

On the second floor staring out the window, you wouldnt consider yourself a smoker but it helps, a rare relief. Not like it could have the capacity to kill you at this point anyways, you were waiting for her at this point. Another nightly visit, not one you wanted in any way but one you expected.
And a flash of smoke, in she came next to you. It felt chilling.

You do know i have other people on my mind?

Correct?

Youd be lucky if it was you alone little angel.

Evan: Your becoming stagnant
Im not doing this tonight Carrion

Your no fun.

You do know i run these games dont you?
So full of yourself...

Evan: I wish
I really wish it was just me and nobody else but i know you live to spread
And spread you do
I knew your games for longer than anyone on this planet and far longer than
anyone in that facility

Your fanged teeth grinding against eachother before taking the cigarette out from
under your lip, before staring at that twisted face, one you feel nothing but
disgust for. You know her kind, you know ITS kind and you know it doesnt
deserve your valuable time. Cigarette in hand you flick right at her, it fades right
through the visage of her face, a twisted smile turned to a large frown.

Rude.

Especially to someone like yourself.
Dont try and hide the job you had with those clipped nubs behind you.

Evan: Your voice is annoying

I can even see them from here!
And yet you know you havent earned a
single scar.

Pitiful.

A cold touch ran through your back, not a sound from your mouth. You knew what she was pointing out and you knew not to let it get to you, the feeling grazed your former wings, now useless.

Evan: I'm not and I never will be like you
Just because we were assigned a duty doesn't make me even the slightest bit similar to you
You're a monster and I'm more human than you could ever be

Oh so human with patchwork skin you say?

My chaos will reign over all no matter
what you are or who you wear.

We're so much more alike than what meets the eye.

Evan: Whatever word is used to describe us
Or what I was
Deity? Harbinger? God?
That's not what I am
You know I failed
I failed them and I failed him too
Now get out
If that's what you want is me sulking then I've fed you enough

You know your faults too well.

Scarcely well.

Calling you a cog would be an understatement.

Not a tear down your eye, you've grown too tired to let that happen, your eyes start to look down from the height. It feels so high from the second floor alone, you reach down further with a groan.

Evan: What do you do when you lose?
When your "pawns" are all gone?
When I'm gone
I could fall 100 feet

...

Silence?

Your left dangling now on your stomach, teetering on the windowsill before bringing yourself up, with nobody in the room besides your lonesome self. Your breathing feels longer. And longer, its relief. But something is amiss, letting yourself lay back on the windowsill. Only yourself.