

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 31: What Have You Done?! Pt. 2

Es ist so lange her, dass ich ein Kapitel hochgeladen habe! Es tut mir so Leid, aber ich hatte Klausurenphase und da hat sich meine Muse einfach verabschiedet. Vor ein paar Tagen ist sie dann zum Glück zurückgekehrt, sodass ich weiterschreiben konnte.

Die Produzenten meinten im Hinblick auf die 2. Staffel, dass Stefan mehr von Katherines Rückkehr betroffen sein wird, als Damon. Also hab ich das einfach mal aufgegriffen.

Viel Spaß!

*I've been waiting for someone like you
But now you are slipping away
What have you done now?
Why does Fate make us suffer?
There's a curse between us
Between me and you*

When Elena went to school the next morning the first person she came across was Stefan.

"Morning," she greeted him. "I'm sorry I didn't call last night. I was so tired. You didn't worry though did you?"

"No, it's alright. You were with Alaric so I knew you were fine," Stefan answered smiling.

"Exactly," Elena agreed, opening her locker to take some book out.

"Did you find anything out?"

"Yes, a lot." Elena nodded vividly. "Katherine downright persecuted my whole family from her twin sister to Isabol, always trying to steal their child and if she didn't get what she wanted she got so enraged that she killed them. It very much fits together with my theory that Katherine is the reason my mother wanted to become a vampire." Stefan nodded. "Speaking of the devil, did Damon meet her last night?"

"I don't know," Stefan evaded. "We didn't talk about it. But why don't you ask him?"
"Yeah, why don't you ask me?" Damon appeared behind Elena and put his hands on her shoulder, leaning in. "Go ahead, I'm all ears."
Elena turned around to ask him but she got distracted by the huge Ray-Bans he was wearing.

"Helloo, low profile, remember?" she hissed.

"Elena," Damon said patiently like he was explaining something to a six-year-old. "You should pay some more attention to your environment. I'm not the only guy with style here."

Just in that moment two boys wearing super sized sunglasses walked past them. Not even the glasses could compensate for their sloppy appearance. "Okay, maybe I am," Damon corrected. Elena giggled. "So, what is it, Elena?"

"Elena was just going to tell us what she found out last night," Stefan said before Elena could open her mouth. She stared at him in slight confusion.

"Right..." she agreed slowly and decided to play along though she was wondering why Stefan had left the 'Did-Damon-get-back-together-with-Katherine?' subject.

"Now that you're here I don't need to tell the story twice." Stefan nodded, smiling solemnly and silently thanking her for playing along. "Isabol had a journal. Alaric gave it to me. I'm sure I'll find something in it that confirms my theory," she told them and closed the locker.

"Probably," Stefan agreed when the bell rang. "Oh, I gotta go. See you later, Elena."

"You're not going to class?" she asked.

"No, we agreed to take turns patrolling the town to find out what Katherine is up to," he explained.

"Oh, right," Damon chimed in sarcastically. "How could I forget?"

Stefan ignored him and left. Elena who had sensed the tension between the two brothers turned to Damon.

"He's behaving strangely."

"That's an understatement," Damon replied.

"Did something happen? 'Cause I can see that there's tension between you."

"Everything's fine, Elena. Just go to class."

"Okay, I guess I see you later."

"Definitely. Have a nice day, honey," Damon said and walked away.

"Stop calling me that!" she hissed, knowing from the sound of his laughter that he had heard her.

Elena turned around to go to class but stopped when she saw Bonnie standing a few feet away from her. She was staring at her in disbelief and anger, obviously pissed off at something. Elena wondered at what but realized that she would have to wait till lunch break to find out.

Damon hurriedly left high school campus, following Stefan. He knew that Stefan didn't want him to but he was the better hunter of them. To his mind he even was the better vampire of them. He easily picked up Stefan's trace and found him casually walking down Main Street. Damon lunged at him and pinned him to the wall of one of the houses.

"What do you think you're doing?" he spat.

"Nothing," Stefan answered innocently.

"Don't give me that crap!" Damon snapped. "What would Elena say if she knew what

you're up to?"

"What about you?" Stefan challenged.

"Elena and I are only friends. That means I can do whatever I want. But you... don't you realize what you're doing?"

"I'm not up to anything," Stefan clarified calmly. "It's like I said. Don't you think we should keep an eye on her?"

