

Rude Awakening

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Heres my OC Drusilla's story.

A Normal women living in london in the 1800's, Drusilla had beauty, perfection, men everything.

I really don't know how to complete this discription O_o just read >_>

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1 - Spilled my gut

Drusilla dragged her feet slowly across the damp slippery pavement. She grimaced as her ankle was coated in dark water when she stumbled into a pothole.

"shoot"

Drusilla walked a bit faster trying her best not let her slippers be the cause of a hard fall.

She could hear it.

Somebody was following her. Drusilla snapped her body around. Nobody was there

"Who's there?!"

She heard her voice echo slightly then turn slowly into her breathing, heavy yet quiet.

"Oh!"

She was surprised to see one of her brothers appear from a nearby bush.

"Jack, what are you doing here?"

Drusilla tilted her head slightly

"Jack, are you... are you drunk?"

He laughed cruelly

"A bit paranoid, love" He swaggered towards her

Drusilla backed away a few paces

"Jack stay away it's not funny!" Drusilla froze in place

"Oh no love, are you scared?"

A few other men showed their faces from some nearby alleys

"Let's have some fun eh?"

Jack charged at her grabbing her head from behind as another gagged her.

Drusilla screamed but nothing came out. Her throat was sore from trying. She kept quiet for a bit before

trying again. She couldn't see but knew she was moving.

"here we are love"

Jack cackled cruelly before throwing Drusilla on the damp cobblestone ground.

A large, metal door could be heard slamming shut.

Drusilla breathed short and sharp, her eyes wide open and adjusting to the darkness.

A low chuckle was heard from her left.

"A daughter of my own... shalt live in fear of extinction no more"

Drusilla noticed her hands were still tied behind her back.

"No no my dear, no escaping from me. Keep quiet, screams make me shiver"

Drusilla began turning herself around to find the source of the voice.

Before she made a full rotation glowing red eyes raced towards her. She tried to shriek as pain erupted sharply in her side. Drusilla looked down towards her chest and nearly fainted. A large chunk was missing from her waist, her insides were clearly visible as blood sprayed from the large wound.

Drusilla felt woozy as she began to sink down to the ground.

"Hush hush my dear" Said the voice again.

She felt cold hands grasp her face softly. Drusilla slumped down closing her eyes. The ice cold touch began to stroke her face as she fell into a painful sleep.

"Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid singing in the valley below;
O don't deceive me,
O never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"