

CHAPTER ONE

AZILE

It's been five tremendous years for me; my life has never been how it used to. At a point I thought, 'It's just a phase.' But guess what? The phase never ended. After my grandpa left, life had no *ups and downs*, just went down to hell and now it's impossible to uplift it. Why blame life? It's me who dragged myself here. Deteriorated to the point where I've built a new ugly passion.

To take lives.

To have a taste of what I hunted, consume its parts, and I do it better than any wild animal could. That means even more worse. It's not like I want to, I know this is illegal and stuff, feeding on your own kind that is. I just need to; I need to do it desperately for no reason. At a point, I enjoy it, the next moment, I cry out my guilt. But there is something inside me, that makes me work that way. Believe me... or not. That's me, a girl, Azile Alarie, age 25, a creature fiercely cruel and hopelessly needy.

In a dimly lit room, a season of thunders and pours, around midnight. I'm here sitting on top of a person, and slitting his throat with a glinting sharp object, blood spurting out. Making a mess everywhere, this darkened red fluid, smeared all over my skin and dress. Ugh, disgusting.

I slide my hand between the person's slitted throat and tear some flesh before taking a huge bite, chewing loudly, "Human flesh is tastier than cats' and dogs' Hehe."

I take another bite, the metallic tang of blood mixed with a chewiness of raw flesh while gazing at the person's blue eyes, now blank and unfocused. Those eyes, just looking like mine. Those hairs, have the same color as mine. I feel like I am feeding on my own gene. A single tear rolls down my cheek, shoulders slumped, but I don't stop feasting. Why don't I stop it already? I don't like

all this. I hate this, God. I sniffle a sob, taking another bite directly from the neck.

I chuckle, glancing at the mirror. My monstrous smile falters slightly as I see the girl in the mirror. Her eyes completely hollow black, but mine was blue. Her face pale, teeth dripping with slimy red blood. Suddenly dread washes over me, my heart having issues in pumping out my blood. No...? That can't be me? That thing is NO HUMAN. "She is NOT ME!" I panic, screaming as I throw the knife on the mirror, shattering it into pieces of my reflection. Crying and yelling, touching my face maniacally, trying to decipher my dark side, that makes me commit such ugly deeds that I could never think off. This can't be me. I don't look like that; I can't do this-

My eyes fall over the torn and tattered dead body, going wide in horror. I taste something fleshy between my teeth. My chest aches, trying to breathe in some filthy air inside my lungs. My eyes and throat burn from the weird terrific emotions, making me dizzy.

How is this possible? I did this many times, but I can't help feeling like this. It doesn't sink in. And killing Darsie Alarie, my own... what? Like he ever treated me as his own. Fuck me to think like that.

Suddenly there's a loud pounding on the door, it rattles, making me jump. I glance at the locked door, hear the sound of people shouting and cursing, banging the door harder. I take a step back, afraid as if it's a storm of more trouble, wanting to get inside the same room as mine. A murderer like me is afraid of getting harmed, what an irony. The door breaks with a loud crackle, a large burly man barges in. His darkened face staring at me with a furious rage. When his eyes meet the blood and flesh on the floor, they go wide in something akin to disbelief. The rest of the people behind gasp and murmur, horrified like me by the scene, but still standing there, watching over the scene.

And it's just me against the world.

"You ungrateful cunt!" the man growled, "You don't deserve to breathe." he lunges forward, slamming my head against the wall. I groan and stumble, my vision blurs.

"S-Stop... Let me explain-" He grabs my throat before letting me finish the sentence. I whine and thrash my legs, body trembling with the effort to breathe. I could hear the crowd edging him on, my blood boils before slowly draining out of my face. I stare at the man with intense half lidded eyes, glistening with tears and ferocity I didn't know exists. My hand instinctively moves to grip his near my throat, helplessly slapping and trying to push it away. Am I supposed to die like an insect? In his fucking hands?

"Hah... Who do you think you are you to kill me?" My voice hoarse, I smirk when I see my sharp nails slowly digging into his skin, "I am the killer here right?"

His eyes widen, hands tightening on my throat, choking the air out of my lungs. But there's a blunder he's making, forgot to tie up my hands. I scoff and tear off his skin in one go, earning a loud cry before shoving my nails into his eyes, piercing through it. He screams loudly and releases me to cover his blinded eyes, I land right on my feet, smiling again.

