

# Monster

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*Inspired by KoRn's "Alone I Break." Azura is mine. Back off. \*psycho growl\* The mildy mature content is very mild.*

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*Azura doesn't know where she belongs.*

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# 1 - Alone I Break

Disclaimer: I only own Azura, Nocturna, Yina, Yanigo, Arehdal, Tosh, and Vaer. The others belong to friends of mine in an RP.

A/n: Songs are different chapter to chapter. Song this chapter is Alone I Break by KoRn.

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*Now I see the times, they change  
Leaving doesn't seem so strange  
I am hoping I can find  
Where to leave my hurt behind  
All the shoot I seem to take  
All alone I seem to break  
I have lived the best I can  
Does this make me not a man?*

Darkness, pain, anguish, pain, darkness. How long was it going to keep it up? People laughing, kids making fun, even her own peers shunning her.

God, she hated it. It never ended. All because she was different, **she** had to be the one who was shunned, **she** was the one who was pointed at and laughed about. There wasn't even a reason to laugh at her. Sure, she had an odd skin color. Sure, she had an odd eyecolor. Sure, she had brown hair with blue streaks.

Brown is a normal haircolor.

... isn't it?

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Twenty year old Azura sat in a corner of the college cafeteria, her arms around her knees. A long black skirt adorned her lengthy legs, her torso defined a good deal by a clinging green t-shirt. Her unnaturally pale skin looked a little yellow under the fluorescent lights, the yellow covers on them not helping any, and her green eyes were sad and oddly blank at the same time. Wadded up paperballs were lying around her, and a few more flew at her, hitting her arms and head. She barely noticed it though.

Another woman walked over and grabbed the back of her shirt, making her stand up, and she gripped the pale girl's chin tightly and forced her to look at her. "Pathetic little wench, you are. All you ever do is sit there, not saying a damn word. frackin' pathetic."

"Get out of my face, skank." Azura winced as the woman slapped her across the face, knocking her over, and she sat up slowly on her knees, one hand on her face. A red bruise was forming already on her cheek, and a few tiny scratches left by the woman's sharp nails bled slightly.

"Seems like someone needs to learn her place. There are three rules around here, dog. One, don't frack with me. Two, don't piss me off. And three, stay the hell out of my way if you want to keep your hideous little face." She shoved her back onto the ground with a painful kick before walking away. People were laughing as they walked out of the room, and Azura stayed where she was, her hair falling into her face and hiding the tears that just wouldn't fall. After a few minutes, she stood up, rubbing her side, and she walked out of the building, heading back to her home.

Well, if it could be called a home. Or a house.

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Azura dropped her backpack on the hallway floor, not even jumping as the standing coatrack actually bent over and hooked it before straightening up. She listened to the rain outside as she wrung water out of her shirt, looking in the rooms along the hallway as she went. The steady *tatatatatatatata* of rain on the steel awning above the porch and the porcelain frames of the skylights scattered across the ceilings of various rooms in the house. No one was home. Again.

She walked up the winding stairs, the soft red carpeting muffling her footsteps and stopping them from echoing, and she sighed quietly, wishing her family was home. They weren't normal either, but they didn't laugh at her like the other people did. Her mom, dad, brother, and two sisters weren't entirely human. Partly, but not all human, and they knew what it was like to be ridiculed because of that.

She sat on her four poster bed, the Cleopatra-style lace that served as a canopy draping around her like a thin black veil. The cuts and the bruise on her face had faded away. After a few minutes, she looked at the tiny charm bracelet on her left wrist. It was silver, with odd, intricate designs on the band, and the charms themselves were strange symbols. She unclasped it, and set it on the sidetable. As she lost contact with the metal, her skin went a soft blue, her eyes a gentle indigo. Her hair remained brown, but the streaks were gone. Odd, azure, feathery wings fell from her arms, and her lips went an odd green. She stood up, walking over to a tall set of windows that arched at the top and reached the floor. She pushed at the middle, and it opened wide outward. Rain crashed harder and faster against the marble stone of the balcony as she walked out into the rainstorm, and she leaned against the hard railing, her hands not slipping at all due to her nails being sharp enough to grip the stones.

