

# Memories

## One Shot

Von Fiji-Fujii

### One Shot: Memories

Early in winter, snow was falling gently onto the ground. There was dead silence all around the cemetery, because nobody regarded it as necessary to attend a melancholy spot like this at the time. But Adrian enjoyed the pleasant atmosphere there. He had come to see his mother's last resting place. He hadn't done that for a long time. Apart from him, nobody ever visited her grave, not even his father.

A sight.

"I'm sorry, mother..." he whispered, "...for not looking after you all these years."

He kneeled down and leaned forward to kiss the cold stone in the wall that marked Lisa's grave. With a sad smile he added, "I'm also sorry for father's behaviour. What a careless husband he was... He has never turned up, I'm sure."

Though he struggled so much against upcoming tears, he couldn't do anything to stop them brimming over and clearing their way down his cheeks. How glad he would be if only his mother hugged him once more, with that innocent smile of hers! If only his mother were *alive*! Damn it all, if he merely had been better taken care of her, she wouldn't have died...

Absorbed in his thoughts he didn't notice that somebody was standing behind him, already for a while, until he suddenly felt a grip on his shoulder. When he turned around rapidly, startled as he was, he rammed his head hard against a brawny chest of someone he had never expected at a place like this.

"Richter Belmont!" he hissed as he examined his head, "What in the world brought *you* here? Are you visiting deceased relatives of yours or were you just following me from somewhere?"

Richter coughed due to the knock that Adrian gave him in his revelation. After a while he cleared his throat and with a shy smile he replied, "I was just going for a walk when I saw you... well, um... you seemed pretty depressed, so I thought I had to..."

Adrian interrupted him by raising his hand in a refusing gesture, "I appreciate your kindness, Richter, but it's really none of your business."

With these words he turned away from the Belmont to leave him by himself and slowly set off to the burial place where he had been sleeping for over 500 years. And so was his intention to do, at least for the next ten centuries.

He remembered that he had spoken to Maria, a few days after he had defeated his father, the famous Lord Dracula, in a hellish battle in Castlevania. She still appeared to keep him from going back to sleep again.

*'I will not burden the world with my cursed existence.'* he had told her then.

*'And I will not let you go down in loneliness!'* she had nearly shouted at him with those desperate looking eyes, *'Alucard! If you come with me and Richter, you will never ever be lonely again!'*

But these words meant nothing to Adrian, since he knew that with his cursed blood, as the son of the world's most feared creature, he shouldn't allow himself to live among normal people. Apart from that, he wasn't sure whether he could control his desire for blood. Besides the human blood that flowed through his veins, he was half of a vampire after all.

Therefore, the only possibility for him to stay away from human beings, so that he wouldn't hurt them, was sleep. Falling long and fast asleep. That's how it had to be. And so he had tried to explain it to Maria.

But she didn't understand, not at all. Or rather she didn't *want* to understand. Actually, Adrian wasn't supposed to hurt her, however he did, although not on purpose.

"Poor Maria." he thought while passing by the majestic walls of the old cemetery, "I've been rather cheerless recently... maybe I should apologize..."

While he was thinking if it was the right decision to apologize to Maria before going to sleep again, Richter followed him discreetly. Then, briefly after Dracula's son had almost reached his burial place, the Vampire Hunter grabbed his arm and with an earnest look he demanded, "So, you're serious about it. You will go back to sleep, no matter what we do, won't you?"

Adrian was once more surprised about the Belmont's presence, "What the... ?!"

"Please, Alucard!" Richter let him go, but he was staring at him with the same expression of despair Maria had had when they were talking, "If I were you I would think it over once more."

"Well," Adrian uttered after a short instant of silence, "Probably I'll have to..."

Now it was Richter who seemed to be surprised. To be honest, he had certainly never imagined that the half breed would do him the honour of taking his favour to heart. But it seemed that he really *did*! What a miracle!

"Really?" Richter asked to make sure that the one he called Alucard wasn't joking.

Adrian rolled his eyes obviously annoyed and assured him, "Yes, really."

"So, then... I guess we need to talk." said the Belmont.

"And what is there left to talk about?" Adrian wanted to know, "I've already explained three times to you why it's not possible for me to stay with you and Maria."

Richter firmly shook his head, "But there's more to it, isn't there?"

Adrian gave his person opposite a stunned glance. Darn it, how could he *know*?! He had never hinted at this second reason, had he? Then how come that Richter discovered?

"Can't you tell me?" the Belmont inquired with a heedful term.

"I... I actually haven't intended to speak about it..." Adrian answered tentatively, worrying his lower lip under his teeth, "But... it's alright now. It seems that I can't hide it from you any longer, so I'll tell you."

"You have my full attention!"

Adrian smiled a bit as his lips began to move, "You're right in your supposition that it's not only from my cursed blood that matters. Firstly humans would never, I repeat, *never* accept me for what I am just as they didn't accept my father or my mother for what they were. And secondly I don't age like you or Maria. For me it would be more than painful to see those who are precious to me grow older and die one day. Do you understand?"

Richter's nodding made it clear to him that he understood. So the half breed went on, "But as that happened to my beloved mother and some of my best friends, it's better for me to sleep forever instead of losing my precious ones, because in future memories are all that will be left from them."

Again he felt tears coming up in his eyes as before, when he had to face his mother's grave at the cemetery, so he closed them and took a deep breath. He didn't want Richter to watch him crying, since he knew that afterwards he would be terribly embarrassed.

"So," he attempted to speak without any trembling in his voice, "If you want to keep me from continuing my sleep you better should hurry up and find a good reason to keep me awake."

"Oh, I think I already have!" Richter alleged with a confident smirk, "Your *memories*!"

Adrian raised one of his elegant eyebrows in doubt, "Huh?"

"Well, you told me that the only remembrance of your dead mother is the memory of her." Richter tried harder to get it to the point, "All right then, erm... what I want to

say is... um, how can I explain that?"

He paused in search for better words, but at last he gave in, "Look, I really have no idea how terrible it must be to lose someone who's important to you. I've never been through a situation like that. Anyway, someday you have to come over it because mourning won't help much either! Life goes on, Alucard, and it's better to keep the memories of your mother, friends and whoever as a remembrance safely in your heart. As long as you keep them they'll never be gone. They'll always be at your side. *You are not alone!*"

Silence appeared between the young men. Snow had stopped falling, the wintry clouds were passing and after a while the sun was shining on a wonderful blue sky as though in spring. It was really hard to believe, amazing as it was.

Then, all of a sudden Adrian was able to figure out the silhouette of his mother in the passing clouds. Her lips seemed to form into a gentle smile as she always had done.

*You are not alone, Adrian.*

'And I never will.' Adrian added in his thoughts, smiling happily, 'Because my memories will follow me with every step I take, forever. Right, mother?'

His glance turned to Richter, "Thank you, Richter Belmont, for opening my eyes. You were right, so was Maria. I am deeply sorry for not trusting you, though I knew, you just tried to help me all the time."

A very puzzled expression was marked on the Belmont's face right now, "Oh, um... never mind! Then... you will come with me and Maria?"

A coy smile by Adrian, "Yes."

Richter sighted in relief, "I'm glad you finally made it out this way, Alucard."

"You may call me Adrian."

"Alright... Adrian."

~THE END~  
(or is it?)