

# CHAPTER TWO

## AFTER HER

"Azile Alarie, age 25, committed suicide by jumping off the fourteenth floor of Shasa mental asylum in Tokyo on the date, 12th May 2021. Cause, mentally disabled." This is the report that's spreading around the city after the young girl's body is found splattered and bleeding with the rain last night.

People gathered around her lifeless form, some feeling sympathetic while others relieved, to have witness the death of so called 'monster' of the society. "Mama... This lady looks like a ghost..." A little girl whispered, clutching tightly onto her mother's skirt as she looks at a corpse, whose eyes lacks eyeballs, as if someone snatched it mid-air. The mother covers the eyes of her little girl, as if protecting her vision while watching her husband investigate the site.

Cops and doctors gathered around Azile's body, there's a disturbing aura around her corpse. That made people uneasy and scared, so much that they started to ignore the scene and walk their own ways. Even after death, her energy is wandering around the dark night, like finding a new prey again. A shudder runs down the commissioner's spine just by looking at her. Like she is screaming everything with her silence. There are many reports of Azile being the culprit, but some strings point towards her being the greatest victim of this world. A pained life, she didn't actually deserve. The reason to solve the mystery is gone with her. It is indeed a disappointment to close her case without any solutions for her behaviour. Was she really just a mental patient? Or was all that deliberately done... The crime

authorities investigated the scene, while Azile was being carried in a stretcher for postmortem. The asylum management standing outside, getting interrogated in a line.

"Her prison cell is broken sir." Said the head nurse, "The bars are turned out like they were made of aluminium, not iron. But who could've done that."

"Bent out? Can we see her cell?", Commissioner Hwang asked.

"Yes sure..." She muttered under her breathe, showing them the way.

The group heads into those same dark hallways, leading to a place where she was once locked. The bars are broken and bent, blood stains on them. The Forensic team quickly got on work, taking evidence. Commissioner Hwang's eyes raked around, incredulous about how inhuman can something be. He followed the faint bloodied footprints, a strange air whooshing across his face as he walks the same path. On reaching the end of the hallway, looking down, he sees a small ancient Japanese bracelet lying on the edge of the window. Stained in probably her blood.

"What would she have gone through..." He mumbles to himself, before turning back, "Nurse. How was her behaviour in the last few days of her stay in here?"

The nurse thinks, gulping, "It was disturbing, she would talk to the wall. Sometimes laugh loudly, glaring at us. Then cry like a child, screaming about wanting hot foetus for dinner. She was behaving more than some crazy woman."

Hwang inhales deeply, nodding. There's more to it than it seems. "Tip of the iceberg."

The nurse continues, "It's been hard to live with a woman like that under the same building. She killed all the guards existing in this hallway, injured many nurses, made such a ruckus before finally deciding to leave the world."

The commissioner sighs, "Yeah I know. Her father was my old acquaintance." He looks away, walking past them, "And I must say, as father as daughter. But she was sure a notch above her dad. The perfect heir for his dark world."

"Heard she killed him..." one of them mutters, "Darsie Alarie."

"She did WHAT?!" Hwang exclaimed. Of course, the prophet was right, only his own blood can finish him.

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Year, 1987.

"Hey moron! You run as fast as a hare!" Darsie laughed loudly, running with wind speed. The young commissioner Hwang, just 21, chasing him like his life depends on it.

"Hare?! You are running faster than me!" he yelled grudgingly, his breathing heavy while fuelling his own muscles.

"Cause am a bloody Cheetah! Haha!" Darsie jumped over a tree log, sliding through the huge grasses with that body. The body that makes girls go all giggling and shit.

"You damn rascal..." Hwang muttered under his breathe, still chasing, "Stop acting like some tv hero after stealing my cabbages!" They were like cop and thief, young blood, energetic and heartthrobs. But never liked each other much.

"Fine then! Let's make a bet." Darsie braked his legs, turned to him, running a hand through his dark hair, his blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

"What the fuck is it?" Hwang caught his breathe, panting heavily. "You got me all sweaty and jazz to make another bet?"

"Yes...?" Darsie shrugged, circling him like a predator, "You know Mr. Akira? The retired navy officer?"

Hwang stiffened, clenching his jaw, "Please stop. He is ruthless and strict. Give your foolish mind a break!"

"We need to break in there and destroy his expensive cutleries without getting caught." Darsie's eyes gleamed with sick excitement.

"Better bait me to ghosts than make me do this." Hwang states.

