

Sleepyhead

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Eve looked down at her body.

“Great.”

At least there wasn't blood this time. Her body laid on the side walk, fast asleep. Her head rested on her left arm – no doubt it had broken the fall and prevented a wound. A steady breathing told there was still life in her.

Eve looked up and down the street. Of all the places for one of the spells to hit her. It wasn't a good neighbourhood. Many of the buildings were abandoned and barely half of the street lights were functioning.

“Damn Johnny,” Eve muttered to herself and crossed her arms to hug herself. She'd gone out with her boyfriend and there'd been an argument. Instead of staying in his car she had stepped out and decided to walk home. Johnny had not even tried to talk her in to getting back in, but instead had driven off tyres screeching.

She crouched and tried to touch her body, but it hadn't worked on previous attempts and this time was no different. Her hand sunk through her shoulder as if she were nothing more than a hologram trying to interact with the real world. Being a hologram might have been preferable to her current situation.

At least then other people would see her.

Now, she was an invisible ghost to others. What caused the spells was a complete mystery. The best diagnose the doctors had come up with was some form of narcolepsy – which was understandable given that her body seemingly fell asleep – but that completely disregarded her ghostly form. She could walk through walls and eavesdrop on other peoples conversation and when her body finally woke up she could tell those people what they had been talking about.

But right now she worried more about what would happen to her body.

The street remained empty and the hope of her waking up without anyone coming by started to spark to life. It was a warm night so freezing to death wasn't a concern, even though she only had on a tank top and blue jeans.

A car turned onto the street. It rolled on slowly until near her and then came to a halt. For a moment it stood in place, engine running, its occupant seemingly bewildered at the unconscious woman on the ground. The engine shut down and a man emerged from the vehicle.

He was clean shaven. Streaks of grey ran through his well groomed hair. Eve kept a close eye on him as he came closer and reached down to shake her body by the shoulder.

“Please don't be a pervert,” she muttered to herself and looked on as the man tried to figure out what was wrong with her.

“Miss, are you all right?” he asked and gave her body a more vigorous shake.

“I'm fine. Just trapped outside my body,” Eve replied even though she knew he couldn't hear her.

The man repeated the question before standing up from the crouch and looking around. It made Eve shudder. It wasn't the sort of look you made to see if there was anyone around to help. No. It was the kind you made to be certain there were no witnesses.

“Don't you dare try anything,” said Eve and watched on defiantly as the man reached into his pocket. He pulled out a syringe.

“No. Fuck you! Don't you dare to anything!”

Her pleas had little effect as the man grabbed her arm and looked for a vein. A moment later the syringe was pushed in and what ever content it had pumped to her veins. She tried to hit the man as he hoisted her body up in his arms and headed for the car. If it had any effect, the man did not show it.

He opened up the trunk and gently placed her body inside it.

“This isn't happening, this isn't happening,” Eve muttered to herself in a panic. She looked around, but there was no one around. The only things looking on the street were the empty windows of the abandoned houses.

“How do I follow him?” she asked herself.

Eve cried out in frustration and walked through the cars passenger side door. The man had shut the trunk and made his way to the drivers side. He looked around once more to ensure no one had seen him before taking a seat. He put the gear on drive and the car started to roll onward.

To Eve's surprise she went along with it. Though she couldn't take a seat, the floor under her feet didn't give way, so she could stand there, head going through the roof of the car. She crouched down and stared at her captor with murderous eyes.

“I swear. If you do anything to my body, I will haunt you to your grave.”

Having given her ultimatum to the man, she focused on keeping an eye on where they were going. If she ever woke up, that would be much needed information.

The man turned the radio on.

Country music.

“I should kill you just for making me listen to that,” muttered Eve and glared at the man. He started humming with the song. He had just picked up an unconscious girl from the side walk, stuck her with who knows what and stuffed her in the trunk of his car. There was no sign of any sort of nervousness from him. It was as if it was just another day for him.

Eve on the other hand was borderline losing it. She wasn't the type to cry and sob when things got tough, but at that moment she felt like crying. Who knew what more the man had planned for her and all she could do was watch.

He wasn't a threatening looking guy. Maybe fifty years old. The sort you'd expect to see greeting you when you visited your boyfriends parents the first time. A family man with a kind face. A fatherly feel to him.

