

Love's End

My name is Claire Love. While my last name sounds cute to most, I hate it. In fact this is the first time I said my last name in years. That word haunts and torments me, it was love that ruined my life. When I was just a young girl, my father, in his dying breath, promised to protect me from the demon that kills us. The most dangerous demon of them all. The demon he called love. My father was a very protective man. He did everything he could to keep me safe physically, mentally, and emotionally. He did not have the best childhood, so in turn he made sure that I had everything he did not. And that was security and love.

On his deathbed, my father used every last ounce of energy he had to cast one last spell, a spell, though with good intentions, ruined my life. The most powerful, dangerous, and forbidden protection spell known to our kind. A spell so strong that only the witch or warlock who cast it could undo it, a spell that would lead to the death of many.

The spell was known as Love's End. Ironic right? This spell has only been cast twice in the history of magic. The first time the effects were so detrimental that it was forbidden. No one spoke of this spell ever again. I am the only person brave enough to call it by its official name; most either do not speak of it or call it the Unspeakable curse.

Love's End was a spell, well curse is more accurate, a protection spell at heart, but in actuality it is a death curse. This spell, when done correctly, would slowly and painfully kill anyone who is unfortunate enough to fall in love with the cursed one. Once a lover confesses their love they begin to die. Once the curse takes effect, the confessor only has only twenty-four hours to live. The only ones safe from the curse are blood relatives. My father thought he was protecting his little girl from getting her heart broken, when all he did was make it so I could never have a heart. The worst part was I didn't know about it until it was too late.

It all started with Vulcan Tear. His name was as unique as he was. He was tall, tan, and fit beyond anyone I had ever met. He had eyes the color of emeralds. He was a powerful warlock, skilled way beyond his age. And like all of us with magic, when he cast a spell his eyes would alter. No longer would he have the eyes of a human, but the slit pupils of a cat. But there was something special about Vulcan, whenever his eyes changed from human to cat, they also changed colors, from shimmering emeralds to a stunning sparkling golden color.

Vulcan and I met in high school. We were both seniors, at the ripe age of eighteen. He called me his blue-eyed angel. I'm a dark haired girl with smooth sun kissed skin and bright blue eyes. I never liked my human eyes I preferred my cat eyes, not only did they look cool but you could really see how bright and blue my eyes were. The cat eyes also enhanced my vision. The time the cat eyes lasted varied based on the strength of the spell. I was constantly using my powers to keep my cat eyes. It was the thing he said loved most about me. He said that even though I lived amongst mortals I still lived like a witch. I was never one to hide my true nature, unlike most the others who live amongst mortals, I used my powers.

Vulcan and I were inseparable. We planned our graduation day the entire year. We talked about how good we would look in our cap and gowns. We talked about how as we would cross the stage we would freeze time for the mortals and go crazy on stage. Everything was perfect until three days before graduation.

I had met his parents when we first began to date. They were adorable and rebels at heart. I loved his parents almost as much as I loved mine. However it wasn't until a few days before graduation that I actually brought him home to meet my mom. After my dad died she changed. She didn't like visitors at the house, nor did she leave the house much. She wanted me to be homeschooled, but I somehow convinced of the benefits of public schooling.

The day she met Vulcan she was kind to him, but we both could tell something was bothering her. I talk about him so much it was almost like they had already met, yet still something was off. When he left, I pulled her aside to talk. It was just me and her, my father had past away years before and we had no other family. She was all I had, and I was all she had.

"You are the only family I have left. Your opinion is the only one that matters in my life. What is bothering you so much? Vulcan is a great guy with a terrific family, but you don't like him do you?" I asked. I felt my eyes swelling with tears. Vulcan was the first guy I ever loved, and the thought of my mother not liking him crushed me.

"I adore him. I think he is great, but there are some things I haven't told you. There are some things that I don't honestly know how to tell you," she said. "All I can advise is don't fall in love with him, and don't let him fall in love with you. Love is very dangerous. Love can kill. Just don't let him fall in love with you." I felt like there was more to this than she was telling me. I knew there was a deeper meaning behind everything she said.

The next day we met up for our one year anniversary. Everything seemed too good to be true. He took me to my favorite restaurant and ordered my favorite meal. He told me to let him take care of everything. I put my trust in his hands. I had never felt so much emotion for another person before. As we ate dinner he took my hand. "I have been wanting to say this for a very long time," he paused. "Clair, my blue eyed angel, I love you. I love you with all my heart. You are the only person I can honestly say that I love."

