

He Stalks The Night

By : Scarletbloom

He stalks the night, in search of dark, impure intentions from our hearts. Listen now, perhaps youâll be next, hear now the warning of the eerie wind. Youâll see him once, a sign at most, youâll see him twice, be that his voice? A finale chance is given now, pick the wrong, then youâll see him last. A finale battle you will fight, for if you win you will not die. Though if you lose heâll come to you and capture your soul and forever keep you.



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The Giver (Queen) - Can take away anyone's power, except the controller's. Powers: unknown or none at all.

The Controller (Princess) - Has every power, calming lullaby and mind control. She is the queen's (Claudia's) daughter.

Powers of light- premonition, Control/make storms, invisibility, blinding light (erases/stuns shadows), fly, control technology, Scrying, telekinesis, **rare: See aura (evil intentions?) tempest (storm rain, hail, snow), power shield (blocks powers), telepathy (he develops it when he is worried about Mel when Mitria tricks her and almost kills her; doesn't have any use so it has almost disappeared), (water, fire, earth, air, electric, spirit), Sense powers**

Powers of dark- Cloaking, shadow tracking, summon mist (to hide), cause terror, paranoia, deceptive (makes you believe stuff) **rare: absorb powers, cloud senses, raise the dead, create illusions, know greatest fears, shadow manipulation, Shadow minions, Drain strength, transformations.**

Prologue

He walked on, not paying any attention to the guy who kept staring at him from across the street. He came to a halt at a crosswalk as if to make sure no cars were coming. When he took a look at his left, he glanced back at his hooded stranger. Crossing the street in a slow steady pace, he appeared to almost be floating!

Without thinking about it, he began to cross the street, trying to gain as much distance from the stranger as possible. Glancing around the backs of the buildings, he hoped to find a window, or at very least another New York citizen taking a stroll. As he came around the next corner he lost all hope of getting away from his stalker as a dead end appeared at the end of the road. Damn bastard! He thought, the man knew about the brick wall, and Kiale had walked right into his trap. He measured the size of the wall, calculating the chance he had of evading the man and run back to the main street, or the chances he had jumping the wall. Choosing the wall, Kiale speed up his pace but the man in the cloak kept up with him, the man's long legs letting each one of his steps match two of his. Reaching the brick wall he realized he had miscalculated the height of the wall. Several feet higher than him and with no objects there to give him a boost, he had no way of climbing over it.

He turned, intending to meet the footsteps closing in head on. The man came to a stop three feet in front of Kiale. In the darkness of the alley, he squinted to try to get a look at the guys face from under the hood, but he couldn't see anything.

The guy lifted his head and Kiale saw half of his face. "Kiale, Kiale, Kiale!" His voice was like music as he spoke the words. "You know, I've had my eye on you for quite a while now. I've been silently watching you from the shadows, waiting for you to finally *turn*." He searched through the pocket in the inside of his cloak until he finally found what he was looking for. Holding out his hand with the rectangular papers, he prompted Kiale to take them.

Looking away from the papers in his hand, Kiale looked at where he thought the guy's eyes would be under the hood, somehow he got the feeling that the man could see him from under the thick layer of cloth. "I don't know who you are, but if you don't leave me alone I'm going to call the freak'in cops. You hear me? So back

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the hell off!" Kiale tried to step around him. He put his foot right in front of Kiale's path. Kiale dug in his back pocket and took out his cell phone. "Alright, you asked for it buddy!" His thumb tapped number nine but before he could press number one, the man twirled around and kicked his cell out of his hand.

"No no no, I don't believe our conversation is quite done here, Mr. Kiale. Now," He said handing Kiale the papers again. "Why don't you try looking at these for me?" Giving up, Kiale took the papers which revealed the pictures of three girls he knew all too well. Kiale tried to control his expression by keeping on a poker face.

