

Bloodright Assassin

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Bloodright Assassin

Nearly the dawn of midnight, Count Ciprian "Dracul" Lucesu, his mouth bleeding down to his broad chin from feasting, walked towards his mansion home, owned by his father, and his father before.

Dracul stopped in his tracks and sensed someone behind him. A cold demonotic grin settled upon his cold lips.

"Gavril Silivasi. What a nice surprise." He said, his tone dark and dangerous. Gavril stepped out of the shadows and beside the Count, his pistol in his long trench-coat.

"Same to you Count," He said, noticing the blood on his lips. "You have been feeding again."

Dracul slightly nodded his head in reply. He reached into his pocket and retrieved a handkerchief to wipe the remaining, drying blood from his face. He paid no attention to Gavril as he placed the handkerchief back into his pocket then dropped his cane but not before catching it once it got to the top end.

"Let us take leave. I fear we have a long way to go." The Count said, turning his body around, leaving.

He didn't look back to see if Gavril would follow, he sensed it through the smell of blood and the vibration of his feet as they hit on the cobblestones of Romania.

A cold sense of blood raced through their mind and nose, Gavril stopped suddenly, just a few feet away from The Count. Taking out his hidden pistol, Dracul unsheathed his cane which beheld a hidden sword inside. A sword passed down from his mother, yes his mother and her mother before that.

"Show yourself!" Silivasi shouted out, his pistol cocked and ready to fire.

They waited in the dead of night for the figure to show his face. The moon as their only light and the sounds of wolves, crows, and ravens filled the silent air. Dracul kept a close alert on who or whatever will come across them.

A shadowy figure started approaching them, loud moaning sounds now singing along with the night animals.

"Oh great, another one." Gavril stated in annoyance for it had been their... well...millionth one to-day.

"Well, we could always use a bit more exercise," Dracul said, his tone in a mocking manner as the figure came out, the moon brightly showing down on the figure for the two to see clearly. "Time to work again."

A cold, demonotic smile formed on Gavril's lips as he began shooting five zombielike vampires. They were once human until they went mad from vampire bites.

If you were once human and want to become a vampire, you must learn to control the vampire and let the vampire control you. You have to bond with the powers as well, do neither of those, and you'll go mad, lose yourself, all of yourself. Heart, mind, and soul.

One charged at Dracul but was easily decapitated by his sword. Blood spilled out from the neck and rested on both his own body, onto the floor, and onto the chest of the nobleman.

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"Great, I just had this cleaned to-day," Dracul said in a frustrating tone. Another soon came from behind him, he heard the unmistakable sound of a gun-shot. "Is that all?"

Silivasi shrugged his shoulders as they looked and sensed all around for others.

"Let us take our leave while the night is still young." Silivasi stated, taking the lead towards The Count's mansion.

Once they arrived back at the mansion, midnight approached. His butler waited for them at the entrance of the door-way.

"Master, remember, Slade and Daetrine are to come for an appointment tomorrow afternoon." Layre, the butler explained taking their coats and his master's cane.

"So they are." Dracula said simply, his tone showing very little emotion.

Slade, Gavril, Daetrine, Crossack, Warrick, Kaige, Leviathan, Cirino, Ivar, and him are all pure-bloods, royal bloods, they are the only vampyres who can turn a human into full fledged vampyres, halfing vampyres can only turn a human half a vampyre, dampyres.

"Also bring news from Lord Shayde." Layre said, handing out the note to his master.

Taking the note from him, Dracul dismissed his butler with a wave of his hand. The letter read...

Count Ciprian Dracul Lucesu, I fear he has come, and no, not Van Hellsing but the other, his cousin, Marcus Rosario has come. I fear for the safety of our son, Slate. With many love, Shayde.

After he had read the letter, he dismissed Silivasi for he wanted to be left alone for the rest of the night forward.

Shayde was Slade's half-brother, being three years younger than him and Crossou being their father and Warrick, their half-uncle.

Dracul met Shayde at a party, it was a celebration of a once world-free hunters. There were no more hunters at the time, therefore vampyres could reign their world and the humans, their own.

Shayde wasn't a vampyre, oh no, he was a warlock.

"Quite a party huh Count?" Silivasi asked sarcastically, taking a sip of the wine which passes by to every customer around.

