

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 58: Without You

Tut mir schrecklich Leid, dass es mal wieder so lange gedauert hat. Ich hatte ne Blockade *seufz* Aber jetzt wo in NRW wieder die Schule losgeht, wollte ich zumindest dieses Kapitel diese Woche hochladen. Es ist wahrscheinlich das längste, das ich bislang geschrieben habe.

Zum Kapitel an sich: Wie gesagt, eine Person hat einen Gastauftritt. Und daneben gibt es noch einige andere Ereignisse die die Handlung ein wenig ausweiten. Will euch nicht zu viel erzählen, lest einfach. Viel Spaß!

—

It was around nine when Elena heard the front door open and close. Curious who it was she turned her head to see her brother enter.

"You're back early. And alone," she noted surprised.

"Is this the 'Room For The Rejected'?" Jeremy asked.

"Rejected and rejecters. What's the occasion?"

"I just met Anna's ex," Jeremy answered.

"Sit," Elena said, patting the vacant space beside her and closed her book. They sat silently for a while before she spoke again. "Want ice cream?"

"Isn't that a girl breakup thing?"

"I've got enough breakup for both of us," Elena retorted. "Come on."

They got up and walked into the kitchen. Jeremy took a seat at the counter while Elena was preparing two bowls of ice cream.

"So... what happened?" she asked when she was ready, put the bowls on the counter and took a seat opposite her brother.

"He somehow popped up out of nowhere. His name's John. Really freaked me out at first," he told her, spooning ice cream.

"Well, who can blame you," she sighed.

"Well, this guy is not a really a 'did it-done-it-it's over' ex, if you know what I mean," Jeremy continued, frowning. "No hard feelings. They're getting along just fine."

"Jealousy kicked in." Elena nodded knowingly.

"But not without reason!" he defended himself. "Anna didn't notice it but I sure did. That guy was totally hitting on her and he wouldn't leave. Anan was having a good time so I talked to her about it and... it went down the completely wrong road."

"Your first real fight. Cuts deep, I know," Elena replied.

"Yeah..."

They finished their ice cream, put the bowls into the dishwasher and walked back into the parlor.

"So you just left her there? Out in the woods? What about John? I mean the hater," she added.

"I completely forgot about it," Jeremy admitted embarrassed. "I was so pissed at her that I just wanted to leave."

"Understandable. But you should call her. Just to make sure that she's okay," she said.

"Yeah, I will."

He had just taken out his cell phone when the front door opened and closed and Anna returned. She glared at Jeremy before walking upstairs.

"You should go talk to her," Elena told him. "If you blow it there are enough guest rooms in this house."

"Very encouraging, thank you," he retorted and followed his girlfriend upstairs.

Suddenly the front door moved again and Damon entered the house, looking pissed as well. Their gazes met.

"Trouble in paradise?" Elena mocked.

"Never made it there. I had to play babysitter because one stubborn girl in this house cannot listen to the easiest instructions," he spat.

"I never asked you to look out for me!" Anna's angry voice came from upstairs.

Damon glared at Elena before walking upstairs. Elena sighed and took a seat. What a night...

"That teacher saved your ungrateful undead life and you're risking it for some stupid party!"

"So what? I'm going crazy here! I needed a change of scenery! And sorry your night didn't go as planned but again no one asked you to watch my back!"

"Who's gonna do it then, huh? You naïve stubborn girl," Damon said. "Did it ever cross your mind that your old friend might be working for the guy who wants you dead?"

"He wouldn't."

"How can you know? John disappeared off the radar. He could be anywhere. Recruiting anyone."

"It already struck me as a bad omen that his name was John," Jeremy remarked.

Anna glared at him.

"I'll leave you two alone then. I know have *a lot* to talk about," Damon said and walked out of the room.

The couple faced each other, arms crossed and glaring.

"So..." Anna said after a while of silence. "What was that about? Why did you cause such a scene?"

"That guy was totally hitting on you!"

"We were just talking," Anna defended it.

"Maybe you were but he clearly wasn't. The way he talked to you... His flirty comments and-"

"There is really no need to be jealous, Jeremy," Anna cut him off.

"I'm stating the facts you don't see!"

"Still you're jealous," she reasoned and his silence confirmed this assumption.

