

# The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

Von Asu91

## Kapitel 15: I Will Carry You

Schande über mich. Schon wieder fast ne Woche rum seit ich gepostet hab^^° Tut mir so Leid! Aber jetzt hab ich endlich ein neues Kapitel für euch. Mit allem, was euch gefällt: Action, Angst, Trost und (ein wenig) Liebe. Mir gefällt dieses Kapitel wirklich gut, was nicht oft passiert XD Ich hoffe euch gefällt es genauso! Viel Spaß!

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*Yeah I know it hurts.*

*Yeah I know you're scared walking down the road that leads to who knows where.*

*Don't you hang your head don't you give up yet.*

*When courage starts to disappear I will be right here.*

*When your world breaks down and the voices tell you turn around.*

*When your dreams give out, I will carry you.*

*When the stars go blind and the darkness starts to flood your eyes.*

*When you're falling behind, I will carry you.*

If Damon had wanted to achieve something with this road trip and concert he would have accomplished his mission perfectly. Elena was pretty psyched even hours after the concert had ended. The wide smile never left her face.

Damon was happy, too, because he had made Elena happy. After that apocalyptic message from his stupid Oh-I'm-so-busy-that-I-can't-even-stop-by-and-say-happy-birthday brother hadn't been sure if he could bring the smile he loved back on her face but he had made it. He was a genius.

The Breaking Benjamin album was still in the player, on repeat for hours but none of them minded. The music only intensified their relishing about the gig. And now they were back on the road, heading home. It seemed like they were spending more time on the road in Damon's car than anywhere else.

"You know," Elena said. "This is definitely our thing. Road trips."

"Definitely," Damon agreed. "How about we turn around and drive anywhere. Until the gas tank's empty. What do you think?"

"I think you're crazy," Elena answered laughingly. "Maybe next time."

"So you admit you want a next time?"

"Sure, why not."

"Then we'll do it. Anytime you like. I'm always. Always. Just call me."

Elena laughed again. "Calm down. Now we're driving home."

"True, but, correct me if I'm mistaken, vacation started like today, right?"

"Right..."

"So how about you come over for another sleepover. We could party again," Damon suggested.

"Oh, no, no party for at least a week, please," Elena replied. "I'm exhausted."

"Okay."

"But I accept the invitation to a sleepover," Elena added.

"Great!" Damon said, smirking and raising his brows mischievously.

"Stop it," Elena groaned.

"Stop what?" Damon asked innocently.

"You know what."

"No."

Their gazes met and they burst out laughing.

"Ahh, precious memories." Damon sighed.

"What's precious about you cooking dinner in our kitchen?" Elena asked, brows furrowed.

"Are you hungry?" Damon evaded deliberately. "I could impress you with my marvelous cooking again."

"Sure. Actually, I'm starving," Elena said. "So, what's for dinner tonight?"

"Mmh, I don't know. How about... Bonnie and Caroline?!"

"What?!" Elena stared at him disgust. "That's not funny, Damon."

"No. Look," Damon said. "There."

They'd reached the Gilbert residence. Bonnie and Caroline were standing in front of it.

"Oh my god, is that blood?!" Elena shrieked and stormed out of the car. "Oh my god, what happened?"

"Thank god, you're back!" Bonnie said and hugged her.

"What happened?" Damon inquired now more emphatically.

"We were out with some guys and then on our way home they attacked us," Bonnie told them.

"They? How many?"

"Two."

Damon and Elena exchanged a guilty look. They'd completely forgotten that Mystic Falls was still being terrorized by hungry vampires.

"Did somebody else see them?"

"No, only us."

"Um, what's with Caroline?" Elena whispered.

Caroline hadn't moved since Damon and Elena had arrived. She was staring into the nothing with a shocked expression on her face.

"She has shock, I think. Hasn't said a word since the attack."

"Cannot blame her. Damon, can't you do something?" Elena asked.

He nodded and walked over to Caroline to modify her memories.

"Come, I'll clean you up," Elena said to Bonnie and put her hand on her shoulder.

"No, I'm okay," Bonnie said. "We're okay. But you need to do something. It can't go on like this. Too many have died."

