

# The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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## Kapitel 7: Florida Part 2 True Feelings

Der Traum einer jeden Frau geht weiter ;)

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Wherever Damon was heading for, it was outside of Orlando. This ride was longer than the ones to Disney World and Sea World. They drove for miles and miles and Elena kept wondering where Damon was taking her to. The sun had nearly set. There was only a shimmer of orange in the darkening sky. She guessed they had been driving for an hour without talking to each other, just listening to the radio. Damon was focused. His eyes never left the road. The silence between them was comfortable but gradually Elena got impatient. She turned her gaze to the front and could see the coast a few miles ahead of them. Suddenly she had an idea. But Damon wouldn't or would he?

Damon never turned, he was driving straight towards the coast and Elena started to trust her feelings. Still when Damon actually stopped at the coast she held her breath. As if he knew what she was thinking he gave her a small smile.

They got out of the car and walked towards the beach. Elena was mesmerized by the view in front of her. The orange-red fireball-like sun was hovering just above the surface of the sea. It was a very romantic atmosphere which made her wonder why Damon would take a walk on the beach with her. Again Elena felt like he was reading her mind because he answered her unspoken question.

"Sometimes I go to the beach and take a walk to catch my breath," he told her. "The silence is really helpful if you want to think about certain things and make important decisions."

He glanced at Elena who was looking astonished at him. So he actually did have a soft side!

"What?" he asked half-amused. "Didn't think I'd do that, did you?"

"No – Yes – I don't know," she stammered.

He smiled smugly. "But don't you dare to say a word about it to my brother," he added menacingly.

"I'll take it to the grave," she replied and they both had to laugh at the ambiguity.

"Then I guess I can share some more secrets with you 'cause you won't die so soon."

"You think so?"

"You're pretty tough and even if you get into serious danger you have the Salvatore

brothers to protect you," he explained earnestly.

"For the time being just one of them," she reminded him sadly.

"I'm working for two," he told her and was happy when he saw the corners of her mouth turn slightly up.

The sun had set completely now and darkness replaced it with the cold of the night. A slight breeze blew past them and made Elena shiver. Damon didn't miss it. He took off his leather jacket and put it over her shoulders and if this wasn't gentlemen-like already she put his arm around her and pulled her close to her. Elena was surprised by it but welcomed the warmth he was giving her. Yet she felt a little bit guilty. She could have brought a jacket herself.

"Aren't you cold now?" she inquired.

"No, I'm fine," he assured her, smiling. They straddled for another mile, just enjoying the moment until Damon turned to her again. "Let's go back to the hotel."

"You have another surprise for me?" she wanted to know.

"No," he answered. "Or does a bar surprise you?"

"Not really," she grinned.

So they went back to the car to return to the hotel. One hour later they arrived there and went down into the lounge. They took a seat and ordered some drinks. Actually Elena hadn't wanted to drink but being with Damon she could do everything and she liked that freedom. She had a sweet cocktail while Damon had a beer. After relaxing a little on the sofa Elena was in for some fun, remembering their trip to Atlanta.

"I'm bored," she pouted.

"I know how to change it," he replied, got up, pulled her up from the sofa and led her to the dance floor.

Elena still remembered Damon's way of dancing pretty well and opened her mouth to refuse but then she no longer protested. In fact Elena liked the music playing in the bar. It made her want to move and Damon certainly knew how to do it. He turned and twirled her around until she felt terribly dizzy and told him to stop. That was around midnight.

"Let's call it a day," Damon decided, took her hand and led her out of the lounge.

They took the elevator to their suite and settled in Elena's bedroom. Damon slumped on her bed and stretched himself. Elena sat down beside him and took off her shoes. Her feet slightly hurt from dancing so wildly with Damon. It had been some time since she had danced longer than one song.

"You tired?" she asked Damon who had closed his eyes.

"Not really. You?"

"No," she smiled. "On the contrary, I feel pretty elated." He smiled. "Thank you for everything, Damon."

"Ah ah ah, what did I tell you?"

