

This is the RP that me and my friends are working on. I will post what we have written so far, feel free to comment in the guest book and tell us what you think about it. I will specify at the beginning of each post who is playing the part at the time by putting the name in **bold text**. This story has NOT been edited or formatted, so please bear with us. The authors are:

Reyanna as Demonica the vampire
John O'Brien as (1.)Avry the Fallen & (2.)Cyrus the Dragon Demon
Mike Prescott as Nex the vampire-lykin
Jade Prescott as Závě the Angel

Begin Story "Of Darkness and Light"

Reyanna:

Signs of an early snowstorm appeared on the horizon of the city. The bright lights made the marshmallow clouds glow an eerie orange on that mid fall night in Boston, Massachusetts.

Well after midnight, with below freezing temperatures, the city streets were pretty quiet except for the few mortals that were out for a late night stroll. And, of course, there were the creatures of the night who hunted them.

One of these creatures was Demonica, a formal mortal turned vampire. She was sired at the age of twenty-one. On her birthday, May 23, to be exact. Her name had been Eva, short for Evangelora, back then. Upon her turning, she had changed it, thinking that Eva didn't sound threatening enough.

She walked the streets that night in her usual attire since, being a vampire, the cold didn't bother her.

She wore black leather shorts with matching straps that criss-crossed around her leg and down to her mid calf where they met her boots. The straps, crossed over each other showed her ivory flesh in diamond shapes.

The top she wore was corset style; red with black strings that, when tied, push her breasts up into voluptuous cleavage.

That was the weapon she used to lure in her prey. Seduction.

That was when she was when she wanted an easy meal. She often just pounced her prey, enjoying a good struggle every now and then.

At that moment, she was stalking a girl and enjoyed seeing her ahead, looking around in all directions every now and then, apparently sensing Demonica and feeling her eyes on her, but not seeing anything.

Demonica knew this girl and did not care for her at all. She had met her weeks ago at a bus stop after overhearing a ridiculous conversation she had been having with a friend.

The girl had mentioned that she was a student at some university that and that she studied religion. She had mentioned how she didn't believe in God but then used such phrases as, 'Oh my God,' and 'Good Lord.'

So, Demonica had, smirking, gone over to her and confronted her about it. She knew that God existed because Satan, who was her master, existed.

Though she was not a Holy creature, by any means, and nowhere near a Saint, she had defended the side of Light along with the Dark.

The girl had made herself look like a complete idiot and it was time to show her her mistake. Demonica had let her go for a little while, but no longer...

The female vampire stepped out of the shadows, tossing her wavy, raven hair over her shoulder to land on the mid part of her back, and followed the girl.

She was tall, close to six feet. And she had the most annoying voice imaginable. Demonica was going to love stealing her life and sending her soul to the underworld. To her master to deal with.

Apparently the girl sensed her again and stopped walking to turn around. She flashed a cocky and arrogant smile, placing her hands on her large hips. "Oh, it's *you*," she said.

Demonica disappeared and then reappeared in a flash, inches from the girl's face, and ran her tongue over her glistening fangs. "Yes, it's *me*."

Smiling at the frightened expression the girl's chunky face now wore after seeing the vampire's fangs, and her quick movements, Demonica asked in a sneer, "So, Kriss, do you still not believe in God?" Then, without giving her a chance to respond, she added, "Allow me to send you to hell where you'll quickly change your mind and learn of your mistake..." she chuckled coldly, "but, by then, it will be too late."

The girl's scream was cut off before she could really even get it out. Gurgles emitted from her throat as Demonica sunk her fangs into her fast pumping vein. Her vampiric eyes, dark and threatening, glazed over with a sticky red and her body glowed crimson for a moment when the blood first entered.

Minutes later, the mortal was dropped to the ground with a soft thud. She took her last breath, her eyes slowly closing, and her heartbeat stopped. Her body had let go of her soul and she was now on her way to hell.

"What bitter blood," Demonica remarked, wiping her chin. She only had a few seconds to gloat at the body of her latest victim before she smelled the scent of a long time enemy, or rather, creatures (creations) of that enemy. Minions made from Lyneya (lin-A-ya)

Years earlier, Demonica had been out with her mortal lover, Conrad; the only man she had ever truly loved, surprisingly, a human.

They had been walking on a moonless night when they were attacked by that woman. A demon who had escaped hell, looking for power on Earth. She had killed Conrad before Demonica could reach him and then she went to kill Demonica herself. But she didn't.

She could sense the vampire's power and, instead, had her taken to a dungeon on the city's edge.

Demonica had been tortured while Lyneya told her why she was on Earth.

Lyneya had been tired of being Satan's underling and wanted to take over hell. She knew of a sword, (Name still to be decided), and it was there on Earth, hidden from the demons by Satan, because he feared it.

The sword was powerful and could suck the under worldly souls from the creatures of the night. Once it gathered enough, a certain number that Demonica couldn't recall, it could transfer them to the body of its wielder and make them stronger than Satan himself. To do this, the wielder had to kill himself with the blade, transferring the dark souls to their body. They would be killed for mere seconds and then revived, more powerful than ever.

Lyneya's plan was to find this sword, steal the souls, and then challenge Satan and take over hell.

She wanted Demonica to help her find the sword so she took some of her own demonic blood and created a

tiny, ruby, jewel. She burned it into Demonica's forehead and intended on controlling her with it.

But something had gone wrong with the spell she used and it didn't work. But Demonica faked it anyway in order to escape, promising to recruit other powerful vampires so that they could go on a worldly search for the sword.

That had been almost two years ago and since then, Lyneya had become her arch nemesis, ever since she had found out that she didn't have control over the vampire, and the two constantly fought, along with Lyneya's minions.

Demonica hadn't been able to remove the jewel so, to other demons and creatures, she was marked as Lyneya's pet and because of that, she had been kicked out of her clan and was forced to be a loner; which she didn't mind.

At that moment, she sighed...couldn't she get a break?

The dozen or so demons came out of various hiding places and went to attack her all at once.

Fast as lightning, she had pulled out her twin sai's, which she had named Thelma and Louise, and went to work. Her hands moved left and right and she jumped and dodged, striking the triplet blades into the throats of her some of her enemies, knocking off their heads, others she went for the hearts. It all depended on the creature's themselves and what their weak places were.

She had killed seven after only a few minutes, and was working on the other five, but what she didn't see coming could end up being her mistake.

A lykin, one of the vampire's worst enemies, similar to a werewolf, only it didn't need the full moon to transform, was sneaking up on her while she was being attacked...

John:

Slowly, the sun crept down past the horizon, sending an explosion of amber and gold across the black and midnight blue colors of the sky. Another day had just passed and soon, another would begin. What a worthless thing time is, when you have all of eternity. Time means nothing to you if you're stuck in one place; unable to move on or be allowed anywhere else. Such a sad fate is this.

With a sigh, a younger appearing man limped out onto the crowded streets of Boston where everyone seemed to be bustling about in hopes of making it home before the dangers of the night appeared. Too many, the dangers they thought only consisted of crack heads and robbers, but there was so much more to fear. Werewolves who were overcome by their animal instinct. Vampires who enjoyed the thrill of killing. And Demons who enjoyed touching and controlling innocent peoples souls. Avry knew of these dangers, because he was part of them. He, himself, wasn't deadly or a threat, but he was part of the underworld, or the unknown realm of darkness covered by the streets above. Many who did know about the other realm covered their eyes and turned away, pretending none of it existed. Getting involved was something no one ever did anymore, which deeply saddened Avry; mainly he was once an Angel who's only mission in heaven was to help and protect.

Slowly, a wind crept down from the hills surrounding Boston. The unexpected breeze caught Avry by surprise as it lifted up his handmade trench coat. The few that passed him as this happened glared quickly and he could tell that they were judging him on his attire. Why wouldn't they, though? He was dressed unusually dark in a black beater, darker jeans with chains and a gothic style coat. Not to mention his ebony, studded choker collar. With a sigh, he swiped his long locks of raven colored hair aside; being extra careful not to tug on his newer piece of jewelry. It shimmered subtly in the street lamps above; a bar in his right eyebrow. For a moment, he chuckled as a young woman stepped a few paces further to the right, just to avoid the chance of contact. If only these people could have seen him in his original form. They would fall on their knees, in tears, for he was once a servant of God himself.

His boots made a slight clatter below his steps. While his feet and cane tapped against the concrete in unison, he began to hum out a known melody. He had heard it being performed for the first time and numerous times afterwards; Handel's 'Ode to Joy'. The piece had always inspired the Fallen, even more now since he was stuck upon Earth. Many would think him to be used to it after a hundred and thirty years, but he wasn't. He longed to go back to Heaven; to play and sing for the choir; to just fly around freely and enjoy the pleasures his Lord had to offer, but he would never experience those again unless he could find some way to redeem himself.

Avry had done as much as any normal being would think to do; volunteering at churches and shelters, saving lives by becoming a surgeon for a while, stuff like that, but he hadn't received a single word from a messenger in over fifty years. Maybe God had forgotten about him, and after thinking that statement over for a few seconds, he realized that that was impossible. He just hasn't been applying himself as much as he could.

"What do you wish of me, God?" he whispered under his breath. Suddenly, a small child ran in front of him, tripping over a crack in the cement and scratching up his knee. He quickly switched to sit upon his rear end and systematically rub his knee while sucking in air painfully through his teeth. Avry quickly paused and watched the boy. 'How simple a small little scratch can harm us so,' he thought.

Realizing that there was no one around or watching, the Fallen bent over to the boy and asked if he was alright. He just sucked in tears and nodded very quickly. "Do you want to see a trick? I promise it'll help," said Avry kindly. He was still, after all, an angel and angels were supposed to watch over people.

He reluctantly smiled and nodded again. With a smile himself, Avry laid his left hand over the boy's scraped knee and began to mumble in an extremely old language; so old that it surpassed Hebrew and Latin. Subtly, a light was produced from his palm, which healed up the wound. The boy glared at it; mesmerized. He was speechless for a while until he asked, "How'd you do that mister?"

"Do you believe in miracles?"

"Mom said the only miracles that happen now are from angels, saints, and lunatics trying to get attention," he said, sitting now cross-legged.

"You're mother's a very smart lady," smiled Avry.

"Are *you* an angel?"

"I'm something like that," announced Avry, standing back up and taking hold of the boy's hand. The small child continued to ask him questions while Avry lead him to a woman, frantically searching around the sidewalks. Silently, he released the boy and pushed him forward towards his mother, who greeted him with a loving embrace and tears of joy. Before the boy could point out the man who helped him, Avry turned a corner into an alley way and began walking in the darkness.

The shadows did not scare him. Not even the creatures lurking in the darkness, because Avry knew that whatever was there would not be able to kill him. There are very few things that can actually end a Fallen's life. At that instant, there was the sound of fighting that entered into his ears. Feeling a sudden urge to follow the sound, Avry began to sprint until he reached the end of the alleyway and it was there that he saw the mess of lykins trying to kill a single vampire. Avry didn't want to get involved, but he suddenly got a shiver down his spine, which was an indication from above that this is something he needs to do. Quickly, he glared upwards angrily and said, "You must be kidding me." – another shiver—"Fine; I'll do it, if this is what you really want, but I still do not understand your reasoning."

With a deep breath, he grabbed the ends of his sleeves and pulled tight and fast. Two jagged blades fell into his grasps quickly. '*Who's first?*' he thought and it was then that he saw the lykin sneaking up do the vampire woman. '*Looks as though we have a winner,*' he thought, with a smirk.

Quickly, he lifted his hands in unison high into the air; not removing his sights upon the beast. He was waiting for the most opportune moment and then there it was. The werewolf like creature had lifted his left paw, leaving his heart vulnerable. With the speed of the wind with him, Avry launched blades together. Without hesitation, they pierced the creature. He was killed so quickly that there wasn't even an opportunity for him to scream.

Realizing suddenly that there were too many of them for him and vampire to handle alone, he called out to the young woman. "I would advise all beings that can die at the touch of light to quickly hide or else you'll be receiving a very *very* unpleasant tan," advised Avry sarcastically. The woman glared angrily at him, but did as he asked after she saw him lift up the cane, which was leaning against his leg, and start to pull out a blade of light. She knew what that blade did and did not want to experience it at that moment, so she jumped high into the air and on top of surrounding apartment buildings.

Once she was securely away, Avry saw that the lykins had started to climb up the walls to her. "Not so fast my furry friends," he smiled. Quickly, he released the blade which was hidden within his cane. At the first second of full freedom, the sword grew thick and long; back to its original size. It gleamed extremely bright and all the creatures that he could see covered their eyes in pain. The light hurt them, but he didn't want to blind them. He had other intentions, so he lifted up the rapier and struck it across the air. A beam of light hit them quickly and they all released a howl of pain. After a moment of stillness, their bodies began to turn human again. "See, that's the sad part about being a werewolf; you can only remain transformed when there's no sunlight around."

One by one, the now humans fell to the ground; many killed on contact, but others hurt severely enough for Avry not to worry. The ones which weren't hurt or were smart enough to hide ran away. With a sigh, he put his sword back and then limped back to the center of the carnage. Looking upwards, he called out, "I don't mean to pry, miss, but could you please enlighten me as to why lykins were just trying to gut you?"

Reyanna:

Demonica's eyes, still partially glazed over from the feeding she had had earlier, glared down on the one who dared interfere *her* fight. And now, he had the gull to speak to her.