"Look, Jeremy, I'm happy you feel this way. Being jealous means you care about me."

But there is really no need to feel this way because I'm not gonna leave you. And definitely not for a guy like John. He doesn't even know what I am. You should consider that, too."

Jeremy was stunned. "Really?"

She nodded. "You're the first guy I showed my secret to. Well, actually you totally busted me." Jeremy grinned. "Aside from you I only told Ben and he ended up burnt by Stefan. So consider this a good omen that you're still alive," she added, giving him a small smile. "John and I went to college together two years ago before I came to Mystic Falls."

"You guys never? I thought your ex..." Jeremy stammered.

Anna laughed. "God, no. He tried though but I rejected him."

Jeremy scratched his head nervously. All the trouble for nothing...

"Oh... I'm sorry."

She smiled faintly. "It's okay."

She walked over to him and kissed him gently on the lips. "You won't get rid of me so soon," she told him, smirking.

"Fine with me," he replied grinning and kissed her back.

Later that night Elena closed the book she had been reading for the past hours. She got up and put out the fire. Then she went upstairs. She entered her bedroom to grab her PJS but froze when she caught something on her bed. It was a pile of sheets of paper with a little note on top of it.

You said you were bored. So I copied for you. Ask me if anything is unclear to you. - Stefan

A small smile flashed across Elena's face. Now she had finally found something to occupy herself with.

The weekend she spent with Jeremy and Anna at Alaric's. She enjoyed spending time with Jenna and catching up with her. The relationship between Jenna and Alaric was still strained but as Alaric told Elena it had gotten better during her visit. So Jenna was really just missing them.

During her stay Elena also discussed her situation with Alaric, Jeremy and Anna. Alaric had kind of been working as her spy, keeping an eye on Katherine. He told her that it was a creepy how good she was at copying her. But he also pushed Elena to keep going and not to give up, no matter how worse it would get.

On Monday Elena had hope. She got up one hour earlier than usual and hurried to get out of the house. She arrived at school one hour before class started. When she parked her car she took a look around and then sighed in relief. No Katherine in sight. She got out of the car and entered the building. Then she stopped dead. Out of sudden Katherine was standing in front of her, smirking superiorly.

"You better go home, Elena. Two of us in one place, that's kinda creepy, you know?" she said with her unbearable sweet voice.

Elena didn't even retort something. She just turned on her heels and left. She didn't want to give up, she really didn't but it was just so hard to keep fighting.

Tears were already forming in her eyes when she stepped outside. She desperately wished for someone she could talk to. Someone adult who knew about all this, independent from Alaric and Jenna. Someone like a... mother.

Before she even began to register what she was doing Elena had taken out her phone and opened her contacts. She had saved Isobel's number just in case... In case of what exactly? Was now such a case?

She was desperate. She couldn't find any other excuse for her actions. With trembling finger she dialed Isobel's number and waited.

"Please," she whispered while listening to the tone. "Mom, pick up, please..."

She let it ring ten times before she hung up and wiped her tears away. She turned to her car and opened the door to get inside when...

Suddenly her phone started vibrating. Jumping she nearly dropped it. She barely caught it and looked at the display.

She had received a text message... from the number she had just dialed.

"Mom..."

Excited she opened the message and read it.

I'm afraid texting will have to do.

Elena stared at the message in confusing, partly doubting her own sanity. Was she dreaming this? Another vibration let her snap out of her trance. It was another message from Isobel. This one was longer.

I'm close but I can't show myself to you because we're both watched. Katherine's here, and for all I know John could be around, too. Leave the area. Go home. Text me when you get there.

Elena put her phone in her pocket and got into her car.

Fifteen minutes later she was back at the Boarding House in her room and contacted her mother. The door opened and Jeremy peeked inside.

"You coming?"

"I already went. I just came back," she told him. "Thought I could beat her to school but she's still one step ahead of me. I think she has me observed."

"Probably," Jeremy agreed. "You okay?"

"Yeah. I'll be fine. Just go, okay?"

"Okay. See you later," he said and closed the door.

Two seconds later her phone went off, announcing another text message.

I think I found a good hiding place. They can't watch me here. But I'm not sure for how long. And talking is still off limits.

Elena took that in for a moment, trying to formulate a response but before she could hit reply she had received yet another message.

