

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 53: Soulmates

Tut mir schrecklich Leid, dass ich euch so lange hab warten lassen! Bitte vergibt mir und verflucht meine Lehrer, weil sie uns so viel Hausaufgaben aufgeben v.v Aber bald sind Ferien und dann hol ich die eingebüßte Zeit mit ein paar Kapitel wieder auf, versprochen!

Für diejenigen, die schon wieder vergessen haben, wo wie waren: Damon, Elena and Alaric hatten beschlossen nach Duke zu fahren um hinter das Geheimnis der Lockwoods zu kommen (wie in der Serie halt) Viel Spaß!

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"Another roadtrip. Excited, Elena?" Damon asked as they walked outside to meet Alaric.

"You bet," she replied grinning.

They walked over to the car in which Alaric was already waiting.

"I brought a guest. Hope you don't mind," Damon said to him as he got on the passenger seat and Elena on the backseat.

"Hi, Alaric," Elena greeted Elena.

"Hello, Elena," he greeted her back. "All set? Okay, let's go," he added and started the engine.

"Really, you should look for an additional part-time job," Damon complained after a while on the road. "Your teacher salary sucks if this... car is all you can afford."

"Not all of us have a prestige demand and steal luxury goods," Alaric shot back.

"Oh, you hurt you me. You really think I stole my amazing Mustang? No, I honestly bought it with my little small fortune," Damon said.

"Show-off," Alaric grumbled and Damon smirked. "You still haven't told me exactly what Liz told you, why we're heading for Duke," he reminded the vampire.

"It's actually pretty simple," Damon began. "Even your little teacher brain should be able to process it."

"Damon!" Elena hissed from the backseat but Damon ignored her.

"It goes like this. Mayor hears noise only vampires can hear. Mayor gets captured and dragged into the basement. But Mayor isn't affected by the vervain so Mayor's not a vampire."

"We already knew that."

"Right. But the question is, why he heard the noise just like his kid I might add."

"Jeremy showed our ancestor's journal," Elena told them. "There's a drawing of the device in it and a note that says it's harmful to any creatures with supernatural hearing."

"So..." Damon said, giving Alaric a chance to solve the equation.

"So you think the Lockwoods are supernatural," the teacher concluded.

"Bing bing bing! 95 points from a hundred because it took you so long."

"And Isobel..."

"Might have had some knowledge about other supernatural creatures aside from vampires. Maybe we can break into her office at Duke and get some information."

"Why do we have to do that? Why don't we just ask Isobel herself?" Alaric inquired.

"*Because*," Damon employed a dramatic pause. "we currently don't know which side your lovely wife is on," he explained. "I don't trust her. She's working for Katherine after all."

"You have a point there," Alaric agreed dejectedly.

"You kind of have to see it like a win-win situation," Damon continued. "We'll get information and we'll get to spend some quality time together to catch up."

"We're not on a family trip," the teacher retorted. "Because we're not a family."

"Not yet. But once you get hooked with sweet Jenna and Elena with me we'll be a wonderful, happy-"

"I heard that, Damon," Elena's sharp voice interrupted him.

He turned around to her and wiggled his brows suggestively. "Oh come on, sunshine, it's not impossible."

"Dream on."

"What happened to you giving her pet names?" Alaric demanded, slightly disgusted at the image of Damon and Elena together. Though Isobel was Elena's mother and he wasn't her father he had developed some fatherly feelings for the girl on the backseat. That's why he was looking after her.

Damon grinned.

"No! No, don't tell him, Damon!" Elena protested when Damon turned to the front again, still smirking.

"Actually, I didn't give her that name. Well, actually I did but your wife did it first," Damon answered Alaric's question. "Do you know the literal meaning of the name 'Elena'?" he asked him, ignoring Elena's protest completely.

"No but I'm sure you'll enlighten me."

"Gladly. Elena is Italian or Spanish and it means-"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP, DAMON!"

Elena's shouting came so unforeseen that Damon hiccupped while suppressing his laughter.

"Language, language, my dear beaming one," he said smirking.

"You're an ass, Damon," Elena snapped irritated, leant back and looked sternly out of the window.

"The beaming one?" Alaric repeated.

"Cute, isn't it?" Damon commented grinning and looked through the mirror back at Elena. "Oh, look now she's pouting..."

Elena chose to ignore him and admire the beautiful landscape instead.

"I think Isobel had a decent reason to her this name," Alaric tried to make it less embarrassing for Elena. "While we're already on it. I guess, Damon's got a meaning, too."