They drove for a fair bit, moving from the abandoned part of the city to more populated areas and then to an abandoned industrial zone. The longer the drive went the worse Eve felt about it all. When the car came to a halt at an abandoned looking industrial structure she knew her body was in real trouble.

The man climbed out and popped open the trunk. He grabbed her still unconscious body and headed for a side door. Eve wasn't far behind, though she glanced around nervously. It wasn't the sort of place where other people would stumble upon. Privacy was virtually guaranteed. What ever the man had planned for her body it was unlikely outside help would come and put a stop to it.

She hesitated the closer she got to the building. There was a vibe coming from it. Something horrible had happened there. Had she been in her body she would not have noticed a thing, apart from the scary look any abandoned building developed over time. In her present state she could tell it was a place that should have been avoided.

Something scurried in the shadows. A rat? Eve looked around, feeling even

more nervous. Nothing stirred in the dark corners.

She steeled her mind and pushed on.

The door led to an open area. Dust covered yellow windows barely let in light to see a few feet. She looked on as the man put her down on the floor and returned to the door. The sound of a heavy lock clicking in place further crushed any hopes of outside rescue. A flip was switched and overhead lights flickered into being, illuminating a path through the darkness. He returned to her body and hoisted her up in his arms. He walked further inside the building, following the lit path to what looked like an abandoned office area.

Another door was opened, a light lit to reveal a corridor lined with doors. The man pushed open a door and turned on a light. Hesitantly, Eve followed him in.

The room was tiled from floor to ceiling. There was a shower that had a bathtub underneath it. A dirty looking toilet sat next to it. Just looking at it made Eve shiver.

The man had put her down on the floor, next to the bathtub. He was looking down at her with a smile.

“What are you planning?” asked Eve.

The man knelt down and started to undo her belt. Her jeans were pulled away along with her shoes.

“No! Don't you dare!” Eve shouted and swung a clenched fist at the man's head. It had no effect, but she continued to do it anyway.

The man pulled off her shirt. For a moment he stopped to take in the sight of the young woman in front of him. A black bra and panties were the only thing hiding her nakedness. A shaky hand started to reach for her breasts.

“No! No!” Eve kept swinging.

“No, no. Bad Bernie,” said the man and pulled away his hand. “No touching the dirty. Must clean first. Clean first. Always clean first.” His voice had a frightening passion to it. Very carefully the man reached to remove the last pieces of clothing from her body. Then he stood up and started to fill the tub with water.

Eve calmed herself down and observed as the man – Bernie it was – went to a box stashed under the sink. He pulled out candles and started to place them on the edge of the bathtub. By the time the water had filled it, the entire room was

alight by candles.

Had the situation been any different it might have been a romantic gesture. As it stood it made everything creepier.

Bernie hoisted her body up and gently lowered it into the water. He rummaged through the box a bit more and pulled out what looked to be a sponge along with some soap and shampoo.

"You've got to be kidding me," Eve muttered and looked on in disbelief as the man started cleaning her. The sponge ran over her bare breasts, down between her legs and up again. Bernie used a large plastic container to pour water over her hair before applying the shampoo.

"Mm, that's good. You'll be clean soon enough," Bernie muttered and continued to bathe her. "Don't you worry. Bernie will take good care of you. Laying on the street like that. No place for a girl like you." He stroked her wet hair and leaned in to smell it. "Perfection."

Eve shuddered and looked away. She contemplated leaving. There wasn't much she could do besides watch and that was self torture at this point. At the same time the thought of leaving her body behind had her instincts crying out in terror. What if she woke up and missed something important that had taken place? A key to her escape?

"You just wait there for a moment, sweetie. Bernie will be right back to make you pretty."

Eve watched the man leave the room. She went over to her body. "Come on. Wake up!" She tried to slap herself, but her hand went through like it was air. She hated the serene expression on herself. Her body knew nothing of what it was going through. Nothing of the danger.

A noise from the door had her spinning around.

It wasn't Bernie.

A black blob, the size of a soccer ball, slithered in through the cracked door. One moment it had a leg sticking out, the next it was a smooth orb once more. The face of a child appeared only to melt back in a moment later.

A Deathling.

Eve didn't know their real name. It was just what she had come to call them.

