

Connections by Blood

Fire Winged Human

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Kapitel 1: Jealousy

There is a lonely young girl standing at a tiny window. She is watching the snow falling to the ground. She feels the cold wind, smells the breeze and tastes the ocean which she can see far behind. The dark water is frozen, people are laughing and running over the ice. The girl smiles and lays a hand on the half open window glass. It feels colder than the wind, she desperately wants to leave this room, but she can't do anything...

Claire sighed deeply and drove some lost red strands out of her forehead. This was the 16th picture of this week's work. She didn't know where all her ideas came from, but lately her mind was full of them and she felt like she would go crazy if she wouldn't let her fantasies out. When she drew she lived in her very own world. No one could be angry or sad. And she herself had the power over all creatures in this picture. She decided if it would look happy or crazy or lonely...just one brush with her pencils and everything could look different. And this new picture looked really sad and lonely. Claire smiled a little smile. Her free time was very valuable to her. She could do anything and no one would be able to judge or hurt her. She decided to take the new picture with her to school and to show it in her exhibition which would start tomorrow.

Her drawing skills were excellent her mother once said. Her father had made clear that he would be very proud of her, if she would be able to get much money with her paintings and to make her hobby to her job. But they had said that many years ago, she didn't remember it clearly so she didn't care more about it. The present was more important than the past would ever be.

Claire took the picture and placed it next to her schoolbag. There already stood four other pictures which she had drawn yesterday. Her favorite picture was the one with a blond boy on it. He lay on the ground, his eyes closed and his face a mask of pain and despair. The background didn't look much better: It was the inside of a cold building like a castle or a prison.

She drove one hand over the paper and her smile went bigger. When she had drawn it yesterday, she had had a deep feeling of sorrow and unhappiness. Then she had suddenly seen the blond boy in her mind. He had screamed hardly, trying to make someone hear him but no one came to help him, no one seemed to care about him, so he slowly began to die on the hard stone floor.

Claire thought about her own feelings. Her pictures always turned out differently from her imagination, but sometimes there were a few pictures where she had had a

feeling like to be controlled by someone, to draw exactly what this someone wanted her to draw. And somehow that, what the pictures showed, came true and everything happened exactly like on the picture.

Her gaze went through her little room and stopped at the wall right in front of her. There was a picture she had drawn half a year ago. She had had the special feeling while drawing it. And in one edge she had written a date and a little sentence. The sentence said 'big explosion, dead' and the date was the date of this evening. Claire knew what this had to mean: There would be a big explosion tonight. Many people would die from it and it would all be *their* fault. The picture showed three letters, painted with dark red color: W.P.O.

"Claire! Please come down, dinner's ready." her mother called and the girl shrugged. She had completely forgotten about it. There was another deep sigh when she went to her heavy wooden door and closed it behind her.

She walked down the stairs and then through the corridor. Next to her appeared a girl who looked exactly like herself, just a little bit taller and thinner: It was her older twin sister, Savannah. Like always the two of them ignored each other and sat down at the table. Their parents followed. Claire's mom served the food. Her eyes met with Savannah and immediately she began to smile.

"There you go. How was work today? Did you accomplish your mission?" she asked and sat down, her husband also looked at the older sister. Savannah smiled brightly.

"It was cool. I did a great job and caught that stupid earth-demon all by myself. Paige rarely did anything, just like always. And when we went back to the Association, she swore the whole time about tiny things. That was disgusting..." she explained and began to eat. Claire looked away. She hated it when Savannah told them about her missions.

She *always* did great jobs and she *always* did everything alone. And Paige *always* messed things up. She would like to meet Paige one time, she would praise her for swearing at Savannah. She liked that about the mysterious girl. But her parents didn't thought about that like Claire did. They smiled back at her, shook their head about Paige's behavior and showed Savannah, how deeply they loved her. They had never ever said anything like that to Claire, she was the normal child, the *human* child, different from their perfect child.

Claire's family, the Ryan's, were descendants of the phoenix-human race. Their job was it to free the world of all kinds of demons and bad people. Some of the phoenix-humans even had some supernatural abilities like Savannah. She had the power to control the four elements. Her parents didn't have such an ability but some special other weapons. Her mother used a gun with unusual monition. The monition was made up out enzyme-plasma. Her father used an old sword with demonic powers. The three of them worked for the Association of Phoenix-Human Race and were very proud of their unusual workplace.

