

Undeniable Fates

By MoonTwilight

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Chapter Three

Sleep is a time to rejuvenate the body, relax the mind and dreams. But this does not take place with me. I toss and turn, unable to find peace. I think of the day to come, wondering what will happen, who I will meet, and if the Imitation will be true to its purpose and keep me safe.

The morning comes much too quickly. I finally fell asleep, only to be awoken by Peggy's knock and call. My mind is in a scramble, causing me to almost go down the stairs without my disguise. Going down the stairs, I see Jinx standing against the wall at the base of the stairs. "Hurry up would you?"

"You don't have to wait for me."

"But that doesn't mean I can't."

I took a good look at her. Imitations usually hold some resemblance to the original creature in order to give them more comfort. Jinx still had her orange hair, but she was shorter in height, and her eyes were a more subtle green, and her skin seemed to gain more color. Her teeth, thankfully, lost their fangs.

I also couldn't help noticing how low cut her shirt was, and how her thighs were barely covered by her skirt.

I ate quickly, finding Jinx and, presumably, Charlie waiting outside for me. "About damn time." How could someone so cute be so rude?

We didn't talk while walking. Jinx was staring ahead of her, and Charlie was holding her hand, following along side her. As for me, I was memorizing the route, remembering places like houses or buildings, or plant arrangements so I could recognize the way back.

I hugged my jacket close to me. The wind picked up the powder like snow and blew it around. Making the flakes look like they were dancing with the wind. I normally avoided winter weather, hiding in the depths of ice covered water. This was going to take getting used to.

It's still dark, day is just breaking with the sky covered in overcast. The wind is cold and crisp, making my skin feel like it was about to fall off. I hoped it would warm up as the day progressed.

I glanced over at Jinx, I was amazed she was not freezing. Or maybe she was, but just hid it well. There's some things you can never tell with Vampires.

Charlie attracted my attention. Dressed in a trench coat and patterned scarf, accompanied with a white tuque hat; her hair just past the shoulders, ringlets hugging her face, slightly covering her eyes. I couldn't see their color due to the angle I was on, but they seemed sharp, in this lighting it was also hard to see her skin tone, but there was something. Just something attractive about her.

There's something attractive about both of them. Perhaps it was just their mythical quality, or the fact that they're similar to me. I wondered if humans are at all like this. I have seen them around, but never talked to any.

We approached the school, it looked old. Some of the bricks were cracked, the windows looked like they had been attacked by giant spiders - which wasn't out of the realm of possibilities. Something told me that this school was not well taken care of. The door squeaked when I held it open for the girls, hurting my ears.

The foyer was brightly lit. Glass cabinets covered the sidewalls, full of awards or achievements by past students. A TV - approximately 50 inches, was secured to a fixture hanging from the ceiling. The screen was blank, but I guessed it was used for announcements or something of the sort.

The walls were a pale yellow. As we walked down the twisting hallways - seriously, this place is a maze - we reached the hall of lockers. Row upon row. I was a few rows back from Jinx and Charlie, but Jinx was speaking so loud, finding them was no problem.

The place smelt. A mixture of dust, bleach, and human contamination. I wished my sense of smell could be downgraded with this body. But there were still some technical difficulties with these fake containers. I hoped it would soon be fixed, so these issues could be dealt with. I scrunched up my nose, it really did stink.

We weren't alone by time I reached their lockers. Students, dressed in all types of clothing; jeans, jackets and coats. Hats, turbans, scarves and gloves. Boots and shoes, skirts and blouses, ties and vests. Skins of all different shades. I looked down at my own skin. I hadn't thought about this skin pigmentation, but it may be important. I was white and pale. It finally occurred to me that most people from my region of the world were now that I think about it.

I leaned against the locker next to Jinx. One strap of my bag over my shoulder. "So where to first?"

Charlie took a piece of folded paper from her coat, and handed it to Jinx. Unfolding it, I watched her read. "Mathematics." Her voice dripped with unbelievable sarcasm.

"But first, we must take you to the office, to hand in your transfer papers. Should only take a minute." She grabbed my hand and pulled me from the locker and down the hall. Glancing over my shoulder I saw Charlie take off the coat and stuff it into the locker, shut it, and reapply the lock before following us.