"It does. But I'm not gonna tell you," Damon clarified. Turned to the front he didn't see the devilish grin form on Elena's lips.

"I know it," she let him now in a sing-song voice.

That caught Damon's attention and he turned around to her.

"No, you don't. I never told you."

"You don't need to tell me. I found it out on my own," Elena replied. "There's BING, you know?"

"The Internet knows everything," Alaric agreed.

"You didn't bing my name," Damon said convinced.

"Oh, I did."

"You're bluffing."

"Uh-uh."

"So you know it, huh? Then why don't you tell us, come on," Damon challenged her. "I still bet you're bluffing to get back at me."

"Fine, I will," Elena said. "The Italian meaning of your name is actually pretty sweet and somewhat ironic I might add. The meaning of Damon is-"

Before Elena could finish the sentence Damon had unbuckled his seatbelt, rushed to the backseat and covered Elena's mouth with his hand. At the same time Alaric slammed the brakes hard.

"Damn it, Damon!" he exclaimed unnerved as he slowly pushed the gas pedal again.

"Don't rush through the car while I'm driving. You nearly gave me a heart attack here!"

"Sorry," Damon apologized, not sounding apologetic at all. Then he turned to Elena with his hand still on her mouth.

"We better keep this to ourselves," he whispered into her ear. "I have a reputation to protect."

He slowly removed his hand from her mouth, daring her. She glared at him but was silent and he smiled triumphantly.

"I'm back to the front now, Ric."

"Do as you please."

Smirking he rushed back to the front in the blink of an eye.

"It's gotten awfully quiet in here. What happened? Cat got your tongue?" he mocked.

No one replied to that. "Fine. Let's see what on your old, rusty radio then," he said and turned on a random station.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?"

Stefan stopped dead in his tracks and slowly turned around to Anna who was fixing him with eagle eyes and crossed arms. "So?"

"Out," he said matter-of-factly.

"Oh no, don't pull sarcastic Damon on me. You really suck at it, Stefan," she replied.

"And besides, I'm not stupid."

"Don't you think you're taking your job a little too serious?"

"I'm thinking... Nope. You know why, Stefan? Because a Salvatore. And if there's one thing I'm sure of it's that a Salvatore never ignores the presence of Katherine Pierce."

"Wasn't that part of the plan?" Stefan reminded her. "Stay put and find out what she's up to?"

"So that's only reason to go and see her, huh?" Stefan nodded solemnly. Anna's features darkened. "I'm gonna tell Elena about it."

"You won't."

"Watch me," she shot back determined. "She deserves the truth."

Stefan hesitated for a minute. He could just dart for the door but he knew that she would beat him to it and stop him because she was older and therefore much faster. Plus, she was feeding on human blood.

"I can explain it to her," he said then.

Anna laughed darkly. "I'm looking forward to that."

They exchanged one last glare before Stefan opened the door and left.

"I'm sorry, we only have one double and one single left," the receptionist of the hotel they planned to spend the night at announced.

"Great, we'll take them," Damon said.

"Damon!" Elena protested. She didn't have a good feeling about this.

"Hey, do you want to try a couple more hotels only to find out they're all booked?" he reasoned.

"But-!"

"Thanks," Damon said to the receptionist, took the keys and started to walk casually through the reception.

Alaric and Elena hurried after him.

"Wait, Damon!" Elena said irritated and grabbed his arm to stop him. "How do you imagine this? Who'll get the single?"

A smirk appeared on his face. "Say, Elena, do you believe in Fate?"

"What? Don't change the subject, Damon!"

"Stop playing games, Damon," Alaric told him unnerved.

The vampire ignored him. "I don't usually believe in anything like Fate. But sometimes it leads you places and you just have to accept it." He grabbed his wallet and took out a quarter. "See this coin? It's gonna answer your question, Elena. Let's say heads and I'm going to share a room with the teacher. Tails and I'm gonna share a room with you. Okay? Good."

"No!" Elena objected but he had already tossed the coin.

Holding her breath Elena watched it rise into the air and fall down, tossing and turning on the way before it landed on the carpeted reception floor.

"Tails!" Damon exclaimed happily and retrieved the coin.

"Give me that quarter. I'm sure it's manipulated," Alaric remarked.

"Nope. I guess it's Fate," Damon replied and grabbed Elena's hand.

"No."

Damon ignored her protest like he had several times before and dragged her all the way to their rooms. Out on the hallway they bade Alaric good night and then Damon pushed Elena into their room and closed the door.

Now she was trapped with him much to his pleasure...

Something told him that he would find Katherine at the Grill so he went there first and he was lucky. He found her there, talking to Matt. She saw him coming though.

