

Coldness

by Juli_Min

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He is walking alone down an icy street of concrete and shattered glass. Great broken buildings lean wearily against each other and moan loudly as the wind whips through them. The moon dips in and out of shadows and the world flickers as though a great silver flame. In the distance he hears a whispering, and a small silhouette darkens the path in front of him. A woman. She is as pale as moon-cream but lovely. Her eyes are like frost, almost mechanical in their coldness, and they remain expressionless as she smiles at him.

Back in his apartment, all is cold and dark except for the icicle stab of moonlight that pierces through the sole window. She is with him. He gazes into the mirror facing his bed – his own eyes are staring back with a strange emptiness, he turns away – troubled. The arms she wraps around him feel like stone, emanating coldness, which runs deeper than any soul. He shivers, and the night melts away into an eternity of heatless passion.

He awakes as daylight warmth creeps across his skin. The room is afire with golden hues of sun and life. He stirs and turns toward the woman who, even in this warm light, is pale and cold as death. He moves to kiss her, but her lips melt away into darkness as though she is bleeding shadow. And suddenly he is covered in blackness, which, though unnaturally dark, is just as sticky as any real blood. He pushes her away with fear, and she shatters. Broken pieces of porcelain mingle with the night-blood and spread across his floor.

He is sitting now, confused, as he stares at the scene to his feet. The woman lies on his apartment floor, her hair matted with blood that has darkened, but not like the blood he saw. Her skull is shattered, but it is not the white porcelain he remembers. And her eyes, open now and although empty with death, are not of the unearthly coldness of the woman he held. And as he kneels down and feels her human flesh for any pulse, he knows that the creature he brought home was not this woman.