

Your Time Is Up

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I'm very bored, decided to write whatever was on my mind.

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Chapter 1 - And so, it begins

2

1 - And so, it begins

She was thin, terribly frail looking, and bruised. Her body, so slim and brittle, it seemed as if she would snap in half and die the next second. Long brown hair veiled the side of her face as her head hung forth, arms chained to the stone wall of her prison. Or so it seemed. Just the other day the woman had broken one hand free from her barrier to freedom, yet she continued to pose as if she were still bound to the walls. Fresh bruises and wounds lined her body from the day before and the worse was to come today.

You fool Ritruka, you damned fool, why did you do it? What stupid game are you playing at doing this? You knew it would happen...if you chose that, and you just had to do it... Voices screeched and jeered at her. Memories of the pained, ashen face looking at disbelief at the woman, the witch that had betrayed their empire.

The cell door swung open and he entered, eyes flashing dangerously behind his cloak. He brandished a knife in a slicing motion, red eyes continuing to flare in anger and annoyance.

Ritruka cried out against her will as she felt invisible knives slicing at her broken body, the welling crimson dripping down to the cell floor. The knife stayed in his hand, yet with the next word that came from his mouth, she felt the knife gnaw into her flesh again.

The man stepped closer, voice barely over a hiss coated with malice and disgust. **"Witch, you refuse still? All this can go away in a second and you could be free...think about it, just tell me the location and of the prophecy, just tell me which of you *doges* is the one said to overthrow my own growing empire? Tell me and your life will be spared..."** As he spoke, he gently let the knife trail along her neck, placing her an inch - a hair from death.

Do it... You've waited so long for this chance...do it! With her green eyes cold as stone, Ritruka gathered her last ounce of strength and brought her hand free of her chain and grabbed the man's hand holding the deadly knife and plunged it within her chest, feeling death close upon her. A weary smile crossed her features.

"She will kill you Vasca Scorpious, mark my words, she will end your hellish reign."