But Claire herself didn't have the phoenix-blood inside her. She was just an ordinary human in any kind of way. This way of thinking made Claire sick. She stood up.

"I'm not hungry." she said and turned around to leave the room. Her parents didn't seem to notice that she was about to leave the room, but her sister did. She sighed and looked to her mum, who was smiling widely.

"I'll be right back, just a second..." she told them and they nodded in her direction.

"Come back anytime you like, honey."

Claire tried to calm down but that was quite difficult with her eyes stinging and

burning because of holding back her tears. It happened like that every evening. She was used to it but there were some times when she couldn't stand these situations. Of course her sister didn't do what she did on purpose, their parents acted like that on their own, but Savannah could at least try to reduce her speeches about herself to not make Claire feel worse than before. Once she had tried to speak to Savannah, but that hadn't help at all. It had made Claire hate her sister more than ever before.

"Hey, wait a second! Please!" Claire turned around, looking really confused. In front of her stood Savannah, her dark red hair silky and glossy in a ponytail and her weird red violet eyes staring at her expectant.

"What is it? Do you want to continue telling me all these things in which you are so much better at than me?" she asked in a dry tone and expected her sister to hiss at her, but her tone was mild and calm.

"No. I just wanted to ask you, if you would like to come along to the Association with me tomorrow to meet my partners there. Come on, it'll be fun and you seem like you need something funny now."

"Humans are not allowed there."

"I'm sure they'll make an exception if it's you. Partly because you are my twin-sister." Claire sensed the superior tone in Savannah's art to talk. She was probably making fun of her, to see how she would react, when she would say 'Well, sorry to tell you this, but this is never going to happen. You're a human, a nothing to us phoenix-humans', and she was really tired of this *funny* game.

"Go to hell, bitch." she hissed and turned around to run upstairs. Savannah looked after her sadly. She just couldn't understand why Claire would act like that again. She sighed and went back.

"If it's that what you want..."

"Mom, Ian, we're home!" Lia called when she shut the door behind her. There were sounds coming out of the living-room.

"Welcome back my princesses~" Ian called and smiled at them. Charley ran straight to her father and jumped onto his lap. He hugged her and let her see the news with him. Lia smiled and took off her skinny jacket. Then she walked into the kitchen and saw her mother leaning over some plates.

"Hey Sweetheart. Dinner's ready, please bring these plates over to the table. I'll get us some glasses." she told her daughter and Lia nodded. After she was done with the plates, she sat down at the table and helped her sister to climb onto her chair. Ian still sat on the couch and watched the news.

"Come on Ian, your meal will get cold, if you don't stop watching." Lia told him and waited, but Ian didn't turn around to answer. He looked at the TV just when a new report came in. The reporter looked taken aback.

"We're sorry to disturb right now but something unforeseen has happened. Today there was a big disaster in Germany. There had been a big explosion in a factory and more than 350 people had to give their lives. It seems like this had been planned by the secret organization called W.P.O. which name will continue to be unknown. The organizations president, Nave Ratsdam, or 'Predator' how he calls himself, couldn't be found yet. If you have any information about him, please let us know. Here's a photo of him." Lia looked up and saw the picture of a handsome young man with fair hair and light blue eyes. Suddenly a crashing sound appeared next to her. Her mother breathed startled and Lia turned around, obviously scared.

"Mom! What's wrong?" she asked and looked down where the glasses had crashed

onto the floor. There were glass shards everywhere.

"N-nothing...I just had a cramp...don't worry about it. And don't touch the shards, you'll hurt yourself." Carolyn said and Lia shrugged. Her mother went into the kitchen to search for a broom. Lia got to her feet and knelt in the floor.

"No, mama said to not touch them!" Charley said with her bright voice and Lia smiled.

"Don't worry, nothing is going to happen to me." she said but just one second later, she cut herself badly. There was a thick cut on her right palm. Blood dripped down and made her sleeve red and wet.

"Oh...well, that's not so bad how it looks." she said calmly and Ian went to her.