He had the appearance of a young man but she knew, her vampiric senses told her that he was much older and not even human. His kind was rare and loathed by most demonic creatures. His blood's scent gave away his secret and she knew he was a Fallen; a former angel of God.

Using her mind manipulating abilities, Demonica tried to enter his mind in order to find out what he had done to be sent to this Earth. She smirked to herself when she hit a barrier. He knew how to keep his mind blocked and his thoughts hidden. She was impressed, but only for a moment. It wasn't a great surprise after all, most immortals knew the trick, she was just surprised a Fallen had that kind of smart.

By the smug expression he wore, she knew that he knew what she had tried on him. Damn Fallens. They all thought they were higher rank than any other under worldly race.

She glanced around from her spot atop the building she had taken refuge from the cursed light and saw that most of her foes were dead and the others not far behind. She could have been the one to kill them but this stranger, this *Fallen*, had taken away her fun. She was too proud to admit that the creatures had started to gang up on and overpower her. It was probably best that Fallen *had* helped her but she would never allow that to be admitted.

Her vampire sight showed her his eyes, even from so far above. They were kind, but lost. They were also different colors. One was just a normal brown color but the other seemed to draw her into him and she felt mesmerized at first. It was crystal blue and, though it was beautiful, even to her, it was almost too penetrating and made her feel vulnerable and extremely uncomfortable.

She wouldn't allow him to intimidate her though.

"Why did you interfere, Fallen?" she called, ignoring his question. Her voice floated down to him, carried by the wind, but he only smirked in response. Which pissed her off.

Snarling, a horrible sound that emitted from deep within her chest, Demonica quickly crawled down the side of the building at a speed that would be considered impossible to the average human. Her arms and legs bowed out from her body and she almost looked like a giant insect. Ten feet from the ground, she jumped the rest of the way and landed inches from his face. He didn't even flinch.

"*Why* did you butt in, you piece of filth?" she growled.

"You're welcome by the way," he responded sarcastically, furthering angering her. "But, seriously, if I hadn't, you would have been dead." He paused thoughtfully to look her up and down, as though just now noting her vampiric pale skin and crimson lips. Seeming to flush slightly, he quickly added, "You know what I mean."

Leaning back, Demonica glared, hate burning into her eyes. Vampire's usually loathed Fallens more than any other creature, even lykins and werewolves, which were known to be the vampire's worst enemies. The werewolves and lykins were at least worthy foes, though. Fallens were once Holy and so most of them loved to believe that they were better than other creature, mortal or immortal, on this Earth.

There was only one known time in all vampire history that a vampire befriended a Fallen. The vampire Shadrick and the Fallen Angel Lalanía. They had actually been lovers after Lalanía had found comfort in Shadrick's arms only mortal days after she fell from Heaven. They had planned on living together for all eternity. But then, years later, Shadrick had been slayed and Lalanía took her own life in order to meet him in hell.

"Well? Are you going to answer me, miss?" the stranger asked, bringing Demonica out of her bitter thoughts. Shadrick had been a fool.

She glared at the Fallen in response.

"Why were you attacked?" he pressed on.

She scoffed, indignant, and crossed her arms over her large breasts. "Do you think I'm going to tell you? My business is *only* mine. I don't need anyone butting in, so next time, stay out of my way," she said ungratefully.

With that, she went to leave, letting her arms drop to the side so she could stalk off, but a warm hand closed around her wrist and pulled her back.

She spun around and hissed, baring her blood stained fangs...

John:

She was not going to leave that soon. He had had a direct order from his boss and was not about to turn a cold shoulder to Him. She was stubborn, that was for sure, and Avry knew that there would be no way she would talk freely, so he felt he would have to use other resources. He would have to look into the depths of her mind, but the only way to get a good look was to see into her eyes. Quickly, he reached down and grabbed her by the wrist. She did not like this, because she turned around and bared her teeth; blood still dripping from her ivory teeth. She wanted to bite into his neck and cut out his heart. He didn't have to read her mind to realize that. Because of this, he stepped back slightly. Her bite would have no effect on him, of course, but Avry still did not want to feel anything piercing into his neck.

His opportunity suddenly came when she glared up into his irises. She seemed enthralled by his right eye the most; perhaps because it was his true eye. Due to her infatuation, reading her mind was simpler than he had hoped. With a sigh he continued to explore. What seemed as hours was actually mere seconds. She had no idea he was looking into her past. He was pleased.

“I know about Caiden. I know about the fields of lilies at midnight. You loved him and he loved you. Such a sad thing, his future, too be murdered for having such a good spirit,” obviously each word he said was hitting her. She forced herself away from his grasp and continued to try and walk away, but Avry followed diligently.

“Eva,” that name caused her to stop dead in her tracks. She had not heard that name in over a hundred years. Suddenly deciding he should be a little softer, Avry continued, “There is no reason to run from me. I was told to help you and that I shall do. Obviously, something bad is about to happen and all I ask is that you allow me the opportunity to assist you.”

She wasn't buying into his kindness, nor was she going to take his offer. Her rage had grown drastically. The color of her skin and eyes began to shimmer crimson. She wasn't just angry, she was infuriated. With her vampiric speed, she reached to her side and relinquished a long cat-o-nine-tails whip. There were bits of metal poking out of the twisted black, ropes. Her back was still to Avry, but only for a second more. She had turned around, wrapping the whip around his esophagus. With immense speed, she took hold of the bit of weapon in between the two and yanked hard. The pull had tightened the rope to the threat of his neck snapping. The shards of metals pierced into his neck and he could feel the blood trickle down his clothing.

Her teeth were visible and the look upon her beautifully pale face was that of anger and frustration. Obviously the Fallen had pushed one too many buttons with her and now she was going to make him pay.

Taking in as much air as he could, Avry choked out, “Listen, I'm sorry about reading your mind without permission, but I had to get your attention. You must allow me to explain myself!”

“I don't have to let you do shit!” she screamed, pulling the end of the whip as hard and fast as she could. Quickly, the barbed wire inside sliced through Avry's muscled neck. It began to saw away at the flesh. Strands of veins and tendons dangled loosely from his collar. Blood was spurting left and right. She had cut nearly half through his neckline and yet she continued to wrap, twist and pull until he head flipped right off into the air. His lifeless body collapsed to the ground; blood still oozing from where the missing head should have been. His vertebra was poking out slightly. The only reason anyone could tell it was a piece of bone was because it had a strong white tone against the red and black. The cut had been a clean one.

She was obviously satisfied with the kill, so she turned her back and began to stride away. Her whip was still out and she continued to strike it back and forth, which was knocking off loose bits of muscle and flesh. Because she was too distracted with the kill and cleaning her weapon, she did not notice to headless body reaching for its missing part.

Slowly, Avry's hands reached his head and they quickly placed in the correct spot. Minutes passed by while the veins and muscles rejoined to one another. After that, the flesh and skin started to regroup. Dying wasn't that big of a deal, but it still always hurt. Avry wasn't sure if being immortal was a blessing or curse, because he could die thirty times a day, feel himself die, and then come back to life moments later. Sometimes he wished death would befall upon him and he would never have to suffer like that again.

Once everything was back to normal, he leaned his head to the right and left until the bones popped. After that he stood up and stared at his surroundings. There was gore everywhere. There were bits of skin dangling loosely over a trash lid. Not to mention the fact that there were still corpses every which way around him which were now also covered in the Fallen's blood.

With a sigh, he closed his eyes and cocked his head upwards towards the still blackened sky. He opened his multicolored eyes and stated softly, “Lord, you just enjoy making these missions so difficult,” he paused for a moment and peered down, “Oh great! Another shirt ruined! Like I said; this had better be worth the trouble.”

A vision suddenly of that young boy he had assisted earlier that night popped into his mind. He was smiling and then suddenly, he was screaming in pain while he was being engulfed by fire. There were small

minions crawling upon him and slowly picking away his flesh until only bloody, burnt bones remains.

“Damn visions! I did not need to see that!” he screamed in pain. “Alright Lord, I now understand somewhat. I need to help her or else that will be the outcome; the end of the world. I will not fail. I cannot fail, because if I do then there will be two Hells and one is enough!” On certain occasions, Angels, Fallens and other beings of good and evil receive glimpses into the future. Some are good, but others, like what he had just witnessed, were more common. They’re warning signs of what could happen if that person does not choose the right path.

With one more sigh, he looked down the darkest alley. She had walked down this way, and luckily for Avry, she had left a trail of his own flesh behind. This vampire was smart, but maybe not smart enough to realize Fallens were immortal and self healing. After a beat of rethinking, he made a restatement. She knew he would revive, but perhaps she didn’t know how long it would take. If he hurried, he could catch up to her before daybreak.

Mike:

The concert hall was swarming with so many people and sycophants that Nex couldn’t possibly have escaped faster. There were always the select few patrons who wished to speak to her that she legitimately wanted to talk to, but as soon as anyone saw that she had stopped long enough to exchange salutations with someone, they all congregated around her as if she were the source of life.

Sweet Lord, Nex hated people. Well, usually.

The concert had been one of special magnificence, particularly for Nex. With the death of fall and the pending birth of winter, the citizens of Boston were becoming restless in their pursuit of the arts, and Nex was more than willing to give them their fair share for her respective discipline. Though the symphony season was never complete, nor was the musical world ever without need for players. However, there was a period in which the Bostonian people were completely ignorant and stupid to the more sophisticated ways, while they sat back and watched their baseball team choke, or their football team. All in all, Nex loathed the city entirely, but it was one of the few cities that had a thriving metropolis of arts. And it was also one where he name had been forgotten as well as her face, so it was safe to return there for a couple more years.

Adjusting the large pack on her back, Nex cut through the dense crowd and finally emerged into the crisp night beyond the suffocating doors of the concert hall. The air that struck her face was soothing and it struck an organic sort of bell deep inside of her. The lykin instincts were nearly impossible to ignore, and she almost wished that she could have just dropped everything and ripped from her human façade into her wolvern state, and gone running through the city. However, Nex knew full well that she could not do that. One of the problems of her discipline for music was that she could not be where she primitively wanted or needed to be. The country and the woods had no regard for art save for the art of survival. And survival was not something that Nex could accomplish without music. Consequently, she shirked the lykin’s calling for open space for the claustrophobic city in which her music could thrive.

Which was something that she was willing to sacrifice.

Walking down the stone stairs that led to the mouth of the recital hall, the pack at Nex’s back bounced lightly. It was of a good size, large enough for people to give her berth when approaching her, though it was certainly not the largest or most cumbersome thing she’d ever lugged about. The worst was most definitely the harp, seeing as how the instrument required, in the feasible human world, a trolley to wheel it about on. However, the instrument she carried was not a harp, but in fact, a cello. It was not her most beloved of instruments to play by any stretch of the imagination, but this performance needed a cellist, and so, she went, being far too enamored with the opportunity to play to decline. Besides, the repertoire would cause her to brandish her talent like a newly sharpened sword. Not to promote arrogance, but had Nex attempted modesty of any kind then she would have been instantly resented by any musician that crossed her path. Instead, she accepted the compliments with a genuine smile to show gratitude for their altruism.

Not that she didn’t deserve compliments for the performance, for it had gone splendidly. Walking along the

street, Nex grinned a little as she reflected to the concerto. The entire concert's repertoire was throbbing with cello-flaunting, and the conductor, who had proved his madness on many occasions, had decided that with Nex's arrival, he needed to beseech her to prepare a concerto to play.

Well, Nex was certainly not going to decline that offer. And, after perusing her music library after having narrowed down the search to only concertos written in minor keys, she'd finally landed a winner. It was possibly her favorite concerto by Elgar, one that opened the entire masterpiece by striking a dramatic chord.

Needless to say, Nex thoroughly adored her selection.

The moon was bright, almost painfully bright, and though Nex was not a werewolf and did not need to moon in order to change, she was very closely akin to its silvery splendor. There had almost been a howl that ripped forth from her lips, but she was controlled enough to staunch it and keep the howl within her chest. However, she did release a small growl, which was a lykin trait that she'd always adored.

She had not fed all day, or night for that matter. She'd not even bitten someone, which was remarkable for her, as there was almost always someone in the course of her day that pissed her off enough to feed before night had fallen.

Such was one of the advantages of a half-breed. The human inside of her when she was born was enough to stave off some of the more unpleasant supernatural qualities while enhancing her mortal state. When the vampire bit her and ripped her from mortality, the vampiric instincts occupied the human that presided within her, and changed her pedigree entirely. Thus, she became more sensitive to both the sun and the moon, as the vampiric powers enhanced the natural, feral improvements of her lykni nature.

In short, she could walk in the sun and the moon without suffering fatalities, though bright lights did irritate her eyes.

Progressing down the street, Nex inhaled deeply, and then stopped in her tracks. Her lykin sense of smell had detected something, though it was clearly about a half mile away. It was a scent that a wolf could never ignore or forget, as it was as familiar and inherent as the kinship to the moon.

It was the musky smell of a wild wolf.

Some of her kind was here, lykins. They had an iron tinge to their scent that allowed Nex to grasp that she did not smell werewolves. Werewolves did not have the scent of celestial freedom that the lykins did, as the werewolves were all bound to the moon while the lykins had been set free.

Whatever the case, Nex instantly walked faster, yearning to break into a run, but too concerned with the cello on her back to indulge in a run. The hair on her neck bristled and she felt her short, sharp claws form at her fingertips, eclipsing the round human's fingernail. Nex walked with a determined and confident air, but as she turned the corner to an alley, her lip curled.

