

The Blood-Stained Prison

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Kia is a normal girl, of 16. Problem is, she has physic abilities that even she doesn't know about! When her best friend goes missing, what will she do to save them? Warning: Mild swearing and grubby situations.



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Chapter 1: The Blood-Stained Prison (Chapter 1 / Prologue)

The sound of the TV blared through Kia's headphones, despite her promise to keep it down. Sleeping parents were all too annoying. Fingers found buttons to the controller in her hand as she flicked the channels, eager to find something good on the television. A horror film came up. Quickly, she paused the video. Launching from her seat, her bare feet made for the kitchen, until she grabbed the popcorn from the table, picked up her large, snuggly blanket, and curled up on the sofa. Hitting the play button, she stared intently at the screen, grinning like a wolf at the horror film placed before her.

"Henry, don't go into the light!" The red-headed woman screamed on the screen. The light got closer, the eerie red light. Figures started moving on the screen, zombies, approaching closer and closer, until they would be staring into your soul through the screen.

Kia hid under the blanket, trembling, listening to it beneath her warm, fluffy shelter. Blood curdling screams filled her ears, zombies groaning, ghosts screaming. She frowned, the credits popping up. Happy music played; the creepy-happy type. The 'hey, this is so cheerful, but fuck it, I'll just scare the shit out of you anyway' type of music. She slowly lifted the blanket, freezing at the screaming, bloodied monster up in her face. The delayed reaction didn't happen for a few moments, but soon, she screamed, like she was being murdered. The kid laughed at her, pulling off the mask and laughing. It was her sister.

"Mya, you scared me! Geez!" Kia hissed. The kid laughed back.

"Haha, never knew you were that easy to scare!" Chuckled Mya, seemingly about eight with pink, tousled pigtails, and faintly crimsoned cheeks. Just then, Kia's parents stumbled down the stairs, looking everything but happy.

"Kids, get to bed. Now." They spat, and the two young females dashed upstairs. Meanwhile, the parents settled on the couch, re-winding, watching what Kia had scarcely saw. It was that. They were to die, weren't they? Their Mother began to sob into their Father's chest. It was all over. Watching that film was the start of the apocolypse. And that was when they were all going to be murdered. Killed. It was their end. People were going to go missing. Ghosts, ghouls, DEATH.

... All because of Kia.

Chapter 2: The Blood-Stained Prison (Chapter 2)

'Twas dark. I could barely see a thing, as I sat alone in my room, pondering everything that had happened. All was silent, apart from the sobs of my Mother from downstairs, and Mya was trembling beside me. I could feel her form cuddled against my side, petrified. She heard their conversation, and I was scared, too. But I bundled it all inside, waiting for the right time to unleash it - Alone. Alone was where I can sit and think, about my choices. I'm sure there's more to it though, than simply death and destruction. We all knew that something else was there. Either way, we had a long and strange day tomorrow, so I flopped back, yawning softly before falling asleep.

She had a new year of school to deal with.

Bleep! Bleep! Bleep! Smacking the alarm silent, I thrown myself out of the warmth and comfort of my bed. It was a sunny, summers day, the sun beaming through the curtains. I pulled them apart quickly, squinting at the light, before smiling down towards my best friend, Alex. He was always there for me, and I loved him with all of my heart. He probably loved me too, but I didn't care. We waved at eachother, before I closed the curtains, tearing off my pijamas to throw on something simple, but bland. After that, I swept out of the door, toast in mouth, grinning.

"Hey, Sissy! Aren't you going to eat your breakfast?" Mya questioned. I shrugged, continuing to run out the door to the freedom of my neighbourhood. It was perfect outside. The sun shone down onto me like a luminous spotlight, the flowers sprouting from the ground all around me. Trees waved at me from across the road, between houses upon houses, that all looked the same. We usually planted these pink roses in the summer, so that we could tell the difference between our house, and the house next door. Pretty cute, huh? Launching myself into Alex's arms, he placed them around me, smirking. I glanced up curiously. His face lit up in this weather, golden in the light of summer. Deep green hair was trimmed into an array of anime-like spikes that framed his face, a lighter green reflecting off his hair in the sunlight. And that smirk ...

