

Chapter I

Today is the morning of the second of January. Last year on Thanksgiving, Pan, my house mate, showed me her affections. Since then we have grown closer, and our relationship has nurtured from close friends that lives with each other, to a couple that lives with each other and sleep in the same room.

Since we decided to sleep together, Yuria asked me if she could move in because her mansion in Germany was burnt to the ground. Her brother did something to make the people of the town pissed off at them to the point that the citizens decided they had enough, chased them out of town, and burnt the mansion of Hoffenhaimer.

Because of her brother being so mischievous, even more so than usual lately, I told her that she could not let her brother live in this house. I recommended that it would be best if he went to be taken care of in an asylum in Immortivill in the lower tip of Rhode Island.

At first she tried to convince me that she could control her brother, but I reminded her of what happened back in her town, she couldn't control him then, what makes her think she can do it now? So in the end I managed to get her to accept my terms of her moving in with me.

So now she is living with us and is sleeping in what was Pan's room, and her brother is now living in an asylum in Immortivill.

Immortivill is a city in Rhode Island that is primarily populated by Immortalis. There are only seven cities like this one in the world for many reasons. One major reason there are not that many heavily populated cities with the majority being Immortalis is the fact most Immortalie do not trust each other. Those who can live with others of our kind, such as me, exist in an uneasy peace along with those who are parents of these special children and want their children to learn to get along with each other. These people move into one of these seven cities.

Immortivill is famous for its boarding schools and its institutions. Tell you the truth I pride myself as being one of its three founders, so once in a while when I feel like having a break from humanity I visit it.

Another thing about Immortivill is the fact that it is a safe-haven for Immortalie to be themselves, even in front of humans if they wish. Immortivill is protected by heavy, powerful runes and wards to hide an Immortalis' true form from humans, even humans that lives there. Also the wards weaken the power of powerful Immortalie to protect the populace. Of course it is not flawless, but I don't think any smart, or stupid, Immortalis would attack a large city full of Immortalie.

The alarm keeps blaring and making racket from my alarm clock, but I still don't want to wake from my slumber. I am enjoying the fact that Pan is sleeping on my chest, so I reach to turn off the buzzer.

"Wake up love-birds!" Yuria bursts through my

bedroom door and shakes both me and Pan awake from our enjoyable sleep.

“I probably made a fatal mistake letting Yuria come and join us in our home.” I think groggily still sleepy.

Pan opens her eyes and yawn’s that special dainty yawn.

Yuria rushes out of the room, and I hear her start setting the table in the kitchen with my super good hearing.

“Hey sweet-heart, want to bran-iron Yuria for waking us up at-“I look at the time on the clock, “five O-clock in the morning?”

She just smiled and gave me a good morning kiss, gets out of bed and starts changing out of her white night gown.

I get out of bed and I stretch, yes even I need to stretch in the morning. After I am done I start making the bed nice and tucked in.

Pan and I walk hand-in-hand into the kitchen were Yuria has made what looks like a feast for the entire Olympian pack.

The Olympian pack is the world largest pack consisting of almost one-hundred percent of Europe’s werewolf packs, and some of Russia’s. My friend Thursday is the queen of the Olympian pack as she killed her uncle, Count De Thursday, who had enslaves all of Romania.

“Yuria, don’t wake us up before eight in the morning please.” I ask her with a small crooked smiled.

Pan, Yuria and Thursday all three agree that

my smile is an exact replica of my closest friend, and mentor, Doniven Mesobie.

From the age of ten to the age of twenty one I lived with the lone werewolf, learning the ways of life, how to survive, and most of all, how to forgive those who hurt you.

“... please forgive me. I am still learning the rules of this household.” She bows her head, looking down at the floor

“Of course we forgive you Yuria,” Pan replies in her clam usual self as she sits down at the breakfast table and starts filling her plate up.

I take a look at her plate. It always surprises me how much she can eat, considering how much smaller she is compared to me. I sort of understand considering that she is half demon half angel.

Most angels do not eat that often. When they do eat, they eat in small amounts.

Demons on the other hand can be very gluttonous. They can eat most anything and everything; clothing, metal, bone, you name it, and in large enough amounts that they could out eat even the world’s largest army.

“Thank you.” Yuria looks at me expectedly.

I nod and smile then sit myself down at the table and watch the two girls eat everything out on the table.

After they finish with breakfast I help Yuria clean the dishes, even though she insisted I let her do them all for all the trouble she put me through for allowing her to stay, and waking me up this early in the morning.

“Besides, you didn’t eat anything. I knew you would not join in the feast.” She points to me.

I do not argue, instead I act like I did not hear her and I continue helping out, and after a few minutes of complaining she realize I will not hear of it.

Cleaning the dishes took about thirty minutes, but only because she used so many pans to cook with. Afterwards I walk into the front room and sit on the couch next to my mate, Pan. She leans her head on my arm.

“Love you.” She says quietly to me in an almost inaudible whisper.

“I love you too.”

Yuria prances her way into the front room when she decided she was finished with cleaning her mess in the kitchen.

“I love you too Sy!”

I roll my eyes at her. I could feel Pan heating up next to me; she always does that when she gets upset.

“So, I was wondering if you and I can go out to dinner tonight at a nice restaurant.” Yuria put the inquiry in front of me.

This time Pan wasn’t going to stay quiet.

“No he cannot, he and I had plans on a movie tonight anyways!”

I look at Pan with surprise clear in my eyes.

“What?” She automatically says the instant our eyes meet.

“Oh nothing, I am surprised that you remembered that I asked for tonight with you,

considering I asked you a month ago.” I laugh.

Yuria did not like the fact that I spend more time with Pan than her, and she always makes her feelings clear. She pushes herself up from the chair she was sitting in across from me and stomps to her room making a loud boom noise when slamming the door shut.

Pan and I look at each other, and then shrug.

A few hours later I decide I need to take a drive around to see how things are with the world. So I drive down to Jeremy’s house to see if he has come back.

It has been such a long time since he had gone missing that I am worried.

Sometimes he would go missing, but only for a month or so. But it has been three months, almost four.

As I pull up to Jeremy’s living quarters I had to squint to see what was moving in Jeremy’s house.

“Maybe he is home.” I smile to myself and park my car next to the apartments.

I get out and walk up the stairs, and just as I do the land-owner’s Rottweilers come out of Jeremy’s apartment and attack me.

I side-step and let one of the canines surge pass me. It tumbles down the stairs and I hear a crack as it tries to land on its four feet.

I make a forty-five degree turn back to the top of the stair just as the second mutt attacks me. Thank goodness for inhuman speed I am able to dodge that one as well. Unfortunately I do not hear someone coming up quickly behind me and pain surges through my neck down my spine, then I black out.