

# *Alice Oz*

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*<https://discord.gg/rphq>*

*Cold, wet and filthy were the three terms that best described what life was like for the inhabitants of City 12. With rationed supplies, perpetual rain, and violent riots, it wasn't easy for both citizens and criminals alike. However, it was a different story for Civil Protection, the main faction that was there to uphold the law. Though they had better rations and living quarters, their lives were far worse, seeing their lives were constantly at risk from the local partisans.*

*As of recent, a small contingent of officers were sent to the dock yard to bust a payload of drugs and weapons meant for those who were trying to overthrow their rule. It was a bloody mess, bodies from both sides were strewn across the makeshift battlefield and every piece of cover was riddled with bullet holes. In spite of this, two officers remained, one of them being a Chinese woman named Alice Yeung. She didn't have much of a choice, especially after what had happened a decade ago. It was either become a street walker or the job she now held that constantly put herself in peril.*

*Though she hated every second of it, she became accustomed to the cold hearted atmosphere and has adapted to it. Moving on, she has been searching through the crates for what felt like an eternity, even if it had only been two hours. As she did so, she began talking to herself while her partner was loading whatever they could find into a truck* **"Come on, there's gotta be something in her for peep's sake...give me something special, will ya?"**

..Well, there was something *special* that she found, at least. Not the special that she wanted, though. Hiding between one of the crates and the wall was a young man, barely an adult, with a terribly dirty coat and a barely-holding together bag. His arm had a strange material covering it, and the slight smell of sulfur barely able to be detected over the harsh scent of the docks and the water nearby. She could see that parts of his arm, especially around the veins, glowed with embers.

Blinking a couple of times, the boy looked at her with wide, fearful eyes and quickly shook his head,

trying his best to slip further into the gap between the storage crate and the wall to avoid getting grabbed by her. He didn't need to be captured by one of these damn cops- No, he *wouldn't* be captured by one of these cops. It wasn't his damn fault that everything that happened!

If she drew her gun, he'd have to fight and run. Hopefully she'd just turn a blind eye.

*The stench coming from his arm had assaulted her nostrils, even if it was hardly detectable. She would clear her throat before shining a flashlight onto the boy. Seeing that it was bright, it had also exposed her facial features. To begin with she was of Chinese descent and looked quite young. However, she was not as youthful as he was, seeing she had wrinkles near her eyes and strands of greying hair, but she wasn't exactly old enough to be her mother either.*

*Eventually, she looked at him with a scrunched up face, slowly making her way towards him with anger written all over her body. She had been shot in the shoulder so she wasn't in the mood to be nice towards anyone that*

*was a part of the recent shoot out. Even if she was shorter, she was still intimidating, seeing that she showed no fear whatsoever, even if he was taller than her. Clearing her throat once more, she finally spoke, saying, "You got three minutes to tell me what you're doing here and how you're not affiliated with the scum we just shot."*

He raised his hands to cover his eyes from the light, squinting as he watched her approach, him trying to get further and further away from her. His expression looked worn, like he had been exhausted for several days straight, but his eyes were wide with fear. His clothes and hair were absolutely filthy, with the grime of the city covering him as if he hadn't had a bath or washed his clothes in even longer.

"I-I had nothing to do with these guys!" He tried to say quietly, as to not draw any attention. "I was just.. hiding here, and then they showed up, and you showed up, and I just tried to keep my head down so nobody would notice me and I wouldn't get shot and

please don't shoot me I don't even have any weapons and I just want to be left alone."

..Well, he was absolutely nervous and talking a mile a minute, but he kept his hands up and didn't reach for anything.

*Suddenly, a voice would ring out, saying, "Hey Alice did you find anything yet?" She would then turn the opposite direction before looking back at the boy. The longer she looked at him, the more pity she felt. Even if he was technically an adult, she could tell he was still young and inexperienced. Moreover, she pondered what she would've done had it been her own son instead. How old would he have been by then? A decade? She couldn't remember, her mind was but a mere haze so she couldn't even think straight anyhow.*

*Still wearing her stern countenance, she grabbed a small wooden crate containing grenades before walking out, saying, "Yeah, I found some explosives in here and probably a couple of weapons as well."*

"Ah, I see." *Her partner responded in a tired manner,*  
**"Listen, we shouldn't stay here for long. how about we call in some reinforcements and let them handle it alright?"** *As Alice nodded, the other police officer walked away and began speaking into his radio. As he did so, she turned to the boy before saying,* **"I believe you kid, not get out of here before any more of us come by, alright?"**

He froze, skin paling even further as he heard the other voice calling out. He quickly started shaking his head as she looked back at him, an even greater panic in his eyes. When she just grabbed the crate, he let out a slight sigh of relief, if only for a moment before she looked back in his direction.

He nodded several times, not trusting himself to speak without sounding like a coward. Which, well, he was, but that was beside the point. He just needed these people to get out of here so he could find.. *somewhere* to hide that wouldn't have an immediate fuckin' shootout again. He nearly had a heart attack because of all that.

\*Deep down, she felt bad for him. If given the opportunity, she would've stayed until he left. Unfortunately, tension filled the air and she didn't like the idea of doing so. It was every man for himself, at least that's what she had been telling herself for almost a decade. Turning towards him one last time, she gave him a quick thumbs up before running out of the warehouse.

After she left, he waited several minutes before he slipped out from behind the boxes. How the hell had the cop not recognized him? Was it how dirty he was, how much his hair covered his face when it was wet? Either way, he was lucky that she didn't realize who he was.

Now that they were gone.. He needed to hide. He noticed a loft in one of the warehouses nearby that he could hide in. It was big enough for him to have some living space while not standing out too much. It'd give him shelter while not costing him anything.. Even if it was out of the way from anything and he's have to lay low when people were



around.. But he didn't have any other options, so he'd sleep up there tonight and start scrounging up things to make it a little more livable.

*By the time Oz was getting settled in for the night, the noise of helicopter blades filled the air. If there was a window present, he was given the opportunity to see the two police officers getting on board before flying off into the darkness. Within a couple hours, reinforcements had arrived but they hardly investigated the loft where he was hiding as most of the contraband was already prepared to be transported for disposal. Thankfully enough, they quickly left, seeing that they didn't want to get involved in another ambush, finally leaving him be to rest.*

The next afternoon, Azaal was hiding up in that loft once again, having gathered a few useful things from the surrounding areas, like an old blanket, some half-eaten rations that likely weren't all that good for him to be eating, and a bottle of water that he could refill. It wasn't a luxurious life, but hey- It was better than getting killed.

At this time, he was hidden in the loft, behind a couple of boxes, with a book that he had found somewhere along the way. It was nice to have *something* to do other than sit up there doing nothing, even if reading was.. not his favorite passtime.

*In spite of the overall grime and filthiness of the docks, it was pleasant afternoon. Seagulls were flying around, hoping to catch either fish or the snack of an unsuspecting victim, the sea had beaten against the foundations, and the wind was there to blow away the foul air as best it could. All seemed calm in City 12, that was until the desperate cries of rebels filled the air.*

*If Oz were to take a look outside, there was a small unit of CPs (Such was the nickname that most had given to Civil Protection Units) dragging criminals before forcing them to stand against a wall. Seeing that both sides had blood stains and cuts all over, it was possible that they were ambushed but survived, now wanting to avenge themselves and send a message to any bystanders. Though they pleaded for their lives and promised that*

*they would never do it again, they were swiftly silenced with submachine guns.*

*As their lifeless corpses had fallen to the ground, one of the CPs turned towards the loft and had taken note of a figure therein. It was Alice Yeung, the same officer that spared Oz's life the night before. Bluntly speaking, she was pretty pissed after taking the beating she did and had anger written all over her body. Pointing towards the warehouse, she shouted, "HEY, THERE'S SOMEONE SPYING ON US!" Almost within an instant, they turned in unison and rushed the building, only providing the young man so little time to escape.*

Dammit. He should've kept his head low and not look out there, but the shouts had drawn his curiosity too damn much. He did his best to slip into a little alcove that he had found behind some boxes, hoping that it'd provide him enough cover for the officers to make their way up here and for him to slip away.

Of course, he had little actual faith in this happening. He expected that he'd just get killed by

those SMGs because he was here in the area, and he'd get lumped in with the rebels. Hopefully they'd just make it quick, a bullet to the head'd do it, right? That woman, the cop from before, definitely looked pissed, and she'd probably be the one to want to do it. That's how those cops tended to be, you catch them on a wrong day and you end up with a bullet in the brain.

*Unfortunately for Azaal, he had hid in vain as within minutes, he had been dragged out of his hiding spot by one of the CPs. It was the lady from before, and it seemed as if she was out for blood. Once he turned around to look at his assailant, she let out an audible gasp and her face expression completely changed from anger to shock. She was filled with remorse as she stepped back.*

*Before she could say anything else however, the boots of her fellow comrades were storming upstairs and would soon join her mistaken assault against the young man. With a look of distress on her face, he looked at Azaal*

*before saying, I'm sorry." And, just like that, his head would be struck by her own leather boot.*

He let out a shout as she grabbed him, his eyes going wide with fear as he looked at her.

"Wait- I'm not-" His face visibly paled when he heard the other boots coming up to the loft, and he looked at her pleadingly. "Don't-"

With a cry of pain, he was out like a light, body instinctually curling up in preparation for the beating he was about to take.

*For the sake of not drawing out the story, several hours had flown by as if they were nothing more than mere seconds. Eventually, Azaal would be awoken from his unconscious state with the assistance of a bright light. If he were to open his eyes, he might've assumed that he had been quickly disposed off and that his soul was now finally entering into eternal rest.*

*However, whatever assumption he may of had was either confirmed to be proven true/false as a voice soon ruined his potential bliss. A deep feminine voice had*

*sounded in his ears, saying, "Cmon, wake up, I know you ain't dead."*

His eyes slowly opened and he groaned, his entire body feeling like he had been thrown off a cliff. That much told him that he hadn't been killed, surprisingly enough. He blinked a couple of times, trying to gather his surroundings.

*"..Where.. Where the hell am I..? I should be.. dead.."*

**"In a secret underground base where we keep criminals of the state locked up."** *Unsurprisingly, it was the woman yet again. However, most of her body was hidden, leaving her face to be the only visible part of her to be seen.*

**"You stupid, fucking kid."** *Alice uttered before she continued, "What part of the word 'escape' did you not understand? Civil Protection officers usually don't let people like you off the hook, especially those in charge...like me"* *As she said this, she extended her left arm out, revealing a red armband with white stripes. To anyone who had been in the city*

*long enough, they had learned that those who were of a high rank were the most sadistic, vindictive...things to be avoid as much as possible. If one was to fall into their hands...well, it would've been better to be eaten alive by the sewer rats.*

**"Listen, I'm gonna give you one last chance to live. First you gotta answer a few questions before I decide what to do with you. If you're on my good side, you live. Otherwise...well, I'll leave that as a surprise." She said with a grin, revealing her pearly whites.**

What was this woman's problem? If she was going to just kill him anyway, why the hell didn't she just do it at the docks? At this point, he was just annoyed with her fuckin' decisions.

**"Look, lady, maybe I have a fuckin' reason why I can't leave. I don't know if you know this with your extra rations or supplies or whatever the fuck the government gives you, but some of us can't fucking just.. leave. Some of us don't have the means, or the money, or whatever the fuck else you'd need to**

leave. And then you and your cronies just bust into the only shelter i've had for.. what, a week, kick the shit out of me, and then shove me who knows how many fucking miles underground to 'question me' before you just murder me. Don't waste me time."

He just let out a sigh, resigning himself to his fate.

*After Azaal's justified outburst of frustration, what would've followed was him having his head caved in with a lead pipe. The actual outcome therefore, would've shocked him. Instead of going into a fit of rage, Alice gave him a warm smile before bursting out into laughter. This went on for a solid ten seconds before she finally cleared her throat and said something.*

**"Alright kid, you can relax, I was just toying with you. Had you been a rebel, you would've been pissing your pants by now and begging for mercy, but I can tell your different."** *Still chuckling, she'd go over to what was presumably a light switch before and flipped it to "ON". As the lights had turned on, it was evident that this wasn't a secretive, dark cellar used to*



*store prisoners, but instead, a cozy looking living room. As a matter of fact, the woman wasn't even in her police uniform, she was actually wearing a sweater and black jeans seen in the photo below.*

He blinked a couple of times, completely caught off guard by the environment he was in and the outfit the woman was wearing.

But that just served to make him more suspicious of her, his eyes narrowing.

"..Where are we?" He was visibly guarded, his arm going up across his chest, his fist clenching. Why the hell was he *here*? And twisted things did she have planned for him? Surely she must know who he is, being someone of such a high rank.

