

Undeniable Fates

By MoonTwilight

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Chapter One

Earth, the third planet from the Sun star. A planet that has 365 days in a year. 12 months, 52 weeks, approximately 1440 minutes per day, making a subtotal of 525600 minutes, and 31536000 seconds per year.

The temporal world. A world in which mortals exist.

Secretly coexisting with the immortal. Creatures believed to be dreamed up by earthly inhabitants. Vampires, Demons, Unicorns, the whole lot of them, secretly existing in human or animal-like disguises, keeping themselves safe from human discrimination or execution.

There are central leaders placed in high positions of society, one in each region of the world: the Elves of America, the Vampires of Africa, the Fairies of Europe, the Witches of Asia the Mermaids of the Sea, Demons of the Sky, the Dragons of the Mountains, and the Wolves of the North.

They govern and protect the creatures of their region, along with keep track of the humans.

Some humans join in the belief of being the supreme race and should control these creatures, and if that is unobtainable, to kill them all, causing a great vendetta between the different races. These humans are called the Demonstrate. Originating from the land of Greece, and soon expanding to the other regions of the world.

The humans, the ones supporting the other species are called the Iris. Providing unprotected and the unprepared support and shelter in times of great need.

The world the unacknowledged know, is nothing but an illusion created for them, to keep their virgins minds and bodies safe from the horrors within the reality they are masked from.

My name is Julien. I've been exposed to this true world. The one I wish I knew nothing of. I wish I were not a part of. My parents I do not know, for they were killed by the Demonstrate years ago, leaving me in the hands of the Iris. They are taking me from Europe, sending me to America - the United States of

America to be exact. Good old USA.

I must now wear an Imitation, a body mimicking that of a human. I will be covered in flesh, hair, and wear garments of fabric to block any body parts that are supposedly for my eyes only.

I will live with members of the Iris, housing several others in my situation. I have yet to meet them, receiving no word or definition for them or their kind. So I must wait, until I am shipped across the sea, flown across the air, or tunnelled through the earth in order to discover my new life.

We travel through the dead of night, hidden by the shadows of darkness. I'm being held like an infant. Wind is crashing over my face, blowing my hair away.

I have no belongings with me - they've already been transported in order to make things less suspicious. The only possession of mine of any interior value on my person is the chain and pendant hidden beneath my blazer. "How long will it be?" I ask quietly.

My Demon escort looks down at me, and I see his eyes, tired from years of no sleep. "Soon child, but you must remain quiet, they have detectors." I try to look down, but my sight is blocked by those big puffy clouds children often lay in the grass to gaze up at and see animal shapes. I wonder how they could see us if we are unable to even see down. But I keep this to myself.

I want to ask him questions, communicate with him instead of travelling in companionship with the wind. If I were a Demon, I could. They are able to communicate with their own kind telepathically. Unfortunately, it doesn't expand to other creatures like me.

I end up just staring at him, remembering his details in case I ever run into him again. I don't remember his name. His skin is pale, making him almost glow in the light of the moon, his chest is exposed, and I'm pressed against it in his arms. His wings are large and bat like, I remember before we took off they were more of a bird like nature. But then again, at that time, he had part of his powers downgraded so he wouldn't be detected - now he was safe to fly at full potential I suppose. His eyes and hair were dark-darker than mine. And the only color detectable on him was the dark circles under his eyes.

I don't know much about Demons, but from what I hear, most can be tolerated, but there are some that are very murderous, drawing forth the Demonstrate. Some say they do it because they have a thirst for human blood and the idiots of the Demonstrate are perfect targets.

I hear they're relatively nice creatures and a great asset if they are an ally to you in battle. Very strong, fast, and agile, they can eliminate an opponent in moments - or so I hear.

We start to descend. City lights blind me for a moment and my ears quickly adjust to the new noise. We land swiftly, behind an old warehouse.

The legs of my Imitation have fallen asleep during the flight so my first few steps are not graceful. The ground is covered in white; snow. I can't resist and reach down and take a handful. I've never seen snow before, it's fascinating.

"Cut that out!" I drop the snow, surprised at this sudden outburst.

I watch him take something out of his pocket. A folded piece of paper. "Follow these directions to the letter. Or you will get lost. Do not let anyone see what's on that." He turned his heel and I watched him walk away. I knew he could not come with me. He didn't have an Imitation to hide himself in. He would be exposed and presumably captured within minutes, if not seconds.

Unfolding the paper, I saw why he didn't want me to let anyone else see the directions. They were written in my tongue, if anyone saw it, they would know I was not a mortal and I too would be exposed of.

There are no streets on the paper. Just direction, and how far in that direction I must walk before turning. I follow them the best I can, only looking at the paper if I must. I walk through streets of crowded people, dressed in heavy winter jackets, boots, hats, and gloves. I realize how ill equip I am, and how odd I must look. But I don't feel the cold too much; my blazer cuts off the wind and my shoes keep my feet dry.

These humans smell. Their odour is almost overpowering to my senses. I pray I will be able to adjust before being exposed to even more of them. The feeling in my legs comes back soon enough, and I begin to run, pushing past the humans trying to escape the stench. I glance down at the paper grasped in my hand, memorizing the directions.

Turning for the fifth time, I'm suddenly in a street of houses. The humans around me don't turn on this street; it's as if it's abandoned. But then I see them; wheeled vehicles- cars- in the driveways, lights out and silent.

One of the houses I notice has fake snow men like the one from the Christmas carols placed on the front lawn, the one across from it with a gnome at the base of the steps, another has naked bushes and hedges surrounding. The rest I can't see due to darkness. I check the directions.

Translated, it reads '*Turn right, walk down the road. At the end, on your left, will be the house you need to go to.*'

I obey the written word, and walk down the paved street. I glance over my shoulder. I am not being followed; none of them even notices I've turned down this eerie street. Or I don't think they do.

I focus on the road ahead, uncertain and afraid. I don't look at the houses, not until I reach the end of the street. I turn my heel to the left.

The house, approximately two or three stories lies before me. Something is growing on it- leaves or vines maybe; it's too dark to tell. I count the windows as I approach the steps to the door. It's made of bricks, and the door of wood, painted red, and black print I don't understand encrypted into it.

I glance at the paper.

'Knock 3 times, softly.'

I do.

And then stand waiting to be answered.

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