The Count looked towards his friend and nodded in response. When the butler came by them again with the same tray of wines, Dracul placed his almost empty glass back on it, symbolizing he was finished.

The doors suddenly opened, the strong but gentle wind entered and four men stood they all had black hair, like the night sky.

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Daetrine, a vampyr warrior came towards them with a broad smile on his lips. He wrapped his arm around the tall man's shoulders.

"Crossou, so glad you have finally arrived," He said, leading them towards Dracul and Gavril. "Brethren, this is Crossack, Warrick, Slade, and Shayde, all realated by half-bloods. They are all warlocks."

The four men bowed in respect of the Count and Lord. Dracul couldn't keep his eyes off the younger warlock, Shayde, there was something diffrent about him. It made his senses tingle with concern, anger, fear, and lust.

"I apologize if we barged in unattended and invited by you my Count. It twas Daetrine who invited us, but I highly sure he told you." Warrick said, sending a cold glare towards Daetrine who put his hands up in front of him as a defense.

Ciprian turned his gaze reluctantly from the young warlock and looked at the elder warlock with the hazel and ice blue eyes, Warrick for what seemed forever.

"Indeed he has. Welcome to my humble abode."

Ciprian snapped out of his flashbackstuffed the letter inside his pocket, and headed outto his room. He stopped in his tracks whne he heard fottsteps, and sensed blood, the blood of a warlock but this one was rare, no it couldn't, he was in hiding.

Ciprian Dracul took his ultimate chance and opened his door, there, on his bed, lies Slate, his son born from the ashesand blood of both him and Shayde.

Careful not to wake him up in an instant, Ciprian walked towards his sleeping son.

"It has been a while." He whispered, removing his son's hair from his eyes gently. It was during the rise of the vampyrs and they decided on a son.

His son was in grave danger, ever since he was born. With his blood the rarest and having both warlock and vampyric powers, he is one of the unstoppable and any man and/or creature alike will do anything to get a hold of such power. Shayde has been doing his very best to keep Slate a hidden secret from society, there was no one they could trust.

Turning away from his son, he felt a hand on his coat. Slowly looking over his shoulder, he saw his son wake up from his nap.

A smile warmed and brightened the place, like the full moon which comes only once a month, giving the night time and night creatures a light to see.

"Hello dad." Slate said softly before getting up fully to hug his dad. Dracul returned the hug.

"Son, what are you doing here?" He asked, pulling away from his son's grasp and looked into his eyes.

Slate too, looked up at his father and answered to him, truthfully and sincerely. His father nodded in response and told him to go down for a bite to eat while he wrote a letter to Shayde, telling him if he knew their son was here.

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Slate soon fell back to sleep as Ciprian Dracul finished polishing his sword cane. Placing the sword back inside the cane, the vampyr assassin got up from his leather chair and headed out the mansion door.

He was now sent out to kill the necromancer's living dead skeletons, other vampyrs, and zombies.

'After this is over, I'm gonna have a word with the council.' Dracul thought. Throughout many years he had considered retiring but hasn't since he was thier best Bloodright Assassin.

The Bloodright Assassin carefully picked up his sleeping son and carried him all the way to his bedroom. Placing his son down gently on the bed, he covered the young boy with the covers, kissed his head and headed out ot do his deed.

It didn't take long for Dracul to find the Necromancer, but he did had a difficult time getting to him as there were thousands upon thousands of lviing dead creatures, summoned by the Necromancer.

No one knew the man's man. He was a real mystery, his whole body hidden in black, his face behind a mask, a skull amulet around his neck and a sligh smile on his chisled lip.

"Oh come on young assassin, I am sure you can do much better than that. Hey they not taught you anything?" The Necromancer taunted, summoning more living dead creatures to attack Dracul.

The Bloodright Assassin was indeed getting more and more exaughsted with every killing. He had never in his entire life of assassinating ever been this exaughsted.

"Stop sending out more living deads and let us do this face to face. Then I can show you how merciless I can trully be." Cirprian stated, breathing heavily as he killed the last of part one of the skeletons.

The Necromancer smiled in agreement and summoned the living deads back to their graves, back to where they once came from.