"Show it to me, maybe there are shards in the wound." he told her and she opened the hand. The deep cut was gone, just a few red drops remained. Lia widened her eyes.

"What-...what happened?" she asked loudly and looked to Ian. He was as astonished as she was.

"Are you sure you cut yourself?"

"Well yes, I'm pretty sure I did. Or am I now imagining things?" Carolyn came in the room, a broom in the right hand and a plastic bag in the left.

"I told you to stay away from the shards Lia!" she said, still with this strange tone in her voice. Lia moved and eyebrow.

"Nothing happened mom...well, you're right. I'm sorry, I won't do this again, okay?" Carolyn nodded in her direction and started to clean the floor.

After she and Ian were done, they all sat down at the table and finally ate their dinner.

"It's really bad. These people from W.P.O. are seriously trying to kill innocent human beings, but what for? They should be arrested in an instant!" Ian said angry and cut his meat harder than necessarily. Lia ate quietly and looked to her mom, who hadn't said anything these past few minutes.

"What does killing mean?" Charley asked and smiled.

"It means 'Making someone unable to draw pictures with wax crayons'." Ian said and calmed down. He didn't want to be angry in front of this little girl.

"I...I'm really tired. I'm going to take a cold shower and then go to sleep. Good night." Carolyn said and stood up. She took her plate and glass into the kitchen, went back to give everyone a kiss on the cheek and then she disappeared into the bathroom.

"Your mother's right, today was an exhausting day. I'll also go to bed early. Could you please help Charlotte to go to bed Hilary?" Ian said and Lia nodded in his direction.

"Sure thing Ian. Sleep well." she said and took the remained plates and glasses into the kitchen.

"Why are mommy and daddy so tired?" Lia knelt down to lift her sister up.

"I don't know. They either are tired or they just want to be alone to have a little fun."

"What fun? It's too late to go to kindergarten!" Charley said and Lia thought about an easy explanation for what adults do when they're alone in the bed-room.

"They don't go to kindergarten. They just do boring adult-things, you know, like parking cars in a garage, or cutting bushes with a hedge trimmer or something like that..." Charley looked a little confused.

"Adults do something like that?" Lia bit her tongue, she nearly started to laugh because of her stupid explanation. She cleared her throat and tried to calm down.

"Yes they do. I, of course, never did anything like that. But if Mom and Ian didn't have done it, we wouldn't talk to each other right now." She said and her speech was finished. Charley smiled.

"Now I understand it! Thank you!" Lia started laughing out loud. Now her mom wouldn't need to have the 'Special-Talk' when Charley would be grown up. But it was

a little early to talk about how the children came up, Charley was only three and a half years old. She was glad she wouldn't understand it clearly right now. She kissed her little sister on the cheek.

"But now we're going to bed!"

The next day started with Lia oversleeping and being too late to have breakfast.

"Shall I drive you to school?" Carolyn asked, because Ian already went to work so he couldn't take her to school as he usually did.

"No, it's okay, I'm going to go by bus. The bus will arrive any second so I cannot eat something. See you later!" she called as she opened the door.

"Don't forget to take Charley with you after school!" she called but Lia had already shut the door behind her.

She hurried to the bus stop, drove to school and arrived at the school building just in time. Her best friend Tamyra-Lynne and her boyfriend Christopher were standing next to a sign which said 'East-Green State high school' and looked kind of bored. Mia saw Lia the second she arrived. She smiled.

"There you are! I already began to think about the words on your gravestone..." she said and gave her best friend a big hug. Christopher chuckled and kissed his girlfriend softly.

"No, seriously, why are you this late Lia? This is the first time in my life that you were almost too late for school. I mean, what's going on?" Lia punched him at his arm.

"Don't be ridiculous. It's not a big deal. Please don't act like I am the holiest person on earth and that it's a shame if I am too late for stupid, boring school." She said and rolled with her eyes. Mia looked to her watch.

"Oh, well, I don't want to be the bad guy in this moving situation, but if we continue talking about how holy Lia is, we'll be late." The other two nodded and they went inside the building.

The first thing they noticed inside was another huge sign which said 'Art exhibition of Claire Ryan'. It was painted with red paint on a black background so you just had to notice its presence.