"Yes but... Don't change the subject!" Damon replied angrily. "You were always the one to condemn her. So what's with this new attitude, huh? Why are you desperately trying to meet her?" Stefan was silent, staring at his feet and Damon realized. "It's her blood, isn't it? She's calling out to you," he whispered. "I can shut it off because I fell in love with her by choice but you... She compelled you to love her... and you died with those feelings... And now that she's back you have no choice... You're so pathetic, little brother. So pathetic!"

Damon let go of him and turned around to leave.

"And what about you, Damon?" Stefan demanded. "Don't pretend like you can ignore her!"

"Watch me," Damon said. "Right now I have no intention to meet Katherine. But please go ahead and make a fool out of yourself."

"Where are you going?"

"I have some business to attend to," Damon answered airily and left.

Stefan regained composure and looked around, only to see the woman he had been looking for, slowly and smiling walking toward him.

Damon knew that Katherine was not feeding from the blood bank but preferred her blood directly from the source. He also knew that Katherine didn't care about keeping a low profile so he went straight to Sheriff Forbes' office to ask her about any recent missing people or killings.

When he arrived at the police station he was surprised to find it closed for citizens. A guard was standing outside, watching the area.

"Watchers Council?" he asked when he caught Damon's surprised expression.

"Yeah."

"Follow me, please," the guard said and led him inside where the Watchers Council was having a meeting.

"Ah, good, Damon, you're here," the sheriff said when she saw him. "I would've called you but this went rather quick," she explained.

"What's the rush?" Damon inquired.

"More missing people and a not insignificant amount of blood reported missing by the blood bank."

"Someone robbed the blood bank?"

"Right. Just wait, John has all the details," Forbes replied.

"John?"

Suddenly Mayor Lockwood asked for silence and the conversations stopped.

"Well, the reason we gathered here is that we recorded new incidents. John will fill you in on the details."

"Thanks," John Gilbert said and turned toward the audience.

"Who is this John?" Damon hissed.

"John Gilbert," Forbes whispered. "He's the head of the Watchers Council."

Damon's eyes widened. "Gilbert? As in—"

"As in Elena's uncle, yes." Forbes nodded.

Damon turned his head to the one spoken of who had just started talking.

"I understand from Sheriff Forbes and Mayor Lockwood that our town has been constantly facing so-called animal attacks and many dead bodies for over a year now." God, he's exaggerating," Damon thought. "For a while now the local blood banks also have reported altered records and missing amount of 10 liters of blood." Everyone was holding their breath as they listened to the news. "In addition at least five people have gone missing and haven't returned yet." John took a deep breath. "Let's not beat about the bush. We have vampires in town." A few people inhaled sharply while Damon was watching John closely. "It's not news to us but the increasing number of incidents cannot be ignored any longer. We have to take action now." Many people nodded affirmatively. "I also understand from Sheriff Forbes that we received verveine by an anonymous donor and that everyone in charge was supplied with it." The sheriff nodded. "Good. So I suggest we post guard at the local blood banks. As they have verveine the vampires can't compel them. I don't expect them to come tonight but sooner or later they'll have to feed. Sheriff, you and some others will do your usual patrol at night." Forbes nodded. "Good, I guess, that's everything we can do right now."

"Thanks, John," Mayer Lockwood said and dismissed them.

"Hey," someone said and patted Damon on the shoulder. Damon turned around to see Saltzman. "You here?"

"I'm a member and you?"

"Have been for while," Saltzman chuckled.

"Here he is," Sheriff Forbes called on Damon's attention. Damon turned back to her and John Gilbert. "He's our anonymous donor," Forbes told John. "Damon Salvatore." John's eyes widened in surprise. "Salvatore, you say?" He held his hand out to Damon. "Nice to me you... may I say Damon?" Reluctantly Damon shook his hand and stared into his eyes. "I want to thank you for your services on behalf of the entire council."

"No problem," Damon replied.

"So," John said. "Salvatore, huh? So you probably heard all the intriguing stories of the past."

"They were passed down the generations," Damon lied.

"Well, I gotta go. The deputies are waiting for me," Sheriff Forbes announced.

"Me, too," Saltzman said. "I've got a class to teach."

Both of them left. The others had already done so minutes ago. Now only John and Damon were left.

John nodded. "Same with my family. The Gilberts were of course the first to hunt vampires effectively." Damon pursed his lips, waiting for whatever John was driving at. "I believe it all began with a woman. What was her name again? Ah, yes, Katherine Pierce."