The transfer papers didn't take long at all. I spoke with the vice principal for a moment, then Jinx led me to class. Students sat in the halls, talking, reading, or shoving little buds into their ears. Some of them even stared at me, making me curious as to why. "Humans like new things. It interests them." Jinx whispered to me, answering my unspoken wonder.

Entering the classroom, I received the same treatment. As I sat, I could see the eyes of five or six people locked onto me. Examining me, stripping me with their eyes. But I ignored them. I was looking around the classroom. Desks connected to chairs, dusty blackboards with chalk sloppily erased. An American flag hanging above the teacher's messy desk.

I sat on Jinx's right, and Charlie on her left. The bell tolled at quarter to nine. Most of the seats were filled. The teacher walked in, following some late arrivals.

Dressed in a very business like attire, accompanied by a blue polo shirt and tie, the teacher, Mr. Hill, I'm guessing around late fifties, early sixties, well combed brown hair, and thin rimmed, circular glasses, and brown eyes, surrounded by wrinkles. "Good morning class." His voice sounded tired, like he hadn't had a good nights sleep in years.

The class murmured in response. Mr. Hill started writing questions on the board. But by the looks of it, the class didn't care much. People were passing notes, or snickering about something I couldn't quite hear.

I felt a jab, a finger, poke me in my back. Turning, I was bombarded with a flash of colors. Black hair, with streaks of red, pink, purple and blue. Chocolate eyes with black eyeliner caked on, along with a sparkly star on her cheek. Black and white thick striped stockings and gloves accompanied by a rainbow striped dress surrounding a tanned body.

Truth be told, she looked like one of those porcelain dolls I had seen young girls carrying around back home. A very well painted, colourful doll.

"Do you have a pencil?" Her voice was quiet, almost hard to hear.

I turned back to her, and looked through my bag. I felt very ignorant as I searched. There were two writing utensils in the case. Neither of which I had ever used. Which was a pencil? To be sure, I pulled out one of each, and held them out to her.

She took the wooden one. Pencils are wooden. Got it.

"I haven't seen you around here before. New huh?" I gave her a nod. "My name is Bianca Sable. And you?"

"Julien!" I paused. "Julien!"

"Clarder!" I heard buzz in my ear. Out of the corner of my eye, Jinx's lips were moving. We caught each other's eye. "Your surname is Clarder." She whispered, in a tone I was sure only Charlie or I could hear.

"Julien Clarder."

"Nice to meet you Julien Clarder." We shook hands. Her skin was very smooth, soft. Looking her over quickly, she had no noticeable scars or imperfections, blemishes excluded. She must have never worked a hard day in her life. Always had it easy. Amazing how much you can assume of a person based on looks alone.

But assumptions can be misleading. I didn't realize then, how wrong this assumption of Bianca Sable really was.

"Don't talk to that girl." Jinx snapped at me. Charlie, beside her, was nodding.

"Why?"

"She's dangerous."

"She seemed ni-"

"She may seem nice, she may actually be nice. But she's dangerous. Dangerous to us."

"How could a little girl be such a threat?"

"Her parents, and elder sibling are a part of the Demonstrate." I choked. Gagging on my own air.

We were sitting out in the courtyard. It may be cold, but it is the only place with privacy. Not many people are out here, and with our whispering voices, there was little to no chance of being overheard from unwanted attention.

I felt Charlie pat my back, helping me get oxygen back into my lungs. "But that doesn't mean she herself is a part of it." I said, gasping.

"Trust me, there's no way a Sable is not part of the Demonstrate. Stay clear of her. Please. I don't want you doing something stupid." She looked genuinely worried. They both did.

Charlie put her hand on mine, and looked at me with those sharp, crystal blue eyes. They were like ice, making me freeze. She didn't say anything, she didn't have to. I knew the risks that were at stake for all of us if the Demonstrate found out.

If the Demonstrate found out, we would be discovered.

If we were discovered we would all be killed.

No, killed is too soft of a word. We would be brutally murdered, in front of a stage of people, for all of them to see what will happen to those who try to hide. Those who think they can become apart of this world while secretly being different. Just like those of the Iris. The ones viewed by the Demonstrate of traitors of their race. Of their breed.

We would all be annihilated. Jinx, Charlie, Peggy, Simon, Circe, Fay, Kegan, Tierra, Aura, Skylar, Isabell, me.

Everyone.

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