"That is better, now," The Count began with a smirk. With lighting speed, he ran towards the Necromancer who sent out Shadow Rays but since he was too fast for the Rays, they never caught him. "Not so powerful without your living deads huh?"

The Necromancer, even though showed no sign of a panic was, but also there was terror, guilt and a plea for help?

The assassin was now behind the man, his cane sword at the base of his back, ready to strike, sending the final blow of the man.

"Any last words?" He asked recieving a low chuckle from the Necormancer. "Suit yourself." With one motion the cane sword went through the man's body until some of the blade itself came out on the other side of his body.

Bending over, the Necromancer coughed up blood, the blood spilled onto the floor and on his shirt, staining it. His mask fell off as well. With the last bit of strength he had, the Necromancer turned his head to face Dracul.

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"Hello husband." The Necromancer, was Shayde.

Terror, remorse, guilt, anger, and sadness all collided, these were all the emotions in the eyes of the Bloodright Assassin. Quickly, but carefully, Cirprian Dracul removed the blade from Shayde's back and gently laid him down.

"My god, no, this isn't happening." Dracul stammered, holding onto his beloved man, the man he was sent to kill.

"It, it wasn't your fault, you didn't know, I didn't know," Shayde whispered, receiving a confused glance from his husband. "I did not know I was the Necromancer, I didn't know. I-I'm sorry."

For the first time in many years, tears rained down from his eyes and on Shayde's near pale face. The emotion of guilt, sadness, and terror was now replaced with anger and revenge.

"Who did this?!" Dracul asked, his eyes turning blood red. He had nearly forgotten he was still holding Shayde and nearly crushed him to death; only when he coughed up blood did the Bloodright Assassin release his death grip.

Shayde, with tired eyes looked up at his husband and whispered, "W-W-Warrick" with a final kiss on Cirprian Dracul's lips he let death take over.

In full rage and sadness, the assassin held onto his now dead partner, rocking him back and forth, promising him he will find Warrick, question him, then kill him without mercy. This is to avenge the death of Shayde.

What was worse, is that he will have to break the news to his son, their son.

When he had return home, his son was waiting for him, his impression almost unreadable but there was no mistake, curiosity was in the boy's eyes.

"Father, what happened to dad?" Slate asked, praying it wasn't what he was thinking.

Dracul lead out a heavying sigh and motioned his son to come to him. He did, climbed onto his father's lap once he sat down and listened to the story his father told of the Necromancer whom he was sent to kill was then revealed in the end to his Shayde.

"Who killed my dad?!" Slate exclaimed, emotions running amuck, giving him a headache.

"I am sorry my son, none of us knew, if I could have just removed his mask, kept him alive I would." The assassin said, trying to calm his son down the best he could but when Slate becomes raging mad and sadden, very little people can calm him. The only person who can calm him all the way was Shayde but now that he was out of the picture, Dracul was try and calm him or suffer the wrath the boy possesses.

Bloodshot red eyes, the boy began to grow until he was just as tall as his father, his baby face was no more, instead was the face of a harsh, handsome yet vengeful man. The little boy Slate was no more, instead the boy was replaced as a man; a man of terror and wrath.

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Backing up, Dracul watches his son's transformation in awe, concern, and slight fear. But it was beginning to be too much for him, the transformation caused an excruciating pain. Slate had not been trained for this, his mind will explode if The Count, his father, doesn't do anything.

"Son! Calm down! You're going to explode!" Dracul shouted out but to no avail, Slate couldn't hear, it was as if he had fallen into deaf ears.

Tears were streaming down his son's face as the boy now man turned to face his father. "I-I can't".

Dracul ran towards his son, ignoring the rays of light burning his body. His son tried to get him away in order not to be hurt. Embracing Slate, Dracul did the one thing no vampyr, no warlock, no anyone would or could ever do. Seal the powers of a vampyr.

"I am protecting you son. You will remember all of us, your friends, your family, but you will not remember being a vampyr!" Ciprian shouted out as well as his son.

"No! Please!" Slate shouted out as his powers began to fade slowly.

"I am sorry my son, I truly am," Dracul said, finishing the final seal. After he was done, he looked into his son who was now uncousious. "Good-bye, my son." And with that, Dracul turned into ashes, never returning.

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