

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 5: Questions and Answers

Neuer Tag, neues Kapitel^^ Vielen Dank für die Kommis^^

"Hit the road, Jack. And don't you come back. No more no more no more no more!"
The blue Mustang rushed along the freeway up north. Damon had turned on the car radio and since then he and Elena had sung loudly along. At some point Damon had lowered his voice to be able to better listen to Elena's as he liked to listen to her singing.
The song ended and another one started. A slow one. Time for them to catch their breaths.
"The Grill is going to need a new bartender if anyone finds out he mixes alcohol into the coke," Damon joked.
"I'm not drunk," Elena clarified. "Just..."
"Having a good time?" he offered.
"Yeah."
"See, nothing's better than a road trip with a hot-looking, smart and charming vampire like me."
She giggles. "Um, sure."
"You don't think I'm hot?" Damon said, pretending to sound broken-hearted. "After all we've been through. You disappoint me," he sniffed but quickly regained composure.
"I don't believe you. You think I'm hot. I know you do. I'm hot, right? Just little bit, right? Come on, admit it. I already know you think so."
Elena laughed. "A little bit." Damon's face lit up. "A tiny little bit."
"I knew it."
Elena laughed again and glance out of the window. "By the way, where are we going?"
"I don't know. You tell me."
"You're heading anywhere in particular?"
"Right now we're heading north. You decide it. Where do you wanna go?" Damon said.
"Mmm. Right now, where are we?"
"Close to West Virginia, I think."
"Would we make it in time to go to New York?" she asked hopefully.
Damon pulled a face. "New York...? Yeah, I think so. But that's not a good idea."
"Why not?"

"Just accept it. We're not going to New York, okay?" he barked.

Elena stared at him, startled by his sudden anger. She didn't want him to get mad so she quickly thought of a different place they could go to.

"We could say hello to Bree," she suggested.

"No, we can't," Damon contradicted. They couldn't say hello to Bree because she was dead. Damon had killed her himself and he didn't want Elena to know it. "How about Florida?" he suggested now. "Ever been there?"

"Not yet."

"Would you like to go there?" he asked.

"Sure but you have to turn–"

"That's not a problem," he cut her off and turned around on the freeway. Now they were heading down south.

For the next half an hour they didn't talk. Elena was still slightly startled because Damon had barked at her for apparently no reason and Damon was quiet because he was lost in thoughts about Katherine. He had remembered her instantly when Elena had brought up New York. After all New York wasn't far away from Washington D.C.

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"Damon?" Elena's voice brought him back to the present.

"What is it?" he asked exhausted.

"I know it's none of my business," she started carefully. "But I wondered why you came back early. Did anything happen? How did the search go? Did you find Katherine?"

Damon exhaled deeply. He felt his blood already starting to boil. He tried to calm himself. His anger wasn't directed toward Elena.

"Seriously, Elena," he said slowly and calm. "If I think about Katherine now I'll kill us, no you, because I'll crash with high speed into the next approaching car."

Elena stared at him. "That bad, huh?" she quietly mumbled.

Damon didn't reply to it but he wanted the conversation to keep going so he asked a question himself.

"Why did Stefan leave? I have no clue."

Elena crossed her arms and stared out of the window.

"We both have something we don't want to talk about," she just said.

Damon nodded. He knew the answer anyway. Stefan had sent him a text message while he had been in Washington saying "I need to leave. If you come back before me please take care of Elena."

That was exactly what he was doing. It was the reason why he was hanging out with Elena. He was taking care of her.

"Back at the Grill I heard you talking to Bonnie and Caroline," he suddenly started, his eyes fixed at the road. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her shifting uncomfortably in her seat. "You need me to do something?" he repeated her words from hours ago, trying not to sound angry. Actually, he had thought she enjoyed his company and wasn't spending time with him because she tried to get something out of it.

"Kind of," Elena replied. "I want to ask you something. Something that's very important to me and that Stefan would never tell me."

Damon relaxed. She just wanted to ask him something. If that was it she could ask him whatever she wanted.

"I see," he said. "Go ahead."

"I've been thinking about this for some time now," she told him. "Ever since Stefan told me I was adopted. Well, it's more than obvious that I look like Katherine and I've been wondering why. Who was my mother? What connection did she have to Katherine? What connection do I have to her?"

Damon's fingers tightly clenched the steering wheel. Elena was bringing up another thing he neither wanted to think nor to talk about.

"Elena, I'm not like my brother," he began. "I won't lie to you. Not even for your safety. I'll be honest with you." He paused for a moment as if to find the right words. "Yes, I know what the connection is. I've done some research. And no, I won't tell you. You can shout at me, be mad at me forever but it all won't make me change my mind. I won't share this bit of information with you."

He turned his head to look at Elena. She looked like she was just slapped in the face. She seemed to be struggling with herself. A part of her probably wanted to force the answer out of him but in the end she just accepted it.

"Okay. What if I find it out by myself?"

"I hope you never will. Trust me, it's better this way."

"You're not any better than Stefan," she told him. "You're both perfect secret keepers."

"Look, I didn't want to know it, okay?" he said growing irritated. "I wish I never found out. So just forget it."

Elena was pissed. She had actually thought Damon would be frank with her but he, too, had a reason to keep the truth from her. At least he was straight with her but it wasn't much of a comfort to her.

So much for the good time, Damon thought. He knew she would have asked him eventually as she was right about Stefan. He'd rather die than tell her the truth. And Damon was almost like him. He wouldn't let her know for as long as possible. He glanced over at her. She was staring outside, her arms crossed and pissed. He didn't blame her. He couldn't stand to be left out, either. He was trying to find the right words to soothe her anger but he didn't succeed in it. That was Stefan's talent. Somehow his brother could always cheer her up. Why couldn't, too?

"Do you want me to drive you back home?" he asked already preparing himself for the answer.

Elena was about to snap "Yes!" but she couldn't. Sure, she would be rid of Damon whom she couldn't stand to see right now but it wouldn't change anything. She would still be mad at him like forever and afterwards she would be sad because she would be all alone in her room again, missing and waiting for Stefan. If she stayed she'd give Damon a chance to distract her and make up for not telling her by letting her have a good time with lots of fun.

"No," she said eventually. "I don't."

Damon was relieved to hear it and he decided to let her forget all of her unanswered questions by giving her the best time of her life. Florida seemed to be an appropriate place to achieve it.

"Thanks," he said and gave her a small smile.

"I'm sorry," she replied. "I shouldn't have asked you. You told me you didn't want to think of Katherine and I brought her up."

"It's okay," Damon replied, partly shocked that she was blaming herself so much. "You have a right to know it." And then he did something he was sure he would regret later. "I'll tell you... later... sometime, okay? Not now but I promise I will." As I'm the only one who can answer your questions, he added in his thoughts. He smiled slightly when

he saw Elena's face lighten up.

"Thank you, Damon. I really appreciate that," she said gratefully.

"You're welcome." Elena leaned happily back into the seat and yawned heartily. "You can take a nap. It's gonna take some hours to get to Florida."

"Yes, I will," she decided and closed her eyes. "Good night."

"Sweet dreams."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Elena smile.