"Oh, shut up, you rat. Whoever does that first and escapes will win the bet and cabbages." he grinned, acting like offering a prestigious job.

"Fuck off with those bloody cabbages! I will grow them again." Hwang heaved, turning to walk away in peace.

"Oh, come on! You're no fun!" Darsie grabbed his waist, as if doing titanic iconic pose. That moment Hwang knew, they were doomed.

"Please, don't. I beg you."

"You can't reject me man. You know am stubborn for freaks."

"What if I still do?"

"I will steal your money."

"Go ahead, my life is important."

"I will poison your plants."

"Do so. I'll find a new field. My life is important"

"I'll take your girl-"

Hwang snapped, his fist collided with Darsie's jaw, making sure it bleeds, "Son of a bit-"

"Make the damn bet." Darsie still smirked, adjusting his jaw as if modelling.

"My life is important... not more than her."

That's how they agreed to risk their lives, foolishly so, and break point was a girl. Darsie smiled triumphantly, walking past

him. Hwang rubbed his nose bridge, regretting his decisions to have ever met him in this life. "Bloody foreigner."

That new moon night, both guys sneaked through Mr. Akira's fences. Hiding themselves in the dark. "I will make my own way... Don't follow bastard." Darsie whispered, crawling to the backdoors.

"Real considerate of you..." Hwang cursed under his breathe, peeking through the dusty windows. He saw wooden furniture, placed sophisticatedly in the living room. First need to make sure the owner is out of consciousness, so Hwang climbed the pipe like a spider just to take a look at Akira laying nicely on his bed.

While Darsie creaked open the back door, entering the kitchen. "Hah... What a place. I will build the same one when I get a girlfriend." He giggled softly, dreaming. "Let's do some chewing..." With that, he stucked his head inside the fridge.

While Hwang was on his way to enter the house through the window. That to Akira's bedroom window, the result of not having patience to go down again. He quietly tiptoed on the wooden floor board. The only loud noise was his beating heartbeat. Akira shifted slightly on his mattress, causing Hwang to almost loose his soul in statue position. When he became sure that Akira has got his eyes still closed, he decided to transform into a centipede. Crawled out of his room.

Down there Darsie's mouth was full of cake and meat, searching the cutleries in the kitchen but not yet found there. "Weird man. I thought I got an easy job here." His voice muffled as he walked around, flopping on the sofa like he owns the place. His mind calculating the price of Akira's property, going darker by the second. Blank mind, a space for the evil. Which is his brain.

After minutes of exploring the house, Hwang found the cutleries inside a glass cabinet. Preserved like antique pieces. "Ahh..."

There it is." He looked here and there, making sure the coast is clear. Silently opened the cabinet, taking a porcelain cup in his hands. Suddenly CRASH! He flinched, not that he broke it. But a bullet passed through his ear. Behind him, there was Akira, furious and deadly, standing with a rifle. "You punk... What are you doing in my house?" He stepped closer, making Hwang drop the cup on the floor, flinching himself. "Y-You see... D-Darsie idiot... I didn't..." he stuttered, stepping back, "so sorry sir..." a sniffle and a sob. Akira raised an eyebrow, lowering his rifle. Little did he know, Darsie misunderstood the situation as he stood behind them. Instinctively sprinted forward, and slashed Akira's throat with a knife in one go. Hwang screamed loudly, punching Darsie's face. "WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO!?"

"I SAVED YOU ASSHOLE!" Darsie punched back, they both began to grapple each other, landing blows, while a dead body laid there, casually forgotten.

While unbeknownst to them, the corpse's wife watched the scene in horror, hidden behind a door. She was so traumatized that accidentally tripped over a vase, making loud clattering sound. Darsie's ears perk up, he follows the sound, stopping mid punch. Hwang pants, slowly standing up. The woman makes a run, Darsie sprints again, chasing her.

"Darsie STOP!" Hwang screams when he sees Darsie catching and strangling the woman's neck.

"Are you out of your mind? Whatever happened here should be buried down." he grunts, his hands tightening around her throat cruelly, "Can't get caught you know."

"Darsie please, we should apolo-" something cracked, interrupting Hwang's words. Her limp body falling on the floor, neck snapped to the side. And there's a long silence.

"No..." Hwang trembled, stepping back, "No no no...! What have you done!?" he slid down against a wall, clutching his hair. Witnessing two kills was too much for a night.

