

From Death to Life

by sevr28

Sometimes the soul can call for a sick and twisted hero even from the grave.

Wedding Bells in the Attic

Chapter 1 of 1

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I know exactly where this came from.

Thanks to my Beta AmyLouise...

The echoing wedding bells in the attic were a dream turned nightmare. Most people would be sickened by the thought of waking up soaking wet and chilled to the bone. The screams of people running from the chapel scared for their lives were like déjà vu. Weddings were supposed to be a beautiful affair: flowers, family, friends and love. No one ever mentioned dead lovers. Nothing about Daniel seemed different; he was the same disgusting bastard. The decomposing perhaps even sweetened his disposition.

I knew it was my fault he could find me in the dark even after being dead for two years. I didn't want to go through with the wedding, and I brought him here because I was selfish, sick, and twisted. My relationship with Daniel was as disturbing as any relationship could get—we fed off of each other's pain. After his death, I tried being a better person, but the fact that he was standing here sucking the life out of my groom, and I just stood here more fascinated than horrified meant one thing: I hadn't changed. I told myself maybe this monster looked like Daniel but wasn't him, but he looked at me and I knew without a doubt he had come for me, my own personal hero. I had no idea if he would kill me, but I wanted this pain. I was ready for the unthinkable.

Walking through darkness, a desolate place, I feel alone and miserable. This feeling is perfection; I feel at home. Pain grounds me and helps make me whole: this place, this nothingness, is my greatest hope and desire come true, and what makes it sinfully sweet is that I live this pain, this fear, and this misery with you. My sick and twisted fantasy, perverse and undesirable to most, is to us pleasure personified. Misery loves company, but it's my high because company loves misery too.