

HER REVENGE

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There are some things you just can't un-see. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't get the image of Liz falling from that ledge out of my head. It's like it was burned into my eyelids, everything permanently imprinted in my brain like a tattoo. Every time I closed my eyes I saw her. I remember everything so clearly. Her falling with her black lace sundress catching the wind, the way her body hit the pavement with a sickening splat. The way everything seemed to just spill out of her. The open grimace her pallid lips formed with blood trickling out. Lifeless blue eyes, long blonde hair that was once so pretty, was now tangled and stained red. Her blood just pooled around her like glistening crimson puddle. Thinking about it makes me sick with laughter. I certainly didn't feel sorry for her. HA! Please, blonde bitch deserved what she got. Now I'll admit, it certainly freaked me out witnessing her death, how she just crumpled like a rag doll, but damn that was just a work of art. I never thought my plan would go so perfectly. You couldn't even tell she was pushed! It actually looked like she jumped from the wrought iron balcony railing. The fall was so picturesque; the old brick building gave a nice backdrop to what the police ruled as suicide. Dumb bastards, I just can't seem to stop smiling, that went better than expected and now I've only got two more people to get rid of before I can finally live my life in peace. Still stuck in this glorious memory, I reminisce back to conversation between me and the officer on the scene. He had walked up to me and I put on the perfect "my best friend just committed suicide" look. His name tag identified him as "Lyndan Marx" Interesting name. To compliment him further; he had dark hair with the front spiked up, a perfect smile, and a tall, muscular body. That police uniform did him much justice.

He grunted and re-situated his belt. “Ma’am did you know our victim?” his voice was gruff, thick with authority but I detected a hint of empathy somewhere in his question. I made my eyes tear up a bit in preparation for the upcoming conversation.

“Yes,” I sniffled. “I knew her very well. We were best friends in high school.” I pulled a tissue out of my Chanel purse and dabbed a tear that started to fall down my cheek. The cop shifted his weight; obviously uncomfortable around emotional females.

“I don’t mean to put you on the spot, but what were you doing here? We had a witness say they saw you walking out of the building after the victim had jumped.” I had to choke back a growl and fight not to grimace at the word victim being applied to Liz. If anyone was the victim it was me.

“She had called me and said it was an emergency. I asked her what was wrong but all she said was hurry and then hung up. I drove here immediately and practically sprinted up the stairs to her apartment...” My voice trailed off and I let a fake sob run through me. “I guess I didn’t get here fast enough. I shouted to her, but she jumped anyway. I ran outside... I wasn’t thinking... I’m so sorry.” I blew my nose in the tissue and hugged myself. Officer Marx cleared his throat and shifted again.

“You know you shouldn’t think this is your fault. No one could have stopped this. The emotionally unstable can do some crazy things.” I had to cover up my laugh with another fake sob. Jesus was he right.

“Anyway, not that you have anything to worry about, but we just had to eliminate this as a possible homicide.” I looked at him confused.

“Standard procedure, you never know. A pretty lady like you could be secretly psycho for all we know.”

“Are you trying to tell me you’ve had cases like this before?”

“You’d be surprised.” He shifted his weight yet again and I had to hide my scoff with a snuffle.

“Please officer, I’ve had my fair share of surprises. A case like that would seem almost like normal with my life story.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Do you mind elaborating on that Miss?”

I made my face grow serious.

“Oh, I’m sorry. You don’t have to tell me. Just curious is all.”

“It’s alright most people would be.” I pulled a compact out of my purse and fixed my makeup. I’m sure he thought I was checking that the tears didn’t make my mascara run or something. When in all reality I was fixing my Smokey eye to keep it perfect. It’s not easy to maintain you know, especially if you’ve been crying over the death of such a dear friend like Liz Rachel Palmer. Officer Marx handed me his card.

“If you have any more information you want to share, or just need someone to talk to, you can call me at the precinct. I’m always there.”

I let a laugh escape my full, red painted lips. “A man who’s always working is no man for me.”

He looked insulted and walked away like a kicked puppy.

I called after him, “Have a nice life Officer.”

He half waved behind him and disappeared into his police cruiser. I had let the fake sadness leave me and I straightened up as I walked to my car. I had grown angrier as I thought of how much pity she was going to get now that people thought she committed suicide. I could almost hear the crowd at her funeral now. “Oh she was so beautiful! Oh why her?! Oh poor Liz this. Poor Liz that!” I honestly felt no sympathy, not even a little guilt for what I had done. Her and her

friends have fucked me up enough and I won't stop until they feel the pain that I did. They were damned the day they said hi and brought their pretentious problems into my life.

Graduation was even worse. Showing all those pictures from the party, they had drugged me. I had no control of myself and they manipulated me, made me do things I never would have done.

Thinking back to that night and then graduation day had me fuming.

