

Julia looked down at the man on the table and sighed. She hadn't even broken any of his bones yet, and he was already struggling not to piss himself in terror. She'd thought she had a winner this time. She really did. A bully who had no family, few friends, and the worst attitude you could imagine. Surely THIS one would be some fun, and nobody would miss him. But no, he'd started crying before she'd even finished skinning one foot.

"Look," she said, not unkindly. "Stop crying, okay?"

The man continued to blubber in a very irritating fashion.

"If you stop crying, I'll make it all stop, okay?"

He looked up hopefully, and managed to swallow a few sobs, his eyes finally drying.

"Good work!" Julia exclaimed, and cut his throat.

She had a good job, and a fulfilling life. For all intents and purposes, Julia should have been a fine, well-adjusted human being. There was something wrong with her, though. She readily admitted it to herself. After all, normal people didn't feel a need to torture and kill on a regular basis. She mitigated the damage by finding nasty people who nobody would really miss, but it just made it boring, and meant that she had to kill more frequently to relieve the urge. It probably didn't help that her job was as an orderly at a mental institution... surrounded by the weak and easily torturable, she had to work a lot to restrain herself. It was a good challenge, though: blend in in one of the last places psychiatrists would expect someone like her to be. Each day, she made herself appear more pleasant and helpful, and at nights, she took out her frustration on the local lowlives. She was probably the most well-liked of all the orderlies. How very foolish of them. She'd be fine, though, as long as nothing happened to provoke her. She'd made it this long, after all. Surely nothing so drastic would happen that it could push her into a sadistic frenzy. That would just be ridiculous.