"I know. We'll take care of it. And you'll really be okay?"

"Yes, we'll be fine," Bonnie affirmed.

Caroline joined them now.

"You ready, Bonnie? Let's go."

"Yeah, let's go," Bonnie said. "Take care, Elena, please."

"Don't worry. Get home, safe."

"Bye, Elena."

"Bye, Caroline."

Bonnie and Caroline got into Bonnie's car and drove off and Elena turned to Damon.

"What did you tell Caroline?" she asked him.

"I told her to go straight to bed and when she'd wake up everything would be fine."

"Good. Do you still have the stakes in your car."

"Yes..."

"Good. Let's go," she urged him.

"Wait, what are you up to?" Damon demanded.

"Go and kill the vampires of course," Elena answered matter-of-factly.

"What? No!" Damon nearly shouted.

"We don't have a choice," Elena told him. "Too many have died already."

"Yes, but we can't. Not now. You're not ready. We didn't train—"

"It doesn't matter," Elena cut him off. "We have to do it. Now. And as long I'll be with you I'll be fine."

Damon bit his lower lip. He didn't like what was about to happen. This was far too dangerous for Elena. Actually he had planned to train her fighting and wanted her to drink verveine before they would go out to hunt. There was no time for any of it if they'd really go now.

"It's too dangerous," he began.

"I don't care!" Elena shouted. "Damon, they attacked my friends. I don't know when Jeremy will get home. He could be the next victim. He could die. I can't that happen. I won't!"

Her eyes bore into his, holding his gaze steadily. Her gaze was hard and determined. She knew what she wanted. She had a strong will. Usually Damon admired that about her but now she was just insane. She was demanding something from him he couldn't accept. If Elena died Stefan would kill him. He couldn't risk it.

"Elena—"

"If you don't like it, I'll do it alone," she announced now and turned around and walked toward his car.

"No!" Damon said and caught up with her. "You won't do it on your own."

They got into the car and Damon started the engine.

"Damon? Thank you."

"I'm not doing it for you," Damon told her. "I'm going with you because Stefan will kill me if anything happens to you."

"You're here. That's all that matters."

Although they hadn't trained Damon and Elena were making good progress. That was mainly due to the fact that Damon didn't hide and only interfered in emergencies this time. He was fighting alongside Elena from the very beginning. 10 vampires were already staked. Each of them had killed five. Contrary to his former believe Elena was doing just fine, even without proper training. Last time she had probably been just overwhelmed by the sudden attack of the vampire, he figured but now he was starting to believe in her and her skills. Elena, too, was quite psyched by her achievements but she couldn't ignore the fact that she was beginning to get tired.

When had been the last time she had slept a little? She couldn't remember. But the adrenaline was rushing through her veins, keeping her going so that even if she reached her limits she wouldn't feel it coming. That made her an easy prey for the vampires of course. Thank god Damon was with her. By the way, where was he? She couldn't see him.

"Damon?" she called out to him. "Damon, where are you?"

He didn't answer and Elena was beginning to freak out. She'd just seen him fighting another vampire and now both of them were gone. And her vampire opponent was gone, too...

Her heart was pumping fast while she spun around looking for someone, anyone, any being, no matter if living or non-living. But there was nothing. Not even a gently breeze of the wind. Absolutely nothing...

"Damon? Damon! Aaaaargh!!!"

Suddenly something crept up behind her and pushed her flat on the ground. A dark growl sounded behind her and hot breath grazed her neck. Then the vampire turned her roughly around and Elena was facing eyes full of bloodlust and long, sharp teeth that protruded from his mouth.

"Aaaargh!!"

She was struggling hard to shake him off but she couldn't. He was too strong and pinning her almost effortlessly to the ground. He stake had fallen out of her hand when she'd fallen and was out of reach. Where the hell was Damon?"

"Damon! Damooooooooon!"

The vampire now leapt at her throat. It hurt beyond imagination when his fangs pierced her skin and memories of Vicky Donovan's attack flashed through her mind. The sound of him sucking her blood made her sick. She was still trying to get him off her but her efforts were subsiding as she was growing weaker. She realized: she was going to die. The vampire wasn't just going to still his hunger. He was going to drain her until there would be no drop of blood left. Her vision started to swim and darkness started to capture her.