Damon's eyes narrowed. "Yes, that would be her," he agreed through gritted teeth.

"Let's get this straight," John said now. "I know what you are, Damon. I know the whole story from 1864 till today. I know about Katherine, the tomb vampires, everything. I don't the part why the supplied us with verveine but you can't fool me."

"Who told you?" Damon demanded.

"It doesn't matter. I have my sources," John answered. "All you need to know is that I won't keep this to myself. We can't allow a vampire to spy on the council. I'm going to tell them who and what you are."

"I'm afraid you won't live to that," Damon replied. Using vampire speed he lunged at

John and snapped his neck. He acted so quickly that John had no time to react. His limb body fell to the floor. Damon rubbed his hands like they were covered in dirt. "Consider this a warning," he told dead John Gilbert. "No one's messing with me. No one..."

With that he left the room.

Just when lunch break had started and they had left the classroom Elena addressed Bonnie who had been ignoring her all morning.

"Bonnie, is something wrong?"

Bonnie turned to her and gave her a disbelieving look. "You're kidding, right?"

"No, what—"

"Damon?" Bonnie came straight to the point. "I thought you were done with him!"

"I was but then I heard him out and he told me he didn't kill her."

"And you believed him." Bonnie scoffed.

"Yes, I did. Is that what's been bothering you? Damon?" Elena asked.

"You know, Elena. After Grams died I was beside myself. I blamed Damon for her death and I still do. But I held back when I saw how happy you were around him. But this I can't take. He's deceiving you and you just let him."

"Bonnie, I *trust* Damon," Elena pointed out.

"See, there's the problem, Elena. Actually I didn't intend to make you choose but you leave me no choice."

"What are you talking about, Bonnie?" Elena inquired, still confused.

"It's either me or Damon," Bonnie declared.

And then she turned on her heels and left. Elena stared after her, slowly taking in that she had probably just lost her best friend.

During lunch break Jeremy went outside to buy something to eat at the kiosk. He was listening to music on his iPod so he didn't hear a voice calling his name. He only realized it when that person tapped on his shoulder, making him turn around. It was Anna.

"Hey," he greeted her smiling and took out his ear plugs.

"Surprise."

"What are you doing here?" Jeremy asked.

"Doing the paperwork," Anna answered. "My mom's just talking to your aunt because she wants to open up a little store and I just had a talk with the school counselor. Starting tomorrow I'm an official student here."

"Why would you want to go to high school? It's boring," he said.

Anna gave him a look. "Do I really need to answer that question?"

"So you would go back to high school just to be with me?" Jeremy asked, raising his brows.

"Yeah, I would."

"Um, that's," Jeremy began.

"Stupid?" She finished the sentence for him. "Pathetic? Old, lurky me?"

Jeremy shook his head. "Awesome." Anna smiled. "You're awesome."

He leaned in to her and she met him halfway. They kissed for a few seconds then they pulled apart. "Let me guess," Jeremy said. "Each and every one of my classes?"

"Mmm." They smiled and kissed again.

With nowhere else to go Damon was heading straight back to Mystic Falls Highschool. However he didn't have a convincing pretext. He couldn't go to Elena and say "Hey, honey, I just killed your uncle..." No, definitely not. Many students walked past him. He knew it was lunch hour so he went straight into lunch hall. He scanned it, looking for Elena and found her, sitting at a table all by herself. Damon immediately knew that something was wrong. His gaze wandered off to another table where Elena's friends Bonnie, Caroline and Matt were sitting together. Looking back at Elena he caught her glancing longingly at them. Damon sighed and walked over to her.

"Hey, honey, what's up?" he greeted her, taking a seat opposite her. "Did dear brother's brooding rub off on you?"

"I'm not the mood for jokes, Damon," Elena told him curtly.

"So much I noticed. What's wrong?"

"Bonnie's no longer my friend."

"Why that?"

"Because of you," Elena stated simply and went into detail when he didn't seem to understand. "She saw talking earlier. I hadn't told her about our reconciliation yet and apparently she thinks we shouldn't be friends. She doesn't understand that I trust and after what you did to my mother I shouldn't be your friend anymore, let alone trust you."

"I see..."

"She obviously still hasn't gotten over Sheila's death and now she wants me to choose between you and her," Elena concluded.

"Sound like an easy choice to me," Damon said, feigning a smirk.

