

“Foot”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 8: “Foot”

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Carnage for the sake of carnage—nothing quite like it. It was absolutely unnecessary, yet when the urge struck, it was best to give in. Wasn't as if he had a conscience to really steer him the other direction, but he usually liked to have a reason for this sort of murder and mayhem.

And being bored was enough of a reason for him.

He ambled forward, one step after another, passing over the bent and broken bodies. Severed limbs littered the floor. An arm here, a foot there. He bit his bottom lip to hold but it failed to hold back his grin. Maybe he'd gotten just a little bit... overzealous with that one. Blood pooled beneath what remained of the torso, spreading out in a uniquely fan-shaped pattern.

“It's like art, in'nit?” he said, laughter in his voice. “I always used to think so. I mean, if you appreciate such things. An' who wouldn't?” Dylan turned his head toward his audience—well, if one person could be considered an audience. The man steadfastly refused to look at him. His eyes were narrowed, focused on the pooling blood just a short distance away from him. His chest rose and fell with rapid breaths, forehead glistening with a sheen of sweat in an effort to contain his anger, his terror.

The soultaker's smile inched wider. “Oh, you're one o' the ones who doesn't share the sentiment? Huh?” The edge of his foot nudged the man's leg. He recoiled and his aura recoiled too, the fear-edges sharp and black.

“You—you're sick. You're--” The words caught in his mouth. Eyes trailed back to the blood. He swallowed hard. “Why? What--?”

This time, his words cut off, literally, when the knife slid expertly across his throat. At least, Dylan assumed he never finished what he meant to say. He doubted the wet, gurgling noise constituted as finishing the question.

“You're the sick one,” he said, after observing the newest corpse and the position it had slumped. “Not havin' a good appreciation for art.” The demon dropped the bloody knife, left it there.

Beauty was in the eye of the beholder, isn't that what they always said?