"I'm just thanking you," she insisted. "I'm happy that you convinced me to go on this trip with you. You sure know how to make a girl happy."

Damon didn't reply to that and Elena started to regret what she had said. Usually she would have never dared to say something like this if it wasn't for the alcohol.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "Forget—"

"You think so?" he interrupted her.

"What?"

"You really think I can make a girl happy?" he repeated.

"Yeah, sure, why not?"

Damon opened his eyes but didn't look at her. Instead he stared off into emptiness.

"I think you're alone in that," he mumbled.

He had had many girls in his life and afterlife, mostly to have some fun but he didn't think that any of these girls enjoyed being with him.

Elena felt uncomfortable. She regretted having started a topic which was obviously causing Damon pain. She had a hunch as to what he was thinking about and soon he confirmed it by saying it out loud.

"Kath wasn't happy with me," he sighed.

Elena felt even guiltier now. Damon was still hurt by Katherine. It was still haunting him and it seemed like it had gotten worse with time. She felt deeply sorry for Damon and wanted to help him get over his grief. But how? She knew that it helped some people to just talk about it. It seemed to be the right way to help Damon, too, because he didn't have anyone to talk to. His pride didn't let him talk to Stefan about his problems and aside from Stefan he had nobody else.

Just her.

"Damon," she began hesitantly. "What happened while you were gone searching for Katherine?"

Damon didn't answer at once. He took his time until he was ready to talk about what had been bothering him for so long.

"It wasn't easy to find her," he started. "I guess she didn't want to be found. She often changed her whereabouts but I found her eventually... in Washington D.C. I checked in in the same hotel she was living in. My room was on the same floor as hers... I didn't see her during the day and in the evening I began looking for her."

*Damon went down the stairs into the lounge. You could here many voices talking. He pricked his ears and tried to make out Katherine's voice. The closer he approached the lounge the more difficult it became and when he entered it, it became impossible. So he relied on his eyes and searched for her in the crowd. His eyes scanned the room and eventually found someone who looked quite similar to her.*

*The woman was sitting at the counter next to fat man who looked like a congressman. Damon took a seat that offered him a prefect view on them. He saw the woman the hand of the politician and gently stroking the back of it. The sight made Damon feel sick. The man looked like he was forty years older than her (which wouldn't mean anything considering Katherine how old Katherine was now but still). It didn't take Damon much time to conclude that she was his mistress.*

*After a few minutes the woman emptied her glass of wine and kissed the old man goodbye. He obviously couldn't get enough of her as he grabbed her butt and squeezed it tightly.*

*Damon was about to puke. Thank god he hadn't ordered a drink. He averted his gaze and waited for the woman to pass him by. One minute more and he slowly followed her.*

*She left the hotel and stepped outside on the dark street. She was heading somewhere in particular. She never stopped for look around so she must have walked this way many times before. Following her Damon wondered where she was going and was shocked when she turned into an alley and stepped into the darkest district of D.C. The district of criminals and whores. What the hell is she doing there? he desperately wondered.*

*She headed straight for a bar which looked really dirty even from outside and Damon had a very bad feeling. It turned out his feelings didn't trick him. It was a table dance bar. He couldn't believe his eyes. Was Katherine meeting someone here? As cruel as the thought*

was, considering her relationship with the congressman. He entered the bar and lost her in the crowd. He didn't get nervous. Somehow he knew he would see her again soon. His bad feeling increased and he begged God no, please no.

But no one listened to his prayers. Five minutes later she came back into his view, joining the other table-dancers. Apparently she was the favorite of the disgusting men down her feet. When she appeared all the men started cheering. The woman who looked so similar to Katherine seemed to enjoy it and began to move her body in sexy ways, turning on the men.

At this point Damon had seen enough. He averted his gaze and made his way to the exit. Outside on the street he took a deep breath.

It's not Kath. It's not Kath. It's not her, he kept telling himself. It couldn't be her. It wasn't her style... or was it? How much had she changed over the years? He understood the thing with the congressman. She put up with him because he had power and money. So that part about her hadn't changed. Back then she had put up with the Salvatores for the same reason. It was no secret. But why the bar? Why selling her body to such low, disgusting scum? It had looked like she actually had enjoyed being the queen for the many...

