

# *Sway*

(Based on: Sway by Michael Bublé)

Accompanied by smooth jazz, the Villain waltzed around the grand ballroom, boots softly clicking against the blood red floor. He held his partner close, not missing a beat as he dragged them along the ballroom like a child with a treasured doll. He glided past dancing couples with sly, elegant steps, gaze fixated on the Hero before him.

Their eyes were closed; The Villain was not sure why. Maybe the Hero was simply enjoying the former's company and grand atmosphere. They have always held a liking towards ballrooms anyway.

"You're doing amazing, darling. I didn't expect such lovely moves from an amateur like you," whispered the Villain.

As the song reached the chorus, the two danced more passionately. The faces of those around them appeared blank as robots. In fact, they were *too* blank— just over-enthralled by their hypnotic sway, perhaps?

Slowly, mimicking the music, their waltz grew *feral*. Stopping now would be foolish. The Villain grinned, moving fast but predictable so his partner could catch up.

Noticeably, blood started dripping from the Hero's chest, threatening to turn the pristine floor into a disfigured battlefield.

The song's outro eventually began. The Villain slowed down to look his partner in the eyes. But of course, they remained closed... Why wouldn't they be?

The Hero was already dead, gently murdered by the Villain with their own sword: plunged into their heart moments before the dance.

No one else escaped the Villain either. Around the two, fresh corpses filled the room to the brim. It was a soul-scratching image, but his innocent smile never faltered as he tangoed with his dead partner.

Then the song faded into silence. He set his partner down in the middle of all the worthless bodies, his almost blueish fingers twitching, squirming, and begging for comfort, only to receive the Hero's cold blood on them. The Villain licked the blood off his fingers, savouring the taste before giving a happy nod. *Yep, that's the Hero he knew and loved.*

He advanced towards the ballroom door, carelessly stepping on the scattered arms and torsos, leaving behind crimson imprints.

Swinging the door open, he glanced back at the fallen Hero. "Well done, my dear," he murmured, a smirk gracing his lips. "I look forward to our next tango."