Elena looked sadly at him, making his smirk disappear. "Not to me, it doesn't. I don't want to choose. Both of you are my friend. Though she has a point about the trusting you..."

"What are you talking about?" Damon demanded irritated. "Just now you said you trusted me."

"You can't be trusted as soon as it comes to Katherine," Elena replied sharply. "Stefan told me you didn't see her or went looking for her but I'm not stupid, you know?"

"I refuse talking to you about it when right it's your perfect boyfriend who's doing the exact thing you're accusing me of!" Damon blurted out.

Elena turned pale. "What...?"

"See? Now you made me tell you though you weren't supposed to know," Damon said.

Elena stared at him. "What?"

"Stefan's looking for Katherine on purpose," he told her. "Not to find out what she's up to but for his own reasons."

"You're lying!" Elena shouted. Stefan cheating on her? This couldn't be true.

"I'm sorry, Elena but I'm not," Damon said tonelessly. Elena was speechless. "And now I'm the bad guy again because I told you. If it's any comfort to you I didn't see it coming either."

"But why?" Elena inquired weakly.

"He can't fight it," Damon explained sadly. "He died with her blood in his system and her compulsion and his feelings for her. Her blood his calling on him to go to her."

"I can't believe that this is actually happening," Elena said.

Damon reached out and squeezed her hand in a soothing gesture. He was well aware that Bonnie was watching them but he didn't care. He met Elena's sad eyes which

were slowly beginning to water.

"Let's get out of here," he suggested.

"What?"

"Let's go and find Stefan. Play an act, make him jealous."

"You think it'll work?"

"It'll definitely make him snap out of it for a moment," Damon replied convinced.

"Okay."

They got up and left the hall.

"Besides," Damon added with a big smirk on his face. "I get all the fun out of it."

"No, you won't," Elena contradicted. "It takes two."

"I already got one and a half since I know your dirty side is attracted to me," Damon replied, cocking his brows.

Elena burst out into laughter. "My *dirty* side?"

"Oh yes." Damon nodded. "I'm so looking forward to it."

"Dream on," Elena said, shaking her head but she couldn't stop the blush from creeping on her cheeks.

Suddenly Damon put his arm around her waist and pulled her close.

"Damon, what are you doing?" Elena demanded.

"I have to practice," he answered. "It has to be convincing, right?"

"You don't need practice. You're a natural talent," Elena opined.

"Anyway, I'm quite comfortable like this."

"Well, I'm not," Elena stated.

"Sorry, I didn't want to make you uncomfortable. That's not my intention." There it was again: his trademark smirk.

"Yes, it is." Their gazes met and they grinned. They had had this argument before.

"Ah, good old times," Damon relished in memories.

"You were a jerk and psychopath and an ass," Elena enumerated.

"So?"

"So?"

"Don't tell me you didn't like it 'cause I know you did."

"Watching you acting out? Sorry, but that's not my style."

"Not that part." Damon shook his head. "But you like my casual side, my unpredictability. Come on, admit it, I'm irresistible."

"Will you end this needless conversation if I do?" Elena inquired.

"Maybe..."

"Okay, you're somewhat irresistible."

"Nah, again, like you mean it," Damon pouted.

Elena laughed at his face and put as much emotion into her voice as she could.

"You're irresistible, Damon..."

His face lit up. "I knew it. Ah, that sounds like music to my ears. Again."

"No, you got your daily ego boost," Elena declined.

They reached the boarding house. Damon looked at Elena. "They're here. You ready?"

Elena nodded. "Then let's get the party started," Damon said joyfully and opened the door. He entered and pulled Elena inside. The door fell closed by itself. Damon grabbed Elena and twirled her around, making her squeal.

"What are you doing?"

"I told you I'd have my fun," Damon said, pulled her close and nuzzled his nose into her delicate neck.

"Damon, no! Stop! It tickles!" Elena giggled.

"Chrm, chrm."

The sound of someone clearing his throat loudly made them direct their attention to the first landing of the stairs. Elena gasped. Stefan and Katherine were standing there. Both of them in underwear. Elena stared at them. Damon had told her what she would have to expect but she hadn't really believed it. But now she knew it was true.

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P.S. Mein PC spinnt rum. Ich weiß nicht, ob und wie lange er mir noch erhalten bleibt, also kann ich im Moment nicht sagen, wann ich wieder was hochladen kann. Lasst uns alle hoffen, dass er sich wieder fängt.

Eure Asu