*Letting out a sigh of annoyance. She grabbed a knife and quickly removed his binds before explaining what going on.*

**"First off, no, I didn't spare you so I could have some sort of pleasure device. So no, I'm not going to rape you. Second of all, let me explain. You see, I**

didn't want you falling into the hands of Civil Protection. I'm not like the other HRs...okay well, maybe I am, but I could tell you're innocent and uhh, well, different...you know what I mean. After I knocked you out, I lied to the lower ranks saying that you were dead and to report back to HQ. Afterwards, I kept your body in a dumpster until my shift was over before dragging you back to my place in secret. Now I'm just trying to figure out what to do with you. But for now, you don't have much of a choice but to stay here...unless you prefer the streets of course." *She said with a snicker.*

He shied away from her when she walked up to him with the knife, relaxing only slightly once his binds were cut, eyeing the knife nervously while she talked.

"..Why would you even do something like that? What, you think i'm innocent?" He let out a sigh, shaking his head. He hated being pitied, but he knew that he had nowhere to go and nothing he could do in the situation.

"You could start by letting me take a shower. You cops have those, right?"

*Turning to him with a raised eyebrow, Alice looked at Oz as if he were delusional. Ignoring his previous inquiries, she proceeded to ask. "Uh, yeah? I mean, don't most people here in City 12 have at least a functioning bath tub?"*

He scowled, looking away from her. "Yeah, well I didn't. Where is it?" He asked with arms crossed.

People in this city tended to have bathtubs when they had places to live. He had neither of those things, so it had been a long time since he had been able to clean himself effectively. Though he had no idea what he'd do about his clothes..

**"Take a left and go down the hall, the bathroom is at the very end on the right side. Also, don't worry about your clothes, I got something that'll fit you just nice."** *She said before slowly walking off. Before she did however, she turned to face him once more and said, "Oh, and by the way, the name's Alice Yeung. I*

would say it's a pleasure to meet you but...well, you didn't have much a choice."

..No, he really didn't have much of a choice. Letting out a quiet sigh, he stood up and started down the hall.

"..You can just call me Oz." He mumbled, clearly not happy with the situation still.

Once he got to the bathroom, he shut the door and sighed, getting the shower over with quickly, flinching away from the water as it hit his arm, creating a fuck ton of steam. After finishing up, he glanced around the area, debating on if he'd end up having to wear those filthy clothes again.

*By the time Oz had gotten out of the shower, there was already neatly folded clothes waiting for him on the sink. In comparison to what was usually worn in city 12, that being a blue jump suit reminiscent of George Orwell's 1984, they were quite exotic, almost as if it came from another time period. It appeared to be a plain yet finely made tunic, most likely originated from*

*an entirely different country. It was made of wool dyed in both black and red, including what appeared to be a zig zag patten across the middle. Moreover, it was quite dusty, meaning it hadn't been used in ages. Still, it was better than what he was wearing before as it came with a fresh clean set of socks and underwear. Even if he did want to use his old clothing, it was already gone, either most likely being washed or thrown away entirely.*

He frowned as he noticed his clothes were gone. Oh well, even if they had been what he had been wearing for a long time.. There was nothing he could do about it now. Staring at the tunic, he wondered where the hell it came from, before just shrugging and getting dressed. It was.. definitely something he wasn't used to. His clothes were usually rougher, much worse quality, and often worn with age. This.. was different. Strange. Why the hell was she having him wear this?

Stepping out of the bathroom, fully dressed, he walked back to the living room. He didn't know if she had grabbed his bag from the loft.. Which meant

that everything that he had gathered, what little cash he actually had, among other supplies, were more than likely lost to him. It was annoying, but at least he was alive, right?

*By the time Azaal walked into the living room, Alice was laying on the couch while staring at a photo in her right hand. She had it facing towards her as he didn't want him to see what it entailed. When she looked at him before turning to face the photo once more, she let out a sigh before putting in her pocket. Getting up from off the couch, she then turned to him again and responded by saying,*

**"So, you hungry? I'm sorry that you lost your stuff. We had to err...confiscate for quote unquote, evidence...hehe. Anyhow, let me make it up to you."**

He just shrugged when she apologized, looking over at her. **"..Yeah, I guess i'm hungry."**

There really wasn't anything worth scavenging from his stuff. It was just everything he had gathered over

the entire week and most of what he had grabbed since.. well, his incident.

"..And why are you being so nice to me?"

*His question was only met with silence. She was staring at him as sweat soon streamed from her face. Should she reveal her true intentions as to why he had dressed the way he did and began to partially dote on him? She decided no would be the best answer. Clearing her throat, she responded, saying, "I almost caved in your face with my foot and took you away from the closest thing you could call home. Would you prefer the alternative?"*

His eyes narrowed. She was absolutely hiding something.. But he couldn't be sure what. Did it have something to do with the picture? Was it something involving him? He frowned.

"I'd prefer some kind of actual explanation.. But whatever. It makes no sense why'd you give me *this* to wear, and then offer me food like you didn't just kick the shit out of me with a bunch of your goons."

Boy did Alice not like that response. Once Azaal finished his statement, she let out a partial growl before jerking forward, almost as if in an attempt to lunge at him. All of this had only lasted seconds as she cleared her throat before continuing. **"Ahem...would you prefer orange chicken? I got some left overs since...you know, I don't have time to kick cause I'm too busy killing bad guys and what not."** Great, not only was she hiding something, but was she even human in the first place? Within that short time span, her eyes had turned to slits and dark red claws had revealed themselves from where he nails were suppose to be. Maybe it was just a trick his mind was playing on him, maybe it was something more...

His hair was standing on end now, and he flinched, backing up slightly. **"..Yeah.. Sure.. Orange chicken sounds fine.."**

**..Who the fuck was this chick? And why did he suddenly feel like he was in grave, grave danger being here? Maybe he would have preferred the alternative..**



*To make a long story short. She would go to the fridge and pull out a box of Chinese leftovers. If Azaal were to peak inside before she closed it, he would've seen that the fridge was packed with nothing but take out and cans of soda/energy drinks. It was a miracle that she stayed in shape the way she did, let alone even have the money to go out and eat. A simple hole in the wall restaurant was a luxury in the city as most citizens had to rely on hand outs from the local government. Of course, seeing that she was a high ranking officer, she got to have special privileges that not even regular ground units had. The house itself, though not being extravagant or anything, was ten times better than one most people lived in, that being a flat being shared with at least three other people.*

*As she put the food into the microwave, she walked up to him and said in a solemn tone, "Now listen close, kid. I can stand you calling me names, I'm use to it. You can call me a pig, a monster, a scumbag, even in my own home. But I have one rule that you need to follow, that being..." She paused for dramatic effect*

*before grabbing him by the collar. "Stay away from the basement, got it?"*

He just kinda.. stayed against the wall he was standing at as she went about sticking the food in the microwave, feeling like prey getting hunted.. If he stayed, it was likely that she'd end up getting him luxuries that he'd never be able to get otherwise, since she was a high-ranking officer.. But she also *weirded him the fuck out*. He didn't like the way she looked at him.

He went as still as a stone as she grabbed his collar. "*..Yeah, okay. I won't go near the basement, got it.*"

*..And this is why she weirded him out.*

*Satisfied with his, she gave him a toothy grin before letting him go, saying, "Glad we understand each other." And, just like that, the microwave let out a ping, letting them know that the food was ready. Distracted by this, she turned and pulled out before handing it to him. "I err, promise that I didn't put anything suspicious in it, if it helps you feel at ease.*

**Other than, I'll try to see where I should have you sleep."**

..He took the food silently, looking down at it and still just.. standing there. After a few moments, he nodded his thanks to her, not trusting himself to speak.

..And he was entirely expecting this to be drugged. High-ranking officers had to be into some fucked up shit. After about a solid minute of staring at the food, he just took a bite of it, hoping that she'd give him a moment of quiet.

*Surprisingly enough, the food wasn't tainted at all. Sure, it tasted a bit stale, but there was nothing wrong with it at all. The main problem was that Alice had a hard time communicating with other people. Outside of barking orders and beating up innocent people, she didn't know how to have a basic conversation with anyone. Great, not only did he have to worry about what she had in stores for him, but now he also had to deal with being sent mixed messages. Speaking of*

*which, she was gone for the time being, giving him the opportunity to eat in peace and possibly roam around.*

He stood there for a few minutes before just.. sitting down against the wall there and continuing to eat. He hadn't ever had food like this, so it was.. strange. Unfamiliar.

Just like this place. Just like this woman. He still felt like there was something sinister going on here..

*By the time Azaal was almost finished, Alice pushed the bedroom door wide open, carrying a nice fluffy blanket and plush pillow. Placing them onto the couch before walking over to him. Standing over him with her arms crossed, she said, "You know, I'm not going to kill you for sitting on one of the chairs...uh, if you want to that is. Anyways, it's best I have you sleep on the couch. Don't worry about anyone following you, I know apartment raids are quite common here, but they don't dare to inspect our homes unless we give them a reason to do so."*

He watched her put the bedding on the couch and walk over to him. He wouldn't really put it past her to kick his ass for going to the wrong place..

"..Okay. The only people who'd be following me would be your people, and I doubt they're going to kick your door in."

**"And trust me, even if they did, they'd turn up missing." She said before letting out a yawn. "Welp, time for bed I guess. I'll be in my room, wake me up if you need anything and don't try to leave. I don't want them snatching you from me."**

He just nodded, walking over to the couch as he sat down. When she walked away, he *cringed*. He went from being stuck on his own, trying to survive to.. This. He was stuck in the house of the house of some.. lunatic who wouldn't want him to leave.

And how the hell would he be able to do anything here, if he wasn't allowed to leave? It was just a nicer prison at this point.

*As the hours went by, it was already two in the morning. The door to Alice's room would slowly creak open, revealing that she was in fact, not asleep at all. She was hunched over on a gaming chair, staring at a yellowed screen while furiously clicking and typing away. Perhaps she was sending an important email to her HQ about how she had secretly acquired a demon and would soon do sick experiments with him. Or maybe she was doing something else that was just as important that required her to stay up late?...*

*Of course not, she was literally playing video games. Considering that she looked irritated and was uttering derogatory language, it could be concluded that she was at least playing an FPS game, most likely multiplayer. Goodness...was this how the higher ranks spent their time? Was this what they did behind the scenes? Either or, it was still a sad sight to behold.*

Oz was laying on the couch, not able to sleep a wink. He was staring at the wall in front of him as he heard the door open. Slowly getting up, he crept over to the door and watched her for a few moments.

What was it that she was doing..? Why was she up this late on her computer?

..Maybe it was better to just go back to the couch. Walking back over, he sat down on it and looked down at his arm. What kind of luck was this? What would he even do with himself?

*It would only take a few minutes before chaos ensued shortly thereafter. Alice had died in her game, causing her to go into a rage and slam her fists against the keyboard before rage quitting. Taking her headphones off, she'd kick the chair back and let out a quite audible, "PISS!" before turning off her PC. Letting out a sigh, she turned to leave, that's when she had noticed Azaal was still awake.*

*Realizing he had been watching everything unfold, tears began to stream from her eyes before she ran back into the room and closed the door. Even if she did awful things during her day job, she still had an image to hold as being upright and doing everything else perfect such as practicing healthy habits. For anyone to see how she*

*truly lived was her greatest fear so this was the last thing she needed.*

(Can do.)

He was caught off guard by the door suddenly slamming after she ran back inside.. And he just sighed, laying back down. It was better to just.. try and get some sleep. Who knew what she'd get him into tomorrow?

..Though he didn't sleep well at all throughout the night, waking repeatedly due to nightmares. Some were what he always had- Him losing control and destroying everything around him, or him being completely consumed and dying, and now there were some of the woman becoming some kind of massive monster and killing him.

So when Alice woke up, he looked like *shit*.

*Alice was already in her police uniform. It didn't really delineate from the standard Civil Protection uniform that most ground units wore, the only difference being that she had a red armband with white stripes. Moving*



*on, she was basically in the same as Azaal. It didn't help that she had to report to HQ at 5:30 in the morning for some useless inspection. Nevertheless, she made the most of what little time she had by comforting her guest by resting his head onto her thighs as he ran her hands through his hair. Perhaps it would've been a lot more comfortable had she been quite well...thick. She wasn't of course, her body as a whole being quite small, perhaps a few inches shorter than the boy she had taken in.*

*She wasn't doing any of this out of deep seated affection, it was simply that she pitied him and wanted to help him soothe him back to sleep before leaving.*

..Well, it didn't really soothe him all that much. It just kinda.. weirded him out. He tried to hide that, of course, since he didn't want to piss her off while she could easily just snap his neck, so he just went along with it for now.

"..Why are you even bothering with all this? Why didn't you just.. take me in? I don't get it."

*She didn't even respond at all, not knowing herself as to why she was doing it in the first place. This was just a random kid she found on the streets who she didn't know what to do with. Was she kidnapping him for her own benefit, or would she soon torture him? None of this mattered as it was soon time for her to leave.*

*Sliding his head of her thighs, she stood up and stretched before saying, " ...I don't really what I should have you do while I'm gone. How about you try and keep the house tidy as payment for me keeping you here. Once you're done...well, I don't know, find something to do I guess? I have a Steam account on my computer so that should keep you entertained once you're done."*

"..I'll see what I can do, I guess.." He closed his eyes and let his head fall back onto the couch. He doubted that he'd really be the best at cleaning, but it was the only thing he could really do, at least. It was better to just get it done with and then.. figure something else out. He didn't know anything about what this 'Steam' was on her computer, but he'd just have to look into it..