"Look at this. Nerdy-Claire has an exhibition of art. What kind of art does she produce?" Christopher asked sarcastically and Mia started laughing, but Lia thought about his words and started to remember something.

"Claire is a pretty talented artist. She paints awesome paintings..." she told them and looked to the sign more closely. Mia and Chris stopped chuckling.

"Why do you know that?" Mia seemed confused. Claire Ryan was known at this high school for being shy, obliging and quiet. No one ever talked to her because she seemed not interested in any kind of talking. She never smiled, never laughed and never talked to anyone except the school's psychologist, Miss Maybelle Nightcalm.

One year ago she moved from Ireland to America. For a new teenager in America, it was obvious that she would be shy, but even after a few weeks, she still hadn't talked to anyone. Her class teacher sent Miss Nightcalm to talk to her and as the rumors went on, it seemed as if she had some really hard problems with her family, but nobody did know anything more.

One day after her art lesson, Lia had noticed that she and Claire had been in the same art class. She felt sorry for her situation, so she decided to befriend with her. Anytime Lia had asked her anything, her answer would be pretty short and dry. After ten minutes, she had been tired of this, so she had sighed, turned away and never talked

to her ever since.

"I was in the same art class with her. I saw her paintings and they were really good. Better than mine would ever be." Mia smiled.

"Well, good for her that she has painting skills, but she still is an awkward, weird and quiet person. She doesn't deserve pity if she acts like that. It's no surprise if you ask me..."

"Come on, you're being too hard on her. If she really has problems with her family, you shouldn't be that mean. I'm sure that she is a really nice person. Probably just deep inside." Christopher made a despondent noise.

"It's too deep inside. Her own fault for not being able to make friends, if you ask me. Let's go, I don't want to be late." That gave Lia more stuff to think about. Was it really right to judge a person by his or her behavior or appearance, if you didn't know anything about her family or past? She sighed and went silent as the three of them walked ahead to their classrooms.

The bell rang. School was finished, everyone walked outside to see off their friends. One girl stopped walking and turned to the art room. Her heart was beating as she opened the door. She looked inside: On each wall hung three or more of her paintings. She smiled. It felt great to see these pictures in the art room. Painting was her passion, she loved it and she lived for it.

Claire went inside and placed her bag on a nearby chair. She sat down at the floor and closed her eyes for a moment. She could see her treasures even in the darkness. Maybe the pupils would understand her better if they had seen her paintings. Maybe they would *feel* it like she did. Maybe she would finally be able to make some friends. But as she sat there on the cold floor, waiting for curious people who wanted to see her exhibition, the minutes passed away.

After two hours of waiting, she stood up, her mouth a dead, straight line in her pale face. Of course no one had come.

It was obvious. Why would anyone want to see my paintings? I'm the weird, crazy girl with no friends and a season ticket to the school psychologist. I'm nothing. Life would be better without me, it's as my parents always told me. I'm not worth it.

"Pretty awesome, your paintings..." someone said. Claire turned around and saw a girl with hazelnut brown hair and light blue eyes looking at her paintings. She remembered the girl, she had talked to her one year ago when she had moved to Arizona.

"You're Hilary, right? Hilary Marchwind?" she asked nervously and the girl smiled.

"Yes. Great that you remember me, I always wanted to be friends with someone who could show me how to draw. It's not that I cannot draw or paint, I just don't have the time to study it. Would you mind?" she asked nicely and Claire started to smile, too.

"I would love to." she said and grabbed her sketch book.

"By the way, call me Lia. All my friends call me that." Lia said and Claire smiled again. Would she finally be able to make a friend? She clearly wouldn't deserve it after acting rude to Lia one year ago. But she was relieved that Lia decided to visit her exhibition today.

"And now you have to drive the pencil over the paper like that...finished!" Claire clapped her hands.

"Well done! It really looks like a fruit bowl now." Lia smiled.

"Thank you Claire." She looked at her pencil-drawing.

"I think this will happen to be pinned at my fridge today! My first progression in direction 'Painter'" she said and chuckled. Then she looked at her watch and made a surprised noise.

"Oh crap. I have to go now, my sister's kindergarten is over like one hour ago. My mom will be angry with me. I hope Charley is still there...See you soon!" she called and took her bag. Then she ran out of the room, out of the school and into the next bus. Claire took her own bag and put the pencils inside.