"Heello?" He grinned, tapping my face until I snapped into reality. I buried my face in his chest a moment, giggling like a school girl, before running off, calling for him.

"C'mon, slowpoke!"

"Hey, you never said we were running to school!" He laughed.

We arrived to school eventually. Uran High was pretty good, consisting completely of sixteen to twenty year olds. We studied creative arts, media and buisness. Technically it was college, but still just wasn't. There were many strange people there. Each person that I knew looked more handsome and beautiful than I did, and they hid themselves fairly well. But I always wondered. We always studied supernatural things, or did these strange chemistry projects that made weird shapes in the air.

When will they talk?

Seating myself into my first class, I frowned. The air was full of this cloginess. It clogged my senses, and I began to cough into my hand. The two males sat at either side of me turned to look at me, quirking an eyebrow each. Nothing seemed wrong with them - it was as if I was the only one. It was as if I was different.

"Are you alright?" The boy to my left asked, reaching out to rub my back. Suddenly, an image flashed before my eyes, and I shut my eyes tightly, finding myself stuck within this visual interpretation.

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They stared, in complete silence, at the wall. It glowed red; with the blood of their teacher. Eyes glanced down at the sight with casual interest. No fear was shown at all, as males and females stepped forth, taking turns to feed from the dead woman's bleeding, mushy body. I covered my eyes, wincing, but in my vision, the images just went on. Blood dripped everywhere, the floor turning sanguine with the serpents of death, and life. The supernatural lived from it; the ... the students? It couldn't be them. Could it? The dreamer watched in horror as the body began to rise. It snarled, a flashing pair of fangs appearing in its mouth, before lunging at the sleeping. Staggering back was no use. The woman sucked, and fed. It was all over.

My hand rushed to feel my neck, as the male to my right simply blinked. I threw my trembling self at him, and he placed his hands lightly on my back, peering to the other male, who nodded.

"Ma'am, I believe the new one may be showing skill." Both said. They were twins, really. They both had short, slicked back silver hair, and a fancy attire that was just like the other's.

"Oh?" She inquired, stepping over to offer me a hand. Taking it, she guided me out of the room, nodding for both men to follow. We walked into a large, open space that seemed to be for practices, or something like that. As I glanced around, still shaking from the vision, I noticed fine and rich decorations on the walls; dried blood is what I smelt. Pictures of fangs and beasts of great interest lined the walls. I noticed that this teacher was the one in the vision. This was the room.

"Can't we go somewhere else?" I asked nervously, shuffling, ready to bound for the door.

"Why?" She asked.

"I ... I envisioned something. You. Vampires, feeding ... Feeding on you, killing you, in this room. Hostile vampires ..."

Suddenly, it was all quiet. Then, a bang sounded from the wall behind the miss. Both boys' eyes widened, before they grabbed the teacher, pushing her in the direction of the door, which she scuttered out of. They then turned to the sound of the noise. The wall was breaking, cracking, falling. I felt dizzy and couldn't move; this sickened feeling climbing up to my throat, and I fell to the floor, screaming in agony. Blood came from my lip, where I bit it. But why would it bleed, so much? Blinking, I grabbed a sword that flashed across my eyesight, and began swinging at the blood-sucking mongrels that came my way. Where my lip was bleeding, it attracted the vampires. The two boys found it hard to contain themselves, as if they had urges, too. And then I layed eyes on the enemies' necks. I blinked, and, apparently, my eyes were now glowing.

My eyes flashed a crazy red, and the enemies backed off. I began to approach, somewhat seductively, my hips swaying, yet coming across as an intimidating personel. They backed up more, but the two boys coming closer; seduced by my actions. I suddenly launched at the closest enemy, digging my teeth into their neck. The second guy I was up against fled, but I didn't care. Blood oozed into my mouth, and I lapped up. But I didn't have fangs, did I? Confused and full, I stood, my eyes fading to their normal emotionless ebon. I looked pretty nice. I had long, jet black hair, and emotionless black eyes. At least, they were emotionless at that time. My general expression however, shown otherwise. I staggered back, a hand covering my mouth. Both silver-headed boys halted their stalking, dashing over to see to me.