Kiale handed the man back the pictures. "I don't know what you're trying to tell me, but if cornering a person in dark alleys and showing them pictures of street girls is your idea of fun, then you're truly a sick person." The man didn't reach out to grab the pictures, so he dropped them to the ground. Except they didn't make it to the ground, spontaneously catching on fire, they turned to ashes in midair. Kiale stared at what he knew had to be an illusion.

This man isn't normal! His not human! RUN! The shrieking chorus of warnings seemed to come from within the hooded man. *Run! You'll die! Run! RUN!* The voices brought Kiale down to his knees, his hands covering his ears. *RUN! RUN! RUN!* The voices got louder and louder. Tears streamed down his face and blood streamed from his ears. What the hell is happening!

"Remember Kiale! Remember all the girls that you killed! Claire, Katherine, Sharonisha, and Isabella!" The man knelt down in front of Kiale, his hood falling from his face. Kiale glanced up to meet his eyes and forced himself to not look away. His eyes shined a brilliant neon green. "Do you remember Kiale..? The way you took their lives with your bare hands." Images of all the girls who he'd killed flashed in his mind. The images seared his brain leaving him gasping for breath.

"Why? Why are you doing this to me? What the hell do you get out of doing this!" The glowing eyes glared at him. His heavy leather gloved hand landed on Kiale's shoulder.

"You. Or rather, your soul. I kill people like you who purposely *turn* themselves into E-lides." A cruel smile crossed over the guy's face. "Of course I also help the community, the human world would be better off with less people like you." He said as he stood up and took a step back.

"E-lides? What the hell is that? I didn't turn myself into anything! You have to believe me, man. You have the wrong person!" Desperation colored Kiale's voice.

That got the man's attention. "The wrong guy?" The hooded man glared at Kiale. Kiale nodded. "I don't think you understand *what* I am exactly. You see, Mr. Kiale, I am not human, I barely even have a soul." He brushed his hand thorough his shoulder length gleaming white hair. "There's a name for what I am, but only few have ever heard of it. I'm a legend, one of the few Andreoids left in the world, but my sister and I are the only ones who serve "The Controller"." The Andreoid glanced down at Kiale and smiled. "I normally don't share this information with others, but since I'm about to absorb your soul, I see no reason why I shouldn't." The Andreoid lifted his hand to command his trapped spirits to kill the man before him.

"No! Wait, wait! Can't we just talk? What's your name? Please just don't kill me!" Kiale shrieked. He knew. Kiale knew his life was coming toward its last second, he only wished he could take back all the mistakes he had committed in his life time. A single tear ran down his face. *I'm sorry!* Kiale thought.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have the time. You're not the only killer in the world." The Andreoid raised his hand and cleared his mind. In a strong clear voice he said. "Spirits from the Reaver, I summon you to take his soul-"

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"STOP!" Kiale looked up to see where the voice had come from and saw a smudge in the air.

The Andreloid knew who it was before all her molecules reassembled themselves. Her high pitched voice rang in the quiet air around them. He reached out and caught her as she fell from the portal. She glanced up at him with beautiful forest green eyes. "Dimitrius. Brother mine, call down your spirits at once, this man will live."

Kiale stared at both of them. They were clearly twins, but the girl had softer features than her brother did. He glanced at the girl, who was staring at her brother with a calm gentle look on her face.

Dimitrius furrowed his eyebrows. "Dimitria, this man is guilty of murder. I've witnessed three of them, so the rules remain. For that he shall be punished by death." Dimitrius's sharp voice pierced the silence all around them. "This man is-

In a calm soothing tone Dimitria interrupted, "Forgiven. Forgiven is what this man is, for he has felt regret for his actions." Dimitria jumped out of her brother's arms and lightly landed on her feet. She turned toward the cowering man crouched by the brick wall. She gave him a tender smile and put her index finger on his forehead. "I'm sorry for all of this" She reached out toward the man, but he cringed away from her. "It's okay; I'll make your pain go away." She closed her eyes and saw the bright green of her power waiting for her command. She whispered, "Remember nothing." She sent her power through him, healing every wound he had gotten in the confrontation and erasing every bit of what his brain had recorded. Once he was clean, she pulled back on her power until it was all gone from his body. She opened her eyes and saw him slump to the floor sleeping. She smiled. "There. That should do it." She turned toward her brother, waiting for him to say something.

