It Started With Darkness

By : swords edge

Being a witch, I naturally hated every Christian. But her.... she was the first Christian I ever hated that strongly. The moment I saw the light radiating from her soul I wanted to end her, I wanted her to die, and I wanted her death to be as slow and as painful as possible. Not only that, but I wanted to be the one to kill her. but meeting the Christian was only the beginning, a beginning that started with darkness...

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In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was with God in the beginning. Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. In him was life, and that life was the light of all mankind. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

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John 1:1-5 (NIV)

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The day I met the beginning of my end was like any other day.

It was a late, sunny august day. I had been sitting in my window seat, like I always did, and was writing in my journal. I remember everything about that moment. the moment before I heard the moving trucks signaling the start of a new battle. A battle for my very soul. I was writing my 123rd entry inside my third journal, there was an ink smudge on the top right corner. I was the type of girl that used old fashion ink pens, and I had a bad habit of smudging. The large pillow I sat on was a little lumpy from years of usage. The trees outside were casting shadows on my pale skin. I had been looking at them while trying to ignore my parents fighting downstairs, sometimes I could block out the crashes and shouts but that day I couldn't. Until, that is, I looked out my window and saw her.

I would later know her as Rachel, but at that moment I only knew her by the name I gave her.

'Angel'

that's exactly what she looked like the first time I saw her, she looked exactly like an angel I saw in a picture once. After hearing the moving trucks pull into the house next to ours I had looked up, and there she was, looking up at the two story house next to ours. The august sun hit her blond-white hair making it glow, her bright blue eyes were enhanced to the point where they were inhumanly beautiful, her slender figure was covered in a flowing white dress, a large sword was held at her side, and long, magnificent, white wings were extended from her back. The way she looked about reminded me of a soldier assessing a battle field.

Wait, wings? Pulling myself from my thoughts, I did a double take, they were still there. Thoroughly startled, I rubbed my eyes. When I looked back they were no longer there, and nether was the beautiful dress or sword. I gave a sigh of relief. That had been scary. I looked her over again and saw that her hair was no longer glowing, ether, and her bright blue eyes were just a normal light blue. Instead of that dress she was wearing old ripped jeans and a white shirt that said 'Red Revolution' on it. I don't know how I saw the letters from my third story window, I didn't really question it at the time. I had enough... special powers, that I used already. enhanced sight didn't really surprise me at that moment. She was also wearing, strange enough, dog tags. I marveled at the strange girl below. She looked pretty enough to be a prep, but the way she carried herself and dressed suggested she was far from them.

A soft breeze swept by through the trees and past Angel. It made her long whitish hair fly around, she closed her eyes and breathed deeply. Then, just as it died down, something I could only explain as supernatural happened. Angel's eyes snapped open and looked straight into my own.

A violent chill made it's way through my body. Goose bumps rose on every inch of my body. When she made eye contact with me it was like she could see my very soul. Her eyes searched mine, but it felt like she was searching my soul, looking into it's depth and seeing all the darkness inside. When I looked back I couldn't see her soul, like I could sometimes do with other people. It was a power I possessed. But with her... with her all I could see were her eyes, but her eyes were enough to tell what she was.

She was a *Christian*.

Hot prickles ran through my body when I saw that unexplainable light in her eyes. I instantaneously hated her. Being a witch, I naturally hated every Christian. But her.... she was the first Christian I ever hated that strongly. The moment I saw the light radiating from her soul I wanted to end her, I wanted her to die, and I wanted her death to be as slow and as painful as possible. Not only that, but I wanted to be the one to kill her.

My hands started to shake with my anger. Rage consumed my body and mind. I didn't know it at the time, but almost all of that anger was not my own. It was of the demons I 'controlled'. Angel saw the anger in my soul, for her eyes had not left mine for a second, a sad smile spread across her lips. This only infuriated me further, somewhere far away I could hear my mother call for me. But her voice was drowned out by the many others in my head.

Destroy her...

Destroy her...

Destroy her...

Destroy her...

my voice had joined theirs, their thoughts became my own. Within, I felt my soul twist and turn painfully. I cringed, but then laughed in it. This is where my power came from. it came from the pain, from the darkness. I allowed the demons that had been around me come into me, I was hungry for the power I knew would come next, I was starving for the power that I knew they only held. Nothing compared to their strength, nothing come close to what they could do. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, inhaled them. And when I exhaled I made it a clear point to look down at the Christian and meet her eyes. I wanted her to see my soul again, see the power I held there, the forces I controlled. I wanted her to see that I was not someone to mess with. That if she messed with me, she be the one to end up dead. Angel met my eyes again, except they weren't my eyes. My eyes, I would later find out, had turned coal black. Along with them my mouth had turned into a wicked smirk. I couldn't help it, the power festering inside me, mixed with the fury, had created it. I could barely control myself. Barely.

Through the trees the Christian looked up at me, or them rather, with her sad smile. As soon as she saw what I had allowed in, as soon as she saw the demons looking back instead me, a sorrowful look crossed her eyes. She looked to be in deep grief for a brief moment before sheer determination replaced it. Shoulders back, head held high, and hands clutching her dog tags, she looked deeply into my eyes. Inside hers I could see a plan unfold, a mission being given, a goal being set. Without warning the light inside her exploded and expanded so that it was surrounding her. I watched the light surround her, cloak her, speak to her. She wasn't the only one given orders, though.

The darkness around me thickened turning almost everything black except the Christian and the light around her. I could feel more demons coming to me, which is funny because I never called them, but I didn't dwell on that. Instead I listened. I was getting my first personal mission.

Trick the filth into trusting you, trick her into thinking you're friends... then, when you have her eating out of the palm of your hands, try to turn her, turn her against her "god"... show her the real power lays with us, convince her to turn her back on the one she thinks can save.

And if I can't do that? The darkness laughed at my incompetence.

Get her to trust you still... and if she doesn't turn, kill her; Sacrifice her. Show her that her "god" is powerless compare to us... and wouldn't it be fun to see her, a light lover, sacrificed to the forces she opposes so? Wouldn't it be grand to see her bleed as tribute to the god she thinks is powerless? The demons laughed. When they laughed they sounded like snakes, lions, horses, and some other animal I never could quite put my finger on, combined. When I first heard it, it had startled me. But now, after hearing it so often, I dismissed it. My voice joined theirs, my laughter echoing in the darkness. My laugh mimicked theirs.

Now go; kill her.

having my mission well set, the darkness disappeared from sight. But I knew it was still there. I looked at the Christian, the light around her had left from view as well. Like me, though, it remained in her eyes. Shining brightly. It was disgusting to look at.

"you think you're so tough now? Just wait, you'll see soon enough how pathetic and powerless your God is," I spat, thinking aloud, "we'll show you that darkness is were the real power lays." Almost as if hearing me, the Christian looked up at me and smiled, highly amused. I could read the message clear in her eyes. I felt my body tremble with fury at her unspoken words.

I'd like to see you try...

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