"ELENA!"

She thought she heard Damon's voice from the distance. Then there was a rough jolt and the weight on her body was gone. At least she thought so. Her senses were growing weaker by the second. She wasn't sure anymore.

"Elena. Elena, stay awake."

Damon. His voice was so close... She struggled to open her eyes. There he was. Damon was back.

"Elena. Elena, look at me. Look at me! Focus, don't give in!"

He cradled her gently in his arms to support her. Keep her steady. That was important now.

"Damon..."

"Shh, don't speak, Elena. Save your strength. Everything will be alright."

He looked at the wound in her neck and gasped. It was deep. That damn vampire had cut the artery. It was bleeding violently. Damon gulped. He could feel his insides contracting and his throat starting to burn. He blood awakened his instincts. It made him hungry. He was fighting against it. Goddammit, she was dying right here in his arms! He'd sworn he wouldn't let her get hurt. She couldn't die. He wouldn't let her die!

Without realizing what he was doing there he raised his fist to his mouth and bit it hard. The blood was running down his hand and he held it in front of Elena's mouth.

Elena was barely conscious now. She was fading fast. Her time was running out.

"Elena. Elena, open your eyes! Look at me!"

She opened her eyes and struggled to keep them open. When she saw his bleeding hand her eyes widened in horror and she whimpered.

"Elena, drink. It'll heal your wound."

"No."

"Elena! Be reasonable! If you don't drink you'll die!"

"No."

"Please, Elena! Look, listen, I promise I'll take care of you. I promise, you won't die and turn into a vampire. I won't let that happen. I won't let you die! Trust me, Elena. Please!"

His pleading eyes bore into her own and although her vision was blurry she could clearly see his fear in them. And she believed him. She would trust him. She was no longer protesting and silently agreed. So Damon pressed his bleeding hand to her mouth and Elena started to swallow his blood down.

Damon sighed in relief. "That's my girl."

He kissed the top of her head and gently stroked her hair while she was drinking. It took some more gulps before the wound on her neck closed and Elena regained some strength.

"How are you?" he asked her softly still cradling her in his arms.

"I don't know," she said weakly. "I'm feeling strange."

"You just swallowed down two ampoules of my blood. I'm surprised you haven't puked it out by now."

Elena smiled slightly. But Damon couldn't smile about his own joke. Now that the danger was over his guilty conscience started to bug him. Elena could've died. He should've never let it come that far.

"I'm sorry," he began. "They were working together. The one I was fighting lured me away. He was older and stronger than me. When you called for me he didn't let me get to you. If only I'd killed him sooner then you wouldn't..."

Her cries were still echoing in his ears. He was sure he'd never forget them. They'd been so penetrating... so much pain to listen to...

"It's okay. You've been there after all," Elena tried to comfort him. "You better keep you promise," she added menacingly.

For a moment Damon had forgotten what he'd promised her but now that she mentioned it he remembered it.

"I'd better not take the risk and break it," he replied with his smug back on place.

"So much better," she emphasized, giving him a smile which he returned. "So, um," she said now. "Are we gonna stay here like this forever? It's freezing."

"No, of course not. Can you stand?"

"Negative. I'm still feeling weak."

Damon lifted her in his arms and got up, heading for the Salvatore manor.

"Tonight you're the knight in shining armor," Elena giggled. "Wait, no, you're not. You don't sparkle."

Damon snorted. "Thank god, I don't. How would I be able to be the bad guy with the diabolical plans on his mind if I sparkled? No, and besides, I'd rather not steal this title from my brother."

"But Stefan's not here, right? So you're the guy for tonight," Elena said drowsily and snuggled against his chest much to Damon's pleasure.

They reached the manor a quarter of an hour later. Damon gently sat Elena on the couch.

"I'll just get you something to change. I guess you don't want to sleep in those bloody ones."

"Yes. I'd like to take a shower, too, but I feel like I'd keel over if I tried to stand up."

"You'll be fine," Damon promised and left her side for a moment.

Soon he was back with a pair of pyjamas and an oversized t-shirt as well as a little bowl full of water and a washcloth.

