

# Surrendering to the Flames

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A girl's story of how she found the man of her dreams...and grew up with him...only to be taken away from him...forever? Sorry, I can't really think of anything else to say. Meh.



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# Surrendering to the Flames : Chapter 1

## Prologue

The crackling of flames in the Victorian style fireplace, logs bursting into furious, passionate flames. Shadows were cast across the library, giving the soft, leather chairs an eerie impression. Astrid two chairs perched one man and one woman, gazing into each other's eyes. The woman's long blonde hair looked ablaze with golden fire, whilst the man's midnight black hair shimmered. They just sat there for what seemed an eternity, blue eyes locked onto green eyes. Then the spell was broken as a large white figure bounded onto the white clad female, and started to lap at her lightly tanned face. The man looked almost disappointed, and sighed wearily as the white wolf sprang onto him.

"i½Snowflake, down girl!" spluttered the man, his black clothes hugging his handsome features. The woman giggled softly, and tickled the white canine behind the ear. Yapping, Snowflake bounded out of the library and down the dark corridor. The man and woman rose in unison, and locked hands, gazing into one another's eyes yet again. The woman's gaze, however, drifted off towards the fire, and she started to tremble.

"i½Erik....."i½she began, blue oculars full of naked fear. Erik, realising what was wrong, engulfed her in a warm embrace, her head nestled into his shoulder. He could feel her shaking, and felt tears dampening his clothes. Ever since their father had revealed to her the true nature of the life force, Sekrite had been forever afraid of even the smallest of fires. Perhaps it was because fire could melt ice, but these symptoms didn't usually last that long.

"i½Come on, Sekrite, let's get you to bed. A good night's sleep does the world some good," his smile faltered, however, as Sekrite burst into a fresh wave of tears, her eyes puffy and red. Still, to the dark haired young man, she looked stunningly beautiful. He took one of her cold hands in one of his, and led her out of the library and down the desolate corridor. Elaborate paintings clung to the walls, giving it some comfort. Erik sighed in annoyance as he noticed a small pile of wolf faeces, newly laid.

" Bloody wolf. Don't know why I even got the little pesk."i½he murmured to himself, though the shaken woman overheard. She frowned in confusementi½up at him, but shrugged and wiped her eyes with the cuff of her dress.

Suddenly, the sound of men's voices echoed through the corridor, and both Erik and Sekrite froze. The voices came closer, until ten men finally came into view. Sekrite screamed as somebody grabbed her from behind, and dragged her to the floor. Erik glanced down in time to see his worst fears come true.

"i½SEKRITE!" he bellowed, and started to punch at the attacking men. He knocked two out, but was overpowered, and forced to submit. Heart pounding, he watched as the screaming, pleading love of his life vanished into the darkness of the corridor.

## Chapter 2: My True Destiny

Chuckling her schoolbag onto the floor angrily, contents escaping, Sekrite launched herself onto her bed and wept bitterly. Tears poured down her smooth cheeks, soaking into the blue pillow. Downstairs stirred no life, for her parents were out in town. She was all alone in the world, she didn't want to carry on. True, her parents were lovely, and she loved them dearly, but they could never understand the pain she felt everytime *somebody* tormented her, calling her a freak, just because she was clever, and a bookworm.

Sekrite had tried desperately to prove them wrong, but with each day, she failed one simple task after another, all due to her background. The blonde haired girl rose to her feet, eyes puffy, and went to the bathroom. There, she examined herself in the mirror, and grinned in spite of everything. "Come on, Sekrite! You shouldn't pay attention to those bastards. They don't know the true Sekrite." her smile faltered, and she burst into a fresh wave of pitiful tears.

After a few moments, coughing and spluttering, the young teenager managed to trudge downstairs, and pull on her red Helly Hansen jacket. Sighing bitterly, and cursing under her breath to those hate filled bullies, she opened the door and put on her wellies. The wind was blowing from the north, right into the house porchway, which knocked her off balance more than once, as she hopped around, desperately trying to get the wellies on. Finally, with success, the girl straightened up and bounded down the road, towards the Westayre beach, not far away.

"Some fresh air does the world some good," she thought with a slight hint of humour. It was a favourite saying of her deceased sister, well, she actually wasn't her biological sister. In truth, Sekrite didn't know if she had any biological family, she had been abandoned at birth, but adopted by two amazing people, Janet and Robert Egginton, who had a daughter, called Georgia. Silent tears rolled down her face as she remembered that only last year, Georgia had died via bullet wound, when she was down South.