"Is that it? We're just going to let him live because he felt *sorry*? How do you know he will not kill again?" Dimitrius yelled at his twin sister. He bit back the rage that threatened to explode. He wouldn't let it come though. He would never allow himself to *ever* hurt her.

"He will not, you have my word. He has had a change of heart. I will notify the human police and give them the evidence of his kills. We will let them decide his fate." Dimitria leaned her head on his shoulder and he was forever thankful for her comfort. She was the only one that truly understood him. The only one who could tame the beast that threatened to overpower him every time his emotions got out of hand.

Dimitrius let his hand glide down her hair again and again trying to find his peace. Without looking down at her he said, "I love you, Mitria." Using his nickname for her. "You are the only one who can keep me from becoming fully tainted and evil."

She sighed and leaned more of her weight on him. He knew she must have been tired for using her power. "As do I, Mitri, as do I."

Chapter 2: Unable To Reach Her

Dimitrius dragged himself through the garden, trying to get to the other side as fast as possible. He knew what they had called him for. Another soul another hour, is what he liked to call it. It was the same routine, the locator would find a killer, he would notify the messenger to go find Dimitrius, and then he would have to go all the way to the meeting room to discuss the mission's details with the Council. So when he finally made it to the meeting room, he was extremely surprised, and nervous, when the controller stepped in five minutes later.

The controller had come in and sat down on the couch in the far wall, which coincidentally, was the farthest seat away from his. The controller looked small and fragile which made sense considering she had the body of an ill fourteen year old girl. Dimitrius and his twin were both sixteen and were strong and healthy.

He cleared his throat. "Uhâ ¯ Are you sure it's alright for you to be out of bed, controller?" He hoped he hadn't offended her with his comment. She might have a weak body, but she had a terrifyingly powerful mind. Her powers were just so strong they left her completely drained of energy.

Her cheeks flushed a light rosy color. "I'll decide if I'm in good enough shape to get out of bed or not. And I told you to refer to me by my name when we're alone, not my title!" She leaned back against the coach, her soft long blue black hair fanning out over the top of the coach, a great contrast between the white of the coach and the color of her hair. Closing her sky blue eyes, her plump pink lips parted as she sucked in a lungful of oxygen and stretched. She cringed as the effort left her gasping for breath. He ran over to her side and tried to help her calm down.

Trying not to catch her attention, he tried to gently place his palm onto her left cheek, only to have her avoid his touch. He glanced up and met her sharp blue eyes. He moved his hand again, trying to touch her lovely porcelain face. With her gloved hands, she reached up and captured his wrist. "Dimitrius, you know that you cannot touch my skin." A lone tear rolled down her cheek and down to her chin. Producing a tissue from his sweater's pocket, he gently wiped it away. "I am so sorryâ ¯ Mitri." She whispered as she patted his hand.

With a sad smile he said, "Those tears you shed should not be for me, instead they should be for your people and all your tragedies. I am no more than a filthy Andreloid, who doesn't deserve the time you spend with me, Melanie." He loved her. He truly did love her, even though he was aware their love couldn't be. Shouldn't be. She was like a princess when he was like a commoner, she would accidentally kill anyone who touched her skin, while he would gladly give his life if it meant a chance to touch her face. What a masochistic lovesick bastard he was.

