

Olivia N. (abstract thought)

She already had it all laid out in her head.

Every bit of said scene as a whole; it all proportioned into her mind's eye with due accord. A lovely image escorted by a dallying record that couldn't play slow enough. Don't forget the faux mink throw tossed on the sofa, and the two glasses of merlot that threatened its very existence.

Sydelle paused in her thought, taking the raspberry sucker from her lips and picking up a tube of lipstick in replacement. It was the only lipstick she owned. A brash, rather sickening burgundy shade that made the dark circles under her eyes appear more prominent. Oh well. Appearance wouldn't matter in the end, she knew. Confrontation and seduction required knowing which gown he thought suited her figure best. The last part--not so much. Going out in style wasn't her issue this time. The girl would only hope that he'd hold up his own look.

God forbid if the poor thing wore white.

The rouge slicked easily on her lips, sucker landing in her mouth once more. Perhaps it would've occurred to Sydelle not to try and indulge while getting herself together, but a moment of pleasure in what was sure to be a rough night to come could be spared. Meanwhile, the clocked ticked loudly. Seven minutes left.

Section C of part three. Attire. This step was a bit more difficult, she pondered, fingers digging into the skin of her arm as she stared into her closet. In order to accomplish what she needed, Sydelle had to be somewhat appealing to him. It seemed rather unfair, considering he could take any gorgeous form he knew would make her heart melt, but she knew exactly what he liked, and that had nothing to do with her clothing.

Either way, a nagging voice told her it would not be easy to snatch his attention. The girl had burned everything he'd touched when he'd left, which she knew she'd like to think was only her skin and hair. It was not. Death brushed everything she owned; every single gown and flowery skirt she owned, every kitchen knife and wooly blanket, every DVD and pencil she let him use.

That left the dress.

The little, black dress that the man himself hated with a passion. The sole reason for Sydelle's drop in self-esteem, and a prompt opening for him to be her 'hero'.

He'd tell her things that would stick for a while, things that engraved into her mind and stung like fury. Then he'd come back to tell her how beautiful she would look if the dress was off and on the floor; the cycle would come right back around to nip her in the bud.

This time things were different, though. If she'd let herself become veered off track before, it wasn't about to happen again. There was one thing to be done, and it was to demolish their past love.

Not love, she corrected, reaching for the dress. A ruination.

It slipped over her shoulders easily. The outfit that stretched around her curvaceous figure was now a fighting symbol, for each and every time he'd fondled her emotions. By the end of this tenuous night, he would know how that felt. A glance at the clock. Three minutes. The girl took the lollipop stick from her mouth and flicked it into the trash.

By the time Sydelle slipped the heels over her feet, her hands shook with a tremour that wouldn't leave her alone. Fingers fumbled as straps were adjusted. Fear was not the cause of her wicked trembling. More so the anticipation and the cold feel of a metal blade in her left hand. The merlot in the ballroom wouldn't wait for her, and neither would her target. Hurry, pet. Hurry.

One minute left.

The door slammed shut, and Sydelle left all of her mixed feelings behind the door. The Louboutin shoes she sported sounded abnormally loud in the deserted hallway, buzzing in her head as she walked.

When she arrived in the lobby, the concierge was cold to her, as usual. He had about just as much enthusiasm as the girl had adrenaline pumping through her veins. Hopefully the bunny ear television would drown out the screams from the west wing. Nobody but her victim deserved to see all the aspects of her wrath. It was in her favour that the volume was loud.

Sydelle let her shimmering blue eyes raise from the television. Of course, he was standing there, pristine as ever. Tears threatened to spill when he met her gaze. She was looking straight into the face of Death, alas, but that stare didn't mess her up like it once had.

"An affair with someone like me never comes with benefits," he had warned, like he didn't know everything he'd done to mess up the girl's will to live, making empty promises as she begged him to take her away. Despite what he might've thought before, Sydelle didn't live to die anymore.

"Hello, lovely." his words startled her out of her thoughts. Sydelle's stained lips bared into a genuine smile.

"Shall we?" she queried, grasping his frozen hand.

"We shall." he granted, following fluidly by her side and through the foyer.

It occurred to her that maybe he did know what she planned to do in that expensive hotel room. Who could place the blame on her, though, when everyone encouraged her to kill her demons?

Her biggest one stood right beside her, warming when Sydelle left a gentle kiss on his cheek. Together they padded down to the empty room. Who said you couldn't cheat Death?

Tonight, blood would spill. In that ballroom, someone was going to die.

It wouldn't be her.