

# Vampire's Daughter

*by ridmeofthisennui*

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## Chapter -1-

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: Disclaimer: Anything you recognize isn't mine

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When you were younger, did you ever hear your parents tell you 'that violence is not the answer' when you fought with your younger brother? Or sister? Or the pre-school bully?

I was taught differently.

I have been taught from the cradle that violence was to be the only thing that worked.

And I have proven it to be true.

I have come to learn that most humans are too hard-headed to talk a dispute out rationally.

But my kind is different.

I am a vampire. Born of two pure-blooded vampire parents.

Now, you may say, 'Pure-Blood vampires?' But I answer you in this way:

My parents are two of the oldest of our kind; they have been what they are for the past five centuries. In truth, they no longer have their own blood. And that is what makes them pure.

They have long since lost the blood that coursed through their veins when they were mortals. The blood of their makers was poured into their veins when they were reborn, but their bodies continued to produce their own blood, despite the fact that they were, clinically, dead. But that blood is gone as well, now, the blood of their victims flows through them as it does no others.

Both of my parents support Voldemort.

The Dark Lord is my Uncle Tom. He is my godfather. My parents sit on his right and left sides. He is as much a part of our family as I am.

I have recently completed my seventeenth mortal year.

If you were to ask any one who knows me of my appearance they will tell you that I am willowy and graceful, with long slender legs and a lithe body. They would tell you that I move like a cat, that my stride is as smooth as that of a dancer's.

If you have ever seen the Muggle movie 'Underworld', I look like Selene, and well I would. The character's appearance was formed in the creator's mind when he saw my mother take a victim. He was so enraptured by her beauty that he specifically chose the actress Kate Beckinsale to play her part as she came close to being identical to my mother.

I am an exact replica of my mother, only slightly smaller. My straight brown hair with its un-even ends brushes the underside of my chin. My eyes are a deep brown as to almost be black. My lips a blood red, full and nicely shaped. My skin is milky white and flawless.

If you have ever read any of Anne Rice's books about us, you will find that we are almost exactly as she describes.

She is one of us.

The heads of the covens long ago decided they wanted mortals to know that there actually were things went bump in the night. Things that they couldn't explain.

Thus she began her series, *The Vampire Chronicles*, and other books independent of the series, writing about us. And although she based her stories on our life, she made up all of the characters mentioned in the books.

I am the only child born of two vampires in the history of our kind. And I am only here because of a prophecy.

The leaders of the covens unanimously decided that my parents would be the ones to give life to my particular half of the prophecy when the issue was brought up. They felt that my parents were the most deserving after all they had done to keep our kind alive, in the sense of knowing who and what we were.

It is true that when most vampires lust for physical companionship they kill, and, because of this, it took many years for my mother to conceive. It was unnatural for my father and her to have any physical intimacy, despite the fact that my father had taken her as his bride.

I am different. I feel the way a mortal would in almost everyway and must deal with those feelings as such. I suppose this is because I was born of vampires, not bitten by one.

And unlike bitten vampires, my appearance changes to coincide with the years I have spent on the earth. My parents look as they did the night they were bit and died. I progress as a mortal child would, as my childhood playmates did and do. But unlike them, I will never get old. When I reach my prime I will stay there while they will reach and fall past theirs.

Now that you know what I am, I will tell you who I am.

As I have mentioned, I am the godchild of the most evil man the wizarding world has ever known. But I am not his only godchild. I share the title with one of Voldemort's most faithful human followers, Lucius Malfoy's, son, Draco.

But only I am allowed the right to call him Uncle Tom.

I have known Draco and his cronies since birth. We were all taught by Voldemort as children, but only Draco and I were taught the sword by him.

Voldemort knew long ago that he would need experienced swordsmen. He chose Draco and I because we were his godchildren, and because of the prophecy.

Now, in the modern age, vampires use guns to kill the mass amounts of people the Dark Lord wants vanquished simply because we cannot use wands. But because wands do not work for us, they do not work against us either. When a wizard or witch casts a spell on us, we are not affected. We are truly invincible to man. To nature, of course, is a different story.

But a small, very small, factor in the Dark Lord's decision to teach me was the fact that my guns would not work in most wizarding villages. There is too much magic in the air of wizarding villages for Muggle devices to work properly.

Sharpened steel works in any climate, magical or non.

I am rather attached to my sword, as it should be. I have grown up with it and it is rare that I leave it behind. It lays outside of my coffin when I sleep and on a special rack on my wall when I am required to go with out it.

When I am awake and walking around, it is strapped to my side as to be easily accessible, just as my guns are strapped to my thighs and my daggers are strapped to my wrists, ankles, and the small of my back.

I go nowhere without at least one weapon. I am my Lord's top assassin.

Many would be alive still if I had not been born. I never fail the missions set to me.

Because of this I am in my Lord's good graces, though I do not believe that if he was to become upset with me that the Dark Lord could do anything.

Granted, there's always chaining me to a tree and waiting for sunrise.

Although I am only 17, I have heard many Death Eaters call me heart-less. A ruthless killer. This pleases Uncle Tom to no end. My parents and I are – well, I suppose you could call us *enforcers* of Voldemort's law. We are used to threaten the unfaithful.

I have also heard many call me dark and mysterious. Which, I suppose, could be seen as the truth. The only color I wear is black. I let my dark hair fall into my face and never put it up. I am silent and deadly. A whisper in the shadows. I can move with a vampire's grace, and, if I choose, too fast for the human eye.

I have never given anyone a reason to doubt these traits, nor my loyalty to those to which I serve.

I have met humans who call me gothic because of my choice of apparel. My black, ankle length leather trench coat and my knee high, buckle up black boots, adding to the image.

I do fit into the Romantic's vision of what is gothic; I am dark and mysterious, chilling and possibly disturbing. My appearance lends to the thought that I would blend into any gothic master's tale.

But I am not gothic, as the definition is used today, in myself. I wear black to blend into the night; to do my job.

I only come out at night, as the sun forces me into slumber. I live for the hunt. I live for the kill. I have never allowed my prey the opportunity of escape.

I will remain who, what, and how I am, as a virgin, until the Dark Lord finds the man who completes the prophecy.

I am Artemis, but called Diana. I am the embodiment of the Ancient Greek goddess of the crescent moon, the hunt and a maiden's virginity. I am everything the ancient goddess represented.

And this is my story.