She smiled, probably hearing his thoughts. Her bell ringing laughter made him smile. "It's a wonder how you can stand to love such a horrid creature like myself, knowing that with just one touch, I could have you laying on your back slowly slipping toward a coma." He laughed at that. Before he'd met her, he lived alone and fed on anyone, innocent or guilty, it hadn't mattered back then, not until she had entered his world. His little destroyer had invaded and crushed his sinful world into oblivion, and when he thought his life would surly end, he saw a brilliant light. It was she who had given him hope in such a painful time, given him reason to keep existing; she alone had introduced him to a world of happiness and love. He stared into her beautiful shining eyes.

"How happy I'd accept such a fate if it was the price of which I could touch your lovely ivory skin. Instead, I'm forced to touch nothing but your plastic gloves." He slid a stray strand of her hair between his fingers. "I'm just glad that her majesty has yet to take away such magnificent hair from me as well." He watched as the dark strand slid from his fingers and fell back down to her shoulder. "This. You are the reason I live, the only

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reason that I want to live."

They stayed like that for a while, just staring into each other's eyes. "*Click!*" They both jumped away from each other as the door knob turned. "Darn, they noticed my absence!" She hissed.

She threw herself down on the couch and moaned in pain. Panic and concern froze him. "Controller!" He reached out toward her, only to get thrown to the opposite wall.

"What are you doing to the Controller? Get away from her you filthy Andreloid!" The Controller's bodyguard stalked in and crouched by the coach where Melanie laid. "Controller! Are you feeling well?" He turned back and sneered at me. "Did this filthy mutt *touch* you?"

The words echoed in Dimitrius's head. He stared directly at Zachary. "What kind of person do you think me to be? I'll be dead before I dare to lay a hand upon a female!" He stood up with a grunt. "Zach, if you ever use your power on me again, I swear you won't live to see a new day!"

"Mitri calm down!" Dimitrius clinched his hand into a fist as his sister entered the room. "Mitri please don't do something you'll later regret!" He moved one step forward. "Mitri! If not for me than do it for *her!* Don't fight in front of the Controller." That stopped him. Using all his strength, he pulled back on his hatred toward that bastard.

Dimitria sighed and walked over to Melanie. "Are you well, Controller? Please forgive my dear bond-brother." Dimitrius watched as Mitria helped Zach tend to Melanie. Why? Why did he have to be the *dark* twin? Why couldn't he and Mitria just trade places! "It's no use Zach! Once she's like this she won't wake up." Dimitrius stared at Melanie's pale face on the white coach. Was she alright?

Zachary gathered her in his arms and headed toward the door. "Oh," He paused when he reached the door. "And if you ever touch the princess again, it is you who will not live to see a new day." Without glancing back, he stepped outside and continued through the garden and toward the palace. Damn it. He crumbled to the floor. How could he have let his feelings, especially hatred, get so out of hand like that? Dimitrius thought.

"Dimitriusâ!" Mitria glanced down at him. "Did you touch the princess? I know you twoâ have a special connection, but you do realize that if you get caught with her they will kill you. Mitri, if that happens there will be no way for me to help you, brother mine." She waited for him to respond. Sigh. "I think you should put an end to your relationship with her. You know that Andreloids can't speak with the princess, especially not touch them, so why do you do it?"

"Damn it, you know why!" He glared at her expressionless face. "It's because I love her! I love her so much that I don't even care if I die!" Her expression changed to confused.

"I don't get itâ Is love really that good? Is it worth giving up your life?" Mitria whispered. Then a forced shock colored her voice. "Wait, did you say love? That's impossible! Andreloids don't have pure emotions, especially not love!"

Her eyes widened with fear."Dimitria?" He said rising from his sitting position. "Why do you look frightened?" She seemed to be staring off into the distance. "Dimitria!"

She gasped. He caught her as she tumbled forward. "I- I'm sorry. It's just that I'm scared something will happen to you, brother. "Dimitrius exhaled a sigh of relief. Sometimes his sister just acted a little too childish.

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Dimitrius faced away from his sister. "I can't promise you that I'll stop seeing Mel, but I'll promise you that I will be more careful." With that, he walked outside and made his way back to his bedroom.

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