

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 61: The Start Of Something New

Nun endlich das lang ersehnte, klärende "Gespräch" zwischen Damon und Elena und das Ergebnis dessen.

Dieses Kapitel ist wieder viel kürzer als die davor. Ich persönlich bin kein großer Fan von Überlängkapiteln, denn wenn man es grad eilig hat und trotzdem schnell lesen möchte, muss man hinterher in ner Ruhepause es sowieso noch mal lesen, weil man die Hälfte überlesen hat.

Wie immer hoffe ich, dass ihr Freude an dem Kapitel habt^^

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Dear Diary,

the events on one single evening can change your entire life. They can put an end to your current stage of life and herald the start of something new. I experienced this kind of thing last Friday.

Katherine kidnapped me again. She compelled me so my mind was trapped in her cruel illusion. It was terrifying. I thought I'd never make it out of there. But then something happened I would have never expected.

Damon came to save me, together with Bonnie. I'd thought I'd never see the day when they'd get over their differences and work together. Yet they did. While Damon invaded my mind to force me to wake up, Bonnie fought Katherine and kept her out of my mind by creating a barrier.

Poor Bonnie. The powerful magic drained her all off energy and she took a blow by Katherine but Damon said she'd be okay.

And then the most incredible thing happened. Damon and I kissed!

And frankly, I can't really find a reason why. After sharing blood with him he asked me why I'd risked my life to kill Katherine and I told him the truth - that I did it for him. In that moment I could clearly see how overwhelmed he was. He thanked me, verbally at first but then he kissed me. And I kissed him back. It just felt right back then. But I guess that his blood in my system was partly to blame.

After the kiss we woke Bonnie and got ready to leave. That was when I got the next shock. We found Isobel lifeless in the aisle. Apparently she died while trying to save me

from Katherine.

I never really got to know her and yet her loss hurts me badly. She didn't deserve to die like this. But I'm happy we got a chance to bond like mother and daughter. I'll never forget her. She'll always have a place in my heart because now I know how that she had cared about me just as much as I have cared about her.

We carried her body out of the school basement and then we called Alaric. He, too, was dismayed about Isobel's death and even shed a few tears for her. The four of us buried her in the woods. It was the least we could do for her. I'll check in on her every now and then, just like I have been visiting my adoptive parents' graves.

Since Friday I haven't talked to Damon. I'm so confused. I don't know what to do. Damon will definitely want to talk about it. I don't know what to tell him. Sorry, it was just your blood that got to my head... and heart? Then I'd be lying. There's always been something between me and Damon but I chose to ignore it to maintain our friendship which is very important to me. The other thing is, I guess I always thought I'd get back together with Stefan once Katherine was out of the way. And I'm fairly certain this is what Stefan has been thinking, too. Now Damon comes in and messes everything up.

Well, not really. In the end it's going to be my decision.

Getting back with Stefan sounds wrong for so many reasons. I mean, he cheated on me. Twice. I can't just forgive and forget. In fact he's done the unforgivable. And if I got back with him I'd always be reminded of it and constantly wonder if it was me he was and claimed to love or Katherine...

36 missed calls, countless messages and now the doorbell won't stop ringing. That's him. It's showtime...

Elena just closed her diary when someone came walking down the stairs and into the living room. She didn't need to turn around. She knew it was him. Jeremy and Jenna were out and he was the only one who would enter the house through her bedroom window just to get inside.

"You've been ignoring me," he muttered, circling the couch she was sitting on and came to a halt in front of her. "First you don't answer any of my countless calls or messages and then you don't even answer the door."

"I'd figured you'd find a way in anyway," she told him calmly. "So what is it, Damon? I've got homework to do."

She was mentally slapping herself. *Homework? Seriously, Elena? Very convincing way to avoid the subject...*

Damon seemed to think the same thing as his eyes narrowed and fell on the diary in her lap.

"Doesn't look like homework to me, rather like getting something off your chest."

Why did he always have to see right through her?

"Oh and what would that be?" she challenged him.

"Oh, come on, we kissed, Elena!" Sighing he took a seat beside her on the couch. "I know you'd be mourning for Isobel so I gave you some time. But you've gotta deal with it at some point."

"So?"

"So? That's all you have to say?"

"Yeah, well, It was no big deal. It's not like I felt anything," Elena lied, avoiding further.

"Excuse me?" Damon jumped to his feet. "You can't say you didn't feel anything 'cause

I don't believe you. Look, when I kissed you, it was a thank-you kiss. You didn't need to kiss me back but you did. I know you feel *something*." Elena pursed her lips and averted her gaze. Damon sighed again and went back to sit with her. "Just tell me what you're so afraid of." Elena still kept her mouth shut so he continued. "Look, I don't know what that - that thing between us is but I definitely know something has been going between the two of us. And deep down you know that, too. And I think it's worth figuring it out, don't you?"

He looked expectantly at her, waiting for her answer. This time Elena sighed deeply. Of course Damon wouldn't just let it go. She also knew he saw an opportunity here. A chance to prove himself to her. But there was still the obvious.

"What about Stefan?" she mused aloud. Out of the corner of her eye she could see his face fall a little.

"Do you want to get back together with him?" he asked, slightly disappointed.

"No," Elena answered truthfully and Damon relaxed.

"Then go and tell him. Come on." He got up and pulled her to her feet. "We can figure out everything else later, okay?"

"Okay."

Elena felt miserable. She was going to crush Stefan's hopes and heart. She didn't even know what to tell him, except for the obvious. But she wanted to make it as painless as possible, without really knowing how to do so.

And then there was Damon. She was aware of that by telling Stefan her choice now she silently agreed granting Damon a chance at a relationship with her which meant trouble because she still wasn't perfectly sure about her feelings for him. Was she just attracted to him or was there more? And if there was more, was it really worth it to risk their mended friendship for it?

