Dameon!".

Tears rolled down my face. I didn't want to leave. I began to think of a song.

"And other times I feel like I should go, when through it all, the rise and fall, to bodies in the streets..."

I had the sudden urge to die and just get it over with. Letting go of my will to live, I let myself open for death, but death did not come. I opened my eyes, just barely, to see myself at the tiny, Japanese house. I staggered up, swaying back and forth. I finally regained my balance. Feeling confident, I went outside. I saw Batista, Jeff, John, Jamie and Matt all at the river across the far way. "Hmm... their pretty far away. Maybe I can use the trees!" I said to myself. I started to hop, tree to tree, when another song worked its way into my head.

"I'm painting the walls... come I'm the one that falls... I'll never fight againnnnn... and this is how it ends..."

Loosing my balance, I collapsed from the tree, only a few yards away from my friends. I leaned on my one shoulder, and then hobbled up. John noticed me fall and ran over to me. "What are you doing outside?" he asked. "You were hurt badly."

"By who?" I asked, I had not remembered the incident. "By me..." said Jamie as she walked over shyly. "You?" I asked. It all hit me, like a bullet through my head. I remembered the battle. "Oh, yeah..." I said quietly. I shifted my weight to one side of my body, then regaining full balance. All three of us walked back over to Jeff, Batista and Matt. We sat down and started to talk about the attack. "Dameon..." Batista said quietly. "I wanna talk to you, privately."

He pulled me over gently to a quiet spot. "I don't know how you survived, it's a miracle..." he said. I hugged him tight. "I don't ever want to leave you... But people are after me! I might not live as long as you..." "Don't talk like that!" he yelled. "I will protect you! I'll die protecting you! I won't let anybody kill you!"

Tears had struck my eyes. I heard a gunshot. It just missed Jeff. I remembered the look... It was the man who killed Eddie! I noticed the gun pointing towards me. It started to pull the trigger. Batista ran in front of me, and was shot.

8 - Defeated With A Price

"Batista!" I cried as he fell to the ground. I leaned over him, crying. Jeff, John, Jamie and Matt pulled out guns and began shooting. Everything was silent in my head. I watched them shoot., but heard nothing. The only thing I heard was my own heart beat, and tears. My heart beat began to beat faster and faster. My fangs grew out as did my claws. I swept myself towards the figure at a raging speed. I sliced through it. I looked behind myself with a smirk. Wait!

He regenerated himself! There was not a shred mark on him. I grew mad. I felt myself be shot in the arm, and once more in the chest. Ignoring the hot metal that kept bursting at me, I grabbed the cloak of the figure and tore it off. I stared in disbelief at the figure. It was...

Me... A shadow version of me! I blinked twice, trying to see if I was imagining things. I flipped back, and shot my gun. The bullets tore through the shadow. It was a dark shadow of me, I still couldn't believe. Then something hit me, JAMIE!

'Of course!' I thought. 'This is a shadow version of me! And Jamie is the Spirit of Light!'

"JAMIE!" I called. "You're the spirit of light!".

"But I don't know how to use my powers!" she called back. "Great..." I mumbled. The shadow kept darting at me! 'What if...!' I thought. 'It wants to get inside me!' The shadowy figure shot at my friends. Jamie, shot in the chest; John, shot in the heart; Matt, shot in the arm; and Jeff, shot in the heart as well. I growled. "Alright, this is the only way I know how to defeat you..."

I opened my arms, releasing all my defenses. The shadow zoomed inside me. I curdled in pain, but then regained my senses.

My friends had all gotten up, but not Batista. "We're bringing him back..." I said quietly.

John, Matt and Jeff carried Batista's body back to the house. Jamie healed all of them with her new powers. "I just they just chose to work..." she sighed. However, my cuts were not healed, I refused them to be. "I'm going..." I sighed. I hopped back from tree to tree into the forest, to a quiet pond. I looked at my reflection in the pond.