She'd seen them the first time a spell had hit her. They'd been slithering around in the hospital, drawn to the people closest to death. That one was here, apparently drawn from hiding by her body, was not a good sign. They had never paid much attention to her.

She'd avoided them best she could. They were unnerving to watch.

“Shoo. Go away. There's nothing here for you.” Eve waved her hands at the thing. It stopped. The head of a dog appeared and sniffed the air before disappearing. She could have sworn hearing a low growl. The black blob slithered out of the room.

Eve let out a sigh of relief. Whether the Deathling or Bernie was worse, she was uncertain. While Bernie might take her life, the Deathling might take away something no human could. Something that could not be replaced.

The door opened wider as Bernie came back in. He was dragging a chair behind him along with a few boxes piled on it. He set the chair a good way from the bathtub. As Eve got a better look at it, she saw the restrains. One for each hand and leg.

She watched the man hoist her body from the tub and positioned her on the chair. Water dripped to the floor. He grabbed a towel from one of the boxes and started drying her off. Here and there his hand would linger to caress the bare skin.

“You sick bastard,” Eve muttered as a breast was fondled. “I hope you rot in hell. I'll fucking drag you there myself. I'll roast you over the fires until you scream for mommy like a little baby.” She leaned in to whisper in the man's ear. “I'll rip your balls off and feed them to you.”

Bernie continued his work without pause. He tossed aside the towel and strapped her into the chair. The metal restrains looked strong and they didn't leave much room to wiggle around.

“There you go, sweetie. All tucked in. Now it's time to make you pretty.” Bernie grabbed another box and started laying out items from it. There was lipstick, nail polish – everything a woman could want to get the perfect make-up. He grabbed a nail file and went to work on her fingers.

“Not too much, Bernie. Not too much. They need to be long enough. Sharp

enough.”

Eve shook her head.

“What's with the make-up, Bernie? Seen too many horror movies? You think every sick psycho has to do something like that?” There was no response from the man. She watched him paint her nails red and apply what even she had to admit to being a classy make-up.

“There. All pretty, princess,” said Bernie and admired her for a moment. He then packed everything back in their boxes before walking behind the chair. He grabbed it by the back, tilted it slightly and started dragging it with him towards the door. The legs scraped the floor, but he moved it easily.

“Yes. Time to join the others. They will be happy to have a new friend. You'll like them. Don't worry.” The man muttered and continued pulling her body along.

The mention of others had Eve curious and horrified. From the way Bernie worked it should have been obvious she wasn't the first one to encounter his treatment, but she had assumed they would have been disposed of by now. If he kept them around, alive, then there was still a chance to make it out without losing everything. At the same time she had to wonder what sort of horrors those captive had gone through at the man's hands.

She followed him along the corridor, past several more doors, until they arrived at the end of the hallway. There was a heavy metal door that Bernie unlocked and pushed open. Eve went through it ahead of time, but the area behind it was dark and she could not see anything before Bernie flipped a switch.

A single light lit up, highlighting a small pedestal.

Eve could see Deathlings scurrying to get out of the light. There were a lot of them. She could see them moving at the edge of the light. With little hesitation she made her way to the light. It seemed to keep the creatures away. She shuddered to think she had walked into the dark room without even being aware of them. Who knew what they could have done to her.

Bernie dragged the chair up to the pedestal and positioned it right at the centre of it. He then disappeared into the darkness for a moment before returning with equipment for some intravenous therapy.

“What are you going to pump into me?” asked Eve while Bernie was busy

searching for a vein in her arm. She took a gander at the pouches hanging from the metal pole, but the names meant nothing to her. She suspected it was to keep her unconscious and maybe ensure she didn't die of hunger.

“There. All done. It wasn't so bad, was it?” asked Bernies and gently stroked her hair. He'd attached the lines and what ever was in the bags was now flowing into her veins. “Now that you have food it's time to meet your room mates.”

Bernied stepped off the pedestal and wandered into the darkness. A brief moment later more lights lit up, revealing more pedestals, each with a chair. None of them were empty.

More Deathlings scurried to the darkness. Eve shuddered. There had to be hundreds of them, swarming around like a nest of cockroaches. So distracted she was by them that she completely missed the figures strapped to the chairs. It wasn't until Bernie walked through her that she snapped awake.

