

NnyXDevi

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Months ago, Johnny C tried to kill Devi and she ended up beating the shiz out of him. Now she's having regrets- why did he do it? And most importantly, does he still like her?

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1 - Thoughts

Months ago, she was happy for one night. Months ago, she thought she finally found someone. Months ago, they liked each other. Months ago, he tried to kill her.

Devi sighed as she worked on her newest painting: a thin hand holding a black rose. The thorns were cutting into the fingers; a few drops of blood were falling. The hand was holding the rose to the moonlight.

At least, that's what she hoped it would look like. She only started a few days ago; the day after she cried.

She remembered that night. Lying on the couch in her living room, all the lights turned off, the only light in her apartment was coming from outside. She lay there looking at the moon and stars through the open window again; Devi loved to do this often.

It gave her so much inspiration, plus she loved to be alone with her thoughts.

A few days after the incident, she caught a glimpse of him. He looked like he was going to cry. His image stayed in her mind; it would appear constantly.

Until that night, lying there, watching the night pass by, a tear ran down her pale face. Memories of him returned; those talks they would have every day at the bookstore, those times he would present her with a black rose, a shy smile, and a bow.

That smile... so rare, but lovely. And she was the cause of his few smiles.

Devi remembered him walking to the bookstore every day; it could be dry or pouring, but he didn't care. He wanted to see her.

She recalled the day she felt brave enough to finally ask him; hopefully he was different than the others. So in a shy voice, she asked him if he would go out with her.

Devi remembered his reaction; his normally sickly colored face turned a bright pink.

He fiddled with his long thin fingers and stuttered a bit. In a quiet, yet excited voice he said, "R-really? Y-you wanna go out with- me?"

She smiled at him and replied, "Of course I do."

Devi seemed calm, but inside, she panicked when she asked him; what if he said no?

He looked down at his hands then looked up at her. His sharp brown eyes were gleaming as he said, "Sure! That'd be nice- I-I'd love to go out with you."

He quickly looked away with a huge smile on his face. Who ever thought that such a beautiful girl would want to ask me out? he thought. "I'll see you tonight, then." He said, trying to look calm.

"Alright," she said. "I'll see you tonight."

He walked out the door still smiling; his face was still blushing, and even his steps were a little lively.

Lying there on the couch crying, she remembered the night they went out together. She recalled that lovely view; the two of them just looking out at the city lights.

It was beautiful.

Devi thought about when they went to his place; she remembered his question: Why did you ask me

out? Why did you want to go out with me?

Her response was simple, yet meant a lot: I like you.

He was so happy when she said that; he wanted to tell her how much he liked her too, but couldn't find the right words. He told her that she made him happy. Which, knowing him, is such a rare thing.

Devi thought about that moment; she moved closer to him, smiled, and said, "Good. Then let's both be happy."

They both smiled at each other and closed their eyes as they were about to kiss. So many thoughts and emotions rushed through their minds that very second- but before their lips touched, he suddenly opened his eyes and stood up, a huge grin on his face.

That was the thought that triggered more tears; Devi remembered walking into a room looking for him. He looked at her lovingly as he held two knives.

She wondered what they were for, but suddenly understood- they were for her.

Devi panicked. She screamed at him; when she tried to open the door, it was locked. He suddenly came after her with the knives, but before he stabbed her with a blade, she struck his jaw with her boot. As he stood up, blood dripping from his mouth, she struck his jaw again with her fist. He lay there, trying to lift himself once more, but before he could, Devi grabbed his hair, lifted him and threw him against a mirror. She didn't stop to see what happened, but as she darted towards the door and kicked it open, she heard his body crash into the mirror, shattering the glass as he fell to the floor. He twitched a bit as his mouth filled with his own blood.

When she got home, she immediately called the police. She called many times after that, but they never knew what she was talking about.

Devi finally gave up, deciding to just lock herself in her own apartment for months.

It was only after his phone call that she realized it was stupid to cringe in idiot terror; she was missing out on so much by hiding from the world like this.

The night she cried, all those incidents played over and over again. As much as she wanted to, part of her would never let her forget.

The night she cried, she was miserable. She couldn't help but wonder: Is it possible that I still have feelings for him?

She argued with herself; half said yes, you still like him immensely, half of her said no, you despise him.

Then Devi wondered; she didn't want to think about it, and she really tried to not care, but she couldn't help but ask herself: Does he still like me?

2 - Dear Die-ary...

I had another bad one. Another bad flashback. The mirror again.

I'm sick of this. I'm frackin sick of it all. These sudden thoughts... why must they haunt me so?

My thoughts just go back to that night... they start with her smiles and end with her fear.

Sometimes I have long daydreams of everything that happened between us. From that first night I gave the lonely wallflower a rose, to the incident.

My foolish actions have caused me to lose something beautiful.

Sometimes I remember being thrown into the mirror; the blood dripping down my face... each little shard a memory of what happened; a thought of what could have been.

I lay there, tasting my own blood. Thinking. Crying.

And I snap out of it. I look up and see nothing. My own miserable life. Nothing more.

Other times, I did kill her. I laugh as I grab her. She's screaming, her beautiful eyes filled with fear and hatred.

