

# My imaginary story



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Dark, angry clouds smothered the silver moon from witnessing anything below; it's betraying illumination concealed. Heaven cried tonight. Its vast, seemingly empty canvas stretched beyond limits gently fluffed with a smattering of low level flat dull clouds. Their harsh gray smothering the silver lining and obstructing portions of the endless abyss. A vivid shock of white tore through the inky highlighting a city of infinite beauty-the untamed power reverberating too late to warn. The city grew quiet besides the occasional sobs of the wind. It was a perfect night for a murder.

She shivered, quickly drenched by the cold tears. No one knows her name besides the tombstone resting in a little city no one has heard of; the cemetery and its dead also forgotten. The epitaph of nothing significant or even worth remembering slowly appeared under the drumming of water droplets as the dust and dirt crusted on beated away. It was just like the night she died.

The cemetery has been emptied for years now, but a small anemone rested by tonight wasting away under the dreadful, heavy tears of Heaven. Its core rippled with a deep black; the fresh petals still white even as it submerged into the earth with the pounding of the rain. She picked it up hoping to smell its lingering scent.

The stormrumbled on. Heavy, dense dark clouds pushed through still blocking the only silver chasm--a compliment to the divine scarlet ruthlessly uncovering her for seconds at a time.

*" Hey pretty,"* a voice drawled next to her.

She whipped around to hopefully get a glimpse of him before he left again, but it was to no avail. She huffed sigh. " Hello Kai." She greeted the emptiness of the dark.

She watched as the only streetlight cracked, flickered, and died--the glass glazing below, but she felt his ardent warmth crackling next to her as he held onto her wrist.

*" Run with me, pretty. Just for one night."*

*She stifled a laughter which transformed into a hacking cough. "*

*Shall we run tonight?"*

And for once she saw a smirk embrace his pale lips. She saw his rigid veins on the surface of his skin stretching out in creeks and streams to the ocean, the blood running so dark of a blue it startled her, but what can he ever do to her? She was already dead at most.

" So tell me, Kai, why are we running?"

They had ran to a secluded alley, always hiding in the darkest parts. It was the same alley if she remembered correctly, of course she did, where her final warmth left her to be replaced with nothing but the chilling cold and this emptiness she herself did not know of. Again the smirk was there, and his eyes glowed with a fiery orange and flames of red hot. " I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you, and you're just so beautiful it would be such a shame."

*" Don't tease me," she warned.*

*" Which is exactly why I will tell you," he winked, " You didn't even let me finish. You're so unfair."*

The wind rustled, and his answer never came. The storm stopped raging, and the night was half gone. If they were alive, she would hear his heart beating in rhythm with hers, she would at least hear his, but she heard nothing.

*" You were always so pretty,"* he began.

He let go of her cold hand to cup her cheeks. His eyes dimmed to a soft orange glow as he rested his forehead against hers.

*" So pretty," he whispered, his breath was warm, but of a frosted mint. " Please forgive me."*

He touched his lips to hers and captured her in bliss. Only if she knew...

As he deepened the kiss, what remained of her slowly dissolved into ashes and his heart was beating with fury