It was Kalinshv. He was a lykin that she'd met while in Russia, though it was not surprising to see him here. He traveled more than she did, and generally wreaked havoc wherever his filthy paws struck ground.

As he came into the light, he smirked, and Nex growled through a bark. Kalinshv was a tall and wiry man, one who wore the blessing of roguish attraction like a perfume he was proud of. His hair was a copper brown and it had been cut so that it stayed out of his eyes, which was a quality that most lykins and werewolves alike usually shared. The irritation of hair in their face generally caused them to become angry, and that would provoke the change at the most inconvenient times. Thus, Kalinshv's hair was spiked so that it stayed away from his face, which was wearing a smug smirk.

"Ah, Nex. We meet again. Do forgive me for being so bold in saying that you look fabulous." He stated, emerging into the brief light of the alley so that he was illuminated more. This showed how handsome he

truly was, with defined features and even a small goatee or ginger on his chin.

Scoffing, Nex growled again. “Don’t talk to me, you prick. If you take one step closer to me, I’m going to shred you into so many pieces that I could send one to every member of your family. Which is rather large if I recall, considering the fact that you can never stick with one woman?” Nex spat, knowing that he loathed it when she criticized his lechery. He had known Wolfbane, Nex’s past lover, and had always hated the couple.

Kalinshv merely swallowed his anger and then returned to being as tediously polite as he could be. “Alright, alright. So I’ve got some commitment issues. But does that mean you can be a bitch...forgive the pun...in reaction to a compliment?” he inquired, gesturing to Nex’s outfit. “Nice hair color, by the way.”

It was blue and blonde, and cut so that one large bang of vibrant blue cut across her face while the rest was of a medium spikey length that was streaked with blue. Not exactly symphonic material, but neither were her tattoos, which she covered with a long-sleeved shirt for the occasion. From her wrist to her elbow, she had sleeves of tattoos, sleeves that obscured every inch of flesh on the entire expanses of her arms. As Nex had performed a concerto, she was forced to wear a gown for such so that she would stand out while she was playing, and that was wearing when she left the concert; a floor length, fire red dress that covered her feet so that the audience could not see that she was wearing a pair of Vans underneath her dress as opposed to heel, which would have suited the occasion more. It fit her frame well, and as she had asked the tailor to make her a pair of fingerless gloves for the occasions, her tattoos were mostly covered while her fingers were free to play the instrument correctly. The gown fit her well, despite Nex’s abhorrence of wearing it. Her figure was shown off in muscular detail, as it showed off her strong shoulders (on which the tattoos were impossible to hide), and it also offset her long, powerful legs.

Nex was not flattered though, and really just wanted to hit Kalinshv. Which she likely would have had she not seen Demonica, her sworn enemy start walking down the street towards her and Kalinshv. Growling furiously, Nex forced herself to calm down, as she was very close to bursting forth into a Berserker’s rage

Reyanna:

After flailing off the bits of skin and blood, or most of it anyway, Demonica secured the whip back in its place, clipped to her leather belt. The heels of her black boots clicked rhythmically on the hard concrete and echoed through the night air. The early, out of season, snow was still approaching and, according to the marquee on the bank building across the street, the temperatures were dropping. She didn’t even notice though since vampires had always been unaffected by the cold. She didn’t miss feeling the cold weather assaulting her flesh. As a mortal, she had always hated it.

Her mind wasn’t on the weather at that moment, however. It was only focused on the Fallen she had encountered. She knew he wasn’t dead (it was never that easy to kill a Fallen), but she hoped she had at least gotten the point across; he had pissed her off. Firstly, by jumping in on her fight, and then speaking to her. Secondly, he had prodded into her mind and invaded the sanction she had given Caiden in her memories.

Not that she really needed a reason to play with the Fallen. She loved using her whip and did whenever the opportunity rose. Her whip was her pride and joy...she hadn’t named that weapon; it was too cool.

Rounding a corner, the mess of doggie bits behind, Demonica caught scent of a mortal. A male, about sixteen. He wasn’t far away and his footsteps were slow; he was frightened. She heard his thoughts. Yes, frightened, but confident. He had been dared to kill a vampire, probably some gang initiation bullshit. Her vision rushed ahead where the mortal was starting to round a building, coming straight for her. He didn’t know she was there, of course (how could he?), but he was about to find out that his hunt would be a success, though it wouldn’t turn out quite as he had hoped.

Demonica had just fed, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t have any fun.

She smirked, hearing the human-ling’s thoughts, ‘Come on vampires.’ “Here I come,” she whispered

sarcastically and cocked her head from side to side as she sashayed to meet the boy at the corner.

As he came around, she hissed deeply out of a sardonic smile and her razor fangs glistened in the street lamps. For added effect, she ran her tongue, which was still red from her last victim, over them.

The boy yelled and jumped back, his eyes wide, which was what Demonica had expected. She loved seeing her victim's on the verge of pissing themselves.

"V...vampire!" he said in a loud whisper. "Duh, darling. Weren't you looking for me?" she asked. He didn't respond, and she watched, amused, as his hand groped inside the long coat he was wearing. He pulled out a silver crucifix and shoved it inches away from her face, attempting to frighten her and force her out of his way.

She smirked and mumbled, "Amateur." He looked at her, his expression a mixture of confusion and terror. Demonica grabbed the boy by the coat collar and shoved him against the wall. She took his wrist and held the crucifix in place so she could lick it hard. It was always fun to prove a point to a misguided mortal. Crucifixes could not harm vampires, despite old myths and stories.

"Oh God," the boy whimpered.

She ripped the holy object out of his shaking hand and threw it to the side before grabbing his throat and sneering against his cheek, "So what do you want? Pleasure before death? Torture? Or just snap, crack and bleed?"

"I want to live! Please let me go!" he whined.

Demonica laughed coldly and stepped back to look into his baby blue eyes, "That wasn't one of the choices, I'm afraid."

Whimpering, the boy made a move to run away.

"Get back here," Demonica said impatiently. He stopped, though it was clear in his expression that he was confused as to why he had. "I can't...seem to move..." he observed in a soft, frightened, whisper. He wasn't paralyzed, more like he was in a trance and unable to command his feet to move. Demonica smirked again, "Haven't you ever heard of the thrall of a vampire? That myth is true."

He stared at her as she walked the short distance that had grown between them. "Have you ever tasted blood, Arick?" she asked curiously. She had gone into his mind to find out his name. His eyes widened, "How did you—" "Just answer me," she interrupted. She was only inches away from him at that point. "You mean...my own? Like when I have bitten my cheek?" he asked.

"No," she said and raised her forefinger, showing him the glass-like claw that was her fingernail. "The blood of a vampire," she whispered seductively. His eyes widened further, if possible, and he shook his head. Keeping her eyes locked with his, Demonica trailed the fingernail over the top of her own breasts.

When her blood surfaced, or rather the blood of her last victim, she ran her finger through it and held the liquid to Arick's lips. She smeared it on his bottom one and his tongue reflexively darted out to lick it clean. He grimaced at the taste but didn't have time to do anything else.

Demonica had snaked her fingers to the back of his neck and had her lips against his not even a second later. She licked and nipped at his bottom lip for a few moments until she felt something hard penetrate her left breast (Ha! Not what you thought, huh, perverts?).

She backed away and glared at the boy, who was grinning as a young child might after finishing a finger paint masterpiece.

Demonica looked down and sighed. He had used a wooden stake to pierce her dead heart, or at least try. He had missed by a few inches. Not that it would have mattered; one simple stab to the heart wouldn't kill her. Shaking her head, she pulled the rod out and crushed it into saw dust in her hand. "That doesn't work either, sweetheart," she said dryly.

Before he knew what was happening, Demonica had knocked the boy to the ground and straddled his waist. He struggled underneath her but her strength overpowered his. She took his wrists and brought one to her mouth. The process was not delicate at all. Her fangs tore into his flesh and she pulled a large chunk off, snapping tendons with her teeth.

The boy screamed in agony which only made the vampire laugh shortly before she sucked hard on the gaping hole.

His breathing slowed and he stopped struggling in under a minute. Once again, Demonica's eyes glazed over with the goeey crimson and pale flesh glowed for a mere second. Arick's heartbeat slowed immensely and before it could beat its last, she dropped his arm and rolled to the side, off the body.

Eyes rolling into the back of her head, she gazed up at the sky. She had drunk too much blood that night and she was high on it. What had made it worse though was that each victim has been a different blood type and they clashed inside of her.

After a long moment in ecstasy and a silent, blood orgasm, Demonica stumbled into a standing position and wobbled down the street, leaving the body behind.

She had only taken a few steps before she had to double over and vomit most of the blood into the street. She coughed a fit and then stood a few minutes later, wiping her mouth.

Her vision was hazy and she was still stumbling but that didn't stop her from smelling the blood of a half breed and one of her worst enemies, next to Lyneya; Nex. She had come upon the lykin-vampire, and to make matter worse, she was with another damn lykin.

"Great. Just f**king great," she muttered under her breath. "First that damn Fallen, and now this bitch."

Nex had seen her, and smelt her, by that point so there was no way she would be able to get away. Not that she was afraid, but she wasn't really in the fighting mood at the point and time.

But she had no choice. That was what the two had always done when they encountered each other. Just like Lyneya's goons, Nex felt she had something to prove and Demonica wasn't one to back out of a fight. It seemed everyone wanted to fight her now that she thought about it. She shrugged it off though; she didn't need anyone anyway, so she didn't care.

She sighed and then yelled, "Come on Nex! Let's get it over with you, vampire-bitch, half-breed."

She used her vampiric speed to appear in front of the girl with her fist raised and went to slam it in the vampire slash lykin's face...

Mike:

Nex snarled in fury as she heard Demonica's words, and allowed herself to slip into a rage, shrugging the cello from her back and placing it on the ground. This was going to be fun; she could smell the excess blood on Demonica. She was drunk and high with the power, so it was likely going to make things easier than they really needed to be. There might not even be any enjoyment out of the skirmish. Although, there really wasn't much pleasure derived from fighting with Demonica anyway. It was like fighting with a three-year-old, as Nex was so much drastically older than she, and wiser in the ways of her powers.

"Kalinshv, I'll deal with you in a moment, and if you interfere in either way, I'll kill you." Nex warned gruffly, concentrating on bringing her rage to the forefront of her mind. She felt its omnipresent pressure in

her mind, and she grinned manically as she tapped into its strength. Her solitary red eye began to glow with such intensity that it shone light as if it were a crimson beacon, illuminating everything she looked at with a decadently rouge light. Her fangs, also perpetually present, grew to ferociously feral points, as did the rest of her teeth.

The urge to burst forth into a lykin was great, and the beast within was raging against her body, racking her bones and threatening to shatter through her figure and into the night ahead. However, the beast would also want to deal with Demonica, and though the beast was more than capable of sparring with the useless vampire, Nex wanted the satisfaction of feeling her fists fly.

All those years of boxing and kick-boxing were going to pay off. Again.

“Come on then, child, let’s get this over with.” Nex taunted, trying to recall that she was in a dress, which was not the most appropriate thing to be fighting in, but there was no way that she would pass up the opportunity to use her aggression to her benefit. However, as the dress was flowing about her feet, it was going to give her plenty of room in which to move about, freeing her legs when she administered kicks.

Demonica was a farce in Nex’s eyes, though most people were. She feigned strength of mind while there was weakness inside of her, a devastating and irritating weakness that allowed Demonica to have a master.

Nex’s lip curled at the very thought. She’d be damned if anyone was strong enough to tame her. No one ordered her around. If she obeyed or followed anyone’s suggestion, it was because she did so out of her own free will.

But someone did order Demonica around, and the false power that she seemed to brandish proudly was grating at the back of Nex’s mind like wood on sandpaper. Thus, her Berserker rage came quickly and efficiently, though it was not in enough time to thwart Demonica’s blow entirely. Instead, Nex moved her head to the side, though Demonica’s speed was greater than hers, and her knuckles skimmed the side of her head before they struck the brick behind Nex. Utilizing feral instincts of the lykin paired with a natural aggression and a Berserker’s rage, Nex moved so that she could draw her fist back, and sent it sailing towards Demonica’s face paired with a powerful kick aimed at her ribs...

Reyanna:

Her knuckle’s stung and they were bleeding from their introduction to the brick wall when Nex dodged the assault. But Demonica didn’t seem to notice. She was only focused on the battle at hand and her next move could be the deciding factor of winning or losing the battle.

She was already feeling extremely weak and tired from her blood high. She did not have the advantage from anyone’s view point and she knew it. She had to think fast or she could very well be at risk of leaving the planet. And she wasn’t ready for that yet. She loved her life as a vampire and she wasn’t about to let some disgusting half breed take her away from it.

Besides, she still had to get her revenge for Caiden.

Nex appeared to have two faces, and four fists, two of which were looking to fuse with her cheek for a mere second. There were also two legs coming for her ribs.

*Man, I am **really** f**ked up, right now* Demonica thought dully.

But not enough to not be able to defend herself. She was lucky that other lykin bastard was minding his own business or she would really be in trouble. Making a mental note to “avoid the situation (run away)” next time she was in this condition, Demonica moved her head to the side in order to miss the punch. She was not, however, able to dodge the blow to the ribs.

Doubling over and groaning, feeling like she would vomit the rest of the blood up, Demonica found the kick to be too much for her and she fell to her knees on the cold ground. Nex backed off of her, seemingly disgusted at how weak she was at that moment.

