

Corey's hell started with a fight, screaming until she could feel her lungs give out as Madison threw every insult she could in the redhead's direction. It felt real, raw and full of emotion. The fallout felt like it had been bottling itself up for far too long and her heart shattered as they continuously bickered back and forth. It seemed like Madison hadn't needed to take a breath in what felt like the hours that the two screamed at each other, and in part it was true. She hadn't needed to because she was *dead*. Corey had watched Kyle snuff the light out of her, but at that point she had already been roped into following through with the seven wonders and there was nothing she could do to bring the girl back.

Part of her knew that she needed to walk away and emerge from her descensum as the next Supreme, but the other part of her wanted to let her body wither and stay because— even though it meant she was fighting with Madison for an eternity— at least in this world the blonde was still alive. The scene reset; this time slightly different than before. There was an air of disbelief as Corey sat up, rubbing a bump on the back of her head. Her vision blurred in and out of focus as a figure moved towards her with their face in their hands, shoulders shaking as they sobbed. She stood up, struggling the whole way.

“Madison,” Corey coughed out, the smell of ash pungent as she stepped around the rubble that was left of Miss Robichaux's Academy. “I thought I lost you.” She rushed to the blonde's side, her hands fluttering around the other girl cautiously.

“I did something terrible,” Madison's lip quivered, refusing to meet the redhead's worried gaze. “It was inevitable, but I regretted it every step of the way.”

“What do you,” She stopped for a moment, taking a step back. Something was off, and she didn't like it. Corey took a look around her, the ruin of the Academy she had called home at her feet. “Wait, something doesn't feel right.” She looked back at the blonde, something about her not quite sitting well with her.

“I wish I never met you,” Madison blurted, shaking her head as she continued to refuse to meet the redhead's gaze.

“What? No, Maddie,” Her shoulders fell, the tears that welled in her eyes threatening to fall. “You don't mean that. You can't mean that.” Her voice was soft, a whimper escaping from the depths of her throat.

“I never wanted this. None of it was real, I was just doing my job. I'm mainly sorry that, somewhere along the way, I started to care about you.” Madison smirked slightly as she

finally looked up at the redhead, her eyes void of any emotion. If Corey could compare it to anything, she would have called the girl someone's puppet; a shell of the girl she once was. "I don't care about you anymore, though. No one does." Corey balled her fists, stomping away from the blonde.

"I know it's you, Fiona. Playing one last trick on your way out," She called out in search of the past Supreme but the older woman, along with the scattered bodies of the rest of the coven, was buried under the remains of the Academy below her feet. She knelt down, her fingers brushing against a outstretched palm that lay amongst the mess. The image of Cordelia's face faded into her conscious and Corey pulled her hand away in terror.

"It's just you. You're all alone, and you can burn in hell for all I care." The puppet looked at Corey with a sideways smirk, her head tilted

"Why are you lying to me?" Corey swallowed hard, looking back to the impersonation with a steel glare.

"I'm not lying to you, Corinna. You deserve so much better than me. From the day we met, I knew I'd hurt you eventually. I told you not to get too close to me." Madison's face fell, almost on cue as if whatever had been controlling this shell of a girl had learned what emotions were. It made Corey's heart drop, hearing her name roll off of her girlfriend's tongue with such sorrow. She knew she'd never hear it again after leaving this place so she continued on, just pushing for the little time she could spend with the imitation of the girl she loved.

"How could you do this to me? After everything we've been through? Doesn't my love mean anything? Didn't any of the things I sacrificed for you mean anything?" Her lip quivered as she spoke, her pent-up emotions getting the best of her.

"Sorry, I didn't hear a word you just said." Madison shrugged, examining her nails with a yawn. Corey cracked, her walls breaking as she finally lost sight of the fact that the small, fragile, blonde in front of her was just a ploy within her own hellscape.

