

All That You Are

Crystalis Blade

Chaos...sheer and utter distortion, that's all you are, that's all you'll ever become Vincent. You can't get rid of me; you can never run from me. I am your instincts; I am your soul. And the classic is, I am the manifestation of your heart. All the hatred you bear, all the sorrow and guilt. You are a sea of Chaos and in the end, I'm proud to call you home.

I am your never-ending nightmare. I created it; I live in it. I tell you "oh yes, you have atoned. But in the end that heinous sin will still be here. For you see, I am what's left." Heh, heh... I live off your pain and suffering, and there is nothing you can do about that. Oh sure, you have succeeded in controlling me, but you will never get rid of me. You still possess too much harsh emotion. Just...get it off your chest big guy! Hee...heh. Ahh... Your torture is my pleasure, but I think you have already realized this.

Ooo... I can hear your heart racing.

"...wake me from this nightmare...please..."

Your blood is running cold...

"Chaos, leave me be...let me sleep in peace..."

The sweat beads are forming; your temperature is rising.

"Chaos! I will and do control you. Yes, I am your... home, but it is still **my** soul!"

And it shall be mine...

Vincent shot his ruby red eyes open and found... nothing.

You see, in this black abyss, you find what? Nothing...? Yes? I am right there. The only things that you can even see are your eyes.

"So there still is light," Vincent responded weakly into darkness still panting from the adrenaline.

Oh the Irony! What color are they?

"..."

Ahh... the realization has hit. I must admit Vincent, they are quite beautiful. That lovely blood red color. They suit you quite well. Just as your hands...

"I can agree to that," Vincent concurred with almost an emptiness. "My hands are just as red as your claws."

But then again, you too have a claw.

"My claw is of metal."

You and I both know the truth behind that...

Vincent drew in a small, subtle laugh, then sighed. "Yes, we do. Figuratively speaking, of course."

Very good! You and I really aren't that different. We bot—

Vincent cut Chaos short. "Don't take me for such a fool, Chaos. I am willing to admit that you and I are one in the same. We share the same body, the same mind..." He now cut into himself.

The same soul?

Those three simple words sent Vincent's mind into anarchy. He wasn't willing to admit to something that he himself felt to be true. There was a harsh reality to what Chaos had said, and even subtler than a brick wall itself, there was a reality to what he wanted.

Hmmm, I can tell by the silence, you've come to some conclusion, that, could it be, you've come to the truth Vincent?

"Chaos, you aren't going to make me say it. I'm not willing to admit it. Why? you ask. Oh, hell, ask it."

Why, Vincent? Humor me, please, I beg of you, please... enlighten me.

"He, he...ah, well, if you're going to be arrogant about it, then no." Suddenly a pain shot through Vincent's shoulder blade and he let out a groan.

Do not toy with me. You and I are the same body.

"Do not underestimate me, Chaos. My Will is stronger than your 'torture'. And just remember, your torture is my pleasure." With that said, a wry smile slipped across Vincent's face, and he indulged into his nightmarish sleep once more.

After some silence, Vincent's mind felt at ease. "No one listening, no one watching, the solitude of silence. A solace all its own," he said in his mind. He opened his mind's eye to find what he wished be gone...

"That's one hell of a will ya got there Vinnie."

With that said, Vincent unconsciously dropped his mouth. A winged demon of his own height and size flapped and flew in front of him. His massive bat wings never missed a beat, his skin was that of an alligator's purple scale and his long white fangs flashed with a 200-watt grin that made him seem even more malicious.

"You seem... surprised," the demon said, placing himself delicately on the ground and crossing his arms and wrapping his wings about him.

"It's like looking into a mirror..." Vincent mumbled under his breath while putting his head down.

"Yes, it is, isn't it? Figuratively speaking...of course."

"Of course." Vincent replied slowly bringing his head up as his alter ego walked passed.

Vincent and his companion stood in a black void with barely enough light to nothing more than the area around. Vincent was wearing black pants, and a black shirt with no shoes. His arms hung quietly at his sides and his mind raced with a thousand thoughts at once. His long black hair helped him blend into the nothingness around.