He suddenly remembered some words he had heard before from Pearl and Stefan.

She had him under her spell like everybody else.

Our love for Katherine wasn't real, Damon. She compelled us.

No! Damon thought desperately. She had never compelled him. He had loved her because he had wanted to, because she had meant something to him...

But apparently she had really not returned his feelings and why should she have? Didn't she have a great substitute for him? A bunch of substitutes! Damon got angry. He felt betrayed by her, like she was cheating on him. She probably didn't even remember him at all. He didn't want to imagine how many men had made her forget about him. It was disgusting. She was disgusting. What had she become? A succubus? Yeah, she was nothing more than that. A monster which turned on poor men like him who pathetically fell in love with her.

He had seen enough. He wanted to leave. Far away from all of this. He wanted to forget about everything... about her... but he couldn't. He needed certainty that she had forgotten him, that he had never meant anything to her... So he went back to the hotel and waited for her to come back. He waited hours, trying to prepare some things he would tell her.

Then after midnight he felt her presence approach. He directed his gaze to the entrance of the hotel. Katherine was just coming in. Thank god she was alone. She bid the doorman and the receptionist, who bowed elegantly, goodnight. She smiled turned her gaze to Damon who was sitting casually in the armchair next to the elevators.

"I remember you," she told him when she had reached him. Damon's heart started pounding faster. Maybe there was still hope. "You've been following me tonight."

"Why not," he replied smiling. "You're a beautiful woman."

She giggles like a little girl, making Damon feel sick again. "Let me walk you to your room," he offered and got up.

They took the elevator to their floor and continued their small talk.

"You're not like the others," she observed. "Different somehow."

"You don't miss a thing. I think you know what makes me different?"

"I think I think so, too," she said sweetly. "What brings you here?"

"You," he told her directly to catch her off guard but if he had she hid it pretty well. "I remember you too," he continued. "From about 145 years ago."

*She looked at him, slowly realizing what time he was talking about.*

*"It was 1864 if I remember it correctly?" she said, giving him her sweetest smile. "And your name was?"*

*Her words hit him like slap in the face. So she really didn't remember him... He hadn't been special enough to stick in her mind.*

*"Salvatore," he answered, trying to keep the anger out of his voice. "Damon Salvatore," he added, stressing his first name.*

*Her face lit up. "Ah, now I remember you! I'm sorry, it's been a long time," she apologized but Damon didn't accept it.*

*"No problem," he said through gritted teeth.*

*"How's Stefan?" she wanted to know next and hit Damon another time.*

*"He's fine," he told her with false kindness.*

*"Give him my best," she said. "Well, you came for me, Damon?" she picked up his statement from earlier. "May I say Damon?" she added politely.*

*"Sure," he agreed but would've rather said no. "You're right I came for no one but you."*

*"I'm flattered." She giggled again, pissing Damon even more off. "What can I do for you?" Now was the time to make a decision. Tell her the truth or lie. He decided to sell a story he quickly imagined in his mind.*

*"There were rumors holding you'd be still alive," he told her. "Although all of us saw you being brought to the tomb. But on opening it we didn't find your body in it."*

*Damn, he thought. I shouldn't have told her.*

*"Oh, you opened the tomb?" For some reason she looked very happy about it.*

*"Yes, we did." He had to continue with the truth, now. "Anna freed Pearl."*

*"I'm happy to hear that," Katherine said. "Do you know where I can find her? I'd like to meet her and say hello."*

*"No, I'm sorry. I have no idea," he answered in the negative. And even if he had known he wouldn't have told her.*

*"Oh, that's too bad."*

*Damon wanted nothing more than to leave, now but he had to say goodbye to her first and therefore he had to bring the conversation to an end. "Yeah, well, Pearl told me you escaped the hunt back then and I wanted to see if it was true with my own eyes," he concluded.*

