

Outcast, Supernaturals are humane too!
(Teaser!)
Enjoy~

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Long red-orange hair blowing in the wind. Emerald green eyes filled with tears. Her hands and legs, tied to a cross with a fire burning at the stake. In the distance, the threat of her loved ones being hurt. Any or all voices from them were drowned out by cries of hatred and jeers, all pointed at her. Among the crowd, a few familiar to her stood.

His eyebrows furrowed and his similar emerald green eyes longing as if saddened. While the man standing next to him had the same expression, only, more controlled. Then a woman stared with cold eyes, blocking the first figure known to be her very own brother. These three, they were her family.

Looking around, Ellie saw nothing but people screaming, jeering, and shouting out nonsense, all towards her. Seeing all this hatred, she felt she should just give in and let them burn her. Then her eyes drew attention to her friends, the very people she held most dear to her. Men with pitchforks and torches, guns and even *spears*, they threatened them, pointing and readying to kill them off.

With tears filling her eyes even more, her eyebrows furrowed in anger, and her eyes blazed with *fury*. Glowing a blood red, the insignia hidden amongst her eyes revealed themselves, as a similar, though more detailed, sigil appeared around the stake below her.

Putting out the fire beneath her, the ropes and chains tying her to the cross broke with a mysterious red strike, and she crashed to the ground with a loud thud. This hushed the crowd with a feeling of fear flooding over each and every one of them, even her family, as well as catching the attention of her friends.

Standing up slowly with her face hidden by her hair, a blood red glow peeked from behind her long curled locks. And a similar glow rose up from the sigil below her feet. She rose her head to reveal a dastardly look among her eyes and expression. One that you could read simply without the need of words. One that would scare the wits out of even the most grown of men. One that spoke: "*Prepare for **Death**.*"

Me before I remembered the word "Sigil": I KNOW THERE IS AN ACTUAL WORD FOR "MAGIC CIRCLE" BUT WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER IT? Let's see... Enchantment? No. Insignia? No. Magic Circle? NO. -This means war, brain. >:"(ANYWAYS~~

And that, my friend, is the end of this teaser! Hope you enjoyed, and I hope I got you sucked in! Have a happy-dappy day~!