I laugh as I kill her. I laugh as I leave her there with the other bodies; gorgeous jade eyes now dull and lifeless, watching me paint the wall with her blood.

These I hate the most.

But the others- Oh, the other daydreams...

It's what could have happened if only those damned voices left me alone... if I could have had a moment of sanity in me.

In those dreams, I don't get up. In those dreams, I don't need a knife to immortalize the moment. Time already stops. She looks at me with those eyes, sparkling.

In those dreams we do kiss.

It could have happened. I could have been the luckiest human on earth. I could have been loved by the most gorgeous creature I've ever met.

But no.

Instead, the angel hates the damned.

I don't want her to fear me. I don't want her to run away every time she sees me. I want to hold her in my arms, smile with her, tell her how much I adore her.

Life hates me. And if there is one, God hates me.

Well, this was useless. I'm getting all my emotions out, but is this doing me any good? Am I sane now? Do I not talk to dead rabbits anymore? Is she in my arms, smiling at me?

NO!

I'm going now; I wanna see how everybody's doing. If you know what I mean.

Now where'd I put that knife...?

-Nny

3 - Pleads And Glass shards

“Please?”

“No.”

“Please?”

“Damn it, Tenna, I said no!”

Devi glared at her best friend; she hated yelling at her, but sometimes she just couldn't help it. She looked down at the floor as she sat on the couch. Her boots were starting to feel uncomfortable; she wondered why she even bothered to wear them today. It's not as if she planned on going anywhere.

“You have to get out one day.” Tenna looked at Devi with the usual concern. “You can't stay indoors forever.”

“Oh really?” Devi looked up at her. “Watch me.”

She got up and walked towards the window; it was still bright and sunny outside. People seemed to be everywhere; crawling around like an infestation of maggots- the insects they truly were. As she watched them, she felt disgusted- her usual reaction towards any human.

Devi heard her friend sigh. “If you say so.” She said as she walked towards the door.

“If you need anything, call me.”

Devi kept watching people distractedly; she barely heard Tenna's good-bye.

“Mmhmm...” was her mere reply.

“And try to get out, for God's sake!” were her final words before she closed the door behind her.

Finally, a little quiet. Not that I mind her being here; I just wish she would stop trying to get me to leave...

Devi was still watching people. She asked herself why- she didn't even like them; why waste time watching the ones you detest?

Besides, what if he was there?

The thoughts came back- the happiness, the laughs, the knives...

She shuddered as she quickly stepped away from the window.

Devi sat down again, quickly taking her boots off. Why the hell did I get these? she wondered.

Throwing them aside, she walked over towards the painting she was working on- the bloody hand holding the rose. So far, it was part of the hand holding nothing.

Devi immediately concentrated on the hand again. Every time she worked on it, she wondered whose hand it could be. Hers? No, the skin wasn't pale enough. In her mind, it was a rather sickly yellow color- as if the person hardly ever saw light.

Deciding to not worry about it, she concentrated on painting again. It was all she really had now.

Whenever she worked on her paintings, she felt as if she had left the cruel, harsh reality known as life.

Devi was in her own little world, and she never wanted to leave.

"Why don't you go out- kill a party clown?"

"No."

"I know! Try to kill yourself again! Won't that be fun?"

"It would amuse you, wouldn't it?"

The voices still pestered him. It seemed they would never leave.

Johnny C looked out the window again. The insects were crawling around again- lost in their own petty little insignificant minds.

He wondered why he even bothered with them.

Johnny stepped back, looking around the dimly lit room. The front door hadn't been open for weeks- he wondered if it would remain permanently locked if he kept it closed long enough.

But then he would just be trapped with everything. Then again, did it matter? No matter where he was, insanity would always follow him. And it seemed there was no escape.

These new voices... they weren't the Doughboys or Nailbunny. They had all left and been replaced by new ones- ones he could not see.

But it made no difference; they still persuaded him to either kill or be killed.

Not a single remark of sanity.

Not a single utterance of salvation.

But sometimes, he heard a faint whisper. That voice... so familiar... so soothing.

He wished he could hear it more clearly. Maybe if he heard it, he would find a way out.

It sounded so soft. The few times he heard it, he felt slightly peaceful- something he hardly ever felt.

Recently, it came to him more often. He could hardly make out a few words, but from what he could interpret, it sounded so familiar. It sounded like a conversation he once had long ago.

"You're in need of some cheering up, my boy."

One of the voices broke Nny from his little trance. He caught himself standing in the middle of the murky living room staring blankly at the door.

He shook his head, as if trying to shake the voices out.

"Remember that girl you killed the other night? The one who laughed at you? That was fun, wasn't it? Let's go do that again!"

"No... If I'm going to kill people, it'll be because I want to; not because some stupid little figment made me."

Johnny knew he was talking to nothing- or so it seemed.
He didn't know whether the voices were real or not.
He didn't know what to believe anymore.

"Oh, but Nny! It'll be so much fun! And think of all the anger you'll release! You really need to take out all your frustration on something."
"Why don't I just take it out on you?"

Nny stared at nothing in particular. He knew arguing with himself would do nothing. But was it even him? Was this voice part of him?

