

# **A Love that meant Death**

**By hirataitokyo**

Submitted: December 1, 2007

Updated: December 1, 2007

*A love that only meant death. For only when they die can they truly be together, and happy.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/hirataitokyo/50111/A-Love-that-meant-Death>

**Chapter 1 - Love and Death**

**2**

# 1 - Love and Death

Love that meant death

A young boy, around 16 with pitch black raven hair and skin as white as snow held his friends hands in his own cold white ones. She had dark auburn hair that showed like dirty gold in the sun light. Her skin in contrast to his was much darker. Her hands trembled in his, trying to comprehend what he was trying to get her to understand. One simple saying was so hard to comprehend, one so unbearable and what seemed to be impossible, "I'm leaving."

The boy tried his hardest to make her understand, why exactly he was leaving, but that didn't work. For he could still see the tears in her eyes that she was trying so hard to hold back. Yet, she still, no matter how hard and desperately she tried not to cry, she did, her tears came and flowed down her face, nothing could help her stop. He saw what pain he was causing her and wrapped his arms around her, in a loving embrace, he hated to see her in such pain, so all he could do was comfort her.

Once the crying subsided he tried to explain again, "I need to leave," and he emphasized the need and importance of why, "if I don't leave I'll just die here, and... and..." he didn't want to say those last words, the government was strict, only to keep rogues under control, even the nice ones. Yet, he had to keep saying, he had to continue, just so she might be able to understand, "And you'll die too, the government will come after you for talking with me, being with me, and... All because of what I am." He stated solemnly. She knew what he was going to say, she found out only a couple days after they first met those years ago when she was small and so was he.

"A demon" she said quietly, and it was a shock because it was the first thing she said in a while except for her sobs. All the boy could do was nod. He gripped her tightly and she did the same, for she was his friend, she was his love, and he was hers, and also he was her lover. She would've come with him risking her own life just to be with him, but he didn't want her to die, even if he did it wasn't worth the risk of her dying too.

He slowly let go of her, and began to walk away and he wished she wouldn't come and follow or try to prevent him from leaving, and she didn't she stood there and watched him take his leave and before he disappeared into the trees and into the night he looked back at her with a look that would break even the soulless people into even a small cry. Only minutes after his departure, there was a scream, a scream so harsh and loud it made the girl's spine shiver and her entire body began to shake, shake out of fear....

Despite her fear she ran towards the scream, and when she got to the source, it wasn't her lover, it was from other men, great warriors agents of the government were slain bloodied, dead on the ground. He had released his demon form his eyes blood red and his teeth and nails were longer and sharper. His ears were pointed and his clothes torn and his body, covered in blood. He stared straight at her then smiled a toothy grin. That smile, he liked it, the killing, he enjoyed it and she realized it with a terrifying realization what he wanted to do.

He wanted to kill her.

She could see it in his eyes full of blood lust and they held no sign of sanity. He came toward her flicking the blood off of his hands in one swipe.

She backed away.

Away from this creature.

She backed up into a tree, fear paralyzing her she didn't move, didn't run away.

He came to her and with one large and powerful swipe from his claws he cut through her. Blood splattered over her face and over his.

She fell over her, corpse covered in blood.

He awoke covered in blood. He had fainted after the warriors attacked him, well at least he thought so... He turned his head to see his lover laying besides him, and fear struck in him.

She was dead, but what could've killed her?

And like when she had that terrifying realization he had the same, only he had killed her with a viciousness that no one could possible match up to. Out of fear and the no longer want of life, now that she was gone, he grabbed a sword from one of the nearby warriors and stabbed himself.

The sword petrudd through him with ease and blood spat out of his mouth and as he took his last breaths he realized just how horrible a creature he really was and that he really wondered what had come over his lover to actually fall in love with him... but now they would both be in the same place... there in the eternal world of death itself...

~The end~

Well here's another short story, and hope you like it.