

It was dark and cold in this room she sat in, all aside from the candles which laid around her in a circle. Her breathing was quiet but heavy. She had her eyes closed as she seemed to be in a deep trance. Her thoughts kept wanting to dwindle off, go towards distractions, but she pushed them back. She wanted to be focused.

Once feeling completely relaxed, at least as much as she could have been, she opened her eyes. In front of her laid closed a book. It was old and tattered around its edges and appeared so delicate. She lifted her left hand and traced her fingers slowly and gently along its spine, feeling every bump, every tear, almost memorizing its features. She closed her eyes, almost euphoric from the touch as it made her feel empowered. Opening her eyes again, she reached to its mouth and wrapped the tips of her fingers around its edge then carefully pulled back its cover and a few sheets. The sound that escaped the book filled the empty room with its ripping and tearing at the dried glue, revealing yellow stained pages. The book's scent was released and filled her nostrils. It smelled ancient and rotten - she smiled.

Inside the book were ink stains of an unknown script that covered each and every page. Random splatters of black and red were scattered throughout the book. She gracefully turned its fragile pages, one by one, enjoying every touch, every feel of every piece of the frayed parchment upon her finger tips. She turned and turned until reaching the section she desired. Her heart quickened its pace as her excitement increased. It was this moment, always this moment, that she was waiting for. The reason she existed. The reason she was even conceived. All the torture, all the ridicule, everything brought her up to this very moment. She would have her revenge. She could taste it in her mouth as the saliva built up around her tongue. The taste, it was so delicious, so sweet. The sweetest thing she had ever tasted. Her breathing increased in speed as she gazed upon the black text. She reached out again, just to feel it once more, to feel that power, that power that made her above everyone and anyone else. No one could touch her now. She was in control, she was in command. Her eyes closed again as she swooned. Her body swayed back and forth as she became delirious.

The book seemed to pulse in enjoyment as it felt her desire for revenge. It ran so deep within her veins, her body, her soul. It could feel it all and it liked it. It wanted her hatred, her grief, her tainted life. The book pulsed faster and faster as it slowly began sucking her mind inside it, growing stronger and stronger.

Moments passed as this continued until the woman gasped in hard as she jerked her head upwards and her eyes shot open. She was quiet, eyes wide, not breathing. Her mouth, open, slowly twisted itself into a grin, so demonic, so horrifying. Her face then fell flat, mouth gapping open, eyes relaxed, then her body collapsed on the floor. The puff of dusty air blew out a few candles as she lay there motionless, in the dark, book quietly sitting beside her.