

Damn You

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*romance between an oc and vexen. contains implied past-tense/ parental slash. read if you want to.
PLEASE FLAME! rated for safety.*

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1 - Damn You

Okay, well.... This is exactly what is appears to be- flamer bait. I swear, I must have been high or something to have even considered writing this. It's based on the stupid @\$@ principle of since $-1 \times -1 = 1$, then nobody x nobody can equal human.

Yeah, I know. Just shoot me now.

Yes, the nobodies have kids in this. I think you'll quickly figure out the parings. They were raised in the human world until now.

Anyways, it's just a snippet of my retarded brain- baby, so bear with me and fire up your insults. I'm sure you'll have a ball.

Disclaimer: Oh yeah, I own nothing

Vexen sighed as the gadgets around him clicked and buzzed as various chemicals fizzed. He was up to something, ANYTHING to distract him from the miserable beings that had arrived month ago.

Was it a month ago? It seemed like it.

All sense of time had been lost further in this "world that never was." The boy was an idiot- a complete airhead as his "second father." The blonde was just as persnickety and annoying as her mother, the third was short in stature and silent- the perfect splice between her fathers,

And the last one..... the strawberry blonde.....

Ah, she had the mannerisms of her "first father," moved like her "second father," and was just as easily provoked as the both of them.

And yet...she had implanted herself into his mind and had soon spread to his every thought like ice across a lake. How did she do that? He was a man of knowledge, a man of science! How could she have managed to become the object of his almost constant thought?

"Science is not omnipotent," she said. That one phrase. It had angered him at first, and then it just became an annoying memory. The way her voice sounded, the way her lips moved as she formed the words, her eyes- her brilliant green eyes suddenly dulled and half-lidded as her brow flattened in a matter-of-fact manner...

He suddenly had the urge to slam the nearest free and heavy object into his face. At least it would have been a distraction....to block out another distraction....that had stirred his mind for the past-

He threw his head against the wall. This was hopeless.

"Formula seventy-five not working?" a sarcastic voice said from behind.

Oh damn. "It's you..." he muttered.

She giggled. He managed to lift this head just enough to look at her.

"Why are you here, whatever your name is?" he asked flatly.

"Because my dad's driving me crazy, I don't want to spar with Arialene anymore, and I wanted to see if there was anyone worth talking to here. And the name's Lorea. Understand?" she said tapping her fore-finger against her temple.

Why the hell was her voice stirring something in him? Why was she.....AUGH! He had too many questions and not knowing the answers was beginning to piss him off.

"I'm sick of this!"

Vexen turned and slammed Lorea against the wall. The thud echoed as his gloved hands gripped her

shoulders. "How are you doing this?" he hissed through clenched teeth. Lorea turned her face away and clenched her eyes shut as tightly as possible.

"Answer me!" he screamed.

Lorea turned her head back and opened her eyes slowly. The confusion and anger written all over his face scared her at first. She had only been in this insane world for so long, but had picked up on most everyone's personalities-his in particular.

"ANSWER ME!"

"How am I doing what sir?" Lorea asked coolly.

"You know damn well what I mean," Vexen said, eyes narrowing into a cold (pardon the pun) glare.

"You've done something to me... you've stuck yourself in my mind so that one way or another, I can only think of you!"

"You know, sir, my father is very protective and I suggest-"

"I don't give a damn! You're father can whatever the hell he wants to me as long as I get an answer as to what the hell-"

Lorea took a deep breath.

"DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!" he screamed, clasping a hand over her mouth. Lorea resisted the urge to bite. "Now, TELL ME!"

Vexen removed his hand in order for her to explain to him his current condition. Instead he felt the warm presence of her breath on his cheeks and her lips upon his

Not quite the response he had expected.

He was even more confused when he felt compelled to wrap his arms around her waist. And did.

Lorea broke away, looking as satisfied as Vexen did dumbfounded. She turned on her heel as began to walk off in the direction she came, but stopped suddenly half way.

"Winter was always my favorite season," she said, looking back at the confused blonde. "Understand?"

i would just like to say one thing in one final note: Lorea is NOT all-powerful, she is NOT loved by everyone, and she eventually SNAPS.

just wanted to clarify! :-)