Sleep

certifiableGrimalkin

It was a quiet night, the sound of breathing only disturbed by the rustling of leaves in the light wind, outside the window. The room was dark, covered in posters of screamy girls, in harsh makeup. One particular one, set up as a centerpiece on a wall, had a heart shape spray painted around her, in black. Under her skull patterned covers, Emily was deep in her dreams, with a slight smile on her face.

In her dreams, she was surrounded by a wide plane of cloud, soft enough to slightly sink in, but stable enough to stand on. She was clad in armour, and several girls were laying at her feet, swooning over her. She looked over the horizon, and seeing no danger, sat down by the girls' side, admiring them while they flung themselves at her.

Back in her room, as the air was slowly flowing through it, a black cloud started forming in the far corner. Particles of smoke condensed, until they have formed the shape of a horse, neigh, mare. The mare, as soon as the last bits of smoke reached its form, snorted, and started stepping towards the bed. It hovered towards Emily, and with a jump, silently exploded into dissipating smoke onto the bed.

The expression on Emily's face suddenly turned to the sour, as the girls in her dreams started shifting and pulsing with a dark energy. She stood up, as they convulsed at her feet, and tried to touch one of them, when the flesh of the girl's arm suddenly flew off, revealing a bunch of feathers. The form of a wing revealed itself to her, and when Emily looked into the girl's eyes, they were red with anger. The girl screamed, and soon, the other ones joined in this deafening choir.

Emily started to run away. She looked back and saw as the first girl, shedding her skin, took to the skies. Soon after followed more and more of these harpies, with their distorted, screaming faces, and razor sharp talons.

It didn't take long, till the first one dove, and rammed into Emily. The impact took Emily's breath away, and landed her on the ground, on her side. The other harpies were getting closer, and the first one was slowly getting up from the ground as well. Emily didn't have much time. She rolled over, stood up, and continued running, holding her ribs, and breathing heavily and distortedly. She felt a new impact, in her back, and fell over forward, barely catching herself on her elbows. She could hear the screeching of talons against her armor, and soon, she heard and felt dozens of harpies assaulting her back, the swipes of their claws straining the metal on her body. She was held down, by the weight of the girls, as the scratched her open, like a giant tin can.

As soon as the armour broke, as soon as she felt the first talon smoothly and cleanly enter the flesh of her back, pass among her ribs, and tear apart something important, she woke up. She sat up in the bed, covered in sweat, and gave out a silent, breathless scream. As she did, unbeknownst to her, a cloud of smoke was released from her mouth, into the darkness of the room. It hissed, quietly, as it passed through the air, and went through the minuscule cracks in the closed window, dissipating into the night sky.