

## CASCADE

The 16th of July, a few seconds into 4:36PM.

A shared sense of vigor flourished throughout the coffee place's customers.

Split into small groups of one, two, some even five or more, each fixated neatly on their own occupation. Studies, conversation, the raw enjoyment of thoroughly refined java - multitudes of reasons, all collected into a single place, yet split up in tiny circles.

A harmonious atmosphere, filled with life.  
Created with this exact image in mind.

"I'm sorry, could you pass me the milk behind your counter?"

Beaming a kind smile, one of the customers engaged in conversation with a barista.

"Oooh, I'm sorryyy! We're totally ouuut~"

"Oh, okay, that's cool, that's cool! I'll just add some cream instead!"

The young man offered reassurance, unwillingness to cause an issue. And a friendly "Thanks for understanding~" signaled his reward.

Seamlessly flowing into the atmosphere, the young man seated himself on a well-cushioned armchair.

Then, he leaned back and relished in the serenity.

Someone tapped his chair.

"Hey man, if you still need some milk-"

A slightly older looking man directed attention to himself as he unpacked a short rectangle from his backpack.

"-I brought my own. The kind they serve here is sorta icky, sooo, if you wanna..."

His kindness was appreciated.

"Oh- thanks man!"

And the box of milk accepted.

"I was just about to add cream; good thing you came first!"

An earnest grin coloring his face, the younger man's gaze traipsed left and right.

"... Uh, wanna have a seat? Since you don't have one and all..."

"Sure, sure! Thanks bro!"

In a fluid movement, the older man sat down and embraced a handshake.

"X!" exclaimed the younger one.

"Y! Nice to know ya." replied the older.

As the dark drink turned gradually more beige and thick,  
**Something sinister roused.**

the clicking of keyboards and pens flowed along gently. A nigh flawless stream.

"Pretty locale, right?"

"Totally," X confirmed, "I come here at least once a week. The

Latte's always welcome--"

"-if they have the milk, right?"

"Hahaha! Right!"

Their laughter unified over the quirky remark.

"Take a sip, dude!" the older one said as his palm opened flat toward the makeshift brew. "Soy's my fav' kinda milk. You'll be floored."

With an almost childlike nod, X tilted his cup to ingest a large gulp of his lukewarm coffee.

Immediate repulsion resulted.

Even suppressing it as much as possible, the young man could not hide his grimace over the biting, acidic taste.

"...

... You don't like it?"

X's still brimming face panicked. As he swallowed the final bit, deflecting seemed the best option.

"Oh, nonono, not at all! I just--"

"It's cool dude, don't worry. Soy's not everyone's type."

Y tried to dismiss his new acquaintance's reaction - nonetheless unable to hide a tinge of disappointment.

"Sorry- guess I don't like soy, I just never really tried it before..."

"Hey it's cool, really. You can disagree with my taste, dude. Don't sweat it."

**"NO. THAT WILL NOT DO."**

The story had changed.

—

After twenty-seven seconds of slightly awkward basking in the store's mood, Y formed a frown.

**A dam that was not there before began to crumble.**

**As suddenly as it appeared, it burst.**

"... But, y'know. You could've at least pretended to like it." Confusion.

"... What? Sorry, but you said it was okay, right?"

"Yeah, but it's still disrespectful."

The air turned colder.

"Wh- what?? I- you said it was alright to disagree, right?? People have different tas--"

"Yeah, I damn well know what I said, dude. It's about how you didn't even try to hide it. Sitting there with your stupid-ass brimming face, obviously hating it. How 'bout just showing some damn gratitude?"

"I-it's just soy m--"

**"IT'S ABOUT YOUR DAMN REACTION, DUDE."**

Y shot up from his seat, looming above his associate as his

index pushed against his temple.

"HOW OFTEN DO I GOTTA REPEAT IT FOR YOUR DENSE ASS."

X, in turn, checked his surroundings in total disbelief.

"C-can you stop calling me dumb and stupid??"

Humans smile when they are either amused or mentally overwhelmed.

A fact that not everyone's aware of.

"... A-are you actually fucking *smiling*?? I just told you how I feel, what the *FUCK* is your problem???"

**Aggression boomed. The entire coffee place now fixated on the two's** unreal, uncomfortable confrontation.

Not a single customer followed his workflow anymore.

"... L-look man, can't we just agree to disagree? I *really* didn't mean to hurt you, plea--"

"**Fuck** that. Apologize."

Y's eyes loaded with vile intentions.

Three seconds of nothing.

An atmosphere so delicate, one could forever scar it with a mere butter knife.

"... I'm really so--"

"NO."

