

*Written by: Kip*

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*Not affiliated with S.Meyer. Does not support Meyer and her awful choices. I just love this character.*

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**G**rey skies overhead were a usual warning for rain that was yet to come. The English countryside outside of London was changing colours from greens into oranges, reds, and yellows. Every once in a while Alistair made a habit of visiting the area that he once lived in, it wasn't as much of a punishment as it was keeping certain memories lively. Giving him a reminder that not everything in this world is hell. Though, for the majority of his days he assumed that he was living it.

With the endless days of never sleeping, the constant hunger for blood, and having to kill for it. Whether it was humans, or animals– which few vampires preferred.

As he looked up towards the changing treetops, he noticed something all too familiar to him. It was a falcon. A small smile tugged at the corner of his lips. The sight of seeing something that he knew very well as a human brought subtle joy to his mind. He closed his eyes and stopped walking, listening to the sound of its wings flapping, it's small heart beating. When he opened his eyes again the bird had flown out of view and carried on with whatever it was doing.

Alistair looked back towards the forest in front of him. Leaves had created a blanket that covered the dirt and grass that only a few weeks were still visible. He enjoyed this time of year, the colder months meant that less people were outside, less people he would run into.

After a few seconds he decided to climb up a nearby tree and take a seat on one of its branches that reached out and made a fairly good seat for the time being. Memories of his childhood– faint, but still somewhat still in his mind, centuries later. Memories of climbing trees with his older brother. More or less his older brother climbing and Alistair attempting to. At least when he was older he became more skilled at it.

He was once close to his brother while growing up. But as they grew older, their father- The Baron- had taken his brother under his wing, and began plotting against the King's rule with a group of other Baron's within the area. Though Alistair had no intentions of helping them, or even getting involved. He stated clear of their ideas, even if it meant losing his bond with his brother.

With the two of them away at meetings and Alistair left at the Castle estate, he took after his Mother and Sisters for the time being while they were away. He had always had a strong relationship with them. They were kind and understanding, knowing that Alistair preferred his falcons as his friends, that he wasn't too big into the gatherings his Father held occasionally. But keeping up their status, included their social life. Though Alistair was usually a quiet one and remained out of the way by standing by the wall, or even escorting one of his sisters during the gatherings.

The wealth of his family didn't faze him. It wasn't something he was overly concerned about. Alistair was more into hunting for sport. Even though he wasn't fond of large crowds, his Father encouraged- made him- compete in tournaments. Archery and Falconry being ones he enjoyed the most. Even if he didn't see much point of exposing people and competing to be named the best. In which case, Alistair had one a few times. The fame of winning had caught higher ranked nobles' attention, but Alistair did not wish for such things.

His family's social status was quickly dropped shortly after his Father's plans were put into action. Making his eldest son the main playing pawn in his game. Taking the brute force of the law. Alistair figured his brother was brainwashed by his father's plans that anything his Father said, his brother would do. This time, his words had gone too far. End result? His brother had been executed for treason. The event was devastating, trying to wrap his head around how he attempted it. On the day of the execution, Alistair stood in the crowd with his father, his mother and sisters, not wanting to witness such a thing remain at home. Seconds from his brother's death, he closed his eyes and turned away. Not wanting to remember his brother like this. His head severed from his body, a pool of blood covered the stage. Unfortunately these events were known to draw attention. Knowing the person that had died for such a crime, was a terrible sinking feeling.

Years had passed. The family had become less and less of the social climbers. No one wanted to interact with them. His sisters would remain unmarried due to his older brother's mistake. His Mother noticed the pain that rested on Alistair's face day after day.

Conversations began to grow short within the castle walls. The family began to notice that the death of their eldest son did not even break his Father, he looked as though nothing had happened and continued out with his duties.

It didn't take long for Alistair's Father to move on from his eldest son, to now- his only son. One night, Alistair had been sitting by the fire that was at the one end of his room, reading a short novel when he heard a knock on the door. He wouldn't be surprised if it was his mother or sisters, or even one of the servants. But it wasn't. It was his Father.

