

Reyanna:

It only took a second, after being thrown through a broken window, sharp, protruding pieces of glass scraping her arms, face and legs, for Demonica to recover and jump to her feet. Cold crimson trickled down from her cuts as she glared at the scene below her. The slayer had thrown all three, Demonica, Avry, and Nex, with only one powerful blow from only one strong arm. He was strong. But he still didn't know who he was messing with.

The pipe from the bathroom had been quickly, and easily, discarded. She knew when she took it from between the walls that it would be flimsy and wasn't the best choice. But at that time, it was her only choice. But not now. The window she had been thrown through had some promising weaponage that could inflict some considerable pain on her opponents, mortal or im-. The former resident of this building had been a sword collector. This she could see by the dust lines on the walls in the shape of long blades. Not to mention there was a set of old katanas left behind and a few other old swords that didn't look all that special. Either the owner had forgotten them or he just didn't care.

(Probably a wanted man that needed to leave in a hurry) Demonica thought sarcastically.

The place was mostly bare except for the swords and a few old pieces of furniture. Oh and there were also plenty of inhabitants that crept and crawled all over the floors and walls. No time to comment on that though. Demonica grabbed two of the katanas and slipped them through her belt. She had been lucky and made a mental note to thank the slayer later for throwing her into the building that held the weapons. Maybe she would give him something in return (ooc: nothing sexual, pervs!). She smirked as she walked back to the shattered window.

The slayer was still fighting with the half breed and the Fallen was just then struggling to stand from the small pile of bricks. It had only been a few minutes since all three had been thrown. The blow must have stunned him momentarily. Either that or he had been playing dead (she doubted that).

The cuts on Demonica were already starting to close but the blood remained and, with the gentle breeze that was blowing, it was starting to crust on her flesh. She wasn't bothered though. Holding onto the hilt of each sword, she jumped from the building (again) and landed with a dark and graceful beauty onto the street. She glanced sideways at the two fighting and then down at her swords. She knew they wouldn't be of much use to her since they weren't pure silver, but they could still stun the lykin long enough for her to get an opening. She could go straight for them both; lykin and slayer. But they were jumping and running all over the place, she probably wouldn't get a hit in anytime soon.

Taking a few steps, Demonica went to stand in front of the Fallen. He was almost up anyway so she held a hand out. "Are you okay?" she asked, almost sweetly.

He looked surprised at first but then took her hand anyway and, together, they pulled him up to his feet. He gave a slight, untrusting grin, and nodded.

"Good." Demonica smirked and balled her hand into a fist before launching it straight to the Fallen's mouth. He took it, perhaps not expecting it, and when he recovered

after stumbling for a half second, he looked at her in shock and anger. "What was that for?"

She shrugged, "I'm pissed and I need someone to take it out on. Besides, you took my weapons." She went to hit him again, planning on hitting him once more so she could grab her katanas. He caught her wrist that time and then, before either of them could do anything else, a bright light appeared above the four. Demonica instantly hissed (it was Holy light) and covered her sensitive eyes with her free arm. She could feel it starting to burn and wouldn't have been surprised if it was smoking. She needed to hide, or she would be in very bad shape very quickly. She went to yank her wrist free and stumbled, or she was pushed, she couldn't tell, and she fell to the ground with a body covering hers. She could still feel the light in some places but, for the most part, she was protected.

John as Avry:

Demonica's fist came swift and unexpected. Avry was almost frustrated with himself that he allowed his guard to come down. Well, luckily, he had enough of his defenses that the punch only hurt slightly. He was used to the smaller pains; it was only the decapitations and deaths like that that he thought he would never ever get quite used to.

Back on defense, Avry made sure to block her attack by gripping her wrist. His next move was going to be launching her against Nex; though he was unsure why freeing the slayer would do any good. He had a feeling, though, that the man over Nex would end up playing a part within this brewing war, just like everyone else that they have come into contact with in the past day. Suddenly a burst of celestial light exploded across the small, waste-covered horizon and all who bore witness to it froze or cowered before it. Demonica fell upon the ground, covering her face and almost shrieking in intense pain. Acting without thinking, Avry stripped off his overcoat and covered as much of her bare flesh as possible.

