

Children of Savage

A story about young blood

Von Sarenka

Kapitel 1: The ties that bind - The beginning

Das kapitel besteht aus mehren abschnitten deswegen werden die nächsten Kapitel auch immer nur "The ties that bind"- mit irgend was andrem noch dran heissen xD Haha....

Also ich hoffe ihr habt spass am Lesen und kommt mit ein paar Kommentaren ;D

It was raining over New York.

The downpour was heavy, but not enough to veil the bluish, star-spangled sky. Midnight was approaching fast but below, far below the serenity of the skies, the city was dancing back and forth. Tiny cars and even tinier people both inside and outside of them were heading here and there in a most chaotic rhythm. Must be a hell to be lost in it, surrounded by noise, movement, agitation.

But from up here, where one could see the bigger picture, it was all still in sync somehow. As if everything had it's predictable moves; a dance, neatly choreographed.

Choreographed chaos, he mused to himself. He was obviously getting tired.

In Ahmrod's office, four floors above the ground, he had a fine view over the city he had once been put in charge of. The entire wall behind his mahogany desk consisted of glass; a gigantic window - bulletproof, a necessary precaution - from which the headmaster could stalk a person several quarters merely by watching him or her, should he want to. With eyes (and windows) like his, he didn't even have to shift in his chair.

Usually he turned his back on said view though, too busy with his books and his countless affairs to afford being bothered. That was one of the downsides of putting up a university for special children: that someone had to be in charge of it. There were always phonecalls to make, assignments to grade and applications to plow through. But from the very beginning, Ahmrod had known he'd be the only one who could be in charge. He simply couldn't stand the thought that anyone else should be in charge of

maintaining his vision, the project of his dreams. Not even his sister could he imagine in his place, with her rash temper and sometimes ruthless methods. And so the days often became too short, and he, despite his extraordinary...condition, was tired more often than not.

But tonight, he had turned his chair. Cancelled everything on his schedule for a while, even if he knew that meant he'd then have to put in double effort later on. The main reason for him taking such frivolities was the cellphone in his hand, or rather: the one talking on the other end.

"Atsuki is coming to visit you?"

He couldn't tell whether she was stating it, or asking. Ahmrod snickered to himself, folding the book in his free hand - Italic author, charming plot. Boring. The reason he was chuckling was in the the fact that he had spent over hundred years studying pshycology, among other subjects, and he still encountered difficulties analyzing his sister.

"You find that amusing?" Serena asked, sounding flabbergasted. "You really have been alone for too long..."

She smiled. That, at least, he was sure of.

When he didn't answer, she added: "He's such a brute."

Crossing his legs, Ahmrod turned in his chair, placed the book on the desk and then picked his glasses off his nose.

"I know," he sighed, smiling while he manouvered the phone to stick between his shoulder and his ear and tugged out a handkerchief from his pocket.

"You know I know, or you think so too?" Serena insisted, although he suspected she was just teasing: she should already know the answer.

Ahmrod cleaned the glasses off although he didn't really need to. In fact he didn't even need glasses: his eyesight was perfect. He put them back on nontheless, then stretched, and waited. They were never in a hurry on the phone, and for that he was thankful. Never mind the fees; they could pay their bills both of them, that was not even worth mentioning. This, however, was worth it. Taking their time. They called each other often, but never spoke more than necessary. Just knowing the other one was there, on the other end, was enough. Far away perhaps, at least by human standards, but close at heart.

There was no awkward silence between this brother and sister.

"I know. But so are you though," he finally chortled. "Brutal, I mean."

"What?!" She laughed in mock surprise, delighted, and he could imagine her twirling her brandy around in a fancy glass from her favourite set, sitting in her own office; her feet crossed on the desk, he'd bet this entire university on it.

"Oh, I have my sources. Word is that every low little criminal and scoundrel that can

still walk these days are fleeing head over heels from London. What did you do?"

There was a brief moment of silence. Grave, he noted. Had he hit a soft spot? Serena was oddly touchy when one commented her way of handling things. Or was it only because it was him commenting?

Sometimes she laughed and gladly offered him detailed descriptions on how she'd practically torn down a building to lure out some crazy outspring on a killing spree.

Sometimes she just huffed at him and hung up, and it could take days before she called back.

Not this time though. "I burned one scumbag's house down," she said plainly. Almost grumpily, as if she expected to be scolded.

He raised an eyebrow. Was she feeling bad about destroying a building? If that was where they were headed, she wouldn't be mistress of London much longer. "Yes well," he said, "you see that's hardly original. Ulrica burned an entire casino to ashes in 1993, if I remember correctly. In one night too."