He began to explain to Alistair that they were leaving, they had someplace to be. Alistair quickly became confused as to where they were going at such a time. But he quickly realized that it was one of his Father's plans unfolding once again. The last time this had happened, his older brother ended up dead.

Alistair quickly got ready and followed his Father through the castle without arguing. He knew that if he started an argument- it would not end in his favor. While walking through the damp-musty hallways, lit by torches and candles, Alistair asked to at least let his Mother know that he was leaving and wished her goodnight. But his Father refused and kept to the tight schedule.

A fair amount of time had passed before they reached London. Alistair knew the roads well, he was all too familiar with the area. Eventually after the carriage ride into town, they stopped outside of a well looking building in one of the lesser busy streets. Being the middle of the night, the city was dark, hardly anyone was outside except for a few people that were working late.

After exiting the carriage, Alistair's father led the way over towards the door and knocked a few times. A hooded man opened the door, his face was not visible, the only visible face that could be seen was a mask. A few words were exchanged, though Alistair could not hear what they were. Moments later they were then let inside the building.

There was a small hallway that then led to stone stairs heading downwards. The hooded man closed the door behind them, and remained guarding the entrance of the building. While his Father led the way towards the stairs, Alistair followed close behind.

The air became damp and cold, the smell of dirt and stone filled his lungs. The sounds of water dropping into the stone floor filled the endless looking hallway. His Father led him down several hallways with closed doors- guessing they lead to rooms of sorts- and while they walked they would occasionally pass more cloaked figures with masks. The whole scene was unnerving to Alistair. His stomach felt as if it was tied in knots, his heart was racing, his breathing had become shallow and quick. The figures did nothing but stand and watch, looking as if they were vultures watching their prey.

Alistair averted his gaze and picked up his speed to match his Father's. Minutes had passed before they reached a set of doors. The metal decor on the frames were spectacular, definitely something that took time and money. Whoever was in charge of these tunnels was someone of wealth. Far greater wealth than his Father.

Cloak figures, like before awaited for them at the doors, and proceeded to open them. First his Father entered, and Alistair followed a close second. The large doors were closed behind them and Alistair took a look around the room from where he was. This room was lit fairly well, decorated with objects that cost a fortune. A large table was in the center of the room, along the sides were chairs, and at the head of the table, was a much larger chair. Clearly built for the person in charge.

While looking around, Alistair quickly realized that he knew some of the people in the room, their faces were visible and not covered by masks. They were the Aristocrats his Father conversed with on a daily basis. Alistair had met them at their family's gatherings before. Never did he think that they would hideout underground.

Alistair was led to the head of the table, and more questions began to run through his mind. Was he now in charge? But that made little to no sense. He hadn't the slightest idea as to what was going on. Before Alistair could ask any question, his father began to rant and rave on about how Alistair was going to change England, how they had been plotting this for years. Even when his brother was alive, but clearly, there were details in the previous plan that did not carry out as ordered. Resulting in finding a new, young, man to fill these duties.

Completely shocked with his Father's words, Alistair stood and tried to leave, but the Aristocrats that were in the room quickly grabbed him and placed him back in the chair. They wasted no time tying restraints around him to prevent him from leaving the room.

Alistair attempted to move but no matter how hard he tried, the restraints were tied too tight. He couldn't even move an inch. His legs and arms were bound to the heavy chair.

His father let out a quiet chuckle, and began to explain that he had sold his soul and paid an unthinkable price. Alistair's brows furrowed together and tried to reason to let him go, but his father simply ignored his words. Quickly shifting his gaze to face the Aristocrats that bound him to the chair, he began to beg to let him go. The panic that he felt since this night began, had increased dramatically. Once more he began to try and break himself free, he could hear his blood pumping through his head, the terror of what will happen if he did not get out of here. His mind raced through multiple terrible outcomes, gradually getting worse and worse as seconds passed.

