Blue Roses

The sky turns dark suddenly as if welcoming the impossibility underneath it, and in retaliation, said pieces of that impossibility come out to play. They hate the underground city that is their home, missing the world that they've been deprived of, because of the life giving sun that hates their very existence. The oldest, a snow white-skinned vampire runs after the two younger gray ones, irritated that they'd dare leave the safety of the underground palace without her or the king's permission. "Mallory, Emily! You can't be out here! You're too young!"

The two young vampires turn around in slight fear. "Kat..." The younger brunette, Mallory runs back to her immediately, because he knows that his sire/sister-in-law will be angrier if he doesn't. When his friend doesn't come with him, he yells at her, "you have to come back! If Kat has to drag you back, she'll tell Anna!"

The threat of her sire, and adoptive mother, being told that she'd been out without an escort is enough to have her rethinking her plot to run off and experience the world she'd been denied since the day she became one of the many fledglings in the vampiric cities. "You won't tell, princess?"

Katyusha smiles at the wide red eyes that turn to brown, crocodile tears threatening to spill. "Of course, I won't, but we must be getting home. I promised to watch out for you
while your mother's galavanting with Harrison and Mae." Without another word, they leave the dangerous aboveground that threatens to intrude into their own domain, heading for the palace.

In the supernatural world, there exists three kingdoms: the fay ruled by Queen Holly, the werewolves with their grand alpha Wesley Knight and his Lilly, and the vampires. To the final clan, there is no species more amazing than themselves, but in reality, they are the most complicated. There's a hierarchy to their race based upon the color of their skin; fledglings, the vampire newborns are black coloured, and since each gain of power results in lighter skin, the most powerful have white, almost translucent, pigmentation. The king, Viktor is no exception... neither is his daughter, Katyusha.

Kat walks alone in the darkened, candlelit halls towards one of the spire-like towers, hoping that her youngest sibling, Jacklyn is still awake. She knows that he must have been the one to plant the idea into Mal and Emily's heads, because he cannot go himself. When he was still human, he got into an accident that robbed him of his ability to walk and not even the supernatural healing ability he's procured could fix his spinal cord... To this day, he refuses to go near a horse, fearing that it'll lose its temper.

"Jackie, are you still awake?"

"Yeah..."

She smiles at the sleepy tone and opens the door to see him snuggled up in his furs.

"My sweet, what are you doing still awake?"

"Couldn't sleep," he admits and moves himself up a little so he can see her. "Why're you still up?"
"I had to go catch two of your friends." Jacklyn's wince is enough of an answer; he told them to leave. "Why would you do something so reckless?! They could have been caught! What if a hunter had found them!"

Normally, the black-haired child would shout back at his sister, but today, he's can't bring himself to dredge up anger with her. "I-I... I need your help..."

"With what?" Kat asks tentatively.

"With her..." He turns his head to the trunk against the wall and whispers, "Jillian, you need to come out now." Without so much as a sound, a little blonde shuffles out, blue eyes dimmed.

"You didn't."

"I did..." He looks down, shamed by the laws he's broken, and knows that it almost isn't worth Kat knowing, but she's the only adult, other than their sister, Emma, who he can trust with this secret; Elizabeta, Kat's fledgling; and Micah, her lover, are much too talkative. "I thought it was a good idea..."

Hardened, angry crimson eyes turn to a silvery-white as Kat takes in the honest sorrow in her brother's eyes, yet her anger doesn't abate. "She will not be fit to travel soon enough." She turns her gaze back to the human, disgusted that her own blood would drug someone the same way the slave traitors had done to keep her lover from acting out. "Where is she from?"

"Munich... But she has no one to return to."

"Then an orphanage should suffice." Despite her own hatred for such establishments, the albino vampire knows that it is the safest place for her, once her brother's blood is out of
the blonde's system. "Micah and I will be leaving at dawn. Have her ready."

"Yes, big sister..."

With that, Kat leaves the doped up human and lonely vampire, determined to drown the poisonous guilt welling up inside of her. She doesn't like to hurt Jacklyn, but she has no choice; it certainly beats his death from her own law.