Suddenly, a vision began to grow over Avry's eyes. It was a vision of death and fire; one in which he had witnessed before, so taking his hand, he swayed it away with what little angelic power he bore left. Thinking things over quickly, he knew that if the vision had been sent by Him, Avry would not have received it unless there was a drastic change. The only reason he would have gotten that would be if another being sent it and judging by the Holy Light pouring down, he assumed that that being was obviously from Heaven's side. From then on, he thought about the possible subjects. There were only three angels who would be so blissfully ignorant and new to this world to send the same message to a Fallen and blast out heavenly light with a vampire, a half vampire, and demon present; Acryliss, Jaradice, and Závě. They were each so ignorantly happy with the things around so he would have to think quickly. At that instant, though, he received a slight glimpse of the wings, Avry figured out *exactly* who it was.

"Závě! Turn down the light, could ya?" cried Avry upwards.

"But, Avry, I have to deliver the message!" called back an overly cheerful and pure voice.

"Well, the message is being sent; trust me. They're already within the trance, so the light isn't necessary anymore," he said with a half smile as he glanced at the almost

paralyzed figures of darkness. He considered telling his former companion to release Demonica, for she had already seen the desolation, flame, and death, but after thinking things over and rubbing his already healing chin, he swayed away from that. Then he thought, 'She needs to have another reality check.'

He released a chuckle and the light went away. Slowly, a being with wings of violet, purple, and other forms of that color descended downwards in extreme elegance. Avry almost smiled as past memories and experiences with this particular angel began to fluctuate within his head. Her ebony hair contrasted beautifully with the cream and white of her dress. And without warning, she landed upon Avry in a gigantic hug and smile; her wings folding deep inside her body.

"Well, hello there Závě. Haven't seen you in nearly two hundred years, now have I?" smiled Avry slowly pulling his old companion's arms off of his body.

She just continued to laugh and smile innocently. She was one of the purest Angels; and definitely the most unaware to all around her. Avry and her had been within the Heavenly Choir together and in numerous occasions were sent to give messages of God's word to certain people. Of course, many of those people were burned for treason against the church and cursed for being 'witches'. Unfortunately, this time and a few hundred years prior had not been very good for God's word, because most people thought that carriers of His word had to be extremely good church goers and Christian people. Anyone else that claimed to hear Angels were instantly called lunatics and spit upon. Such a tragedy, for their help could have been extremely beneficial for mankind.

As the Pure's voice began to calm its laughter, she looked deep into Avry's angelic eye. A smile then grew wider upon her face and then became a subtly grin. She was looking into his life, and for the most part Avry wished that to be secret, but in this situation he didn't care. She seemed enthralled with searching throughout his time on Earth and only a few overly violent and personal things were censored. Avry didn't want to be known as the Fallen who corrupted Závě.

"It's been too long, hasn't it old friend?" he asked softly while she continued to search. He knew that she had just about reached the present, so he didn't feel any disregard for interrupting her. She just nodded subtly and stood up. Her head continued to search the area and then she peered down to see that her landed had left a black tear upon her glistening gown.

"Oh shoot, what can I do about this? *Oh*, I know!" she exclaimed as she pulled her hands down and released a healing light. Avry shook his head softly in disbelief of her childish manor. Within seconds, the hole was renewed to its original fullness and the black had dissipated away

"Would you like to come inside and change clothes? I think that I have something you can wear for now until we get you new clothes," asked the Fallen kindly.

"Thank you! That would be lovely," she said as she hugged Avry once more.

"Alright then, come inside," he said motioning to his worn down building; even more broken in then a few hours previous.

"What about those three?" she asked, pointing to Nex, Demonica, and the dragon

demon; all three lying upon the floor. Some in tears, the others with horror streamed over their faces.

"They'll be fine, but you're right. Let's wait out here until He's done showing them what they need to see," smiled Avry leading Závě to a blackened and broken park bench where she eagerly took a seat.

"How long do you think that'll be?"

"Who knows? He works in very mysterious ways," explained Avry, with a smile upon his face as he turned to face the Angel once more. It had been a very long time.

Mike:

The light that ensued was painfully bright, and though she was not a full vampire, she did feel the burn from the Heavenly brilliance. There was no mistaking it...the purity and clarity of the light...whatever was causing Nex's flesh to tingle uncomfortably was Holy.

Sent from the God she had been trying to please for years.