"Hey," he said, softly interrupting the conversation.

"Hey," Stefan," Katherine greeted him, imitating Elena perfectly. "See you later, Matt," she added before she started to walk away with Stefan.

"What are you doing here?" Stefan asked casually.

"Getting acquainted. Did you miss me already?" She gave him her sweetest smile.

"A little," he teased her, returning the smile.

After the shock about the recent turn of events had subsided, Elena had made herself comfortable on one of the two beds, just relaxing. Damon had occupied the other one and gotten lost in a book.

"So... what are you reading?" Elena asked after a while, trying to start a conversation because she was growing bored.

"Jack London, Call of the Wild," he told her and flashed a smile to her.

"Your favorite."

"You're seeing right through me," he said smirking and closed the book. "So I guess somebody's bored and wants to talk."

"Guilty," Elena admitted sheepishly.

"Fine. Let's talk. What's *your* favorite book?"

"I can't tell you because I could never narrow them down to a top five but my favorite writers are Fitzgerald and Grisham," she answered.

Damon groaned. "God, it's like I'm talking to my stupid brother."

"Stefan and I have a lot in common," she agreed.

"Sure, he's your soulmate," Damon mocked.

"Why do you always have to mock everything?"

"I don't believe in soulmates," he clarified. "Do you? Do you think Stefan could be yours?"

"I don't know," Elena began. "I'm not willing to say that he definitely is but at the same time I'm not willing to say that he definitely isn't. Did you use to think Katherine could be yours?"

"I don't know..." Damon answered hesitantly. "Maybe. For a period of time I thought so. But as we both know that's a long time ago..." He fell silent thinking about what he had just said and then he turned back at her. "You know, we could soulmates," he proposed.

"I thought you don't believe in soulmates."

"Yeah, I know. But now... thinking about it... we could, couldn't we?"

"It's just, soulmates have a lot in common, you know?" she reminded him.

"That's what I'm talking about. You and Stefan, you have *too much* in common. It's boring. We on the other hand, we have something..."

"I said that before if I recall that correctly." And she knew she did. "So what do we have? Let's count. First... roadtrips."

"Definitely," Damon agreed.

"Dancing," Elena continued.

"Love it."

Elena searched through her mind for another thing she shared with Damon but didn't come up with anything else.

"Oh, come on, don't pretend there's nothing else. There's much more," Damon said.

"Then why don't you enlighten me," Elena replied smiling.

"Okay, here we go. Partying-"

"I don't know if I really like that," Elena objected.

"Sure as hell you do," Damon insisted. "And so do I. Drunk Elena is our specialty aside from music."

Elena laughed but nodded. "I agree to that. Our taste in music is quite similar. More?" Damon started to think of more but like Elena before he didn't find anything else.

"Guess, we're not soul mates after all," Elena judged.

Did she sound a little sad about it or was he only imagining it?

"Yes, we are," Damon persisted. He wouldn't give up so soon. "Just give me some time and I'll list all the things we share. You'll see. And in the end they'll mean much more than the cultural interest you share with my brother."

"I'll remind you to it," she promised smiling. "You cute, tame vampire" she added laughing and skillfully avoided the pillow Damon was hurling at her.

*We've got a feeling between us
That's even deeper than love
It's higher than any mountain
Baby, honesty, harmony... that's what it's made of*

*No one understands me
No, not the way that you do
You get right down inside of me
You're the one I can always turn to*

*We got a special connection
That you don't find everyday
You read my every expression
'Cause when I feel alone*

*You always know the right thing to say
We belong together
Oh yeah, it's our destiny
There'll never be another*

*'Cause I know heaven sent you to me
You are the best friend I'll ever find
We're one in a million and two of a kind*

*You are my soulmate
Now and forever
I can feel two hearts beating as one
You are my soulmate
Birds of a feather
Staying together through whatever may come*

—

Ich hab den Namen "Damon" in die Suchmaschine eingegeben und da kam raus, dass er etwas wie "zähmen" also tame im Englischen. Da aber im Englischen tame auch ein Adjektiv ist, hab ich auch für Damon das Adjektiv gewählt, um ihn zu beschreiben.

"I'm not willing to say that he definitely is but at the same time I'm not willing to say that he definitely isn't." ist ein Zitat aus meiner zweiten Lieblingsserie Everwood. Ich dachte es passt hier ganz gut^^

Na, was meint ihr? Könnten Damon und Elena Seelenverwandte sein? Twin Flames wie in den Büchern beschrieben?

Bis demnächst
eure Asu