Demonica looked up, her eyes still glazed over and seeing double, and she smirked at her enemy, “Go ahead, now’s your chance, Nex. Finish me off. 't’s the only way you can beat me, right?”

She had to stop for a moment and cough.

“When I’m too defend to weak myself?” she continued, slurring and mixing up her words. The last she could get out before darkness overtook her. A soft thump sounded as the rest of her body hit the ground.

John:

Avry was finally fully healed, except for the kink in his shoulder. It was still tense and tight from the decapitation, though he was used to it. Most demons believed the only way to kill a Fallen were to behead them. Their lack of knowledge was their downfall.

Suddenly, the stench of fresh blood filled the Fallen’s nostrils. It was getting stronger as he attempted to run throughout the pestilent alleyway. His head looked frantically left and right, searching for a sign of Demonica. The only thing he could see was rats the size of softballs and eyes as fierce as fire, scrimmaging through the cans of trash and waste. A few scurrying in front and behind him. Not only were their rats and garbage, but he could see a few homes made of cardboard with bare feet protruding out of them. He could sense life in some of the homes, but a few were still and cold. *How tragic*, thought Avry, *most of these men worked all their lives to try and improve themselves, and died before they could succeed. Then again, in a world so cold as this, I’m not surprised that no one even gave them a chance.*

Avry then crossed over into a second alley. The scent was almost explosive; fresh blood had been spilt here. He ceased in his wobbling forward to look around. There were a few splats of crimson across the brick and then he saw it. A body of a young man; obviously, he had tried to kill Demonica and paid greatly for it. Avry then closed his eyes to sense if he was still alive. A few seconds passed and then he heard it. The sound of beating. The boy was barely alive.

The Fallen ran to him. His eyes were glazed over slightly. His soul was starting to pass over. Avry acted quickly. Placing a hand over the wound, he closed it up first. After that, he looked into the boy’s past. Each person had a story, a life and this young gentleman had an extremely depressing one. He was beaten until the age of seven when he was taken away from his family and moved around from foster home to foster home. He was never quite good enough for anyone, or so he thought. His name was Arick Shandon.

A tear fell suddenly from Avry’s crystal eye and upon the Arick’s face. An angel’s tear, even a fallen angel, has some mystical powers. They can be used for many different things, but the most common is ultimate healing. In this case, it filled his veins back with pure blood. His eyes returned to normal as his soul came back to his body. He then went to shock suddenly after seeing the Fallen above him.

“Who are you? How am I still alive?” he asked in an almost scream.

“Who am I is no concern and I’m not sure how you’re still alive. Normally Demonica makes sure her prey is dead for sure, but I guess the overflow on blood was too much for her. Which way did she go?” asked Avry.

“I’m not sure. I just . . . want to go home,” Arick stammered out. Avry rested a strong hand upon his shoulder. The tenseness in the boy left him and he became calm again.

“I would advise doing that,” said the Fallen standing back up. He then started back down the alley because he had a new scent; a mix of bloods. She had vomited up her past two meals. Before he got too far, Avry turned around and said, “I would also advise finding new friends. Killing vampires is a very short-lived profession.”

With that, he started to run again. There was a commotion in a nearby area. His cane was creating a commotion, but Avry couldn’t prevent it. He did have some mortal within him, which is why he limps. Some wounds can’t heal and not cause any future damage, he thought briefly as he remembered a fight a hundred years previous with a lykin. The werewolf had managed to take a good swipe at Avry’s right leg. He would’ve become a half-breed, had it not been for his sword. After the wound was inflicted, he took his weapon and stabbed it through his leg; purifying his blood again.

After reaching the midsection of the alleyways, Avry saw two people standing over the vampire. She had been consumed by her blood lust and passed out. They were just glaring at her. Avry wasn’t sure of their next motives, but he needed Demonica. As hard as it was to admit it, she had met up with his newest adversary once before and has the most knowledge of the demon. The only way he can succeed is with her, and maybe a few others. He knew deep down that this task would not be easy unless he had help from other beings.

Suddenly, the female in the dress stepped forward. Without thinking things through, Avry reached to his leather collar and pulled off two of his studs. Crossing, raised arms, he threw the two forward. The instant before they left his grasp, the studs unfolded into a five-pointed star; sharp enough to cut through bone. He didn’t want to hurt them, just wanted them to leave her.

“Get away from her!” he screamed as the stars zipped passed their faces and impaled the brick behind them. Their glares went straight for him. “I’m not looking for a fight; I just wish that you leave that woman alone.”

He then looked over the horizon. He could tell that the sun would be rising soon, though there was no hint in the color above him. At this realization, Avry moved quicker until he reached them. Taking his cane, he pushed himself over the pair and above Demonica’s still body. They kept watching him; the girl furious, while the guy seemed extremely dumbfounded.

Again, Avry used his cane in an attempt to get them away. He swiped quickly from right to left. They dodged it, but the male was unfortunately not as smart as the woman and remained still after he ducked, giving Avry another opportunity. Quickly, he cracked the wooden stick downwards, clubbing him hard upon the skull. The force had been strong, and the man instantly rendered to unconsciousness. That seemed to actually *please* the woman.

The Fallen had a sudden urge to look into her past, but he realized he didn’t have time. He had to get her out of there and according to the sun, he didn’t have much time to do it in. He couldn’t walk and carry her at the same time. He would have to use more drastic measures, but how could he get rid of this woman who wanted to badly to end Demonica’s life?

At that instant, the lykin man moved, his hand hitting a cello case. The instrument didn’t fall, but the look in the woman’s face lead Avry to believe that there was her weakness; her cello. The plan quickly went into his mind and before she could act upon anything, he took a third stud from his collar and threw it towards the instrument. He made sure it wouldn’t touch the case, but close enough to scare her to move away or divert her attention away.

It had worked, as she charged towards the cello and accidentally stepping upon the lykin's head. At that instant of vulnerability, Avry stripped off his coat and covered the vampire with it. Once wrapped, he pulled her over his shoulder and closed his eyes. He could tell that the woman was full rage and anger, so using his mental abilities, he caused her body to become stiff for a moment. She had immense power, so he knew his hold over her wouldn't work very long. He started to beg his body to work with him.

Slowly, the bones began to crack in his back and something started to pierce his skin where his two wing tattoos lay. His beater stretched until it couldn't anymore, and then it ripped to pieces. Those pieces were scattered everywhere by a pair of black and white wings; each the span of at least eight feet.

Using his new muscles, he flapped the wings and taking into the air. He continued to go upwards until he was above the buildings. He could see the entire city and though he wanted to admire the gleaming lights, Avry went against that and sped towards his apartment building. It wasn't much, but what else could a Fallen really be expected to live in.

While flying, he thought back on that girl. She was special; a half-breed, part lykin, part vampire. A shiver then went down his spine.

"Not again. Do you really want me to get her as well?" asked Avry, as he turned his head downwards to look at the bundle in his arms. Another shiver. "I can't go get her now. There's not enough time to convince her. The sun is nearly up."

There was then a pause and then a sensation of calm swam over him. Avry then understood what his boss wanted.

"Very well, tomorrow night, I shall find that girl."

Mike:

Nex wanted blood. And lots of it. So much that she could pour the thick, vicious liquid into the ocean, turn it crimson, and still have enough to cover the world in her wrath. That bloody Fallen...the stupid prick...Who did he think he was? God? No one *ever* interfered with her fights and lived to tell the tale.

However she was hell bent on finding him. The man that had stolen her victory from her, the one that had ruined her night. There was Demonica, perfectly weak and stupid, lying on the ground. Nex had planned to feast on her flesh. She truly wanted nothing more than to plunge her fists into Demonica's sternum and pull on her ribs until the stupid wench's body had exploded. Then, Nex would eat ribs *her* way; covered in fresh carnage and still splintered from where she'd broken off the vampire's ribs. Oh, that would have been a sweet taste. Just allowing her lykin nature to emerge for a night and feast upon the chief annoyance in Nex's life...it was a flavor that Nex longed to savor.

But it was not to be. At least not that night. Nex hadn't gone home that night, at least not for a long period of time, though she had returned after daybreak. After having carefully placed her cello inside her apartment studio, and changed from her shredded gown into a simple t-shirt and a pair of shorts, she went, sprinting, into the nearest wood. It was about a twenty minute sprint, though she could only truly sprint after she was clear of the city. It didn't make sense for her to be demonstrating superhuman speed (OOC: She's remarkably fast as far as humans are concerned) while in the confines of a city where she would be noticed. Instead, as soon as the city's borders were behind her, she allowed the change to overtake her. There were times in which the transformation from man to beast was less painful than others, but this was not such a time. It was the most agonizing experience ever imagined in Nex's mind, and she'd been through so many wounds from battle that she was quite the seasoned veteran when pain was concerned. However, this was terrible.

Her vocal chords were usually the first reflection of the change, and before she'd even made it into the safe

haven of the woods, she released a terrific howl that echoed for miles. It was then followed by a series of snarls and snaps as her face began to elongate painfully, her snout forming in place of her mouth and nose, and her arms began to pepper with black and red fur. After her head came her paws, which tore from her flesh, ripping the skin so that small blood smears showed on her claws and pads. After the paws were freed, the rest of her appendages followed suit, and began reforming and molding to a new frame. The most painful sensation manifested itself when Nex's wolverine visage grimaced lightly as she felt her knees popping out of place and forming ligaments in the reverse of what her human façade would allow. Then her elbows popped, and after she shook and her tail rocketed out from the base of her spine, the beast had truly surfaced, hackles raised and maw drawn open to reveal perilously sharp teeth.

As she was only half lykin, her lykin form was different than most, as she was affected by the marriage of bloods that coalesced to form her. The human inside of her, though wholly eradicated by the vampire's nature, still shared the same form as the vampire did, a human's body. Thus, her lykin form was not so outlandish, and rather, looked very much so like a wild wolf. However, then one got closer and could scrutinize that she was larger...much...*much* larger...and her paws could still somewhat move like a hand. And then there was the powerful, untamed glare that Nex unleashed while in her true lykin form, and that alone was enough to make anyone in their right mind flee for the hills. Though she was much more primal and raw, there were still some thoughts of the vampire Nex running through her wolverine head, thoughts that would allow her to strategize in the most simplest ways. Not that she really needed them, as the instincts of a wild wolf were so sharp and so powerful (and so close to a Berserker's) that she needed much else pulling for her.

Nevertheless, that was how Nex spent her night. In the woods, clawing, biting, howling, and basically rendering the trees into sawdust saplings and mulch, and the ground into tilled earth. And after she'd managed to at least release a fraction of the hatred and ire in her heart, Nex walked back home. She was mildly aware that she was nude, but she fixed that problem easily enough. Early morning joggers...easy prey. After having simply slaughtered a jogger and having stolen her clothes, Nex walked back home in the early morning hours, her hands bloody, her entire body reminding her of its presence and that the beast wasn't the only tenant inside of her, but she made it home nonetheless. And after soaking and sleeping in a tub until about ten o'clock, Nex was revived, though still every bit as potent. The blood from under her nails seemed to never be extracted, but Nex was in too foul a mood to care. However, the disposition she could have potentially been in if she'd not allowed the beast to emerge could have been so volatile that the greater Boston area would have felt her wrath. Which would have been stupid...she would have ruined everything she'd worked to set up, but as were the fleeting thoughts of a pissy warrior.

The sleep she managed to get was not sufficient enough to improve her mood. Nex was a sleeper. A heavy one. But her job awaited, and she wasn't about to ignore her students, particularly not if she could work out some extra aggression on the heavy bag. After rising from the lukewarm water of the tub (it had been warm when she fell asleep in it, but hours later, the heat had waned), Nex felt blood and dirt and sweat fall from her, and she stepped out of the tub knowing she'd have to clean it when she got home, but was altogether apathetic. Rummaging about in her "work" drawer (a drawer in which consisted athletic shorts, sports bras, and socks), Nex extracted a pair of neon orange athletic shorts as well as an ochre bra. Putting them on in haste, she yanked her sneakers on and slung her gym bag over her shoulder before marching out the door.

Rushing down the stairs and out the door, Nex nearly overturned someone as she went, but she merely growled at them and slammed the door of the apartment complex behind her.

Though the sun was bright and it did hurt her eyes a bit, the lykin blood in her allowed Nex to have a close kinship to the moon as well as to the sun. Thus, she could fuel both of her passions; music and combat. Symphony rehearsals didn't start until about six or seven o'clock, and by that time Nex was through with her day job, which was to teach as many people as possible how to beat the bloody hell out of anyone that you deemed fit using only your fists and feet. But the feet were saved for Tuesdays and Thursdays; the days she taught kick-boxing. Every other day of the week was straight boxing, pure fisticuffs.

Sweet Lord, Nex loved her jobs.

Hastily walking into the gym, her nose was greeted with the smell of sweat and iron, but she stanching a wave of nausea and strode briskly into the boxing room where she flung her bag off and set to warm up for the class she had. After having pulled on her gloves and enjoying a fifteen minute bout with the heavy bag, the students began to stroll into the room and stand by one of the many heavy bags that were chained to the ceiling and hanging down like mammoth cocoons. The students were as expedient as possible, for they knew what their mentor was capable of...and that was just in the feasible mortal world. Despite the fact that the pupils were all excellent boxers and in the most advanced class, they still felt like children when around her, and tried to obey her as quietly as possible.