"When you died, I screamed, and I cried. I screamed until my lungs hurt too much to take in a breath. I backed out of the seven wonders because I didn't *want* to be the Supreme. And then you had to go and get cocky, and when things didn't go your way you threatened to out the coven. And then Kyle *killed* you, and I *felt* the life leaving your body for a second time. I did the one thing that outed me as the next Supreme and I apparated to your room, though it wasn't a room you spent much time in." Corey paused, shaking

her head as she looked up at the blonde. “You took advantage of me when all I did was help you. The worst part of it all is that I loved you anyway, after everything you put me through.”

“You know what, Corinna? I hope you fucking rot.” Corey stared ahead at the rubble in front of her, numb to the vicious tone being hurled in her direction. Whatever demon or entity that used Madison had clearly done their research because they managed to break her heart more times than she ever thought she could survive.

“You’re a horrible person. I trusted you.” She paused, shaking her head as she tried to take in a shaky breath. “I don’t know who to trust anymore. I wish I had known when we met that you were such a vile person.” Hearing Madison’s voice use her name with a tone so full of venom set her off, the flames of her anger quickly surrounding them both.

“I wish you never trusted me. It’s my fault— though I’ve never been a trustworthy person.” Madison twirled back and forth, the smirk on her lips growing larger as the hurt on Corey’s face showed more and more.

“No,” Corey scoffed, closing her eyes for a moment to regain her composure. “I wanted so badly to think that you were different. You can’t tell me you didn’t care, not after everything. I would have done anything for you. What on earth is worth betraying someone who loves you?” Corey’s chest shook violently with every sob she held in.

“I *did* care about you; I just had no other choice. None if it was real, but I wish it was. If I could go back, I would just walk away. I didn’t want it to be like this, but I had no control!”

“So, this truly was all just a *job* to you? Why me? Of all people, *why me?*”

“Do you think I liked hurting you? I did it because I had to, not because I ever wanted to. I hurt people. It’s all I’m good at. You should have walked away when you had the chance.” Madison took a threatening step forward, the rubble of their home crunching under the heels of her boots.

“Can you shut up for once in your life?” Corey spat, one of her hands flying upward to run through her hair.

“If we had never met, it would have saved us both some grief. I told you to leave me, but you wouldn’t. I gave you the chance! I guess this is a lesson in not trusting people, right?”

Madison let out a dry laugh, shaking her head as her hands bounced against her hips in frustration.

“Leave! Me! Alone!” Corey cried out, using her free hand to wipe her face. Her knees buckled underneath her, threatening to give way at any moment.

“Do you even still love me? Like, truly?” Madison tilted her head, the accusation in her voice very much evident.

“You know what? Forget it,” the redhead dropped her hands to her sides, shaking her head as her bottom lip jutted out slightly. She rolled her jaw, refusing to make eye contact with the blonde in front of her. “Just forget it! You’re a fucking asshole and I don’t owe you a damn thing.” Corey turned on her heels, beyond ready to find her door out of her own hell.

“That’s right be angry. Anger is better than tears, better than grief. Better than the guilt you hold inside of you every day for not stepping forward and ending Fiona’s reign before she could snuff out the light in me.” The hellscape Madison transmuted directly in front of the redhead, her arms crossed in front of her chest as her hip jutted out in a condescending manner. In any other scenario, Corey would have found the dominant stance attractive. She scoffed, shaking her head as she turned away from the blonde once again.

“Oh, so now I killed you? Fuck you, dude.” It was then that Corey’s eyes locked onto the shadow of the puppet master in the corner. She took a step forward, trying to get a better look at the man that hid in the dark. “You,” She yelled out, flexing her fingers outwards to guide the flames in his general direction. The path around her lit up and she could see him clearly.

The long blonde hair. The black turtleneck. The red satin scarf. The black velvet trench coat that sat over the black velvet suit. Something about him was all too familiar, but she couldn’t put her finger on it. The man stood with his fingertips pressed together in thought, his eyes not leaving Corey. When he pulled his hands apart, she heard the thud of Madison’s body hitting the fragments of the Academy behind her. She turned quickly, dropping to her knees as she yelled out, picking up the lifeless body of her girlfriend. She screamed until her throat bled, closing her eyes as she threw her head back.