Hate

certifiableGrimalkin

Just looking at her face, you found yourself disgusted. Not that she was hideous, to the contrary, if she wasn't herself, you'd even find her attractive. But you couldn't be made to think of her as anything but the worst drivel of humanity, and every piece of her you looked at was tainted with those thoughts. Her grotesque brown hair, looking silly as the waves of it descended on her shoulders. Her brown eyes, so filled with the icy coldness she had to feel towards you, as well. Her perky lips, no doubt hiding that treacherous, toxic tongue of hers, which which she spewed venomous words all over you.

But you had no choice. You had literally tried everything else, before this. You had never planned on having this have to happen.

You touched your heart, and winced slightly, as you felt the skin that was painfully transforming into metal, millimeter by millimeter. It was that damned wizard. Wanted to give you a heart of gold, after you treated him coldly. And it was slowly getting there, slowly killing you, from the outside. And the only way to undo this curse was in front of you. You had tried everything else. Nothing had worked.

You stepped forward, towards her

"I need to kiss you," you said, with a disgruntled, unhappy tone in your voice.

"What kind of pathetic play is this, Charlotte? What are you planning this time?" she answered, with disdain.

You thought this would be how this goes. But you didn't have much time, anymore. You grabbed hold of her waist, pulled her in close, and before either of you could react, pulled her into a kiss. You both recoiled afterwards, and you coughed a bit, as she was frantically wiping her mouth clean.

"Why the fuck did you do that, you fucking bitch!?" she screamed at you.

You just ignored her, and felt your heart. Flesh. The metal was gone. It worked. You wanted to kiss Evelynn for real, this time, for how she had helped you, but she looked ready to jump on you, and claw your eyes out. In fact, she was in the process of pushing you to the ground, and you felt a slap against your face, as she sat down on your midriff, to hold you down. You raised your hands over your face in defense, and she started scratching at them, with her nails. You were smiling, though. You were alive. This pain didn't mean much, in the face of the lightness you felt on your chest. It was her. Your true hate. The kiss had dispelled the curse. Nothing else mattered at the moment.