

# The Demon Hunter

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*Saelene was just a normal girl. She went to school, had a good childhood, and became the most feared Undead Hunter of all time.*

*But what happens when the unimaginable happens?*

*She becomes what she has so passionately hunted for all these years...*

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**Chapter 0 - Prologue**

**2**

## 0 - Prologue

\*Please let me know what you thought of this and if you think I should continue...I just go the idea out of nowhere, and thought it would make a good story...please let me know what you think!!! Thanks! ~Toast

*I wander here, devoid of all emotions. Isn't this how you wanted me to be? If not, oh well. Can't change the past, can't do a damn thing about the future. And thus, life passes by, day by day.*

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*What is time to one of the undead? A year passes as if it were a second, yet filled with many thoughts. Can the undead even think? I would like to say so, or I wouldn't be able to talk and write. And so I ask myself, what are we here for? Why were we created? In my opinion, we were created as a plague on the human race. A welcome and much needed plague. We are here to eradicate those who would destroy us and others like us. By no means am I trying to create a "perfect" world....*

*I'm trying to save my own skin!*

*My intention as a plague is to blend in. Become a pathetic human. To learn their traits, their weaknesses, their reason for being so annoying. To do so, I must get a job. Easy enough for me, I'm undead. Time is of no matter to me.*

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*The job was easy enough to obtain. Fill out some annoying and pointless papers turn on a little charm and voila! The job was mine! Decent pay, too. Now to keep myself from killing every human on sight...*

*That would not do well.*

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*Who knows how long it has been? My boss says I've been here for twenty years now, but I haven't aged a day. Heh. I've learned what I need to know from this city. Time to move across country.*

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*Found a wonderful country city. That is to say I've found a place out in the middle of nowhere. Job attained as soon as I got here...time to start up the real work again...*

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*I think I have finally figured out this pathetic race. They act the way they do because their brains are more dead than mine! That is to say they have been brainwashed so many times by everyone that they can't help to be the way they are.*

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*I am surprised. I actually found another of my kind today. My calendar tells me I've been in this country city for three months now. The other of my kind just glanced at me, and I could right away tell what he was. Humans weren't talking to him either, which only went further into proving my theory.*

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*Apparently, I have overstayed my welcome. The thought of impressing on another's territory never occurred to me. From what I can remember, it went like this;*

*About a week after my last entry, the other kind spoke to me. He said nothing more than to watch my back. So I put things on hold and bided my time before beginning my studies once again. This time, though, since my human inquisitions were over, I turned my attention to the other. I studied him instead of the humans. He was very good looking, and I made sure he knew it. He liked me, too, which was great. It was bliss while it lasted. By gaining my trust, he and few others went into my home and tried to destroy me! They almost succeeded, too. Fortunately for me, I wasn't destroyed. Don't know how I pulled that one off. Once I got better enough to work again, I found a letter in my desk drawer. It told me that my stay wasn't registered with the head of the city...which happened to be the one I liked...and that I was lucky if I wasn't destroyed. It also said that I had a week to vacate the city or they would make sure this time they would do the job correctly. So much for finding my "perfect" city. I had no choice...*

*I left!*

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*I never dreamed being undead would be like this. I don't like having to ask permission to dwell with the humans. But since I'm on my own, it must be so. I have been wandering from city to city, never staying for more than a few days, studying those around me. The ones like me are the only ones that catch my attention, anyway. The way they are always watching. So I watch back, and thus, the days pass by.*

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*I have come to a conclusion about those like me. They are not like me. Where I only look out for myself, they look out for many Humans and undead, alike. I don't understand why, though. And I have a follower. Someone has been following me for the past week. I wonder what the cause of this is...*

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*Now I understand. He has been telling others about me. I am no longer allowed to rest inside the cities. I must remain outside. I wonder what he is doing...*

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*My trek is over. Over these past few years, I have learned what it means to be one of their kind of undead. As of this moment, I am sitting inside of a cell, awaiting dawn. I am afraid I have misled you all*

*these years. My reason for studying the humans was not to find out the “why” of their existence, but the “how”. I wanted to become a human, again, so I could destroy the undead once more. Apparently others found out and tracked me down. My studies of the undead were so that I could try to get close enough to obliterate them all. I would have done it, too, were it not for my stalker. I had forgotten about him, since he was the one who betrayed me back at the “perfect” city. We had become lovers again, and he used that against me in order to trap me. So now I sit in this cell, charged with the murder of 5,762 undead and 1,654 humans. The bombs in the night clubs around the city killed more than expected. Alas, though, for I shall not complete my task. Oh how I tried, though, I tried so ha---*

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