"Honestly, dude? Just shut the fuck up. I don't fucking care for your apology."

Bewilderment followed suit.

"-but you ju--"

**CRASH.**

The store's tunes drowned out by the sound of flesh hitting flesh.

**Y** darted his palm over **X's** cheek, effectively reddening it.

**Blunt pain** washed over the shore.

"I told you to shut the fuck up."

Two more seconds vanished.

Crimson leaked from his jowl into his head, and then, directly into his eyesight.

**"TALK IS OVER."**

**The second dam broke.**

Another crash, another reddened surface.

X leapt from his own seat to deliver a smack to his opposite - this time however right in the middle of his face.

It took no mere second until this attack was answered by yet another one - this time, perpetuated with a proper fist. The older man rammed it into his opponent's throat, sending him back onto the seat - and even beyond, the floor.

Voices interspersed, as bodily juices gushed.

"HEY! I'M HERE WITH MY CHILD!!"

The mother's child stared aghast, as his brain struggled to repress the violence. She herself underwent hysteria.

"STOP!! STOP IT, PLEASE!!"

Total disinterest reigned over the cries of the public. The rapids of the broken dams drowned out all surroundings. Unquenchable rapids.

In a not quite determined amount of seconds, the confrontation turned into an irreversible brawl.

**A brawl to witness blood.**

**Only blood could satisfy this inhuman thirst.**

"Guys, guys, guysguysguysguys."

A barista physically threw himself between the savages.

He assumed that this was still a mere quarrel.

He did not understand that they had become carnivores.

**"MORE."**

**One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.**

In ten seconds, they struck their mediator a cumulative amount of seventeen times.

His ribcage shattered.

His face was pouring body fluid.

Small to large cuts sowed his remaining body.

Quietly curled up, he whimpered.

They brutalized him.

The crowd gazed on, in absolute terror.

**The point of no return.**

—

As the carmine beasts readjusted their sights to each other, Y chose to lift a table, carrying legs of adamant iron. Entirely unaware of his surroundings, the large beam of metal jolted across a seated customer's chin, pulverizing it in an instant.

**Fresh nectar accrued.**

Intervention had died forty-four seconds ago, as the shop worker formed into a monolith of horrid passion.

The mass had long started to squeal wildly. Despite frenzied efforts, they were **not allowed to leave.**

It would be the mutilated customer that would intrude the pair's violent drive.

**No - he would add his own.**

The unhinged, gushing jaw took grip onto another onlooker's shoulder. Fractured, razor teeth bore deep into the skin, piercing it more rapidly than the victim could even wail out in sheer agony and trauma.

As he shot his scalp backward, there was now a large chunk of

flesh missing. Open muscle and a lively red spring filled its place.

**"MORE!"**

**Dams cracked in every direction. Lust filled the air.**

The original agitators kept launching the establishment's massive furniture, aiming for each other but indifferent toward casualties. Six people, caught in the disturbing, unnatural sight, were lathered by the hefty tables and chairs. The amount of scarlet geysers coating the room's floor kept increasing.

Four seconds later, the impaired hoisted these iron tormentors to burst further liquid.

**The intention to kill permeated its victims like a vicious cancer.**

**Steadily conducted, it crushed them like monstrous waves.**

**"DESTRUDO!!"**

**Something sinister celebrated in ecstasy.**

A woman dug her nails into her husband in an attempt to rip his head clean off, while a young student was hammering his childhood friend's face into the marble floor. All trauma faded from the child's vision as he partook in the beautiful violence, biting into his own mother's flesh.

The inciters craved to dismember each other more than anything else, handling shards of a broken painting's glass frame. While neither of them claimed dominance in melee, their slicing soon spilled red and blanketed them entirely in the liquid of life.

Skulls opened, bones fissured, wounds crevassed.

The rapids flowed into each other.

A collective, seething waterfall.

**"DESTRUDO!!!"**

**Something sinister reached its climax.**

And then, the first currents started to vanish.

The 16th of July, 4:44:00PM.

A motionless sea.

Drowned in a shimmering scarlet, the crowd faced utter annihilation.

A split second ago, X laid his final breath, gazing into a luminary's burgundy light as his guts spilled out.

Y was entirely submerged in a pile of his own flesh, having sealed his eyes forevermore merely a few more ticks ago.

All sound left came from the pattering of red rain, perpetuated by a wide ceiling fan.

A harmonious atmosphere, filled with death.

**"THE END OF LIFE."**

**Something sinister concluded, still heaving.**

**His pen was glazed in ink. Another product of his libido.**

**“NOW...  
I MUST CREATE AGAIN.”**