*Whatever Azaal did, whether that be sweeping, mopping, or just dusting off her personal belongings, it went by pretty fast? How fast? It was already one in the afternoon by the time he was finished. After his lunch, if he even had that, it was time for him to relax and venture into her bedroom.*

He sighed, hesitating at the door. Did he really want to do this? Going into someone's room was.. Well, nevermind that. She had given him permission to go and use her computer, so he'd just.. figure out whatever the hell this 'steam' was.

Clicking through files and programs until he figured out what the hell he was supposed to do, he launched a random FPS and just.. started playing.

*The bedroom...was normal. Just like the rest of the environment, it was cozy, had dim lighting, and even the curtains were closed as well. It had everything that it needed, a closet, a shoe rack, a drawer, and, obviously enough, a bed. That's where everything normal ended however as, soon enough, he'd stumble across a body pillow that was on top of it.*

*It was a body pillow depicting Blake Belladonna. Surprisingly enough, there was once a time where she used to have someone to keep her company. But alas those days were now gone, thus leaving to result to such practices as this. It was also...well...how does one put it...stained? Was it drool or...actually, it's best not to think on it, back to the computer I suppose.*

He blinked a couple of times as he noticed the pillow, frowning slightly. He.. really didn't want to know what was staining it. It was better to just.. not focus on that, instead turning his attention back to the computer.

By the time Alice got home, he had been on the computer for several hours, and was still playing, in a silent focus as she walked in. If she looked over at the screen, she could see that he was doing moderately well for someone who had no idea what he was doing.

*Once Alice walked in, she smiled before placing a hand on his right shoulder. "Ah, I see you're enjoying the original half life, eh? I was only four when it came*

out so I never got to play it. Buuuuut, with all this free time after work, I tend to enjoy some nice classics, ya know?" *The only reason why she was trying to have a conversation with Azaal was because she realized she forgot to put away the body pillow, or at least put it to wash. Thus, she hoped that by some odd chance, he wouldn't have noticed.*

He didn't even seem to bat an eye at her walking in, continuing to play the game with a huge amount of focus.

"..I don't know exactly what i'm doing, but I think I might be figurin' it out." He didn't mention the body pillow, not looking at the bed at all. "..I cleaned up the place a bit like you wanted me to."

*She gave him a quick pat on the back before letting out a sigh of relief. Seeing he didn't mention it, she quickly grabbed the pillow before continuing.* "Listen, I know you're in the middle of this, but I need you to do me a quick favor. I'm gonna be in the basement so I can wash my bedding so if you can prepare a nice hot shower for me, that'd be great. I was stuck in the

canal system the entire afternoon and my ears are ringing from all those gunshots and the cries of mercy...never gets old though, I'll tell ya that much...hehe..."

He froze as she patted his back, and went pale when she said that 'gunshots and cries of mercy' never get old. Just.. don't think about it and it can't hurt you, right? It was better to just.. do what she wanted so that she wouldn't do anything to him. It was simpler that way, right?

..Silently, he nodded and paused the game, waiting for her to walk off.

*And so she did. Just as Azaal would've been walking out of the bedroom, the door to the basement would be closed shut and locked. Strange, shouldn't the lock be outside instead? Nevertheless, what Alice told him was true. The sound of a water and machinery spinning around together would reverberate throughout the house, but there was something else she forgot to mention...that being, the sound of groaning and bones either shifting or breaking. Whatever it was, he could at*

*least be thankful the door was locked. It was probably best to just take care of what needed to be done and just make her happy.*

..Yep. Torture chamber. Someone was down there getting all kinds of fucked up by the woman, and he was stuck here with nowhere else to go. Only a matter of time until he's thrown down there and killed.

Oh well. It'd be a miserable end to a miserable life, but at least it'd be over finally. Would he go out because of a broken neck? Or maybe she'd just beat him so much that his body just gave out? Stabbing? There was no way to know, really. He just hoped it'd be quick, though that was unlikely.

Once he got the shower set up, he just.. sat on the couch, staring blankly at the wall, accepting that he really shouldn't even try to do anything if it was just going to all end with him being tortured by some woman for her cruel amusement.

*As he sat there on the couch, there was a crumpled up photo laying right next to him. More likely than not, it was the same one that Alice was looking at before placing in her pocket last evening. Would he take a look at it? After all, it could be possible that it had some connection to what he was wearing.*

*..It really didn't matter what he did any more if he was already going to be killed. Reaching down, he picked up the photo and uncrumpling it.*

*The photo was...surprisingly innocent? It depicted a small family posed for a shot in front of a small yet pleasant looking house made of wood. They consisted of two adults, one of them holding a small...cat like child? They were definitely not human, except for the parents...hopefully enough. As he might've expected, the male in the photo was wearing the same exact tunic that he had on. Lastly, there was what he might've assumed was Alice. Obviously enough, she looked quite young, only being nineteen at the time. Whatever else he might've noticed, the conclusion that he could come to was that she was quite different back then. Perhaps if*



*this was the version of her he had met instead, things wouldn't be so bad here in City 12.*

..He frowned as he looked at the picture before tossing it aside. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and leaned his head back, his mind drifting back to everything that had happened before all *this*. He had.. been with someone he cared about up until a couple weeks ago. Someone he cared for quite deeply. But, just like it always had, his damn arm caused issues. He got too stressed one day, and he lashed out, a small explosion of fire consuming that person.

He still had nightmares about it.

But now.. After two weeks on the run, he was stuck here. In some woman's house. With no will or reason to leave. Fully expecting to die a slow and painful death.

A quiet, grim chuckle escaped him. How ironic would it be if he was killed by fire, like he had killed her? Maybe this was just karmic justice, trying to

correct the balance of the world by taking his life? An eye for an eye, that's how the saying goes, right? Maybe it'd just be better if Alice, who seemed like this world had beaten her down, managed to get some sick, cruel enjoyment out of ending his life.

*As he was contemplating all of this, a voice sounded out in the living room, simply saying, "Hey." It was Alice, only this time, she wasn't wearing her upper tunic but instead, a black tank top. What a contrast to the soft motherly figure he had just recently beheld! Frankly, for a woman her age, she was quite buff. If she wanted to kill him, all she would need were her two fists to send him into the afterlife. Nevertheless, that wasn't her intention, she was just sweaty and needed to wash.*

**"You did what I told you to do?"**

"Yep. The shower's running." He didn't even open his eyes, just.. accepting the fact that he wouldn't have long to live, and the fact that it very well could be better this way, for everyone. If she killed him, he couldn't hurt anyone else.

*Nodding her head with a smile on her face, she responded, saying, "Good job, kid...I'll be out soon enough. Don't forget to grab something to eat, you're head's gonna start spinning after all that time playing on the computer." Just like that, she was gone. She quickly locked the door behind her before hopping into the shower. she had accidentally left the basement door unlocked. If Azaal was going to die anyways, he might as well see how she'd might do it...or something...*

*..No, not yet. In all reality, he just.. didn't feel like moving right now. Whether it was because he had accepted that he'd die, or whatever other reason.. But he just felt like staying here and doing nothing.*

*Not much else had happened once Alice went into the shower. All that filled the room as he sat there was here whistling whilst cleansing herself. Eventually, she got out of the bathroom in more comfortable clothing, that being a green t shirt, some grey sweats, and white socks. As she was passing by him, she noticed how...quiet he was. From the looks of it, he hadn't even*

*eaten dinner at all. With a concerned look, she knelt over and said, "Hey, buddy, what's the matter? Didn't you have something to eat?"*

He just.. shrugged. "..I'm not too worried about it, honestly. Not hungry, nor do I think i'll really even need to worry about it. I don't think i'll have too much to worry about soon enough."

*Though startled by Azaal's response, she maintained a stern countenance. She was used to people being vague and sometimes intimidating. She had to be, otherwise she would've been dead years ago. Moving on, she raised an eyebrow before responding by saying, "What are you talking about?"*

His eyes opened and he looked at her, and she could immediately tell that.. there was very little left in there. "..Come on, you can't tell me that you don't see it. This city.. Your people.. They don't take kindly to people like me. Criminals, murderers, those who go against the grain.. Even if we didn't want to. It'll only be a matter of time before I end up in a ditch somewhere."

*Azaal's comment caused her to freeze in place, fear soon creeping onto her face. She knew that this true, but it led her to realize that the same could be said for Civil Protection officers like herself. The people of City 12 utterly abhorred the high ranking officers for their cruelty. She knew that the riots across the district were becoming even more violent, some partisan cells even going so far as to target the residence of her fellow colleagues. She stared at him, her eyes slowly shifting into slits as she began to chuckle almost uncontrollably.*

A grim smile came to his face as she started chuckling. " ..This is it, I guess. Just.. do me a favor and make it quick, alright? I know it's karma for the pain that I've caused, but.. Nobody deserves to suffer, even a demon like me."

*Within an instant, she grabbed him from by the chest and slammed him against a wall. A now, sharp toothed grin was engraved onto her face. In spite of this, she was angry. Veins were popping out of her skin and her entire body was shaking uncontrollably. The one thing that stood out the most was the heat emitting from her*

body. It was almost unnatural, as if a big fluffy blanket. Nevertheless, she shouted straight at his face, saying, **"T-They won't get us here, I w-won't allow it! You're not a demon just because you killed a couple of people! They won't get us...we'll be fine...we'll be-"**

Suddenly, she'd release her grasp on him before jerking back. She began to groan in pain as the sound of bones cracking and shifting. Only being able to walk a few feet back before assuming the fetal position, she tried speaking, saying, **"N-No! Not now! Not in front of- Ngh...C-Can't hold on much...longer..."** It was all she could mutter before her transformation continued. Her skin began to darken to an unnaturally charcoal color before her dark grey fur began to grow all over. As all of this was happening, what would Azaal even do in the midst of all this, other than piss himself and run?

He let out a groan as she slammed him into the wall, grimacing as he looked at her. *Fuck*, she was strong for her size.. If he was going to get killed by her, she needed to just get on with it.

The heat didn't really bother him, but it *did* concern him. People don't usually have this much heat coming off of her. This woman was fuckin' nuts.. And he *was* a demon, not because he killed some people, but because he was *born* as one. At least partially. That's why he had this damn arm..

As she released him and started to change, his survival instincts kicked in. He needed to find a place to get out of here if he was going to survive. There had to be a window he could jump out of, right? Running to the bedroom, he slammed the door and struggled with the dresser for a minute or so before managing to block the door with it, running over to the window and slamming open the curtains. If they were high up, this would *hurt*, but he'd figure something out.

*If Azaal were to try and open the windows, there would've been iron bars keeping him from escaping. If he touched them, it would send a big shock throughout his body before sounding off an alarm. Within an*

*instant, the sound of the door knob turning would be emitted before a large figure towered over him.*

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*It was Alice, or what was left of her. She was a whopping six foot two inches and had ambition written all over her ready. In contrast to the small frame she had, she was now a giant. Her body was plump and well sculpted in all the right places, her hips were perfect for bearing children and, though her bosom was by no means fit to rival that of a woman from an anime, they were still something in comparison to her usual flat appearance. Her clothes were completely intact, seeing that they were baggy, probably for that reason in mind.*



*In the flash of a moment, she snatched him by the shoulders, burying the back of his head into her chest before saying. "So, thought you could just leave unannounced?" Her black, fluffy tail wrapped around his potentially, trembling legs. Unfortunately for Azaal, Alice wasn't in her right mind at all...if ever. Due to her feral nature after being widowed for so long, she has a hard time controlling her emotions. Thus, once she saw him trying to escape, it angered her, especially seeing that she was wearing the clothing of her deceased husband.*

His eyes were wide as she pulled him into her. Whatever she was.. She wasn't herself. Not only was she much bigger than she should be, but she was much more.. No, he wasn't going to think about that. Not in this situation. Not when he was in grave, grave danger.

"..You're going to want to let me go, Alice." He was doing his best to take deep breaths and calm himself down. It *wasn't working*. "I.. I'll end up having to hurt you."

He jerked forward, trying to free himself from her grip, even if he ended getting his shoulders clawed by her. If he was successful, he'd turn around, embers beginning to rise from the palm of his hand. It was dangerous to fuck with this power.. But it was dangerous to not.

*Being jerked forward as he freed himself, Alice simply stared at him as a large toothy grin began to form on her face yet again. Letting out a chuckle, she unsheathed her claws and said, "Hehe...I get it now, kid. You wanna play hard to get for a bit." As she said all this, she began to take off her clothing, revealing that most of her body was covered in black fur, save for her hands, feet, and, obviously enough, her face. She preferred keeping them on, but she knew they would've most likely been scorched in the process.*

*\*"I like that....I like that a lot. Cmon, show me what you got before I throw you onto the bed and make love to ya. I don't mind getting a few burns here and there."*

..Oh god. Okay, looks like he'd need to actually fight to get out of this situation. He wasn't all that

comfortable with her just.. taking her clothes off in front of him, but that really didn't fuckin' matter if he was going to survive this.

