

The Bloody Pool

Lily had always been an outsider, her quiet nature making her an easy target for the cruel kids at school. Day after day, they mocked her appearance, her clothes, her voice, even her dreams. She spent every moment trying to stay invisible, wishing the world would forget she existed. But it never did.

One summer afternoon, after yet another day of torment, Lily found herself at the school's pool, seeking solace in the cold water. The sun was setting, casting an eerie orange glow over the water's surface. She sank into the pool, letting the liquid embrace her, her mind numb to the world. She had had enough.

But fate had other plans.

As her breath slowed, her body drifting further from consciousness, something unnatural stirred in the depths of the pool. The water around her seemed to pulse with energy, pulling her deeper into its embrace. In her last moments, she felt a strange, cold presence, an entity that was not her own.

And then, everything went black.

Lily's body was found later, lifeless and still, but her spirit was not gone. The entity, an ancient vengeful ghost bound to the pool's waters, had slipped into her fragile soul, taking control of her body. It didn't care about her sadness or pain. It only cared about one thing: revenge.

At first, Lily's mind was still there, trapped beneath the ghost's influence. She could see and feel everything, but she couldn't move. The ghost used her voice to taunt and terrorize those who had hurt her. The bullies. The ones who had laughed at her. One by one, they fell to accidents and misfortunes, strange things that couldn't be explained.

As Lily watched her tormentors suffer, a part of her felt satisfaction. She was finally getting justice. But as the days passed, a gnawing fear began to creep into her heart. The ghost that had entered her body was growing stronger, and Lily was fading. She could feel her own will slipping away, her thoughts becoming more distant as the entity consumed her.

In the quiet moments, she whispered to herself, begging to be freed, but the ghost only laughed. "You wanted revenge," it said, "and now you will have it. But nothing comes without a cost."

The ghost's power was overwhelming, and as it killed, it fed on her soul. Lily's body, once a vessel for vengeance, was slowly deteriorating under its grasp. She could feel the weight of her own body, the decay creeping up her limbs, and with every act of revenge, a piece of herself was lost.

But one last part of her remained the part that hadn't wanted this. The part that longed for peace. And in a final act of desperation, she fought back.

The pool called to her, its waters dark and deep, offering a chance to end the torment. With the last of her strength, Lily dove into the pool once more, this time not to surrender, but to reclaim what had been taken. She fought the ghost, struggling to push it out of her body, as the water swirled around her, violent and unforgiving.

At that moment, both Lily and the ghost were swallowed by the depths. The pool became still, the waters dark once again. No one knew what happened to Lily, only that she was gone.

But every now and then, when the moon was full and the wind was still, a chilling whisper could be heard near the water's edge. A voice, sweet and haunting, calling for revenge.

And perhaps, in the depths of the pool, Lily's soul still lingered, torn between the need for vengeance and the desire for peace forever trapped in the waters of her own making.