

Alone by Heart

She hadn't felt lonely. Not at first. No, at first, all she had felt was free. And maybe, not that she would ever admit to it, a little bit sad. Sad to leave her best friend behind. She had been prepared for it for a long time though. Almost since they had met. Back then, she had told herself that all this was temporary, that she would solve the stupid mystery handed to them by weird, vampire officials, and then she was gone. Back to live her undead life as she had done her living. So she had always been prepared for this day. The day she would journey out, alone once again. So why did it still hurt?

It was easy enough to find her way out of the city. With a few friendly words and smiles, people pointed her in the right direction. The city was large and very unfamiliar at first, but soon she realized that towns never change, whether they are concrete jungles in the physical world or medieval ones in the umbra. The buildings and the people may be different, but the feeling was the same. Luckily for her, she was very used to the feeling. So to hitch a ride with a large bug outwards in the city, traveling towards one of the gates, were really no different to hitching a ride with a car to the outskirts of a city. Piece of cake.

She had wandered for as long as she could before she had to take a nap. She had passed the farms, now only the mountain roads leading her forward. There was not a magical, or non-magical being in sight. So as she wandered off the road a little bit, no one was there to find it weird. There was also no one to see her settling into fog. She was pretty sure it was safe to sleep as fog here, in the umbra, since there was no sun to burn her and all that. There were also no masquerade to follow. She was also quite sure that sleeping as fog, rolling over the mountain side was much more comfortable than sleeping under the rocky ground. As it turned out, she was right.

Since there was no real weather in the umbra, nothing bothered her as she floated towards sleep. She stretched herself, feeling how far, how large and how thin she could go. She hadn't taken this form in a really long time, usually opting for an animalistic state instead of this. Something more physical. But now, she loved to be able to float along the ground, slowly floating up along the road towards the gate. She would stop and nap, eventually, but for now, she was happy to just float.

When she awoke, she had floated down the mountain quite a bit. It should have bothered her more than it did. The determination in her was not as strong anymore, but it was still there. If she had felt like this yesterday, she might not have left. But now she was here, and she was ready. It was easy to change back and into something new. As she lifted her newly generated wings and took off, once more towards the chosen portal, she could not help but feel a bit sad. Sad for the friend she left behind. As she flew, she suddenly got some old song stuck in her brain so most off the travel was spent singing it. Singing it, thinking it or whatever it is you do when your brain is singing but your mouth (or beak) is not.

She stands just in front of the portal, willing this to work. Sure, she had asked people back in the city how these worked and it seemed as if you just wished were you wanted to go and it took you there. Nothing had ever been that simple in her life up until now, so for some reason, she highly doubted everyone who had told her to just wish for it and voila. She did not really have any other options though.

She sighed and as she stepped into the portal, she quietly started to chant.

“Please get me to Damien. ***Please*** get me to where he is. ***Please*** get me to Damien. ***Please*** get me to where he is” And with that, she was gone.