

Chill of death

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My first English fan fic ever! Woohoo! The events could happen between WCIII and WoW. A romance between an undead girl and a demon

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/NaNaNa/51712/Chill-of-death>

Chapter 1 - The awakening

2

1 - The awakening

woke up... I couldn't open my eyes, but I was awake. Shouldn't I be dead? I hazily remember a battle, the clang of weapons and battle cries, but then.... Darkness all around me... What happened? Maybe I should try to get up, but why? I didn't have a reason. I felt so empty, like a shell of a dead snail. I had neither past nor future, no dreams or hopes. I didn't know my name, I didn't know my family. Who was I? Who am I? Finally I pushed myself up. I waited for a moment and then opened my eyes. Why was everything suddenly looking so gray? I had never seen this place before. It looked like a dark underground cell. Coldness and humidity was streaming from the dark stonewalls. I was lying on a massive stone table with candles put around me. Where was I? Had someone saved me from death? I looked around myself in hope so see someone, but I was alone. Why did I feel so strange? It felt like my body wasn't mine. I took a look on my hands and I froze in fear. Those hands weren't mine! They looked so skinny and gray. Oh my God! Have I been trapped in someone else's body? With shaking hands and a terrified look I started to search for something that could reflect my image. I saw some shreds of glass lying on the clammy ground. I took the biggest one and put it near my face... The glass showed only a weak reflection but it was enough. Enough to make me shiver only at the glance of the ugly creature that looked at me from the glass. This creature was me? No, no this couldn't be... I couldn't believe in what I saw, I braced my arms and felt the sharp edges of the glass squeezing into my hands, blood splashed out, but I didn't feel any pain. This face was completely unknown to me – the gray skin, skinny face and the eyes – with no life in them. I was... dead... I froze; the shred fell out of my hands and smashed into little pieces against the hard floor. My eyes couldn't see anything but misty contours. I wanted to cry, but the tears held back. I had to get away from this cursed place... I didn't have an idea where was I running; in this newly discovered dark world everything was completely unknown to me. All I could do was running upstairs and hoping that there will be something better waiting for me at the top of this stairway. Finally I saw a beam of weak light coming down to me, which made me to think that I'll find what I want there, but I was wrong – at the end of the stairway I didn't find neither sunlight nor the end of this nightmare. I found myself in the middle of a graveyard, there were crumbled stone crosses here and the silence of death, the only life I could find here were some rats that fled from me into their safe hidings. I collapsed; I had lost all of my last hopes - About time you woke up. – A voice tore me out from my sorrow. I sounded like it's master had long forgotten how to use it. It was cold and it didn't know any mercy or kindness, I heard anger within it. I summoned up my courage and turned to see the speaker. He was just like me, only even scarier. The gray skin didn't even cover his bones in some places, the clothing was tattered. He held a lantern in his hand which lit up his face making it look even more terrible. His lower jaw was broken and it hanged from the upper jaw, but his face looked like a skull. I shivered and started to step back. - You've awoken right in time – He continued like he wouldn't be disturbed by my fear. We were ready to toss you into the fire with the others, but it looks like you made it. Then he noticed that I'm afraid. He screwed up his face and tried to come closer, but I didn't allow him to, I ran away. I ran, not knowing where, but at the moment the most important this for me was to get away from that terrible creature that stayed behind and laughed about my panic fear. My feet tripped over turf, bones and skulls which served as a hiding place for cemetery rats. But I didn't give up. Then I ran into a village, which looked abandoned at the first glance, but I was wrong. Soon the inhabitants of the creepy village noticed a stranger in their territory and silhouettes started to appear in the tipped doors of seemingly empty houses, but I didn't stop to find out whether they are just like me or not. I saw skeletons wandering in the empty streets. They rattled their chains and make sounds that cut me to the bone. I took a dark lane so

that must not cross the way of the terrifying creatures. I ran and ran till I saw a forest, I reached the first tree and collapsed with any strength. I didn't know which was more terrible – heading forward into the dark forest with glowing red eyes in shades, or going back to the possessed village... What was happening to me? - Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you and nor will the villagers. – This strong voice scared me, I sit up and took a look on the talker. He wasn't dead, but his appearance shocked me as much as the living dead in the village. He was very tall and sinewy. His bat-like wings, demonic tail and hoofed feet made me believe that he was a demon. His pale face didn't resemble any emotions. The black markings around his eyes streamed out evilness. There were two huge, arched horns on his forehead. The strong body was covered with shiny metal armor and the wings were folded and made the impression of a cape. I clung to the stem of the tree trying to get any further from him. He saw my fear. - It must have been terrible to make up in the Shadow Grave all alone with only the cold Mordo to greet you... I understood only a part from what he said, I wanted to flee, but my fear had paralyzed me. Though I couldn't deny that he calmed me down. His voice sounded a little bit friendlier. - What... - I tried to ask, but my voice didn't serve me well. - This is the beginning of a new life, or should I say death? Because you're not alive anymore. – He told me like he would have heard my question. – Now you are one of them – he showed to the village. I couldn't believe what I heard... - They are called the Undead, because they are not alive anymore, but they are also not dead. - So I died? – I asked him so quietly that I even wondered how he heard me. - Yes, you fell in a battle. But that makes no difference anymore. This is another life – an immortal life. We have awakened you from your slumber, because we need you. Come with me and I explain you everything. He reached a clawed hand to me and I took it with trembling fingers, I felt myself getting up. I lost my balance, but he caught me. I followed him, though I knew he's leading me back to the village.