"We locked his family inside and lit it before his eyes."

"Ah." That was slightly uncharacteristic. Criminals, crazy newborns gone astray, Ahmrod could understand to some degree how Serena sometimes wanted to make horrible examples of those. But she was seldom one for torture, even less for slaughtering of innocents.

He hesitated a moment, to give her room to speak, and when he heard nothing he began:

"You really found that necessar-?"

"He was gathering underlings," She all but spat, bursting like a full balloon. "Recruiting. Planning assaults on several keypoints. Taping together home-made bombs, for godness sake! I had to set an example!"

Now that she'd slipped, the words came gushing out as if she had been burning to let them out. As if she had waited for a chance to finally reveal to someone, the only someone she could really trust, her side of it. Her reasons, and her qualms.

"He had a mate?" He asked, unable to contain the scepticism. And why should he, he didn't really want to hide his opinion from her; they both knew he differed greatly from her in matters like these. "Children?"

"Does it matter?"

He didn't reply. Merely tapped his foot toward the floor.

"Yes," she finally admitted.

"I see."

"Yeah, he also had plans to exterminate half of London! Honestly Ahmrod, I don't

know how you get by with your pacifist line! I don't like all this violence either, but it seems to be the only language these bastards understand. Remember the disaster at Buckingham? I've given up on negotiating!"

"This conversation is heading to a dead point and you know it," Ahmrod replied calmly, standing up and heading for the bookshelves; he had suddenly decided that he could in fact do some multitasking while he was on the phone, and first off was preparing tomorrow's lessons. It should still be a good while before Atsuki arrived. He let Serena rant on for another forty minutes, and as he had predicted they discussed his ethics, his principles - she thought they outdated or at least in need of some modification, and he withstood yet again. To him, being merciful would never be old-fashioned. It was always odd to him: he could see how his sister seemed to have lost belief in kindness, but he himself had done fine. Spared as many lives as he could, but met no more resistance in the other world-society for that matter. Were London-vampires so much worse to handle than those residing in NY?

He didn't know. He trusted, he hoped, that his sister Serena did. They were both so new to this, ruling their respective cities. Not technically speaking of course, but what were a few hundred years for one practically immortal?

Again like he had predicted, they reached no compromise on the matter. Ended up wishing each other a 'good night'. Serena promised him to drop by ol' Vanessa, as she liked to call his workplace, and Ahmrod jokingly assured her he saw through the bluff and thus would not expect her to.

After he hung up, a familiar feeling of hollowness seemed to fill him up. It was always like this whenever he realized how far away he was from his sister. An overwhelming sense of loneliness, which had only grown with the years. Sure, he knew he could visit London and Serena any time he wanted to, and none knew him better or could support him better than her, but it had become more and more clear on him that they did not think alike. They weren't so close because they had chosen it: there had been no choice.

They were siblings, and had not chosen one another like their sire Calwyn had chosen Serena so long ago. She had picked Serena because she'd been fascinated, enchanted by the unknown person. Ahmrod wanted someone like that too. Someone who reminded himself of him, whom he could bite and give blood to, have by his side and grow close to. Not because he was related to him or her, but because he wanted to.

Although he denied it with steely determination, Ahmrod wanted to sire his own fledgeling.

But whenever that thought occurred he brushed it off fairly easy. He was not yet strong enough. No, that was a lie, he was older than most, and in all probability he had strength enough. In all honesty, he was scared. Not brave enough to bring up a new vampire. He didn't dare offer anyone this kind of life - it so often backlashed and made the poor souls miserable instead of happy. He and Serena was one of few vampires who hadn't grown deranged with the idea of immortality, or drinking human blood. Most went mad, killing themselves or simply getting killed by hunters because they acted foolishly in their confusion.

The body died, after all. Your kin became your prey, the one ugly truth that made vampires a rather rare breed. One had to be open for a whole new way of living which, in a way, persisted of not living.

He didn't want to be responsible for anyone being destroyed from it.

Having pulled out a huge map from his 'business-shelf', Ahmrod walked to the window, wanting to take a last look over his city before sitting down. "His city..." as if he owned it. He didn't want to own anything. But taking care of things....that was something he could do. He liked to think he was good at caring.

"A simple child," he said, reciting a poem he'd read recently. It seemed apt.

"That lightly draws its breath.
And feels its life in every limb.
What should it know of death?"

He smiled, a bittersweet smile, watching a car shoot forward although the light was red.

"What should it know..."