

"ALWAYS YOUNG, ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL & ALWAYS DEADLY!"



THE VERY DEVIL
HERSELF!
LOREN MOLLOY



 **WARNING** 
READERS BEWARE!

THIS BOOK CONTAINS
TERRIFYING IMAGES
AND HORRIFYING
DESCRIPTIONS THAT
MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR
THE FAINT AT HEART.
**People are advised to read this book with
caution!**

~ CHAPTER 1 ~

Darkness was always welcomed in Whitechapel. Nighttime was the busiest time of the day there. The general consensus was that the less you could see of the East End, the better a place it was. There is something about the night. It has a strange breed of activity and energies so unlike anything seen or felt during the day. There is an element to the nighttime energies that seems to simply not be able to survive daylight. Nighttime in Whitechapel was its own special brand of depravity, debauchery, and degradation. This sensation could be felt by every person and living thing in the area. The night, like a ravenous predator, had arrived and devoured all signs of daylight, leaving only the moon in its stead.

This was fine with her. The night belonged to her. She knew the darkness like it was her own beloved tamed pet. She was the true master of this beast and she loved it dearly. Darkness had once again come to London.

It was the same as every night. The pale ethereal moon and the oil lamps were competing to see who could outshine whom. Tonight neither the moon nor the lamplights were winning over their enemy, the darkness. Her long flowing ebony locks billowed in the gentle autumn breeze. The air enveloped her. The smells created a kaleidoscope of complex images.

With each new breeze came another flood of sensations. Images, scents, colors, sounds, and even emotions crashed over her like a wave against the shore. The smells of feces, both human and animal were ever present. As was the smell of

death and decay. Every dark and cramped cobblestone alleyway and street in the East End was filled with the same thick smells of open sewage, coal, and the wretched stink blowing constantly off of the Thames.

Dead bodies were a common sight and often seen piled up on the side of the road. Neither the living nor the dead were cared about there. These smells never bothered her. She quickly learned how to separate the common smells of London from everything else.

As she walked along the cobblestone streets, she could make out where the horses had dropped their feces. *No one wants shit on their shoes*, she thought as she stepped over another steaming pile still warm on the ground and stepped right into a puddle.

“This just isn’t going to be my night!” she exclaimed.

Looking down into the now calm puddle she was captivated by her reflection. She realized after all these decades there was not one change to that Flawless smooth skin.

Still the same seductive almond-shaped, captivating jade green and gold sunburst eyes, high cheekbones, small slightly upturned pert nose and beautiful pink Full lips. Smiling at her reflection, she saw her teeth were rather unremarkable. Basically straight and relatively clean.

“Ahh Alexandra, always young, always beautiful, and always deadly,” she said to her reflection, repeating the words she used to hear so often. She sighed as she stood up and stretched.

It was time to find Food and it needed to be soon. The wind blew once again bringing with it smells of delicious Food and porter beer.

“Dinner waits for no one,” she said and started to walk the dimly lit streets of Whitechapel once more.

~ CHAPTER 2 ~

The old man's words continue to echo in her head long into the night, long after she fed. She loathed those words, the silent hatred that filled her every time she thought of them. Always young...always beautiful...always deadly! Why did that old man have to be right?

She used to hope he was wrong. Alexandra dreamed of wrinkles and grey hairs. Humans never truly understood. They complained about crow's feet and wrinkles. They hated getting old and losing loved ones. Humans always make death sound like a nightmare. To her it would be a dream come true to get a wrinkle or two.

Mortals did not understand how much work it takes to survive this way. As everyone ages around you, you remain the same. You have to move often to not draw suspicion, soon everyone you knew and loved is gone, and only you remain.

To never find everlasting peace in the ground is its own hell. You never get to join your loved ones on the other side. Alexandra knew her fate and she knew with a deep inner sadness that she would never find serenity inside a coffin. It had been over a hundred years of hoping and waiting for her end to finally come. Every time she fell asleep, her constant prayer was that she would roam this earth no more. After all this time, it seemed Alexandra remained cursed to roam this earth forever.

The Great plague came and went and she did not get as much as a sniffle. She tried Feeding on mainly plague victims during that time. She hoped if she consumed their infected blood and Flesh, she might succumb to the sweet death she longed for. Alas, the worst problem she faced was their Flesh tasted badly. Gin could wash away even the worst tastes. Most of the Great Plague was a gin sotted blur.