After the students were stationed and ready, Jax called one of them to the front. It was her oldest student, and ironically, the one with likely the least amount of ability and the largest ego. If he wasn't paying, she would have killed him. And likely would before the next season started, as Nex was not going to put up with his crap anymore. "Gordon, come here." Nex commanded, standing in the middle of a taped off ring. There were no ropes, nor was it raised (the real ring was behind them), but it was made for demonstration purposes so that all eyes could see. Gordon cockily walked forward, but stopped his swagger as he saw Nex looking back at him with eyes aimed to punish. He was regretting having obeyed her...but disobeying would likely have been much more damaging. "Now, I want you all to notice my footwork here." Nex said to the rest of the class. "Now Gordon, I want you to try and hit me three times, once with your left first, then with your right, then I want you to try and get a jab on the stomach, alright?"

She almost felt bad. This was too easy. After counting down to have the spar begin, Nex's feet were instantly in motion, bouncing from one ball of her foot to the other, keeping her fists in front of her face to block. The first punch was slower than normal, and Nex blocked it as if she were swatting away a fly, and the next, with his other fist was also lethargic, but the last was where he almost managed to hit her. However, it also gave Nex the opportunity to administer a quick jab in the face that knocked Gordon flat on his back, sprawled out as if he had been struck by a train. Nex hadn't even been trying or tapping into her lykin power, though she knew that she possessed qualities that never left her.

Turning to the class, Nex put her hands on her hips. "Did you see how the constant motion from one foot to the other differed between Gordon and I? He is much bouncier and loses momentum, while my heels don't vault up and down, and I can deliver much better quality punches."

After classes would have been her shower time, but Nex was on the hunt. Waiting until her class had cleared out, she fished into her gym bag and extracted a little shred of black fabric. It was the stupid Fallen's shirt that had ripped when his foul wings burst forth into the night, stealing her prey from her. He should have known not to cross a lykin, especially not to steal a beast's prey.

She was almost working into a rage thinking about it.

Bursting through the doors of the gym, Nex inhaled the scent of the shirt, and paused to sniff the air. She'd not changed whatsoever, but she had more important things to worry about. Catching a brief scent of the Fallen from uptown, Nex began to sprint in that direction. She noticed that she was moving into a more dilapidated part of town, and she snarled. "*It's the perfect place for a Fallen.*" Deep inside, Nex was terribly bitter to the Fallen...she'd been damned and was struggling against her own religion to try and accept that her fate may have been decided for her while this stupid bloke was cast from Heaven. He chose his fate.

Stupid Fallens...

Reyanna:

"Wait here."

"Where are you going, Eva?" Caiden asked in the soft voice he always spoke in and pulled on her arm. He was the only one allowed to call Demonica by her real name.

The vampire woman grinned to herself before turning back around to her mortal lover. "I'll only be a minute," she whispered, pushing herself up on the toes of her boots to place a soft, assuring, kiss on Caiden's lips.

The two were in a park well after midnight in the city. There was no moon that night so it was darker than normal. But the lack of the silver beams didn't keep some of the human night owls from going for late (or early) walks. There was one woman in particular who had drawn in Demonica's attention. A virgin; most intoxicating. She was sitting on a bench underneath a Weeping Willow.

Caiden knew what Demonica was planning by the look in her eyes; bloodlust. He had seen it so many times before.

"Hurry up and do it...please," he said, sounding almost hurt.

Demonica knew he hated this part of her. The part that killed humans and lived off their blood. He had begged her before to stop killing them and just use animals for her nourishment. She had been angry with him, but tried a few times anyway, because she loved him. But it never lasted long, living off of rodents. The bloodlust always overpowered her and she ended up taking the lives of humans anyway. She gave into the blood and Caiden gave up, accepting her need for blood. He still couldn't watch though.

Feeling only a slight sliver of guilt, Demonica nodded and walked away from him, towards the girl on the bench. She heard Caiden sigh but she didn't look back. This was who she was and he needed to get used to it.

She didn't toy with this one like she did most of her victim's. Caiden's tone had irritated her and taken away some of the fun. Her legs carried her quickly and she rushed up to the bench and straddled the girl's legs before she had even seen the vampire. The terrified girl opened her mouth in a loud gasp that would quickly turn into a scream but before she could, Demonica was leaned down, a breath away from her lips, and she hissed, "Quiet!"

The girl obeyed, partially in a trance, but mostly just frightened, and Demonica released one of her wrists so she could tilt the blonde head to the side and expose the flesh protecting the pulse underneath. She drank quickly, moaning guttural vibrations into the girl's neck while she whimpered and her eyes fluttered.

It was only when Demonica smelled something foul that she stopped drinking. A vengeance demon. One of the strongest class of demons to be born in the pits of hell. They were without mercy and creative in the way they killed.

The demon, whose blood Demonica had smelled, was very close by. Caiden was right in its path.

Demonica finished the wheezing girl off by snapping her neck and then she ran towards where Caiden was left. But she was too late. The demon went by as a blur to Demonica and only a second later, Caiden was on the ground, his body torn in half. He hadn't even had the chance to scream.

As blood and innards pooled around the two sections of her former lover, Demonica, stunned, felt her body being picked up and, in only seconds, she was in a dungeon and her wrists were snapped in circles of iron. She was chained to a brick wall.

She hissed loudly, baring her fangs, as a figure, a woman, appeared inches away from her face. The woman could only be described as beautiful, but it was an evil beauty. One that would make a human tremble. Her eyes were blacker than coal with slits of red for pupils. Long, silver hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail and her flesh was flawless, pale, and had a tint of red to it. A short, black dress hugged the woman's curves and was low cut, showing plump cleavage. Folded behind her back, were two wings. They were large, bat-like and blood red. A smirk formed on her crimson lips.

"Now, now, calm down, sweetheart," she said in a lusty growl.

"Who the f**k are you?" Demonica demanded.

The woman pretended to be interested in her fingernails, which were actually claws. "My name is Lyneya," she said, nonchalantly.

Demonica sneered, "Well, Lyneya, why don't you let me out of these chains so I can give your face the honor of knowing my fists?"

"Hmm, you are a feisty one, aren't you?" Lyneya said.

"Let me show you, bitch," Demonica sneered, pulling on the chains, as far as they would go, leaving no slack.

Lyneya put a claw to her chin, as though deep in thought. "You know, as fun as that sounds, I have other plans. You see, Demonica, I've been watching you for a while now. I had planned on killing you because I need another vampiric soul and you seemed perfect. But, after observing you, I would really like it if you would join me," she said.

Demonica laughed sarcastically, "Oh, that's wonderful. You just killed the only person in the world who mattered to me and now you want me to join you? Not that I'm even considering it, but for what?"

The demon sighed, "I suppose I can't expect you to agree without knowing *some* of the details. Alright. Basically, I am sick of working for Satan and I want to kill him. But I can't do that without a certain sword, the Lanrete. I need it to gather certain souls. I haven't found it yet. That's where you would come in."

Demonica scoffed.

"You would become my follower and help me find the sword. You would be rewarded greatly, Demonica."

"If you haven't found the stupid thing then why were you going to take my soul now?"

"Just because I haven't found it yet doesn't mean I can't gather up the souls right now." The woman gestured to her right and Demonica saw several demons in restraints that were built to hold each kind of their power. A few were snarling and glaring but most of them, it appeared, had given up.

"What do you say, Demonica?" Lyneya asked when the vampire didn't say anything.

She turned her dark eyes to the demon woman and made it as plain as could be.

"F**k you."

Lyneya's black eyes burned with rage and she backhanded Demonica across the cheek.

"Very well! I have other ways," she hissed angrily.

Hours later, Demonica was screaming in pain as her body was being penetrated with silver needles. Each tiny stab sent a river of lava flowing throughout her entire body. The silver was poison. She had three rows of them up and down each arm from the wrist to the elbow. But she wasn't going to give in. And as soon as she was rid of the chains holding her back, this bitch would pay.

She endured the torture for the many hours that Lyneya played with her. After the needles, she was strung up by her thumbs and forced to tolerate the pain of dislocation. Her head swirled and she blacked out a few times, for mere seconds, before being woken up to face another round of whatever Lyneya had for her which included being touched by a burning rod all over her body, more of the needles, and the poison kiss.

The poison kiss was what Lyneya did to her last, or rather, second to last. It was where the demon kissed Demonica and poisoned her with her saliva, causing Demonica to vomit nonstop until she felt as though all of her insides were being forced through her throat. It was extremely painful.

"I must admit that you've surprised me," Lyneya said when she finally stopped vomiting. "But I'm not through with you yet."

Barely able to, Demonica raised her head from where she was at on the cold floor and glared, hatefully. Her lips were dry and cracking and she was looking very sickly. She needed blood.

With a flick of her wrist, Lyneya forced Demonica into a standing position and had her back against the wall in a second. The force caused Demonica to start a coughing fit that lasted for half a minute.

While she coughed, Lyneya took one of her long claws and ran it over her own wrist, drawing blood. She turned her wrist and let some of the blood drip into her palm before beginning to chant softly in another, demonic, language. Her blood solidified and became a tiny ruby in her hand.

"With this, you will be mine. No matter what you wish," she hissed malevolently.

Her hand flew out and knocked Demonica's head into the wall where she held her there by the forehead. She touched the ruby to Demonica's skin, between her eyes. It burned, a blinding pain, causing the vampire to groan loudly.

Seconds later, it was fused to her forehead and Lyneya stepped back, smirking.

Demonica gasped loudly, a human instinct that hadn't left her when she was turned, and sat up quickly, her eyes shooting open.

It was that damn nightmare from her past again. The night she had lost Caiden and been branded as Lyneya's servant.

Her hand went to her forehead where the jewel was still at and she fingered it for a few seconds before she realized she was in an unfamiliar apartment. Her first thought was sunlight and she hurriedly glanced around the room she was in. It was a small living room and she was on an old couch.

The room wasn't anything special, in fact it was pretty hideous. Rust stains from leaking pipes ran down the walls, which were chipped in several places, the floors were scratched up where there wasn't carpet, and the closed curtains were pretty tattered. But at least they were heavy so she was protected from the sun. At least whoever had brought her here had the brains to keep her out of the light.

"It's about time you woke up. You were starting to put a dent in the couch."

That voice. It made her skin crawl. She heard the familiar tone of sarcasm and saw the smirk in her mind before her eyes landed on the real thing.

The Fallen from before.

He was casually leaning against the entrance to the kitchen.

She was off the horrible couch in only a second and, after stumbling for only a moment when a wave of dizziness hit her, she faced the man she had come to loathe with hands on her hips.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?! Are you crazy? Is there something wrong with that head of yours?! Why the hell did you kidnap me?! Don't think you'll get away it!"

John:

She looked so content in his harms; as if sleep was the one time she could ever relax. Then Avry noticed her eyebrows scrunching together painfully. He assumed that he was wrong.

“What’s going on that head of yours, vampire?” he asked curiously as he finally reached his downtown apartment. Ruble and pestilence rained across the streets. There was no such thing as silence in this part of town, because the sound of sirens and people yelling continuously filled the air.

Strolling inside his four story apartment, Avry glanced around. It appeared that he was safe, so quickly he retracted his wings and strolled to the very top of the building to room #26. There was no one else actually living in his building, just a few homeless people who broke into rooms. The owners had given up on the place after a giant fire broke out about twelve years previous. Avry had been one of the volunteers to help out, though when the cameras went off, he didn’t stick around to be questioned or interviewed.

Her weight was starting to get to him. He had been towing her around for an hour or so and his arms were straining. Kicking open his door, he gently rested her upon his brown, worn couch. It was ripped and tattered, but comfortable to sleep on; if you could get past the surrounding layer of dirt. She looked peaceful momentarily. Something good was finally happening. Suddenly, her face scrunched tightly together and her hands grabbed the fabric in a painful embrace. Her peace had ended.

Acting quickly, Avry pulled out some duct tape and aluminum foil. Throwing back the torn curtains, he placed the metal over the window pane and taped it up thick. He continued to do this until the entire window was covered. Thinking over how sensitive vampire’s skin was, he put on a second layer and then rested the curtain back in position. After that, he gathered some towels and stuffed them underneath his door. If the sun would be bright today, there’s no possible way it would reach Demonica. He needed her unburned. Every possible place that could produce light was tapped up and covered greatly.

Looking over the place once more, he set himself slowly upon the wooden table beside the couch and covered his face. What was he doing? He was helping out a creature, which was, by definition, damned. How was assisting her going to help him? He hated being selfish, but in this instance, he couldn’t help it. She was going to be his ticket back into heaven.

Heaven... Oh how Avry missed it. Though he still loved Jendalyn, he knew that he would have to let her go fully to be saved. She had been the reason for all his troubles. Why did he have to fall in love with her? The tears were forming again as he remembered back to her being cast into nothing. Demonica stirred again.

Sucking in everything once more, Avry strolled into his bedroom to retrieve a new black shirt. He did feel a little awkward just standing shirtless. Quickly, he stepped over one of the many uneven levels on his floor. He cane, though, got caught in the ripped carpet and he tumbled down hard.

“Damn this leg!” he cried softly. He was so frustrated with the whole situation and he knew he should calm down. Suddenly, the taste of blood filled his mouth. He had accidentally bitten his cheek when he landed. Looking upwards, he said, “This just doesn’t seem to be my day, does it?”

Nothing.

“Fair enough. Stay silent,” he said jokingly, but there was some bitterness lining his tone.

