

The Dreams of A Demon

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In this story, when you see a song in quotation marks, it means there is a song... I know... somewhat stupid! But I base my stories on songs.

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1 - Murdered

I sighed as I looked at the note one last time. "Okay... it told me to come to the ring, but I don't see any--" I was cut short by a gruesome image. I stared in disbelief. There in front of me, were two dead bodies!! Everything was silent. Nobody was in the stands, only two bodies in the ring. I wanted to back away, but couldn't. I had to see who they were. I stopped, cold in my tracks. A chill ran down my spine. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I looked at the two dead bodies.

"J-Jamie... J-Jeff!!" I whispered as tears ran down my cheeks.

Yes, it was true. My friends were massacred. But the only question remaining, was by whom? I walked up to their bodies in the ring. I dipped my finger in the blood. It was warm... "The attack wasn't long ago..."

I took out my cellphone and dialed Rey's number.

"Hola! This is Rey Mysterio! Sorry, I'm not here, but leave a message at the beep amigo!"

More tears streamed down my cheek as I flipped my phone off. "I'll go see if he's home..."

I walked down the hallway, down to Rey's locker room.

"Hello??? Rey?" I asked as I walked in. My heart felt as if it were broken into tiny pieces. Rey was... d-dead!! Blood surrounded him, and in the blood, floated a note.

'Come to his room...'

I couldn't think of anybody else very, very close to me... BATISTA!

I ran down the hallway, running as fast as I could. I slammed open his door.

2 - More Kills

It felt as though my heart was shredded into a billion peices, then destroyed. There, infront of me, was my love, dead. There in his chest, was a knife. I slowly crept up to him, scared to see him anymore. I pulled out the knife. Tears bubbled in my eyes as I looked at the letters "EG" ingraved in the blade, and "MCR" in the handle. "This is.... my knife!"

I found another note, only on the wall and written in blood.

"My next victim, you have to guess. Here are some hints: Member of the Cat family..."

"SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHA!!!"

I darted straight out of Batista's room. I heard a shriek peirce the cold, chilling air. I slammed open her door, and saw a shadowy figure in a dark cloak. "THAT'S IT!" I followed the dark, hovering figure as it ran towards the ring. I jumped it from behind.

"YOU frackING BASTAARD!" I shouted as I ripped off the hood. "Oh my god..."

3 - Facing my... Er... FULL Dark Side

I backed away as the hooded figure was... like a ghostly me! I staggered back and fell.

"THE END"

"Heh... You killed them..." the spirit smirked.

"NO! YOU KILLED THEM!" I cried as black tears strolled down my face.

"No... it was you... don't you remember?" she asked.

"N-No!!" I cried in disbelief.

The spirit placed her hand over my head. It was as if, at that very moment, my whole memory was replaced.

In my head, there were gruesome images.

"D-Dameon! WHAT THE frack ARE YOU DOING?! S-STOP! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"D-DAMEON! DON'T!! WHAT--"

"DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMEON!"

"NO! DAMEON! PLEASE!!!"

Voices blurred inside my head as all the screams and bloody images gathered. I slapped the spirit's hand away. I took a sword out of my carrier and slashed the spirit. Black blood leaked out of its heart. It smiled as it punched me hard, sending me to the back of the arena. I took my sword with little strength, and stabbed its heart. Nothing happened. It took my sword away from me, and stabbed me through my heart. Everything turned black, as I drowned in my own blood. It was the end, and I was dead.

"So long, and good night..."