“See. This is Carol,” said Bernie and stopped by the nearest pedestal. A woman with dark brown hair sat there, naked as Eve was. She had the same sort of arrangement of pouches and lines to her veins. It was obvious she had been there for a while. The first signs of her body wilting away were starting to be obvious.

“She was my newest before you came. We had so much fun. I liked her voice. The way she begged was so sweet. The look in her eyes when I tied her to the bed. And so clean. Always clean. She loved the baths.” His voice had grown emotional. “A shame it has to end. It's time for her to wear the final dress.”

He pulled out a knife and stepped onto the pedestal. Eve gasped for breath when he slit the woman's throat and blood started to flow down, covering her entire body in a dark red. It was only then that she took a good look at the rest of the chairs. All the women in them had their throats cut in the same manner, their bodies wearing a dress of dried blood.

Eve felt sick. Had she been in her own body it might have meant something, but in her current state it was nothing but a feeling. There was nothing to vomit for an intangible being like her. At the same time she was thankful for not smelling anything. The dead corpses can't have smelt pleasant.

Bernie leaned in to give Carol's forehead a kiss. He licked his lips. “Farewell,

Carol.”

He stood there and watched the blood flow, ever slower.

As horrified as Eve was over the sight, it wasn't fear that dominated her feelings. It was anger. Anger at the fate of the girls in the room. Over her own fate. She refused to accept that it would end for her like it had for the others.

“You're not going to get me Bernie!” she promised and went to her body, once more attempting to return to it. It didn't work.

“I'll let you rest tonight, princess,” said Bernie as he returned to Eve's pedestal. He gave her a smile. “Tomorrow we'll get to know each other better.”

Eve glared at him. Then she panicked as he started towards the door.

He'd turn out the lights!

She followed him, not wanting to be left in the dark with the Deathlings. For now it looked like her body was safe. If the man truly went to bed then there would be nothing threatening her.

Bernie turned off the lights and closed the door once more. He then walked the corridor for a brief stint before turning to one of the doors and entering. Eve followed him. It was a small room with a bed and cupboard for clothes. She watched him get ready for bed and fall asleep. For some reason he slept with a light on. Maybe he feared the dark.

Having been ensured the man was fast asleep, Eve left to explore where she had been brought to. She tried to avoid the dark places, which limited what she could explore inside the abandoned building. There wasn't much there to see anyway, besides dust and abandoned machines, the place was empty. Most of the place looked like no one had been there in a decade.

On the outside there was nothing of interest either. She tried to find signs of life from near by buildings, but they all looked as abandoned as the one Bernie had brought her to. No one from the outside was going to stumble upon the place and interfere with his plans. He had chosen his place of hiding well.

Everywhere she went, the Deathlings were never far away. She could hear them making noises, scurrying around in the shadows. It was unnerving. More than once she had to hasten her pace to gain distance to some that looked to be too interested in her. It made her wish she could grab even a rusty pipe to fend

off the things if they got too close.

In the end she couldn't do much exploring. She didn't dare enter rooms that were dark and Bernie had not left many lights on. Feeling defeated, she returned to where her captor was sleeping. The one benefit of being out of her body was that she didn't get tired. She watched the man sleep, plotting ever more painful ways to rob him of his life.

She was startled when the man snapped awake. A few seconds later an alarm clock went off. She watched him do his morning chores and get dressed.

“What are you up to, Bernie? Going to work?” she asked when the man grabbed a briefcase and put on a coat. She followed him to the room where the pedestals were. She shuddered when he walked over to her body and gave it a kiss on the forehead.

“I'm off to work, honey,” said Bernie and smiled. “Don't worry. We'll have fun tonight.” He checked the bags feeding her before leaving. Eve followed him out to his car and rode along like she had the previous night. The industrial area was soon behind them and the car headed towards a residential area. Finally, Bernie turned to a parking lot.

“You've got to be fucking kidding me,” said Eve and glanced at the man with a horrified expression. He got out of the car with a smile on his face, humming like he'd just driven to work after eating a breakfast made by his loving wife.

“Good morning Mr. Holden.”

“Good morning Cassy,” said Bernie to the child running past him. Her backpack bounced around her back, not being fastened tight enough. She joined the stream of children making their way to the school building.

