

Revenge

By inuyasha_naruto_lover

Submitted: June 15, 2006

Updated: June 15, 2006

This story is dedicated to one of my best friends, Monique.

It's about a mistreated girl who got her revenge, but now is regretting it.

(and if Monique is reading this right now, I'm so sorry that all the boys in our class are so mean to you((includ

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/inuyasha_naruto_lover/35184/Revenge

Chapter 1 - A vampire's revenge

2

1 - A vampire's revenge

A teenager with long dirty blonde hair roamed across a field of death. The bodies of decade male teenagers lay everywhere. The girl sat down, wrapping her blood soaked jacket around her. She took off her boots and poured the dirt -and blood- out of it. The girl licked the blood off of her fangs....

Her fangs...

FLASHBACK

A 11-year old girl with shoulder-length hair sat in a circle with her four friends, crying. Her friends were silent, not knowing what able to say. A young boy with long black hair walked pass them, making weeping noises.

"SHUT UP GEOFF YOU ASSHOLE!" the girl shouted angrily at Geoff. "You are so- oh!! I just wanna kick you!" She put her foot in motion, but one of her friends grabbed her.

"Don't Monique," the girl said softly, though her eyes were on fire behind her gold and pink glasses. She brushed a piece of long brown hair over her shoulder. "He"s not worth it."

Monique sat back down with her friends as Geoff walked away, laughing madly.

END OF FLASHBACK

Monique looked around her at the mess she did. Yes, she had did this. She had killed all the boys that were making fun of her all those years ago, in grade 5.

The rainy day when the boys were pushing her and bullying her..

FLASHBACK

"Get out of my desk Brad!" Monique shouted angrily as the boy rummaged through a desk. He grinned at Monique, then took his hands out of the desk before the lunch lady walked in.

"I'm not in your desk," Brad said innocently, walking over to his friends.

"Yes you were, you frikkin" fag," Monique murmured through clenched teeth. Suddenly she was pushed from behind. Monique zipped around, her eyes on fire.

"What did you do that for?!" Monique snapped at the boy who had pushed her.

"Uh, I didn't push you," he replied, acting like an angel.

"Yes you did Mike!" a girl with shoulder length aburn hair. A girl with short brown hair beside her stuck her tounge out at Mike.

"You are such a jerk!" the girl with short brown hair cried.

"Shut up, Cathy," Brad smirked.

"You shut up, you dimwit! And my name is Catherine, not Cathy you numbskull!" Catherine snapped at him, raising her fist for a fight.

As Mike kept on laughing, Monique wept. She ran outside of the classroom.

END OF FLASHBACK

The wind picked up as rain poured down on Monique. Monique looked around at the mess. All of them were dead. She had ripped their skin off, she had torn their stomachs apart, she had drunk their blood and ate their innards. Ben, Mike, Wesley, Avery, Nick, and all of the boys from her grade 5 class. All gone. Decade. But..how did she get these powers of a vampire?

FLASHBACK

One of Monique's friends have been bent over a piece of paper while the bullying was happening. Monique walked over to her and tried to look over her shoulder.

"What are you doing?" Monique asked eargly, wanting to see her friends picture. "What are you drawing, Michaela?"

Michaela looked up at her friend and grinned. She held out her piece of paper. There, drawn in a black sharpie, was a teenager with long hair, but she looked like a vampire. She had a look of triumph on her face and there was blood dripping from her fangs and claws. Behind the girl was a mass of dead bodies. They were all boys. Monique could reconize them- they were the boys from her class! Even though Michaela could only draw anime, you would know if a person she's drawing is an actual live person. Monique's eyes widened as she gazed upon the bloody mess.

"What is this?" Monique asked, grasping the paper. "What does it mean?"

"It's you," Michaela explained. "It's you when you're older. You're a vampire, and you're taking revenge on all the boys."

Monique smiled.

END OF FLASHBACK

But, now Monique wasn't smiling. Questions were rumbling in her mind. She was wondering how this happened. How did her friend's picture come true?

