

Eve was born from Adam's side (although mistranslated works of literature would argue that she came from his ribs) and, like many other women in mythology, is credited for the worst parts of the world. In that way, she opened Pandora's box by eating the apple, dooming the world to suffer.

That Eve existed a long, long time ago.

Eve Ventura, by comparison, was a twenty-six year old author. She did not live in a garden with apples she could not eat; she didn't like apples very much anyways. She lived in an apartment with Mara Omisha, a waitress and long time friend of Eve. Mara was agnostic, and Eve wasn't very religious at all either.

No, Eve was nothing like her namesake, but she liked to stay educated. The mother-of-all-sin Eve served as a reminder of sorts to Ventura, a way to remember not to eat the metaphorical apple. She never took deals that were too good to be true, she always checked herself before she wrecked herself (so to speak), and she never took what she had for granted.

"Eve!" Mara called out, walking into the kitchen. She was sitting by the counter. "Oh, there you are. I'm about to get takeout from that new Italian place, what do you want?"

She pondered it for a moment. "Do they have a margarita flatbread?" she asked, tilting her head slightly to the right. "I can pay you back, of course."

Mara nodded. "They sure do. And don't bother, you bought food last time."

Eve's solitude resumed when Mara left the room to make the call. She looked back at her computer and brushed a few strands of hair out of her face with a dark hand. The first draft of her newest book was positively horrendous and it needed immediate editing, but it was such a boring thing to do. She had never quite liked reading her writing, anyways. It felt off to her. Strange.

Instead of rereading it, she sent the paragraph she was stuck on to her brother and hoped he could provide constructive criticism. It was a lot to ask considering his intelligence (or lack thereof) but Mara was too nice to insult her writing, no matter how bad it was.

Despite her handing off the torch to her brother, she made no effort to get out of her own head. One of Eve's worst traits, in her opinion, was that she thought about everything and nothing and had no way to stop herself.

Thankfully, the doorbell rang and shook her out of her head. She went to get the door, opening it up to find a delivery woman. She had long bleached blonde hair up in a ponytail and her skin was as pale as a sheet of printer paper. Her fingernails were long and bright red. What really captured Eve's attention, however, was her face.

Her smile was a little too wide for her face, her teeth too sharp. Her blood red lipstick was ever so slightly smudged. Her ears were pointed in a way that seemed unnatural. Her irises were pitch black.

Eve smiled. "Uhm, thank you-" she looked for any indication of the woman's name on her and found none- "miss."

The woman slowly handed the bag to Eve, her smile never leaving her face. She did not speak, she just turned and left. Eve closed the door and shook it off. It was more than likely that her sleep deprivation was getting to her.

She took the oddly cold bag and brought it to the counter, placing it down. "Mara, dinner's here," she yelled out.

"I'll be there in a second!" Mara yelled back.

Eve took to removing food from the bag. She pulled out a square white box that held Mara's food (it was aptly labeled 'spaghetti' in black sharpie) and then removed a long black box. When she opened it, it held sausage pizza. Her nose wrinkled- she had been vegetarian for years. She supposed she would keep it for Mara to have another day, and settled for microwaveable ramen.

Mara walked into the room. "Did they screw up your order?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

Eve nodded. "It's fine, though, you can have it for lunch some other day."

"Let me just call them and try to get a refund or something. Hold off on the ramen for a bit, maybe we can get you your order."

"Alright," replied Eve, leaving the ramen pack on the counter. She leaned against the counter with her arms crossed, watching Mara.

Mara tried to call a few times, but it quickly became apparent that something was going wrong. "Why don't I have any internet? Do you have any?"

"Let me check," Eve responded, taking her phone from the counter. "Nope."

"Ugh, whatever. We'll have to tell David."

David was the landlord of their apartment complex, and in Eve's opinion, he was an absolute idiot. He was also insanely creepy. Eve and Mara always tried to stick together to avoid being with him alone. Just the thought of what he might do was enough to ruin Eve's appetite.

