

A Sickle For the Ferryman

by Wormwood Folly

a short story based on an RP character called Morte (who is NOT a nice guy)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The subliminal sound of her heart as it beat slower and slower – it made him ache with pleasure to hear the heart dying. Her breath was weak as it plumed above her in icy clouds, filling the air with her saccharine scent. The knife wound in her abdomen screamed a harsh scarlet. It made him giddy with the sight of it. Lying on his side next to her, and leaning on his elbow, he spoke softly, “The pain will ease soon. It will be a dull throbbing instead of an unbearable sting.” His light French accent would have been comforting, alluring even, if it wasn’t for the hardness of his eyes. They seemed to hold something that no mortal being should grasp.

She didn’t cry. It was impossible to under the influence of such a powerful natural sedative. Instead, she quivered with anger and fear, her whole body now becoming cold as her blood gradually died. He had called himself Morte. How stupid she had been to come back to his house. But he was the perfect vision of beauty, with his light, platinum blonde hair and deep, jade green eyes. His perfectly formed, muscles seemed too idyllic to be real. Saying nothing, she just shook her head lightly.

“What? You don’t want to die? Well, it is for my entertainment you see.” He traced her fingers around the edge of her wound and cocked his head as if curious. Holding his fingertips up to the light, he smiled. “Such delicate beauty there is in such a complicated thing. Though your blood is not pure, it still tastes exquisite.” With that, he sucked his fingers, and shuddered.

Her body screamed with pain as he ran his fingers over the very edge of the stab wound. If only she wasn’t a void of magic. Knowing that her family was full of purebloods, not being able to spell herself even half-alive frustrated her. Managing to speak, her voice came out in a harsh whisper “See you in the afterlife.” She felt herself go numb and cold, and then pleasantly warm as she drifted off into helpless oblivion. It felt so reassuring and comforting. And then, there was nothing.

“I forced you into that afterlife, my dear. I was your God for those few minutes. I was your God.” He saw her eyes fluttering, like struggling butterflies, delicately dying. He realised she was gone, and he stood, his expression neutral. Morte dug in his pockets and took out a coin, throwing it down at the woman’s corpse. “A sickle for the Ferryman.”