So... You're finally desperate enough to want to talk to me? To finally let me into your life?

Elena let out a heavy sob. She was crying again. All these buried feelings... The pain of missing a mother, the pain about knowing her mother didn't care about her for years... But deep inside she knew she needed her mother. Now more than ever before. Jenna was great but she could never represent a mother to her. Isobel could though. If Elena forgave her they could start over. Start to live a life together instead of apart. It was a life Elena wanted. She wanted to believe that this was still possible. She wanted to believe that the things Isobel had said to her on her back porch were true. That she cared about her and wasn't on Katherine's side. Another text interrupted her thinking.

You're not answering. So I guess you're crying. Don't. It's not your fault. It's mine. I'll try to make up for everything now. If you let me.

Elena hiccupped. Reading those lines had startled her. Isobel wasn't around. It would be too obvious. So how did she know that she was crying? Did she know her that well already? Still sniffing she hit reply.

Can we meet somewhere? There's so much I want to tell you. Face to face.

No. They'd follow us. I'm sorry. You probably care about your life and I definitely care about yours and mine. Just go ahead and tell me everything you want. I know it's not the same. Let's try to make the best out of it.

Elena wiped her tears away. There was a chance. And she would take it. So she hit reply and texted Isobel everything she wanted her to know, dragging this conversation out for as long as possible. Fortunately she had a flat rate...

Things were going great for the next week. Elena didn't even bother to try to go to school. She wouldn't participate in Katherine's childish games anymore. Instead she stayed at the Boarding House and talked to Isobel via text all day long. Isobel wasn't only comforting her. They were also catching up on the 18 years of Elena's life. Elena had told her how she had used to be a cheerleader like she had been herself. What she was good at at school and what she would like to do after school. They were spending some quality time through texting.

While at it Elena asked Isobel if there was anything else she needed to know except for the things she had found out by digging through her personal research. Isobel had said the only real interesting thing for her right was Katherine's journal. That was when Elena realized that the journal was still in her locker at school. She had put it there on her first day.

The next day she went there to retrieve it but it was longer where she had left it. When she closed the locker Katherine appeared at her side.

"Looking for this?" she asked, holding up the journal. "That's very rude, Elena. Snooping through other people's personal things. Not even I play that dirty... I don't want to see you here anymore. Leave. Now!" she ordered, pushed her hard, sending her flying down the hallway and laughed at her when she ran away.

In the end it turned out that Elena already knew most of what the journal covered.

The reason why they looked alike and everything related to Mystic Falls. It also covered Katherine's escape from the founding family members, Isobel recalled. That was certainly interesting. Unfortunately Isobel couldn't remember this entry very well.

Elena was safe in her bubble. Reading Isobel's texts helped her make it through the day. She was finally starting to feel at least a little happy again.

Then on Friday everything shattered when she received the ultimate message.

They found me. I have to leave. I'll stay close but we can't text anymore. I'm sorry. But remember that you're not alone. Trust in your friends.

After reading the message Elena was stuck in some kind of shock for the next hours. She didn't believe that this was actually happening. She had just gotten her mother back. She didn't want to lose her so soon again. She needed her. Without her support she just lapsed back into being depressed and helpless.

She sent Isobel close to a dozen messages, waiting desperately for her to return them but she never did. She had probably already gotten rid of her phone. Elena didn't want to do. She needed distraction. She grabbed a few books and started reading but none of them was interesting enough to distract her long enough.

Then after five hours she was certain: Isobel wouldn't get in touch with her anytime soon.

After the shock followed realization and after realization followed despair. Apathy kicked in the day after. Elena holed herself up in her room and refused to eat and drink. Once again Jeremy and Anna had to make sure she didn't starve. Nothing made her feel better. Not even the news that Katherine had apparently gotten tired of school and didn't go there anymore. The next day Elena went back but immediately figured that it was no good. She had missed so much that she couldn't follow the lessons. Stefan notes didn't help her, either. She could hardly catch up and that increased her misery.

Jeremy and Anna were incapable of dealing with Elena's depression. Jeremy was feeling so helpless that he even brought her former psychiatrist into the Boarding House. She couldn't help, either but put Elena on anti-depressants that lighted her mood to the extent that it was hovering above the level of depression. That however only caused trouble because Damon didn't agree to bring any people into the house even if it was to help Elena get better.