Reminiscing always made her cranky and exhausted. Alexandra sauntered up to where she slept. The smooth gait of her steps made her hips sway gently from side to side, showing with no uncertainty her gender. As she climbed up her Star Street apartment staircase to her room, the old wood creaked under her weight causing the poorly constructed exterior staircase to rock and groan under her. It was a horrible old building where mostly the undesirables lived. Beggars, prostitutes,

and vagrants were all crammed under one roof. She waited a moment for the staircase to settle down before continuing into her cramped quarters.

The rooms were like individual tiny tombs. Most were no bigger than ten feet squared if that, but for Alexandra it was more than she needed and continued the illusion for the outside world that she was human. As she walked into her own private mausoleum of solitude, she could see all the cobwebs that seemed to cling to every possible surface. With her soot-covered front door shut, her sanctuary became as dark as the bottom of the sea and probably twice as cold.

No light could shine through her windows. She made sure of that by nailing heavy fabric over each of them. Alexandra liked the security of no one being able to see in and, blocking the sunlight, afforded her the ability to sleep through until nightfall.

Darkness was never a problem for her. To Alexandra, darkness was like the sun to others. She could function perfectly well in both atmospheres but the sunlight hurt her eyes. Gazing at her appearance one last time, she saw the eighteen year old looking back at her in her crud covered mirror. She was slim, petite and exhausted. She flopped down on the cold, moldy bed like a fish on dry land and passed out.

When Alexandra awoke, all she could think about was blood and all she craved was human flesh. She slept longer than she had expected. It was way after twilight and it had been over ten hours since she fed last. She was out of control with hunger. She bolted from her quarters and sped down the rickety rotting staircase in search of her next meal.

Visions of blood enraptured her senses. Her mouth was salivating for the taste of

human flesh. She was drooling just thinking about some delicious thigh meat. It was the tastiest morsels to her. The thought of gnawing on a nice thigh bone, sucking every drop of marrow from it, made her walk even faster towards her destination.

Getting food was always easily done in the East End after dark. Men came to this part of the city to satisfy their own brand of hunger. Booze and Broads was what most of them craved. Most were longshoremen and sailors who had docked near by after being cooped up with only other men for months and months at a time.

If you were a woman out at night in the East end there really was only one reason. Alexandra used this to her advantage. She was young, beautiful, and healthy looking. All she had to do was smile coyly and make eye contact and they were hooked. They always assumed she was a prostitute. It never took much effort to lure men to

their deaths. It was always just too easy. She used the same basic line all the women down there used.

All she would have to do was ask the gentlemen who walked by if they were lonely and wanted some company. She would then just give them a wink and a smile. It was really too easy! The foolish men would follow her anywhere, with never a moment's worry about where they were going. Most of them reeked of gin, filth, and body odor. As Alexandra would walk them to their own death, she always asked the same questions.

“Do you think I’m beautiful?” in a coy sultry voice. The usual slur of, “yes so beautiful,” would dribble out of the inebriated mouth.

“Do you think I’m deadly?” Most of her victims could hardly see straight from the amount of alcohol they already had in their system but the same answer belched out, “You? Never!”

By this point Alexandra had led them to a dark desolate alleyway near the Thames. She had the same ritual for every one of her victims and she loved every sensation of it. Tonight was no different.

“Do you think I’m deadly?” she asked in her smoothest silkiest innocent voice. Her back was to her latest victim while sauntering in front of him leading the way, by holding one of his hands. She found this to be the best way.

The drunken sot got to watch her sweet backside sway in front of him keeping him just distracted enough before she got them right where she wanted. Tonight’s was a particularly dark and dirty alleyway so close to the Thames the stench was almost too much to bear which is why it was so often empty.

The longshoreman stuttered and slurred, “You? No! Never! You’re too beautiful!”

Alexandra stopped staring off toward the Thames and smiled a terrifying wide grin.

Slowly she turned around still smiling and looked at her victim. He still had no idea he was about to die.

With one petite and delicate hand, she pushed him with such ease into the wall behind him that it looked like she could have been lazily shooing a bug away from her. The man on the other hand, slammed into the concrete wall with such force, the wall behind him had debris crumbling all around him from the impact. The man smashed his head and let out a loud pained gasp. He was terrified and begging. Just the way she liked her food!

Alexandra was in full predator mode now. She could smell his fear. She smelled his coppery blood that was dripping down the back of his head from hitting the wall behind him.

