

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

Von Asu91

Kapitel 29: In The End It Doesn't Even Matter

Auch auf die Gefahr hin, dass das hier keiner lesen wird, weil ihr alle gespannt auf das Finale ladet, lad ich es trotzdem hoch und hoffe, dass ihr es dann irgendwann lesen werdet xD Ich hab mich diesmal auf mehrere Personen konzentriert und hoffe, dass euch das gefällt. Viel Spaß!

*I've put my trust in you
Pushed as far as I can go
And for all this*

*Wasted it all just to watch you go
I kept everything inside and even though I tried, it all fell apart
What it meant to me will eventually be a memory of a time when*

*I tried so hard
And got so far
But in the end
It doesn't even matter*

The next morning Elena woke up at seven when her alarm clock rang. With her eyes still closed she reached out for it but was beaten to it by another hand.

"Don't freak out now," a familiar voice said.

"Damon," Elena groaned. "Where's Stefan?"

"Hunting. He likes to forget that he has to feed regularly. He asked me to escort you to school instead."

"I don't need an escort."

"You sure do because if you don't get up within the next five minutes I'll have to speed you to school so you won't be late."

Elena groaned again. Reluctantly she opened her eyes and straightened up. "Then I'd better hurry because I'm still angry at you."

"I didn't expect anything else," Damon commented. "But I'm not in the mood to

argue."

"Neither am I."

"Good. Then hurry up and get ready. I'll be waiting for you outside," Damon said and left.

Elena got up and quickly got ready. Afterwards she walked downstairs to have a short breakfast and to tell Jenna and Jeremy not to take off the bracelets she had given to them before she grabbed her bag and went outside where Damon was already waiting for her in his car.

"There's really no need to escort me," she told him as she put on her seatbelt.

"It's on my way," Damon replied. "I have to talk to Saltzman remember?"

"Oh, right. Can you wait till after fifth period? I need to talk to him, too."

"About what?"

"I want to ask him about my mother. I'd like to know what kind of person she was," Elena explained.

"I see." Damon nodded. "I think I can wait till then. I need you as support anyway. Saltzman won't like that we're talking again. I mean, that we talked for whole day again."

"Listen, Damon, about last night—" Elena began.

"Save your breath," he cut her off. "I never really left last night. I was down on the street and I could hear every word you were talking about me. I appreciate your concern but your boyfriend's right. Nothing you say will stop me."

His voice was harsh and cold. Elena nearly flinched.

"I know," she said.

The rest of their drive to school was silent. Elena had a feeling that Damon was actually angry at her for interfering in his affairs. At 8.15 Damon pulled into the parking lot in front of Mystic Falls Highschool.

"See you later," Elena said, unbuckled her seatbelt and wanted to get out of the car but suddenly Damon grabbed her hand and stopped her. Elena faced him and nearly startled because of the intense look she met.

"Damon..."

"Can we pretend that last night didn't happen?" he asked her. "I don't want to fight again."

"Um, sure. It's none of my business anyway," Elena answered. "And I don't want to fight again, either." She gave him a wry smile. "I hope you'll be happy soon."

With that she got out of the car and slammed the door shut. Damon stared after her as she entered the building and slowly began to realize that she had bluntly lied at him. Her last statement had been completely ironic. But why was she acting like that? She had said it wasn't jealousy. So, a friend thing? Trying to not let him get involved with Katherine – a friend thing? He refused to believe because he had heard a trace of sadness beneath the irony.

Elena was pissed at Damon all morning and couldn't wait for fifth period to come to get Damon off her mind. Fifth period was her history class conveniently taught by Alaric Saltzman himself. When the lesson was over Elena took her time to collect her things. She motioned to Bonnie to go with Caroline and Matt and then she addressed Saltzman.

"Um, Alaric?" She still felt a little uneasy about calling him by his first name.

"Yes, Elena, what is it?"

"I'd like to talk to you about Isabol," Elena started but was interrupted by the door which was suddenly opened by Damon.

"Hi!"

"What do you want again?" Saltzman demanded irritated.

"I don't know if your girlfriend's niece told you yet but Elena and I are good. Jenna said I should tell you." Damon smirked and put his arm around Elena's shoulders in a we're-best-buddies way.

