

The Shadow Coven: Sebastian: Origin

Sebastian didn't know that losing someone could be so...cold.

That the gap that that person left was so...empty.

The funeral was days ago, and yet Sebastian still feels like he's drowning in the ocean that is loss. His little brother had been everything to him. His joy, his comfort, and now...his sorrow.

They'd lost their parents years ago, to the fire that had burned their home to simmering coals and ash. Sebastian barely knew them. He'd been three at the time, and Axel had been a newborn. All he remembers of them are cold faces that had been burnt beyond recognition, and the childish hope that they would stand up and be fine so they could take care of his blisters and burns.

Sebastian shakes his head to clear the thought. Now isn't the time to be thinking about his parents. He's had enough time to mull over their deaths. Now it's...now it's...

Now it's Axel's turn.

The new thought stabs fresh, hot tears into his eyes. He buries his face into his knees and sobs. All of society's rules and regulations about men can go to Hell; his brother is dead. He's allowed to mourn as loud and with as many tears as he likes in the privacy of his own home.

That doesn't mean he likes it, though. He *wishes* he could stop crying. He *wishes* he could stop feeling the gaping, empty and cold cavern in his chest.

He wishes...

Sebastian rubs his wet cheeks in a futile attempt to dry them. There are too many things he wishes for. He can't possibly think of all of them. The one he really wants to come true is for Axel to come back...

There's a knock at the front door, and Sebastian works up the strength to stand to turn away his unwanted guest. When was the last time he ate, actually? Yesterday? He can't remember.

He tries again to make himself presentable and dry his face, but no matter what, he looks horrible. He doesn't try to fix up his appearance anymore as he moves toward the door and turns the knob, opening the door to a sizable crack. Soren stands there, his lips set in a grim line. He means business with that look.

"Soren, go away." Sebastian sighs, starting to close the door, but Soren puts his well polished shoe between the door and the frame. The other man pushes his way into the home, and he sets a hand on Sebastian's shoulder as he kicks the door open.

"I'm not going to let you stay here and be depressed. Come on, we're going for a walk."

Soren hooks a hand around Sebastian's elbow and yanks him halfway out the door. Sebastian's tear ruined face finally crinkles with a scowl, and he pulls his arm out of his friend's grip.

"Don't wanna." Sebastian says, turning his back to the sunset streaked street. He also crosses his arms like a petulant child so Soren can't grab his arm again.

He hears Soren sigh behind him, and he hears him walk so he's in front of his friend. His hands rest on Sebastian's shoulders, his hazel eyes looking at Sebastian's blue ones.

“Look, your little brother wouldn’t want you to throw away the rest of your life just because he died. Come on, man. Just a quick walk around the street. I promise you’ll feel better.” Soren says, his hands dropping from Sebastian’s shoulders, but his eyes don’t leave his.

Even though he wanted to feel better earlier, he suddenly doesn’t want to. The grief chokes him in its strangling grip, not wanting to let go, making him want to drown. Making him not want to...let go of the empty feeling.

It made it real. That his brother was gone. He doesn’t want to let go of it, because then he’ll forget that he died. Then he’d come back and remember that his brother wasn’t in the house. That his brother is six feet below him, rotting in a coffin while his own flesh and blood is still living. Then he’d break down again.

“Sebastian? You can’t stay here forever.” Soren urges, his hand lifting halfway to console the grieving man again. “Please? Me and the others are getting worried about you.”

Sebastian sighs deeply. He really doesn’t want to go out.

“Just leave me alone, Soren.” Sebastian pleads softly. “Come on, it’s been a week since...*he* died, and five days since...we buried him. Let me grieve in peace.”

He can’t even say the words without choking up. Can’t Soren see that?

“It’s been five days too long since you stepped out of this house. Please?”

Apparently not.

Soren won’t stop begging. Sebastian knows his friend, and Soren is as stubborn as they come when it comes to helping his friends feel better. It’d be better to save himself hours worth of lectures and pleads and just go with Soren.

Sebastian slouches his shoulders, and he relents.

“Fine. Let’s go.”



The late autumn bites Sebastian’s exposed arms, making the young man shiver and rub his goosebumps. The darkening sky doesn’t make him feel better; he’d spent so much time being a stubborn mule with Soren that the sun had set before he finally stepped out the door.

Sebastian hates autumn. It’s the season of death. The grass and the leaves shrivel up and die, dampening his already depressing mood. He prefers the vibrant spring rather than this chilly season.

“See? Much better!” Soren says with a bright smile.

“If you like death and cold things, sure.” Sebastian mutters.

Soren shoots him an exasperated look. He ignores it. Just because he’s out here doesn’t mean his depression is going to go *poof* and be gone. Although he’s sure his depression is now accompanied by annoyance.

If Soren wanted to make him feel something other than sadness, it looks like he got his wish.

...why can’t *he* get his wishes granted so easily?

They turn the corner before Soren speaks again.

“You know—”

Soren’s cut off with a strange and familiar gurgling sound. Sebastian looks over, and blood weeps out of Soren’s mouth and the slit mark across his neck. An expression of belated panic crosses over his face, and his friend collapses to the ground, a blank and dead look in his eyes.

Sebastian has no time to scream or panic himself, a blinding, white-hot pain searing across his flesh. He falls to his knees, breathing shallowly as he holds his own bleeding neck in a fruitless attempt to stop the blood flow. His eyes remain on the sidewalk, and something dark flashes at the edge of his vision. Black shoes stop at the top of his vision.

He looks up, and chills race down his spine.

The man that stands above him looks at the claws on his fingers rather than at Sebastian, as if he can't see the blood spilling from his neck. A crow perches on the strange man's shoulder, a finger hanging from its beak. The man scratches the underside of the crow's head as the crow devours the finger.

"Poor thing...I was aiming for the other one...you were in the way." The man says, shaking his head sadly, "His blood smells much more pleasant than your depressing one."

Go figures Sebastian thinks, struggling to hold onto the thread of consciousness he wants to so desperately let go. He'd see Axel...he's seeing Axel.

Axel stands behind the man, peeking out like a sprig from the melting snow. He's smiling and holding out a hand, welcoming and inviting...

A hand grabs his chin, his eyes being forced to look away from his brother and into crimson-tinged obsidian. The man looks upon him with a strange look; half shock, half benevolence.

"...it'd be a waste to let you die. You have potential." The man observes, his lips parting to reveal a pair of fangs.

"Let's see how far you'll go...as a vampire."