

Symphony of Death

Chapter 8

I felt the muscles in my jaw move when that little reocracker walked out on me. That little daredevil was asking for trouble.

My ears picked up a feeble cry.

And, would you have it, it seemed like trouble had found her already. Within, what, ten minutes? She really was hopeless.

"No, don't touch me!"

I ascended the stairs to the rooftop at a leisurely pace.

"I said no!"

My brow shot up in amusement at the scene unfolding before my eyes.

"Damn it, you asshole," Anastasia shrieked. "I said leave me alone!"

She was pushing against her assailant with all her might, but she was falling miserably. Her intoxicated state probably didn't help.

"Stop being a bitch." He groped her breast. "I didn't meddle with your drink for nothing. Let's have some fun."

"That's enough," I said calmly when I approached.

He let go of Anastasia and cowered away in fear.

"Don't stir trouble or you won't ever be able to set foot in this realm ever again," I hissed coldly. "Get lost."

"I'm sorry, Master. It won't happen again." He ran away with his tail between his legs.

"Pathetic vermin," I spat after him and turned to Anastasia.

She was having great difficulty standing upright. Her clothes were messed up and her hair was undone.

"Are you drunk?" I inquired when she braced herself against the railing.

"I don't drink," she slurred. "I just wanted to sleep. I kept telling that bastard to leave me alone."

"You shouldn't be here alone."

"I could have dealt with him," she retorted.

"You couldn't have." I smirked at her confusion. "Because he was not human."

He was a demon, albeit a lesser one.

"It's you." Anastasia pointed at me. I raised an eyebrow.

"I feel weird around you." She looked at me with hazy curiosity. "I feel a lot of pain when you are near."

"I never touched you in any way that could be considered equivalent to inflicting pain of any sort." I scowled when she scooped. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing." Anastasia stumbled toward me. She stopped in front of me and looked up. "I have a question. One minute."

She took off her heels and threw them on the floor.

I cocked one brow skeptically when she moved even closer to me, all the while looking into my eyes.

"Don't you think you are too tall?" She tiptoed to reach my height but failed miserably. "You should cut off your feet."

"You are drunk," I said flatly.

Anastasia swayed with a silly smile on her face. "You should stop moving."

Her balance shook and she fell against me.

"Woah!" she gasped in awe while looking up at me and feeling my torso. "You have broad shoulders. You have abs too?"

I balled my hands when she rubbed my chest slowly. Her fingers skimmed over my bare skin timidly.

"You're quite handsome, you know that? Well, of course you know that. Scary, but handsome." She buried her head in my chest, then wrapped her arms around me.

She refused to move back when I tried to get her off of me.

"For a little bit, please. Bear with me."

I looked down at her, my mouth set in a thin line and my brows knitted together in a dark scowl.

"I'm carrying so much here." She tapped my forehead. "I have to bear the weight on my conscience. It's tiring."

Anastasia looked at the alley across the road. I followed her line of vision, but there was nothing there.

Not anything a normal person could see.

"I hate it." Anastasia pointed toward the alley. "That." She looked back at me. "They take advantage of darkness and torment me. It won't do." She nodded to herself. "It won't do at all."

I watched, bemused, as she grabbed her heels and threw them toward the alley with all her might.

"Go away, monsters!" she screamed. "I am not afraid of you."

I grabbed her waist when she toppled over slightly and pulled her back. She buried her face in my chest again.

"What monsters?" I pinched her chin and forced her to look at me. "What do you see?"

The fear was evident in her eyes.

"What happened that night? Why were you hiding under the table?"

"I—that—" she stuttered. "You won't believe me."

"Try me." I held her waist with one hand and caressed her cheek with my knuckles. "Don't provoke me to use my ways, Anastasia."

I smirked when she squirmed under my touch in fear. "They're not something a butterfly like you would like."

"I don't like being near you. I don't like it when you touch me," she glowered at me. I leaned in closer.

"Yet, you are in my arms," I whispered darkly against her lips.

I couldn't suppress the urge her kissable lips stirred in me.

And that smell...

"Don't try to capture my attention more than you already have, Anastasia," I growled. "I was not entirely wrong about you."

Anastasia could see Anima.

"Pray to your god, Anastasia," I muttered spitefully.

My hatred was not going to simmer down. I was not going to spare anyone, no matter how insignificant their role was in destroying me and my kin.

Behind me, I could hear the door to the rooftop open. Two pairs of footsteps approached rapidly.

"Anal!"

I looked at her friends with icy contempt.

Their sour faces said it all—they'd seen enough, and they hated it.

I let Anastasia go. They held her by her shoulders.

"He is nice," Anastasia said to them while pointing at me. "He smells nice, like musk. Safe and strong."

They pulled her back just as she tried to reach for me.

I walked away, but her essence clung to me.

I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply. Those water lilies—they invoked something inside me like never before.

"Attractions can be lethal, Anastasia," I growled. "They can be deadly."