"Kia, are you all right?"

No answer. I wasn't planning to answer, either. I just wanted to know what the hell was wrong with me, and what was going on. I began to cry, until everything went black, and all I could feel was numbness, and other than that, the taste of blood on my tongue was all I could register.

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I was facing serious problems. I knew that well and clear, and I wasn't wanting to go through them.

I turned to the sword rack, grabbed the steely mass from its holder, removed it from its sheathe, and slammed it down upon myself.

Chapter 3: The Blood-Stained Prison (Chapter 3)

Pain seared through my head; I gripped at the nearest object to me, screaming out. As my loud siren died out, I looked up, slowly opening my eyes. Darkness completely surrounded me, and I blinked to clear the blur from my eyes, making me open to attack. I'd not remembered anything when I woke up. Infact, my head was pounding because I was digging back so much. Why was I here? Where was I? How did I get here? I sighed, loosening my tightened grip upon the blackened object that I could hardly make out, in the darkness of the room. My head was swimming in confusion and pain. Glancing slowly around, I eventually noticed the light, blinking at me in the distance. It was yellow, shining subtly, glimmering and beckoning me from across the darkened hallway.

Suddenly I found my footing, and I bounded for the light, tears of confusion staining my cheeks. *Yes!* The voice in my head called to me, *Go for the light! You will find fortitude and peace in the light! It will bring us closer, Kia!* Leaping into the light, glass smashed all around me. Air brushed my face and filled my ears, whooshing through me and quickening my fall. Clouds passed my face, and as I fell, I felt this sense of being free. I felt like I could just die, and be happy and peaceful. Sun flashed in my face, and a smile took over my expression. Happiness filled me; I danced around in the air, making flying and running motions with a laugh. It was just like being a bird, wasn't it? You could just be free and go wherever your heart desired. Except, where I was going, was down.

Eventually, my body found water. I sank to the bottom after landing with a large splash, closing my eyes tightly until I had surfaced. I still brightly smiled, for I was out of the dark. It was completely daytime. Birds were tweeting in the distance, and the sun shone brightly with a newfound, special glow. Clouds breezed along through the aqua-blue sky, and kits played not far from myself. I pushed myself out from the water, shook around to get as much water from me as I could, and then began walking in the direction of the three young Foxes, smiling happily. As I approached them, they backed up, but I was determined to become a friendly entity to them.

"Hello, little ones," I nodded. The three kits looked at me rather strangely, sitting down beside her and tilting their heads. I had to be careful - If I got too friendly, they could trick me, and bite my head off instead.

"Do you know the way home?" I inquired. A large Fox began prowling over, and eventually sat before me, opening his mouth. The other Foxes didn't seem to hear him speak, but I did.

"You wish for the way home?" He said. I nodded. "... You understand me?" He questioned, and I nodded again.

"That is a surprise. Not many humans can understand us Foxes. You must be special." I swore I could see a grin on his face, but I shrugged it off before replying.

"Well, I think I may be phsyic ... Or a vampire, or something." I shrugged. He raised a Fox eyebrow before nodding slightly to my east.

"You probably are. Embrace that, and embark to the east. That is your way home."

"Thank you, sir." I smiled.

"It's no problem." The large Fox replied. He hurried off with the cubs suddenly, however, barking loudly and leaping into 'his' hole with his family. I blinked, turning, to see a figure coming towards me. Blood stained his face, his face disfigured and expression grim. He reached out towards me, groaning. Both legs were twisted,

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his eyes rolled back to show only bloodshot whites.

"Is that you, my love?" He asked. *Great, it's just like that Amnesia game I played*, I thought. I turned, beginning to run. He blindly ran after me, flailing his arms and rolling his eyes around. Then, suddenly, something scratched my face, and a body crashed down upon mine. I groaned in the darkness. He ran a hand down my whole body.

"Shh ... It's alright now ..."

... Darkness consumed me.

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