

I fell to my knees at his side. There was little blood, only trickling from his mouth, but his body was...

I felt sick.

"Zed?! Zed, oh god, Zed—!"

He stirred. "Marcie...?" he asked weakly.

"I'm here, I'm here!!" I grabbed up his hand and leaned over him. "I'm right here, they're calling an ambulance, you're gonna be okay." I refused to look away from his face.

He smiled. "It's okay... it doesn't hurt. In fact... I don't even feel anything at all, right now..."

I realized he couldn't look directly at me.

"That's... That's good! You're gonna be all right!" I choked back a sob. "If you're not hurt then it's gonna be all right!!"

I knew it wasn't true. If I let my eyes trail downward, I knew it wasn't true.

"Marcellus... do you think that... we were meant to be... together...?"

"W-what?" I could barely hear him.

He gave a small laugh. "I've wanted... to ask you... but I was afraid... afraid that it would... scare you away..."

Tears streamed down my face, but I squeezed his hand.

"I don't... feel afraid of anything anymore..."

"Don't talk like that, you're gonna be okay!" I said forcefully, but my voice squealed.

"Well, do you? Do you think... we were meant to be?"

"Yes, yes I do, yes I believe it and... and that's why you can't leave me!" He smiled knowingly.

"Please, please don't go!" I begged. "Please, god, please... please don't leave me Zed!"

"I believe it too," his voice was barely a whisper.

I bawled, clutching his hand to my face, holding tight.

"Marcie... I'm sorry..."

"Nononono NO! NO!!!" I wailed. I repeated it again and again and again, my voice raising into a shriek, until I was hoarse. Paramedics pulled me away, and I grasped after his hand, screaming.

But it was already over. It had already been over.

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The days following were a blur.

I don't remember the funeral.

I don't remember the absenteeism letters from work.

I don't remember the eviction notice.

I don't remember when the food in the fridge expired.

I don't even remember the last time I ate.

All the mirrors were covered. All the blinds drawn. All the pictures knocked over. The doors to our bedrooms permanently shut. The phone disconnected.

I paced, and paced, and paced.

*It was all her fault.*

He trusted her. His own sister. He *trusted* her. And what did she do?

I couldn't take it. Something had to be done. She had to pay for this.

I knew what I needed to do. Somehow, I would find a way.

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It was a nice neighbourhood. So nice that her doors were unlocked, and I slipped in with ease.

I crept through the small home, biting back a snarl as I passed by happy photos and decorative luxuries. She didn't deserve any of them.

At last I discovered her bedroom, and eased my way in slowly. She wasn't awake, and slept in a well-cushioned bed of silk and satin. My heartbeat and breathing became rapid, as fury burned through my body at the sight. She didn't deserve one damned thing in this place.

Except for the knife in my hand.

I leapt on her, using my weight to hold her down. My fat and the element of surprise were my only advantages, being smaller and weaker than her.

But I had her.

"REMEMBER ME, YOU FUCKING BITCH!?! " I roared, strangling her with one hand, brandishing the knife above her in my other. "THINK I OUGHTTA TAKE THIS INTO YOUR PUSSY!? AIN'T THAT WHAT YOU PLANNED TO DO TO HIM!?! "

She struggled and maybe said something, but I wasn't listening. I was paying more attention to the desperation and fear on her face. It made me smile, and I let go of her throat to grasp my knife in both hands.

Now there was plenty of blood. It was everywhere in an instant. And there was screaming, gasping, gurgling, and my breathless laughing...

But then, all of a sudden, I got the sensation of snapping awake from sleep.

I gazed down at her, covered in wounds, tears streaming down her face as blood foamed up from her mouth and opened throat with sickening bubbling sound. An icy chill settled on me as I shakingly looked at the knife in my blood-covered hands.

*What had I done?*

I scrambled backwards over the bed, away from her, away from the sin I committed. When I hit the floor, I struggled to my feet and stumbled towards the door.

I was so dazed that I didn't notice my missing knife until I was bracing myself in the door frame with both hands.

I felt a distant stinging in my back and slowly fell to my knees. Everything was going dark, and I vaguely realized I had to have fallen on the knife. I might have been bleeding out, or I might have been fainting over the stress, but either way... I knew... that I was going... to die...

And I... deserved it...