*"Yes, I was lucky," she said smiling again. "The guard was very kind."*

*You made him be kind, he corrected her in his thoughts.*

*"I see." Literally. "Well, that's everything I came here for," he told her. "I need to be going, now."*

*"I see," she said. Was there a touch of disappointment in her voice? "May I ask you who sent you?"*

*She's playing me! he thought furiously. After all she'd done and hurt him by she was playing him again!*

*"I did," he answered, not hiding his anger anymore and before it could get worse he decided to leave. "Goodbye, Kath."*

Damon and Elena were still settling on the bed. Damon's eyes that held so many emotions in this moment were closed. He had already been weak enough tonight. He had shown Elena a side of him no one had ever seen. He was calm on the outside but while he had told her everything his voice must have broken a couple of times.

He expected Elena to say something. She listened attentively to his story without interrupting him once and now she was silent. It was nearly driving him insane not to

know what she was thinking. He opened his mouth to ask her about it when –  
"Bitch!"

Damon's eyes shot open. He settled himself into a sitting position and stared at Elena.  
"What?"

"Well, I'm sorry," Elena said but quickly corrected herself. "Wait, no, I'm not. She's a bitch."

"Take it back!" Damon growled.

"Why? You just told me she'd been playing you over the years not once respecting your feelings–"

"I know," Damon cut her short. "But I don't want you to call her that."

"Don't tell me you're okay with what she did!" Elena flared up. "She played you, Damon! She didn't care about you! She hurt you so much!"

"Yes but still," he insisted. "Still I can't hate her. I could never do that."

"But still," Elena kept on trying to open his eyes so that he saw the truth. "She had no right to hurt you. You didn't deserve it."

As much as her words made him happy, he just couldn't hate Katherine for what she did. Maybe he was blind and foolish but he just couldn't. He just loved her too much. Maybe sometime if he would find another woman he'd want to spend eternity with that woman could heal his broken heart, make him be angry at Katherine and make him forget about her eventually. He very much hoped for this to happen, otherwise he would probably never get over her.

"Thanks for your concern," Damon said, trying not to keep calm. "But how I think of her is my business not yours."

He knew his words sounded harsh. After all she only wanted to help him. But it was true. Katherine was none of her business... yet.

Elena had understood. He didn't care about her opinion. Stupid, lovesick idiot! How could he still love her after everything she'd done?! She hardly knew Katherine, only from Stefan and Damon's stories but she was suddenly despising her for what she had done to Damon. She better never come across this woman.

"I'll go to bed, now," Damon announced. "We'll leave at ten a.m."

Elena just nodded. Damon gave her a last look, then left the room. Elena got up, got some things out of her bag and entered the bathroom. She locked it and took a shower. It was a great relief and opportunity to let her thoughts flow. Damon had finally opened up to someone, to none other than her. She knew how much it must have taken him to do it and how much trust was involved in it. She was grateful for it and didn't blame him anymore. Love was human feeling after all. How long had they been waiting for a sign of humanity in Damon to show? Katherine however had done something Elena wouldn't forgive. Ever.

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Soviel zu der schönen Zeit. Ähm... bitte bringt mich nicht um, erstens dafür, dass Damon schon fast kitschig nett ist, zweitens, dass er total emo wegen Kath ist und drittens, was wohl am schlimmsten ist, dass ich sie zur Hure gemacht hab...^^° Seit Folge 14 hab ich nen totalen Hass auf die und das merkt man beim lesen. Der Sinn dahinter ist, dass Kath auf diese Weise genug Typen kennenlernt die sie blutmäßig am Leben halten. So kann sie vor dem Kongresstypen ihren Schein wahren. Also, lasst mich bitte leben^^°

Und schon mal als kleiner Teaser: Hab mich ja jetzt schon etwas vom Inhalt der Serie wegbewegt, aber das nächste Kapitel, wird wieder an Folge 14 anschließen. Was ich damit genau meine, werdet ihr dann sehen, wenn ihr nach diesen Kapitel noch Lust habt weiter zu lesen!

In Hoffnung  
eure Asu