

Bara no Konrei

The Vampires' Prelude

Von Flokati

Kapitel 6: The Purgatory

The sound of the door pushed open hastily.

„Run away!“*

A desperate call.

„Got you!“ „Witch!“ „There she is!“*

Angry cries of vengeance.

„You are disguised as if belonging to a convent!“*

Firm grips on my arms. Pulled roughly away from the altar. Out of the chapel. Raging people, white flags with crosses, batted by wooden sticks. A glimpse of you.

They sentenced me to burn on the cross.

I was charged to have murdered Mary, sister Catherine, the lady and the maid, accused of being a witch, sneaking as such into a convent and being a traitor of God.

I did not listen to the stories they came up with, how and why I could have done all that and if something did not fit, they said I had used witchcraft. Kouji was not allowed to attend my trial that was held the same day they caught me. I saw Great Sister Ann with disgust in her face, the mother of Mary cursing me, the old man from the church claiming to have known it all the time, since I had not seemed affected by sister Catherine's death and my other sisters were making me responsible for the lightning that had hit the tree in order to flee and to murder again.

In all the battling before I was put into trial, my robes and corset had been torn apart by the people, not only revealing my hair, but also my flat chest and thus my gender, what caused them to bark away in shock, stopping the humiliation violently done to my body. For now being exposed entirely I was convicted unfailably as a witch of the Devil, they cried.

It was shortly after the ringing of the bell that let me know it was 6 o'clock in the evening that they came to execute me. I had been locked in the vault under the church after my sentence had been completed, listening to the sound of hammers and saws, that were building my cross. I did not complain. Through the whole process I had barely spoken, of what use would it have been to defend myself. I just waited for it all to end.

They bound ropes to each of my knuckles so tight they cut into my skin even through the fabric of gloves. I had been given a simple, black dress before the trial and I was still wearing it, it should be my death's robe as well. Black, as my soul, they had laughed at me. By the time I was led out of the church, the habitants were neither

shouting nor shrieking. In anticipation they watched me passing quietly, walking away, departing from them to the place that had been chosen to become my grave. Only a few men and women followed us. We arrived soon in a nice spot with only a few trees around, high straw and grass and some bushes. My cross was laying in its middle sacredly and there was a hole in the ground before it's longer beam. I was pulled to the cross and made lay down on it, my arms got bound to either side with the robes that had already caught my hands. My heart was beating quicker and made me feel sick, once the cross and I were raised in the vertical, sinking a little in the ground. While still hold upright by other ropes, two men started fixing it on the ground and gathering wood sticks and wood sharvings to distribute them all around me. I just heard them perparing, my gaze was at the sky, that was clear again, with only some little clouds at the horizon.

„Mana!“

My heart sank. I did not even dare to look down. He had come. He would see me burn. I did not want him to be here and yet I could not prevent to feel a strange, heavy happiness inside me to hear his voice again.

„Boy! What you're doing here?“

„Let her go, she's innocent!“

„You're talking nonsense, she's the murderer of your mother!“

„Maybe she has bewitched you, too, sir.“

„That's not the place for you to be right now, go back home!“

„Mana!“ you addressed me. I could not look in your eyes, if I did, maybe my faith got broken. I would not let it happen once again, my heart was breaking, yes, but what was it worth, the demons were lurking already to devour it.

„Mana!“

Please don't watch this.

„Please!“

„Stay away, your bothering us!“

„The witch must burn, she's the origin of our losses!“

„I won't go! Mana!“

Please go home ... go home and forget about me.

„Someone get hold of him! Maybe she's using witchcraft to make him free her!“

„Let go of me, just listen! She is innocent!“

Just get him away ... I can't stand it.

„Young master, you wouldn't want us to lay hands on you!“

„Why don't you -“

You were beaten and they grapped you. I heard you struggling.

„Someone get the fire, quickly, before we're all bewitched!“

Yes, please proceed, let it end, but bring him away ... he is not supposed to suffer even more ...

„Mana ...“

I raise my gaze pleadingly to heavens above me. Release us ...

Crackling of purgatory.

Rotten apples thrown. Accusing choirs of innocent hymns.

Torn apart in twilight, a maze of human emotions we cannot hold.

The beauty on the cross, awaiting the raise of darkness.

The white skin, a blossoming blood-red rose of sinnery.

The time to fade is now.

I saw the sky changing. Dark clouds, I heard thunder crashing and lightning was blending me. Heavy rain fell and I felt his presence. The Devil had heard my prayers ... Hell had chosen me to be forsaken and Heaven had refused that I should be forgiven. The stage was set before my eyes.

My executioners escaped in fear and there he was ... appeared out of nowhere, hovering in the air right in front of me.

„My dear ...“ he whispered pityfully, touching my cheeks and his skin was so cold like being death in person, I shuddered under his touches, that were so icy and still so gentle ...

„Come with me.“ he told me, eyeing me as if I was a lost lover. I closed my eyes, layed my head down on his shoulder ... let me die ... extinguish my existence ...

I moaned tonelessly as his sharp teeth set into my skin, an undefinable lust spreading though my whole body and although being caught by it I desired more. I did not want him to stop sucking from me, he should get all I had running through my veins ... all of it, my blood and my life ...

He stopped.

My head lulled on his shoulder again. Eyes wide open, I was panting, longing for him, struggling against the ropes that hold me, I wanted to embrace him, cling to him, he was my only desire ...

„Drink from me and live forever.“ he continued whispering generously and suddenly I could hear the sound of my blood rushing through his body, arousing me so much I got mad by it. I was freed from the cross, falling in his arms and softly we landed on the ground. Greedily I watched him cut his knuckle with a knife, droplets of blood falling on my face, I tried to catch them with my tongue and he looked pleased at me, offering me the source of lusting. Hastly I bit him, regaining the pleasure, drowning in an ecstasy beyond all my experiences and once having reached the climax, I fainted.

Caught between the crevice of delusion and reality.

I had lost it all. Memories, all that's left in my ruined and dissolute mind.

I had become a creature of the night. My body had lost it's life and remained still here, carrying me through the ridicule nihility, I dissipate in solitary.

From the yonder of darkness I look back to the time I was a human being. I dwell in eternity of time, that is ticking away endlessly.

Remembering, Reminding.

Reminiscence.

Incircled by the shadows around me that bind me to the life I have to live,

I wish everything would collapse and scatter away

Recall, Recollect.

Reminiscence.

* = Corrected sentences taken from the movie