

Rebirthing

Von Changeling

Prolog: Prologue

"He bit me."

His voice quavered heavily, the young boy dragged his feet along that felt too heavy to him that he could hardly recognize these weights as his feet.

"That freak really bit me!"

A panicking outburst of his voice, going along with an irregular panting. The blonde held his neck that ached him, a pain clinging to him as firmly, it caused him an anxiety of suffocating. A warm, red liquid trickled down his white shirt, his tanned skin. He opened, rather slammed the bathroom door against the wall and wavered in front of the mirror. The loud music from the main room was dulled and barely resounded in this private place for men. He looked at his reflection which he didn't even recognize at first sight. A miserable pale face, blood soaking his shirt and neck.

"What the---"

He couldn't accept that it was his reflection until he saw the familiar blue eyes that he saw every time he saw into a mirror. The blue eyes that belonged to him. That was when his legs gave in. He slumped to the cold, dirty floor, his look distraught. Why would someone bite a person? Rather, why would a guy bite a person with such a force that the bleeding won't stop?

"Sir? Are you alright?"

The blonde looked up confused as he heard a dark, husky voice from the doorway.

"You're bleeding... Wait here, I'll call the ambulance."

The man ran off. The boy stood up hardly now. The security label on the man's shirt made him feel nervous. He couldn't let himself being caught here. He looked at a small window and hurried towards it.

When the man came back, all that was left of the young boy were stains of blood on the cold, dirty ground.