With a deep breath, his left hand ignited and he ducked down low, moving forward to punch her in the gut with a flaming fist. And *fuck*, lighting his hand on fire hurt like a bitch. He could feel his demonic blood burning in his veins, channeling that flame through his body and into his hand. He'd need to just get her on the ground and *get out*.

*Surprisingly enough, he was able to successfully strike her in the stomach. Letting out an "oof", she stumbled back before falling onto her knees, looking at him with a surprised look on her face. She didn't actually expect him to be able to fend for himself. She knelt there, dumbfounded by such an occurrence.*

'Fend for himself' wasn't exactly what he'd call this, but he had managed to actually land a punch. Which was.. surprising to him.

"..I.." He took a deep breath, hissing through the pain. "I told you that i'd have to defend myself! Now just let me go!" The flame grew a little bit larger as he said that, which caused just that little bit more pain.

He wasn't going to be stuck here forever, and he wasn't going to be some toy for.. whatever she was. "Don't make me hurt you more than I have to."

*She remained silent for a bit, rubbing her hands against her scorched fur. She cringed at how uneven and rough it felt. Thankfully enough, it would grow back quickly within the next couple of days. Slowly getting back up, she slowly stood up before smiling yet again, not breaking eye contact with him at all before saying, "Hurt me?...I hardly felt a thing. Now it's my turn." Soon enough, she'd strike him clean in the jaw before holding his legs like an omlette. Though she was controlled by nothing more than her lust and carnal nature, she still retained her training and cruelty nonetheless.*

He stumbled back from the punch, letting out a shout of pain that turned to surprise as she grabbed his legs.

In a panic, he lashed out with his arm, a small blast of fire aimed at her chest being shot from his fist, and then she could see a small amount of blood coming from his nose.

*Of course, she reacted poorly to this as she let out a yowl in pain, her breasts engulfed in flames before she quickly put it out. After breathing a sigh of relief, she looked at him with seething hatred. Even if he was about to do horrible things to him all night, this act of desecration was the final straw.*

*Grabbing him by the torso, she continually slammed him against the wall up to three times before effortlessly tossing him onto the bed before saying.*

**"Alright kid, you had your fun and it seems to me you're quite inexperienced. Maybe I can help well...train you to say the least...hehehehehehehe."**

The first slam knocked the wind out of him and extinguished the flame on his arm. The second hurt like a bitch, but he was still somewhat aware of what was happening. The third, combined with being thrown onto the bed, completely dazed him.

He coughed violently as he laid there, in too much pain to move. "N..No.."

*Just as she was about to lunge at him, she froze in place, looking at the sorry state that he was in. Even if he was an adult, he was still relatively young nonetheless. As a result, her maternal instincts kicked in as she crawled on top of him on the bed, saying, **Aww, don't tell me a broke a couple of your bones now, did I? Don't worry, I know just the solution...calcium.***

***Obviously, you know what's coming next.** Whether he knew the answer or not, it would soon be clarified as a nipple was shoved into his mouth. Was it better than being murdered? Probably not...but he didn't have a way of escape without hurting himself any further.*

It took him several seconds to realize what was going on, and when he did, his eyes went wide.

What the hell was she trying to do? This situation just kept getting worse and worse. If he wanted to stay alive, he needed to play along for now, until his body healed enough.. and then he needed to figure out how the hell to take control of the situation.

*It took about two minutes of continual suckling until he felt some sort of liquid enter into his mouth. It was warm, sweet, and almost intoxicating...it was milk...her milk. In response to this, she let out a muffled moan before gently pressing her right hand against his stomach, saying, "Piss...I can feel it coming out, I haven't felt this since..."*

*That's when her ears perked up, looking at Azaal as he laid right in front of her, her smile only grew wider as her hand moved towards his thighs before continuing, "Ah...it all makes sense why I brought you here..."*

This wasn't good. He didn't like where this was going in the slightest. He didn't think that there was anything he could do to stop this from going down.. The only thing he could hope to do was try and get

through this situation. Once he was through it, he could try and get out of here.

..But he didn't know how much this would hurt.

*As her hand slowly went under the tunic and pulled at his boxers, she continued, saying, "You see, Oz. I haven't been married nor had a kid in a long time. Both of the people near and dear to my heart have been dead for almost a decade and I've been lonely ever since. You'll make up for the both of them, right? You're legal, sure, but you're still quite...young..."*

*Her words trailed off as she felt something hard and meaty rub against her thighs. Releasing his mouth from her nipple, she looked downward and saw that it was his erect penis. More likely than not, it was possibly caused by the milk as it was unnaturally large, for his body at least. Whether involuntary or not, it was twitching uncontrollably and was leaking pre cum. Even the wind from the fan itself was too sensitive for the poor thing.*



He was uncomfortable, afraid for his life, and pained down there from.. whatever she had done to him. There was only one thing he could really do to get out of this situation..

Fuck, this isn't how he expected his first time to be.

He reached out and grabbed her hips, shoving her all the way down on his unnaturally large dick.

*Of course, the lustful minded Alice was taken off guard by his initiative. Though at first she wanted to pin her down and take control, her carnal nature got the best of her. It had been years since she ever made love to another man, thus the pleasure that she felt the moment Azaal's thick, meaty rod plunging into her had brought her to the highest ecstasy.*

*Within seconds of him putting it inside, her vagina had clenched tightly around his penis as she ejaculated, letting out an obscene moan of pleasure. Still attempting to stay on top of him, she began to pant before grinding her hips into his pelvis, saying*  
**"F-Fuck! That felt so- mmph~ s-so good...I-I**

knew you had it i-in you kid. L-Let's just hope you can- Ah~ K-Keep up...hehe"

*It was important to remember that she was still in her were cat form, thus she was a lot stronger than he was. If he didn't keep moving and put in his effort, she would've assumed control of him yet again and pound into his pelvis until it deteriorated into nothingness. Thankfully enough, lust was on Azaal's side, saying that it partially paralyzed her from making any coordinated attacks on him in bed.*

The young man was letting out quiet moans of his own as he did the only thing he could really do in the moment, and that was that he needed to just.. keep.. thrusting.

He needed to keep her pleased and distracted until she got tired out. Then, he could take some time to clear his head of.. whatever the hell she was doing to him, and figure out what he was going to do to get out of here.

Maybe there was.. No, he didn't think that would work. He hadn't ever tried using his demonic abilities in this kind of context for obvious reasons. For now, he just needed to focus on fucking the werecat on top of him so she didn't crush him.

*For a while, it seemed as if his plan was working. The pleasure caused by the continual thrusting had caused the horny beast to lay on the mattress. Of course, she tried to get back on top but failed to do so as she had been reduced to nothing more than a moaning piece of fuck meat. Still, she was able to wrap her limbs around his waist and began grinding into his sore waist even further.*

*In the midst of her continual round of moaning, she would reach for something under the pillow. It was some sort of red collar with a golden bell connected to it. If Azaal was even able to recall, he probably would've recognized it being the same bell the feline child Alice was holding. What did she have in mind?...*

He was a little too busy trying to tire her out to notice exactly what she was doing. It was surprising

how much he was able to keep her busy, being just a.. mostly normal human. Maybe it was partially his demon blood, maybe it was whatever she was doing to him, but he was.. There was no way he should be able to take her on like this.

Azaal was starting breathe harder and harder as his thrusts got rougher and rougher. He was getting close to cumming, and he didn't know what else to do.

Letting out a groan, he slammed his hips forward again, beginning to shoot an unnaturally large load into her. "F..Fuck.." He blinked a couple of times as he started to feel a little dizzy.. And then he collapsed onto her.

*At this point, she didn't care how surprising any of it was, she was more interested in just living the moment. When he finally shot his cum inside of her, her grip greatly tightened around his body as she let out an ear piecing moan. It had all caused her womb to bulge as it streamed from her vagina. Suddenly however, it began sizzle and turn into steam as her stomach went back to*

*normal, almost as if the cum had extinguished something within her. Nevertheless, she was satisfied by the whole experience. She was panting out of exhaustion as she held his head close to her chest. Seemingly enough, she rested her head back down on the pillow and fell asleep...or so we thought.*

*Several hours had flown by and Azaal would awaken in the basement, sitting on a chair with a pentagram made of chalk underneath him. It was the basement, it was lit up with candles and had a foul stench to it, coming from the body of a partisan with his ribcage wide open who was missing his heart. Moreover, he was also completely naked, revealing his body that was recently bathed. Yet what stood out the most was that he was now wearing the collar Alice revealed just when he was about to climax.*

His eyes opened slowly, and he looked around, and he went as pale as a sheet. What the hell had happened when he was out..? That didn't matter. He felt the rough rope on his hands, and knew he was in definite danger. This woman was fucking *insane*,

and obviously worshipped *something* he didn't want to get involved in.

A few moments of pain was worth his survival, and his left hand ignited again, burning the rope (and himself) until he was able to free himself. He still felt.. wrong.. But when did he ever feel right? He stumbled to his feet, ready to run.

*From the shadows came the five foot six inch frame of Alice Yeung. Stepping out of the darkness, she stretched her hand out against him before uttering one word, "Stop." Just then, the pentagram would light up, creating a sort of force field that kept Azaal inside of it.*

*Seeing that he was trapped, she smiled, saying, "Well, Oz...You were a beast in a bed. Sure, you were a bit inexperienced, but your vigor makes up for that. I was gonna try and get you out of the city at first but after everything...let's just say the plans have changed. Listen, you got potential to be my new partner...or at least my little boy toy. This err...well, pentagram, is gonna make it all official is all...hehe."*

"You're crazy! Absolutely crazy!" He slammed his fist on the force field, wincing in pain.

"..I'm.. not some toy." He took a deep breath. No, he wasn't playing her games. Not any more. "I'm not going to be the toy of some.. monster like you." Stepping back, he starting letting the fire spread up his arm. It was painful.. But it was meant to be. She couldn't make a toy out of him if he wasn't there.

*Letting out a beastly snarl, she responded, saying,*  
**"LISTEN TO ME, KID! You and I are both on the same boat. Neither of us are human and we'd both be hanged if caught. Here's the thing, I have special privileges...I can take care of you, provide you food, I'll even let you play on computer all day if that's what you want! And even if you do escape, where else will you go? How long will it take until some drug addict stabs you or some CP guns you down?"**

He looked her in the eye, his expression darkening.  
"..I'm not going anywhere. I'm doing something I should have done long ago."

The fire was starting to spread past his arm, spreading slowly to his torso.

"Special privileges, a cushy life, it's.." He grimaced from the pain very quickly spreading through his body. "..Not.. worth it.. if i'm just a prisoner.."

It'd be slow and painful, but he wasn't going to let her have him.

"..I should've known.. you wouldn't take an interest in me.. unless you had something to gain from it. You're just like all the rest, even if you think your sob story makes you special. News flash, Alice.. you're not the only one who's lost everything and everyone they cared about." He grit his teeth.

"..I just didn't let myself lose my humanity."

*Just as the flames were enveloping his body, the force field would shatter like glass as the Pentagon slowly faded. Alice was on her knees, looking at her old family photo before looking at herself, now dressed in her police uniform. He was right and she couldn't deny it. She wondered how she went from a loving, pure and*



*innocent housewife, to a sadistic, rapist cop with a power fantasy. A single tear streamed from her eye, realizing what she had become and how far she had fallen from grace.*

*It didn't help that she was desperate either. The riots had gotten so bad to the point that they were now nearing her place of residence. "What was the use of prolonging the inevitable?" she thought to herself. Instead of turning into a beast or doing anything violent, she simply faded into the darkness as the candles were blown out and accepted her fate. Just then, the door would open, revealing a bright light as she said, "...Leave before I change my mind."*

The flames slowly died out, though there were pretty major burns on his chest and back. It wasn't enough to kill him, but it'd scar.

He went to the door and looked back to where she had been, frowning. "..Just.. You can fix yourself. Get better." And with that, he disappeared up the stairs, grabbing *something* to wear before leaving the apartment, fleeing silently into the city.

*By the time Azaal had exited the house, a single gun shot came from accompanied by the sound of a body slumping over. There wasn't much time to consider this as just several feet away from him was an angry mob fighting against a squadron of police officers.*

*Thankfully enough, within the span of thirty minutes, he had already fled the residential district.*

*To make matters somewhat better, things were a bit peaceful that evening. Sure, there was the usual drug addicts harassing people walking down the streets, but that was just the norm at this point. Still, something felt...off, to say the least. His stomach was upset, his bones were becoming stiff, but what would've bothered him most was that something in his lower spine was poking out.*

He flinched at the sound of the gunshot, quickly moving away from the residential district. What happened.. Wasn't his fault. She was the one who fucked up. Not him.

