

# Die For Me

By Wings\_Of\_Black

Submitted: July 7, 2006

Updated: July 7, 2006

*My first "hate" story about a real-life person.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Wings\\_Of\\_Black/36459/Die-For-Me](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Wings_Of_Black/36459/Die-For-Me)

Chapter 1 - Die For Me

2

# 1 - Die For Me

Die for me

She looked up at me, a bruised and sunken face hiding dim, gray eyes full of pain. She hung from the rafters above by chains of glass, the jagged edges slicing her wrists and arms, the crimson blood contrasting against her pale and sickly complexion. I've always hated you! You never listened! I hissed with rage, pacing in front of the woman in the darkened room.

I can change! the woman pleaded with me.

Bull! I screamed, grabbing a handful of thin, black hair and tugging her head downwards, pulling against the chains. It's far too late for that. You had so long to change, but you never put in any effort. You're a whore and the only thing you care about is *you*. You make friends so you can eventually control them, and if they don't do what you wanted, you crank up that deceiving smile and talk bad about them behind their back! I pulled a knife from my belt and held it up against her face, finding comfort in the warmth of her blood. I suddenly withdrew into the shadows for no reason and just stood there, watching her.

A half hour passed and quiet sobs escaped the woman's thin lips. I live for sorrow and pain and find pleasure in her suffering. Weeping will get you nowhere. You're a dying spirit and death is unavoidable. I stepped out of the shadows, hand still clenching the bloodied knife. I paused. However, if you do only one little thing for me, I will let you down.

Anything! Say the word and I'll do it, the woman begged.

I walked up to her and put my mouth by her ear. Die for me! I whispered before plunging the knife into her heart.

NO! she screamed, thrashing in her bonds and grabbing anything reachable. Her fingers twisted around my hair and she pulled; I ignored her and focused my attention as the blood from her chest pumped out slower and slower until it stopped, her muscles going limp.

I pulled out the knife and threw it into the dark surrounding me. For once you listened, I said, staring into her lifeless eyes. It's a pity, though, that you played that card at the end of the game instead of at the beginning, I breathed and slowly walked away, leaving her body for the whole world to see.