Nex had been fluid and stern, glowering and growling down to the slayer whom she sat on top of, their noses (his slightly different, as he was transformed) almost touching. The fire behind their eyes was eclipsed only by the brightness of the heavenly light that poured over them like molten lava. The slayer might not have been affected by the light, but Nex was finding the sensations crawling over her skin like flaming, malevolent bugs to be irritating. Reaching for the slayer's shreds of coat that ripped forth from his body, Nex covered as much of her as she could. She didn't realize it, but she was almost snuggling into the coolness of the slayer's body. It was unintentional, and had she known that she was doing it, then she would have ripped herself away and resumes the fight. However, the chill of his body thanks to Nex's as a shield was soothing, and she wanted to make the rippling heat from her flesh cease.

However...as soon as she'd obscured herself with the trench, Nex's mind was immediately invaded. Since she hadn't thought to put up barriers between her and the slayer (whom she assumed the invasion was from at first), Nex let out a roar of disapproval. At first...it was just the feeling and the knowledge that someone else was in her head, and she immediately set out to erect a barrier between her mind and the intruder's mind. How dare they...it was probably that bloody Fallen again. He'd gotten into her mind once before, and was stupidly upset at what he found...was he doing it again?

When the vision began, Nex was then fairly certain that it was *not* the Fallen. She didn't know much about the intricacies and semantics of being a Fallen, but she knew that the heavenly light was not from him, and the vision seemed to be coming from something pure. Something or someone that wanted to get a message across in the most direct way. Nex appreciated that much, but as the vision struck her mind's eye like a target, she also discovered that the being sending the vision was also one that wanted to illustrate a dire point.

In a flash of red and blue, Nex saw herself curled into Wolfbane, her former lover's, warmth. The scene was in their apartment, perhaps a few years after their marriage.

The Russian sunshine glared down on the slumbering couple, illuminating their faces as they slept in blissful peace. Wolfbane's scruffy hair was disheveled and his chin was peppered with the makings of a new beard, while Nex slept deeply, a sheet over her and Wolfbane. Nex saw herself move in the vision, and the sheet fell away from her. It was then that she noticed that she was pregnant.

The recollection of her and Wolfbane...and of the child they were supposed to have together...it sent a rocket of nausea through her body, and Nex seemed to go limp and then rigid again atop the slayer, gripping his shoulders so tightly that she could feel her claws penetrate something, but she wasn't sure what. Her face clenched and she screwed her eyes shut, as if that would cause the memory to cease.

To no avail, though.

The memory plunged on, though it skipped around greatly. The time wasn't exactly chronological; there were bits and pieces on unimportant material that was cut out. The pair were no longer sleeping, but were walking calmly away from one of her performances, Nex so greatly pregnant that it was clear to see that she was soon due. The streets of Soviet Russia were dark and dirty, but the pair weren't afraid. What should beasts fear of other predators? Particularly beasts that were as old as Wolfbane and Nex. No, the two walked confidently, but Nex seemed mildly uncomfortable...likely from the extra weight she was carrying. Wolfbane had been nice enough to carry her trombone for her.

In another flash, later in that same memory (Nex knew what was going to happen, and she almost wanted to kill something, do anything to make the memory stop), Nex saw the sight that had turned her heart to stone against Satan even more so than it had been. One of his minions...charged with immoral power and corruption, confronted the walking pair. The flashes of color and sound were moving so quickly that Nex hardly had a chance to really look at what was happening in her mind, but she was grateful. She didn't want to see someone rip Wolfbane's spine from his body and eat his flesh in front of a restrained Nex. Even in her pregnant state, Nex was still a force to be reckoned with, but too much activity would induce labor...But Nex tried to fight anyway. She couldn't kick or move quickly enough to dodge, but she could maintain her strength for occasional punches and movements of offense while remaining completely protected around her middle.

But then Nex felt it...her water broke...it was time to give birth. It was a moment that she had longed for and dreaded for nine months, something that she wanted to share with her husband, her lover...who was now dead. The sorrow and hatred was far too much to bear, and as Nex let out a great howl, she felt a silver prick in her gullet. Poison. To sedate her...