He slumped down in the alleyway, feeling.. absolutely exhausted and terrible. Was it him

coming down from whatever caused him to go so wild in the bed, or had she done something else to him? He.. really didn't want to find out, honestly. He just wanted to get the fuck out of here and never look back.

That's be very difficult to do with absolutely nothing to his name. He had no money, nothing to carry anything.. He was back to square one. Which meant he had to start stealing shit again.

*Whatever it was, it was only getting worse. This was indicative the moment his pants began to rip from behind. If he were to turn around, a tail with barbed wire was present. Moreover, his bones began to shift and even crack as he slowly grew from his normal height to a whopping seven feet tall. To make matters even worse, his ears would shrivel up and fall to the ground as new feline ears would grow on the top of his head.*

Fuck. That pentagram had absolutely done something to him. That woman had done something to him.

And now his body was changing, and not in ways he wanted. Looking around for an abandoned building, he broke a window as he jumped inside. He needed a place to hide out in as his-

And then he collapsed, his body spasming painfully as his transformation continued.

*Speaking of which, we soon cut to the lifeless body of "that woman" hours later, still slumped over with a gaping wound in the temple of her head. Shockingly enough, she was still breathing, the shot having failed in ending her life. Nevertheless, it still had the effect of disabling her higher cognitive functions. Or, to put it bluntly, she was no longer human, mentally speaking.*

*As she slowly stood up, she clutched her head in pain before jerking around uncontrollably. To make a long story short, she began to transform, though not voluntarily as this done with her screaming and trying to resist. Nevertheless, her fate was inevitable as it was over within a minute. Once completed she looked around, confused as to why she was here. Because of the*

*gunshot wound, she barely remembered anything that she had done within the past decade of her life.*

*Unfortunately however, she remembered three things in particular: The loss of her child and husband, Azaal running away, and the fact that she committed acts of cruelty and everyone hated her for it. As a result, she began to let out a barrage of meows and other feline related noises as she began to roam around. Thanks to her night vision, she was able to make it out of the basement and began roaming for the only potential mate she had left. All she felt was grief, anger, and sadness all at once and it caused her the utmost pain. In the end, when she saw no one was around, she exited the house and continued roaming the area, still in her torn police uniform.*

He was now on the ground in the building, letting out a groan as his body finished the transformation. He was much taller than he normally was, with fur covering a large amount of his body, and what remained of the clothes he had stolen all torn up from the transformation. His left arm was still

covered in embers, burnt fur poking from between it. He had a short tail with spines on the end.

He felt *terrible*. Not only did he still have the pain from his demon side, but now he had all kinds of new pain.. He was unnaturally tall, with new kinds of pains from the new body shape. There were chunks of concrete torn up from the ground from his spasms on the ground. He pushed himself up, tail lashing against the ground.

"Wha..What.. Did.. She.. Do.." His voice came out all growly and full of pain.

*While he was unconscious for whatever length of time it may have been, there were several bodies of both rebels and police officers strewn across the streets and even in the house itself, almost as if they were hiding from something. It would soon be revealed what it was as the sound of meowing would fill the air on this rainy night. Instead of sounding like a normal stray, it was more akin to that of a cougar. Rather than it being intimidating, it was laced with signs of despair and remorse. Of course, it was Alice, curled up in the rain as*

*she lamented the state that she was in. The once finely groomed police officer was now in the streets, alone, wet, and without much else to live for.*

His head snapped up when he heard the meowing. There was only *one thing* that could be making that noise, and it was the thing that he had a burning rage towards.

He burst from the building, using his enhanced senses to hunt down the source of the sound.

"You.." He hissed when he saw her. "You did this to me!"

*Just as Azaal had let out a hiss of anger, she stood at attention, her eyes wide open as her ears went back. She didn't know whether to feel happy or threatened by his presence, this being made manifested as she let out a mixture of what sounded like a purr and a growl at the same time before uttering the word. "...M-Mate?"*

"That's why you turned me into this?!" He shouted. "So I could be your 'mate'?! I thought you were crazy before, but now.. Fucking hell."

He was forced to stop as a new wave of pains coursed through his body and then he looked at her and growled again, running forward and swinging his arm for an attack.

*Alarmed by this, she would leap out of the way and just in time too. Her curiosity soon turned to anger as her instincts began to kick in soon after. She was getting mixed signals however. A part of her saw her as a threat that needed to be removed while the other saw Azaal as a potential mate, seeing he was just like her. That's when she came up with a plan: To beat him in battle and take him as a sort of trophy.*

*Consenting to this thought, she let out a low growl as she stood there, waiting for him to strike again.*

His tail lashed as she leapt out of the way. "And now you're taunting me?! You'll pay for that.." He began to run toward her again, reaching down and picking up a stone before throwing at her, lunging at the reasonable way to dodge it.



*By pure timing, she was able to pounce onto the stone while it was still in mid air before leaping onto his back, though she did scrape her left knee in the process. What she landed on top of him, she plunged her claws deep into his back in an attempt to disable him. She didn't have an intention of killing him, she just wanted to beat him until he learned his place. Besides, she still retained her fighting experience as a police officer so she knew what she was doing, though that wasn't to say she was without flaws in her method of attack.*

He let out a roar as she dug his claws into his back, trying to grab her. "You little.." Eventually, he grabbed her tail and slammed her into the ground, spitting out some blood to the side as his wounds on the outside healed. "Look at me! You made me into a monster!"

His left hand ignited. "And now you're going to pay for it!" Then, he went to punch her square in the gut.

*Feeling a hand clench down on her black fluffy tail, she released her claws in order try and pry it from away from her. But alas, she was too late, her body was lying*

*flat on the ground. Once she caught her breath, she saw as another fist came flying down at her stomach. With whatever strength she had left, she caught the punch with both her hands just as it was inches away. She was holding on for dear life, trying to push it away from her and even gave him a big gash or two.*

*She knew that her luck would run out soon, but something about what he said caught her attention. So much so that she responded, saying, "You...are...me!"*

*He hissed at the gashes, trying to push his fist down.*

*"I'm.." He grimaced, looking away from her for a few moments before he spit blood again. "I'm not you. I'm a monster. An abomination! You, you can pass as someone normal when you transform back, but me? No. I'm stuck like this. And it's your fault."*

*Slowly, he just sighed and stood up, turning away.*

*"..Just.. Just go. You've done enough damage as it is." His large form began to slink away, looking for some dark corner to curl up in. He was just.. so tired*

and in so much pain, and knew that this is what he'd be stuck with the rest of his life..

*Seeing that he was no longer a threat, she began to calm down, especially as he walked away. Her brain was permanently damaged, she couldn't revert to her human disguise, not anymore. In spite of this, she still retained enough brain matter for basic human functions such as using a computer and carrying out a somewhat coherent speech.*

*Following him until he curled up, she sat down next to him and parted her hair, revealing the self inflicted gunshot wound before saying, "I can't go back either...I can hardly speak...hardly think without..." She trailed off, forgetting the words she had in mind before attempting to continue. "But why be alone?...What good will it do you?"*

"I want to be alone because I don't want to deal with you!" He snapped. "You're the one who put me in this situation in the first place, with whatever fucking demon shit you were doing.. It's not like I can just.. Fix myself. This is *natural*. It's not *normal*

for me to be like this! I was in a terrible situation before, and now i'm in an *impossible* situation. I could pass as a human if I covered my arm. Now though? No way in hell."

*She froze in place once he finally snapped. Instead of reacting negatively...she seemed contented for once. It was almost as if it was all beginning to make sense to her: She was being punished for the atrocities she had committed. She was used to the fact that people hated her, but what struck her the most was that she could no longer go back to work. Without her human disguise, she would be greatly abhorred and most likely lynched as they burnt down her house.*

*But what could she do? Bothering Azaal would've done nothing to mitigate the problem. It was her fault that he was transformed into the monster that he was. She brought this on herself and there was nothing she could do, at least to the person she tried so hard to get with. As a result, she nodded her head, simply saying, "Okay." Before scurrying away into the rainy night.*

*Little did the two of them know that this was only a prelude to what would happen next throughout the city.*

After she had left, several minutes later, he let out a yell of frustration, slamming his fist into the wall and cracking it. Then, he started smashing shit in the abandoned building. His life had been ruined— There was no way to go back. After destroying nearly everything in the building and lighting it ablaze, Azaal stared down at the city from the top of the burning building.

..With this new monstrous form, he'd be able to leave the city without worrying about dying out in the wilderness, wouldn't he? Well, he had always wanted to escape.. So now he would.

Jumping from the building and hitting the ground, he ran off into the wilds to get the hell out of here.

*With all this said, the story between Azaal and Alice came to an end. Out of the latter's selfish, lustful desires, she ruined not only the life of someone trying to survive, but her's as well. Unable to go back to her old self and*

*realizing she was all alone, she went on a rampage, murdering and raping whoever crossed her path. This went on for over three years until she was finally caught by Civil Protection and later gunned down, thus finally giving her some form of rest. The same could never be said for Azaal however, he had the misfortune of living, though hopefully whatever she had done to him would've been undone, at least partially.*

*Yet in spite of her death, her blood line never truly came to an end. Because of the amount of times she was inseminated, it was only a natural outcome for her to become pregnant and give birth to a single child months before her demise. In spite of the harshness of City 12, the infant was later taken in by the local orphanage. To make a long story short, they'd later grow up and join the military and have a successful career which would be carried on by descending generations, not knowing where they ever came from and the curse that laid on their entire family. 1/2*

*\*One century later, there came a mature woman by the name of Arnona Yeung. The great grand child of*

her law enforcement counterpart, now a middle aged yet outwardly youthful woman, she was a captain of

her own ship. On one fateful afternoon, she had volunteered to test drive a new piece of fighter jet. However, things went horribly wrong when the engine had over heated, causing her to use a mini escape pod which crash landed into the woods. Getting out mostly unharmed, she sent out a distress signal and had only her M-8 Assault rifle (The weapon seen in her photo) to protect herself. As she was waiting, she decided to make her way across a cabin for shelter as it had begun to rain. Just then, she was in front of the porch, smoking some marijuana that she had concealed for later use in order to relieve stress.\* 2/2

It had been a long, grueling century of living and surviving out in the woods near City 12, struggling with his new body and how it seemed to be in constant battle with the three parts of it. But, after

all this time, he had learned quite a bit about himself and how to deal with it all.

Now.. He was crouched in the cabin he had made home, working on.. *something* with salvaged tech that he had found. That's when he heard something at the door, and immediately he had turned, stalking over. Glancing outside the window, his eyes widened for a moment before narrowing into a growl.

How the hell was that woman alive? It had been.. Too many years to count. He had lost track after twenty. But here she was, on his doorstep, back to normal.

And that angered him. She was the one who got to be normal and live a normal life, and he was stuck here, surviving in the wilderness alone for who knows how long.

The door slowly opened, barely making a sound..

And then he lunged at the woman, going to knock her to the ground with a harsh growl.



**"Argh!-"** Was all the woman could say. The impact had caused her to drop her assault rifle, leading to it to slide three feet away from her once Azaal had pounced on her. Shuffling onto her back, she turned to face her assailant with an indignant look on her face before shouting, **"Do you know who I am!?** I should have you arrested for- ...for...."

Taking a closer look at the person that ambushed her, her eyes would widen in fear. **"W-What the hell are you?..."** She said with trembling lips. Growing up, she had never heard about the existence of monsters/demons, mostly because she spent her time focusing on her education. Even if she did, she would've brushed it off as fiction that only existed in games such as *Doom 3*, a personal favorite of her's.

He growled at her from where he was crouched, his left arm twitching with sharp claws. "You.." His voice came out as a sharp growl, not too unlike the voice of the one who made him into this monster..

"How the hell are you alive..?" His eyes were narrowed as he stared at her. "It's been.. A long

time. A long time since you made me like this.. And now you're playing dumb. I don't know how the hell you survived this long after a bullet to the brain.. And how you're speaking normally.. It pissed me off that you're back to a normal life."

**"What are you even talking about!?"** *She responded in a frustrated tone. "I've never even met you in my life! Are you some sort of failed experiment gone wrong? If so, then I don't know why they didn't put you out of your misery."* *She was indignant towards his allegations. She was well respected in the military, having a clean record free from any serious wrong doings. To falsely accused of anything at all caused her temper to boil.*

**"Listen, I don't know who you are, but if you don't release me this instant, you will not like what happens next."**

His hand ignited at that, his eyes narrowing. "Act stupid all you want, but you're not in any position to make threats or demands."

His grip tightened on her shirt, and then went to punch her in the face with a flaming fist.

*Unlike several decades before, she caught his fist before it even got a foot close to her. She would her raise her right as some form of purple aura formed around it.*

*"Told you." Within an instant, Azaal's seven foot frame was sent flying until it struck a large oak tree several feet away from her. Even if he still believed her to be Alice, he couldn't deny that her combat skills had significantly improved in such a long length of time*

*Moving on, she quickly stood up and grabbed her assault rifle before staring at him.*

He slammed into the tree with a yell. His body had gotten used to constantly being damaged and healing, so he shook it off with a growl. "So the bitch got a lot more tricky." He started to laugh sinisterly.

