

# Unseen

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 3:

Yunho's lips moved slightly in a sarcastic way as he watched the humans in front of him almost tripping over one another in their attempt to get out of his way. He could smell their terror and yet there was also some kind of morbid desire emitting from everyone in the room.

Animals. All of them.

Hidden beneath the sunglasses his eyes were struggling to see something. Although the light was dimmed and he was wearing his sunglasses as always the amount of light that was still getting through made it hard for him to concentrate. So he did the only possible thing. He closed his eyes and continued walking. Unfortunately his eyes had always been sensitive to light, so he was used to walking around in total darkness.

Now just relying on his ears and what he could hear around him he moved forward, dividing the various sounds surrounding him - feet tapping around, hard hiphop-beats, voices whispering, and the sound of a glass falling on the floor.

He hoped that there would be nothing in his way, but on second thought he decided he did not care. If there was something (or someone) in his way, he would just ignore it and keep on walking. He identified Tae Kyung pretty easy - he was the only individual in the room who did not reek of panic; although tonight even he seemed nervous.

As he was standing right in front of the other Yunho opened his eyes, but the other vampire appeared just as a blurry shadow to him. Dark clothes and hair were the only information his eyes could contribute him with.

"Where is Yoochun?" he asked as soon as he could smell the faint odour of the other's favourite scotch in the air.

"Getting some fresh air. Thank you for coming."

Yunho sat down and stared straight ahead, wondering what the other could want from him. He was waiting.

Waiting.

'Oh!' he thought after a short while, *'This will be very interesting.'* Tae Kyung was usually a straightforward man and was even more so for Yunho because he knew exactly how much the other hated waiting and people who could not come straight to the point. So him hesitating had to mean it was something important he wanted to talk about.

Tae Kyung downed his beer in one go and took a deep breath. "My Lord..."

"Tae," Yunho growled, "you definitely know better than addressing me like that when you want something from me!"

Tae Kyung shrugged and wanted to say something when he suddenly refused to do so. But this time the interruption was caused by a waitress coming to their table. "Something to drink?" she asked.

Yunho considered grabbing her and sinking his teeth into her carotid, but refused to do so. Although it would definitely taste better than diluted alcohol, human blood could not satisfy his thirst for a long time and fortunately for her he was not really into women. Of course, by living for more than 300 years it would be ridiculous to say that he had not had his fair share of the opposite sex. But he just shook his head as an

answer to her question.

Unfortunately that stupid woman not only showed not the slightest sign that she understood what he meant or what the purpose of her job was. No, she just seemed to also have forgotten her name and was blissfully staring at Yunho.

How annoying.

Tae Kyung shifted in his chair and cleared his throat and it finally seemed like the waitress snapped out of a trance. "Thank you, but we're fine," he said and she left their table. The silence between them was heavy and Tae Kyung knew the longer he waited to say what he wanted the harder it would get.

"Well... thank you for coming."

"You've already said that, Tae."

"Oh yeah. You're right. Well Yunho we've known each other for quite some time now, haven't we?"

"Yeah."

"We fought side by side countless times. And killed a lot of Antis. So..." He hesitated again which gave Yunho the chance to think about their small circle of warriors. They had been protecting their own kind from the Antis for generations -- Tae Kyung. Yoochun. The four others and himself. Although they were definitely outnumbered by Antis -- humans who gave their souls to their profoundly evil master Cean -- Yunho and his warriors were able to hold their ground, and even more than that.

"Come on Tae. I don't have time all night. Leeteuk still has to do something later," Yunho said which apparently helped Tae Kyung to get over with whatever it was.

"Do you want to use that room in my house again? I don't think his sister would be happy seeing you around their house."

As soon as Tae Kyung mentioned Leeteuk's sister Yunho leaned back with folded arms and slightly raised his eyebrows. He did not give a damn about Leeteuk's sister or even cared about what she thought about his lifestyle. XXX was a snob par excellence. She did not understand what kind of enemies they were facing and what it meant to protect vampires against them.

And just because that ignorant cow did not like him or what he did was no reason for him to stand at the side watching how civilians were slaughtered. His place was out there. Right on the battlefield, next to his warriors. The opinions of XXX and the like could matter less to him.

But Leeteuk should not have to handle his arrogant sister.

"Maybe," was all he said.

"Okay."

"And now spill it!"

"I have a son."

Yunho slowly turned his head. "Since when?"

"For a while."

"Who is the mother?"

"You don't know her. Besides she is... she's already dead."

Tae Kyung's pain was evident and surrounded him like a black cloud. The scent of it reached through the scent of human sweat, alcohol and sex that surrounded them.

"How old is he?" Yunho asked kind of wearily. He thought he knew where this was leading.

"Twenty-four."

Yunho cursed under his breath. "Don't ask me, Tae. Don't ask for it."

"But I have to, My Lord. Your blood is..."

"If you address me once more like that I will make sure that you're suffocating from those words! Understood?!" snapped Yunho.

"You don't understand. He is..."