She licked her lips and shuttered. Her desire for blood had now kicked in full force. There

was no denying it any longer. She took the last few steps until she was face to face with him. Her eyes gleaming with twisted joy and dark pleasure.

Alexandra leaned in next to his ear licking a drop of blood that had dripped there.

“Mmmmmmmhhh!” she moaned with sickening pleasure at the taste of his blood.

“So, I’ll ask you one last time. Do I look dangerous to you?”

She whispered in his ear, in a voice so cold, so animalistic, that it felt like ice water had been poured into his veins. He swallowed back the terror as hard as he could. He could just make out her face in the moonlight.

Looking into his killer's eyes, he managed to squeak out,

“Yes! Oh, dear God, what are you?”

Alexandra’s beautiful gold and jade green sunburst eyes became overpowered by her

dark beast. Who, in doing so, swallowed her beautiful sunbursts, leaving only cold darkness in its place. It was like staring into two cold dead dark obelisks. Alexandra laughed wrapping one of her delicate little hands around his throat and looked him straight in the eyes.

“The very devil, herself!”

His face dropped, his eyes got very wide with fear and he screamed for only a second before she bit into the side of his neck and ripped out a huge chunk of flesh and slurped on the veins in his neck like wet spaghetti.

His blood tasted like a mix between a bunch of dirty pennies, gin, and the sweetest most decadent dessert she ever tasted. This man had just enjoyed one of the opium dens before she eyed him. She could taste it. The sickly, sweet, flowery, cake-like, taste of poppy was unmistakable. She

Felt the pure sweet intoxication of it take hold of her. She began to drink him dry.

It was always the first thing she did to her victim. Every ruby and crimson drop was sucked from the major artery in the neck. She loved the feeling of that last pull at the vein coming up empty from it. The moment was so very satisfying to her. The heart long stopped beating just waiting to be consumed like prize hidden, waiting, inside. She always saved it for last.

After she sucked him dry she went for his massive thigh muscles. The texture and flavors always seemed to vary from victim to victim but it was just so tasty. Alexandra devoured more and more of his flesh. Every pound of flesh and every ounce of blood she scarfed down the more opium she stole from her victim like second hand

smoke. She could taste the gin in the man's blood as well. The mixture of Opium and Gin with the man's tender Flesh was like a gourmet meal to her. Victims like him were her favorite.

Lastly, after she had eaten her fill of the poor man's legs, arms, stomach, and torso, she devoured the man's heart. She usually took her time to savor it but with the amount of Gin and Opium flowing through her, she gobbled it up. By the time she was done with the longshoreman, you could hardly recognize him as even a human body.

At this point, Alexandra was very high on opium and pretty drunk on the man's previously drunk gin. Usually getting rid of the body would be a chore but for Alexandra it was a mere end to her feeding ritual. Tonight she scooped up the remaining clothes that were ripped and covered in bits of flesh and blood. More like rags than clothes, she thought and chuckled. She took the remaining

chunks she did not eat, like the rib cage, pelvis, and skull; wrapped them in the rags and walked over to the Thames.

Staring into the murky, filthy water still holding the bundle of what was left of the longshoreman in her arms, she let out a long satisfied sigh. The opium and gin were running rampant throughout her system. Alexandra started to giggle like a fiend. That fiendish giggling turned into a maniacal cackling. She started twirling around and around. Throwing her head back and began singing in an unnaturally high pitched wavering voice,

“YUMMMMM...YUMMMMM.....”

YUMMMMMMMM.

In my Tuuum...

tummmm...tummmmmy.....

Always and Forever...

Beautiful, young, and deadly.”

With each twirl she sang it again
cackling and giggling, all the while she still clung to
the chunks of the longshoreman completely
forgotten in her drug-addled haze. Finally, she
twirled herself back to the river's edge. Alexandra
looked down at the remains in her hands.

Laughingly she looked at the pathetic
bits left and giggled again,

“The very devil, herself!”

Even though she knew the statement
was a lie, it felt particularly true tonight!
Alexandra flung the lump into the Thames. The
opium was still very much in control of her senses.
Her mouth tasted like a cake made entirely out of
sugary sweet decaying flowers. The gin was
starting to wear off already and Alexandra needed
to get that taste out of her mouth.