"Can't you see how depressed she is?" Anna flared. "The psychiatrist might actually help her!"

And Jeremy said "Dud, she's been that depressed before when my parents died. She did a lot of crazy shit back then. Worse than my taking drugs. And the last thing I need is a replay of that!"

"I don't even know why she's making such a great out of it," Damon remarked coldly. "Girls go through a lot of heartbreaks."

It was then that Elena opened her mouth after hours of silence and talked to him for the first time in weeks.

"It's not the heartbreak!" she told him sobbing. "I don't care about the breakup! I don't

even care about Stefan!"

"Elena, you don't need to-" Jeremy began but Elena ignored him. "It's you!" she informed him. "You are making me so depressed! I can deal with heartache but I cannot deal with losing my best friend to a psychopathic bitch!"

"Ridiculous," Damon muttered, shaking his head.

Elena's face was distorted with rage and still she was crying while she tried to get everything that had threatened to crush her off her chest. She wanted him to know. She wanted him to understand. She wanted him to feel something for her because his indifference was killing her.

"I wish someone would just kill her already. I'd do it myself even if I died trying. Every day she's around she's ruining another part of my life. She already broke us! Don't you see that? If you love her that much you're gonna have to make a decision, Damon! It's me or her. Forever. Just hurry up and decide! Because I can't take this any longer!"

With that she darted past him, leaving everyone in the parlor speechless.

Later that night something happened that - if Elena had been awake - would have amazed her. Having waited until he was sure she was fast asleep he sneaked into her bedroom. Almost soundlessly he walked over to her bed and came to a halt beside her. He noticed the remains of tears she had cried on her face and the headphones she was wearing. She was listening to the Breaking Benjamin album he had given her on her birthday. He listened. The song 'Without You' was playing. It took him only two seconds to realize that the song was on repeat. Did that song remind her of him? Of them?

*Swallow me under and pull me apart
I understand there's nothing left
Pain so familiar and close to the heart
No more, no less I won't forget*

*Come back down, save yourself
I can't find my way to you
And I can't bear to face the truth
Say something new*

*I have nothing left
I can't face the dark without you
There's nothing left to lose
The fighting never ends
I can't face the dark without you*

He sighed deeply. Then he put something on her nightstand. It was Katherine's journal. He had overheard Elena telling Jeremy and Anna that Katherine had stole it back. So he had been snooping around Katherine's place and eventually found it. If Katherine found out he had taken it he would be in big trouble, maybe even dead. He didn't even know why he took it. He had just taken it instinctively. Just like he had come to visit Elena that night instinctively. His gaze wandered back to her face and another sigh escaped his lips. Elena thought he had gone back to being a heartless

monster just for the sake of being with Katherine. But that wasn't true. He still cared. About her, especially. He, too, hated it that they were fighting. He wished she would just accept the fact that he was with Katherine. It would make things so much easier... He wasn't stupid though. He knew that would never happen. And he also knew that Elena was right. Eventually he would have to make the ultimate decision. Elena or Katherine. It would be a difficult decision that was why he hoped he would be granted some more time before he had to make the decision. He carefully leaned in and let his fingers ghost over her cheek as he whispered to her the words he wouldn't say to her face.

"I didn't want it to be like this. I'm sorry..."

*I wanted to forgive
I'm trying to forget
Don't leave me here again
I'm with you forever in the end*

*Say something new
I have nothing left
I can't face the dark without you
There's nothing left to lose
The fighting never ends
I can't face the dark without you*

*Holding the hand that holds me down
I forgive, forget you, the end
Holding the hand that holds me down
I forgive you, forget you in the end*

The next morning Elena felt strange. She was still depressed but it also seemed like her mind had been processing and plotting all night long. When she woke up she felt kind of refreshed and Isobel's words were ringing in her ears. *You're not alone. Trust in your friends.* She got up with a plan.

She did spot the journal on her nightstand but she didn't spend a many thoughts on it. She figured Stefan had gotten it for her, hoping it would make her trust him again. But it took more than that to regain her trust.

In the afternoon she gathered all her courage and drove over to Bonnie's place. The steps to her front door seemed to be the longest walk she had ever taken. She was very nervous, on the verge of despair even. What if Bonnie rejected her? What would she do then?