Apparently to Damon it was. She just had to trust him with this.

"I'll be right back," Damon announced when they entered the manor.

He went upstairs and left Elena behind in the foyer. She took a few deep breaths, bracing herself for what would inevitably come.

Not long after Damon had left Stefan appeared in front of her. He looked both, surprised and relieved to see her.

"Elena." A small smile tucked at his lips as he pulled her into a tight hug. "

"Hi," she greeted him sheepishly, hugged him briefly and then gently pushed him away.

"Damon told me what happened. How are you? I was worried," he told her.

"I'm, um, I'm fine." She forced a smile. "Look, um, I want to talk to you."

"Sure," he agreed, sounding glad. He clearly had the wrong idea of which direction this conversation would be heading.

They walked into the parlor and continued their conversation there.

"So what do you want to talk about?" Stefan asked.

Here we go, Elena thought. She took a deep breath and started.

"I um, I don't really know how to say this."

"Say what?"

"The reason I'm here is... to end things with you, properly," she informed him.

He took that in for a moment. Then he inquired "Why?"

"I had some kind of an epiphany on Friday night," she began. "I see certain things different now. My feelings have changed, too."

"But how? I thought after Katherine was dealt with we would get back together and start over."

"That's the point, Stefan. We won't. Not after what you did. You betrayed me, twice. And I can't forgive you, Stefan. I don't think I ever will." Clearly disappointed he hung his head. "And there's something else you should know. " He raised his head and looked curiously at her. "Damon and I... we kissed that night."

His eyes widened in horror and anger. "Why?"

"I don't know. For starters, because he was there to save me whereas you weren't."

"I didn't even know that Katherine had kidnapped you!" Stefan defended himself.

"Damon didn't tell me what had happened before he came back!"

"Maybe there's a reason he didn't," Elena reasoned. "Maybe you weren't supposed to know and save me but Damon. Maybe things are meant to be this way."

"I refuse to believe that," he shot back. "Damon isn't the right man for you."

"You're not the judge of that!" Elena reminded him, growing irritated herself. Why couldn't he just let it go?

"Yes, I am," he insisted. "Because I am the only person who knows you better than you know yourself. I know exactly what you need, Elena. You need peace and calm and rest and Damon can't give you either of them!"

"Please stop it," Elena begged. Tears were welling up in her eyes. "It's not fair..."

"Hey!" an angry voice intervened. Damon had joined them. He stood protectively in front of Elena and glared deathly at his brother. "Stop confusing her!" He huffed. "I'd never thought you were such a bad loser, Stefan."

"That's what it is for you, right?" Stefan said. "A competition with your little brother. And the girl's the price."

"It's not!" Damon contradicted. Stefan would never understand his feelings for Elena. They went beyond his comprehension level. Damon turned to Elena who seemed to be having a hard time not to burst into tears. "Let's go."

She nodded in agreement.

"Where you're going?" Stefan asked Damon, pointing at the bag in his hand.

"I'm moving out," Damon declared. "The way the things are we can hardly live under the same roof anymore. It's better this way for both of us."

With that he put his arm around Elena and gently led her out of the manor. Before the front door fell shut behind them they could hear the sound of shattering glass.

Back at the Gilberts' they settled in Elena's bedroom. Elena slumped on her bed, sighing. Damon took a seat behind her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, you okay?"

"Yeah. It's just... I don't take breakups very well. No matter if I'm the one who breaks up or if someone breaks up with me," she told him. "I'm gonna get ready for bed."

She got up and walked over to the bathroom but stopped when something crossed her mind. She turned back to him.

"Do you already know where you'll be staying from now on?" she asked him.

"Not really but I'll find a spot, don't worry."

"You could just... you know, stay here," she offered nervously.

"Really?"

"Yeah. I mean, we slept in the same bed before and nothing happened. If you stay on your side I won't mind," she said.

"Ah, our sleepovers," he recalled smiling. "Well, thank you, Elena."

"You're welcome," she replied, returning the smile. "I'll be right back," she then added and closed the bathroom door.

One hour later Damon and Elena were lying in bed. Elena had her back turned on Damon and was facing the open window. Shivers continued to run through her body. Not because she was cold but because of Damon being so close to her. Damon didn't miss that of course.

"You cold?"

"A little," she lied, gratefully using it as an excuse.

For a moment there was silence but when Elena shivered once more Damon spoke again.

"Come here."

"Huh?"

She turned around to see him holding out his arms for her.

"Come here," he repeated.

Elena hesitated at first as this was actually strictly against their agreement but her body itched to feel him so she moved closer. She lay her head on his shoulder and put one of her arms across his chest while his arms encircled her waist.

"Better now?" he asked after a while.

"Mmm," Elena confirmed, already drifting off to sleep. "Goodnight, Damon."

"Night, Elena."

*Now who would have ever thought that
We'd both be here tonight
And the world looks so much brighter
With you by my side*

*I know that something has changed
Never felt this way
I know it for real*

*This could be the start
Of something new
It feels so right
To be here with you
And now looking in your eyes
I feel in my heart
The start of something new*

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Nun endlich beginnt hier unsere Delena-Romanze. Alle Hindernisse sind aus dem Weg geräumt^^ Allerdings tut mir Stefan dann doch ein wenig Leid. Aber er ist selbst schuld. Hätte er sie mal früher für Elena entscheiden sollen.

Was gibts sonst noch zu sagen? Nicht viel, außer, dass ich mich darauf freue das nächste Kapitel zu schreiben und, dass ich hoffe, dass ihr euch darauf freut es zu

lesen.^^

Bis dahin,
eure Asu