"I'm gonna hold off on eating for a bit. Maybe the internet will come back soon," said Eve. "I'm going to my room. Shout if you need anything."

Mara nodded and Eve headed down the hallway for her room. She traced the wall with her hand as she moved, the familiar feeling of plaster sliding beneath her fingertips.

Eve opened the door to her room, taking a deep breath. She was nearly positive that she was going insane, and she did not appreciate it. She plugged her earbuds into her phone and blasted 'Who Can It Be Now?' by Men At Work to try and rid the thoughts from her head. She sat on her bed, slumping over and staring at her phone as the lyrics came and went.

All of the sudden she heard a strange noise. It definitely didn't come from the song- unless a new release had added a piercing scream.

Eve tore out her earbuds and ran out into the kitchen, stopping suddenly when she saw Mara vomiting. It wasn't gross like regular vomit; it was a horrific looking black liquid that seemed to burn and scar her lips as it left. She tried to cover her mouth with her hand, but the liquid burnt straight into her hand.

"What the hell?" Eve shouted, unsure of how else to react. "Get- get your hand off of your mouth, Mara!"

Mara did as she said, retching onto the counter instead. However, Eve's terror intensified when she got a better look at her hand. Not only had the liquid burnt her skin, it had burnt straight through it and left a gaping bloody hole.

Eve could only watch as the liquid started to burn through Mara's neck and lower face, leaving only her gorey bones remaining. She wanted to scream for help or help or do something at the very least, but she felt glued to the floor. Mara's corpse fell to the ground, blood lazily flowing onto the floor.

Eve immediately ran back to her bedroom to get her phone, but it wouldn't turn on. Music still played from her earbuds, although it sounded gross and distorted. Tears raced down her

face as she pleaded with anyone who was listening for her stupid phone to work. The music wouldn't stop, and 'Who Can It Be Now' was banging into her eardrums.

Eventually, she screamed and threw her phone against the wall, hearing how it cracked as it slammed against the plaster and fell to the floor. The music only got louder.

She sobbed and fell to the floor. "Somebody help me," she begged, her voice cracking. "I did nothing wrong!"

A noise cut through the music. It was a slow and purposeful knock on the door. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Like clockwork, it stopped for a few seconds and resumed.

It took about five cycles of that for Eve to pick herself up off of the ground and walk slowly to the door. She brought a baseball bat from Mara's room, ready to strike. She made no move to open the door, she simply stood there with the bat.

A voice began to sing in a language she didn't understand. It was like some creepy sort of lullaby. Eve tried to take a step back, but suddenly she felt sluggish. The music swarmed her like a flood of venomous butterflies, a dangerously beautiful noise that she couldn't help but succumb to. The sudden exhaustion overwhelmed her, and the bat clattered to the ground. She did her best to stay upright but ended up collapsing next to Mara's baseball bat, her heavy eyelids shutting. The last thing she heard before consciousness fully evaded her was the sound of the door opening.

When she awoke, she found herself laying exactly where she had been before. She heard footsteps behind her, but she couldn't move no matter how hard she tried. The footsteps grew closer and eventually the person they belonged to came into her vision looking down at her. Lo and behold, it was David.

He looked like the delivery woman but worse; his eyes were entirely black, his skin ashen, his razor sharp teeth stained with blood. His fingers were long and spindly, and they almost resembled claws in Eve's blurred vision.

"Good morning, sunshine!" David cheerfully said in an inhuman voice. It was sharp and gravelly in all the wrong ways and left a shiver running down Eve's spine.

"What... What do you want from me?" Eve managed to croak, movement returning to her fingers slowly but surely.

David turned his head up towards the heavens and cackled, and it echoed throughout the apartment despite it not previously having good acoustics. "Oh, darling, you're so naïve." He kneeled to the ground and leaned in closer to her face, his breath reeking. "It's not about what I want, it's about what you need."

"I don't need you," Eve vaguely protested, but she didn't have enough energy for it to come out as strong as she had wanted it to. She wanted to push him away and run for the hills, and had to settle for her hand being able to twitch when she wanted it to.