"It's true," Elena confirmed. "Damon told me his version of the story and I believe him. Because I found something out about my heritage." Saltzman looked at her questioningly. "Was Isabol adopted?"

Saltzman's eyes widened in surprise. "Why, yes, she was. How do you know?"

"I know because our vampire ancestor arrived in town yesterday," Elena answered.

"Vampire ancestor?"

"Isabol and I are descendants from her twin sister," Elena explained.

"Wow, that's huge," Saltzman said. "And that vampire, your–"

"Great-great-great aunt," Elena assisted.

"Yeah. Why is she here?"

"She wants me," Elena told him. "For some crazy psychopath reason," she added, noticing Damon pursing his lips when she connected the words 'crazy' and 'psychopath' with Katherine. "And after I found out about all that I thought the timing's best to find out as much as possible about my mother," she concluded.

Saltzman nodded. "We were married for 16 years. So I can tell you a thing or two but I think you should better ask her adoptive parents. They probably know more since they raised her."

Elena's face lit up. "Yes, that would help so much," she said gratefully.

"Are you free for the afternoon?" the teacher asked. "We could pay a visit to them."

"Yes, absolutely. That would be great."

Saltzman smiled. "I'll just make a quick call," he said and took out his cell phone. He dialed and called Isabol's adoptive parents. Elena was happy about the turn of events but also nervous. She was going to meet the people who had raised her mother, who could be seen as her grandparents in a distant way. Elena was so occupied with all of this that she didn't notice that Damon had removed his arm from her shoulders and that her fingers were fiddling with the locket he had given to her.

"Don't," Damon said and put his hand on hers to stop her from opening the locket.

"Don't open it and don't take it off. Or the enchantment will be gone."

Elena giggled. "The enchantment? What charm did you place on it?"

"Just don't fiddle with it," Damon evaded.

"Let me guess, there's no verveine in it, right?"

Damon was glad Saltzman finished his call now so that he wouldn't have to answer that question.

"So, all set. You're ready to go?" Saltzman asked Elena.

"Yes." Damon seemed to be ready to come along, too but she stopped him. "I'd actually like to do this alone with Alaric," she told him. "Tell Stefan I'll be fine. See you later!"

Damon didn't even have a chance to nod because they were already gone. He was left alone in the classroom, not sure what to do with himself. But he thought he might as well get some answers to his questions.

"Her parents live up in North Carolina," Saltzman told Elena as they hit the highway. "It's where I met Isabol, too. In College," he added.

"What are they like?" Elena asked. "I'm a little nervous about meeting them."

"You don't need to," he said soothingly. "They're the best parents in-law I could've gotten. They are very friendly and caring."

He gave her a smile which she returned. "Thanks for doing this with me," Elena said.

"It must be hard for you that I'm trying to find out so much about your lost wife."

Saltzman sighed. "It's okay," he said after a while. "It's not like she's dead as I found out recently. She's just gone. I don't know where to and why but I'm sure she has her reasons." Elena bit her lower lip nervously. Saltzman didn't miss it. "But you know something, don't you?"

"I do..." Elena admitted hesitantly.

"It's okay. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"It's not that I don't want to. It's just... I found it out only recently, yesterday exactly, and I still haven't gotten used to it. But I guess talking about it will help so I'll tell you." And then she began to tell him everything she knew about Katherine Pierce.

"Anybody home?" Damon asked into the air when he entered the manor and closed the door. A second later Stefan appeared in front of him. "Ah, I take that as a yes."

"Where's Elena?" Stefan demanded. "Why isn't she at school?"

"She's on an errand with the history teacher," Damon explained. "He's taking her to Isabol's adoptive parents so that she can figure out what kind of person her mother was which I might add was completely her own idea."

"That's good," Stefan said. "The farther she's away from Katherine the better."

"Speaking of her, I'm going to meet her and I suppose you're not going to stop me as you probably well know that you can't."

"I know," Stefan replied. "I have no intention of stopping you. I'm not like Elena. You have to know what's best for you. And if you think meeting Katherine is it then go ahead. I'm not going to stop you."

"Why do I feel like there's a twist?" Damon said, furrowing his eyebrows.