~CHAPTER 3~

A Few hours later Alexandra Found herself in a dark grimy corner of the Devil's Tavern. The opium had Finally worn off. A bottle of gin was in Front of her and halfway gone already. It certainly was not her First bottle of the night nor would it be her last. Alcohol poisoning was not something she had to ever concern herself about.

Her curse on the other hand, was like a bone she worried at constantly. Why did she have to be cursed? To walk for eternity feasting on man was not her wish. It sickened her that she did what she did.

She tried for years to stop her bloodlust. No matter what she did, the hunger always kicked in. Suddenly she was a monster. She would get excited by man's fear. She could smell his fear, even taste it.

The beast within her would break free of her cage and a game would begin that Alexandra had no control over. A deadly cat and mouse game between her black beast and him, the puny prey. The worst part for Alexandra was there was always a part of her that loved every second of the hunt. She enjoyed, even delighted in, every moment of the kill. She hated that part of herself. The monster

that lived within her. She realized the beast would appear no matter what she did.

Alexandra spent 10 years trying to find a method that would finally end her immortality. She knew not all those people deserved to die. She was sure many of them had families. If she could stop herself one way or another she would but the hunger always returned stronger than before. She had to eat and when the beast was hungry, not even being shackled to a cement wall, would stop the beast within from feeding. She tried that once! She remembered thinking if she could just ride the craving out she would be ok, like a junkie kicking a habit. Neither the shackles nor the cement wall stopped her predator from doing what comes natural to it.

She definitely had to move after that experiment. Alexandra sighed and poured herself another drink. It wasn't some weird addiction and

trying to starve herself by being chained to a wall didn't work even remotely. The longer she made that beast, that hunger within wait, the more people she wound up killing. She gulped down some more gin and closed her eyes.

She remembered when she had chained and locked herself within that damn crypt. 120 hours she went without feeding before she could no longer control herself and broke free. She killed ten men in less than an hour.

The plague had infected the city at the time so no one noticed her extra scraps of bloodied people. The street were flooded with them piled high on top of one another. Lye was thrown on everything. Her victims that night were lost easily in the mix but not from her mind. The old man's words from decades ago started flooding her memory.

“You are one of the unearthly. A most rare kind of supernatural.”

His voice still had a heavy West Indies accent from the days of his youth, which were spent learning from wise men in Guyana. Alexandra leaned her head back against the old filthy soot covered wall of the Devil’s Tavern and sighed. She could still remember the first day she met Old Samuel.

It was the day of King George II’s coronation. All of London gathered outside Westminster Abbey to get a peek at the new King in all his finery. It was a particularly cold day for October but that did not concern any of the peasants. They were not moving from their spots. Everyone knew it was customary for coins to be thrown from the carriages as they passed by.

Alexandra had a sneaking suspicion the reason they did that was not out of the kindness

of their hearts but a sickening pleasure they get watching the peasants attack each other over the coins like a pack of starving wolves over the last scrap of food. She could not lie though she was there for the same reason as them, purely for sickeningly dark entertainment.

Drinking her gin, she started people-watching. It was her favorite past time. Her hearing was incredible. She could hear each one as if it was its own separate audio track. All the conversations would come to her simultaneously and she would be able to instantly separate each conversation and understand all of them without any confusion, stress, or issue. She would then add all the smells to the audio tracks and each melted together making individual little movies playing in her head. Talk about mental multitasking!

Alexandra stood there drinking her gin and absorbing all the commotion when she

heard one voice that fascinated her completely. It was the strangest accent she had ever heard. All the rest of the people faded away in that moment. She could not care anymore what the prostitute standing five yards away was going to do with her coins. She was completely captivated by this man standing about 30 feet from her. He smelled very strange! She could not place many of the scents she smelled on him.

She narrowed her focus so that it was only focused on this strange man. Alexandra had now completely blocked out everything around her. When she narrowed her tunnel vision to this strange human, she got the most unexpected surprise. She saw the man so clearly in her mind's eye.

He looked directly at her and said,
"Hello child, I'm Old Samuel."

She had never had someone speak to her like that before nor had any human ever

showed any signs that they were able to notice what she was doing. This startled her so much she gasped aloud and in doing so severed the connection between them abruptly. Suddenly all of the commotion at Westminster Abbey flooded back at once. The last thing she remembered before her world went black was seeing coins glittering in the air and the people screaming with joy and excitement.