The memory faded from her mind, but Nex still felt it. She'd been poisoned to the point where she could not try to give birth. The minions had ripped her stomach open and torn the contents open...a pair of dead twins. Both boys, both filled with the half-life of a wolf and the death of a vampire, and both filled with the poison that her body could not save them from. Nex had been left to die shortly after her cruel caesarean, lying on the wet Russian streets, cradling her stillborn twins to her chest as she felt her life slowly fade. Sobbing tears that left acidic marks on the streets and crimson trails on her cheeks, Nex drifted into a sleep out of which she never thought she would recover. However, the next day, she had been fully healed, physically speaking, though she didn't know how or who had preserved her life. She

had written it off as a miracle of God...no one else could bring her back from the brink like that. It was then that she decided to flee from Russia and the memories inside it. There was nothing worth that recollection, and it was then that Nex had set her heart against anything of Satan. She couldn't help it that she had to kill, it wasn't her choice. That perhaps explained the loathing of the Fallen...God was the only thing pure and holy anymore. No one else was worth the risk.

Her forehead had beaded with sweat, and though no tears escaped her eyes, Nex felt them water as they were starved for moisture. When her mind was completely hers again, she collapsed against the slayer, her cheek pressed against his shoulder as she tried to regain her breath. Seemingly no longer aware that she was anywhere near the slayer, Nex closed her eyes, pleased that the memory had faded. In all her years...however many thousands that she'd existed, that remembrance was the most painful. Mental and emotional scars were enough to deal with after so much time anyway...the mindless slaughter of her family...the family she'd made with someone she'd legitimately loved...cleaved her stone heart in two.

However, with time came a certain level of healing, and Nex recovered quickly from her mental exhaustion. Looking up to find whoever had caused the memory with enough fire in her eyes to make the scarlet one pulsate with a painfully bright red light, Nex found an empty alleyway. The Fallen...and the source of the light...gone. However, Nex felt all the rage and hatred towards the memory bringer fade...

Falling to her knees, Nex bowed her head. "It was *You?*"

Reyanna:

The light was paralyzing as well as blinding...and burning. Nothing of this holy light was pleasant. Demonica knew that from the beginning and now, being helpless, pissed her off even more than she had been already. Her flesh, even though it was now covered by the Fallen's trench, still felt like it was going to melt off of her skeleton. She would need some serious treatment after this...if she lived, that was. She would need to feed. Maybe she would start with the Fallen...

Her thoughts faded as she began to feel extremely drowsy. She fought sleep but lost before she could really get far in the battle. She was flying, being taken back into the past; a place she didn't want to go.

She was small again, a little girl. Cowering in the corner, trying to cover her eyes from the abuse before them. It was her father, again. He was drunk, as usual, and angry. Derek was always angry and took it all out on her mother, Angelina. Her mother tried to fight back, she had always been strong, but her father overpowered her always, even more so in his drunkenness. When drunk, he was like ten men put together.

Angelina took yet another hit to the face, the force knocking her against the tiny wooden table in the kitchen. Demonica, or rather, Evangelora, flinched back with each hit. Her sobs increased. She bit her small lip to keep from making noise. Her father always got angrier when she cried.

Angelina was kicked next. She took a stand and shoved at her husband's chest as hard as she could. He took her wrists and shoved her into the wall. Evangelora saw blood pouring from her mother's nose when she straightened up to face Derek once again. She never did cower.

Suddenly, Demonica was pushed a little ways into the future from that day. Her twenty-first birthday, the day she was turned. A few crystal tears fell from the present Demonica's eyes, even though they were shut tight. She knew what was about to happen. She didn't want to see it. Her head moved from side to side, hoping to shake it away. It didn't do any good.

"Evangelora! Are you drunk again?" Angelina demanded, clearly annoyed.

Evangelora was stumbling about in the kitchen, laughing every now and then while she searched around in the cupboards for something. "Of not course!...Drinking is only for men, remember?" Eva responded sarcastically.

"So is wearing pants," her mother replied, looking at the trousers Eva was wearing as though it was the most serious crime that could ever be committed. Back then it was frowned upon for a lady to be out of a dress. But Eva wasn't a "lady." She hated being called that. She hated that she was supposed to be some creature set on the planet only to please a man. She refused to cook, she refused to get married, and she refused to wear dresses for these reasons.

"Well, I'm wearing them! I'm not here for their pleasure, they're here for mine!" Eva spat.

Angelina sighed and shook her head in dismay, "You're just like your father."

