

# UNEARTHLY

By : Lidia Hernandez

This story will eventually contain death, gory scenes, and dying babies. I was kidding about the gory scenes and dying babies.



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My heart jumped a fraction of a second after he called my name. Him being the principle of the high-school I attended. My name being Celestine Herondale, one of the fourteen hundred that attended the generic and brown small-town high-school. I was currently waiting on one of the four steps that the cafeteria stage held in its old worn wooden hands. The fake smile I usually reserved for boring functions, uninteresting drama, and teachers, slipped into place as I made my way across the stage to the music of half-hearted clapping. My hands stretched out to receive the usual clammy handshake and printed cardstock, a paper that would probably never be read and thrown into a trashcan proclaiming the outstanding job I had done the first semester. The rough surface scraped my hands as I glanced up to meet his eyes.

The air shimmered beside him, the light filtering through the overhead curtains vibrating as the light increased. The bright light receded and out stepped a girl about my age, drop dead gorgeous and with an evil gleam in her blue glazed eyes. My mouth dropped open in shock as I stepped back because what was once in her right hand, now pierced the body of my principle. My hands raked across my loose fitting jeans until I found the seam that was coming undone, violently ripping the fragile fabric. Breaking a few nails in the process, I withdrew a weapon to match hers. A wicked curving sword named Lucien shook in my hands as I prepared to face the rouge Luren.

She jerked her hand back laughing as my prone principle splayed blood across the wooden floor and slid into a bloodied heap, dead from the sword that made a fist sized hole in his chest. She tossed her head back the movement causing blond curls to be thrown over her squared shoulders and spoke, "Hello big sis it's been awhile since the last time we met." Her voice had an instantaneous effect on the men in the audience. Their once gaping mouths, closed, only to open again to drool over the beautiful unearthly creature that stood before them. Then she waved her hand and said a few words under her breath. Everyone but us was frozen in time.

Not to be outdone I dropped my voice to the lower octave also. "Well, I would say it's been a pleasure to have you grace me with your presence again. But mother always said we shouldn't say things we don't mean." I watched her eyes narrow as she processed the words, waiting for the punch line.

Her angelic appearance somewhat marred by the bloodied sword in her hand, broke as an angry grimace appeared on her face. "DON'T SPEAK TO ME ABOUT THAT CHEATING BITCH, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER!" Her hand shot back and released the sword like an arrow, it flew through the air towards my chest. Its target; my heart.

I easily sidestepped the makeshift arrow's course. With a flick of my wrist I dropped the sword out of the air only to watch it dangle precariously on the edge of the stage until it fell to the cold linoleum below. The metallic clang rang out in the deathly quiet cafeteria. I raised my eyes to her. Her face had gone deathly white, drained from all color as she looked at me, her eyes filling with relentless terror. She knew what I was going to do and had no way to stop me.

I spoke quietly knowing that she could hear me regardless of the volume in which I spoke. The cold hard words flowed through my mouth, "I always knew your temper would get you killed, Nora." And with that I drove Lucien through her heart knowing that it would cut off her energy supply. I was rewarded with a satisfying scream that tore through her lungs, the blood gushed over my broken nails as I watched my little sister die. I couldn't even stand to call her that, once she murdered innocent humans, she was dead to me.

"She had already murdered over 50 humans, she needed to be stopped." The words triggered a sense of sadness in me as I spoke to the only person I knew of our kind that was always on stand-by, my arranged husband-to-be, Dante. His words soothed my growing panic. I loved Dante I really did, but he wasn't enough to match my intensity.

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Our arranged marriage was made to be a peace offering to the different countries of Luren back on our home planet. Of course Dante was very attractive and supremely smart, with his airbrushed All-American blond hair and sea-green eyes. What he gushed in academic he lacked in charm. Always being the shy guy that only blushed and stammered out half-thought out answers when spoken directly to in public. It always pissed me off, especially when we were at extremely confidential meetings in which we discussed war strategies, nutrition, and weapons. His mind was always on the gadgets he made, being the son of our top inventor, he never payed attention. I was next in line for leading the country of Antastasia, but the only thing that stood in my way of being crowned ,was the disappearance of my younger sister, who had turned rogue.

The only reason we were on Earth was to help the survival of the planet. We had recently recieved information that our species was planing on taking over the planet and claiming it as their own. They are called rogue Luren.If they attack soon humans won't survive and the planet will turn black. An unsalvagable mass that will only serve the purpose of destroying the human race.

"I have to go I need to clean this place up."

"Celest-

I hung-up to the sound of him protesting.I surveyed the destruction around me. Two dead bodies, one human and one Luren. An audience of people frozen in time from the power Nora used. Blood drying in puddles everywhere, and the curtains on the stage were slashed to ribbons. I sat on an unruined part of the floor and started to meditate. Reaching for the powers that came willingly during a fight, but usually sat dormant at any given time unless I concentrated. I closed my eyes and looked at things so clear in detail it was like I never closed my eyes at all. A woman with eyes so blue they looked like contacts, a little girl with blond bouncing curls running towards her. A man watching them with love in his eyes, twisted the knife deeper in my chest. With memories in my eyes I snapped out of the past and sobbed at the images of my father murdering me.

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