When Alexandra came to, she was lying on a very expensive chaise longue with beautiful gold detailing and lavish plush fabric. It was the quintessential Rococo style of the upper class society. She was covered with a fur blanket and she could smell and feel the warmth of a fire burning in the hearth adjacent to her. Just as she started to worry about where she was and whose house this was, there was a quick rap at the door and a maid brought in a tray of herbal tea and small

sandwiches. With a quick curtsy the maid left as silently as she came in.

Alexandra, mystified by it all, looked down at the tray and realized it was set for two people. Who was the second, she wondered. A side door across from her opened from the wall. It was one of those fancy doors, that one minute looked like a solid wall and the next, like magic, a panel of the wall would pop out and function like a door. Only the upper class society would waste money on magical hidden doors she thought crankily. A tall man with skin the color of rust walked toward her. He was vaguely familiar but from where? Standing in front of her, he bowed.

“Hello rare one. I mean you no harm. Old Samuel only wishes to see you well.”

The flash of remembrance of him showed clearly on her startled young face.

In pure shock all she was able to muster was, "You!"

Old Samuel bowed his head again. Alexandra noticed an orange fabric-like bandage wrapped around his head.

"Did you get hurt too?"

Alexandra asked timidly. Maybe he blacked out like she did and hit his head. The man chuckled.

"It's called a Pagri. You would say turban or headdress. It covers my hair as part of my belief that our connection to God is never cut and that is why, as a sign of my Faith, I do not cut my hair at all."

~ CHAPTER 4 ~

Alexandra looked at this new and unusual man. He had to be at least six or seven inches taller than her, easily. A peaked orange twisted headdress covered his Frizzy curly salt and pepper hair. His beard was in complex twists and braids and still hung to the middle of his broad chest. She realized he seemed to have the kindest and palest eyes she had ever seen.

When she met his eyes again, he was still smiling that same warm smile. Obviously, he was used to people gawking at him.

“Shall we have afternoon tea then?”

“You’re the boss.” She said

sarcastically.

“Oh no, that I am not. My Lord and Master owns this house and me. I have been in his service since I came here when I was 18. I am still a slave in the eyes of the law. One day I was studying with the sacred guru’s in Guyana to become a wise man myself. The next, I am accosted by soldiers who tell me I am the property of his majesty the King of England. I was shackled and thrown on a massive boat filled with other West Indie people all shackled together. Months later, we arrived to this land and put on display for purchase like cattle. Highest bidder got a slave to do with whatever they wished. Funny to say but I was luckier than most on sale. The auctioneer pushed me to front of the

stage. I can still remember every moment of that life changing experience.

The man bellowed to the audience, "Gentlemen, do not be Fooled by how old Samuel, here looks."

He laughed thinking he was so clever.

"Old Samuel here is actually only 18.

Yes, that is right gentlemen. He's just 18 so he's got young, healthy muscles and stamina of a teen. Says here in my info they took this one with some heathens who believed they were all magic men."

"The auctioneer brayed hard as a donkey when he said it. All of the audience thought he was very clever also and joined in except one man. The man I came to Find out was Sir Reginald.

You could see right away by the way he held himself and how he dressed, he was very wealthy. He looked enraged. He was squeezing one

of his white gloves so tightly in his fist. I envisioned the glove was the auctioneer's throat and wished he would.

Wiping his eyes and catching his breath from laughing so hard at my expense the auctioneer asked, 'Do I have any bids for Old Samuel?' "

"Sir Reginald raised the hand still strangling the white glove and they settled quickly on my price. I was put into his personal carriage and told to wait. I did not mind. It was the softest seat I sat on in months and somehow I knew I was safe."

Old Samuel's misty eyes were staring off, far into the distance, seeing not the room but his wounded past.

"A little while later Sir Reginald climbed in with me. I found out he bought many of

the people on stage with me to be brought back to work in service for him.

After the carriage got moving Sir Reginald looked at me, handed me some bread and hard cheese to eat and said, 'I am truly sorry for the idiocy of my people. I can make no excuse for them. You will often find yourself face to face with men like those in this country.

All I can do is make you my Head Butler at my estate, give you a safe and warm room, three square meals a day. All you have to do is prove to me I did not make the wrong decision about appointing you with such a dignified position. You are a gentle civilized gentleman. I could see that the moment I saw you up there.

Do well as my head butler and I will soon make you my personal valet and give you a regular salary. In the eyes of the law, you will always be a slave and there is nothing I can do

about that. I have tried. There is just too much money to be made with slavery.