"I love you too. I have waited a long time to work up the courage to tell you this but I love you more than I have ever loved anyone. My mom is the only family I have and I feel like you and her are all that I have to live for."

There was a swift shift in the wind. It was if the air around us just stopped for a brief second. He started to choke. He was coughing viciously. I looked in his hand and he was coughing up blood. "Vulcan, how often does this happen?" I asked.

"This is the first time this has happened ever. I feel like something is crushing my chest," he said.

"Let's get you home. I'll call your mom and tell her we are coming. If it keeps up I'm taking you to the hospital," I said. He looked at me. His eyes were getting dim. His face was getting pale. He looked extremely sick. I tried not to panic, but within minutes he was becoming almost unrecognizable.

We got him to his house. He was so dizzy I had to carry him to his bed. His mom was a nurse at the local hospital. "I can take care of him, but it helps if you are around those who care about you. We have a saying at the hospital: as long as you are surrounded by those you love no sickness can keep you down," she said. I called my mom and explained what was going on.

"Has he confessed his love to you?" She asked. I didn't see how that was relevant.

"Yes, but I'm going to stay with him tonight just to make sure he is okay," I said. I could hear her crying. "Mom?"

"Come home we need to talk," she said. I could tell something was wrong. I didn't question her. "Now!"

"I have to go home. There's something wrong with my mom. I'll be over here first thing in the morning. I won't even put on make-up so beware." I kissed his forehead. He was burning up. I really didn't want to leave, but my mom never cries. She hasn't cried since my father's death. My mom was as solid as a rock when it came to her emotional strength so I knew something was seriously wrong.

I drove home as fast as I could. There was so much running through my mind. My head was pounding and my heart was racing. My heart was crashing against my chest, sending shock waves throughout my body. I was worried about my mom and Vulcan. I could only hope for the best and expect the worst.

I got home and my mother was sitting at the bar in the kitchen. Her eyes were swollen and puffy.. She was so emotional. I had never seen anyone so emotional before. I ran and immediately hugged her. She didn't say a word for a while. "Sit down," she struggled to get out. She nodded her head and the chair slid back. Her crystal blue cat eyes were flushed with red and tears. Mama wasn't the one to use magic a lot and if she did it was for something useful, not just pushing a chair out from me. My heart sank to the ground as I looked at her, drying her eyes trying to get herself together. "Before your father died, do you remember what he said?"

"Of course," I replied. "He said Claire Bear I love you and I will never let anyone hurt you. I will protect you from the demon that kills so many. Love. Then he cast some spell and died. Why?"

"The spell he cast was called Love's End," she choked on the words as they came out her mouth.

"Love's End?" I said to myself. "I don't know that one. I have never heard of it before. What does it do?"

My phone rang. "It's Vulcan's mom, maybe he is feeling better," I cheerfully said.

"Hello! Mrs. Tear?" I said. "Is Vulcan better?" I stopped and listened. She was crying hysterically.

"Is everything alright?" I noticed my mom stand up and open her arms like she knew something.

"He kept coughing up blood, so I took him to the hospital. He kept saying it felt like something was crushing his insides. The doctor prepared him for a few scans, he . . . he . . . He," she said. She couldn't get past that word. "He passed away. He died. The doctors said all his internal organs had been crushed and ripped open. His blood was hard and thick. His throat had closed up. They said they had never seen anything like it before. This was not a natural death. Someone did this to him."

"That can be!" I said. "Everyone loved Vulcan. He was the most popular guy in school. Besides there are only sixteen of us at school with magic. We all got along great, never had we had any problems with one another." Vulcan was the type of guy who had to make a new friend every day. He had to make everyone feel better. He was the guy who stood by the vending machines at lunch using his powers to help someone get their food when the machine got stuck. He was the one who did whatever was necessary to brighten a stranger's day.

