The Siren's Song

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A lovely Siren who sings men to their deaths...

Published on
Booksie

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Adam Shull was lying in his bed on a cold September night. With empty beer bottles strewn all over the bed and tears in his eyes, he tried his best to nurse his broken heart. It was a little after 10:00 PM and charred images of him and Terri, his recent ex-girlfriend, were dancing around in his head. Why did she leave me? What is wrong with me? Were some of the painful thoughts that were being conjured. Somewhere in the crevices of his thoughts, he heard an alluring song. It snapped him back to reality and for a split second he forgot about his heartbreak. Almost against his will he got off the bed, slipped on a pair of pants and left the bedroom. He followed the song down the stairs and almost tripped twice. The more steps he took, the clearer the song was. Second by second he began hearing the words of the song. It was enticing. Like whomever it is that was singing knew exactly what he was feeling. He followed the song right outside his house, a cold breeze gently blew in his direction but if he felt the slightest effects of it, he showed no sign. His main concern was finding the source of that beautiful, captivating song. He walked around to the back of the house, the song was getting stronger, before he banked the corner he saw a faint glow coming from the backyard and he knew that he was heading in the right direction. Eagerly he walked to the backyard and in front of him was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She had flowing blonde hair, milky white skin, her eyes the color of the ocean, she donned a stunning white gown, and there was a lovely aura around her.

When she saw Adam all she did was smile and continued singing that beautiful song. â Come closer.â She called out to Adam

â You have a nice voice.â Adam said, his voice merely a whisper.

â Thank you.â she smiled.

â Iâ m Adam.â He looked into her eyes, still in a trance.

â I know and I know youâ re hurting.â She took his hands into hers, â I can help you.â

â How?â He asked curiously.

â Kiss me.â She caressed his face.

Without missing a beat Adam slightly tilted his head to the right and gently began kissing the stunning woman. It was the best kiss he ever had in his life. Little did he know that it would be his very last. For as he was kissing her, he felt her embrace growing tighter, chokingly tighter. He tried to pull away but he couldnâ t budge, she was too strong.

With her lips interlocked with his she slowly began feeding on Adamâ s life, his soul.

Second by second the night became darker to Adam until he saw nothing.

The more she kissed him, the more the amulet around her neck glowed. For thatâ s where all the captured souls were kept. When she was finished, she simply let Adamâ s body dropped to the floor and faded away into the night like an apparition that never wasâ ¦

The morning sun shone its way into Dana and Ericâ s apartment. Dana was sitting at the table in the kitchen, drinking coffee while reading the Monday newspaper. â Tragedyâ she said shaking her head as she read about a young male who was found dead in his backyard last night. As she took her last sip of coffee, she heard her husband, Eric, coming down the stairs. â Morning.â She greeted him.

â Morning, Honey.â He greeted back, went up to her for a good morning kiss but the second his lips were only a few inches from hers she turned her head and Ericâ s lips landed on her cheek instead. â Why do you keep doing that?â He asked with an exasperated sigh.

â Doing what?â She asked.

â Every time I try to kiss you or just try to be affectionate, you shoot me down.â

â Eric, I just havenâ t been in the mood lately. Everything is just stressing me out. You got laid off, Iâ m working an extra shift. I have no idea where the money is going to come from to pay the rent and all those bills. So excuse me if Iâ m a little distant.â

â Look, Dana, Iâ m not sayingâ ¦â He stopped in mid sentence and was strangely fixated on something.

â Eric, are you ok?â Dana flashed a concerned look.
â Do you hear that?â He asked mesmerized.
â Hear what?â Dana asked with a slight hint of confusion in her voice.
Eric shook himself out of his trance and said, â Itâ s gone now but it sounded almost like someone was singing. It was very alluring.â
â Get some rest, Honey.â Dana looked at him as if trying to figure out what was going on in his mind.
â Iâ ll see you when I get back. Donâ t forget Iâ m working late tonight.â
â Can I have a kiss goodbye?â Eric asked, even though he knew the answer before the question left his lips.
â Canâ t. Donâ t want to smear my make up.â Dana answered with a smile. She picked her keys off the key rack, left the apartment and made her way to her car.
Eric stood in the same spot he was, right in front of the door, until he heard Danaâ s car engine roared. He slightly shook his head, sighed and said â Youâ re going to lose me one day.â Then he made his way to the couch to watch some T.V.