Nice girl. I hope I won't deter her...She could be my very first friend in years... For the first time, she went home and smiled at her parents, even though they were not smiling at her but at Savannah who just had come into the living room. Savannah turned around when she saw her little sister running up the stairs. She heard a door falling shut and then she sighed deeply.

"Why does it have to be like that Claire?" she whispered.

"Did you say anything honey?" her mother asked. Savannah turned around, obviously surprised.

"No, never mind. Paige and I just finished this mission, and..."

Lia pushed the door to the kindergarten open and looked for her sister anxiously.

"Charley, are you here?" she called and opened the door to the recreation room. Charley sat on a small chair next to a strict looking woman.

"There you are Hilary! Where have you been? Charlotte nearly started to cry when you didn't arrive!" Charley ran to her sister and hugged her.

"I'm so sorry! I visited an art exhibition at my school and the artist showed me how to draw beautiful pictures with pencils and...I'm really sorry, this won't happen again, I swear!" she said and hugged her sister back.

"Well I hope so. See you tomorrow then."

"Yes, of course." Lia said and helped Charley to dress into her skinny jacket.

"I almost thought that you would leave me here!" Charley said and sobbed quietly.

"Oh, I would never do that sweetie! Look, to cheer you up, why don't we go to the platform again? You loved the nice view, didn't you?" she asked and her little sister smiled.

"You would really do that?" she asked and Lia nodded while smiling.

"Of course. Now let's get going!"

The two of them arrived at the platform above the river ten minutes later, when the sun started to set. She lifted Charley up. The sun shone down to the water and made golden spots onto it.

"Golden water! Awesome!" Charley called and laughed with her bright voice. The sunlight went through her light blond hair curls and made them shine, too.

"I know. The most beautiful view in the whole town!" Lia said and laughed, too.

"Oh I don't know. You should look into a mirror. That view is very nice, too, you know."

Lia turned around. This sarcastic voice sounded scaring familiar. And when she looked around to see the person with this sarcastic kind of voice, she didn't want to believe her eyes. There he was: black, curly hair. Muscular body, sarcastic smile and beautiful eyes. She snorted doubtfully.

"It can't be! You! We met yesterday, didn't we?" she asked and lifted her eyebrows. The boy smiled his usual smile.

"Well yes, we certainly did. Nice to meet you and your daughter again." He said and started laughing.

"For the last time! She isn't my daughter you jackass, she's my little sister! And what

was this stupid line about? That was disgusting!" she said angrily. The boy drove one hand through his awesome hair.

"Well I didn't say that to you. It was meant to be a charming little sentence to your charming little sister." He whispered and winked at her. Lia crossed her arms and went nearer to look at his stupid face. The boy raised an eyebrow.

"Hey, are you actually stalking me right now?" he asked with his sarcastic grin and came nearer. Lia made a face.

"What are you talking about? Charley wanted to come here again and this is a public park. Also, we only met once. So that's not what you would call stalking. Well, at least not what I would call it. I don't know how you interpret stalking, so..." she said and stared at him furiously. The boy started laughing.

"It's ok. You don't have to freak out like that." he said casually. "I wasn't-" Lia started but she was interrupted because of her sister. Charley ran to the boy, laughing, and flung herself into his arms. The boy seemed surprised but also to not to mind that.

"Hey Jayden!" she said with her bright voice and embraced him tightly.

"Hello, little princess." he said charmingly and patted her on her head. Lia's mouth went open.

"You told her your name?" she asked astonished and thought about the time, when she had been three herself and her mom had always told her to not trust someone you've only just met. The boy, Jayden, looked pleased with himself and nodded.

"Why not? I like her, she's cute." he said and chuckled.

"But you could be some kind of child abuser or-"

"Oh, now you've hurt my feelings!" For the first time, she noticed an unusual accent in his voice.

"You're not from here, are you?" she asked and he looked kind of surprised.

"You're right. Actually I'm an alien of the 'Strangers Race' from a distant world to kidnap every pubescent girl I met to reproduce myself." Lia sensed his kind of humor and rolled her eyes.

"I meant that you're clearly not from America, are you?"

"Yeah, I'm from Australia. How did you know?"