*Eva stopped moving around in the kitchen and glared at her mother more hatefully than she had ever glared at anyone before, even the men she loathed. "What. The **hell** did you say to me?"*

"You heard me," Angelina said. "Always getting drunk! Sleeping around! It's a good thing you don't have any children, Eva!"

*"Shut up!" Eva yelled and threw a mug in her mother's direction. Angelina dodged it, increasing Eva's anger. Before she knew what she was doing, and before she could stop herself, Eva had pulled a knife from one of the drawers and flew at her mother. Angelina caught Eva's wrists and held her back. The two soon fell to the floor. The silver knife shook in Eva's hands as she tried to get it closer to her mother's throat. "I'm not like that f**king son of a bitch!" she screamed.*

"Look at what you're doing now, Eva!" her mother pleaded, her eyes filling with tears.

Eva wasn't listening; she was only focused on using the knife. Finally, it seemed that Angelina gave up the struggle and Eva was able to plunge the knife into her own mother's chest. And then again in her stomach. Over and over.

"I'm not like him!" Eva screamed over and over, with each plunge. Blood splattered on her angry face and stained her white shirt. She hadn't really realized what she was doing at the time, but even when she did realize, she couldn't stop, so the blood on her face was soon mixed with tears. Finally, she was able to throw the knife to the side. She stared into the open, yet soulless, eyes of her dead mother.

Eva began to tremble and then she stood on shaky legs. She slipped once in the puddle of the blood surrounding her and Angelina's corpse, but quickly steadied herself. She looked at the body once more and then ran as fast as she could...

She was wandering the streets later that night, alone, caked with blood (it was even in her hair). What had she done? She had killed the only person that ever showed her love. Her comfort. Her protector from the very man she had been accused of

being like. The very reason for her own existence.

"Hello there..."

Eva looked up and, through her clouded vision, she saw a tall man of medium build with shoulder length, chocolate brown, hair. His eyes were a deep brown as well. He was wearing brown leather pants, leather boots, and a white tunic.

"Who are you?" Eva asked quietly.

"My name is Virgil..." he responded in a quiet voice.

Virgil. Eva's sire. He had been looking for someone to love and he had thought he had found her. But he had soon found out that Eva, turned Demonica, was not one to be tied down. She left him soon after her siring and she hadn't seen him since. She had heard that his Master had killed him over a girl they both wanted. Demonica hadn't cared, of course. Typical male behavior is what she had brushed it off as.

Demonica felt herself beginning to wake. But that was soon over and she was taken back into the trance. She was flying faster this time, into what, she assumed, was the future. She gasped loudly, even in her sleep. More tears. What was before her was one of the most horrible things she had ever seen. Even her cold heart felt like it was being broken into a thousand pieces.

The sun was being blocked by thick, black, smoke. That part didn't bother her all that much, she would be happy if the sun was blocked out, what bothered her was the scene under the clouds. Fire was everywhere, trees were charred and demons, death riders, and undead creatures were running all over. Taking the lives of anyone who dared to walk, move, or even breathe it seemed. Humans, as well as vampires, were bound and forced to work. Women were being forced to perform all kinds of sexual acts for the demons. Some of the men were as well. But what got Demonica the most were the children being tortured by a very familiar face. Lyneya was whipping them and then laughing at their tears. Children of all ages. Some were on their knees, praying loudly for their gods to kill them and take them to Heaven. There was no Heaven...not in this future. Blood curdling screams made Demonica look away from Lyneya. Walking skeletons were forcefully taking crying babies from their mother's arms and feeding them, while they were still alive, to several hell hounds.

Demonica began dry heaving in her sleep

She suddenly felt searing pain. And she saw herself tied to a wooden stake. Lyneya was in front of her, chanting dark words. Her hand flared up with light as hot and bright as the sun. Demonica's flesh began smoking. She screamed as her skin literally melted off like wax on a candle. Blood flowed from the corners of her mouth and her bones began to melt. Finally, it was over and she was dead...but not for long.

Lyneya kept bringing her back to life, just so she could torture her over and over again. She died a hundred thousand deaths...

Demonica was out of the trance with a jerk of her body. The light was gone, she could tell. She threw the trench to the side and stood on trembling legs, to see

where she was at...

Reyanna ooc: There's a little something for you guys! Yes, Virgil, from VDE is Eva's sire. I put that in just for you Virgil fans ;-) hope you enjoyed this segment...