The cold, wet water soaked her to the bone, her hair matted on her head and in her face, and she licked a few drops off her nose, sighing softly. She was shivering from the cool rain and wind, but she didn't go inside. She loved the rain; it made her feel clean, cleaner than if she'd just walked out of the shower. Her pale blue skin was tinged softly with purple from her skin being numb, and she closed her eyes, sighing quietly. Rain trickled down her body under her clothes.

A twig somewhere in a tree nearby snapped, and her eyes shot open, looking around. Azura backed up slowly, before turning around and half-running back into her room, shutting the window doors hard enough to make the glass rattle in its casings and locking the metal frames together. She walked into the single bathroom connected to her room, turning the hot water on and letting it fill the tub. When it was at the height she wanted it - roughly half full - she peeled her soaked clothes off her form, cringing at the feeling of the wet shirt sticking to her skin. It felt too much like dead skin being pulled off a sunburn. She left the lights off, and lit one or two tiny candles in a fishbowl on the counter the sink was set into. There

was water already in the container, and when the wax melted, it would hit the water and cool instantly.

She slid into the hot water after undressing completely, and she sighed quietly as the water warmed her chilled skin. The ends of her hair floated in the water, seeming ethereal, and she closed her indigo eyes with a content sigh again. The water calmed her nerves, and for awhile she dozed off, her arms crossed loosely over her waist under the water. She hadn't realized she was that tired, and when she opened her eyes, she saw that the candles had burnt themselves down, and she sat up in the darkness, savoring the feel of still warm water against her bare skin. She could still hear the rain falling outside, and it was still going very hard. Sighing, she slid back down a little into the water, shivering as it tickled the area of skin under her ears, and she brushed a hand through her hair. In the dark, she felt alone, and sometimes that was a good thing. As such, she felt peaceful and calm.

Well, she did until an hand rested on her own that was still brushing through her hair. She jumped, almost screaming, but another hand clamped against her mouth, and she managed to turn around a little to see who her assailant was. Her eyes widened, and she said against his mouth, "Khalen, what the hell are you doing here?!"

"Checking on you, little harpy." He smirked a little. His cold blue eyes seemed to glint a bit with mirth as she slapped his hands away, and she crossed her arms protectively over her chest, her face a light purple-ish blush.

"Give me my towel and go wait on the balcony." She looked angry and embarrassed. He shrugged, handed her a towel lying on a rack nearby, and walked into her bedroom. He sat on a chair, his baggy pants almost making his boot-clad feet disappear, and he crossed his arms over his bare chest, looking at the ceiling. His hair, which was in a black, spiked mohawk, was coming out of its spikes, and some strands fell into his stern face. He wasn't human at all; he was a demon, a general in Lucifer's armies. But, he often didn't listen to his superiors, so it was questionable just whose side he was on.

Azura walked out of the bathroom, a light bathrobe that adorned her frame tied at her waist, and she stood in front of him, her arms crossed. "Why did you come back, demon?"

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To be continued. Dun dun duuuh.

## 2 - Ghosts

Disclaimer: Same as the other chapter. The song this chapter is Diary of Jane by Breaking Benjamin. I am referring to the softer version of it; the one with piano and such.

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*Something's getting in the way  
Something's just about to break  
I will try to find my place in the diary of Jane  
So tell me how it should be*

Khalen always made her angry. He never blew his stern look, his cool composure, and he just... He just pissed her off. The fact he'd once called her cute was bad enough. Sure, he was good looking, muscular in the acrobatic sense, and his eyes sometimes looked warmer than normal, but..

Azura mentally kicked herself in the head. *He's a demon, get a grip. Dad would kill you.* "Why are you here?" She walked over to the balcony window, looking out at the rain. It smeared against the thick glass, hammering against the marble balcony outside. She loved the rain.

"I already told you, love." He smirked when he saw her flinch at the word. "I'm checking on you. I haven't seen you since your father kicked my @\$\$, and I was curious as to whether or not you were getting along okay. I can already tell you aren't."

"I'm doing fine, thank you." Her voice was sharp as she spoke.

"Then why do you let yourself be kicked around by that stupid slut at the... collage?" He frowned; she had proved too many times she was stronger than a human.

"College. And it's because I could easily kill her."

"Then do so." He shrugged nonchalantly and stood up, taking a few steps forward as he slowly turned around, looking at the large room. Two tattoos on his back stood out on his pale skin; they were black wings. Sometimes, in the right light, they looked... a little too real.