Then I just exploded. Tears burst from my eyes. I couldn't hold it in any longer. I was trying to be calm for his mom. She needed support. His father had passed away a few months back. She needed someone to be her anchor. I wanted to be her anchor, but the truth is I, myself, needed an anchor. "I will call you later. Please keep in touch with me. You are one of the few I have to lean on. I am still going to be here for you. I know Vulcan would want us to stay connected and help one another overcome this tragedy," she struggled to say. I managed to make the attempt to reply, but all my words ran together. "Please, Clair, don't try to speak. We can talk later right now. We need to cry our tears out so we can overcome the sadness that comes with death and embrace his new life in the spirit world." I could express how grateful I was to have her with me through this. I was amazed by her strength. It was almost as if comforting me gave her strength.

I looked at my mother who still had her arms out. "He didn't make it. He's dead," I blubbered. I buried my face in her chest, soaking her shirt with my tears. I couldn't stop crying.

"Listen to me," she ordered. "What I was telling you before, about Love's End. His love for you killed him-."

"What?" I shouted pushing her back. "Are you saying I killed him?"

"No, not at all," she said. "Well a little, yes. Not so much yo but his love for you."

"Blistered be thy tongue. The language thy speaks must be lies. Since thou lies, thou shall not speak," I said, casting a spell on her. I had never used magic on my mother before. The spell I cast made it so my mom could not speak. I was so angry that I couldn't control myself. "Now thy punishment is over. Let thou speak again," I reversed the spell. "I'm sorry I don't know what came over me."

"Clarissa Bell Love," she said. I could hear the anger in her throat. She called me by my full name, and everyone knows the full name was an invention to let you know you are in trouble. "If you ever use magic on your mother like that again I will strip you of your powers and leave you in the middle of the driest desert for a month!" Most kids get grounded, but those who had magic punishments were a lot more creative and harsh. Mortal get their car keys or cell phone taken away. I get my magic taken away. It's kind of the same thing, but much worse.

"I'm sorry! How did you expect me to react to you telling me I am the reason my first love is dead?" I said. Somewhere between the hug and the spell the crying stopped and anger rushed through my veins.

"The spell your father cast was forbidden. He was only trying to protect you. He had your best interest in mind. Not even he knew the detrimental effects of this spell," she began. "It was the second time in the history of our kind that this spell had been cast. The spell is the most

powerful known to our kind. Only the witch or warlock who cast it can undo it. No one speaks of it. Most call it the Unspeakable. It is in only one spell book, the original spell book, no other book even mentions this spell. Though it is meant to protect, it curses you to a life alone. I didn't recognize the spell at first, but by the time I figured out what he was doing I couldn't stop him. I don't even know where he learned that spell. The original spell book has been lost for years. I am sorry. If only I could have been able to realize it earlier then maybe I could have stopped him." She started crying again.

"You can't blame yourself for something my father did. I am not mad at you for what he did," I said. "I am mad that you didn't tell me about this until now."

"I didn't think I needed to. Up until Vulcan you never had a real relationship. I figured you either figured it out yourself or you were going to be alone forever. I wish I had found out how serious you and Vulcan were sooner, then I would have put an end to it," she said.

"There has to be ways around this curse. There must be a way to undo it," I said.

"The only way to end the spell is for you to die," she said.

"Okay, well that's out the window!" I said.

It was at this moment that I realized I could never face Vulcan's mother again. how could I look her in the eye knowing I was the reason her only son is dead. The thought of that hurt almost as much as his death. for a moment it was as if I couldn't breathe. The world around me seemed to stop. I felt myself getting light headed. I could not handle all of this right now.

That night mother decided we should leave town. We moved to a small town. The smallest town we could find. The smaller the town the less people. The less people the less boys. The less boys the less likely I am to kill. The town was so small they didn't even have a stop light. There was no need for one. Stop signs did the job. I didn't leave the house. Mother and I

decided it was safer if I didn't leave the house. If I didn't leave the house, I couldn't fall in love with anyone. With it being such a small town, it didn't take long for the news to travel about the girl who wouldn't leave home. I had become the town shut in with a mysterious past.

After a few months of being in the new town, all sorts of rumors spread about me. "So today when I was out getting the groceries, I heard some great rumors about you," mama said.

"I can't wait to hear how creative the mortals have gotten," I said. Mama and I use the rumors to help pass the time. We thought they were funny.

"Well Carol, the preacher's wife, thinks you are a Satanist and thinks that if you go into the sunlight your skin will burn," she began. "Barbra thinks that you are a witch and fresh air makes you choke. Um, Stacy thinks you are a demon from hell. Dana thinks that you have some mental illness. And my favorite, Susan thinks you are a satanic witch from the pits of hell sent to kill everyone in the town, and you can't go outside because you are awaiting orders from Satan."

