

Flame Body

By Shadow-Lugia-XD001

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Flame Body

You wake up one night to the sound of a scream.

You can't tell who's screaming or what's causing such a cry, but your instincts tell you to sling yourself out of bed. The adrenaline pumping through your veins heightens your senses, yet you remain almost frozen to the bed. It isn't the chill of the night air that's making the hairs on the back of your neck stand, but the fear of this intruder or threat. Equipped in only your pajamas and a blunt object that happened to be on the floor of your bedroom, you urge yourself forward and hug the wall next to your bedroom door. Slowly putting your ear to the door, you don't...think your head anything. Panting hard, your heart races as you reach for the door, body trembling and sweating profusely.

You close your eyes and open your bedroom door.

Once you open your eyes, your hand slowly pulls away from the handle, time almost slowing down as you creep out into the hallway. There's a light coming from downstairs; it doesn't look like any kind of fluorescent house light, though. You don't smell any smoke, but you're sure it's similar to fire. Part of you tells you to run back into your room, hide under your bed, and wait for this threat to leave. There's also a part of you that thinks you'd be a coward for doing that, because now you recognize that scream. It was your younger sister.

The light glows brighter, as if heading upstairs, though you hear no footsteps. Was it a phantasmal being? That's what you're going for right now, and blunt objects don't work well with ghosts or spirits. You drop the object and head back into your room, crouching down behind your bed and watching the orange and yellow "flames" shine across the hallway. You can tell they're more like flames now because of the crackling sound of fire from outside your bedroom. The sound resonates more clearly as you slide down to the floor, prone as you scoot yourself under your mattress. Something else floats into your bedroom. A pair of bare feet dangling down, but not touching the floor. It's her...this creature must be luring you out or mocking you with your sister's possibly deceased body. "Don't let it get to you." That's what you keep telling yourself.

Then you hear what sounds like crunching and chewing noises. There's nothing you can do but watch. You listen on, her body pale and lines of blood dripping down to the floor, as this...thing eats your little sister. She doesn't make a sound, probably already dead or too weak to speak or scream. It's unbearable, but you can't think of anything else to do. It probably already knows your here; that's why it's torturing you like this.

You hear a creak from outside your room, the...fire thing dropping your sister's dead body onto the ground and moving towards the sound. You can only stare at her now, cold, dead eyes gazing back at you. Her neck and chest look like they've been bitten into. Tears form in your eyes as you begin to tremble again, scooting out from under the bed. Your tears drip onto the carpet as you hide behind the bed again, back pressed against the wall. You feel like you could've done something to save her...

The light being cast from that flame then re-enters the room while you were busy mourning over your sister, catching you off-guard as you stare deer-in-headlights at the dancing body of fire. It's almost alluring to you as it shines closer and closer, your body feeling numb all of the sudden. You feel yourself stand back up as the flames bite in you. You want to scream, but your jaw's locked. The last thought in your mind now is a demonic, shadowy face. It doesn't speak but it's telling you something:

“You don't deserve to live. You failed to save her, so now you shall suffer. You're worthless.”