"What's done is done," she sighed reluctantly, before clambering over the wooden stile, and into the field, which led to the beach. The wind was howling, the waves were crashing, and the sea birds danced in the sky. It was a sight to behold for the angry, lonesome girl, and she paused for a moment to take in a huge gulpful of sea air.

Sekrite licked her lips, and giggled randomly as she tasted salt on her lips. She started to run towards the cliffs, eager to watch the waves and see the seagulls, and other such luxuries she could enjoy, living so close to the seashore. Sekrite had never felt such joy before, even though she had been here myriads of times before, with Georgia, and then, after her tragic death, by herself.

Sekrite reached the clifftops and gazed down, spotting the swells coming right up the cliff, and rising up in a majestic spray, splattering her all over. Gasping, she edged closer, excitement and curiosity overcoming her sense of right and wrong. Suddenly, a rogue gust of wind blew her off balance, and she screamed loudly. Her arms flapped wildly in the air, as she tried to regain her balance, but with no success. Heart pounding, she fell over the rocky ledge, head first, plummeting to her sure death.

It seemed an eternity before she actually hit the water, and the force of that knocked the breath out of her. She gasped and frantically tried to swim to the surface, but with no success. She was a failure! She couldn't even save her own stupid life! She-

A hand grabbed her and pulled her roughly out of the water. Her mouth gasped in lungfuls of sweet, life giving air, and then she found herself on the bottom of a small, rickety wooden boat. Her clothes were soaking, her body shaking from the cold. Sekrite, still in shock, noticed her saviour for the first time, and

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whimpered.

It was a man cloaked in all black, and he looked like Death.

## Chapter 3: Who is Death?

Sekrite tried to speak, but shock and fright made her hold her tongue. The hooded figure, unperturbed by the mute girl, grasped a pair of oars, and began to row away from the cliffside, out towards the open sea. The drenched girl held on tightly to the sides, large waves making the boat bob up and down like a rubber duck in a draining bath tub. Sekrite had always been a bit frightened of boats, and of drowning, but she did not let these fears known to her 'saviour'. She felt more like a prisoner, not like a survivor.

Finally, as the clouds opened, and rain began to fall, she faced the cloaked man, or woman, and mumbled, almost incoherently, "W-w-w-w-w-who a-are y-yu-you?". Her hair clung to her back, her exposed skin was freezing and raw, but at least she was alive. Sekrite only wished that she could see the person's face. He didn't seem to have heard, or understand, her. Sighing, the soaking, shivering girl glanced around, and then she realised something.

What of her family? What happens if she was captured and taken to some distant island, and never seen again? What if-

No! It was being silly, she was overreacting! Of course she was! But doubt still sat in her stomach, and as she turned back to look at the figure, her stomach did a somersault. Licking her salty lips, she was about to speak again, but thought better of it. She remained silent for what seemed like hours, shivering, frightened, and lonely.

" Well? Aren't you going to ask where we're going?" boomed a deep, strong voice suddenly. Startled, Sekrite turned around to look at the man, and shrugged. The man laughed loudly, still rowing non-stop, then asked, " What is your name, dear?"

Sekrite, still slightly startled, could only stare idiotically at the hooded person, who laughed again, and ceased rowing. They bobbed and moved aimlessly through the choppy waters, drifting, strangely, back to shore. Sekrite, recovered, spoke, " My...my name is Sekrite. It's a weird name, I know, but I didn't choose it. It was on a note on me when I was a baby, and I was abandoned by...by my parents. I was adopted by two wonderful people, and they had an amazing daughter called Georgia." she didn't know why she said this suddenly, but a sudden feeling in her said that she could trust this unknown person.

The man sat there, seemingly thinking, for a while, before he picked up the oars, and rowed back towards the cliffs. Sekrite was confused. Why had he rowed all that way out, just to row back! It didn't make any logical sense, well, not in her mind, anyway. " Urm...sir-"

"Please, call me Death." he chortled.

Sekrite froze, was this a joke? But she obliged anyway, and spoke again, "Why are we going back to the cliffs, *Death*? Why did-"

Yet again, he interrupted her. " Peace, my child. All shall be explained after we reach your home." he didn't say another word, even though Sekrite pestered him about what he meant by home.