A knock came from the door, and Alistair froze. He glanced up from the strands of hair that fell in front of his face during his panic to break free. A few of the hooded figures opened the door and another person wearing a cape walked through the door. However, his person's cape was different. It was decorated with elaborate designs, and a trim that stood out. This, was the person that was their leader.

Everyone in the room- besides Alistair- bowed their heads towards the new visitor. They spoke and requested that everyone including The Baron to leave. Once the room was empty besides the two, the cloaked figure lowered their hood. A man with blond hair, and dark coloured eyes, not much older than Alistair was standing in the dimly lit room. Not too many features were able to be made out. In some candle light his eyes looked brown, other light, he could have sworn he saw red. That struck greater fear into Alistair, he did not want to find out what he was. All he wanted to do was leave as quickly as possible. But being tied to the chair, it was pointless.

The blond man explained his name was George, but everyone called him Astaroth and asked that Alistair do the same. The Prince of Hell? How fitting for this man. It certainly felt like hell in the underground tunnels. He could not believe that such a young person was in charge of multiple people, what sort of power did he possess? Whatever it was, it was far greater than his Father's.

It didn't take long for Astaroth to explain plans, such as Alistair's father did. The same sort of nonsense. Power and greatness was what lied in his future. But Alistair did not want it. The only thing he wished to do was look after his Mother and Sisters. Inheriting the estate with the village his Father was running did not interest him whatsoever. Neither was running the country of England. He did not see fit nor ready to do that job. Needless to say, there was already a King in charge, and he did not want his death lopped off like his Brother's for the same absurd attempts at murdering the King.

The power that was explained to him was different in the sense of ordering those around him. This sort of power, he was able to take on any man, or any army by himself. He was more puzzled on how that would even come to be. It was impossible for a man to stand against an army all on his own. Clearly, this man had involved Alistair's Father so far into these plans, he saw it as a perfect opportunity to overthrow the king, and merrily went on with it anyways. Even if it cost his Son's lives. Perhaps he would even attempt with his Daughters, getting them involved with the plans. They were already destined to live at the castle estate, why not make it of something.

As his thoughts rolled around in his head. Alistair grew more angered, imagining his younger Sister's getting involved in this mess. But as he knew, he was far too weak to stand up for himself. He was never one for talking back, or even starting fights, let alone be involved in them. He disliked violence between man. Wars, arguments, even swordplay ticked his nerves. He would usually turn his Brother's request down in the matter of swordplay, he would spar against him a few times, but in the end, he always lost. There was no way he'd win against Astaroth in any sort of match if it came to it.

The blond, red cloaked man walked closer to Alistair and stood beside him. An uncomfortable distance that made Alistair more nervous than he wanted to be in the first place. Astaroth changed the subject, a serious expression replaced the more relaxed, enthusiasm he had minutes prior. He began explaining to him that he needed to not draw attention to himself. Not to go into sunlight. The entire night was one huge bundle of confusion. Something could have very well been in the water that these men have drunk, or else they would not be speaking in such ways.

The moment happened quicker than Alistair could even react. Astaroth had leaned forward and aimed for Alistair's neck. Seconds later, Alistair felt a sharp shooting pain beginning to trickle through his veins. His blood began to run cold and it sent a shiver down his spine, his strength was weakening. He could feel his blood draining out of his body, but was quickly stopped. Astaroth had let go and taken a step back. Blood ran down from his smiling lips, he looked completely amused with what he had done, but it did not stop the pain that he caused on Alistair.

Clenching his hands tightly into fists, Alistair sat- still restrained to the chair- every muscle tensed in his body. It felt as if his body was completely on fire, burning from the inside out. His face scrunched up, his teeth pressed tightly against one another only to break and release an agonizing scream of agony. His vision began to blur, his world around him began to spin. Surely he thought this was the end, his Father had sold his Son's soul to the Prince of Hell. He was banished to hell forever.