Darsie remained calm, unable to process what he did. Slowly wiping his blood-stained hands off on the floor carpet. "C-Can you help me burry these out?" he mumbled, making Hwang look up from knees, "Just...Be quiet and listen. Forget this ever happened after." Darsie bit his lip, staring at him for agreement.

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Hwang left Darsie alone there, he never spoke about it again. Nor could anyone find out what happened to the couple. Darsie's father, Mr. Andre Alarie knew his son did something sick. But never raised a voice against it, too lost in himself and tired of life after losing his wife to lung cancer. His only son stopped showing empathy to him, never cared after his mother's death. The man was alone, and soft, unlike his son. Yet there was a secret he kept about his children. Andre was kind, gentle, with a heart of gold. Years later his granddaughter was his only support to live a life. A life which got supposedly taken by that same granddaughter, how cruel. Howsoever, Darsie's daughter was more skilled than him, in killing, even though he didn't raise her, only had his gene in her.

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Hwang is sitting in his rocking chair, a cigar between his lips while he reminisces those times. A trauma he never got out of, he saw a mafia's life in front of his own eyes. Now his death, it's not sinking in.

"Darsie died?" his wife's voice chimes behind him, he turns around, smiling at her softly.

"Yes...Why? Miss him?" Hwang teases, a smirk across his now wrinkled face.

"Would you stop?" she narrows her eyes playfully, walking towards him to get on his lap. "He sure was more handsome than you... but I would've never lived with a dark heart."

"You're offending me miss, keep praising him again and I might end up bringing another little shit to this cruel world." They laugh softly, suddenly kissing each other deep. Still so in love.

"Seriously though..." she whispers against his lips, "Whole Alarie family died, now it feels like the world is all sunshine and rainbows."

He chuckles, "Yes? But I still have cases to deal with. Plus, if the world goes all sun shines and rainbows, how the fuck am I supposed to get my salary hm?" his thumb draw small circles on her waist, mind elsewhere. He needs to visit the mansion for himself, to see karma working in reality, or some curse spreading its sin. A man who started his first kill by slitting a throat, ended up getting killed the same way. That to by his own daughter. Pathetic.

That evening, Hwang visits Darsie's mansion. Which is now kept under surveillance. The house workers being interrogated. Reports claim that not only Darsie died, but three maids, and two guards were murdered too. "What was she?! Killing humans like mosquitoes. And nobody could stop a twenty-five-year-old girl...!?" An officer yells.

"If you were to see what we saw, you wouldn't have said that." One of the staffs' mutters, "Sir used to take her with him when he wanted to get rid of his enemies. Using her as a personal wild dog." Hwang winces after hearing this.

"For god's sake...What's wrong with this family?" He barged inside the mansion, ordering around, "Look around the whole area, every corner every lock! Find out everything that gives a hint of their lifestyle."



The men get to work, scrambling and throwing stuffs around. Finding dozens of weapons, illegal drugs, and black money. Not surprising. Hwang goes upstairs, stepping into a room which belonged to his wife. A room which is simply then given to Azile, now stinks of rotten meat. There's this dark aura that surrounds him, making him sick to his stomach. Faint noises echoing through his ears, dreading him to take another step forward before he turns to leave. Suddenly the bed creaks, making him stiffen. He takes heavy breathes, slowly turning around. Nothing. Hwang swallows a lump in his throat, stepping towards the bed slowly. There's pin drop silence, even the sunlight hardly reaches that room. He sees blood stains on the bed sheet with tinge of yellowish substance. Giving a glimpse of what disaster the bed might have witnessed in past. Just then a growling sound under him makes him shudder, cold breathes against his leg. He stops dead there, his chest pains. When he looks down, he sees a pale while face smiling eerily at him, eyes bleeding through dark hollow holes. He gasps and stumbles back, bumping against a wall in horror. Hands trembling. The entity no long present there. A diary falls on his feet, making him flinch. He hesitantly picks up the book, rushing out of the room. "Jesus..." he wipes some sweat against his forehead, walking away while flipping through the pages. He flops down on the staircase, reading the whole diary. Each page, each word making his mind go blank, and eyes wide. It's a diary of Darsie's wife, Rei. He can't believe what he's reading, how sick all this is. He closes the diary with force, wiping his eyes, not realising he was crying. The next morning, he sits against Azile's grave for hours, burying the diary of truth next to her. "You shouldn't have went through this..." He whispers, offering flowers, "Universe was unfair to you... You deserve another chance. A happy ending." Hwang stands up, turning to leave, "Wish you rest in peace... in another life."