"I've learned a few things myself since I've been stuck like this.." He held his hand out for a moment

before the earth erupted out from under her with a fiery explosion.

*Unable to move out of the way in time, the woman was sent flying several feet into the air. Flailing around in a panic she was able to straighten her body before it was enveloped in the same aura as her hand not too long ago. Letting out a sort of battle cry, she charged straight towards him as if she were a rocket.*

*it was quite clear that negotiating was off the table. Both wanted each other dead, yet for different reasons.*

He moved to the side, swinging his tail around to slash at her with the barbs on the end, followed by several blasts of fire, roaring in response.

This woman would regret what she had done to him. He'd make her pay, painfully, slowly.

*The woman was flung back like a homerun baseball. Once she crashed into the ground, the aura quickly faded, revealing her partially burnt uniform and body. She was furious, so much so that her pre existing scars from when she was a private began to light up in dark*

*red. Nevertheless, she took the time to clear her head before hiding behind a tree, firmly grasping her weapon.*

*She realized that she couldn't tackle this beast on her own. Deciding to call it quits, she began firing at his position while shouting into a radio, saying, **"This is Captain Arnona Yeung, Alliance Ground Force. I am currently pinned down by some sort of alien like beast and in need of back up! What's my eta!?"***

*For a few seconds, all was tense until a response came from the radio. **"Eta in five minutes. Hang in there, Captain, help is on the way!"***

When she said her name, his eyes narrowed again. Arnona? Was that what she was calling herself now? That didn't matter. He had five minutes to make her regret ever turning him into this monster, and ideally would like to get a head start on getting out of here. Launching another flurry of fireballs, he turned and bolted into the woods.

He wasn't going to get caught by some damn police again. Getting caught by police was what got him in this situation in the first place.

"If you think i'm going to get dragged back to that damn city, think again!" He shot some flames into some of the trees to cause a wildfire. The fires would make a smokescreen to hide his path.

*As the fire consumed any available oxygen, Arnona began to gasp for air as she stared at the figure that was gradually becoming less and less visible. Her rifle eventually ran out of ammunition, releasing steam from the barrel as it began to loudly beep amidst the roaring flames. Moreover, she began to shout in a fit of rage, saying, "I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU DUMB BASTARD!"*

*Who the hell was this guy? Why did he have anything against her at all? She had her rivals here and there, sure, but he was definitely something else.*

*Unfortunately, she hadn't much time to think as she soon fell on her knees and fainted with her rifle by her side. Just as it seemed all hope was lost however, an*

*m35 Mako would roll right in, causing some of the trees to collapse in its wake.*

*Within minutes, she was being dragged into the vehicle by soldiers in blue, light armor before the vehicle drove off. For now, they couldn't worry about the beast Arnona was talking about as they were more focused on getting her back to safety.*

He didn't know why the hell she was playing dumb this much. Maybe that gunshot to her head had gotten rid of all her memories.. Fuckin' convenient for her. Either way, it didn't matter what she was going on about now. He just needed to find a place to hide out again. Luckily enough, he knew of a safe enough cave nearby that he had set up a little place to live in. After all, when you have a rabid werecat coming after you, you can't stay in the same place for too long.

So, he made his way there under the cover of a wildfire, and hunkered down again.

*Another week would pass as he went into hiding. Captain Yeung had spent this time trying to figure out who and what the creature even was. During that time however, she began to experience physical ailments. At first, it was a series of nightmares about a police officer that looked exactly like her committing acts of brutality. The second being a series of migraines. The third concerned her the most, rapid hair growth all over her body, causing her to shave almost every three days. She didn't know what was going on, though she presumed it was something to do with the creature she confronted.*

*Moving on, she was able to pin point the location Azaal was hiding in so, as a result, she decided to send a platoon of soldiers to apprehend him. Unlike her ancestor however, it wasn't for her own selfish interests. Instead, it was to destroy him, believing him to be some sort of threat that must be removed at all costs.*

He had prepared this place for when people inevitably came after him. He had set various traps, hiding places, and secret passages to get around. So,



when this platoon of soldiers came after him, he was ready for them.

It was time for him to fight for his damn freedom.

*Of course, this would only result in chaos. At first, it started off as coordinated attack, charging into the cave with night vision goggles and M-8 Avengers. Whatever traps Azaal might've set up led to either a third of the platoon getting caught or even outright killed thereby. The surviving few had managed to evade the rest of the traps and had split up into small groups, traversing further into the cave in search of the beast that had attacked their commander.*

Whenever he attacked the groups, it was quick bursts of fire and claws before disappearing into the passages again. He had learned how to move very quietly on the stone, the only sounds being his feet and tail scraping against the stone.

He didn't recognize these soldiers at all, but it wouldn't be surprising to him that everything had changed over the many, many years it had been. The

cops or whatever they were had obviously been sent by Alice, and she was trying to drag him back. Well, fuck that.

*This would repeat as she would send a few more platoons after him. With each succeeded one, they got closer and closer to hunting him down, even being able to place a few good shots on him before either dying or having to retreat.*

*By the time the remnants of the third platoon reached her with nothing to show for their sacrifice, she was fed up and decided to go in herself. In spite of the protests from her men not to do so, she went anyways.*

*This...thing, showed up out of nowhere, accused her of something she never did, and even went so far as to try and kill her. He was going to pay and she'd make sure of it.*

*Now wearing the some specially made armor to protect herself against his attacks, she carried a drug that would hopefully incapacitate him if she got close enough...that is if she could even find him. Things only went down hill as her head would continue throbbing*

*even further, causing her to have to lean against the jagged walls of the cave and rest, leaving herself vulnerable to any ambush*

"You've changed, Alice.." The creature's voice came from a nearby tunnel.

"..This.. This is different from what you did to me before. You're not just trying to capture me and drag me back to that damn city of yours." It came from another tunnel.

"Now you're trying to get rid of your mistake by killing me, is that it? That's your plan? I've lived out here since the day you turned me into *this*. Do you really think i'd care enough to go attack anyone?"

The creature stepped out of a tunnel several feet down, embers dropping from his arm. "I was content to live my life out here- In constant pain- until you had to show back up and ruin it all again. Just like you did then. But now... I can smell the fear on you."

*Having a brief moment of respite from her migraine, she responded, "How many times do I have to tell you this? I don't even know who you are! As for this so called Alice, unless you knew back when in my high school years, the name's Arnona. Besides, your too dangerous to be kept alive! We can't have you- ...ngh...ugh...my head...hurt so...much."*

*Falling on her knees, she cupped her head in pain, tears involuntarily streaming from her eyes. Just then, memories that she believed weren't her's began to flood therein. She beheld scenes of a woman who looked just like her raping a young man she never even met. Trying to look up towards where the voice was coming from, she said, "What have you even done to me!? Ever since that day we met, I keep having nightmares filled with violence a-and rape. Y-You have to pay for what you've done..."*

"Tell your lies all you want." He growled. "I don't know what you did to try and forget what you've done to me, but seeing me's making you remember."

He crouched down where where he was standing.  
"Too dangerous to be kept alive, huh? Maybe you should've just left me be back then. Yeah, I might've lost control of my power and killed someone back then, but I was trying to avoid people since then. Not that it helped."

He hissed at her again. "The only one paying for this is you, Alice. You did this to yourself."

*"I'm not...ugh..." She let out a low growl, exactly how any were cat would do it before trying to continue, "...I'm not Alice...I'm not...I'm...argh!" Looking at herself, she'd notice how quickly the supposed hair began to grow even rapidly. She even let out a scream of agonizing pain as her bones were starting to shift and even break before reforming. Somehow, through sheer will power, she was able to resist the transformation, even if it only slowed down and didn't come to a full stop. Amidst the pain, she slowly stood up with a shotgun in her hands. She had to put an end to him before it was too late."\**

**" I. AM. NOT. ALICE!!!"\***

He wasn't going to let her get a shot off on him. Lunging forward, he grabbed the barrel of the shotgun and threw it aside, tackling her to the ground.

"LIES!" He roared in her face. "You lie! You always lie!"

He held both of her arms down, growling at her as his claws dug into her right arm.

"..Let yourself change back. *Give in*. Feel the pain you've made me feel all this time. If you don't, i'll crush both of your arms. Your fancy fields can't save you from a collapsing cave."

*Due to the pain caused by both the transformation itself and Azaal, she was finally overwhelmed. The process continued at an accelerated pace. Her body began to grow up to six feet and two inches. Moreover her armor began to shatter like glass, revealing her plump body that Azaal would've been familiar with, especially after that fateful night. The last change that was to occur was her face. Though it stayed relatively the same, it had*

*fear and disparity written all over. As she grew a nice, fluffy pair of cat ears while her skin darkened into a charcoal color, tears streamed from her eyes as she began begging to be released.*

*But alas, it was already too late. Her fear soon turned into feral rage and her appeals turned into incoherent growling. She jerked back and forth in both an attempt to free herself and attack Azaal. All she could feel was anger, and even she didn't know why.*

Unlike that night, he had a stronger grip on his abilities than she did, which gave him the upper hand. He turned and flung her into the wall roughly, chuckling to himself.

"Good. Even with all that resisting, you're back to being the same kind of monster that I am. Have fun dealing with your own men. At least, what's left of them." With that, he ducked down one of the side tunnels and left a wall of fire in his wake. If she wanted to follow him, she'd have to figure out the maze of tunnels that was this cave.

Several twists and turns later, and he was at his camp in here again, where he dropped onto his hands and knees and vomitted blood. Even if he was more in control of his powers, that didn't change the toll they took on his body, using them so much. After staying like that for several minutes, he sat against one of the walls and closed his eyes, snapping his claws to create a fire in the fire pit.

He had a right to be angry at Alice, after everything she did to him. But, as he sat here with a moment of quiet to actually think, he sighed. Was it possible that this chick wasn't Alice, like she said she was? He didn't even know what the hell she had called herself, only that she said she wasn't Alice. Oh well. Even if she wasn't, it didn't change that they had tried to kill each other, which meant that he was back at square one.

*And he'd be right...the first half at least. By the end of the day, no matter how tragic it may be, Alice was simple paying for the crimes she committed against humanity. Not even memory less nor reincarnation*



*could subvert her punishment. Deep down, she wanted all of it to end. She regretted ever putting the curse on Azaal and wished to change back time or, at the very least, die permanently so she wouldn't have to face any further consequences.*

*Nevertheless, he hadn't much time to think as soon enough, a sphere like object began to bounce downward until it struck him in the knee. If he were to look down, it was a a chemical grenade. The moment it touched him, it let out a purple gas, enveloping the area that he was in rather quickly. It didn't physically hurt him per say, but rather it simply incapacitated him within seconds.*

\*Once he was out cold, the remaining squadron sent by Alice had entered, wearing gasmasks to protect themselves just in case. Speaking of which, the strongest one was carrying her. Due to the fact that she was naked and only had her fur to cover her body, they simply presumed

she was his mate.\* **"Alright, looks like we found him."** *Was all they said before dragging him out.*

*Though it took an entire hour, they were able to make it out and load them onto an air ship before flying off. If he were partially awake, everything was nothing more than a blur. At first, there was the outside of what appeared to be a building, then blinding lights, and now a cold, steel room. There was some cushioning, sure, but not much else. In front of them was an unconscious Alice, sleeping soundly as if she were a little kitten and not some rapist who ruined his life.*

He let out a sharp hiss as the grenade hit him, but he fell like a sack of stones after that.

When he came to, his eyes widened and he let out a yell. Of course he was dragged back here! After how many decades of evading the damn cops, he was stuck here again. In the city that fucked him over, trapped in the same room as the woman who caused it all.

As much as he wanted to do something, *anything* to make her pay, he just.. didn't have the will to do it anymore. Taking a seat in the corner, he watched her as she slept, eyes narrowed. This wasn't a

particularly large room, and once she woke up and started moving around, it'd likely feel very cramped.

If circumstances had been different, what would have changed? If he hadn't been forced onto the streets all that time ago, how would his life had been different? It all felt like a distant memory to him..

Closing his eyes, he let out a sigh. Thinking about it just gave him a headache.

*It was all he could do. He was alone and had no way of escape. Things were only compounded when Alice finally awoke from her sleep. Doing a little feline stretch, she'd let out a yawn before Azaal caught her attention. That's when she jolted back and looked around. Although completely feral, she knew exactly where they were. Covering her head before letting out a growl, she remembered the atrocities she had committed when she was still a police officer.*

*Soon, she became enraged, believing that the same fate was going to befall her as the prisoners she had tortured long ago. Turning to the person that caused her to*

*transform, she attempted to lunge and claw him to death, but to no avail. She felt weak, very weak. So much so that she didn't even have the motivation to try and kill him. As a result, she simply backed away against the will with a small hiss with her ears lowered.*

He looked over at her, unamused by her spectacle.