There weren't enough prayers in the bible to help him out of this fix in such a short amount of time. The pain made it even impossible to maintain an attention span long enough to recite one.

His screams and groans of anguish, only stopped to catch short breaths of air to fill his lungs. The same time, his throat began to feel raw from the bite and his screams. As Alistair opened his eyes, he lets out quick huffs of air, and looked around. He was alone. Astaroth had left. His father had not entered the room to see what was the matter. Perhaps Astaroth had gotten to him too.

The pain became so overwhelming to Alistair, and within the next few seconds he had fainted. Over the next few days of his transformation, he did not wake. His body was far too exhausted from the pain. Certain memories began to fade, becoming harder to remember. Was this hell? The pain no longer was lingering. His senses began to work once again, this time things seemed different. Alistair opened his eyes slowly, blinking a few times. He was not dead. He had survived what Astaroth had done to him.

He looked around the room, drawing in what he could remember about the place. He remembered his father leading him through the tunnels, the council room, Astaroth, and then— Alistair closed his eyes for a moment and tried to forget the terror. When he opened his eyes again, the detail that he could see was enhanced. He could see the smallest stones within the underground walls, he could see the candle wicks fabrics spiraling around one another. The table in front of him, the grain of the wood placed together. He could see every small detail. Frankly, it made him dizzy for a moment.

He could hear water dripping down from above in the hallway, a great distance away. He could smell the dirt, the burning wood from the fireplace, the stone walls, the damp dirty smell that came from being so far down in the earth.

Alistair glanced down and realized he was still bound to the chair. He tried once more to break free from the armrest of the chair. To his surprise, the restraints broke off. Wasting no time, Alistair collected the pieces of the ropes and tossed them aside before he began to work on untying his shins from the legs of the chair.

Once he was free he stood up faster than he could even think of doing so. He turned back around to look at the chair he had been strapped to, he was at least thankful he was now able to stand. Turning back around to head out of the room, something caught his attention that had not before. A group of people- peasants- Lower class citizens were tied together with manacles against the wall. Unable to leave. He could hear their hearts beating quickly, terrified as to what he was going to do. Clearly they had an idea as to what was happening, the worried scared expressions on their face were enough to tell him just that.

Their heartbeats meshed together like multiple drums ringing within his ears. The burning within his throat began to increase. It felt as if the fire was starting once more. Before he could establish what to do, his senses made the choice for him. Within minutes he had drained the blood completely of most of the peasants. Others huddled within the corner of the room, crying and screaming, begging for their lives.

Alistair quickly cleared his mind once he realized that people were fearing him, as if he was a monster. From what he could tell, he looked quite normal. He walked over towards the chains and snapped them in half and dropped them to the ground. He then looked towards the remaining few and shouted for them to leave as quickly as possible. He wasn't going to kill another person. He hadn't the slightest idea what came over him.

As he looked around the room, he realized the majority of the floor and walls were stained in blood, as well as his clothes. He had really killed innocent people. Alistair began to dwell on the realization, a wave of sadness had hit him. The only save in grace was that he let the others go. However, that moment he remembered that Astaroth told him not to draw attention to himself. The peasants that he set free could have very well told the authorities, and they would arrive shortly. Or be accused of insanity and dealt on their own time.

After the survivors left, Alistair leaned against a nearby wall and closed his eyes. The sensation of the blood on his lips was one of the richest tastes he had ever had. And his body craved for more. He scrunched his face trying to shut his own senses off and ignore the need for more blood. But as he figured it would be pointless to do so. For the time being, he thought the burning in his throat had finally subsided. However, it only returned shortly after with the same familiar scorching pain.

It didn't take long before he could hear footsteps walking closer towards the council room. Alistair opened his eyes only to see his father walk into the room. A sense of comfort came Alistair but was quickly replaced with hatred and disbelief after remembering what his father had done.

