

# For The Heart I Once Had

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Mir kam die Idee zu diesem OS, als ich die neueste Promo fürs Finale gesehen hab. Die, die in Australien ausgestrahlt wurde und die jemand (un)glücklicherweise hochgeladen hat. Mir juckte es sofort in den Fingern und ich musste meine Tagträumerei auf Papier festhalten. Ich hoffe euch gefällt's!

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Fire. Everywhere. And he couldn't move.

His body convulsed and he cried out in agony.

He looked frantically around. The fire was creeping closer second by second.

And Damon felt a strange emotion flash through him.

Fear.

Verveine, wood and fire were the only things that could harm a vampire. And he couldn't escape. Every move hurt like hell. He lay back flat on the ground, breathing hard.

And he realized that he wouldn't survive. He would painfully burn to death.

"Why now?" he groaned, partly in pain, partly in frustration. "Why now that I turned to this different road?" He had changed. Damon Salvatore had actually changed. Changed because of one particular girl which, as he realized now, would never see again.

"No!" he said through gritted teeth. He couldn't die now. There was still so much he had to do, so much he had to tell her, so much he wanted... "Elena..."

She was the girl who had made him change. She was the one he cared about most. She was the one, as Isobel figured out correctly, she was the one he was in love with...

"Damon!"

Damon pricked his ears. Elena? What was she doing in here? In the fire? "Damon!" He heard her voice more fiercely now.

"Elena," he croaked hoarsely, knowing that she wouldn't be able to hear him. Besides, she couldn't be here. It was too dangerous for her. She would pass out from the smoke before he would die in the flames.

"Damon!" But still he could hear her voice clearer with every time he heard her calling her name. "Damon!" Her voice was so close. Like she was right beside him. "Damon, it's me, Elena. Can you hear me?"

Damon opened his eyes and looked into the beautiful face of Elena Gilbert. He smiled. How he welcomed this hallucination now... With Elena by his side dying wouldn't be so horrible. It was actually the opposite. If Elena was with him he felt like he was in

heaven, not in hell.

"Damon, can you hear me? Can you move?" Elena demanded.

She looked so troubled, so terrified. He didn't want to see her like this. She should smile and encourage him on his way through this. Death.

"They are on their way. They're gonna get you out of here, Damon. You won't die, you understand?"

As much as he wanted to believe this Dream-Elena Damon knew better. No one would come to save him. He would die. But he still had to do something before he went. Now was the last the chance...

Slowly not caring about how he got the strength he straightened himself up and leaned in. Closer and closer to Elena. He closed his eyes, anticipating and went even closer.

And then it happened. Their lips touched. Very gently his lips were brushing hers carefully at first but soon the kiss became more fiercely as their lips met a second and a third time. And he was happy when the Dream-Elena responded just like he wanted her to.

"I love you," he whispered before he kissed her again.

And then darkness started to surround him. And he welcomed it. Dying couldn't be any sweeter... He still felt the touch of her lips on his before all his senses turned off and he passed out.

He couldn't know that his Dream-Elena was actually the real Elena. She was holding his unconscious form in her arms and she was crying hard. Not because she was afraid of him dying but because of him revealing his deepest feelings to her with a sincerity and vulnerability that made her heart break.

She was still crying when Stefan and Alaric arrived at the scene, took Damon from her and led her outside. Stefan took her into his arms and hugged her tightly but Elena withdrew herself and asked "Will he be okay?"

That was the moment that both Stefan and Elena realized that something essential had changed. Without realizing it Damon had crept into her heart and kicked Stefan out. It was Damon who she wanted to hug, not Stefan.

It was Damon who she had grown to love.