

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 19: Hopeless

Nun endlich Teil 3 dieses langen Kapitels^^ Jetzt wird auch endlich mal geklärt für wen sich Elena entscheidet, wenn auch nur temporär.^^

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*Here I lie forever
Sorrow still remains
Will the water pull me down and wash it all away?
Come and take me over
Welcome to the game
Will the current drag me down and carry me away?
Suddenly the light begins to fade*

*Safe to say it's over
Sink into the grave
There's nothing left inside
I can hear the devil call my name*

*Hopeless, I'm falling down
Filthy, I can't wake up
I cannot hold on
Worthless, it's over now
Guilty, there's no way out
I cannot hold on*

He stayed out all day and didn't return home before nightfall. When he stepped over the threshold he knew something was wrong. The scent of fresh human blood was all over the house. Like someone had thrown a vamp party in there. Damon expected the worst and started looking for his brother. He found him in the parlor, sitting on the couch and reading a book.

"Welcome home," Stefan greeted him.

Damon didn't answer. He stopped in front of Stefan and simply stared at him.

"Something wrong?" Stefan asked calmly and turned a page.

"I guess so..." Damon said and then he felt like a lever was switched in his head. He hurried into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

"What the...?"

He had stored at least four blood bags in there. Four! And now they were all gone. Damon closed the fridge, took a deep breath and walked back into the parlor. He cleared his throat loudly.

"Um, Stefan?"

"Mmm?"

"Did you... by any chance notice... that the whole house reeks of blood? Human blood?" he specified.

"Oh, the smell must come from the trash. I just take it out," Stefan said, closed the book and got up.

"What? No!" Damon said and pushed him back on the couch. "You're not going anywhere until you tell me why all I can smell in here is blood."

Stefan sighed. "Well, I actually need to talk to you about something."

"*Oh really?*" Damon mocked, sat down on a stool opposite of him and looked at him sternly. "Go ahead then."

"Well, um," Stefan began. "Something happened while I was traveling around."

"*What* happened?"

"At some point I... wasn't near the woods or any zoo and I hadn't fed for a week... The hunger increased steadily..."

Stefan's voice sounded desperate now as he told Damon of his darkest hour in a long time. Damon already knew the end of the story.

"There's a period of time I can't remember," Stefan continued. "About five minutes... I can only remember everything after that."

"After *what?*" Damon asked, encouraging his brother to go on. Talking about it might help him, he figured.

"Stefan buried his hand in his hands. "I lost control... I attacked someone and... and I killed her."

Damon nodded. That was what he had been assumed all along. He had been able to tell from the ways Stefan's eyes had looked when he had seen him this morning. They were even darker now.

"So you finally remembered what you really are. Was about time. Squirrels are gonna miss you," Damon joked but his facial expression was serious.

"That's not funny," Stefan replied in pain. "Ever since I have that hunger I can't control it. I emptied your stores and it didn't help in the least."

"Yeah, thanks for that," Damon said. "So what are you gonna do now?"

"That's why I came home," Stefan told him. "I hoped you could help me."

Damon laughed darkly. "Help you? I can't help you with it, Stefan. You need to learn how to control it on your own and this only works if you feed regularly."

"I don't think I can ever control it," Stefan replied. "It took me months to control it last time and that was not long after we were turned. But now after I did without it for more than a century the hunger increases by a thousand times. You can't imagine—"

"Oh yes, I can," Damon cut him off. "Remember when you locked me up in the cellar with the verveine? I didn't feed for a week and I thought I was going to die and when I was free and fed I couldn't get enough of it. I drained five or six humans and it still wasn't enough. I know exactly how you feel."

"How did you calm down?" Stefan asked.

"I fed everyday two times from there on. Like I said, feeding regularly decreases the

need."

"But I can't!"

"Here we go again," Damon groaned.

"No, really, I can't," Stefan insisted. "You didn't see me back then. Our ways parted after we were turned. I did so many things that I'm not proud of."

"Do you think it was easy for me?" Damon said angrily. "It wasn't."

"But you got it better under control. Maybe because you wanted it all along."

"That's what I'm talking about," Damon said. "Stop struggling and start living the life of a real vampire."

Stefan shook his head vehemently and stared at the ground. Damon groaned in frustration. He sighed and looked at his little brother who was lost in thoughts. Damon's eyes narrowed and he crossed his arms.

"Why do I have the feeling that there's more to it?"

Stefan sighed. "Because there is." He raised his head to meet Damon's gaze. "Elena..." he began. "When I'm with her I want to—"

A loud gasp interrupted them. Damon cranked his head and Stefan turned his head hastily around to find Elena standing shocked in the hallway. When the two vampires became aware of her presence she turned around and bolted through the door.