As long as you work For me though I can guarantee your safety and promise you the same that I have done with the rest of the workers at my estate. The moment the law changes and I can, I will free you. That is my word. I would hope you would wish to continue working for me out of your own free will but it would never be a demanded. When I heard you studied with the wise gurus of the Indie's I knew you would be the perfect man to have as my personal confidant. Don't disappoint me.' ”

“Sir Reginald was good to his word and in a year's time I was made his personal valet which gave me the freedom to go and do as I please for the most part without question. So you see dear rare one, we are both slaves pretending to be

something else,” said the strange man quietly as he sipped the herbal tea.

“I’m not a slave!” she sputtered.

“You are a slave to your hunger are you not?” Old Samuel said with a sad smile.

Alexandra went silent. Fear forced her heart to skip a beat.

“You are a rare creature indeed child. What’s your name?”

“Alexandra DeReyloncray.”

“Hello dear Alexandra. You may call me Old Samuel. It has been my name since that auctioneer said it. Sir Reginald felt it was fitting to call me it. He said it would make others treat me with more respect. He was right.”

Old Samuel chuckled again.

Alexandra looked at him and said, “Old Samuel, are you like me?”

“Oh no, rare one. I am not like you. I didn't know one such as you existed any longer.”

“Then how did you talk to me in my head?”

“When I was very young I showed signs of ability. The older Folks said it was a gift From God. I was taken to the Gurus to see if I was touched by God as my parents believed. I have the ability to speak with my mind to some and I showed signs of healing with the power of my hands. The guru saw my abilities as clearly as you see me and at once had me move into the temple and begin studying the ways of the mystics.”

“So, I'm a rare kind of supernatural, huh? What else do you know about me?”

“Alas, I have never seen or felt one such as you. I only heard stories From the old ones of creatures who eat human flesh, cannot die and

look human but are not. Sunlight evidently cannot harm you or you would be dead by now.”

Old Samuel gestured to the window that was behind her with the drapes completely drawn back letting in the full effect of the sun into the parlor.

“When I caused you to black out I couldn’t just leave you there. It is against my beliefs. Therefore, I brought you here. I must admit it was partly out of sheer curiosity.”

“Aren’t you afraid I will kill you?”

“Honestly, rare one, I do not believe you will harm me otherwise you would have tried already. In addition, if the sheer presence of a human is all it took for you to kill, then Westminster Abbey should have been littered with dead bodies and it was not.”

He smiled that kind, honest smile again. It made her feel safe and cared for. She

could not remember the last time she was able to
Feel that.

~ CHAPTER 5 ~

A Fight in the pub pulled her From her memories. Disgusted with her memories and the distraction she gave up on the pub. Walking the rotten streets of London, she Felt like a overly wrung out rag. Her body was limp, heavy and Full From the amount of human and gin she had consumed. She wobbled and staggered along the cobblestones. She belched and tasted reminders of her last meal. As she walked the long dark streets of London her thoughts Floated off. She began thinking of her Family.

Alexandra was just a small child when they died but to this day, their tortured souls haunt

her. Around her neck hung the same necklace she always wore. A necklace with four small bones attached. One from each of her family members.

The year was 1666 and Alexandra was a mere ten years old when it happened. Even after all these years, she still remembered every gruesome and horrific detail of her family's murder. The Great Fire of London was engulfing the city. Buildings were burning everywhere around her home. More and more houses were catching on fire and it seemed that God was going to burn London to the ground. All around little Alexandra was the smell of the burning city and the screams were deafening. The smell of charred flesh clung to the air as did the soot. The blazing light from the fire showed all, leaving no secrets to the dark.

Her parents' faces were forever twisted in pain and fear. Her older brother's and her little sister's bodies were ripped apart like rag

dolls. Limb was ripped from limb until even Alexandra could not tell which were which. Their small quaint home looked as if it was ransacked.

The smell of blood, flesh, and soot covered little Alexandra like a second skin. Shaking uncontrollably, she held what was left of her little sisters heads in her lap, rocking and wailing hysterically. She kept stroking the bit of chestnut hair that was left on her sister's skull. Finally, she got herself under control and got up. Screams filled her head and the smell of the fire filled her senses. She was not safe. She had to get away. She had to get away. She had to run far away from there.

