

Her lips pursed once more as she took her figure in. The dress hung loose in some areas and it held close to her skin, in others. It withholds the right amount of wonder and the perfect understanding of proportions. Her body swayed as she twirled once more, inspecting her appearance. A small huff escaped her lips and he closed his eyes, awaiting what he knew would come next.

“Okay, Niva. This should work just fine. Just don’t eat too much and don’t bend down. Okay. I got this. I can do this. She should be here any minute now,” her mumbled words floated towards her unknown guest. He listened to her melodic voice and a small groan escaped his lips. Her voice was his favorite sound in all of creation. A tanned hand slid through his darkened curls and he slowly opened his eyes to take her in one more time before she left.

He met her hazel eyes and her entire body abruptly froze. No breaths came from her small frame. Her onlooker sat up a little straighter, unnerved by her sudden hyperawareness. She had never looked towards him before. She would wander close, but he always made sure to keep away. This time, she looked right into his eyes.

She slowly began to turn towards the small couch where he was sitting. He stilled. Her eyes roamed the space he occupied. She said nothing. Her hand came up to brush the side of her neck and then grasp her arm. She gave a small laugh and shook her head slowly. She looked back towards the mirror and glanced behind her.

“I really thought I saw someone. Wow. Maybe that was a bad omen. Or I have a ghost.” She twirled back around and looked towards the small couch where he still sat. She lifted her chin. “If there is a ghost here, make yourself known. I don’t believe in ghosts so, you’ll have to do something pretty convincing,” she firmly enunciated every word and then waited.

He was stunned. Did she really see him? Was that somehow possible through the mirror? He had no idea what to think. Her words left him even more dumbfounded. This human had always fascinated him, but in this moment, he fell a little harder for her. She was demanding a ghost. Her kind made horror films of these creatures and here she was, ordering some specter around as if it was just a nosy neighbor.

He laughed aloud and continued to stare at her. She instantly flinched and her eyes darted around the room.

“Okay, I heard that,” she breathed out. He sprung upright and looked at her. What was happening? He had visited her so many times in the last few months and she never saw or heard him. He stood up and began to walk towards the corner wall. He needed to leave. This was becoming too much for him. She can’t know of him.

“I had the feeling I’ve been being watched recently. Has it been you?” she uttered softly. He stopped walking and turned to look at her. Her eyes were cast downward and she had wrapped her arms around herself. She went on. “I thought I was going crazy. I mean, I think you’re friendly. I could still be going crazy or talking to myself. That could have been nothing. But, I feel like I know you’re there. Can you just give me more of a sign? Please?” She begged the space in front of her.

His need to comfort her overtook every thought in his body. His wings shuttered and his skin tightened with anticipation. What should he do? She thinks he’s a ghost, so he is technically not breaking any rules. Even if she did see him now, she would think he’s a ghost. She would never find out the truth. He turned around and leaned forward slightly. His hand touched her

hand that was clasped tightly around her shoulder. Her eyes widened at the contact and she took a step back.

“Oh my god. Okay, Wow, you really are here. You’re friendly right? You aren’t some creep or anything, right?” her curiosities spurred to life and she searched her room for any answers. He chuckled at her and walked towards the mirror. His form leaned over the dresser. His breath exhaled harshly against the glass. He raised a slender finger to write a single word. His name.

She turned to watch as the air seemed to shake and glisten with an unknown aura. Slowly, letters seemed to appear. She moved this way and that, trying to see what her new ghostly friend was trying to convey to her.

“Cem...Cemazar,” she says slowly. “What is that? A place?” She walks closer to the mirror and stares at the letters. “Wait, is this a name? Your name?”

He smiles at her quickness. Her mind was one of the first things that attracted him to her. He gave her a small tap on her hand and she gave a little gasp. The sound brought a light to his dark world like he could have never imagined before.

“Okay, Cemazar, nice to meet you,” she gave a slight bow to the space in front of her. Cemazar’s fangs poked out as he grinned at her. The way she said his name burned his entire soul and his heart fluttered amongst the ashes. He lived for her.

“So, my ghostly friend. I have to go soon. Um, if you stay here, I mean, make sure no one breaks in, okay? Just like watch out. I’m assuming you can’t leave, actually. Can you? I wouldn’t mind a little follower to make sure I don’t get kidnapped or anything,” her head tilted and she leaned against her dresser waiting for my response.