He then put on a new shirt and strolled into the kitchen. It was a half kitchen, but since he really didn’t need food, there was barely anything in it. He had some, though, just in case. Quietly, he started to boil some water for tea; he had been craving tea all night and he knew that it would assist his soar throat. Before he could actually make the tea, he heard her gasp awake. Smoothly, he walked to the entrance and leaned against the wall. He was tired of putting his weight upon his cane.

“It’s about time you woke up. You were starting to put a dent in the couch,” replied Avry sarcastically. He knew it wasn’t the greatest of things to do, considering the situation, but lightening the mood would really help him.

Obviously, Demonica didn’t feel the same as she charged upwards, “What the hell do you think you’re doing?! Are you crazy? Is there something wrong with that head of yours?! Why the hell did you kidnap me?! Don’t think you’ll get away it!”

He didn’t need this. His night had been long enough and he may have possibly received a new unnecessary enemy saving her ass. The last thing he wanted was attitude from a vampire who thought she was invincible. Avry was going to set her straight.

“Look, Demonica, the last thing I need is for you to get in my face. I just spent the better part of the morning saving *your* ass. Had I not come in when I did, you would’ve been torn to shreds by those two lykins *and* if they hadn’t killed you, the sun would have,” he said, getting back in her face. She was still extremely weak and fell back slightly. Obviously, she had not thought about the morning, so looking back to the window, she glanced back at Avry; attitude still in her voice.

“And what time is it?”

“11 in the morning. You just wore up a few moments ago... think about that. Do you honestly think you would’ve woken up in time to save yourself from the sun?” he said, not backing off. She had pushed him to the brink and now, she was going to hear about it. “As much as I dislike this fact, I need you and you need me. Together, we can get that demon Lyneya. With my knowledge of the demon world and yours about her in general, the Lord above thinks we should be the ones to kill him off. As much of a displeasure that is to me, He orders it and I must do it.”

“Well if *HE* orders it, then I guess I should do it too,” her voice reeked of sarcasm, and though she was weak, Avry was not in any mood. So, he pulled up his cane inches from her face. Slowly, he started to pull out his sword. As a centimeter of it became free, a little light touched Demonica and she fell back in pain again.

“Now, you’re going to listen. It’s about noon and the sun is out. There’s no way you’re leaving, so you’re going to listen to me,” he said somewhat softer, but still intense. It was obvious she wanted to remark angrily or try and fight back, but the blow of light had drained her again. “You and I have to work together, because if we don’t, the entire world will be consumed by darkness. Earth will be like a second Hell. The torture you received while in Lyneya’s control was *nothing* compared to what will happen if she succeeds in her mission. Do you not understand that? Do you think you can escape her in a world that she controls?”

Demonica, yet again, tried to speak up again. She was determined and appeared as though she would get something out, so Avry had to think fast. He had to get his point across while she was still weak enough. Thinking quickly, he decided he would do something extremely bad for Fallen’s to do. It was a trick that only pure Angels were allowed. With a shiver as an okay, he knew he had his Father’s support so he stumbled over Demonica and put his hands over her eyes.

Using the knowledge God had sent him, he showed her what would happen to the world around them. How it would be consumed by fire and death. Souls would be used as slaves and no one would ever be able to escape.

After Avry finished, he fell to the ground. Performing that task took a lot of energy out of a Fallen. Breathing heavily, he turned to her and said, “There’s about 8 hours left of daylight; you should get some rest.”

John as Cyrus (Introducing a new character)

OOC: This post is the character CYRUS not Avry. Avry is the one above. Before each post, I shall put either the letter C or A to show who it is. In this instance the letter is:

C

IC: He was so close. The vampire next door would be his key to finding more. He had been living by her for a while now and she didn't have a clue that he was studying her. She wasn't a normal vampire; for she could walk in daylight. After doing more research, Cyrus decided that this meant she was a half-breed; Half vampire, half lykin. It didn't matter though, because he was certain she knew where other of her kind remained.

Cryus had been slaying vampires for centuries. Ever since he gained his demonic powers, it had been his goal to rid the world of every vampire or vampire kind. Then again, he wished that he would've been killed along side his love instead of watching her die. The two of them had been strolling home from market when they were attacked. She was taken out quickly, but something was happening to Cryus; something to make them leave him alone. His skin was toughening, his body was molding to a more strong reptilian form, and his breath was now spurting out fire. The vampire scum didn't stand a chance after Cryus' powers had been relinquished. He tore them into pieces.

After that transformation, he found out what really happened; why he was a dragon demon. The truth didn't make things easier, but it was the truth and he learned to live with it.

His thoughts were diverted when the vampire he had been stalking ran into him, nearly knocking his book out of his hand. With a sigh, he glared angrily at her and then returned to his poem. He had nearly finished it. Pushing strands of black hair out of his hazel eyes, he reopened the brown, tattered book and started up again. The pages were stained slightly with age.

“And the angels, all pallid and wan; uprising, unveiling, affirm; and the play is the tragedy ‘Man’; and its hero the Conquering Worm,” with a sigh of satisfaction, Cyrus closed the book and walked into his studio. With haste, he placed it aside and put on his trench coat. It was a three quarter length one that he had been using for a couple of months. He always seemed to have to buy new ones frequently, because his line of work never allowed him to maintain anything for too long.

Once redressed, he exited, locked his door and headed outside. The sun was bright, though scattered clouds gave some relief from the exceedingly vibrant sun. He was dressed in almost all black, but due to the colder weather, his body never became unbearably warm. Slowly, he looked left and right, trying to figure the location the female vampire wandered in. There were so many scents filling Boston at that time; peoples cologne, restaurants, not to mention the ocean water beside the large city. Cyrus had lived in Boston long enough, that he could separate each scent and it was then that he picked it up again, so he quickly paced down the sidewalk; avoiding contact with everyone. He had to reach her before she got out of his touch.

Luckily, he didn't have to walk far before he caught a glimpse of her. Her hair really stood out, due to the blue. She had entered the local gym; knowing her habits and how angry she was, Cryus knew that she would be training for a long time, so he crossed the street cautiously and entered a café. This was his favorite place in all of Boston, because not only did it have a very serene atmosphere, but there were bookshelves surrounding the place. It was a bookworm's paradise. Everyone who worked there knew what he drank, though none of them could every give his name. He just sat down at his usual table and instantly, his coffee would be brought out; a white chocolate mocha with whipped cream. The caffeine actually soothed the demon dragon more than energize him.

Reaching beside him, he grabbed a random book and began reading. He didn't know what it was or what it was about, but reading was one of his hobbies. He loved doing it, because it allowed him to learn more about everything; how things work, how to make things, and about the human personality. Being a slayer and demon for so long actually left Cyrus confused about how people think. Though he was once a human

himself, centuries of being alone and killing vampires really changed his mentality.

Not only was he a reader, but a sculptor and artist of trades. He had many paintings and sculptures being sold on the market under a false name; he couldn't be too careful. Cyrus needed something to keep sane while wandering the world and art was the only thing he could turn to. It just started with small sculptures of people's heads, but eventually, it grew to their entire body and even more details. Many adored his work, because it was so realistic. He paused his reading then to chuckle at the memory he had of a woman nearly gasping as a sculpture was revealed. She called out that the woman looked as though she was real.

With that brief pause from reading, Cyrus glanced out the window and saw that the vampire was finally starting to finish things up, so he strolled to the register and set the exact amount down. The woman didn't even need to count the money. After paying, Cyrus pointed to the book. She laughed and gave him a wink.

"You and I both know it's against policy for anyone to borrow our books," silently, she leaned forward and whispered, "but I know you'll bring it back. Take care of it. That's a good one; I've read it twice."

She then gave him a wink. Cyrus looked over her features. She was a young girl, maybe about nineteen. She had some curves, but she herself wasn't plump. Her eyes were kind and playful, gleaming a vibrant greenish tint. Her hair was put into two ponytails on each side of her head with small braids in each.

'She so young and innocent,' he thought, still smiling at her. 'It's because of people like her that I know I must save this world from the evil that wanders around at night.'

He turned and walked out *right* as his target was leaving. She paused momentarily, as if she sensed him, but instead she started sniffing a piece of cloth. Her head was tilted upwards slightly and Cyrus knew she was sensing out a new victim. He had to work quickly before she kills again. Even if she wasn't looking for a meal, she was probably searching for more of her kind, and that was another reason Cyrus had to follow her.

"You're going down vampire," he whispered softly. His eyes squinted angrily as he glared at her. She was extremely beautiful, but beauty could be a disguise she used to lure her victims.

She continued to walk around for a few hours. The day was beginning to dissipate as they finally reached the poorer side of the city. There were trash cans filled with fire on the streets with people surrounding them. In this setting, it would be difficult for him to follow her without being noticed. He had to be more stealth or else she would catch him. Deciding maybe it would be time to use his powers, Cyrus ran into an empty alleyway and turning his hands into claws, he climbed up the wall. He would stalk her by the rooftop. It was dark enough that he wouldn't stand out. Thankfully, the black that covered his skin blended nicely with the black in the sky.

Every now and then, she would pause to sniff the air again as if confused, but each time, she would gain the scent and start off again. She walked with fury in her step. Cyrus knew she wanted to find this person and shred them to bits. She didn't want food; she wanted revenge.

"Who are you looking for vampire?" he whispered. His human eyes were becoming weaker in the darkness, so he changed them to his dragon. Instead of a hazel, his irises gleamed silver with red outlines.

Suddenly, she stopped outside a building. It was only four stories high and looked exceedingly trashed. Windows were missing and the building looked as though it had been set aflame. Her head cocked to the right. The person she wanted was in there and she knew it. The sun was nearly gone now, so Cyrus just jumped down off of the tall building and into the alleyway. After that, he brought his head over to the side cautiously to watch. She had entered.

A pause.

After one more moment of waiting, Cyrus followed. 'I'm going to get you vampire,' he thought confidently. No vampire had ever escaped his grasp and he wasn't going to let this one ruin his record.

Mike:

The hunt seemed to drag on, though in all reality, Nex had done remarkably considering her situation. The shred of fabric, though redolent with his scent, had been tainted as well. It had fallen into a small puddle of blood, and Nex had first smelled dirt, snow, and the blood of Kalinshv, whose scent was threatening to overpower that of the Fallen's, as Nex's sense of smell was instinctively drawn to the scent of her own kin. However, that hadn't dissuaded her in the least, and after having searched the shred of black for the strong, base aroma of the Fallen, her superior nose had finally caught it.

It was the smell of corruption and loss. For that's what Fallens were. Nothing but ungrateful idiots who had taken their perfect fates in their own hands, and spit in God's eye. Nex loathed them all.

But this one...this stupid, selfish little...He had stolen her prey from her, and that was rule one of barbaric law. Do not meddle with another beast's quarry without expecting a fight in return.

Despite the all of the scents battling for Nex's attention, she remained austere focused, and managed to find the apartment in a timely manner. Even though, in her estimation, it had taken far too long. But as she stood before the most pathetically dilapidated building that the dank city had to offer, Nex knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that in this apartment building...her prey was lurking. Or perhaps hiding, or, likely, he was unaware completely of barbaric law, and was foolish enough to have thought that Nex wouldn't have followed him to finish her job.

Opening the door and slamming into the small vestibule, Nex looked up, and inhaled deeply. The smell of rust and mildew was strong in the structure, but there was also the smell of her target. Or, as she sniffed a bit longer, she realized that she had both her targets there...in the same place...that meddlesome Falle
<i>and</i> Demonica.

Looking at the creaky, unstable stairs, Nex smirked, her omnipresent canines stretching upon her nostrils' filling with the scent of her prey. Flicking her tongue over her lips, Nex dashed up the stairs in a flash, her rage already brewing in her breast. In all reality, her rage had been pressing against her temples, filling her blood with the iron ting of hatred since the night prior. Her single crimson eye had already begun to shine like a beacon of pending sadism, and she felt her wolverine claws rip through her fingertips and replace her rounded nails with ten pointed tips just waiting to sink into flesh. She could feel a slight reversion into her more barbaric and raw instincts, though her rage was only beginning to surface. If she allowed it to brew longer, to mature...then it would prove to be a very powerful and horrific rage...one that might take weeks to wear off...

Finding the door behind which her targets were stirring, Nex gripped the doorknob and flung the door open. The door flew forth from its hinges, though it wasn't her intent to do such, though she couldn't have cared less that it occurred. The hinges were rusted, barely held onto the frame, but Nex's rude entrance had proved too much for the door to handle. That, and her rage enhanced her strength more so than her normal stalwart prowess, and she might not have known her strength at that moment.

Whatever the reason for the door's eviction from the frame, Nex had found her prey. Both of them, awake and in the middle of going about their business. Growling through her smirk, Nex snarled and barked a bit at them before she disregarded Demonica entirely, and launched herself forward, her fist flying in synch with her knee, which she'd brought up to collide with the Fallen's crotch while her fist was aimed solely at his jaw. She didn't expect to make contact...he was likely faster than she, but Nex was stubborn, and nothing was going to deter her from finishing this battle.

John as Avry:

“I bare *no* time for these type of interruptions!” exclaimed Avry, stepping aside quickly enough to dodge her attack, though he could feel the wind graze his flesh. She wanted him hurt... bad.

