

The Song of Vengeance

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Contents

Chapter One	1
-----------------------	---

Chapter One

The music ended and the lights dimmed.

As the final chords rang out through the auditorium, a single pair of hands raised in applause. The source of the clapping was a lone shadow sat in the gods. The figure's outline slowly chiselled itself from the darkness, although her face was still hidden from view.

Grabbing a rope, she kicked off the attached sandbag and followed down the rope. The bag crashed to the floor and the woman stepped away. Her features revealed, she released a laugh unlike anything ever heard before, a laugh that could bring alive the dead. She clicked her fingers and sheets of paper came raining down from thin air and, laughing again, she spun into the darkness from where she had come, and vanished.

The lead guitarist led the group of spectators of this supernatural event towards the papers. On each sheet were the lyrics to a song and the music to accompany it. The lead picked up a page and began to read.

With time running outside of her realm, she froze the position of the clocks and the time moving around her. She had spent many... She thought again. She couldn't have spent many hours working on the song, because time was not an issue in her realm. Vengeance stood, pondering the concept of time in a place where time did not exist, almost to the point of distraction, so Death spinning into the mindscape could almost creep up on her and slit her throat. Vengeance grabbed the bony claw as it came into view.

Taking it over her head, she forced him to turn his back to her and go down on his knees, or what passed for knees inside the nothingness of his cloak. She continued to twist his arm until it came off. Death started to laugh as Vengeance stood, looking bemused as

she held his skeletal arm between her outstretched hands. Death stretched out his remaining hand and snatched at the offending limb. Vengeance pulled it away.

“Say you’re sorry.” Vengeance said solemnly.

“I’m sorry,” croaked Death, “now give me my arm back.”

“Here, catch!” laughed Vengeance.

The arm flew through the air and Death caught it and waved it at Vengeance, the finger pointing dangerously at her. Vengeance grinned as Death spoke.

“You were lucky, very lucky. In another time, another place I would have got you. Remember that. One day I will kill you...”

“But until that day you are cursed to keep trying, I know and I love you despite that.” she retorted.

Death plugged his arm back into the socket and bowed his head, raising it to reveal a fleshed out face and extending his now muscular arms towards her. She moved close and returned the embrace, her lips lingering dangerously close to his.

“Isn’t it a pity we have to live like this,” uttered Vengeance, “knowing that you are to end me, when we possess a love like this. Why couldn’t we just have...”

Vengeance broke off as Death sucked her into a passionate kiss. She felt herself tumbling through the darkness, thus causing her to pull tighter against Death’s engulfing form. Vengeance dare not open her eyes for fear of what maybe encircling her, the howling wind of... lost souls screaming past her ears. She felt herself slipping from Death’s grip, her lips no longer touching. She opened her eyes only to see Death’s form being dragged away from her at mind numbing speed. Her arms outstretched, a cry of pain and amazing intensity broke from her lips.

Vengeance found herself struggling for breath in a space where no

air existed. Her soul tearing in two for her lost love, she closed her eyes and died.