Later that night, Eric came from taking a shower, toweled off, slipped on a vest and a pair of boxers. He then made his way downstairs to the living room, glanced over at the circular clock that was mounted on the wall above the T.V., it was 9:45. He shook his head and wondered what time his wife would get home. He was about to turn the T.V. on when he heard a crash coming from upstairs. Instinctively he got off the couch and went up the stairs. He first checked the bathroom, everything seemed intact, and then he went to the bedroom, looked around and noticed a picture frame lying face down. He picked it up, turned it over and was staring at a wedding picture of him and his wife, through the cracked frameâ s glass. How did you fall off the dresser? He thought to himself. He walked over to the window, but it was tightly shut. Strange, he thought. He looked one more time at the picture through the broken glass. Gently ran his pointer finger along the contours of his wifeâ s image and a single tear ran out of his left eye. He placed the picture back on the dresser and went back downstairs to watch some T.V.
For about 15 minutes he was flipping through channel to channel but nothing caught his interest. He didnâ t know whether it was because there was nothing to watch or was it simply because he was thinking too much of his wife. Coming to the conclusion that the correct answer was the latter, he picked up the phone and called Dana.
â Eric?â Dana picked up her cell phone after checking the caller I.D.
â Hey, Honey.â He said with a smile.
â Is everything ok?â
â Yeah, itâ s all good. I was just calling to say that I miss you.â
â Is that it?â she asked annoyed. â Eric, Iâ m really busy. I really donâ t have time for this.â
â My God, Dana. Really? Forgive me ifâ ¦â his voice trailed off.
â Eric are you there?â she asked, slightly surprised by the sudden silence.
â That song is back again.â His voice just above a whisper.
â Eric whatâ s going on?â She sounded confused and concerned.
â The song I was hearing earlier, itâ s back and it sounds closer.â
â Eric, I really think you need some rest and maybe you should go see Dr. Landau tomorrow.â
Suddenly there was a gentle knock on the door, â Could you hold on for a second?â and without waiting for an answer Eric went over to the door. When he opened it there was a beautiful woman standing on the other side. She was a breathtaking vision.
â Hello.â She said with a smile.
â Hiâ he responded, â come in.â
â Eric! Who is that?â Dana was partially yelling through the phone and without a word she heard a single clicking sound coming from her phone. When she looked at the screen she noticed that the call was disconnected. She tried calling back but there was no answer. Slightly upset and scared, she went to her bossâ s office and told him that a family emergency came up and that she really had to leave.
Back at the apartment, Eric was at a loss of words for the woman standing in front of him.