The moment of waiting for her childhood friend to open the door was like torture. Tears were already brimming in her eyes. The tension was too high.

Then Bonnie opened the door.

"Elena?" she said surprised to find her there. She was about to ask what she was doing there but then she noticed that Elena was crying.

Without hesitation she drew her childhood friend into an embrace. Elena collapsed into her arms, crying endlessly. It was too much for her. She had expected Bonnie to at least direct a snarky remark at her but this unconditional comfort was more she could ask for.

When Elena had calmed down they sat together in Bonnie's living room and talked.

"Bonnie, I'm so sorry for everything. I never wanted us to drift so far apart," Elena apologized sincerely. "You're my best friend since kindergarten. And I know it's my fault that we drifted apart. I didn't take our friendship serious enough."

"It's okay," Bonnie replied and squeezed her hand. "I accept your apology. Now why don't you tell me what got you so depressed?"

Elena put her cup of tea onto the coffee table and started to speak. She told Bonnie everything that had happened since she had returned from the summer program. That it started with Stefan being unfaithful toward her again and how Damon had practically chosen Katherine over her. Then she told her about her texting session with Isobel and how happy she had been about getting a part of her mother back.

"But then they must've found her. She thinks texting is too dangerous or too obvious or whatever. So she got out of touch. But her last words were 'Trust in your friends.' I immediately thought of you. But I was so scared. I didn't think you'd ever want to be my friend again after I've been such a bitch to you."

"Elena," Bonnie softly stopped Elena's rambling. "I told you it's okay."

"I'm just glad to have you back, Bonnie," Elena said and hugged her best friend. "I missed you."

"I missed you, too, Elena," Bonnie agreed and hugged her back.

"So what are you going to do now?" the witch asked after a while.

"I honestly don't know. Katherine's been making my life hell. She almost took everything that matters to me away and I can't deal with it anymore. It's gotten under my skin like back when my parents died. The sadness is so strong. It's gotten a grip on my heart and it feels like it's crushing it. I can't breathe easily. I can't sleep. It's just so overwhelming," Elena finished sadly.

Bonnie nodded and took her hands in hers. "Here's what we're going to do," she said. "You're going to move in here with me. It certainly doesn't help to see those guys all the time. You're always reminded of the situation. But here you can escape it. I promise I'm going to take your mind off things. We'll catch up and spend some girl time together. I'm sure it'll help."

Bonnie sounded so confident and Elena really wanted to believe her so she agreed to the plan and moved out of the Boarding House still that evening.

"Thank you, Jer," Elena said to her brother who had walked her to her car. "I feel a little bad for leaving you with them."

"That's okay," Jeremy replied. "I think Anna and I can handle it. Anything to make you feel better."

"While I'm gone you're the owner of the house. You get to decide who comes in and how stays out," she reminded him, smiling faintly. "You're the boss, Jer."

"I'll definitely enjoy it," Jeremy told her grinning. "See you at school."

Despite first hope staying at Bonnie's didn't help as promised. Sure, it took her mind off of things at first but deep inside the pain was still there. Now she knew what her brother must've felt like when Damon had compelled him to forget about the source of the pain without actually removing the pain.

Dear Diary,

it's been six weeks and nothing's changed.

I wake up every day and I feel terrible. I can hardly breathe and I feel the urge to cry but the tears won't come. There are none left.

This sadness is killing me, literally. It's like I was thrown right back to that point when my parents died. I'm that sad, helpless girl again. I can't fight it. These feelings hurt so much. They're crushing me, strangling me, holding me in place, keeping me alive enough to torture me.

Even hell couldn't be worse.

They even put me on those stupid pills again but those aren't working, either. They don't have the promised effect. I still feel that heavy weight upon my heart and no matter how many pills I take it doesn't become lighter and I don't get better. I'm trapped in this depression.

Jenna and Alaric still don't know about my condition. Jeremy and Anna kept their promise not to tell them. I know they're worried about me, especially Jeremy because he has seen me go through this before but it wasn't so bad last time.