He sighed and rolled his eyes. "You all are so boring. Up," he said, and suddenly Eve's body lurched into the air.

She began to walk with him out of the apartment against her own will, desperately trying to break free from his control. Tears began to roll down her face, and she could do nothing to stop them nor to wipe them away. "What are you doing?"

The hallway was much longer than she remembered, and all of the doors except for one at the end of it had vanished. Light coming from the remaining room flooded the hallway, hurting Eve's sensitive eyes. Whenever she tried to break his control, she felt a sharp stabbing pain in her head.

When they entered the room, Eve could do naught but stare at it in horror and fascination. Tubes holding the bodies of young men and women such as herself lined the walls of the (somehow circular) room. They were preserved in an amber liquid like those bugs from the age of dinosaurs preserved in literal amber. They all looked peaceful, but they were gaunt. They pumped... something into what appeared to be the main tube.

"Now, you're going to be the newest addition to my collection," David sneered, forcing Eve to walk towards the only empty tube. "You were so much stronger than your idiot roommate Mara."

Eve gritted her teeth. She was going to kill him, she was sure of it. She refused not to. "Don't you dare speak her name."

"It's cute that you think you have the power here." Eve was forced to step into the tube. "Now, nighty night. Sleep tight."

The familiar drowsy feeling she had felt before washed over her once again, and took all of her willpower not to give in to the one overwhelming word in her mind: sleep. But she knew that if she succumbed now, she would never wake again. She felt the amber liquid wrap around her like a warm blanket somehow, and her eyes began to shut.

She took one last look at her captor.

Suddenly the liquid felt ice cold and any exhaustion she previously felt disappeared and was replaced by determination. Her body was still moving slowly, but she held her breath and banged on the tube. David looked as though he was deep in thought and didn't seem to hear the commotion.

She banged and banged and banged until finally, the glass began to crack. She pushed forward and it all fell apart. She was washed out by the amber liquid and she wasted no time in recovering.

David was about to say something, but Eve was faster in running for him. She punched him with as much force as she could and relished in the sickening crunch of his nose breaking. She wasted no time in retrieving a metal rod and hitting him repeatedly while he was in shock, going for more sensitive parts of his body. His pitch black blood stained her body and clothing, but a wild smile spread across her face. She hit and hit and hit until she could hit no more, stumbling back to look at what she had done.

David's mangled corpse laid before her, his face completely unrecognizable. She laughed and laughed and laughed and then she cried. She began to scream again, terrified of the two corpses in the building as well as of herself. She didn't know what to do.

She walked back to her apartment and into the kitchen and took out a bottle of wine. She opened it and chugged it all, feeling it burn her throat. It immediately muddled up her thoughts, and she sat by the counter like she had (hours ago? She hoped it wasn't days or any longer) and rested her head on her arms.

Eve was an inch away from sleep when there was excessive knocking on her door. Well, banging. "Police, open up!"

She shot up from her seat, any intoxicated thoughts leaving. She hurried to the door.  
“Oh, thank God you’re here, I-”

“Hands in the air! Get down on the ground!” the policeman yelled. “Or I’ll shoot!”

She immediately did what he said, confused. “Sir, I think there’s been a misunderstanding-”

“We’ve got two corpses on our hands and the woman is acting oblivious. Request for backup,” the policeman said into a walkie-talkie.

Eve silently watched as the police raided her apartment. She was in shock, unable to say a single word.

“Ma’am, you’re under arrest for mass homicide. You have the right to remain silent,” a different policeman began. Eve didn’t bother to listen to him as he listed her rights, deep in shock.

Tears had fallen down her face as she listened to the judge say that she would be given the death penalty. but she was completely calm as she sat in the electric chair.

Her head was shaved, and she drummed her fingers on the armrests of the seat. There was a manic grin on her face, wild and sharp.

There were photographers taking her picture as she sat. They all stayed at a distance, careful not to get too close as though she could harm them somehow.

“Do you have any last words?” a petite woman asked.

“Yes,” Eve said, her wide eyes turning a pitch black. “You will all regret this.”