

# Nightmare

**By Moonchild10**

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*A short descriptive piece focusing on a nightmare of Raven's.*

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**Chapter 1 - Nightmare**

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# 1 - Nightmare

She was in the dark, alone. She could have been inside or outside or anywhere, she couldn't tell. There was nothing but darkness. It consumed her in a terribly unpleasant way, pressing in upon her senses, penetrating into the very depths of her mind until it was all she was aware of. She called out, searching for her friends, but they were nowhere to be found. She was alone in the darkness, but somehow, it didn't quite seem that way. There was a horrible, menacing presence in the room. The sound of ragged, rattling breaths pricked up over the void of the silence. Raven could feel her own breath shaking, risking to catch in her throat. A dry, furry sensation came over her mouth as she stared around into the black. Fear poured in upon her, a tidal wave of pure pounding agony for the senses. She struggled to calm herself as dread overwhelmed her. A voice in her head told her to run, but she was too terrified to listen to it, too terrified to do anything but stand there as though the fear, which was unnatural and forbidden to the young half-demon, had frozen all of her limbs into place. A sick, sweaty feeling rushed up her back and she shivered. 'There's nothing in here,' she whispered repeatedly, attempting to calm herself. And then a shaft of moonlight illuminated the area before her face, and she stared with wide eyes, dreading what she would find. And she discovered that she was not alone after all. Her fears had been justified. She was in the darkness with nothing but the empty chamber, and only a shadowy, pale face. A face with only pale lids where eyes should be staring at her, and she prayed that they would stay closed. She stared at the face, the bitter, revolting stink of fear rising higher and higher in her throat, and then the eyes on the face opened, giving rhythm to her frantic desperation. These were maniacal, bloodthirsty eyes, a malicious fire gleaming in the ebony pupils, and the crimson irises surrounding the pupils didn't help any with the horrible effect. Her fear rose with the pounding crescendo and refused to back down as the snakelike mouth opened a fraction of an inch and a soft, hissing voice issued from it like smoke from a gun. "This is only the beginning."