

Dust and Bone

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Characters:	Henry Fitzroy , Vicki Nelson , Original Female Character(s) , Original Non-Human Character(s) , Christina (Blood Ties)
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Dust and Bone

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Vicki: What about you? Can vampires even have kids?

Henry: When you turn someone, they can feel like your child. But there's that vampire territorial instinct. it's not long before you want to kill them.

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Taking place 5 years after the book series ends Henry gets a surprise and the devil we know rears her evil head.

In my continuity the events of both the books and the T.V show happened, filling in gaps for each other where there are any, and ignoring plot holes.

I'm taking inspiration for one detail of my story from another on here about Henry and Vicki swapping houses. This is why he happens to be in Toronto at the moment. Vicki will make an appearance later but she will only be a minor character.

Notes

Chapters will be short, but I will be updating as often as I can before 10 PM EST. Please leave any and all comments, I can take it. Thank you and enjoy.

It Started Like Any Normal Day

“We just got confirmation that yet another body has been found in connection to the serial killings that have been plaguing citizens in south eastern Ontario. This one was found in Wychwood Park. At approximately 4:30 AM police were called to the community of Bracondale Hill in Toronto this time after a jogger going by followed a trail of blood down to a pond. The victim has been identified as Cassandra King of—.” I didn’t want the anchor to continue. I couldn’t see the screen anymore. My housemates thought that some T.V. would cheer me up, but then the news came on.

When I woke up this morning I learned that my sister had died, she had been murdered on her way home from work. The fifth in a series of killings that’s been plaguing the area for a few years. The police are baffled as the killer hasn’t been leaving behind any trace, any identifier as to who they are.

Little did I know what was really going on.

Little did I know that I was next.

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“Now I want your thesis on life in the 16th century in your teachers mailbox at this time in exactly a week. Choose your topic and make sure you put it on the class Wiki. I do not want to be reading the same paper over and over.” Mr. Fitzroy had been subbing for Ms. Clark the past few weeks after she broke her leg on our museum tour last month. He was that tall, dark, and handsome kind of guy that you see in the movies, but while my fellows were busy swooning over his looks, I was more interested in his brain.

He definitely knew more about this class than Ms. Clark did. She had just taken it on two years back and her field was art, not history. This guy talks as though he lived it, as if he had been studying it his whole career.

“Before you all leave to hopefully start on your essays I have an announcement. I have, for the past month, merely been a temporary replacement for Ms. Clark. Starting today until the end of the week, when your thesis are due, there will be no class. This “free” time is being given to you to work on this assignment and to allow your new History teacher to prepare for the next section. Unfortunately Ms. Clark will be out for longer than expected.” He concluded.

The bell rings and everybody piles out.

“Rita, a moment”, he called, “I would like a word please.” Looking up I watch him walk towards me. No doubt everyone heard the news. No doubt he was doing that thing teachers do where they pretend to care. I hated when they did that.

“No one calls me Rita but you Mr. Fitzroy. And it should be quick I have to get to work.” I look at my watch; 8:30 PM. Not late yet. “I volunteered for the night shift since no one

wanted it.” Most people are surprised when I tell them that I volunteer for late shifts. He didn’t seem very.

“I wanted to know how you were doing.”

“I take it you read the news today?”

“I did.”

My lip feels raw and I realize I’ve been chewing on it for a while. “I’m... coping, if you can define it for me exactly.” My shoes are usually my best friend, but not today.

“Well as long as you’re not wallowing. Losing someone that close to you is hard. I know.” A knowing glance follows. I believe him.

“Wallowing is for pigs.” He smiles a little.

“And laughter is the best medicine.” he counters.

“Could you see if I can get an extension on that essay”

“No problem.”

I turn and leave then. I’m just out the door when I’m suddenly thrust against the adjacent wall.

I Really, Really Hate

“Where is your sister!” My sister? What? She was dead. What did it want with her? “She’s dead you creep, get off me!” The thing grabbing me had foul breath. Struggling wasn’t doing any good, and its iron grip was unlike anything I’ve ever felt. A door slams and I see Mr. Fitzroy out of the corner on my eye. A few good kicks should do it. “Ha ha ha, you actually think that’ll do anything you disgusting half-breed?” It spots him as well and puts me in a headlock. I feel something sharp against my neck. “Don’t come any closer Nightwalker or I’ll end this filth!” I look towards him and notice that his whole demeanor had changed. My teacher was gone, before me was a hunter.

His normally bright eyes were replaced with black holes. It was all too familiar and I see it very day in the mirror. Mr. Fitzroy was a vampire.

“Let me go!” Whatever it’s holding to my neck breaks the skin. I can feel the blood running down my neck. “Ahhhhh!” Whatever this is, it burns. If only I could get my hands free. “Let her go Demon. Now.” Mr. Fitzroy’s voice dripped with venom. I could feel myself starting to lose it... losing too much blood. Must. Get. Free.

So I lost it.

I bit down as hard as I could on its hand, letting my fangs rip into the skin as much as I could. My ears rang from its scream, but the bloodlust was too strong.

She’s dead. It’s your fault. You should have walked her home. Should have been there for her. But you know the truth. You-

All I could see was red. My leg connected with its groin. A shriek. Arm snapping. Then black.

When I woke up I was in an unfamiliar room laying on a leather sofa. The scene before me was blurry at first, my eyes quickly adjusting to the dim lighting. My arms looked like patchwork, bandages everywhere, and a large one wrapped around my neck. Nothing hurt though.

“You can probably take those off now.” A voice said. I sprang up off the couch and bumped into a table. “Huh, the heck am I?” I grabbed the edge for support.

“I said you can take those bandages off now,” he sounded rather nonchalant, “they healed a couple hours ago.” “What.” I falter. The first one comes off, second, third, and nothing... not even a scar. “I’m going to have the same results for the one on my neck aren’t I?” I slowing untie the knot and remove the linen, the skin of my neck is smooth as expected. The only give away that there even were wounds is the blood on my clothes.

“Okay, okay, okay. Who are you and where am I?” The shaking. Is it the room or me? Or my head? The figure steps into the light then. “I suppose you have some questions then Rita.” “Mr. Fitzroy?” “Henry will do.” “Wait what?” He gives me a funny look then. “That’s my name, Henrietta. The school knows me as Rita, but it’s not my name.” His turn to look surprised. “Henri is fine as well. Wh- AHHH!” My head, it feels as though a hammer is being taken to it. “Arrgh!” I hit the floor. My vision blurs to red. A hand on my back.

“You need to feed.” His voice is calm as he offers me his blood. I take it without hesitation. I’m hungry and I know what I need. He offers me his wrist and holds me steady. I am still shaking.

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