"Only I have the right to kill myself too, and anyone who dares to stand against me." My voice low but clear, looking at others with a manic glint in my eyes, making sure they heard. Their silence feeding my soul. The man wailing and groaning loudly like his son once did because of me. Suddenly all of them flood over me like a group of mosquitoes, and unfortunately, I can't massacre them all. I scream and thrash my limbs, which are held tightly by them to disarm me. I growl and clench my teeth, glaring at everyone like some wild animal while they carry me away.

A part of me wants to eat them alive for even touching me, another part is thankful, begging to be tamed...

Thunders aren't harder out there, not more than how much they're booming in my chest, vibrating through each cell of my being as I walk along the lonely dark hallway of asylum in this stormy night. My steps echoing, hands stained by the blood of my own, and the

fainted red tinge of my closed ones, I don't want to reminisce about. Cause it hurts, inside and out to even think of them and that time, which would never come back again. The time where I once used to smile.

The light flickers above me, reminding me of a life I was living on until now... and I won't be living it from now on. My feet continue to walk the end of the path, where lies a huge glass window, raindrops splattering hard on it. The broken prison bars forgotten behind me, no longer keeping me confined, with the eerie screams and wails of many locked souls in the compartments on the walls. The guards, they're laying still on the floor like their eyes were never moving moments ago. I did it, made them lifeless.

Yes, maybe I am insane, maybe I am possessed. I never meant to but, killing is refreshing. I love the quietness and serenity after they are gone, the ones who were once speaking too loud for my ears. Death is calming. And for thinking that way, I am scared of myself. Afraid of what else am capable of, and I hate myself. I hate myself because I couldn't provide death to my own body. Everyone wanted me dead, how can I not die? That'd be so mean. I hate myself, because I destroyed the thing I craved the most, needed the most, 'love'.

After I fall off this fourteenth floor, nobody can complain about my existence. Maybe then, I will finally learn to love myself. I slide open the huge window, the rain slaps my face punishingly, making my skin sting. I stretch my blood dripping hands out, letting the nature wash off my skin. But my sins will be marked forever, cannot be washed away. Not like this. Staring at the thunder clouds, momentarily lightening up the dark sky. The light that only fuels my dark mind, making my legs stumble slightly. My scrubs soaked, tattered, similar to my heart as I climb up on the edge of the window. Looking down, world looks small, the twinkling of headlights from vehicles, beams from buildings, probably full of teens doing party. The city moving actively, just when am about to stop. So beautiful for an ugly soul of mine. I

want to go down from here, the cold rainy air hits my face from this height. I inhale a sharp breath, taking a small step ahead, "Please... Forgive me..." I whisper into the blank space.

But something pulls me back, my eyes widen, glistening as I fall backwards onto the cold floor. My body drenched and shivering as I look around, to find no one except the haunting walls around me. The corridor is as silent as death. I bite my lip, hard enough to bleed. I stand again, going towards the window to jump off but the wind blows me backwards, making me fall on the slippery floor. Am I that vulnerable right now? I clench my jaw in frustration, I shout at the sky, "FUCK IT! LET ME GO!" I heave, my voice echoing through the asylum hallway. I break down on the floor, wailing and sobbing in pain, before hurrying to get up over the window glass pane, some voice vibrating in my ear drums, --Not Again- I shudder, feeling a presence around me that I can't see. But I am desperate. Desperate to die. Sometimes I wonder if I tried as hard to live like I am trying so hard to die. Would my life be happier? Could it ever be that I end up happily like others?

Look at me, coming to a point where I don't dare to turn another page in my life chapter. Cause it's been so unpredictable, unnerving, and terrifying until now, that I am tired of trying to fix it again. I wish I had someone, to guide me through it. To take my hand and pull me out of this ditch. To stop me from dying. To hold me tight and let me cry in warmth, to dance this stormy night away. To fix my shattered heart and save me from myself. At least one person to tell me that am worth it, even if it's a lie? At least one to LOVE me. But I'd probably kill them too. Cause that's all I am capable of. I am a fucking murderer; how dare I wish for something as pure as love? I don't deserve it, I never did. I look down, my whole life flashing through my eyes before I *accidentally* slip from the window edge and this time, I fall out of it. My world will finally stop. With my heart. At the end of everything, the time would stop for me. Am sorry...