“You're a fucking teacher?” demanded Eve as she followed him inside. She watched the children greet the monster with smiles and affection. They clearly liked him. She followed him straight into a classroom that was slowly filling with students. Third graders.

“Good morning class,” said Bernie. He'd set his briefcase down next to his desk and pulled out some books. The children greeted him in unison.

“All right. Let's do roll call,” said Bernie, but stopped when a single hand was raised.

“Yes, Thomas?”

“Who's the lady, Mr. Holden?”

“What lady?”

“The one standing next to you.”

Eve couldn't hide her surprise. Bernie looked around, straight through her before turning back to the young boy who had asked the question. “There's no one here, Thomas.”

Eve felt a glimmer of hope. She walked over to the boy. His gaze followed her. It was obvious he could see her. Bernie started the roll call, satisfied the matter had been settled.

“Kid, you can see me?” Eve crouched next to the boy and looked him straight into his green eyes. He nodded.

“Thomas!”

“Here,” the boy turned away from her and focused on listening to the teacher.

“Thomas, listen to me,” said Eve, but the boy didn't turn to look at her. “You have to tell someone. Your teacher, Mr. Holden, he's a bad man. He has done some horrible things and he's holding me captive. He's going to do bad things to me. You have to tell someone. Tell your parents. Another teacher. Please. You have to help me.”

She explained everything to the boy; her name, what had happened, where she had been taken, details that would help him convince he was not making things up. The kid gave no indication he was listening to anything but his teacher, but Eve had to hope he would tell someone and remember what she had told him.

Just as she had finished telling the important bits to him she found herself back in her own body. She had woken up.

The smell of death made her gag. Her throat felt dry. After a few blinks she could see in the dimly lit hall. She felt light headed. She tried to move, but her limbs didn't react to her brain giving them instructions. Panic hit her. She looked down at her hands and tried to move them. It wasn't the restraint that kept her in place. Her body didn't listen to her at all.

She let out a frustrated scream. It echoed in the industrial hall. She had no hope of anyone hearing it, but she cried and yelled until her throat hurt. She tried to get her body to move, but it was to no avail. Her screams turned into sobs as the sun went across the sky and the room grew dimmer. Finally she heard a door open and slam shut. It made her go silent and listen. She heard the footsteps.

“Oh, you're awake,” came the voice of Bernie from the darkness. The spotlight above Eve was lit and the man walked into view. He smiled at her and she returned a look of defiance and murderous intent.

“My, my. No reason to look so grim, princess,” said Bernie and stepped up to the pedestal. He reached out and caressed her cheek. She tried to get away, but there was not much space for her to move around in the restraint. Given that she could only barely move her head she had to wonder what the man had been injecting her with.

“Tell me, what's your name?” Bernie stood in front of her, looking down.

“Eve.” She was reluctant to give it, but she figured there'd be more trouble for her if she said nothing.

“Eve,” said Bernie and looked like he was tasting the name as if it were wine. He nodded. “I like that name. Yes, very much.”

“Let me go,” Eve demanded even though having witnessed everything she had she doubted the man would heed her request. “Please. You don't have to do this.”

Bernie chuckled. “You always beg, but it never works. No. You will stay. You will be mine. We are going to have fun tonight.” He leaned and gave her forehead a kiss before starting to remove the drips going into her veins. He then tilted the chair and started to drag her behind him. She knew where she was being taken as soon as they entered the corridor. It was the room with the bed.

She was right and as soon as they entered the room Bernie went to work on removing her restraints. Her first instinct was to move, to run away, but her body still refused to listen to her. All she could do was watch as the man hoisted her off the chair and onto the bed. Her hands were quickly tied to the bedposts as were her legs. A hand groped her breasts. She could still feel which made her

wish the stuff used on her had been more potent and dulled her senses as well.

She took in heavy breaths and watched Bernie step away. He started to take off his clothes. Eve knew what was coming and that there was nothing she would be able to do to stop it. When he climbed on top of her she turned her head away. His hot breath hit her cheeks.

Eve was startled when a Deathling popped in view from the edge of the bed. It was the first time she had seen one while in her own body. It was a distraction she sorely needed. She focused on the black blob instead of what was happening to her body as best she could. It moved next to her arm and the head of a dog formed on it. It gave her a look. Then it bit down on her arm.