"It's your accent. It tells me that you're not from America, that's all." Jayden looked pleased with himself.

"Wow, you like my voice so much that you heard my accent out of it? You're either really ill or just a sweet little girl. Are you sure everything's all right with you?" he said and chuckled under his breath. And when Lia just thought that he maybe didn't was that bad of an ass, now she got her first impression back and she rolled with her eyes.

"I'm sorry, but you don't have to exert yourself just to hear if someone isn't from America." she hissed and took Charley by her tiny hand. Jayden said nothing, he just grinned. This grin was the worst smile she had ever seen, so it didn't make a big difference from his usual raunchy comments. Lia tried to avert herself so she moved her gaze from his perfect mouth to his green eyes and-

No she was much more confused. She was pretty sure that his eyes had been golden yesterday, but today they were jade green. She came nearer and looked straight to his face. His grin widened.

"Why don't you just take a photo of it? Like that you'll be able to stare all night long at my face if it satisfies you." he said and she blushed.

"I'm sorry but...your eyes were golden yesterday and now they're green. Do you wear some kind of colored contacts?" He laughed out loud.

"Are you kidding me?" he asked while laughing as hardly as possible. Her eyes

widened as he laughed louder and the people around them stared at them in confusion.

"That's not funny!"

"Yes it is."

"NO!"

"Oh come on..." he said and grinned again. Lia didn't know how much longer she could stand his behavior.

"Hey, you already know my name. So why don't you tell me yours?" he suddenly asked and her gaze wandered straight into his face.

"No freaking way!"

"Why not?"

"Because I hardly know you. And besides, I don't trust suspicious people like you as fast as you obviously do."

"You did it again!"

"What?"

"You hurt my feelings again! I think I have to run to the men's toilet and cry a few hours because I can't stand your sight."

"Then why don't you just do us all a favor and do so?" she asked, more curiously than she wanted to.

"Because you're fun. Hey, Charley, why don't you tell me her name?" he asked and winked at the little girl.

"Her name is Lia." Jayden chuckled.

"What a strange name."

"It's a nickname." She really would lose her patience any second. But it also seemed to amuse her a little bit.

"And what for?" She sighed. What big difference would it be, if one more jerk in this earth would know her name?

"It's Hilary." His sarcastic grin turned into a friendly smile.

"Pretty name. Well, if you have a nickname, you should call me by mine, too. From now on call me Jade!" Lia nodded silently. What could she have done instead? Somehow her look had to be very amusing, Jayden started laughing again. She had to smile, too. If he wouldn't be that kind of an asshole, she would like him a bit.

Jayden suddenly stopped laughing. His eyes widened. He seemed like someone who had forgotten to take some very important medicine.

"Are you sure that my eyes are green?" he asked softly and looked really serious. Lia didn't know what to say.

"...yes?" Jayden seemed unexpectedly nervous now, he wiped away his tears from laughing and cleared his throat.

"I have to go now..." was all he said as he turned away and ran as fast as he could. This was clearly the craziest man she had ever met in her life. He seemed like a jerk through and through but she kind of felt a little bit of sympathy for him.

After a few minutes, Lia woke up of her dreamlike state as Charley bit into her hand.

"OUCH! Why did you do this Charley?" she asked angrily and looked down to her sister. She had tears in her eyes. Lia felt panic rising in her veins. She knelt down and drove her right hand across one of Charley's cheeks.

"What is going on? Why are you crying?" she asked gently and hugged her sister. She sobbed quietly.

"Do you think he hates me?" she asked with her bright voice and Lia sighed nervously.

"No, I don't think so. Don't worry about it, let's just go home, I have to make me ready

for practice. I'm sure we'll meet this jerk another time again."

Meanwhile Jayden finally stopped running and looked up to a big building with an iron-bar fence around it. It had been quite a long time since he'd been at the Association. Lately he just didn't feel to come here. He drew something like a plastic card out of his shirt and drove the card through a silver card slot and the door made of high iron bars went open.

He went to the building and silently opened the heavy wooden door. Jayden looked around to see if someone was in the entire hall, but he didn't notice anyone. He sighed with relief and went to the first door on the right.

"What are you doing here?" Jayden shrugged and turned around. There was a dark-haired boy leaning at a near wall. He looked quite interested.