Quicker than he even realized, Alistair had rushed over towards his father and grabbed him by his collar and picked him up before shoving him against the closest stone wall, shouting and demanding what Astaroth had done to him. Why he did what he did. That his life was now ruined. That he will never forgive him for what he had done to both him, and his older brother.

Barely forming but a few words through the pain of his body hitting the rock wall; his Father managed to get out a few words through the pain of broken bones in his back and spine. Alistair, too furious to listen to anymore lies, gripped tighter on the collar and tossed him across the room with great force. He turned to watch as his Father's body hit the stone ground and then collided into the council table. Shoving a couple of the chairs out away from the impact. Upon hitting the floor, there was enough driving force to shove the fractured bones through vital parts of his father's body. Heightened hearing was a curse to listening to the bones shatter and puncture through the body. Bruising and blood began to form around the Baron.

Unaware of his own strength, Alistair glanced down towards his hands in shock at what he had done. He not only killed hopeless people, but now, his father. Drawing in a quick breath, Alistair began to shake. He could no longer hear the heartbeat or the breathing of the man he once called father. Swallowing hard, Alistair forced himself not to attack and drain the lifeless body of blood. Despite it beginning to pool around the head region of his Father.

Alistair clenched his fists together tightly and darted towards the large double doors, without stopping he began to head down hallway after hallway. Not even caring which one led to the outside, he only wanted to get away from the council room. He couldn't bear to come to terms with the fact he was a new person. The once quiet peaceful person he was, is gone. He was a murderer now, a frightening one at that. He did not enjoy the thought of enjoying the taste of blood, having to kill for it in the near future.

Minutes or even possibly hours had passed, Alistair slowed to a stop and rested against one of the walls within the pitch black hallway. He was surprised at his ability to see through the darkness as if it was partly lit by a fair glow of something. There were no torches around on the walls, perhaps this new life came with the ability to see in the dark.

Who knows how long he had spent running through the maze of tunnels. It seemed like it too was part of Astaroth's game. This life was no game. It was torture. Resting his head against the wall, Alistair only wanted to get home and hide in his room. Possibly fall asleep and wake up the next morning to find that this was all a terrible dream.

Home.

Alistair stood up straight and remembered that Astaroth was not only after him, but his mother and sisters too. With his older brother and now his father out of the picture, it was up to him to protect them. The thought of them becoming this twisted thing from hell sparked his anger once more. He clenched his fist tight and lifted his hand only to quickly hit it against the wall. Within seconds the wall began to crumble and create a hole to the other side of the wall in the maze.

After lowering his hand to look at it, there was no scratch or injury from hitting the wall. He had found a quicker way to get out of the tunnels than to wander around aimlessly. Determined, he began to hit any wall that stood in his way and within a few minutes he managed to find the door to the outside. He was shocked the whole system didn't collapse while crashing through the walls. But at least he managed to make it to the outside world once again.

Making his way up the same stairs he came down in, even the building above was empty. Was this part of the game too? Destroy someone's life and then vanish? Alistair looked around the room from where he stood, and by the door was a few cloaks, not of the vibrant red that Astaroth wore. A darker shade, but it made it more simple for him to keep himself hidden if the sun was out.

Throwing the cloak on, Alistair then walked towards the door. Hesitant to open it at first, but then made the final decision to leave. He was leaving this building a different person. A person he did not know. One with great power and abilities. This man was a murderer, there was no way that Alistair's mother and sisters would recognize him anymore.

Eventually he left the building, and kept the hood of the cloak over his head. The sun was not out, days had passed, but at least it was night. For the time being, on the horizon he could see a faint glow and knew his time was running short. Quickly looking around he noticed something familiar, his Father's horse. He made his way over towards it and cautiously greeted it.

The poor creature was startled by Alistair's appearance, but he managed to mount it and was about to head back home. But the horse knew something was different about him. In a fit of confusion and fear, the horse bucked him off sending him backwards onto the gravel road.

