

Poisoned

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Faced with questions and a demon who's willing to stoop low enough to poison her just to keep herself and her big brother safe, the woman fights sleep to maul over everything.

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Chapter 1 - poisoned

2

1 - poisoned

She lay still in bed, staring up at the ceiling. The poison was mostly out of her system, thanks to the wonderful people around her, but there was still enough to leave her stomach knotting and her body weakened. Her messy, short, soft brown hair lined her paled face, a few strands in her deep blue eyes. Her body trembled with the nauseated feeling that overcame her. That child was punishing not only them, but her as well. The insane demon who wanted her big brother and her to be left alone stooped so low as to endanger the life of the very body she, her big brother, her twin and her big sister all hosted along with three other demons. **The child had waist length, fire-red hair that seemed to only prove her insanity more; her eyes were wide orbs of gleaming yellow, almost like gold, that reflected how easily she could snap and turn into a psychopath. This was Seraya, seven thousand in demon years, but only seven in human years. This demon, in her true form, was a fiery wolf with five tails; her eyes still wide with the insanity she harbored. Her goal; to Poison her twin, Juno, for being the way he is. She only poisons the others to make the demons she's afraid of leave her and her big brother alone; she hits low when she hits for defense.** A groan erupted from the woman lying in bed as she rolled onto her side, an arm draping over her queasy stomach. The urge to vomit overcame her several times, but it was only a feeling and not a tell-tale of needing to get up and move fast. Seraya's big brother, Lucifer, sat mostly in the shadows of the human's soul. His description was given by filling through the mind of Kishama, Seraya's big sister. **Shoulder length, ink black hair lined Lucifer's pale face, making his deep red eyes seemingly glow against his dark hair and pale skin. He was a rather tall half-demon; his mind was not something the human woman wanted to file through. He is half wolf demon, half something else than no one knows. Seraya says she's her big brother's special girl, lord knows that only points to one thing. Ah incest, how shameless some demons are; no? The woman coughed quietly as she looked at the dark mirror across from the bed before shutting her eyes.**

"No, Serena," she muttered in a sickly voice that twisted and made her throat feel more raw than it already felt, "Stop nagging me, I don't need to sleep, I'm fine,"

She heard that voice in her head; **the voice that was both strong, seductive, and sweet all mixed into one melodious tone.**

"Child, we can easily recover from her poison," Serena's voice soothed. **Serena was a vampire demon with short, fiery red-orange hair and deep blue eyes. Out of everyone else that hosted the human's body she was the one who's been there the longest and has a deep connection to the human,** "You're human, you need to rest. Cole got the brunt of the poison and Mintaku rid of most of what Seraya had added after wards,"

The woman groaned again, hating that the demon was right. How motherly she sounded; always did with the human, they held such a connection Serena was a mother, a care-taker, a protector, a friend, and more all in one person to the woman.

"Serena's right human," another female's voice rang out; this one was stronger, husky and less inviting to anyone who doesn't know the demon.

"Thank you, Mintaku," Serena sounded satisfied with her friend's answer. Mintaku, a snake demon, the last of her kind harbored soft violet eyes naturally and silky, waist length, green hair. Her true form was a king cobra, but the markings were the tell tale that she wasn't a normal cobra. The woman groaned again as she opened her eyes slightly.

"I'm fine," she muttered, her eyes falling to her left hand. A ring sat on her ring finger; a silver band with a design cut from it and a small heart that bore a tiny diamond at its center; on her skin sat a blue panned design that to her and her demons resembled flowers, but to her fiancée resembled knives. Something was up with this design that much she knew. Seraya had drawn it earlier, during the day at school, and was adamant about it not washing or rubbing off. She'd said something about them not getting it, not getting what? Was it the design the seven year old was so adamant about having, and adding to? Or was it something more? With this child anything was possible. The woman shut her eyes, knowing she had to sleep and that Serena wouldn't leave her alone otherwise. Only time will have to tell, the true question is; will she be able to rid of the design should the seemingly harmless floral be what Seraya was talking about?