â Youâ re very handsome.â She smiled at him while boring into his soul with her beautiful blue yes.
â Th-th-thank you.â He stuttered, â Whatâ sâ ¦whatâ s your name?â He managed to get out.
â Whatever you want it to be.â She smiled again and took a seat on the couch. â Come sit next to me.â She patted on the empty cushion next to her.
Shyly he sat next to the woman with no name, â Youâ re very beautiful.â
She smiled, took his hand into hers and whispered in his ear. â Thank you.â
The way she said it made his skin crawl, it was magical. Like nothing heâ d ever heard before. â Was that you singing?â he asked.
â Yes. That was me.â She answered. â Would you like me to sing for you some more?â
Without saying a word, Eric shook his head in the affirmative and the woman with no name began singing. Eric was lost in the sound of the most beautiful thing he had ever heard and it was not just her voice, it was also her words. As if she knew exactly what he was feeling.
The woman with no name gently grabbed Ericâ s chin, looked into his eyes and continued singing to him. When she was finished she said nothing, all she did was caressed his face for about 25 seconds. â I know Iâ ve said this before, but youâ re very handsome. Kiss me.â
Eric thought for a second and then shook his head. â I canâ t, Iâ m married.â
â But she doesnâ t appreciate you. Not like I would. I bet she doesnâ t even know how hurt you are.â She sang a few more lines to Eric, luring him in with her captivating voice and entrapping blue eyes.
â Please, Eric,â She continued, â just one kiss.â
Without saying a word, Eric leaned in to kiss her. The second his lips touched hers he felt a spark, something he hadnâ t felt in a long time. It was nearly magical but suddenly it felt like his lips were on fire, he felt like he couldnâ t breathe. He tried pulling away but it was no use. The more he struggled the tighter the embrace of the woman with no name became. Darkness was slowly appearing on the edges of his vision.
He was at the point of giving up when he heard a familiar voice somewhere in the distance, it was Dana. The woman with no name let go of him and he gasped for air, letting the sweet oxygen fill his lungs.
â What the hell is going on?!â Dana screamed, hot, steaming anger seeped out of her. She looked over to the couch and saw Eric struggling to sit up while clutching his heart but then he stopped and fell back, his eyes closed and he appeared lifeless. â Nooo!â She screamed. She then directed her attention to the woman. â Who the hell are you?â
â Iâ m the end of your life.â She said with a menacing smile and with that said Dana stared in horror as the once beautiful face of this stranger contorted into something she had never seen. Her blue eyes were now blacker than the night itself, her milky white skin now gray like that of a tombstone, and she bared long, sharp fangs reminiscent of those of a wolf. â My name is Xandria,â She began, her voice deep and nearly demonic. â I come from a long line of killer Sirens and we donâ t like it when some maggot like you disrupts our meal.â
With her blonde hair flowing through a wind which Dana couldnâ t feel, Xandria slowly walked towards her. Dana was scared and contemplated what to do. When Xandria was only a few feet away from her, Dana mustered up all the strength she could and punched Xandria right in the face. As if she didnâ t feel a thing Xandria simply laughed out loud, wiped off the blood dripping out of the small cut on her lip and grabbed Dana by the neck. Chocking the very life out of her. Dana tried prying Xandriaâ s fingers from around her neck but Xandria was way too strong.
Eric who was unconscious on the couch got up just in time to see his wife on the brink of death. Quietly he got off the couch and tackled an unexpected Xandria. They both fell to the ground with a loud thump. Dana caressed her burning throat and struggled to get air back into her body.
â You stupid fool!â Xandria yelled as she flipped Eric over. â You shouldnâ t have done that.â
When those words left her lips, she grabbed Eric by the face and began kissing him. She was enjoying the feeling of his soulâ s energy flowing into her body, she suddenly felt a sharp pain on the back of her head. She angrily turned around to see Dana standing there with pieces of a broken vase in her hand. â Iâ m going to kill you for real this time!â Danaâ s heart began pounding at a rate she never knew was possible, fear grabbed hold of her and she was close to giving up when she saw the amulet glowing around Xandriaâ s neck. Without thinking she ran towards Xandria and with all her might, ripped off the amulet.

â NO!â Xandria yelled out. â Give it back now!â
â No.â Dana shook her head. â You seem very fond of this, I wonder what would happen if I smash it.â
Keeping a cool face, Xandria simply smiled. â Nothing at all, Iâ ll just kill you for destroying my precious jewelry, kill your husband because Iâ m hungry and then get me a new necklace.â
â Iâ ll take my chances.â With anger building up inside, Dana held the amulet high above her head and dropped in to the ground. It shattered into a million pieces.
â NOOOOO!â Xandria yelled out, a scream so loud that is shattered one of the windows in the living room and the T.V.â s screen.
Suddenly, tiny orbs of light began floating out of the broken pieces of the amulet. â No.â Xandria tried backing away but all at once, those tiny lights, the souls of her past victims, clung themselves unto her and slowly began ripping her apart. She yelled, screamed, she did everything she could but nothing helped. The souls tore away at her with a deep rooted vengeance.
Dana stared in disbelief as the orbs of light mauled Xandria, until there was nothing left but her beautiful white gown.
Dana heard a slight cough, â Eric.â She gasped. She rushed over to his body, pulled him into her arms and began kissing him. â I love you.â She cried as she held him close to her.
â I love you too.â He responded, still struggling to find his breath. They held each other tight until the sun came up.

After that night Dana never took Eric for granted again and there was never a news story about a young man being murdered in his own house, or stories about men claiming they heard a beautiful song somewhere in the distanceâ ¦at least for nowâ ¦

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