They would all pay. I swear it. Our friend Sarah had been first; she had a little accident with a kitchen steak knife. Police report said she tripped over something and in an attempt to catch herself, accidentally stabbed herself in the stomach. That one had me laughing so hard I was gasping for air. I was the one who stabbed her, wiped my prints off the knife and made her hold onto it. You should have seen her eyes! So wide with tears spilling down her face. It truly was quite an entertaining show. She begged me not to do it. I can still hear her pleading voice ringing in my ears.

“No Arianna, please! Please don't!” She had stumbled trying to back away from my advance and I laughed. She shrieked, “We were best friends!”

I laughed even harder. I could tell she could see the red glint in my eyes. After a while I got tired of this back and forth and stabbed her in the stomach. Her tight white turtle neck began to turn red. All I could think was that, that was going to be one nasty stain. She sunk back against the counter and I just watched the tears fall from her bloodshot green eyes. I squatted down and met her gaze, the pain and surprise in them was actually kind of funny. Her eyes widened again when I took a sanitized wipe out of its case in my pocket and wiped the handle free of my prints. She choked on something she was about to say. I rolled

my eyes.

“Spit it out.”

She coughed, grimaced, and managed a little whisper.

I had to fight the urge to smack her. “SPIT IT OUT!”

Her whisper grew in volume, “Why?”

I growled. She knew why and even if she didn’t, I didn’t owe her an explanation. I grabbed her wrist with the wipe and put her hand around the knife. I heard her gasp when I put my lips to her ear.

“I can see your roots.” I whispered, remarking her fake orange hair. A color she’d had since the beginning of middle school and had since then tried passing it off as natural. She cried out in pain, grasping the knife that was slowly killing her. I had only stuck around long enough to clean up my mess. There was no way I was going to risk getting caught. By the time I had finished she had stopped whining and gasping. I stepped over her body and left her to bleed out on the floor. I got home that night and slept like a child, so peacefully it was almost scary.

Finally back to the present I thought about who was next. Riley. Her name was bitter in my mouth still. Riley Maxine Jared. Out of this whole group, she’s the one I hated the least but that doesn’t excuse her from death. She still had something to do with graduation and I’ve spent too long planning to let her just walk away. I’ve actually got plans with her tonight. We’re going out to dinner and a movie. A little rat poison lacing her food and she won’t be making it to the movie. I should actually start getting ready; have to look good when you kill another one of your “best friends”.

My outfits for the past two were quite fashionable. Sarah got to see me in sparkling night blue flats, designer black skinny jeans, a form fitting

sequined halter that matched the color of my shoes, and a black leather crop jacket. I had left the rainbow clutch in my car that was parked a few blocks away. My hair had been completely straight that night and hitting the middle of my back. Liz got a glimpse of my tight mint green cocktail dress and black stilettos, my red hair falling in messy ringlets around me. She had caught me when I was on my way to a benefit dinner for the ASPCA. Yes, your killer here has a heart. Just because a few people did me wrong doesn't mean I'm not nice to everyone else. But for tonight I had to look absolutely perfect. Riley had always been the prettiest in my opinion and there was no way I was going to let her see any kind of flaw in my personality or style. Hmm, a gray and red striped long sleeved sweater like dress, with a black jacket, and black heels will do perfectly. My hair will be pulled back into a ponytail by a glittering bow and my bangs pinned back into a tiny little bump in the front. My eyes, of course will be done in different shades of black and gray to not only give them a Smokey effect, but to make the gray in my eyes turn black. I grabbed my black Coach purse and purposely got to the restaurant first to give myself time to prepare for the long night ahead of me.

“Ohmygoodness! Arianna you look so pretty tonight! How have you been? I feel like we haven't talked in years.”

I am fighting not to roll my eyes. I took in her appearance; designer jeans that are a faded blue color, black lace tank top, black ballet flats, and a blue clutch. Her brown hair was perfectly wavy, framing her face perfectly and cascading down past her shoulders. Jesus how could one person be so flawless. I fake a smile and continue this useless and boring small talk.

“I know! It's been way too long. I'm actually doing really well.” This

was just way too easy.

“That’s great to hear. After how we parted during graduation I thought we would never see each other again.”

I had to choke back a cry of rage. Graduation was a painful memory. And I hate thinking about it. I thought they were my friends. I trusted them and they stabbed me in the back.

“Well it’s just good to be able to catch up after so long.”

She smiled. “It is. Six years is too much time. I was honestly surprised to get a call from you.”

We walked inside the restaurant and took our seats. A waiter brought us champagne and took our orders. Right before our food was about to arrive I put my plan into action.

“Shit! I left my wallet in the car. Riley excuse me I’ll be right back.”

“Oh no, Sit down Arianna I’ll get it.”

“Really I don’t want to trouble you it’s my wallet.”

“Arianna it’s no big deal.” She stood up.

“But it’s in my car.”

“It’s okay, I need some air anyway it’s hot in here.”

I played the troubling friend part well. “Are you sure?”

“Yes I’m sure. You have the black Audi right?”

