

Toxic

Von CP

Prolog:

You made your choice.

The hoarse voice of the madman whispers over and over in his head.

He can not forget his crazy laugh.

It's hunting him. It's burning him from the inside. And it won't leave him alone!

Closing his eyes didn't help. It makes it even worse, if that is possible.

They told him to rest, but how could he?

It is his fault.

He was the leader. He should have known. He should have done something...anything.

Now it's too late.

And the voice in his head just wouldn't stop.

You made your choice.

The terrible laugh continued. It's sucking the last bit of sanity that is left out of his brain.

Sitting in the safety of his pitch-black room Kaldur'ahm curls up with his knees pressed tightly against his chest.

He didn't even notice when he slowly starts to rock back and forth, trying to soothe his tense nerves.

"It is my fault. I made the choice."