Soon, the rain stopped, and the sun returned to the land, beckoning the creatures to come out of their shelters to bask in the life-giving warmth. The wind also had gone, and the sea became slightly calmer, though not by much. Sekrite watched in fascination as songbirds burst into trilling, wonderful melodies, making her soul lift. Death rowed constantly, never seeming to get exhausted. Finally, they reached the base of the cliffs, and Sekrite shuddered.

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" Why are we-?" she asked, but was stopped by Death wagging his hand at her to silence her. Glaring at him, Sekrite muttered a well chosen curse word under her breath, but unfortunately, he heard.

" Button it, or you'll be swimming with the fishes!"he growled, and if Sekrite could see his eyes, she knew they would be glaring at her. Just then, she spotted a small crevice in the cliff, and pondered over why Death was rowing over there.

" Why are we rowing over to the crevice?" she said super fast, so that he wouldn't interrupt her. Chuckling, he glanced at her, but made no motion to explain it to her. Grumbling, the girl and the man watched as they were enveloped in complete, silent darkness. An eerie, passionate feeling bounded into her heart, her soul, and she gave a small gasp. Death looked at her, and grasped her cold hand firmly. She winced, but held on tightly, and watched in awe as the boat somehow propelled them towards a beckoning light.

" Where are we going?" she spoke, her voice echoing through the tunnel. Death turned to her and squeezed her hand, as if to reassure her.

" We're going home,"

## Chapter 4: Back to the Present

( Chapters 2 and 3 was a flashback, this is back to where we left off)

Erik had never felt more useless and worthless in his whole life. His love had been taken, and he was badly beaten. Tears threatened to fall, and he let them, too tormented to let them stop. His black hair was matted with dark red blood, from a wound he had received to the head, yet he did nothing to treat it. If anything, he thought he should suffer.

" What do you think you're doing? Crying like a baby when there's work to be done?" roared a ferocious voice from the end of the corridor. Erik looked up in confusion, and whimpered as the man cuffed him around the ear. Watery green eyes locked onto a dark hooded figure; his father. In one hand Death wielded a long, dangerous looking scythe, and in the other he held a torn piece of cloth, pure white.

" Sekrite!" mumbled Erik, and he wrenched the piece of silk-like fabric from Death's grip. He grimaced, as if he was in pain, and began to weep bitter tears again. This earned him another swipe from Death, this time with the butt end of the scythe.

" Ow! Meanie!" grumbled Erik, and for a moment, he felt as if he was a troublesome child again, wandering the lands with not a care in the world, until he met Sekrite had bleak night. Since then, his life had changed forever.

" Hurry, my son! We must track down Sekrite, before it's too late!" cried Death, and both son and father began to race each other down the corridor, in the direction that the enemy had gone. As they passed through ancient looking doorways, and climbed antique stairways, Erik felt as if something, or somebody, was following them. True enough, as they stood panting by a wooden door, the sound of claws scratching on rock came towards them. They froze, ready for anything.

But they were pleasantly surprised when the beautiful white wolf, Snowflake, appeared, tail held high in the air, and a bounce in her every movement. Erik shuddered, for those wolf eyes reminded him strangely of Sekrite's. A single, noble tear trickled down his red cheeks. Death hugged his son, but Snowflake had no intentions of sitting around and playing the fool. She gave a short, sharp howl, as if telling them to follow her, and raced down the corridor, back the way they came. Erik and Death followed.

Erik only realised that his father was not with him, when Snowflake stopped, and scratched at a door, the secret exit of the castle. Glancing around, he tried to look for Death, but shrugged and opened the door. Snowflake snuck through and bounded through the forest. Erik, blinded by the light, staggered through the doorway, and down a small, woodland path.

He soon found heavy footprints in the ground, then the signs of a scuffle of some sort. This was where Snowflake now sniffed. " What you got, Snow?" whispered Erik in a soothing tone of voice, for he was always gentle in the way he spoke to the clever wolf. Snowflake wagged her tail, then started to follow a track of slightly smaller, lighter footprints, leading towards the distant mountains.

Erik felt overwhelming joy. " Dad! Sekrite's not being held captive! She escaped!" he raced back inside the castle, making sure to shut the door, not realising that the white wolf was still outside, and down the myriads of corridors, eager to find his father.

Suddenly, something hit him on the back of the head, and he knew no more...



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