Knowing that she'll have to tell Micah very soon, she heads towards their quarters, using her shadow like a portal through the door and stepping through. The young vampiress looks about the sitting room portion of her home, half-expecting to find her best friend waiting for her. When he doesn’t appear, Kat sighs and sinks to the ground as quietly as possible, all of the stress finally overcoming her old, weary body.

Despite her efforts, a few minutes later, Micah pads out to find her on the floor.

“What’s wrong?”

“Jacklyn did something stupid again... and Mallory’s grounded too.”

“For what?” When she stays silent, the British-born vampire huffs and drags her to her feet, smiling softly when she melts into his familiar embrace. “I have a feeling we’ve been roped into something violent and terrifying again.”

“You’d be correct...” Grudgingly, she pulls away from him and walks into the kitchen for a glass of much-needed vodka... or maybe a bottle. “We need to sneak a human girl out of here in the morning.”

Micah sighs and follows, snitching the glass she pours for him. “Great... How do you plan on getting her to stay quiet long enough to get out of here?”

“I don’t have to plan... Jacklyn drugged her.” She flinches when the sharp crash of
his glass hitting the marble floor reaches her ears and turns around to see her lover’s shocked face. “Are you all right?”

He nods and then, after a second, shakes his head. “I never thought he’d be capable of such a thing.”

“I didn’t either,” she replies, still processing the information herself.

He sighs and slinks towards their bedroom. “We’re leaving at dawn, correct?”

“Yeah.”

“Then I better get a nap.”

Dawn comes much too quickly for Micah and Katyusha, who part ways quickly. She slinks into Jacklyn's room, leaving Micah to secure a safe passage out of the city, and hopefully away from London; aboveground Germany's a lot easier to hide in. The eternal child sits on his bed with Jillian and gives her a small dose of his blood to keep her calm, much to her disgust. "She's ready to go."

"Good," Kat drawls, monotone with anger. "You're grounded until I get back. Got it?"

"Got it," he replies and shuffles off of his bed and into his wheelchair.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting her bag. I think she'd be easier to handle if she had a reminder of her old home."

Leaving underground London is a lot easier than it should be; no creature that's awake at the current, ridiculous hour would dare cross the vampire princess, especially when she seems irritated. No one even questions the child bundled up in her arms, assuming that
it's Mallory from Micah's presence because he's never truly far from his once-sickly younger brother. Yet, it isn't until they're on their horses, riding out of aboveground London that Kat can breathe freely again.

"We'll stop only twice until we get to Germany," she says, looking back at the cloaked figure of her lover. "You can take that off... I highly doubt that you're going to burst into flames. You're no longer a fledgling."

Micah snorts. "Neither is Lizzy, but she's still black-skinned... She's over a hundred years old, an old blood!"

"So? Are you implying that age means anything to our kind?" If he were facing his sire, the British vampire would have made a sharp comment about her smirk, so instead, he harrumphs and urges his mare onward, racing past Kat's night black stallion. "Oh, don't be so dramatic!"

"I'm not dramatic!"

"Yes, you are!"

The ride into Germany takes its last brief halt when Jillian wakes from her blood-induced coma. At first, the two vampires don't realize that she's woken up until she starts to scream in fear, and immediately, Kat's grabbing her to make sure she doesn't fall off her horse. “Would you stop that?!" Her sharp voice shocks the little human into stopping and looking into the female vampire’s silver eyes. “Thank you.”

“Where are we going?” she asks tentatively, thinking that she's in the arms of a human.

“To Munich… That is your home city, correct?”
She nods before asking, “how did you get me away from the vampires?”

“We didn’t.” Kat’s eyes bleed to red, making Jillian freeze. “Don’t be so scared. We’re taking you home, not eating you.”

“How?” Intelligence and maturity gleam in her eyes from a life long-fought, something that the older immortal has seen in the mirror for most of her life.

“Because… you remind me of myself.”

When they arrive in Munich, Micah offers to take the girl from his sire, but the albino can’t bring herself to give up the child. Even as she climbs down from the saddle, she clings to the small form, curious about the innocent expression on her face, and wonders if she ever bore the same look until it contorts in slight agony as the body fights back against the blood’s toxic properties.