"Mortals have some imagination," I laughed. "Anyway, did you get the sodas? We are out of drinks."

"I'll be back," she said. She grabbed her purse and headed out to the store.

I hated being alone all the time. I had no one to talk to. I had no friends. I could never have friends. I finally understood how Anne Frank felt. It was just me, my mother and my books. I read everyday looking for even a mention of the Unspeakable spell.

Mama had been gone for about five minutes before I heard a knock on the door. Imagined she forgot something. I opened the door, a tall pale blonde boy stood at the door. "Who the hell are you?" I asked. I tried to sound as rude as possible. There was something about him. I felt like I knew him. I felt like there was a reason he was here, like everything has led up to this point.

"I am Tyler. I know who you are, the real you. Can I come in?" he said.

“Um you are a creep, and no you can't come in. Bye,” I said. I tried to close the door, but he put his foot in the way. I then remembered that me and mama had the house bound. We laid one of the strongest binding spells on the house, no one besides she and I should have been able to even approach the front step.

“Let me explain. For years I have stood in the background watching waiting for the perfect opportunity to make a move. I never thought Vulcan would have to die for me to finally get my chance,” he said.

“Scorch thy tongue. Burn thy throat. Take thy words out thy mouth. Silence and erase what thy has said,” I said. I used a spell to silence him and make him lose his train of thought. “Don’t you dare say his name!” Before I realized what was happening my hands were around his throat as his feet were dangling in the air. I put him down. being locked up for so long was not good for my mental health, and I was never one to know how to control my anger that well.

“I do not mean any harm. There is no way to do this that does not seem creepy or weird. I would never disrespect Vulcan. He was as much my friend as he was your lover..”

“You intercepted my spell!” I screamed. That was the only way he could still talk.

“Yes I did but for good reason. Just listen to me please,” he said.

“Who the hell are you?” I asked.

He took a few steps back. Smoke covered his body. When the smoke cleared, Tyler Griffin stood in front of me. Tyler was one of the warlocks I went to school with. He was tall, dark, with golden brown eyes. His hair was a crisp sandy color. He and I had been best friends for years. Before Vulcan everyone assumed me and Tyler were dating. “This is what I disguised myself to look like so I could be near you, praying you would fall in love with me. I knew that if I looked the way I really do you would never fall in love with me. No one would fall in love with

a lanky, pale, blonde boy; so I created Tyler Griffin the tall, dark golden eyed boy. Clarissa I love you. I always have and always will.” My heart sank to my stomach as he said those words. “Ever since Vulcan died and you disappeared I have been searching for you. Claire we are destined to be together.”

“Clair, sweetheart, what have you done? You know what happens once love is confessed!” Mama screamed from the driveway.

“Mama, I didn’t even know he loved me. I had no idea.” I said. He started coughing up blood just like Vulcan did. I started to cry. He died the next day. I heard as he was dying he whispered my name.

It was at this moment that I realized I would never have a life. There was no possible way for me to live an actual life. So I did the only thing I knew to do. That night I left mother and went far away.

I left her letter that read:

I am sorry about all I have put you through. You have tried to save as many lives as you could. This curse has gotten the best of me. The only way that you can continue your life and be happy is if I am not in it. No longer will you be burdened with trying to isolate me. I love you. I want you to live a happy life. I cannot continue to live like this. I know what has to be done. I love you and I will wait for you on the other side. Don't bother looking for me. By the time you find me I will be dead and this world will be free to love once again. You said yourself this is the only way. In fact, you will not be able to read this letter until I am dead. Grant me one dying wish: Live the rest of your life happily. Fall in love. Start a new family. Do not let my death send you into a dark depression.

I love you.

Sincerely,

Clarissa Bell Love.

Victim of the Love's End curse.

It has been two days since I left mama. I had to do something to better the world. I had to make a sacrifice to save others. I had to do the right thing. I held my right arm out. I used a fire spell to brand the words Love's End into my arm. I then looked to the sky. It was a dark day. It was about to storm, I could feel it. I whispered, "I love you mama." I knew she heard me. I closed my eyes. Standing in the middle of an open field in the middle of nowhere, I turned myself to stone and died. With my death the world could love again.