"There's none," Stefan assured him. "I just don't think that it will help you. You will probably either learn Katherine's true nature and attitude toward you or hopelessly fall in love with her all over again. I just want to make sure you know what you're getting yourself into."

"I do," Damon confirmed. "Thanks for caring," he added sarcastically. "I'll be fine. Give Elena my best when you call her."

And with that he turned around, opened the door and left. Stefan just shook his head in disbelief.

"What?!" Saltzman exclaimed and nearly rear-ended the car in front of him. "That's some kind of a bad joke, right?"

"No, it's not," Elena replied sadly. She had just finished telling him why Katherine was in town.

"And Damon used to date that psychopath?" Saltzman asked incredulously.

"Both of them did. She had them under her spell. They couldn't resist her. She'd been compelling them."

"I see."

"But I think that Katherine is the reason that made Isabol do such a horrible thing like giving me up or leaving you. She didn't want Katherine to get me and I think she didn't want to be afraid of ever wanting to have a child with you so that she wouldn't have to go through that fear again." Saltzman was silent as he kept staring at the highway.

"Alaric?" Elena said carefully.

Saltzman faced her and Elena could see tears in his eyes. She immediately felt guilty for making him sad.

"You know, Elena," he said slowly. "I think you might be right. Just before Isabol disappeared we had talked about having a child..."

Elena's heart sank. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

Saltzman opened his mouth to say something but was interrupted by Elena's cell phone ringing. However Elena didn't make any attempt to answer the call.

"Why don't you answer it?"

"It's probably just Stefan. I can talk to him later," Elena said.

"Nonsense. Go ahead and talk to him," Saltzman replied, smiling slightly.

A smile tucked at the corners of Elena's mouth as she took her cell phone out of her pocket and called Stefan back.

"Hey."

"Hey. Damon just told me where you're headed."

"Yes, Alaric was so kind as to help me find out more about Isabol." She gave Saltzman a smile.

"I hope you'll find something out so you can figure out who she was."

"I hope so, too," Elena replied. "Is Damon with you? I kinda left him at school."

"No, he's gone out..." Stefan answered hesitantly.

"Oh..."

"I'm sorry Elena but there's nothing we can do about it."

"I know." She sighed. "I was just hoping he would be smarter than that."

"Me, too. I know it won't make any difference but he wanted me to give you his best."

"Thanks. When he gets back would you please tell him to shove it up his..."

"I'll be gladly delivering your message, Miss Gilbert," Stefan said chucking.

"Good."

"So, call me when you get back, okay?"

"I will," Elena promised. "Bye, Stefan."

"Bye, Elena."

Elena hung up and sighed deeply. So much for trusting Damon. It was then that she realized that he couldn't be trusted if Katherine was concerned. Such an idiot.

"Before I forget," Saltzman interrupted her thoughts. "You might as well find something out about her in her journal."

"Isabol had a journal?" Elena asked surprised.

He nodded. "It's in my bag in the backseat. Go grab it." Elena didn't need him to tell her twice. She turned around, reached for Saltzman's bag and took out a black notebook. "I didn't read in it because I didn't want to invade her privacy. I just kept it with me everywhere I went as a talisman. But I think it will totally okay if you read in it."

"Thank you," Elena said. She was very grateful for him entrusting her with Isabol's diary. It would hold much more than a visit to her parents could reveal. This notebook in her hands contained Isabol's deepest thoughts and feelings. She was sure to find something important in it.

"You're welcome," Saltzman replied smiling.
Elena opened Isabol's journal and began reading.

Pearl had just had 'lunch'. After being released from the tomb she and Anna had left Mystic Falls and chosen a house on the outskirts of Alabama to live a quiet afterlife for once. But they had been denied that chance the moment Katherine had knocked on their door. Katherine had been the reason why they had gotten caught at all because she had to toy around with the Salvatores in front of their father's eyes.

And now she had the nerve to show up and act like nothing had happened. She had told her that she had met Damon who had told her that the tomb was open. Pearl had inwardly cursed Damon for not being able to keep his mouth shut. And now they were forced to deal with her.

Katherine obviously believed they were still best friends like back then but she couldn't be more mistaken. Their friendship had come to an end as soon as the council of Mystic Falls had started hunting them.

