

# **The Crimson Masquerade**

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*Dresses swirl...music plays...and death lingers amongst the unsuspecting crowds...-Dark-themed Metal and Sparks...-*

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# 1 - The Crimson Masquerade

Boots clicked as a figure descended down the stairway, fingers sliding down the banister as they moved, eyes scanning over the elegant room...dresses swirled and figures moved as they danced to the music the entertainers played. Chatter was quiet as people paired off in groups of twos or threes and talked amongst themselves.

Faces were veiled with masks, all different but hiding their identities all the same...even the person that descended the stairs took on a mask of black, demon wings spreading out on either side of the item. His lord-like appearance was colored sapphire, obsidian and ruby red, which both blended and stood out from the many guests of whom wore darker or brighter medieval clothing.

The lord's eyes, a deep crimson they were, stared uninterestedly at the people as he passed. They all watched him with piqued curiosity, whispering their compliments and questions about the man, their ears perked and the cold chill of his presence caused quills to bristle and hair to stand up on the back of their necks. He walked gracefully, his posture perfect, dominant and strong...it made girls giggle happily and clap their hands as they said great things of the lord.

The lord caught glimpse of a figure watching him from the slits of his mask...he portrayed a Plague Doctor, keeping those around him a distance away as the sight of him. He instilled fear among the others. Everyone eventually grew used to the lord and continued on with their previously hanging conversations, leaving the lord alone.

At that point in time, the Plague Doctor appeared in front of the creature, his boots clicking as he approached, his cane settling beside him. "My lord..." A voice spoke, muffled only slightly by the bird like mask that hid his face. He bowed slightly, before he rose back up, looking up through his crystal glass eyes. "I was wondering if I may share a dance with you."

The lord's blood eyes glanced around at the uncaring others and soon nodded, outstretching a hand. "Fine then." He said calmly as the slightly smaller creature pulled him away...

While they waltzed amongst the others that danced, crimson eyes turned to watch the silhouettes of the other attendants of the elegant masquerade slip by as they danced.

"Anything wrong? You seem....distracted." The black and white clad figure regains his attention as he looked up at him. Ears twitched as the other spoke.

"Someone of mine is here....but I've been unable to find them." The lord said, his gaze returning to the doctor.

"Maybe they are closer then they appear, my lord....but the masks are proving a difficult obstacle to get over." The music ended, and those who danced dispersed so another group could take their turn at the next song. "Many thanks for the dance, but I have matters to attend to...I'll return soon though. Till then." He tipped his hat and left the taller creature before turning on his heel and slipping away, pushing people

with his cane to clear a path for him.

The lord stood there for a few minutes until he was sure that the mysterious person had left...

He watched in silence as whoever had been touched fell to the floor in spasms before they quickly died....

Quickly, panic and horror washed over the crowds of people as they screamed and scattered from the bodies. They chattered quickly, ever increasing in noise. The lord cringed at the sudden change in noise, but he swept through them as if they were nothing. People fell like flies in random directions, causing hysteria as to who would be next.

You could hardly tell how the first had died....

People gathered fearfully in rooms, huddled together and talking as to what happened and what will happen....

It seemed that death itself loomed over the once innocent party.....

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It had been hours since the last death, and the bodies had been removed from the scene to prevent any more panic.

Things somewhat returned to normal, the lord supposed....though people still glanced nervously about for the possible maker of their doom...and they gathered together in larger groups than before...but when fearing for your life, it is supposed the comfort of other individuals would help ease one into calming.

The lord had checked the victims after removing their masks...none of them he knew, so he supposed it was a good thing...

He leaned against a wall and rested, thinking as to the whereabouts of his companion...and this strange figure portraying a plague doctor....

As soon as he had started into deep thought, cries of fear came once again.

'Damn it to hell.' He thought, eyes opening quickly. A majority of the huge crowd lay dead, and only a few remained. The ones who were still amongst the living huddled in fear.

"What is going on here?!"

"I want to go home!" A girl sobbed.

"Me too!"

The lord sighed, growling in irritation...people are annoying and need to shut the hell up and calm down...

The black and white snapped his mind of its hate moment....the plague doctor person...

The doctor's cane had a sharp blade protruding out from the bottom of it, and he chuckled. "It has been a fun party, indeed...but I'm afraid its over now."

Red splattered against the walls, and sickening cracks were heard followed by wet thumps of bodies hitting the floor...

The greyscale creature sharply flicked his cane, removing the blood from it easily. "Do not drink the wine, my lord, if you know what is good for you." He said as the blade hid away in his cane once more. He stooped down for a moment and took something before raising and bowing his head. "My lord...?" He offered a rose, its thorns coating in dark red, its petals untouched by the blood the had been shed.

The lord took it into his hands, and looked at it....

A chuckle escaped his lips, a dark and rather evil tone to it..."As red as the blood itself..."

White gloves slipped up to the lord's mask, and carefully pulled it up, revealing a metallic face of blue and silver. "And as red as your digital eyes...Metal Sonic." Came the amused response.

Bladed fingers were ungloved and soon the bird-beaked mask was removed in return, showing the young face that had hid behind it. "Hmm...I was wondering which one of these guests were you, Sparks..." The android said, flicking the others' hat so it fell from his head and landed on one of the many corpses. "I should've guessed...I just supposed the plague doctor was just some other criminal killing people for kicks..."

"I suppose I could understand that...but was easy to find you in the crowd, Metaru..."

"How so...?"

"Because you always act and dress like one of a higher ranking, such as a lord." Sparks gave a soft smile, before giggling. "And I did have a good intention of killing some of these people....they were the more richer, powerful people of Mobius...a quick way to kill them off and steal their power and money."

Metal nodded in understanding. "And why did you 'invite' me here...?"

"It's no fun not knowing anybody at a party!" Sparks said, clinging to his arm happily. "Besides, I wanted to see if you actually could dance." He grinned.

"Shut up."

"Make me!" Sparks replied. Metal gave an evil grin before he leaned down and kissed Sparks. The boy looked about ready to die. "Okay, you made me. Time to go home now." He tugged on the android's arm....and soon tried dragging him, only to end up on the floor. "Why is it I can carry you but I can't drag you?!" Sparks whined.

"Because I can stop you from dragging me...." The robot pulled the boy back up. "But we can go home now..." He nodded and started heading for the door. "Hold it..." Sparks ran back into the room filled with corpses and soon returned with several heads. "I needed souvenirs..."

"You are a strange, sick little boy..."

"Like you're any better! Now hold up!" Sparks scrambled to catch up with the android. "You walk too fast."

"You walk too slow."

"Shut up or I hit you with one of these heads!"