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******** A day to the Twins one year Celebration ******* 1

Aella's Pov

"Please..... please..... have mercy" a trembling figure crawled to my feet, I looked down at him, and wordless I brought the sword right down his heart,

His eyes widened in disbelief as he breathed his last, the words choked through the blood spilling down his lips.

"Mon...mon..ster, she's a monster" another voice shouted and just like that chaos erupted, screams, cries.

I felt nothing, my eyes coldly fell on all before me and with a sharp intake of breath I struck.

Like I had done this a hundred times already, like it was already a part of me, in less than ten minutes I was standing before the last body.

A child, maybe a few years younger than me, I don't know, I lost count after some time.

Hatred brimmed in her teary eyes, she glared at me fiercely, body shaking as she clutched a man close to her chest, probably her father.

His eyes half opened, "please.... Spare....." without waiting for him to complete it I slashed down, quick and painless, she was gone before he could notice.

A red tear slipped down his eyes, he resigned to his fate but like all the others he looked at me like a demon from hell.

Maybe I was one, I didn't know, drenched in a pool of red and not even a single one was mine.

And just like that I began piling them up together, getting them ready before his arrival.

Maybe it was an act of mercy, maybe pity, I dragged the little child to a different way, dug a grave and threw her limp corpse into it, that way she won't be tainted.

I had lost the concept of what mercy felt like, so I don't think this one, if it was I probably would have spared her, maybe she'd grow up and put an end to this.

The dark skies cleared by the time I was

done piling them together, making a makeshift tower of corpses, I sat cross legged, waiting for his arrival.

Slow footsteps, gentle as a breeze.

My eyes shot open, he's here.

He got to me in a few strides, looking around approvingly, "Hahahahah, you've gotten better at this. My best product yet, even better than that other boy."

I didn't know what he was talking about, I never cared to. The last time was a girl, he discarded them as fast as he changed clothes.

Every once in a while he'll take in a helpless kid, turn them into whatever I am and then when he gets tired he'll absorb them and move into the next, I stopped caring as time flew by.

"Can I go now?" My voice was stoic, weirdly enough I couldn't see his face, it was a blur, he didn't seem to care.

"Suit yourself,"

I turned and walked away without looking back, I never did, maybe this was my way of accepting what I did, but I never watched what he did to them.

A pressure pressed down on me, I stopped, my heart tightening against my chest, but I didn't say a word, not even a single sound,

"And next time." his voice hardened, "put every single one of them here."

"Yes, Lord Az" I replied robotically, like I was programmed to.

He knew, of course he always did, but I never stopped, I still continued.

"You can leave."

Wait, what was going on? Who am I? Where is this? How did I get here?

And why did the metallic smell that clung to the air like a second skin feel normal? Like a scent I bathed in daily?

"Haaaaa"

My eyes blinked open, my forehead was creased, my eyes wandered around, slowly I sat up.

I could feel the warmth from Eros' side, his gentle breathing style, and I smiled warmly.

"What was that?" I wondered, it felt real, way too real.

I stood from the bed as quietly as I could, my hands shook as I picked up a cup gulping down the contents.

The water tasted like ash in my tongue, difficult to swallow, I didn't even know what to think.

The image was still stuck in my head, as clear as day, but how? Why? I would never, right?

I shakily placed down the cup, my head banged, my heart felt like a piece of block had been placed on it.

"Was that really me?"

"Another nightmare?" A husky voice spoke up.

I turned, Eros was up, his pupils searching my face, I nodded, letting the tears flow freely.

He shot up, drawing me into his arms instantly, "Hey, hey, don't cry." He kissed my forehead, his voice still raspy from being woken up.

I shook my head, "you don't understand, this time it was different." my body and my scalp went cold.

He helped me to sit, "Want to talk about it?" He drew circles on the back of my hands, an attempt to help me calm down.

But those clear eyes, filled with hatred, the screams, the cries, the blood filled sky, that metallic tang, it all banged on my senses.

I shut my eyes, head shaking, "I can't." I heaved.

Bile rose in my gut, I retched, he patted my back softly, "You can doll, I believe in you." He said gently,

A hollow laugh escaped my lips, "I don't even believe myself right now."

"You don't have to, let me do the believing, you just have to trust me."

My head hung low, how could I bring myself to tell him that a version of me, a much younger version, had slaughtered people like pigs and offered them to a man whose face I could barely see, only for him to call me his best product.

And the worst part of it all was that a part of me relished it, like it was my nature, I felt nothing like it was any other day.

"I'm a monster." I whispered.