Kat stares at the sleeping bundle in her arms, wishing that Jacklyn had more sense than to drug a human in such a vile way, and that pained expression she sees is enough to make her feel the same agonizing depression that plagued her childhood. She wishes that she had something to distract her from it, make her forget her human life, but Micah, bless his soul, is fast asleep, blissfully unaware of her plight.

She remembers the day when she first met Viktor; he, so beautiful with his hair of gold, eyes of the most valuable rubies, and skin paler than snow, had her enamored from the start. He saw her on the streets of Ukraine, alone, before she was to return to the orphanage at nightfall, and in the soft, morning light he decided that she was interesting enough to abandon his prey, despite tracking the tiny brunette all day.

Kat remembers the way he spoke to her with a voice like velvet. "Hello, little one..."
What are doing out here all alone?"

"Nothing..." she replied, fear starting to mix in equal measure with awe the longer she stared at him.

He seemed to pick up on it and backed away slightly, a small smile on his face. "Do you not have family?" She shook her head. "You could come with me..."

She felt her mind start to change, and while the fear remained, she took his offered hand and disappeared into the night.

Kat’s awoken at a ghastly hour of morning by an awful retching sound that she’s heard too many times. "Jillian..." She slinks up behind the child and lays a hand on her back, rubbing circles slowly until her heaves subside. "Come back to bed."

“I'll get sick again."

The albino vampiress sighs at that and gathers the frail blonde in her arms, internally awed at the heartbeat that rings in her ears like a haunting melody mocking her unwanted immortality. "The worst is over for now."

"How do you know?"

"Experience."

The days pass in a never-ending cycle of sickness and sleep brought on by the old herbal medicine Kat had once made for Micah, and Viktor had for her upon her own withdrawal from his blood. Micah stays as far away from Jillian as much as he can because her presence reminds him of when he was a slave, before Kat banned the use of blood as a sedative and bought him from the slave traders, but the female vampire can’t bring herself to leave as long as she can control her bloodlust.
In the times of silence, the two vampires take to curling up away from her, trying to block out the sound of her haunting heartbeat. Only once though, it drives them to drinking, but not from her from a countryman, and even so, they’re safe because he’ll never tell; he doesn’t remember.

In the times of awareness, Jillian’s taken to Kat like a child would to her mother; for some reason, she feels safe in the old vampire’s arms as if she had always belonged there, and Kat doesn’t have the heart to push her away. But Micah knows how much it affects her; they’ve talked about it time and time again. Every time she sees a little fledgling girl running about underground London, it serves to throw the fact that she can’t have a child of her own in her face, and Micah has to remind her that she has Elizabeta and Mallory, that she has two wonderful fledglings in her care.

But when the day comes to give Jillian away, Kat takes her to the orphanage at nightfall alone because Micah knows that they need to be alone. So they stand there just across the street from the old building, and with seemingly the bitterly cold winter wind as their witness, the vampire nicknamed the Ice Queen drops to her knees to hug the human girl in a goodbye. Jillian, in return, whispers, “I love you.”

Taken by surprise, Kat’s eyes widen, and it takes a few minutes for her to return the sentiments. “And I you… You’ll be all right, right?”

“Yeah,” the little blonde replies, before her face lights up as she remembers something, and she digs around in her pockets to pull out a tiny blue wildflower.

Kat smiles softly and threads it into her white braid. “Thank you…”

With that, the German girl nods, turns around and walks across the road, her
footsteps and heart echoing one another and driving Kat to take off a present of her own as she runs after the human. “Jillian!”

She spins around and gets wrapped up in another embrace. “Kat?”

“I have something for you.” The albino presses a necklace into her hand and whispers, “This belonged to my grandmother, then my mother, then me, and now, it belongs to you.” Jillian cradles it, staring at the silver cross surrounded by beautiful blue flowers, roses. “Blue roses are a symbol of impossibility… As long as you carry them with you, the impossible can happen.”

“Does that mean I can see you again?”

“Maybe,” Katyusha answers honestly and closes her hand over the blonde’s. “It’s possible… Anything’s possible.”