

Let the Tempest Fly Free

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Thinking about bloodlust?

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Everything stained with blood.

Red was everywhere. Blood, crusted underneath long fingernails shaped meticulously. Splattering her face, the same shade of crimson of the solitary streak that ran through her silken raven tresses. On her mouth and chin, which had been sharper, longer. Deadlier.

Bloodlust.

She had killed an innocent. Fed and murdered because of her bloodlust. The thought sickened her.

Shivering.

Her petite frame quaked in the dark corner of the desolate house as her need to feed arose within her again. How could she be hungry after all this?

â *I can see everything* â ¦â

Jade eyes, pupils dilated in fear, searched around for the voice. Long, elegant fingers flicked her thumb as she counted out of trepidation.

â Two, four, six, eight,â her high-pitched, mellifluous voice whispered. Only even numbers. Pairs. They were safe. Her other hand reached for the gold filigree rose pendant resting on her soft buttoned blouse, besmirched with mottled ruby.

The smell â ¦

Her victim had smelt like a sickly sweet perfumeâ ¦ and underneath that, salty sweat and fear. Now she smelt like blood and death. Assaulting and enticing her pert little nose.

The screams â ¦

It was the screams that enthralled her the most. Not the sobs or the sultry moans when the endorphins rushed through their victim's circulatory system. The screams were music to her ears, the music of pain, fear, and hope that someoneâ would hear their futile screams mad her go phrenetic.

The undiluted fear â ¦

Her victimâ s fear had tasted so good, she drank from them until no more blood came. The feeding had given her a healthy flush to her pale skin.

â *Embrace the monster.*â

Her head snapped up at the sound.

â *Feed until they die. Drain them* â ¦ *kill them. Torture them.*â

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She wouldn't listen. Couldn't listen.

â Enjoy her screaming again and again.â

It had an alluring quality, the promise of screams. Phantasmagoric.

â Watch the blood seep from her delicate throatâ † a throat you could so easily tear away, manipulate to make her screamâ † Come, let the tempest of your bloodlust free...â

Her fangs slid out.

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