Yunho didn't want to hear what he was so he slowly got up from his chair. Tae Kyung tried to hold him back by laying his hand on Yunho's arm, but Yunho ignored it.

"He is half human."

"Geeez!!!"

"So he might not be able to survive the transition, if it is going to happen. But he definitely has a chance if you were willing to help him. Your blood is strong and could help him make it through despite the fact that he is a halfblood. I am not asking you to take him as your partner or to protect him. I can do that myself. All I am trying to do is... Please help me. All my children died. He may be the only thing that remains from me on this world. And I... I loved his mother."

If someone else had said that Yunho would have shoved his two favourite words into the other's face: FUCK and YOU. In his opinion there were only two acceptable positions for humans; one being on their backs and the other lying on the ground with their faces down and no heartbeat evident. But Tae Kyung was a friend. Or better, he could've been one if Yunho would have let him get close enough.

He closed his eyes and pure hatred flooded through his veins and piled up in the area around his heart. He actually despised himself for what he was doing now. He got up and left the table. But for heaven's sake he definitely was not the kind of man to help a poor halfblood through the hard and troubling times lying ahead of him. There was something he lacked and that was needed to help somebody through the time of transition. Gentleness and mercy were never supposed to be a part of him.

"I cannot do it! Not even for you," he said and started walking away. Tae Kyung's frustration and pain hit him straight like a bullet and Yunho even stumbled because of the sheer force of emotions.

"If you really love him, Tae, do him a favour and ask somebody else."

Yunho turned around again and started to walk out of the club. On his way he erased every memory of himself from the cerebral cortexes of every human being present. The stronger individuals would believe they only dreamt about him and the weaker ones would entirely forget him. As soon as he stepped out he looked for a dark corner where he would be able to dematerialise. While searching he walked past a couple having sex in the shadows of a building, a homeless guy who drank too much and was unconscious, and a drug dealer angrily talking into his cell phone and complaining about the crack prices at the moment.

He sensed somebody had been following him since he passed the couple and he smiled because he knew who it was. Well not personally, but who gave a damn about those details anyway. The sweet scent of talcum was evidence enough and that was all he needed to know.

Yunho opened his leather jacket and took one of his Hira-Shuriken into his hand. He smiled as he swayed the 100 gram heavy star made of steel in his hand. It fit perfectly and that meant only one thing for his enemy: death. He did not change his pace though he wanted to run into the darker shadows so the fight could start. He hoped the other would fight well because that was what he needed right now! An outburst of violence to calm himself down after what happened at the Odeon. And this Anti just popped out of nowhere as if Yunho had wished for him and that wish came true. Killing one of those soulless individuals was the perfect way to get rid of his aggression.

While leading the Anti into pitch black darkness his body was also anticipating the fight. His heartbeat was strong and steady, his muscles tensed and ready to react whenever he needed them to. Yunho heard the index finger playing around with the trigger of a gun and by the sound he calculated where the other was aiming at. The target was the back of his head.

The same moment the Anti bent his finger to shoot, Yunho swung around and threw the Shuriken in one swift movement. The bullet missed him. But he did not miss. The Shuriken was stuck in the Anti's throat and his gun fell to the ground. Not believing it, the Anti's hands flew to his throat and he fell on his knees.

Yunho slowly walked over to him and searched through his pockets. He found a wallet and a cell phone and pocketed them. Then he reached around his back and took out a small dagger with a dark red blade. He was disappointed the fight didn't last longer but considering the still dark hair and eyes and the somewhat half-assed attack it was no wonder at all it ended this fast.

With a sigh Yunho pushed the Anti on his back and threw the dagger in the air. Just a second later he grabbed the hilt within the air and stabbed the Anti right in the heart, or better the area where a heart supposedly would be located -- but in the Anti's case there was only a black hole. As soon as the dagger reached the hole the Anti vanished

into nothing accompanied by white lightning.

After making sure he was alone, Yunho walked over into the darker shadows and vanished into thin air as he dematerialised himself.

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Tae Kyung felt like Yunho had betrayed him, though he knew from the start that the percentage of Yunho agreeing was very low. But still he had hoped...

Whatever he hoped for did not matter anymore, for now he had to find somebody else to help his son when he was going through the transition. No – if, not when. He still had hope. Absentmindedly Tae Kyung left the Odeon and went to his car. Of course all vampires could dematerialise to travel long distances, but it was very difficult when carrying heavy things or when exhausted. And somehow it was counterproductive keeping it a secret that vampires exist when they eventually started to vanish into thin air in front of humans. And to be honest a nice car was always an eyecatcher.

He got in the car and closed the door. At the same time the first raindrops started falling.

*'Maybe there was another option,'* he thought. Talking about Leeteuk's sister had given him a new idea. She was a doctor; a passionate healer throughout the vampires. Maybe she would be able to help him. Asking wouldn't hurt, right?

Distracted by his thoughts Tae Kyung tried starting the motor, but the starter was only stuttering. He tried again and suddenly he had a bad feeling as he heard a rhythmical ticking noise. The bomb connected to the car's electric devices went off.



His last thought was with his son who never got to know him, and now never would be able to.