“Yes.” I dug in my purse for my keys and handed them to her. “It should be right on the passenger seat.”

“Alright, I’ll be right back.”

As soon as she walked out the door our food came and the waiter saved me the trouble from having to switch our plates because he put them in the wrong place anyway. He walked away and I pulled the baggy of rat poison out of my pocket. She got a Caesar salad, skinny bitch; I poured the contents of the bag onto the salad and mixed it in.

I switched the plates back just in time to hear a nasally but eerily angelic voice say, “I got your wallet.”

“Thank you so much Riley.”

“No problem it wasn’t any trouble.” She handed me back my keys and smiled as she sat down when she saw that the food came.

“Thanks.” I smiled and put the keys back in my purse.

“Wow this looks so good.” She picked up the fork and took a bite.

I smiled. The poison will make her feel sick and she’ll want to go home, she’ll be dead within a two hour time span.

We finished with our dinner and each of us paid half.

“Well, are you ready for the movie? I think there’s a pretty good comedy out right now.” “Actually I feel kind of sick, I hate to do this to you Ari because we haven’t hung out in so long, but I think I need to go home and rest. That salad tasted weird it’s probably just a little bit of food poisoning. I’ll call you tomorrow and we can get coffee or something.”

“That sounds great.”

“Ok, I’ll see you tomorrow.” She got in her car and drove away.

I smiled and walked to my car. Tomorrow morning I’ll call her multiple times and then call the police acting like the concerned friend. They’ll find her dead and the rat poison found in her system during the autopsy will be blamed on faulty kitchen staff. Her story will be on the news tomorrow night at the latest. Next, and last on the list, is Erin. Jesus, I hate her the most. No need for too much detail but she slept with my first boyfriend and was the mastermind behind the whole graduation scheme. Tomorrow night it’s her turn.

The next morning I carried out my concerned friend act and planned for my night. I’m going to sneak into Erin’s house and do my worst.

She deserved the worst.

As the night grew later I prepared myself. I dressed in all black; Leather jacket, tight lace tank, yet another pair of designer jeans, and the perfect combat boots. I grabbed my favorite knife from the table along with the keys to my baby. I drove to her neighborhood, parked a block away, stuck to the shadows, and walked to her house. I found the back door and picked the lock. Moving slowly I listened for footsteps or voices. Hearing nothing I advanced further into the house. The back door brought through the modern style kitchen and from the kitchen I walked through a narrow hallway decorated with pictures and various, stylish knick knacks. I had to give it to Erin; she had a good sense of decoration. I crept my way up the spiral stairs and reached her bedroom. The door was open a crack so I inched myself in. It was nicely decorated with blues and purples. A king sized bed with a white comforter set dominated most of the room. She wasn't here. I walked over to her dresser, taking advantage of her absence and studied the contents on top. A pen, a red V-neck shirt and plaid pajama shorts were set out, some loose change, a white candle, and a picture of the five of us back when we were in ninth grade. That picture fueled my anger and hatred. I was always the odd one out; never as tall, never as skinny, never as pretty as the rest of them. They had designer shirts, short skirts, and heels. I had band-tees, ripped pants, and converse. They had light, styled hair. I had unnaturally blood red hair, straightened and usually in my face. I completely changed myself and now I'm better than all of them.

I walked out disgusted and made my way down the hallway to the bathroom and opened the door. Just enough, a little crack so I could see inside. I scanned the room and the first thing I spotted was her

baby blue hairdryer, she was in her Jacuzzi tub taking a bubble bath. The edge of the tub, along with the majority of the bathroom, was surrounded with lit candles. How convenient! I won't even need my knife. I pushed the door open and she let out a frightened shriek.

“Arianna? What the fuck are you doing here?!”

I didn't say anything, just picked up the hairdryer that was sitting on the edge of the sink and tossed it into the water. She screamed and I just laughed. Watching someone get electrocuted is some funny shit. They twitch and thrash, then eventually they just stop. Her face was hilarious. Her now blood shot eyes were wide, frozen in fear and pain. Her mouth was open slightly, dripping a little blood. Her arms hung lifelessly over the edge of her tub and her skin looked a bit red and burnt. I walked over and repositioned the hairdryer to make it look like it fell in, then I set a couple lit candles under the hanging towels, they were dry so they caught fire fairly quickly. I laughed in triumph as I left, relocked the door, and strolled back to my car.

From my car I watched Erin's house go up in flames. When it was completely engulfed I used a disposable phone to call 9-1-1. I stayed and watched the fire trucks, police cars, and ambulance show up. I let out another little giggle as I started my car.

“Good-bye Erin Alexa Snyder. You will be greatly missed.”

I laughed again and drove back home. I can finally live my life in peace. No more worries. For the first time since I graduated school I felt at ease. No more dealing with their constant torture and nagging for how I looked. No more getting tortured for who I was. I'm free to be me and they can all rot in hell.

I got home and had the most peaceful sleep I had, had in years.

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