"You can wash up and change and I'll go get you something to drink. I guess you must be thirsty."

"Yes, I am. Thanks, Damon." He flashed a smile at her and walked out of the parlor.

"And don't you dare to peep!" she called after him.

She only heard him chuckle but she trusted him. So she got out of her bloody clothes and washed the blood on her body away before getting dressed in the clothes that were obviously Damon's. She smiled as she noticed how big they were for her and couldn't help but smell on them, taking in Damon's unique scent.

"Gotcha!" Damon caught her off guard.

Elena raised her head to see him leaning against the doorframe, smirking. "I was checking if I was still reeking of blood."

"Right," Damon said and walked over to her. "Like you could make out the smell. And for your information you're not reeking of blood anymore but your clothes are. I'll better put them into the washing machine," he added. He handed her the glass of water, grabbed her clothes, left with inhuman speed and came back a second later. Elena started drinking water and emptied the glass in almost a single gulp.

"Is that one of the side effects if a human drinks vampire blood?" she asked when Damon took the glass, put it on the floor and took a seat right of her on the couch.

"No, it's just because you're weak. That vampire nearly drained you."

"Wasn't it hard for you?" Elena inquired now. "Staying with me although I was bleeding?"

"You have no idea how hard," Damon whispered. He remembered how he felt his fangs already protruding and how he'd told the monster inside him that she was already dying. That thought repeating in his head had stopped him from finishing her off.

Elena watched him intently as he got lost in thoughts. She took his hand and squeezed it slightly to get his intention.

"I'm really, really, proud of you," she said emphatically, smiling. "For how you've handled the situation although it was so difficult for you. You have a strong self-control."

Damon was about to contradict her, tell her what the monster inside him had urged him to do but when he saw her big, grateful eyes he couldn't. She'd say she was proud of him and that made him feel incredibly happy.

"You did okay, too," he said. "I mean fighting vampires and holding on until I got to you."

"Thanks," she said yawning.

"You better have some rest now."

"I guess so."

Damon wanted to get up and carry her to his bed but she grabbed his arm.

"No, stay," she said simply, holding his gaze again.

He nodded and lay down on the couch. Elena lay down beside down beside him on her side and smiling at him, she snuggled up to him and put on hand on his chest.

"I'm cold," she said, faking a whimper.

Damon grinned and put his arms around her, holding her close to him.

"That's better," she told him, smiling and closed her eyes.

Damon smiled, too. He couldn't quite grasp what was happening to him. A seemingly long while ago Elena had been dying and now, she was here, right in his arms, actually seeking his closeness and he enjoyed it very much.

"Sweet dreams, Elena," he whispered into her ear.

"u too," she said, already falling asleep.

Damon knew better. He couldn't sleep, not now, so he was watching her sleep, memorizing each of the features of her beautiful appearance. The situation had something of a fairytale. So maybe he was the knight tonight with the beautiful girl in his arms.

Not long after Elena had fallen asleep she woke up again. She smiled when she looked into Damon's relaxed apparently asleep face, then she turned out of his embrace and sat up.

"Where you goin'?" Damon mumbled suddenly wide awake.

"Just taking care of some human needs," she told him.

"Okay, but hurry. I'm actually getting cold now."

Elena chuckled. She got up and walked a few steps.

"Whoa, head rush," she said and suddenly she collapsed on the floor.

"ELENA!"

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Wow, was für ein Cliffhanger XD Ich konnte nicht anders, als genau an dieser Stelle aufzuhören <3

Aber jetzt zu den guten Nachrichten: So faul war ich diese Woche gar nicht. Hab nämlich wieder zwei Kapitel in einem geschrieben. Und ich werd das andere noch dieses Wochenende posten, wahrscheinlich morgen aber nicht vorher bei diesem gemeinen Cliffhanger XDD

Oh, übrigens, ich hoffe, ihr habt nicht vergessen, dass Elena ziemlich viel von Damon's Blut in ihrem Körper hat... Jetzt hat sie das Bewusstsein verloren... Na hoffentlich hört ihr Herz nicht aufzuschlagen... \*g\*

Bis dann  
eure Asu