I had killed my brother... and Batista. I was so furious with myself. I noticed my reflection pass away, and Batista's replacing it. I blinked several times, seeing if I was seeing what I thought I was. I touched the water, only to have Batista do the same thing on the other side. He was crying. Lonely tears streamed down his face. "It's my fault..." I whispered as tears welled up in my eyes.

Batista shook his head "no". "But it is!" I choked. "Dameon..." his sweet voice echoed. "It isn't your fault. I said I would do anything to protect you, and die protecting you. And I meant it."

My tears rippled in the water. The sun had set, and the moon was high in the sky. "I would have given

my life. The shadow figure was me! It wanted to get inside me, so I let it..." I said with the truth. "No! DAMEON!" he cried in reply. "You entered into a serious state! When you transform, you will kill anything! This will power to kill has never been overcome!"

Eddie then appeared beside him. "Dameon..." Eddie said quietly. "That thing that killed me, was not you. It was an evil side of you, unleashed. As the good part was with me, I gave myself to the evil side, to protect the good."

I started to cry more. "I want to come back with you... but I don't think I can." Batista sighed. "No, you stay there with Eddie. I love you, but if you come back, you may just die again. And I think you will be happier where you are." I replied. "No! I'd be happier with you, but if you don't want me to come back, I won't."

I sat up, and left the pond. I sat in a tall tree with a beautiful sight of the moon. I let my head fall onto the trunk as I sat on a sturdy branch. The tears that fell onto the leaves glistened in the moonlight, as I thought of my great loss, and myself.

9 - Haunting

I hopped down from the lonely tree. I started to walk back to the house.

I walked inside the house, still miserable. Batista's body still lay in his old bed. I walked passed his room and ran into mine. I locked the door and opened my drawer. I grabbed my night clothes and changed into them. Tears flowing down my face, I threw myself onto my bed. "I told Batista to never come back..." I whispered to myself. "But now... I'm wishing that I hadn't...". I layed in my black, silky sheets and cried. I shut my eyes and gripped my pillow.

It's your fault... It's your fault... They died because of you... You killed them! You slaughtered them. murderer... murderer... murderer...

I sat straight up, in cold sweat. I looked outside my window. "It's only about... 2 a.m." I whispered to myself. I let my head fall onto my pillow. More tears rolled down my face. I couldn't help it, knowing that I had killed my boyfriend and brother. I tried to shake off the feeling, but I couldn't. I closed my eyes again, only to fall asleep again.

It's your fault... It's your fault... They died because of you... You killed them! You slaughtered them. murderer... murderer... murderer...

10 - Caring For Pain

The next morning I opened my eyes weakly. They came to full attention when I saw John sitting on the end of my bed. "Uh..." I muttered quietly. "You were making a lot of noise last night, I wanted to see if you were okay..." John said quietly. My wolf ears twitched back and forth.

After John left, I got dressed. I zipped up my boots and left out the door. The necklace Batista had given me quite some time ago. I left the tiny house and headed back for the quiet pond.

I sat in front of the glistening water, looking back at my lonely reflection. I heard somebody behind me. Ignoring the sound, I began to cry to myself, surely over Batista and Eddie. I felt a hand on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw... John. He looked at my crystal, fragile eyes as they glistened with tears. He made me stand up. "I know it's hard for you, Dameon..." he began. "But in time, you will get better... and you will have another person to work towards."

John held me close to him, tears running down his face as well. Seconds later, he lifted my head up. "I'm so sorry y-you have to go through this pain..." he sighed. Before I knew it, John's lips... met mine.

I enjoyed the kiss, forgetting about Batista and Eddie.

~Heaven~

Batista looked down onto the earth, trying to find me. Eddie walked beside him whiskfully. "You really care about her, huh chico?" asked Eddie as he shoved his hands in his pockets. Batista stopped, in shock. "What... the... hell...?" he said quietly as he noticed John kissing me. "I'm gonna murder that bastard!" Batista shouted. "I don't care, I like him anyways." Eddie laughed. Batista stared at Eddie, and his cruel joke. He shoved Eddie away, and looked down at us.

~Earth~

I pulled my head away from John's. "It's okay..." he said shyly. "It's okay..."