In Control

Summary

Rachel is learning more about her powers and the darkness within herself, while Gar finds new capabilities of his own. They both struggle with their inner darkness’ temptations.

Her mind was lost in it’s own horrific show, playing pretend to the clear grotesque at her feet. The thin layer of a deep dark shawl wisped through the relentless scream of the winds. She was afraid to look at what she knew she may gaze upon from under the heat of a crimson fired sky. Weeping mumbles from paled lips pleaded for the horrors to cease, her darkness tormenting what will she still held in the willowed and helpless urge to peer up from her palms shading her face. Her hands served as a faithful mask from what bloodshed was surrounding her.

Her altar of darkness, in full fruition, combed and petted at the streaks of cooled colored hair, whispering vile words with a sweet bite, “They’re all dead. They’re all dead. They’re all dead.”

A chill at her heels swept through her entire body and scraped her nerves. The scene could no longer be ignored and the darkness sensed such, grinning at the lost attempt to resist any more. The cold voice bellowed in a raspy echo, seeming as if it were everywhere at once. Unnaturally pale fingers wrapped around Rachel’s wrist, pulling with a light tug, “Look at what you’ve done. Take a peek, little raven.”

Rachel broke under the temptation, despite her efforts and desperate pleas, “No, please. I don’t want to.”

She was at her own darkness’s whim, unable to stop the harsh color overwhelming her vision and
regretfully experience the horrors tainting her eyes. Her closest friends lay against the floor, lifeless and gray-eyed, blood contrasting their colorless skin -- Kory, Gar, and Dick. Her stomach wretched in an unsetting drop, enough for her to sicken at the sight. Her head shook in denial, hoping the nightmare would end, but it felt too real to be a nightmare.

The darkness grinned with a tease, “Oh poor little raven, why did you do it? Why did you kill them? Have they not done everything for you?” her head twitched for a partial second, quick enough to miss with a blink of an eye.

Rachel murmured, barely enough for her reflection of herself to hear, “No…” her body stood stiff in denial, eyes burning with a tense throat, “I...I didn’t do this. I could never.”

“But you did. I told you your friends were all going to die. Did you not believe me?” the dark essence chuckled, hands hovering to barely touch the real Rachel’s cheeks.

“This isn’t real. It’s not real,” she hoped repeating it would make it true.

The darkness only stared, blank faced except for the sly smile lifting a single corner of cracked lips. Rachel couldn’t stand to look for any longer, pupils shifting with streaks of tears falling.

“Then what’s covering your hands. Is that not real either?” the cracked face was perceived innocent, though it’s cruel and harsh tease was a sign of its true intent. Black eyes flickered, head rolling to the side, taunting the half-demoness.

Rachel felt a substance coat her hands, knowing it hadn’t been there before. Hands lifted, shaking already, as if she knew what she would find. Eyes widened in an awful discovery and her heart stopped in full beats, gaping at the drip of warm blood which ran through the crease of her palms and descended to the massacre in constant drips.

The teary-eyed girl wanted it to end. It wasn’t real -- it couldn’t be. Her eyes were telling lies, but all she could do was look upon the brutality she supposedly caused. Everything in the vision forced her to accept it as truth and place her on a pedestal of betrayal, but her heart knew better. She would not shatter so easily in the twisted illusion. To prove to herself, she reached out into the unknown and untouchable, feeling the fluctuation of life within her soul. The slight flicker of something was foreign, yet distinguishable in its meaning. Her friends were alive and this was some sort of sick manipulation.

Her voice was stern, a newfound confidence lingering on each word, “This is not real. I know it’s not.”

The words held enough power for the false bodies to vanish in a blackening cloud. The darkness glared, a minute snarl beginning to curl, “Clever. But that doesn’t mean it still won’t happen. It’s only a matter of time before you lose control and I am released.”

“I won’t let that happen,” the blood on her fingers disappeared, a black cloud-like essence surrounding them for a second longer. Her strength was returning with gradual awareness of her surroundings.

The darkness ticked and clicked her tongue, “Oh, but I feel what you do and we both know that’s a lie. Little Rachel Roth can’t control her powers. You’re ignorant of them.”

“I may not be able to control them yet, but I will,” she took a step forward, brows furrowed and shoulders squared, “I’ll make sure of it.”

The darkness didn’t move, prolonging an eerie silence, until lips lifted in a twitch, nose scrunching.
As the false environment began to fade, as did the ominous words of Rachel’s dark side, “This prophecy will only be the beginning of what’s to come.”

The last word was barely audible as the vision ceased.

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