"I'm in the human world. I can't. That's why I deal with being hit and kicked. It's better than knowing you killed someone."

"You killed demo-"

"Killing humans is different to me because the normal ones are utterly defenseless." She snarled quietly under her breath. She hated it when he did that. "Get out and don't come back, crow demon."

There was no response. Well, no verbal response, anyway; his arms wrapped around her waist, his nose in her hair as he closed his eyes. "Why should I go?" he asked softly, dangerously. There was

something else in his voice; it sent a faint shiver down her spine, and she both loved and hated it.

"Because... I... don't..." She closed her eyes as his lips brushed against her neck. He was making it hard for her to think; it was a delicious feeling but at the same time it pissed her off. "Let me.. go..." Her eyes drifted shut as he kissed her neck softly, brushing her hair out of his way, and her head tilted to one side, a quiet sigh escaping her lips. Her hands weakly pushed his away as he reached for the tie on her robe, and she almost whimpered as he stopped the kisses on her neck.

The second Azura felt Khalen's lips lightly touch her ear, she thought she'd melt, and she parted her lips in a soft, inaudible moan, as he whispered roughly, "I'm never letting you go... You're mine." She wasn't quite sure what he did, but... Wait a second, did he lick under her ear?

Her knees almost buckled, and she had to hook her arm behind his neck to keep from falling down. "K-Khalen, you b-bastard..." He chuckled lightly, turning her around and circling his arms around her waist.

"Such dirty language from such a young lady." She wanted to slap the smirk off his face, but she couldn't. She felt his hand slowly creep up her back to her neck, sending soft shivers through her slender frame, and she pressed her face against his bare, slightly damp-from-rain chest as he toyed with her hair lightly.

She felt his fingers press gently against a spot on the back of her neck, then felt his thumb smash against a spot under her ear, then he applied similar pressure to both spots. She fell limp, the shock of pain knocking her out. He picked her up in his arms, looking at her slightly pained, somewhat surprised face. He sighed, and, after pulling the covers back, rested her on her bed, tucking the sheets and blanket around her form gently. As he started to move away, a slender hand grabbed his wrist, and a sleep-logged voice mumbled, almost incoherently, "P-Please stay... don't... wanna.. be 'lone..."

He rubbed his eyes with his free hand, sighing, and laid next to her, above the covers, and hesitantly rested an arm over her waist. She snuggled backward against him, making him blink, and he gently, soothingly rubbed her stomach, hoping it would lull her to sleep. She closed her indigo eyes, her breathing soft as she fell into a deep slumber. He could have fallen asleep himself, but he didn't want to get Azu- He mentally corrected himself. He didn't want to get *himself* in trouble. Slowly, he got up off the bed and slid out the balcony door, walking over to the railing and jumping off. He landed on the soft grass below, and he stared up at the sky, rain pelting his face. His hair was entirely out of its spiked mohawk, and some strands fell into his cold blue eyes.

*I can't fall in love, especially not with **her**.*

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The dark hallways always made him a little uneasy. The few torches along the stone walls made the shadows look like ghosts, and he had enough of **those** bothering his past. He sighed, resting a hand against the wall, feeling for something. His fingers brushed an odd indent in the wall, which he pressed, and the wall slid to one side, revealing a door which opened silently.

The room beyond was unlit. Chains could be heard rattling against the rough limestone, and faint,

rasping breaths faintly hit his ears. He snapped his fingers, and numerous torches sparked to life, their flames quivering and crackling in the scones. As Khalen walked across the scorchmarked floor, his boots making dull thuds against the brickwork, small clouds of soot came up with each step.

A limp form rested against the far wall, arms bound by thick, heavy iron shackles. Scars marred his skin, the newer fleshwounds still glistening a little with blood.

"Have you given up yet, Cadric? There's no more point in resisting any longer. Your army is gone. Lucifer is again confined to Hell. And you..." He pulled a gun out of its holster on his side and shoved it under the man's chin, making him look up. "... are nothing more than a useless plaything to me. You don't even scream when I shoot you. I could kick you where it hurts with those baseball cleats the humans wear, and you wouldn't so much as flinch." He smirked. "All because you lost everything..."