

No Heart

The heat radiating off the girl causes my vision to go red as my nail traces a path from the side of her face to her neck. Her breaths getting audibly louder as her eyes - full of anger and pain - stare into mine. She writhes under my touch, trying to get away, I admire her determination, the strength of her spirit to not give in, to not give up. A smile of sorts grows on my face as I increase the pressure of my finger on her skin, to deepen the cuts. I watch as the crimson blood leaks from her cheek creating a small pool of the liquid, before it cuts off into multiple pathways. Her eyes still do not leave mine even as a tear escapes, mingling with trail of blood soaking into her hair. She attempts once again to move, in answer I release my hold on her, grab her arm, and twist. A delightful sound of bones cracking reverberates off the walls in a harmony of its own, following by gurgling screams of agony coming from the girl. I look at my handiwork, at the bone sticking out of the shredded skin with red leaking everywhere. I dip my finger into her blood and then proceed to lick it, revelling in her blood's pure, fragile, human taste. I move my hand towards the starting of her neck, then I proceed to dig my nail into her skin, splitting it in two, I move downwards, cutting through the skin of her chest and stopping midway through the stomach. The girl's screams become weaker and weaker as her mind starts to pull her into unconsciousness. I press on the chest wound, watching as the blood spills from the gash before I dig my fingers into it. The girl is no longer conscious, lying like a lifeless heap as I pull the skin off her chest, watching as it snaps away from her muscles and bones, leaving the heart exposed. I reach my hand between her ribcage and penetrate my fingers into her beating heart before pulling it out of her body. I watch the blood flows from the heart in my hand down my veiny arm, my mission now done. The girl no longer living.

By Madison Kleinman