"..Don't think that this is *my* fault. You're the one that caused all this." Letting out a sigh, he just shook his head. "Look, whatever the hell you're calling yourself, I really don't care. I've had who knows how long to be angry, and now.. I just don't have the energy to give a shit. Especially since they've likely got us drugged to high hell."

Looking down at his hand, he let out a sigh. "Been a hell of a time. You probably don't give a shit, though. Why would you?"

**"My fault!?...Well, yeah, it is...."** *Alice admitted in a meek tone, "I was so damn close too...I could've lived out the rest of my life not knowing what I did and be a well respected military captain. And then you had to go and fuck it all up for me! If you didn't*

want any problems, you should've left me to smoke in peace, you dumb bitch. Now look at us, stuck in this fucking cell...naked!"

"I don't want to hear it." He sighed, just waving his hand dismissively. "You fucked up my entire life, and i've been stuck like this since. You at least got to have a fresh start. And let me put it this way," He glared, "i've had nothing *but* problems since you made me like this."

"Yeah!? Well...ugh, fuck it, what does it even matter at this point? Even if I was in the right, what good will it do me?" *She let out a groan as she slid down against the wall.* "What's the use? Even if I had the chance of ending it, I'll just keep coming back...damn, I really should've left you to burn in that pentagram. If only I knew it even worked..."

He stared at her blankly. "..You're joking, right? You've looked at me within the past thirty years or however long it's been, right?" He crossed his arms, tapping his forearm. "What kind of fucked up shit were you even trying to get from me?"

*She snarled, saying, "I just wanted to have someone to come back to. Sure, I wasn't right in the head back then (still am I guess...), but I wanted to have the experience of coming back home to be loved by someone I could at least call my partner. When I first met you, I was intending to get you out of the city. But then I let my urges get the best of me and look where it led us both."*

*She then lied down on the floor before continuing, "Even if I couldn't have a family like I used to, I just wanted to have that one special moment like I did back in my honey moon. If I could just have that, I could die happy, no matter the cause. But what's the use?...I'm nothing more than a mere monster who takes pleasure in ruining other people's lives cause I don't have one myself..."*

*"..That kind of thing doesn't come with kidnapping someone." He sighed. "You have to actually care about someone, give them a chance to care about you." The man looked down at his arm, clenching a fist. "And hope that your issues don't fuck it all up. I*

guess we both ended up in similar circumstances, huh?"

He stood up and began pacing in a small section of their cell. "Why'd you pick me of all people, though? Just some kid nobody would care about if they went missing?"

**"Cause you were young."** *Alice said with a dead panned expression as she sat up.* **"My son...well, he wasn't as old as you were by the time he died, but I guess you just reminded me of him. Not only that, but you were legal so that made things even better."** *She snickered as she thought upon it before continuing.*

**"I guess I miss them...a lot. At least they didn't live long enough to see the person that I've become..."**

He looked over at her and sighed. **"..That was just dumb luck that you happened to find me, then.."**

Looking around the cell, he suspected that they were being watched. **"I told you that you could've**

changed. Just because you've made mistakes doesn't mean that you can't fix them."

He took a seat near her again. "..I don't even remember the people I cared about. It's been that long.."

*She let out a sigh of frustration before looking around as well. "Well, I suppose I tried taking your advice in this life. I had a fresh start, new name, even a new occupation...but no matter what, I can't escape who I am." staring at the steel door that kept them inside, she continued, saying, "You're lucky, I'm still plagued by the thought of what mine would've done had they found out how I was living back then. That and whatever the hell those white coats gave us is making me feel dizzy...ugh."* She cupped her head before groaning.

*It seems that a few details of the story have been...inaccurately recorded. As a result, we must turn back time all the way back to the cave incident with Captain Yeung's expedition into the caverns.*



*We cut back to her, leading a last ditch effort to find and hunt down the beast that had attacked her while waiting for back up. Unfortunately however, she is all by herself, most of her men either being killed or being forced to carry their injured comrades back outside the cave. It is then that we learn that although she was indeed suffering from nightmares and migraines, she had no signs of rapid "hair" growth throughout her body. Still, she was compelled to rest on a large stone due to her aching head.*

"Do you enjoy leading people to their deaths?" His voice could be heard from a nearby tunnel.

"All to try and kill someone whose life you ruined already." Now he could be heard from another tunnel.

"How many lives are you going to ruin before you just.. give up?" He stepped out of one of the tunnels, staring daggers at her. "When will you learn that you're just getting more people hurt than you're helping?"

*Slowly raising her head towards the figure that was making its way towards her, she slowly stood up, using her shotgun as a support. Once she stood up to face her victim, she stared at him, saying, "I don't know how many times I have to tell you this...I don't even know who you are. I've been on this earth for over three decades and I've never went out of my way to hurt someone with malicious intent. Even now, you brought this upon yourself...assaulting an Alliance Captain is punishable by death, you brought this upon yourself."*

*Even though she had him in her sights, her hands trembled. Would she kill someone who genuinely believed was defending themselves? Who was this person they were referring to anyways? Perhaps there was a better alternative to just dispatching them...maybe...just maybe she could apprehend him instead.*

*"And existing was punishable by being turned into a monster. You didn't have any problems back then, suddenly you're scared to follow through with your*

threats?" He stopped several feet away from her.

"Do it. *Shoot me.* You'll never be able to clean the blood off of your hands, knowing what you've done now."

He clenched his fist, eyes narrowing. "It's either you or me, Alice. What'll it be?"

*The moment Azaal had brought up Alice's name, Arnona lowered her shotgun with a raised eyebrow.*

*"...Who's Alice?" she asked in a confused manner. She was genuinely confused. Yes, she was angry that he still had his head up his ass and refused to listen to reason, but that name seemed...familiar. She didn't know why, but she felt the need to ask, though it would most likely provoke him to further anger.*

His eyes narrowed. "Now you're playing dumb about it? Of course. How could I expect you to face what you've done?"

After a few seconds..

"..Unless." He sniffed the air. Then, he lunged and grabbed the front of her shirt, lifting her off the ground so they were face-to-face.

"Who the *hell* are you, and why do you look so similar to her?"

*Captain Yeung was taken by surprise with his sudden movement, so much so that she had dropped her shotgun. Once Azaal had spoken however, she realized that it was her chance to resolve this mess by talking to him first. Dangling in the air as a part of her abs were exposed, she glared into his eyes and said, "Captain Arnona Yeung of the...forget it, you can just call me Arnona."*

*Trying to think of an answer for the latter half of his question, she had to look three years into the past. It was barely her thirty second birthday and already she had greying hair and wrinkled skin due to the stress of her past combat experience. She remembered how she had travelled to a different city to get some advanced surgery and hadn't looked the same ever since. Letting*

*out a sigh of relief as she now had an explanation to give him, she said,*

**"Well...I didn't always look like this. I was getting old...grey hair and wrinkled skin was a real pain to deal with so I decided to try out this new advanced surgery I kept hearing about in hopes that I could look ten years younger, you're even looking at proof it did happen!"** *She said as she pointed to the red, glowing scars around her face.* **"The problem though was that I didn't get to keep my former identity afterwards. Surgeons told me about how it had to do with genetics from my past...or well, something like that."**

His eyes were narrowed as she explained.

What the actual fuck was she talking about? Some weird tech that had been developed in the past however long? It really shouldn't surprise him. It had been a long, long time.

"And you're telling me that you were just *unlucky* enough to find the place I was staying?" He let out a sigh. Of course. That was just his luck.

Tossing her back, he turned away. "Just get out of here." He snarled. "I'm tired of looking at that face."

*Letting out a grunt as she landed on her rear end, she slowly stood back up before responding, "W-Wait! Listen...I want to know more about this Alice lady. Just by hearing you talk...she must've been pretty awful. If you could just be so kind as to come with me, you can tell me more about her and see what we come up with."*

He stopped, looking over his shoulder at her and sighing. "Did people get dumber over the decades? When most people see a monster, they *run away* when it gives them the chance to.

"And yes, she was awful. Broken, full of hate. Don't let yourself be like her."

His eyes narrowed as she said to come with her.

"You expect me to come back to *that* city with you?"

*Raising an eyebrow, she said, "...Look, I don't know how long it's been since you been there, but that lady's been dead for quite some time...or I hope so at least." She uttered the last part to herself. "Besides, the previous government was toppled over thirty years ago. Trust me, I was there when it happened. A lot has changed, things are better now. Sure, there's still crime, but at least it ain't an authoritarian nightmare like it used to be, you have to trust me..."*

*"And why should I?" He turned a little more towards her. "Why would I trust a woman who I barely know, who came into my home trying to kill me, who's related to the woman who made me into a monster? That city was *terrible* to me. How do I know that you're not going to lead me into a trap?"*

*"Related?" Arnona said before shaking her head in denial. She didn't even know what Alice even looked like. Sure, Azaal flat out told her that she looked exactly like her, but she concluded that his memory might've faltered within the past several years. Still, she*

*acknowledged that her previous actions, though justifiable in her sight, had definitely made a bad first impression. Most likely, she would have to drug him and drag him back into the city or at least someplace else to calm him down.*

***In a last ditch effort, she said, "I can change you back! Sure, I don't know how...at least not yet, but we have the technology for that kind of stuff."***

*"Either time makes people more stupid or more stubborn." With a sigh, he just shrugged. "The surgeons said it was a genetic thing that you ended up looking like her. So of course you're related to her, or else it's one fucked up coincidence." He huffed, turning away again.*

*"Unless your technology can suddenly counteract magic that's decades old, you can't do shit to help me. Now just get out of here before I decide that you're not worth ny mercy."*

***"Alright..." Arnona said as she reached for something in her pocket. "Don't say I tried to act nice." Within***



*an instant, a small grenade bounced its way towards Azaal before landing in front of his feet. The moment he were to look down, it released a purple toxin that enveloped his body. It didn't burn him or anything, it just made him very fatigued.*

As soon as he heard something hit the ground behind him, he spun around and fired a blast of fire from his hand, snarling as the toxin surrounded him.

"You.." He blinked a couple of times. "..bi..tch.."

Then, he collapsed.

*Thankfully enough, her quick reflexes helped her jump out of the way in time, though she she cut herself thanks to a rock that was sticking out. Standing over the unconscious form of Azaal, she simply smirked before speaking into her ear piece.*

**"This is Captain Arnona Yeung. We've taken several casualties, but we've found what we were looking for. Requesting immediate transportation to Base 347. Also provide us a cage, our payload's a big**

**one...over and out."** *With that being said, she dragged his body all by herself until she reached the entrance of the cave where what was left of her squad greeted her with cheers of triumph and success.*

*Once their evac had arrived, they proceeded to place Azaal into a cage before loading him onto the vehicle. It would only take an hour to take him back to the former police station. Once he woke up, he would be in a large containment chamber. Of course, the station had underwent several changes within the past few decades. In spite of this, it was still under renovation which meant that there was a hybrid of both a dystopian and futuristic aesthetic throughout the area.*

*Moving on, a loud speaker would activate, saying, "So, you finally awake yet? I've been waiting in this room for the past two hours, ya know?"*

He grumbled slowly as he awakened. Then, he sat up and looked around.

..Despite all of his efforts, he was stuck here again. Locked up in a city that he hated, all because of

someone related to that bitch. She'd always haunt him, wouldn't she?

"..Well. You've captured me." He growled out. "Just like you wanted to. It always comes down to kidnapping.."

*The last sentence Azaal muttered caused her to contemplate her recent decisions. She was never accustomed to just throwing her own men into the heat of battle without a proper plan, neither was she used to outright kidnapping people. What was it about this...thing, that made her act differently? There was no time to think upon this however, she had to find out who Alice was and if she was truly related to her. She never had the chance to meet her parents, being stuck in an orphanage for less than half of her life. Yet she hoped that this person who seemed to be so greatly abhorred by this creature.*

*Shaking her head out of her train of thought, she continued, saying, "I'll cut straight to the point. I'm not gonna hurt you, I just want you to tell me as much info as possible regarding Alice. Her last*

name, her occupation, and most importantly, what she...well, did to you." *A small panel in front of where he was restrained, opened up, revealing Arnona being behind a window.* **"This was the main police station from the old government. If anything, we might be able to find documents relating to her."**

His eyes narrowed at the window. *"..Sure. You don't plan on hurting me, but you'll end up doing something that'll hurt me. That's what happened last time. Her name was Alice Yeung, she was an elite.. whatever the fuck they called their police back then."* He let out a sigh, before explaining everything that Alice had done to him after kidnapping him.