"Elena!" two voices called after her.

Stefan got up but Damon pushed him down on the couch.

"You stay here!" he ordered. "You'd do more harm than good."

Elena was desperately trying to find the right key to her car. It was difficult because she was trembling. If it wasn't already bad enough it was raining buckets. It took her only two minutes to be soaked from head to toe.

"Elena," a soft voice came from behind her.

She turned around to find Damon standing in front of her. He looked sadly at her. His eyes held so much pity for her that she couldn't bear it and burst out into tears.

"Damon..."

She put her arms around his waist and pressed herself against him, sobbing hard and seeking his comfort. Damon put his arms around her and hugged her tightly, rubbing her back soothingly. None of them cared that they were standing in the rain.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "That you had to listen to it."

He was still perplexed that she had been there listening all along. He had been so lost in Stefan's story that he hadn't felt her presence. Thank god, Stefan hadn't either. He was so wracked right. If Damon hadn't been there he had probably lunged at Elena in bloodlust and even if she had survived his attack she wouldn't have been safe. Once Stefan would taste her blood he would become obsessed with it.

"I shouldn't have come," Elena sobbed. "I'm sorry. You told me to stay away but I... I didn't want to believe..."

"I know," Damon said. "I know..."

She raised her head to look at him with tears in her eyes. The sight broke Damon's heart. He couldn't bear to see her like this. So sad... so broken...

"How do we go on from here?" she whispered and her voice broke several times.

"I'll try to get him back on track," Damon told her. "And until we manage that I don't want you to come here anymore. If there's news I'll tell you. But until then you have wait, okay?"

"Okay..."

She let go of him and wiped her tears away.

"Do you want me to drive you home?" he offered.

"No, it's okay," she declined. "I've got this. And don't drop by later. I want to be alone for a while." Damon nodded. Elena sighed. "If you hadn't been there I probably wouldn't... but you've been there and I'm so glad. Thank you."

Damon simply nodded again. He couldn't think of anything she could thank him for. It had been coincidental that they both had been there at the same time. He opened the driver's door for her with a small encouraging smile on his lips.

"Take care."

"I will, thanks," she said.

She got into her car and drove away and Damon went back inside. Stefan was already waiting for him in the hallway.

"What was that?" he demanded angrily. He had obviously been watching them.

"Comforting."

"Why do you get to hug and comfort her and I don't?"

"Because I have myself under control," Damon said pointedly. "Whereas you are farther from control I've ever been. You were already dangerously close to her this morning. What the hell were you thinking?!"

"I wouldn't," Stefan replied. "Never."

"Yeah, tell that to your hunger," Damon said, not convinced at all. "Look, I'm willing to help you but you have to make an important decision, Stefan. What do you crave more? Elena's blood or her love and trust? What do you really want?"

When Elena arrived at home she went straight to her bedroom and locked the door. Her body has been trembling all the way. Now her legs gave in. She broke down on the floor, sobbing violently. She was shocked. It all seemed like a terrible nightmare except that she wasn't asleep. She was awake and had to face the cruelty of reality. What had happened to her beloved Stefan? How could a taste of human blood change a person so drastically? Damon was in control so why wasn't Stefan? She couldn't understand it all. All she knew was that for the first time in her life she had been afraid. She was scared of Stefan.

How could they go on from there? She couldn't imagine herself being with Stefan again. How was he ever going to regain her trust? Elena didn't know. Her little fairytale with the good guy that was winning over his dark side collapsed in front of her like a card house in the wind. Tears ran uncontrollably down her face. She sought nothing more than comfort right now. She wished for strong arms around her and a soft voice telling her that everything was going to be fine. And somehow the image of Damon entered her mind. Her prayers seemed to be answered when strong arms really did encircle her and hugged her tightly. Elena leant into the embrace and her hands desperately grasped the leather for hold.

"I told you – not to – come," she said between sobs.

"I know," the voice that belonged to the strong arms replied. "But I came anyway." Damon gently placed a kiss into her hair. "And I'm not gonna leave."

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Ist das nicht süß? Langsam entgleitet Damon mir ein wenig. Muss ihn mal wieder mit dem Lasso einfangen XD Hmm, Stefan hat ein ziemliches Problem und das wird noch

viel schlimmer im nächsten Kapitel. Da werd ich wieder was aus der aktuellen Folge einbauen, aber danach, ich versprech es hoch und heilig, werde ich wieder meine eigenen Ideen verwenden!

Bis dahin
eure Asu