He looked up only to see the horse kicking and thrashing about. In a quick jerking motion, he heard an unpleasant familiar snap. Quickly the horse had fallen to the ground.

Sitting in horror, Alistair realized that the horse had scared itself to death. He gradually stood up and walked around the beast, deciding on whether or not to leave it on the side of the road. But it was useless to him now– instead, he began to run down the street. His speed increasing with each push off in his step, he then realized how quick he was actually running. Much faster than a human eye could keep up with.

He stuck to the back streets and the outside areas of the city until he reached the country road. At least one of many in the area. This one led towards his family’s estate. Alistair ran as quickly as he could– quickly as his newly found speed would let him. It was a fair distance between London and the estate, but he managed to make it there in what seemed like only a few minutes.

A dim glow grew brighter with each passing minute. It made the world look grey, heavy fog lurked close to the ground and on the rolling hills. Alistair’s run turned into a walk as he got closer to the estate. To his surprise, there were no guards at their posts. No servants preparing for the day ahead. The castle was dark on the outside. As if it was completely vacant.

Upon opening the large gate to the grounds he came to realize why the place was so quiet. Every guard on duty had been killed. The strong smell of blood lingered on the grounds. He did not want a relapse of what happened in the tunnels. To the undenied relief their bodies were already lifeless and from the sheer smell of it– the blood had been sitting for quite some time.

Shock ran through Alistair’s body and he quickly ran his hands through his hair towards the back of his head, gripping tight on the pulled ends. Thinking of the worst for his Mother and sisters, he hesitated for a moment before darting past the guards, making his way into the castle. Servants lay lifeless in the hallways. As if they put up a fight for their lives, but were clearly no match for what had attacked them.

Bloodshed stained the stone walls and floors. Fireplaces extinguished. Furniture shattered or torn to pieces used as a barricade for the servants and quite possibly his family. The smell of the blood stung in his nose and through his burning throat. A faint snarl began to form on his face but was quickly stopped as he pursed his lips together and held his breath.

He didn’t want to call out for his family, in fear of whatever it was still lingering within the castle. His heart felt as if it was in his throat, his hands were shaking, nausea began to set in, possible outcomes began to race through his mind.

Were they alive, or dead?

Alistair cautiously made his way into a few of the nearby rooms, in search of a sword or even something to use as a weapon. At least he would have a fighting chance, even if he wasn’t that skilled in swordsmanship. His archery equipment was out back with the rest of his hunting tools. Nevertheless, a sword will do.

He gripped the handle of the sword tightly and began making his way towards the living quarters. The castle was silent, the only thing he could hear was the echoes of his own footsteps, carefully making their way down the hallway in search of his family.

It didn’t take him long before he reached the quarters. Alistair began to search the rooms, one by one. Starting with his sisters, then his late Brother’s. None of the rooms seemed like anything was missing, or even a sign of struggle or a drop of blood. He made his way back out towards the hallway and towards his parents room.

Sadness and anger began to take hold of him. He did not want to face what his father had done to the family. His hopes were faint, but still there. Wanting them to be alive. Quite possibly terrified or injured to some degree, but he could help aid them back to good health, if things weren’t too extreme.

As Alistair began to open the door, something had fallen on the other side, it wasn’t a challenge to push past it. To his surprise a cabinet had fallen over and he was easily able to push it aside. The room was in a state of disarray. Weapons broken and tossed aside, glass shattered. fabric torn, and a few singes from the fireplace where a few sticks had fallen out of place onto the floor.

His heart sank. To think this was the last place part of his family was together, cowering in his Mother and Father’s bedroom, attempting to defend themselves as the attacker slaughtered anything alive on the estate. However, his family’s bodies were nowhere to be seen.

Loosely crossing his arms, Alistair hunched his shoulders and collapsed to the floor and let out a heart wrenching yell. Leaning forward he rested his head on the cold stone floor. Quickly gasping for air, but never getting enough oxygen. As much as he wanted to cry, no tears ran down his face.