*"..There. Now you know everything. Happy?"*

*Captain Yeung stared at him in horror, taking a few steps back by the details provided. It all made sense why he was so bitter. The rape, the satanic rituals...what caught her attention though was the fact that he didn't pull out the atrocity she committed in bed with him. If*

*Alice was related to her...then that meant...no, now was not the time to think about it.*

*Trying to maintain her composure, she cleared her throat and said in a cold tone to mask her abhorrence,*  
**"Ecstatic...Listen, we've been renovating this place for a while now but it's been taking some time. I'm sure we have some files that have information about her. After everything you told me, I'm still keen on trying to help you even if it seems like an insurmountable task. I'll be back, but first...why don't I get you some food?"**

He just sighed at the cold tone. "Look, you don't have to pretend to even tolerate me. I attacked you, killed your men, tried to kill you. I mean, *look at me*, i'm a monster, for fuck's sake. Even if you want to 'help me', don't play games with me and act like you actually care."

He sighed again. "I'd hope that you'd actually feed me if you're keeping me locked up in here. I may be a monster, but I still need to eat."

*With a frown on her face, she responded by saying, "It's not that I...ugh...forget it, you wouldn't believe me anyways." She said with a groan before turning back. "Listen, I'm gonna look for those documents as soon as I can. In the mean time, I'll get you something to eat. How does takeout sound?" Without clarifying any further, she walked out of the room she was in and left.*

He just closed his eyes again, silent.

It was funny how history repeated itself. He was captured and brought to be locked up by Alice, and now several generations later, her offspring also brought him to be locked up. They both offered him takeout. They both left him alone when they had work to do.

He despised them both.

*Within minutes, the door to his chamber would open. Three military personnel would enter, two of them being soldiers while the third was of course, Arnona. Once, the door was shut and thereafter guarded by the*

*two soldiers, she would walk up to him and place a large take out box on a nearby table. Unlike her ancestor's fascination with orange chicken, she did not share the same taste as her. It only had chow mein and shrimp fried rice.*

*Her countenance had changed significantly. Rather than looking cold and indifferent, she seemed...well, to put it bluntly, horrified, almost as if she had seen hell itself. Even though she tried to retain her composure, she was quite panicked, even outwardly speaking. Not only that, but she was covering the back of her right hand for no apparent reason. Still, she tried to brush it off, saying, \*"It's not much, but I hope you like it nonetheless.*

He watched her from where he sat, his eyes narrowed as she approached with a box of takeout. When she set it down, he watched how horrified she was. "So, you figured out what all she's done. Imagine *living* through that.." He mumbled, crossing his arms.

*With a sheepish smile on her face, she turned around and signaled the guards to leave the room. They would nod and soon after leave, making sure the door was shut and keeping surveillance on the two. Once the coast was clear, Yeung would look down on the floor and let out a sigh, slamming a folder onto the table. A photo would proceed to slide out, revealing an old photo of Alice Yeung. Azaal's claim was true, Arnona was practically an exact copy of the monster that tortured him.*

*It scared his captor, so much so that sweat began to stream from her face. Still, she was able to talk, saying, "Well...guess you were right after all." Before sitting down on a chair, she continued. "I...Don't know how I feel about this. I'm suppose to be a well respected Captain and here I am the descendant of some corrupt bitch. But even worse..." She looked at him, saying, "You're my..." Before she could say anything, she began to choke and gag as she fell on her knees. Once she cleared her throat, she simply muttered, "You're my...father?"*



"..Unless you plan on telling me that you're in your 80s or whatever, I highly doubt that." His eyes narrowed. Of course being related to him was worse. Who'd want to be related to an undying monster who looked like *him*?

"But the bitch got her wish after all." He sighed.

**"You know what I meant."** *Yeung said in an irritated tone before walking around the room.* **"I read everything about her, or at least what was available. A widow in her late twenties who preyed on young men and took delight in torturing partisans...Can't tell what's worse if I'm being honest, either that I'm related to her or one of her...well, victims"**

*Her tone began to soften before continuing,* **"But yeah, you're right, she did get what she wanted...I never really knew my parents though. I ended up in an orphanage and what not before running away at the age of 13. I guess I should be happy knowing I at least have someone, but..."** *She paused for a bit to shake her head, saying,* **\*\*"Sorry, went a bit off topic here. The documents state that she's big into pagan**

rituals. If anything, that might be the key to freeing you from whatever she did to you.,

He frowned at her comments. Yeah, of course it'd be worse to be related to him. He's a monster, for fuck's sake.

"You can't be happy knowing that *this*," He vaguely motioned to himself, "is what you have."

After several moments, he sighed. "There was a ritual in her basement. She lured me down there and triggered it. It took about half an hour to actually kick in and transform me."

*She frowned in response to her statement. In spite of what he did to her, she genuinely felt bad that he was being too hard on himself. Yes, he was a monster, but it wasn't his fault. Still, she did feel awkward around Azaal, knowing that this...thing, was probably her grandfather. At least she wasn't alone in this world...*

"Well, we're in luck. We have the address where she used to live before her death. Last time I checked, the building still stands. I can take you there, let's

**just hope we can find what we're looking for..."** As she turned and signaled the guards to open the door, she told them that she was taking Azaal with him and requested an escort. Though confused by her sudden change of demeanor, they shrugged it off and complied with her demand. However, she felt conflicted as to what she should do with him once this was all over. Knowing how he felt about her grandmother, she doubted that he'd want anything to do with her. Still, she thought it best to give him some money to live off of afterwards.

He slowly stood and watched her. "...There's no telling if the circle's still there. If someone else moved in, they might've cleaned the place up. Worth a shot, I guess.." He mumbled, slowly walking over to the door.

He had absolutely no idea what'd happen to him if he was cured. If he hadn't been turned into.. this.. He likely wouldn't be alive today. Would he just waste away when he was cured? Or would he be right back to where he was before?

"..Let's just get going."

*To make a long story short, both Arnona and Azaal were transported to the address of where it all started, the house. Was getting out of the vehicle they were in, they were all by themselves, except for a few soldiers that had arrived and closed off the area. The building itself was in disrepair ever since the previous government was toppled over. Though mostly intact, there were broken windows and sign of decay in the exterior.*

*When Yeung looked at it, she shivered, remembering the atrocities her great grandmother had committed when she was still alive. Notwithstanding, she was adamant in freeing her great grandfather from the curse that he was put under and rushed inside. When they both went inside, the interior was unsurprisingly worse than the outside. The floors were stained with a red substance, anything that was of value was either stolen or broken and, worst of all, there was a foul smell coming from the basement. Walking up to it, she turned*

to him and said, "So, you ready to get this over with?"

He stared up at this building, his fists clenched. This is where all of this had started. Where he got turned into *this* disgusting abomination. Where that bitch dragged him to after stomping on his head and having her goons beat the shit out of him.

Letting out a long, drawn out sigh, he went inside with the captain. His hands clenched more and more as they approached the basement, and as he stared at the doorframe, he had to look away for a few moments.

"..Let's just do it."

*The moment the two went downstairs was when the nightmare truly began. Whatever Azaal might've remembered from when he was held captive, it was ten times worse now than what it once was. There was organic growth enveloping a third of the basement. It was pulsating, veiny...yet harmless. It was connected to the walls, seemingly originating all the way to the*

*pentagram which gradually lit up the closer Azaal had gotten to it. What would've caught their attention however, was the peculiarly large remains of Alice Yeung.*

*Though she laid dormant for several decades, it was still surprisingly fresh, albeit foul smelling and with fleshy tentacles protruding from her stomach. Speaking of which, her torso was riddled with bullet holes with dried up blood surrounding her. Arnona stared at her in horror, causing her to fall on her knees and vomit. This...thing, was her ancestor. This was where parents and grandparents came from. She couldn't process that all of this was from her blood line.*

*"..What a state to be in." Was his only visible response.*

*Internally, he was disgusted at the sight, pitied what was once a person, and really fucking hoped that he wouldn't end up like this.*

"..This might've been the cost of the curse. Turning into.. this abomination.. after her death." He slowly approached the pentagram, staring down at it.

"You might want to get out of here. There's no telling what'll happen once it's destroyed." He stepped into the pentagram, his arm igniting as he kneeled down. He'd destroy what was left of her.. and hope that it either took him with it or destroyed the curse.

Laying his hand against the floor, he willed the flames to spread to the tendrils and ultimately, Alice's corpse.

*If anything, Azaal had it easier than Alice did. Sure, he was suffering from perpetual pain and was stuck living in the outskirts of City 12, but at least he wasn't left to rot away and become the demonic pile of flesh his rapist had become.*

*Moving on, the pentagram began to light up as the flames soon enveloped the fleshy growth of the basement. We'd soon learn that it was indeed a living*

*organism as it let out a high pitched screech in pain.*

*The tentacles soon writhed around as its moisture soon vanished and began to dry, that's when it did something unexpected. As Arnona slowly stood up and tried making her way out, one of them wrapped it self around her right leg and dragged her back in.*

**"GET THIS THING OFF ME!"** *Was all she could shout before she pulled out her pistol and began firing at it. Before it went limp and finally shriveled up and died, it impaled her on her right hand, causing her to shout in pain. Once she stood up and let out a sigh of relief, that's when she noticed that black fur began to grow all over hand before invading the rest of her body. Her bones began to make an audible creaking noise as cupped her head, jerking back and forth before saying, "What the hell is happening to me!?" Whatever it was, she was transforming into something similar to Alice. In spite of this, she was heavily resisting the transformation, causing it to slow down dramatically before continuing.*

**"Azaal...ngh, I don't know what the hell that thing did but- Argh! My body's hurting all over. Just get**



**what you're doing over with before it's too...l-late."**

*This was all she could say before everything else soon devolved into inaudible growling. She slammed her head against the concrete part of the wall as she began to grow a foot taller and a tail protrude from her spine.*

He looked up at the mass of flesh and growled an inhuman growl. *"You've ruined enough lives, Alice."*

He rushed forward from the pentagram, his fists fully ignited at this point as he hammered them down on the mass of tendrils and Alice's corpse. He'd destroy them all in an inferno if he had to. In fact, he'd burn the entire building if he had to, just to finally kill the demon that continued to torment him to this day.

*"It ends here."*

*As the room began to light up in flames, the demonic growth would let out a high pitched screech as it thrived around in pain. The next thing anyone would know, the light coming from the pentagram would completely envelop the entire room before silence upon it.*

*Eventually, it would fade away, revealing the aftermath of it all. The organic tendrils which had once taken over the cellar was now shriveled up and dead, showing no signs of life. As for the body of Alice, it had disappeared, though a pile of ashes revealed her fate.*

*As for Azaal, he was back to normal...mostly.*

*Surprisingly enough, his time cursed as an abomination had somehow preserved his youth. A few minutes passed and not even a single wrinkle. On the other hand, the same could not be said for Captain Yeung. She somewhat resembled her mother, the main differences being she was a lot shorter and was not as curvy, rather being muscular. Thankfully for him, she didn't show any signs of aggression as she was too busy focusing on her new body with a distressed look on her face before saying, "So...mission accomplished, I guess?" in a low yet feminine growling tone of voice.*

He looked down at his hands after it was all done, watching them clench and unclench. He had no idea what he looked like, it had been so long since he had been *human*.

"..I guess it is. At least for me." Standing up slowly, he turned to her. "Though.. Now you're stuck like that.." Letting out a sigh, he glanced back at the pile of ash. "And i'm a different kind of creature now. A dude who looks 19 but is actually nearly 120 years old? Sounds like some stupid story protagonist." When he looked up at her again, he just shrugged. "Well? What now? We solved the mystery of the mutant demon werecat."

**"I guess so...serves me right for being related to this monster...don't really know how I'm going to explain this though." She said before readjusting her uniform that was somehow fitting her comfortably. "As for what happens next, that's the easy part." She said before handing Azaal a large envelope filled with money. "I wouldn't mind you staying with me, giving you the freedom to go around as you please. But err...I know you don't want that. That money should be enough to get you far away from here and live off of. Don't worry about me...just...get out of here while you still have the chance."**

He looked at the envelope for a long period of time, silently debating what he should do. Yeah, on one hand, he could get as far away from this place as possible and never look back. On the other hand.. This place likely changed quite a bit in the past hundred years or so. Maybe he could give it a chance, y'know?

After several moments, he just shook his head. "No, I can't take the money. I have absolutely no idea where anything is nowadays. If I don't get lost, i'll get mugged and lose it all. It's a far cry from what I grew up in. Maybe i'll stick around for a while, get my footing, before I do anything else."

*For the first time in ages, Captain Yeung had a warm smile on her as she placed the money back in her pocket. She had been alone for quite some time, believing that she would never meet anyone related to her. Even though it led to her being cursed and stuck as a werecat for the rest of her life, she at least had her great grandfather to be around. Giving Azaal a pat on the shoulder, she said, "Well, you're more than*

welcome to stay with me until you decide what do next. Come on, let's head back to base and I'll take you there. Don't worry...father, I won't make the same mistakes Alice did."

*And just like that, the two were off, walking straight out of the basement and outside, straight into an uncertain fate. Arnona be gunned down after being mistaken for an escaped test subject? Would Azaal be stuck in the city for the rest of his life? Either or, all we know is that the curse was finally broken...somewhat that is. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the story of Alice and Azaal.*

(End)