Lash after lash, she struck at him. Her continuous kicking and punching combinations left Avry somewhat enthralled. He would never bring himself to say it aloud, but he missed the old days of fighting a worthy opponent. He knew he had so much more speed and knowledge of war that he could easily beat her, except for the simple fact that she had passion. Not just a fiery passion, but a fury and rage to match. Quickly glimpsing into her past, the Fallen realized why. She had been and still practiced the ancient ways of Berserkers. This was going to be a unique bout and Avry knew that it could only get more intense, due to Demonica’s urge for battle. She would eventually join up and the Fallen wasn’t sure at that time, how he would be able to deal with that situation. But at that moment—another kick for his head—he didn’t care.

A growl escaped her lips as her body turned with a kick towards Avry’s head. It had been a fast move, so fast that the Fallen hadn’t thought of a clear way to dodge it. He managed to escape its basic strength with a block from his cane, but leaving the cane off of the ground gave her the upper hand. He had lost balance and was forced to perform a simple back handspring over the couch to avoid another kick, punch combination. The blow from which had bent his already warn couch and caused the Fallen to jump backwards.

“Thanks a lot! Do you know how hard it was to find a decent couch in this city? All the good ones are already taken by the hobos across the street,” responded Avry sarcastically. Even in battle, he refused to lose his sense of humor, though his remark had brought even more fury into her. She leaped over the couch, as if flying, in an attempt to tackle him. Using a familiar tactic against her, Avry used his telekinesis to force her body to freeze in midair. “What is it you want with me, berserker?”

His eyes then met with her frozen ones. He knew that holding her still *and* looking into her mind would eventually cause his hold to break, but he had to know what was going on in that head of hers. He had to understand her somewhat. Maybe this understanding would be his key to calming her down and convincing her to join with them; since those were his orders. Instead of basic thoughts, as most would have, all Avry received was mental growling with the words ‘kill Fallen’ and ‘damned soul’ floating inside her. After searching a little deeper, he managed to get out a few sentences. These sentences unfortunately weren’t the best things for him to hear, ‘You are a farce, Fallen, and I hate you and your choice...Never steal my prey...’

At that moment, his concentration was lost. Anger had ensnared him as well and he took his cane; defending her away. His tongue became coated with bitterness. Not only did he read what she had thought at that moment, but what she had previous. Her knowledge may have been right from one perspective, but there was no way she would ever truly understand a Fallen’s past. He decided he would try and give her a lesson.

“I may have been damned to this world, but at least I’m not damned to Hell!” again, he deflected her attacks. “Yes, I gave up my life at the right hand of my Father, but you will never see Him. You may not have chosen to become a vampire, or a half of one, but you certainly haven’t given up on its evil pleasures.”

This comment infuriated her beyond anything else Avry could’ve said. Her next punch for his face was close; closer than he would like to think, and it had blasted right through one of the brick walls. As she retracted her punch, her claws managed to slice over his left shoulder. The stinging sensation only fueled the Fallen’s temper. Avry knew that she would not take what he would have to say pleasantly, but he didn’t care. She had filled a creature of once purity with sheer pain and frustration, so it was only fair that she herself be cast down by words.

“That’s right, half-breed. I know of the lives that you have stolen, just for fun and pleasure. You enjoy the

kill, but I also see that you were quite a murderer *before* you were bitten. Like I stated before, I may be cast down here, but at least there's a chance of saving for me. What can you say about yourself?" cried out Avry. Frustrated, he used his mental powers to blast out the window. "What do you say we finish this outside? My apartment has had enough excitement in its life."

Realizing all that he was saying, he paused for a moment. This wasn't him at all. What was he becoming? Taking a deep breath, he had returned to his normal cool self. He knew that she would not stop fighting unless something happened, so he decided to give into her will. All of his anger had become, once again, pleasure for the fight. He was ready for another attack, and though he had been on the defensive since it had begun, he decided he would remain. Eventually, Avry knew that he would have to freeze her and let the Lord show her what was to become, but until that moment came, Avry decided a little exercise couldn't hurt.

Mike:

Nex was, to put it plainly, enraged. Her rage was fueling to such a degree that it hadn't for a while, though she tried to keep it in check. Not for the sake of her prey, but for the sake of her voice. She knew that trying to rebut now would be a mockery to the English language. As she had been frozen for a while, she could feel him inside of her head. It was the same sensation she felt when she read minds, though it was very difficult for her to utilize her telepathy on anyone that wasn't a mortal. That was a vampiric trait that her lykin blood had somehow muddled.

However, despite the fact that her rational speaking thought had dissipated for the moment, she was still able to think clearly to her own knowledge. How dare he enter her mind...scout about to find things of which were no consequence to him. He could find out about Wolfbane...Her spot of weakness...

The Fallen didn't, however, find out such information on Wolfbane, though that was likely thanks to her rage and what it did to the lykin within her. After sorting through growls, snaps, and barks to try and find any thought that he could decipher, Nex imagined that he likely bored of her incoherency. Well, at least what seemed to be incoherency to him. When he lashed out in hatred towards her thoughts, Nex infuriated further, and gladly joined him outside, not caring about the glass that she'd accidentally cut her leg with in her hot pursuit of her target. In all candor, she'd barely felt the pain at all, though she would later, but as were the penalties of battle. The aftermath was always a chilling sight to see, though Nex's eyes were long accustomed to the gore.

Landing with the grace of a wolf, her palms and balls of her feet catching her fall, Nex sprung up and decided to confute with her words first. After pausing for a moment to gather her words to her and control her wolf-like vocal chords, she spoke, a smirk tugging at her lips, revealing two rows of pointed teeth. "I may be damned to Hell, never to see my father, and I may enjoy the kill more so than what is deemed Holy. But I never spat in the eye of God and showed ingratitude to His splendor. I kill because it's in my blood, I kill because I have to, and if I enjoy a kill, it's because I was born a lykin. You've been around for a while, Fallen. Tell me <i>you</i> don't know of the lykin's inherent thirst for gore."

Her words were surprisingly lucid, or at least she thought so, though the occasional rumble of a deep, chesty roar did rip through some of her words. Though her Russian accent was apparent, one seemed not to notice, as her tone had changed completely, from an alto tone to that of a constant battle between man and beast.

Once her words had satisfied the thirst for a rebuttal, Nex shut up, and flew forward. She knew that he was likely much older than she, and also faster. But she had not only a passion to kill, but strength and a Berserker rage. Whoever left the world, it was going to be a fair fight. While her fists and feet flew (only occasionally making contact with the intended target), the Fallen was wielding his cane at her as if it were a sword, though his intentions seemed not to hurt her. Regardless, Nex started using a different tactic, discarding the brute boxing moves. They weren't going to help her succeed if he was wielding a cane.

Which she noted, as it collided with her ribs with a crack, stung a bit. It'd likely leave the bruise of a lifetime on her side, but she couldn't concern herself with that. Twice more, he struck her with the cane in hopes to thwart her attacks, once in the shoulder, and another time on the thigh when she brought her leg up to kick him in the face.

The fight was odd...he wasn't retaliating at all. Merely defending himself, though Nex was well aware that the Fallen would have made for a very worthy adversary. When he didn't respond violently, Nex paused for a moment, standing still as she eyed him carefully. Her sight was a vision of subdued crimson and reality, as her glittering scarlet eye painted her vision in its color. Her body was rigid and flexed, as if she were prepared for the Fallen to use the opportunity of her curiosity to his advantage. And Nex would not have blamed him in the least, and it would, in fact, be the intelligent thing to do if he wanted to rid the planet of her.

However, the man made no such action to try and kill her. In fact...he just seemed pleased that she'd let off.

"Are we done here? If so, would you like to come in for some tea?"

Nex nearly laughed, and though she didn't, her lip did raise a bit in amusement.

"You are an odd one, Fallen, though I can't tell whether it's knowledge that I don't possess or stupidity that causes you not to react. Surely you know of what I am...A lykin, first and foremost. Hence the growl...But I digress. You stole my prey...Rule one of Nature's Law is to never intrude on a beast's quarry." Nex spoke, her voice slightly more coherent, though that meant that her accent crept back in. Her rage was in its infancy, and thus, it was simpler to revert to a more coherent state of mind, though the Berserker's rage was still there, dangling in front of her like a string before a playful cat. There were still snarls that tore her words to shreds, but they were less frequent.

"And as much as I would love to enjoy a spot of Lipton with you, I'm afraid that this is a fight I'm not willing to back out on." Nex replied, her last words darker, throatier.

Alas, before Nex was able to launch herself forward into another round with the Fallen, a shadowy figure swooping from a rooftop caught her attention...

Reyanna:

The wall was smashed through and Nex jumped inside the apartment, snarling viciously. Fire burned in her eyes and she was consumed by rage. Before Demonica could react, she was pinned down on the couch and Nex's clawed fingers were tightly wrapped around her throat. The animal inside of her had completely taken over and the figure that looked like a young woman was growling and spitting out incoherent words.

Demonica struggled with her for a moment and clawed at the lykin's face, hoping to stun her long enough so that Demonica could gain control of the situation. It wasn't working. The slashes put onto Nex's face were completely ignored by the raging animal and Demonica's throat was being crushed. She didn't understand why choking was affecting her. After all, she didn't need air to survive.

But she felt herself slipping away anyway and she knew she needed to do something. She didn't see that stupid Fallen anywhere. Not like it mattered. She would rather die than ask for his help.

Her hands fumbled around the lykin and Demonica found her sai's on either of her thighs. She whipped them out and in one quick motion, she used them as scissors to slice off Nex's head. The body fell onto Demonica and the head rolled to the floor.

Slowly, her eyes opened and she saw she was still in Avry's apartment. The room was lit up by a faint light

from outside and Demonica almost started to panic, thinking the sun was still out. She sat up quickly and sighed in relief when she saw, through the broken window, the rosy sky outside. It wasn't quite dark yet but the sun was gone enough so that it didn't affect her.

Sighing in irritation, Demonica fell back on the sofa and covered her eyes with her arm. Another damn dream. It pissed her off. She thought she had that stupid half breed. She was feeling better after sleeping off most of her blood high, though she had a faint headache. She didn't understand why she still got headaches, but she did. Not to mention she was still dead tired (no pun intended).

Then it hit her. The scent of Nex and Avry. Her weakness must have affected her other senses because she hadn't smelled their blood until then. She jumped up from her seat and ran to the broken window, looking far down in to the street.

There they were. The two were fighting, Fallen and lykin-vampire. She couldn't tell who had the upper hand at that moment but they were both moving with lightning speed and though it showed more in Nex, both of the creatures seemed to be enraged.

So who should she help? Or should she help either of them? Maybe she would just watch and see what happened. Then maybe she would only have one to deal with instead of two later on. She doubted the Fallen could kill Nex but then again, the lykin was in such a rage that it could prove to actually be her weakness instead of her strength. When one is filled with such bloodlust, as Nex was at that moment, it sometimes makes them oblivious to all around and they end up hurting themselves. Either way, Demonica didn't care which one would be defeated, just that whoever was, it would make it that much easier to kill the victor, having only one enemy instead of two (She still wasn't entirely sure if she would join with the Fallen or not).

However, where was the fun in waiting and watching?

Demonica stopped, just as she was about to jump down and join in the fight, when she saw something out of the corner of her eye. A silhouetted figure was jumping from a rooftop onto a building directly across from Demonica, watching the fight below with dismal interest.

He was a slayer, or at the very least, a bounty hunter. (Still a threat either way, Demonica was sure.) Demonica could see this from the hints of numerous weapons that glimmered when his trench fluttered at the seams. Not only that but she could smell the disgusting silver of the weapons. He seemed to be focused on Nex and only paid attention to Avry when the Fallen got between Nex and the man's visual contact of her.

Demonica quickly checked for her weapons, to make sure they were still there. She cursed loudly when she saw they had been removed. The Fallen must have taken her weapons from her when she was first brought to the apartment. Turning around quickly, she scanned the small space and searched the living room and kitchen for her sai's and whip. She didn't see them anywhere.

Growling to herself, Demonica made her way to where she assumed the bathroom was and ripped the curtain rod from the wall where the tub was at. She didn't have time to search all over for her weapons. Taking the rod back to the window, Demonica saw she was just in time. The slayer had climbed down the building and was getting ready to jump to the ground.

Demonica jumped from Avry's window and landed just as the man in the trench coat did. She was face to face with him and Nex and Avry were fighting only a few feet away. Before the man had time to react to her sudden appearance, Demonica whipped the rod around and it collided with his left cheek.

She smirked as his eyes found hers. He was pissed.

John as Cyrus:

How dare this insolent creature get between Cyrus and his intended pray? What right did she have to interrupt? It was at that moment though that Cyrus caught a whiff of the blood inside her; she was a pure vampire. *'What do you know? My plan actually worked!'* he thought with an almost half grin; the smile was so small and insignificant that it was almost impossible to detect. In fact, he was certain that his smirk appeared more to be a scowl.

"I do not wish to fight with you, lady vampire, but I know in time that your blood will be mine to spill, so I have no reserves about ending you now," he said with his cool, yet overbearing voice. Cyrus barely ever spoke, but when he did, everyone around him listened.

She had managed to catch him off guard, but her weapon at the moment did very little damage if any. Her smile showed that his warning didn't affect her and he wondered suddenly why a pure breed would bother with a Halfling like Nex. From what he could tell of her, she was nothing too special; except she was exceedingly old and she could walk in daylight. Besides that, she seemed like every other damned creature he had the misfortune to come across. This new one would be a simple challenge, he thought subtly. She was strong and skilled, that was sure, but she lacked the wisdom and capabilities that Cyrus was talented in. She would be nothing.