He had lost everyone. Over what? A possible chance at royalty, gone wrong. His Father's plans had gone too far and he had paid the price. Now he too lay lifeless in the tunnels.

Alistair leaned over to his right and quickly hit the floor. He stared into the corner of the room for what seemed like days, in shock over his loss. Deeply hoping that this was a nightmare, that he would wake up any minute and find himself in his room with the sunlight shining through his window and the birds chirping their merry songs.

But once his mind began to defog he blinked a few times and slowly sat up before pushing himself against a nearby wardrobe. He did not know what to feel, or even how to feel over this. Inside, he felt as if his emotions had left and his body remained in a lethargic state of mind. Realizing that his Father must have traded Alistair's unwanted immortality for his family's lives. It didn't seem to faze the man. But it did not matter now... They were all gone.

Pushing up on his knee, Alistair stood and stumbled for a moment before getting his bearings. He began to walk back towards the doorway, taking a last look before exiting and heading towards his own room. Before he were to go anywhere he needed to get out of the stained clothes.

As he entered his room, it felt different. As if it was immune to the chaos in the rest of the castle. Everything was still the same as he left it. He walked to the wardrobe and picked out one of his outfits reserved for hunting. Figuring that his father's status did not mean a thing any longer, wearing fancy clothing would not last long in this life. It tore much easier compared to his hunting clothes.

Once changed he equipped himself with a few things from around his room. Such as a small pouch of money, a blank leather-bound book, quill and ink. He didn't want to take much. Too many things reminded him of the events that took place. Alistair finished in his room and grabbed a darker cloak that matched his current attire and draped it across his shoulders before tying it into place.

Making his way out of his room, he passed by a mirror. Instantly his own eyes caught his reflection. They were no longer the shade he once knew, they were now a crimson red. He felt sick for a moment, but quickly darted out of the room. It was another thing that changed, he had the same colour of eyes that Astaroth had. This was no nightmare. This was his new reality.

Spending the day inside, Alistair left through the back doors of the castle later that evening. The sun was below the horizon of the trees but well enough away that he could still be outside without being harmed.

As he adjusted the cuffs on his sleeves he heard the noises of his falcons in their aviary. His beloved falcons. The magnificent creatures he loved to train. In a way, they were apart of his family as well. A small glimmer of happiness filled his mind. It calmed his nerves ever so slightly.

Alistair made his way over towards the aviary and opened the doorway before stepping inside. The birds sat calmly on their perches. He snapped his fingers a few times and then began to take off their hoods. A faint smile formed upon his face as he looked at his falcons, now in such detail with his new improved eyesight. The veins in their feathers, the detail in their own eyes and on their beaks.

The happiness was short lived as the falcons caught sight of their trainer. They too knew that he was different just as the horse did. The flock began screeching and flapping their wings vigorously. A few of them jumped off the perches and attempted to attack him. Pecking at the fabric of his clothes and pulling on his hair. As soon as they realized the door to the aviary was open they began to leave quickly one by one. Alistair lowered his arms in time to see the last couple leave the aviary. He reached out but they were already far to high in the sky to get them back.

Watching until he could no longer see his falcons, Alistair remained standing in the aviary, frozen. Realizing that even his only friends, his falcons had left. He was alone. Everyone that was in his life, was gone. And weren't going to return.

He walked out of the aviary and didn't bother to even close the door behind himself. The falcons were gone. They no longer trusted him. He did not blame them for not wanting to trust him. If he was in the same position, he would have done the same.

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As his mind traced back into the present he let out a quiet sigh. The painful memories were the sharpest in his mind. It seemed as if there was nothing he could do to escape them.

Alistair looked down towards the ground before pushing himself off of the branch and landing a fair distance later on the ground with two feet firmly planted. The leaves crunched under his boots as he began to walk away from the tree to carry on with his travels as an English nomad vampire.