Before leaving, she took a pinky toe from each member of her family. That way her family would always be with her, even in death. After that, little Alexandra ran for hours. She had to get far away from there. She had never killed anyone before. In that moment, the realization hit

her very hard. Ten year old little Alexandra had just killed her own Family. She had eaten her little sister's Flesh, drained her parents of all their blood, and had even eaten her older brothers' spleen.

That thought caused Alexandra to stop running and throw up which only made it worse when bits and pieces of her Family came back up. The image of a half eaten ear lying there with the bits of Flesh, bone, and blood of her Family was too much to handle.

Shuttering at that memory Alexandra brought her Focus back to the present and realized she was still Fiddling with her Family's bones around her neck. Looking around she also noticed for the first time that she had walked herself back to her street as if she was on autopilot. Once in her quarters, she laid down hoping her death would be tonight.

Alexandra dreamt of Old Samuel that night. After their first meeting, they would meet for tea once a week. Alexandra cherished their time together. He was kind, insightful, and wise. She liked having someone to talk to about her secret and she could be completely open with him. They hoped their meetings would shed some light on her breed, as they called it. They hoped that with his help, she would find a way to control the beast within or stop it entirely. She would go to him and see if this was the week he discovered something useful in one of his vast amounts of books.

Each time they met, he would say to her,

“Ah Alexandra, always so young and always so beautiful.”

She would reply every time sadly,

“And always deadly.”

“Ahh now, rare one, we must not give up hope. I am sure with time I will find something to control your beast. A beast as powerful as yours will not give up its power easily.”

Alexandra’s dream shifted to another meeting. A bleak and horrible one she wished to forget but never could. The night Old Samuel died. He was 87 years old. Over 50 years had passed since she first met him. He was the only human being she had ever gotten close to since her own family. Alexandra walked over to his sick bed.

This was the part humans always forgot about being immortal, watching the people you care about lose their battle with life. There was nothing she could do to save her only friend. She knew she soon would be walking this earth alone once more. Alexandra knelt by his bed and sniffled back tears.

Old Samuel opened his eyes and looked at her. She could see he was in an extreme amount of pain. She could smell death pouring from his body. Smallpox had claimed another victim. She could hardly talk without crying.

“Ahh, my dear one, Alexandra.” Old Samuel said in a raspy voice still thick with his West Indie accent.

“Don’t cry for me. I had a good life. Much better than most. I got to be personal valet for a kind man who kept his word and freed me. I get to die a happy, old free man. It’s much more than most in this country could say. I am sorry I have to leave you, my rare one. Alexandra, always young, always beautiful and..... always deadly.”

That made her look him in the eyes. In all their years of meetings, he never once called her deadly. It was always her adding that part. Tonight, Old Samuel said it with no malice in his

voice. His eyes were filled with pain and pleading. She knew what he was asking of her. He wanted peace. The peace she would never know. The peace she had always dreamed about. This dear man had never in all their years asked anything of her but tonight was different.

The smallpox had consumed most of him and she could see the pain he was in. She knew his brain would rot before he died. This brilliant wise man would be reduced to a drooling mass. She would not let that happen. Not to her dear friend. Not if she could give him the peace she always wished for herself. She snuffled back the tears that were streaming down her face and smiled at her oldest and dearest friend.

Remembering her Shakespeare she whispered, "Goodnight sweet prince. Parting is such sweet sorrow."

He looked at her and whispered back
with relief,

“Thank you, dear Alexandra. Always
young, always beautiful and always deadly. Good
Night, my dear sweet Alexandra.”

In one swift move she wrapped her
delicate petite hand around his pox-infected throat
kissed his temple one last time and snapped his
neck. All she heard was the bones cracking and Old
Samuel let out the last sigh of his life.

“Safe Journey,” she whispered.

She sat there next to his lifeless
corpse for several hours crying hysterically. Her
only friend in this world was now gone. Alexandra
stood up finally and just stared down at her dear
friend. She kept expecting him to open his eyes and
smile at her. To say something kind and wise. He
would never look upon her with those

compassionate loving eyes again. She had to get out of there.

As Alexandra walked the dirty streets she cared not for time nor for the people around her. The one good thing in her life was gone. By her own hands she had taken the life of the one human she could feel at home with. The one person since her own family.

Alexandra...always young...always beautiful....and always deadly.

His last words echoed in her mind. Always young, always beautiful, always deadly.

Every person she ever cared for was now dead by her own two tiny hands.

***Alexandra... always young...
always beautiful... and always deadly!***

THE VERY DEVIL, HERSELF !

by

Loren Molloy