

James Goodchild

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Practice writing

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Chapter 1 - James Goodchild

2

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James sighed walking down the cobbled stone road of Transylvania, by dark modern gothic castles and pale villagers he had finally went past all that nonsense, the humans I mean. He hated then, practically despised them. "Foul things." he hissed through his teeth, he looked about the gray sky. Snow started to fall gracefully, landing on his smooth and radiant skin. His gray pigment glistened and he gave off a soft look, taking the snow flake in his hand. He loved the snow, observing the beautiful detail on the beautiful, white, flake he smirked. James eyes slightly closed, his red eyes glimmered and shined. A white blanket, fell upon the pavement. James kicked up the snow, no one was insight. Transylvania's scenery was dim and fogged, out in the distance. Nothing. Silence, no sound.

It was as if he were the only one there, having the best eyesight anyone could possess he could not even look out towards the distance. When he tried to see anything that moved, and what not he couldn't. There was nothing, no one, no sound. It was always like that, it seemed. He was being ignored. He grimaced going over the word, 'vampire..' a show of disgust on his face. He showed no expression what so ever. Was he the only one of his kind? If so, why? Why did he had to suffer such a curse, he wanted to rid of all the signs he out of all people was a vampire. "DEMON!" they shouted and ran. The same thing happened every time a human, those foul beings, came across him they would shout. "DEMON." or, "DEVIL SPAWN!" hatred grew inside of him, he could take no more. Yet, revenge could never be as beautiful.

James was handsome beyond all humans and vampires, his hair shined soft it was as black as the midnight sky. His skin, shimmered it was soft as milk and honey. His scent, something so irresistible. It smelled of caramel and, cookies. No human could resist them, at least. Those of the female sex. He smirked devilishly, bearing a fang that glistened just like him. He was a god, an angle, he deserved to be carved an out up on a mantle, a mural. Or so they said, he knew it was true. Though, looks meant nothing to him, he continued to walk through the dark town. No one there, he had noticed that long before.

He stopped by, another modern gothic church. The snow fell silently, gracefully, like a gift from god. He thought, at least a gift that he could enjoy. He wore no scarf, , no sweater, or any warm clothing for that matter. Just a long, and very fashionable shirt, black. Just like his personality, dark. Soft, just like his expression and skin. He sighed, the snowflakes didn't melt, his beautiful and well structured hands were to cold. Not at all clammy, though having them cold was the worst. He never dared reach out towards someone's cheek and what not, he felt he would send shivers down their spine and not the good ones for that matter. He looked up at the church's bell, letting the snowflake drop to the ground with all the others. He walked inside and looked about the huge, Notre dame 'castle' he saw the bench's at the corner of his eye, the church was huge anyone could be in it but he sensed not a soul..