"Evan," Jayden said, "Do you have something left? I didn't drink some since last week..." The boy crossed his arms over his chest.

"No, I don't have some. Did you go to Paige's room to ask her, if she has some left? Or did you have a different reason to come here since you don't like the Association?" Jayden snorted contemptuous.

"No, I didn't have a different reason to come here. It's just for the blood. But why are you asking? You don't come here often yourself, do you?" He wanted to go to the door but Evan blocked his way. In these situations, Jayden really hated god for making Evan taller than him.

"I don't come here often because of my missions. They're always abroad. You, instead, are always in Phoenix. Come on, they're your only family so why do you act like that?" Jayden glared at Evan furiously.

"That is really not in your business. Move it and get out of my way!" he hissed and pushed the taller boy aside. Evan shook his head and went to an iron door to meet with his partner.

Jayden knocked twice and opened the door without waiting for an answer. There was a girl with long blond hair curls sitting on a huge bed while reading a fashion magazine.

"Hey, I'm back Peach! Do you have some blood left?" The girl shrieked from the noise he produced.

"What the hell is going on?" she hissed and looked at him furiously.

"Don't freak out. I'm just asking if you have something left, that's all."

"You can't just go inside people's rooms, asking if they have some blood left! Remember your mom teaching you manners?" The girl stood up and looked taken aback.

"But first of all, were have you been? I fucking searched for you!" Jayden looked pleased instead of frightened. He was used to her behavior if he had been away for over two days so he didn't really mind that.

"I didn't want to come here. Some rooms are really disgusting. Have you seen this young married couple which comes here often lately? Once I took the wrong door and saw them while...never mind. Why are you always so angry when I return? I thought you would be pleased to see me once in a while..."

"Jayden!"

"For you it's Jade, but what?"

"Move on and get the hell out of my room! Don't come back till you understand where you belong!" the blond girl hissed and threw sharp things at the boy. He ducked to get

out of the way of a flying shear and ran out of the room, laughing out loud. The door closed behind him.

"Come on, why are you always that unfriendly? You really should be happy about my visit, Peach!" Jayden said and waited for a reaction. After ten seconds he heard a damp loud noise, she had thrown her desk chair. Jayden just had to start laughing again as he turned and made his way out of the living-part of the Association.

When he arrived in the science-part, he saw someone with light blond hair standing over a strange looking flower with six pink petals, on each petal a small mouth. Jayden smiled.

"Hey Lewis!" The boy turned around, saw Jayden and then smiled, too.

"Hey Jade. What's going on? Why are you here?" he asked and Jayden smiled.

"I'm searching for someone who has some blood left. I really need to have some. Do you...?" Lewis chuckled and nodded.

"There's something left from the breakfast. While Evan was here today, his partner wasn't. You can have her share if you like." Lewis was as friendly as always. Jayden nodded.

"Thanks a lot! Where is it?" he asked as his friend pointed his head in the kitchen's direction. The boys went into the kitchen. Jayden opened a huge silver refrigerator. Inside were nearly 500 little glass bottles full of reddish liquid. There was a shelf with this day's date. Two bottles were inside it. Jayden opened it and took the one with an "H". The other one, marked with a "P", looked untouched. His green eyes fixed the bottle.

"Why didn't Paige drink her share? There is only one for each week, and after so much time, the blood loses its effect on us..." Lewis sighed deeply.

"She didn't want to. It's hard for her when you're not here. She enjoys the time she spends with you, you may not notice it, but I think she could be friendlier, if you'd just move in here." Jayden seemed to think about that a second. He shook his head.

"No, I like my privacy. Because of that I moved into my own apartment in the first place, remember?" Lewis went silent. He thought about another thing to say and even picked the right words but then he looked at his face more closely.

"Look at your eyes! You really have to drink some blood now. They're completely green." Jayden laughed softly.

"I'm sorry. It seems I don't have a green thumb but green eyes." he said and took the glass with the reddish liquid. Lewis made a face.

"That was so not funny Jayden!"

"Call me Jade!" was everything he said before he drank his glass full of blood. He closed his eyes while drinking and when he finished, he made a satisfied sound and put the glass down to the kitchen table. When he opened his eyes, they were golden again.