Chaos stopped, gave Vincent that once-over look and continued walking passed. As he did, the areas would slowly light up.

"Welcome to my humble abode. This is the place inside of you that happily houses me. Quite eerie, I know. But home nonetheless."

Vincent got straight to the point, "there is something more to me that you want, isn't there?"

"You were right Vinnie, I shouldn't take you for a fool."

"And knowing you, you'll do anything to get to me."

The demon's face once again lit up with a smile. He opened his wings and unfolded his arms and placed his claws idly at his sides. He turned to the side and kept his head down, but Vincent knew Chaos saw him, if not only sensed him.

Vincent actually began to study the fiend with almost a sense of pity. In the position he stood, he hid no secrets; portrayed no lies. In a way, Vincent felt his own eyes on himself, and in truth, that's exactly what was going on; he was on the outside looking in, and Chaos held the door wide open.

After a few minutes Chaos lifted his head out of who knows what kind of thoughts and asked, "are you finished?"

Vincent blinked and nodded a few times to answer.

"What did you hope to find? A weakness, a, a, fear? Trust me, my friend, you won't. Let me ask you, Vinnie: did you ever really stop to think of what I am?"

"Yes, once."

"And..."

"And nothing. I guess I felt that you were always here."

"Which is precisely true." Chaos let out a small giggle that flashed his fangs. "I told you, I am the manifestation of your heart Vincent. I am all your fears, your hatred, your guilt, and anything else along those lines." He began to walk towards the stolid man and with each step he took, his form began to change, from the feet up. His clawed feet suddenly had black boots; next, his legs were covered with navy blue pants. Vincent watched Chaos go from demon to Turk. The next thing he knew, he saw himself a few years younger; short hair, brown eyes, gloves, and...

"The lovely blue suit." This Vincent said directly to Vincent.

"What do you wish to accomplish with this, Chaos?"

"Well, a reaction would be nice. Always so critical. Never shows emotion, either. That's how I came about." Suddenly, Chaos walked away and Vincent sighed.

"How about this?" A sweet voice asked from behind and Vincent immediately knew what form Chaos now tried on.

"Leave her out of this."

"She is your nightmare, your sin. She is the form I most always take Vincent. It's your sin that makes you so vulnerable." Suddenly two wings ripped out of the poor girl's back and Chaos reappeared, smiling all the way.

Chaos turned towards Vincent and placed a claw forward to where a small pool had appeared. "Take a look, Vinnie, and tell me what you see."

Vincent quickly turned around and retorted, "I know what I'm going to see." Chaos raised his brow line as to say *What?*

"You."

"So, you are willing to admit that you and I are the same soul?"

As if the hand of God had slapped him, a thought flashed across Vincent's ruby eyes. He sheepishly cracked a grin across one side of his mouth, slowly, deliberately began to walk towards the demon and spoke.

"No, but I am willing to admit that you and I are the same."

"What?" Chaos asked, puzzled at the look on Vincent's face more than at what the man said.

"Despair, hatred, guilt. I am all that, and nothing more. I am you, just in human form, my friend. Hell, I'm even equipped to say that you and I are kindred spirits. But, there is one thing that makes you different from me. The reason that I have my soul."

"Tell me then."

"No, not yet. Do remember telling me that you had no weakness or fear?" Vincent now fully smiled.

"Liar..."

That single word drifted in the air and Chaos's eyes dilated at the sight of Vincent.

"You haven't a soul. And I am your prized possession, Chaos. Like a son to a father."

"So, if you and I are so similar, what makes you possess what I cannot?" Chaos said feebly to Vincent turning away. But before he knew it, Vincent was right in front of his face. And the next thing he said, he made sure he articulated every single word and syllable.

"My one... single, *shred*... of humanity."

Vincent suddenly opened his eyes to find a young man with (for lack of a better word) shock of spiky blond hair in front of him. Vincent took in one deep breath and the young man spoke,

"You were having a nightmare..."

Author's Note: Just having a little fun with the psyche of Vincent and Chaos. Hope you enjoyed it.