Putting his hands behind his back, he sat straight up revealing his true size. He towered over her by a few inches, glaring down her with his now silvery-red eyes; his raven locks blowing in the slight breeze. She looked unsure of what he was doing, but she took this moment of what appeared to be vulnerability to charge at him, swinging harder than before. This attack most likely would take off a regular mortal's head, but Cyrus wasn't like every other mortal. With the speed he was *blessed* with, he jumped high over her; never losing his original stance. With his feet landing softly upon the ground, he smiled somewhat. This grin was more noticeable than his first attempt and it really did *not* please her. She charged once more, somewhat wiser to his tricks. This time as she swung, she kept her eyes upon him. Cyrus lunged to the opposite side of the pipe, theoretically moving him out of danger, but the instant he stopped moving; he stayed still which gave the vampire ample opportunity to continue spinning the pipe around and belting him in the gut. The force was so strong that Cyrus was thrown upon the other two beings fighting.

"Vampire," he scowled glancing at the still raged, yet confused Nex. With as much speed as before, he relinquished a small blade from inside his jacket. The rapier was a regular dagger; extremely sharp and made of silver. He started quickly to slash at her, but she jumped back.

One blow nearly cut her in the abdomen, but the male who was fighting her previous had used his cane to block the slice. This really frustrated Cyrus to no extent. All he wanted was to end some Damned vampire's wretched life and he continued to get these distractions. They all just made him so frustrated; to the point where he started to lose control. Luckily he had a second to control himself, but that didn't last long as Nex charged him and the other vampire launched herself into the air towards them.

At the instant of contact, it was unsure who was exactly fighting who. The only thing that became clear was in order to stay alive; Cyrus would have to let himself go. He couldn't take this many people at once without some assistance and since he was almost ten times stronger changed than in his mortal form, he closed his eyes for a second and summoned the beast within.

It took a moment or two before the creature started to reveal itself. Scrunched over, Cyrus began to cry in both pain and ecstasy. Such a pleasurable torture was it to transform into his inner self. Bit by bit, scales started to form over his skin. His already long hair grew and became a shimmering shade of silver with crimson streaks blended into it. His face began to elongate into a snout; inside which were teeth sharp enough to eat through metal. The bones in his legs began to twist and bend backwards until his legs appeared to be that of a stronger dragon. He didn't want to change fully; just enough to get everyone separate, so he could focus on his one target and it was then that he realized he had reached that point.

Taking in a breath, Cyrus flailed his arms upwards, shooting the other three combatants many yards away. The other male fighting was thrown hard threw a brick wall and the pure bred vampire was shot into an already broken window. As for Nex, she was tossed down the street. Realizing that he was so close, Cyrus turned to her, with as much of a grin as his new face would allow, and strode towards her. He had a mission to accomplish and he wasn't going to stop until both she and the other vampire were destroyed and their souls cast into a fiery pit, where they belonged.

His arms began to straighten suddenly and he allowed long, ebony claws to grow out of his fingers. Slicing his victims to pieces normally did the trick, he thought with that smile still etched upon his face.

“Are you ready, vampire, to meet your match? You and the rest of your kind,” he said motioning to the woman thrown through the window, “have been enough of a trouble to the people of this world.”

Mike:

The figure that swooped down was a man...clearly a slayer, and Nex groaned. She loved the fight...adored it with a depraved passion that surpassed what was deemed healthy...but these distractions were starting to irritate her. In all actuality, Nex had an anger problem that had festered for thousands of years. But she ignored her weakness for a moment as she turned her head from the Fallen and focused on the slayer, who was...intercepted?

By *Demonica*...?

In her confusion, Nex simply watched as the vampire and the slayer began to spar. She even ignored the Fallen that she had been so hell bent on exterminating. However, as Nex saw the slayer dash towards her in a flash of ebony, she jumped back. The man was at least intelligent enough to have brandished a silver weapon. Snarling, she was about to retaliate gruffly when the Fallen interceded...on her behalf. The silver dance of the blade had sashayed towards Nex's stomach, and that would have been a nasty wound to close up. But the Fallen...whatever his name was...had stopped Nex's bare torso from receiving a grand slash. He also saved her sports bra and athletic shorts from needing a grand scrubbing, as blood was a stain that never came clean.

Nex paused for a brief instant and looked at the Fallen with softer, bewildered eyes. However, she quickly regained her look of loathing, and unleashed it onto the slayer. He was mildly difficult to see with her normal eye, but her bestially rouge eye painted him in a clear light that allowed Nex to study her target like she always did. He was tall...*very tall* now that she studied him a bit more. The trench he was wearing made him appear to be shorter than he was, but as Nex launched at the man, she realized that the slayer was, indeed, lofty. His hair swept messily across his face and shared the same hue as the night sky, and he was, indeed, very handsome. But it wasn't as if Nex hadn't ever slaughtered a visually pleasing man. In fact, she seemed to enjoy doing it, and Nex grinned as she started going for his jugular. Her claws had already ripped through her fingertips, and her fangs were beginning to elongate so that her mouth could no longer contain them and their points and they prodded past her fleshy lips.

However, as Nex was about to bore her fangs into his gullet, she saw the transformation. It was quick, at least to her, and by the time she was through evaluating her target the man's arms flew up and struck her in the chest, sending her flying in the opposite direction. The force had knocked the wind from her, but as a boxer, she was used to that. Landing somewhat less than gracefully, Nex skidded to a halt after having collided roughly with the street. However, she seemed unscathed, though her body was likely very bruised. But Nex had a plethora of tattoos to hide whatever bruising might have occurred, though the crack from the Fallen's cane on her ribs had started to develop a rather violet mark.

Gaining her feet once more, Nex rolled onto her feet, digging into the pavement with her claws as she grappled with the debris on the ground which seemed to want to steal her surefootedness from her. Standing, Nex looked to the man, and smirked. So it was a beast's fight. She could handle that, being a

beast herself. Looking down to her hand, she urged her claws to rip further from her flesh, and they gladly obliged, tearing rudely through her skin until her claws were drawn to their full extent. And Nex couldn't risk transforming here...not at such a dire point in the battle.

As the dragon demon (the scent of demon clung to him like a cologne) addressed her, Nex began conjuring her wolverine teeth, forcing the molars and incisors to lengthen to sharp tips. It would make talking more difficult, but Nex didn't care that much. Beast's, even in different forms and races, could usually comprehend the speech of another beast. Laughing through her wolverine vocal chords, Nex licked her lips slightly. Having never eaten a dragon, she wondered what they tasted like, though she thought his scales might piss her off after a while.

"Am I to believe that you presume that *you* are my match?" Nex laughed, though it bore more likeness to a sick, twisted snarl than anything else. "Ahh, you slayers are all the same. Cocky, arrogant wastes of flesh with nothing better to do than to run around trying in vain to right the wrongs that your painfully sanctimonious eyes see." Nex spoke as she folded her arms loosely over her large chest, her feet firmly planted. "I must say, you flatter yourself far too much, *slayer*," she said, speaking his title with disgust, as if it were acid on her tongue. "and I cannot allow your idiocy to fester like a pustule." Nex growled angrily.

Seeing as how the slayer had weapons, Nex thought herself at a mild disadvantage. However, looking to the building to her right, as it was already derelict to the point of gross inefficiency; Nex thought it the perfect structure to raze further. Plunging her first into the building's side, Nex crushed a hole into it that sent brick and debris flying off with immense velocity. Ignoring the dust, Nex grabbed a loose brick in each hand. This was like boxing when she first showed interest... she'd practice on the speed bag with weights in her hands...to make her faster, stronger. However, upon seeing an old steel pipe that looked to be in good condition in comparison to the rest of the structure, Nex dropped one of the bricks and seized the pipe. Yanking roughly, Nex tore the pipe from the wall and swung it around a bit, getting a feel for the weight. Letting go of the other brick, Nex brought her knee up and snapped the pipe in half, so that each hand could wield a pipe fragment that was about the length of her thigh.

Grinning, Nex deflected the slayer's first attack by raising the pipe a little ways. The dragon's (or half dragon, as he did not transform into his full dragon form...but she smelled no imperfection of blood in him...) claws skidded against the pipe and left a mark, but Nex was quick enough to step backwards.

The fight between claws and pipes went on with equal skill and contact until Nex discarded one of the pipes as the slayer's claws rendered it useless. As she threw down the pipe, she swung the other swiftly at his head, but the man caught it and yanked roughly. Not expecting the sharp tug, Nex stumbled forward and careened into the dragon's chest, as she had still clutched the opposite end of the pipe. Roaring ferociously, Nex let go of the pipe and went to swing her claws at the slayer's face. His claws had sliced her body up a bit, one slash keenly noticeable as it cut across her cheek. However, that wasn't to say that Nex hadn't wreaked her fair share of damaging punches and slices of her own, but his body was protected. Scales were tougher to maim, and Nex was very nearly bare.

Luckily, pain had stopped bothering Nex a long time ago, and her vampiric ability to heal herself was proving useful.

Her nose filled with the Demon-Slayer's scent, and she snarled and snapped at his heart before pushing him away from her. Looping a leg behind his, Nex shoved him roughly, sending him towering back. However, though Nex had unhooked her leg from his in time to save herself from a rendezvous with the ground, the slayer clutched her wrist and pulled her to the ground with him.

They landed ungracefully, first the slayer, then Nex. Ripping her wrist from his claws, Nex straddled his ribs (as he was so much taller than she) and put her clawed hands on either side of his dragon face, snarling down at him with fury in her eyes. Something stopped her from ripping and tearing at his throat...she didn't know what, but something churned inside of her and her snarl faltered momentarily. She'd worked herself slightly back into a rage, but she'd not had enough time to properly don the rage, so she was riding mostly lykin instincts, vampire wit, and an anger problem that had festered for much too long. However,

regardless, she was confused at the fire burning in her stomach, and on her upper inner knees, where she gripped his sides in case he tried to move. Nex would be able to tell which way he intended to go by feeling the movement of his muscles.

Whatever the reason, Nex simply kept her face very close to his and barked and snapped at him as though there was an invisible leash keeping her from trying to finish him off.

~New author and character~

Jade as Závě:

“Earth? What am I to do on earth Lord? Certainly you could have chosen one of your angels with a bit more knowledge of the ways of men.” Závě inquired in her soft, calm voice that would calm a savage beast. She knew that God had his reasons and that he would never needlessly ask anyone to do something, let alone one of his angels.

The Lord smiled and touched her shoulder then her smooth face and began to speak in his powerfully deep voice, “My child, I have my reasons, and you will know in time why I’m sending you. Don’t worry, I’m always with you.” and with that he handed her a small scroll and left for her to get ready.

“A scroll?” She thought for a split second then realized that the scroll gave her control over her light, her only “weapon” against enemies other than a bit of telepathy, but she knew that God would never allow anything to happen to her so she was not too worried about enemies. The scroll would also provide her with information if God felt that she needed some. She smiled sweetly, “Thank you Lord.” She spoke softly knowing that He heard her.

She quickly got ready to leave, which didn’t take much time since God would certainly give her anything she needed. She took her small lute along with the scroll and a white dress similar to the ones on earth, only more modest than most of them; make her a little less conspicuous till she could get some more clothes when she arrived. The gown she was wearing certainly wouldn’t work on earth, it was simply too grand. It was white that flowed down into a long train which was held up by a small elegant bustle. The sleeves were not attached to the dress itself but instead were held to her bicep by ornate beautiful cuffs.

Závě tucked a small lock of her long black hair, which almost went past her butt, behind her ear. Her skin had a lovely olive tone to it, it was smooth and flawless. Her eyes were an intense emerald color and were almost hypnotizing. She was tall, around 5’9”, and perfectly proportioned. She had an elegant beauty yet at the same time had a childlike innocence and was also considered to be “adorable.”

“I’m ready, I hope.” She stated to herself while she let her wings out; she normally kept them in when she wasn’t using them which left her with a mark that looked like a small tattoo of purple wings. Her wings were beautiful and very unique, they were white where they attached to her back which faded into a lovely lavender color then into a deep violet and were decently large. They were the only angel wings like that, something that set her apart from the other angels.

She began her short flight to earth, though she could have just asked God to send there which would have been simpler but she figured that it would be nice to get a chance to fly, which she had not gotten to do in a while.

It was sometime around midnight when she arrived in Boston, which is where she felt God leading her, and found herself in a portion that was obviously the slums. “Lord, people actually live in this filth?” She silently asked. She liked things clean since that was all she had known in Heaven. There was no dirt or germs in Heaven, so seeing the dilapidated old buildings and disgustingly stained streets repulsed her.

It was then that Závě heard something, something which sounded like a large fight. She followed the noise till she reached a large alleyway stained with blood and she knew that was where God had sent her. She

flew up to the top of the buildings to get a better view and saw that the fight consisted of two female vampires (one of which was obviously a half breed), a dragon demon, and finally to her amazement, a fallen whom she recognized as Avry, one of her friends from long ago. She couldn't tell who was fighting whom at all and contemplated a few different ways to attempt to end the brawl and decided on one that, though it was a bit cliché, seemed the most effective way.

She took flight again till she was directly over top of the skirmish and began to descend into the center of them all with heavenly light pouring from her. She figured that it would probably irritate the full vampire but she needed to get her point across, but still thought that she should make sure that her light wasn't too strong.