

A Hellish Dream #4

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And, yet another dream of mine...



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My eyes opened, slowly, and I looked up at the starry night sky. Cool, wet grass tickled my fingers, sending small tingles through my hand. I took a deep breath, and my lungs filled with crisp, clean air. I let my body slowly awaken, as I stared up at the heavens, a sense of wonder beginning to take hold. The shining full moon gazed down at me silently, watching as I sat up slowly, and took in my surroundings. Tall, looming trees guarded me from every side, their branches somewhat bare as winter began to tighten its icy grip. Deep, ominous shadows slowly encroached on my small clearing. The deathly silence was like a burning itch that crawled just beneath my skin. My breath became fast and ragged, as I looked around anxiously. There was a sense of impending doom that washed over me, and through my body, raising the hair on the back of my neck. "H-Hello?" I whispered, my voice wavering with barely suppressed fear.

A rustle came from the bushes directly in front of me, and my nerve broke as I scrambled back. My head hit the trunk of a tree with a dull thump, but I didn't even move as a shadowy figure began to materialize at the edge of the little clearing. My heart tried to pound its way out of my chest, and adrenaline rushed through my veins. The shadow formed a tall, masculine shape, and glowing eyes like the embers of a flame, blood red, and hungry stared down at me silently. I shuddered as a new wave of fear washed over me, raising every hair on my body. Each breath was ragged, and practically ripped from my lungs. "Wh-who are you?" I gasped, as tears began to well in my eyes.

He took a step forward, and the shadows rushed forward, drowning out every shred of light, but for his flaming eyes. He silently stepped forward, till he was so close, I could feel his hot breath on my face. Shrouded in darkness, the smooth skin of his thumb and forefinger gripped my chin, and tilted my head up, forcing me to meet his gaze. My heart pounded in my ears, a crescendoing cadence that erased every rational thought, and seemed to stop as his powerful voice whispered back : "Your darkest fear. And your worst nightmare."

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