Moving in with Bonnie didn't help, either. I hoped she would distract me a little from the pain but it doesn't work. It's not her fault. It's mine because I don't dare to open myself up to anything. I don't even know what happiness is anymore. I'm too scared to experience it only to get crushed again in the end. I can't take that risk. There's only so little of me left...

*I know I should be grieving for my boyfriend instead of holding on to something that was so wrong and doomed to fail since the beginning. But I can't. I can't let it go. I can't let **him** go.*

It's true. You never know what you've got until it's gone...

The truth is, I miss Damon - despite what he's done to me. I miss the careless times I spent with him. Like I'd told him on the back porch of the Boarding House, I want to go back to these times. Just party with him, go to concerts, hang at the beach, whatever, as long as we're together.

I would have never thought that Damon would become such an important part of my life. But he has and... I want him to be in my life again. I'd do anything.

Elena closed her diary and put it on the nightstand. Then she got up, left the guest room she had been sleeping in for the past two weeks and went downstairs where Bonnie was preparing dinner in the kitchen.

She wanted to talk to her about it before she actually did anything. She counted on her advice.

She told Bonnie that he had come to realize how much the older Salvatore brother meant to her and she wanted to make things right with him. She half-expected the witch to call her crazy or to get mad at her but she didn't. She reacted like Jeremy. Anything to help her get better. Elena didn't need more encouragement.

"I'll be back in a couple of hours," she told Bonnie, grabbed her coat and left.

Damon was in his room, getting ready. He was supposed to meet Katherine in hours but he liked to prepare himself early.

While adjusting the collar of his shirt he pricked his ears. It was dead-silent in the house. Stefan was out, hunting and the teenagers were out, doing whatever. He couldn't help but notice that it had gotten awfully quiet in the house since Elena had

moved out two weeks ago. But he couldn't do anything about it. She had decided to end their friendship. Moving out had been her call as well. He didn't expect her to come back to him. He believed that it was over. Part of him found it sad. He had enjoyed their friendship. They had had a couple of good times together. Personally, he would still like to be her friend if she wasn't accusing Katherine of lies. That was what it was. Lies. None of her predictions had come true yet. So maybe it actually was nothing but jealousy.

Suddenly his train of thoughts was interrupted by his ringing cell phone. Slightly annoyed he glanced at the display to find that he didn't know the number that was calling.

"Who is this and where did you get this number?" he demanded.

"Damon? It's Bonnie. Elena gave me your number ICE."

"What do you want?"

"I've been wondering where Elena is."

"How should I know? I haven't seen her since she moved out," Damon said irritated.

"What do you mean? She left early for your place. She was going to talk to you about everything. She wanted you guys to make up," Bonnie told him worriedly. *"So she never made it to you?"*

Damon did no longer listen. His mind was racing and processing what he had just learnt. Elena had wanted to talk things over, maybe had even been willing to forgive him. But she had never gotten a chance to because she had never made it to him. The case was clear. Someone had taken her...

"Damon, you still there?" Bonnie's frantic voice reached his ears and he snapped out of his trance.

"Yeah. I'll find her. Don't worry," he said and hung up.

He shoved his phone into his pocket and headed for the door to leave. In all the rush he missed the figure that had been moving behind him. He only noticed something was wrong when he felt a needle pierce his back and the pain that followed.

He slowly sank to the floor, crying out in pain.

Vervain, he realized. And in a large dosis. He couldn't even face his attacker. Already seconds later everything went black and he passed out.

War nicht *der* John. Wollte euch nur ein wenig schocken ;)

Isobel ist wieder da und dann schon wieder weg. Arme Elena :(

Erfreulicherweise ist Damon doch nicht so herzlos wie anfangs gedacht. Er vermisst Elena auch und das ist ganz wichtig für das nächste Kapitel.

Und Elena und Bonnie haben sich vertragen! Das ist auch wichtig für das nächste Kapitel xD

3mal dürft ihr raten wer Elena entführt hat? Yup, genau diese Person.

Also wird es im nächsten Kapitel richtig spannend! UND ich hab ne kleine Überraschung für auch. Wir haben es endlich geschafft. Nächstes Kapitel wird "Das

Ereignis" stattfinden, auf dass ich euch schon dutzende Kapitel zuvor scharfgemacht hab XD

Freuen wir uns also alle aufs nächste Kapitel!

Bis dahin
eure Asu