FLASHBACK

Monique and her friend Catherine were walking along a path 4 years later from that day when the boys

were so mean. Catherine had long forgot it, but it was engraved in Monique's mind. It was a memory that could never be erased. As they walked, Monique noticed something gleam on the ground.

"What's this?" she asked no one, bending over to pick it up. Catherine stopped to look at the object.

"It's a choker! With a green brooch on it," Catherine answered as Monique picked it up. Monique reconized it. It was the same choker from Michaela's picture! The one of Monique getting her revenge!

"Try it on," Catherine said. "I wonder what it looks like on you."

Monique put it on without a word. Even though she wanted it off, something inside her said she should keep it.

Well, that something was probaly the devilish part of her.

END OF FLASHBACK

Monique stared at the brooch. Now she wanted to take it off more than ever. But that voice kept telling her to keep it on. With the brooch on, Monique's friends were all terrified on her. She bent her head low, thinking of Sydney, Michaela, and Catherine.

FLASHBACK

Monique, Catherine, Sydney, and Michaela were all walking together on a cold day, chatting and laughing. Monique adjusted her choker uneasily.

"Monique, are you sure you don't want to take that off?" Sydney asked, a bit worried. "It seems to be bothering you." The other two nodded in agreement.

"No, no," Monique said, giving her friends a fake smile. "It's alright. Just a tad tight."

"Oh look, it's the cry baby," a low voice said behind them, making the girls jump a little. They spun their heads around to see- the boys. All the boys that were making fun of Monique in grade 5. Brad, the one who had spoken, was standing in the front, smirking at Monique.

"C'mon, lets go," Michaela said, giving Monique a little push. She, like Catherine and Sydney, didn't want anyone hurt, ecspecially since they were older now. But Monique stood her ground. That's the kind of girl she was. She arched her eyebrows and glared at the boys.

"Wathca going to do baby?" Brad asked, in an imitading voice. "Are you gonna cry, like a baby?" He roared with laughter and the other boys followed. The anger in Monique over flowed.

PING

PING

PING

PING

Everyone froze at the sounds that were coming from Monique. The sounds were claws- sharp claws, extending from her hands. Her canine teeth suddenly grew sharp and long. Catherine, Sydney, and Michaela backed up a little.

"M-Monique?" they all asked quietly.

Monique ignored them and walked towards Brad.

SLASH!

"Oh!! OW!!!!!" Brad cried in surprise and pain. He clutched at his bleeding chest for a moment. Then, he dropped dead. The other boys screamed and ran, but they were too slow. One by one, Monique got them all. When the boys were finished off, Monique turned around; to face her friends. They all were shaking, and they had all gone white.

"N-no," Monique said slowly, shaking her head. She started to walk towards her friends, but they screamed and ran. Monique's eyes widened as she reached her hand out to nothing. "No..."

END OF FLASHBACK

Now she was all alone.. With no friends no family. She had killed; she couldn't just go home now. Her parents would think she was a freak. A killer.

A monster.

All living in a trapped hell....those words echoed in her mind. That is what she living right now. A trapped hell. As Monique thought of this she started to weep again. The rain washed away her tears but they were still there. Suddenly, there was footsteps coming towards her. Monique sat still until there were figures above her. She looked up and was speechless.

Her friends had come back.

"B-but why?" Monique couldn't say the words she wanted to. Catherine, Sydney, and Michaela smiled at her.

"Because you're our friend," Sydney said softly.

"We don't care if you killed really horrible people," Catherine explained, her eyes shining.

"We want you to always be our friend, no matter what," Michaela said, holding her hand out for Monique. Monique held it and got up. She stared in amazement at her friends.

"You guys are the best," she said, crying again. But these were tears of joy. Monique pulled all her friends into a hug. Right then, the rain stopped. And something appeared that Monique hadn't seen for a long time.

A rainbow.

And now, even in this bloody mess, in her friends arms, everything seemed brighter.

(authors note: I really hope you liked it. I didn't want it to be so sad, so I made a happy ending)