"It's a nice day. Go out; get some fresh air, exercise. You're really skinny, you know. Malnourished. Why don't we go get some Chinese? You can kill some teenagers while we're there- you know they'll laugh at you."
"I'm not hungry."
"Oh, don't say that. You look like a starved dog."
"I'm perfectly fine."

Johnny knew that was a downright lie. Nothing was right with him. He remembered wishing he could just turn himself off and get fixed.

"Please? It'll do you some good. You need to paint the wall again- the blood is starting to dry. Will you just frack off? Nny thought to himself. But, of course, the voice heard everything.

"You might see something nice for a change."
"What's nice about this world?"

Suddenly, a new voice spoke. It sounded weaker, fainter, but he understood it clearly.

"You might see that pretty girl again."

The new voice immediately left. Nny felt it wouldn't come back for a long time, but the words would stick to him. They bothered him a bit now; he felt the need to see that beautiful girl once again. The one he could not stop thinking about.

"Devi..." He whispered so softly. He closed his eyes gently and felt the sadness overcome him again.

It seemed the weather changed along with his mood; the sky got darker and a few drops of rain started to fall.
People started rushing to stay dry. The streets were soon empty.

"Hmm... all the humans are gone..." the voice spoke. "No one left to kill... Why don't we go downstairs and see how everyone's doing? Maybe even get a new coat of blood on that wall. What do you say, Johnny?"

Nny stared at the door. The thought of Devi refused to leave. Then again, did he ever want it to?

Without thinking, he rushed over to the coat hanger near the door and grabbed his long black trench coat. It felt rather heavy with all the knives he was hiding. Nny quickly took them out and threw them aside. Something told him he wouldn't need them where he was going.

"Nny? Nny, what're you doing? You need those. Nny?"

As he put his coat on, he noticed it felt so much lighter. Those weapons did weigh quite a bit. As he put his hand on the dusty doorknob, the voice stopped him.

"Johnny? Where the hell are you going?"

"Out."

He started to turn it, when the voice spoke again.

"Johnny C, step away from that door right now. You have nothing important to do out there. Stay here, paint the wall, skin one of the assholes..."

"No!" Johnny snarled. "If I'm going to stay, it's because I want to. If I'm going to go out, it's because I feel like it!"

"doggy little lunatic, aren't you?"

"frack you."

He stepped out into the cold street, making sure to slam the door loudly behind him. The wall could wait, this was more important.

Nny stood still for a few moments. This was the first time he'd been out in quite a while. The streets were grey and empty; the cold wind blew and made him shiver a bit. He pulled his coat closer as he began to walk silently through the lonely street.

Nny wasn't sure where he was really going. It was as if he was following some unseen stranger. He wasn't really paying any attention to anything; he stared blankly at the wet sidewalk, hands in his pockets, his mind blank.

He started wondering where he would end up. Would he lead himself nowhere?
Just like every other time... nowhere...

The wind started blowing harder. Nny's coat was fluttering behind him. His eyes were partially closed, trying to keep the rain out.

Then the faint whisper came back... a conversation he had...
The words were clearer, the voices as familiar as ever.

"So, you don't get out much either?"

It was a girl's voice- calm, soothing, beautiful.

He heard a rather cheerful laugh. "No, I'm usually a loner."

Nny suddenly realized- it was his own voice. And the first one?

He tried remembering who he had ever had a decent conversation with- and then it struck him. Devi.

He suddenly stood still, staring at the nothingness in front of him.

“Same here,” her voice seemed to say. “I see no point in mingling with the scum of the earth.”
He heard his own laugh.
Then silence.

“Soo...” her voice spoke again.
“Mmhmm...?” he replied.

“You wouldn’t make an exception... would you?”

“I-I guess I would. Depends who the person is.”
“Oh really?”
“Uh-huh...”

Silence. Nny saw faint images of them looking away for a few moments.

“Nny?”
“Hmm?”
“I’ve been wondering... if you’re not busy, or anything, maybe you’d like to... I dunno... umm... are you doing anything this weekend?”
“Not that I know of. May I ask why?”
“I was just wondering if you’d like to-”
Slight pause.

The images were clearer than ever now.

“Go out with me?”

The cold wind made him lose his balance. He shook his head and looked up at the grey sky. He was covered in raindrops now.

Nny shivered as he continued walking. He knew he would never be able to rid his mind of anything that happened between him and Devi.
Part of him wanted to forget everything; forget so he would never have to think about what he could have had- what he may never encounter again.
But by losing memories of Devi, he would lose memories of pure happiness.

Raindrops kissed his face when he looked up at the dark sky. Cold and black like his life.
No moon. No stars.

No love, no happiness, no moon! Nothing for you!

Picking up a glass bottle near his feet, he smashed it against his hand. Nny stared at the cuts. The rain

mixed with the blood as it trickled down his fingers; a stream of red.
He watched the red drops fall to the ground.

Blood dripping, like that dreadful night...

Nny kept walking, following whatever unseen force was leading him towards some unknown place.

Maybe, if he was lucky, it would lead him to some answers.

Maybe, if he was lucky, he would find a way out.