Fortunately, Katherine hadn't stayed long. As soon as Pearl had accidentally told her she had seen a girl who could be her twin in Mystic Falls Katherine had suddenly been in a hurry to leave. Pearl had realized she'd made a mistake. Though that girl was Gilbert she had never done anything personally to her. It hadn't been fair to expose her to Katherine. That girl's only chance was her daughter Anna who had left even before Katherine to warn her, Pearl figured.

Katherine had left only hours after Anna and that was when Pearl had decided that they had to return to Mystic Falls as well. She knew Katherine was unpredictable. If she wanted something she would stop at nothing to get it. She would even risk exposing herself and every other vampire in town. Pearl understood from Anna that without the Salvatore's help the tomb would have never been opened. She owed them for her freedom. That was why she was going to support them.

The creaking sound of the front door opening distracted Pearl. She walked into the hallway to meet her daughter.

"Where have you been?" she inquired.

"I warned them," Anna answered.

Pearl nodded. "Pack your things. We're going to return to Mystic Falls, too."

Anna nodded and walked toward her bedroom to start packing.

Jeremy was home doing his homework when his phone went off. He glanced at the display to see that he had received a text message from Anna. Smiling he opened it.

We're gonna return to Mystic Falls ;)

Jeremy's smile widened and he hit reply.

Great. Can't wait <3

Jeremy got up and walked downstairs into the kitchen to grab something to drink. There he met Jenna who was doing the dishes.

"Elena not home yet?" he asked casually as he opened the fridge and took out a bottle of water.

"She'll return late tonight. She's on an errand with Alaric," Jenna answered.

"What errand?"

"They are paying a visit to Elena's grandparents," Jenna told him.

"Oh, right. I almost forgot that she isn't a Gilbert," Jeremy said, taking a sip of water.

"Don't say that," Jenna scolded him. "Adopted or not she's still a Gilbert. She's been your sister all your life. The new information doesn't change anything about it. You're still close, aren't you?"

"Right," Jeremy said, smiling slightly.

Suddenly the doorbell rang.

"Can you get that, please?" Jenna asked.

"Sure," Jeremy said and walked to the front door. He opened it and was surprised to see another Gilbert. "Uncle John."

"Hey, Jer," John Gilbert greeted him.

"Don't tell me I actually recognized the voice of that—" Jenna's voice trailed off when she spotted John. "Oh no," she groaned, turned around and went back into the kitchen.

"And hello to you, too, Jenna," John called after her.

Jeremy grinned, let him enter and closed the front door. Then he followed John into the kitchen.

"What are you doing here?" Jenna demanded. "Everytime you pay a visit we all end up irritated."

"Ouch. Do I really need a reason to visit my nephew, my niece and my..."

"Ex," Jenna finished the sentence for him. "You could've called."

"Oh, I prefer sudden drop-by's," John replied smirking. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine, thanks," Jenna snapped and continued doing the dishes.

"I'll just let you guys fight. Gotta finish my homework anyway," Jeremy said, grabbed the bottle of water and left the kitchen. As he ascended the stairs he could hear Jenna snapping remarks to John and grinned. Then he was distracted because his phone went off again. Another text message from Anna.

Miss me already?

Jeremy grinned and hit reply.

—

Whoa, ich bin fast verrückt geworden bei den ganzen Shifts, aber ich glaub sie sind ganz gut gewählt.

Also, Katherine ist in der Stadt, John ist da, Pearl und Anna kommen noch, das bietet doch jede Menge Stoff zum Schreiben an^^ Und deshalb muss ich "das Ereignis" leider um ein paar Kapitel verschieben. Tut mir schrecklich Leid. Ich hab gesagt, es käme früher, bevor ich mich dazu entschieden hab John jetzt schon auftauchen zu lassen. Ich hab im Moment ein paar Timingschwierigkeiten^^° Also hasst mich bitte nicht. In irgendeinem der nachfolgenden Kapitel wird es dann kommen. Nur kann ich euch leider im Moment noch nichts Genauereres sagen.

Also dann, ich wünsch euch viel Spaß beim Finale! Ich weiß gar nicht wie ich die Schule morgen überleben soll. Meine Gedanken werden die ganze Zeit bei Delena sein. Hoffen wir auf eine wunderschöne Sequenz mit den beiden!

Bis dann
eure Asu