She screamed.

“That's it, bitch. Scream,” muttered Bernie and continued to violate her.

The Deathling ripped at her arm. Eve could feel herself being pulled from her body. One strong tug later and she was out. The screams of her body died down. She was looking down on Bernie still humping her limp body. The Deathling had moved with her and was gnawing at the arm of her ethereal form. It didn't hurt, but she could feel something was being taken from her and replaced with something else.

“Get off me,” she reached to grab the Deathling, but it let go and dropped to the floor. It immediately attacked her leg and started chewing it. Eve kicked it away. It let out a yelp like sound and moved to attack her again. A second Deathling joined it. A third one was slithering in from under the door, followed by a fourth on the side of the door. Eve felt panic strike as two of them attacked her legs together.

She tried to fight them off, but every time she managed to detach one from herself two more attacked. They were swarming her, more and more slithering into the room through cracks in the door and walls.

“Get away from me!” Eve cried out, but the Deathlings didn't listen. They swarmed her, engulfing her entire being. Where she had stood was a pulsing blob of blackness.

Then a giggle emerged from within the darkness.

“What was that?” Bernie hissed and looked around. He turned his attention

back to Eve when he couldn't see anything. He frowned. He slapped the girl. There was no reaction. Her empty eyes stared to the side. "Shit."

He climbed off her and stared down at the unmoving body with a disapproving frown.

The black blob continued to pulse behind him. It started to take form. An arm reached out from it, then a leg, another arm, a head. It formed into a human body. From the blackness emerged Eve. She took a moment to examine herself. She wasn't quite sure what had happened to her, but the blackness listened to her. It did what she wanted it to do. She turned her eyes to her lifeless body on the bed. Looking at it she knew there would be no returning to it. What ever the Deathlings had done to her it was a permanent change. Her body was dead, but she lived on as one of them.

Somehow she couldn't bring herself to hate them for it.

Bernie turned around and froze in place. His eye grew wide.

Eve tilted her head. He could see her.

"You! What is this?" Bernie glanced at the dead body on the bed and then at the figure of blackness standing in front of him. There was no mistaking her features.

Eve grinned. "I don't know, but I'm going to make you pay for what you did to me and those other girls." Her voice had a hollow sound to it that had not been there before. She took a step closer to the man.

"No! Stay away!" Bernie swung a fist at her. It hit her in the shoulder, but she barely felt it. She swung her own fist and hit the man straight in the jaw. There was enough force in the punch to send him down to the floor. He shook his head, dazed.

The force with which she could hit surprised her. A bubble rippled up her arm, seeking its place in her body. She could feel it move and find its place somewhere down her stomach. She was starting to understand. The Deathlings had made her into their tool for revenge. If she closed her eyes and listened closely she could hear whispers, each demanding death for someone. The loudest were several voices urging her to kill the man in front of her.

She opened her eyes again and grinned. She crouched and reached out with

her hand.

“What are you doing?” demanded Bernie. His speech was slightly slurred.

“I'm taking revenge on you,” said Eve and gripped his testicles with all her strength. Bernie howled in pain, his legs tried to close to keep her away, but it was no use. Her grip was firm. He couldn't get away.

“No, please, don't,” Bernie begged. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could barely speak between the groans of pain and gasp of breaths as she squeezed harder at times and then let go.

“Did you listen to your victims pleas?” asked Eve and shook her head. “No. So why should I listen to you?”

Bernie tried to say something but it turned into a painful gasp as she squeezed again.

“No. You're done.” She tightened her grasp and yanked. Skin tore. Blood followed her hand with the severed testicles. She expected Bernie to cry, but instead he flopped down to the floor unconscious. Blood pooled beneath him.

Eve tilted her head and listened. “Yes. Very disappointing.”

She reached out and opened Bernies mouth and stuffed the testicles inside. She then pushed his jaws shut. She gave his cheek a gentle pat. “Don't worry. We'll see you to the end.”

Her arm turned into the head of a dog. It began gnawing at Bernie. Piece by piece it ate away his being. She could hear the weak screams of pain that came from what remained of him. She smiled when the voice stopped. She knew there was nothing left of the man. His body was dead, his spirit devoured.

“What now?” asked Eve and listened as the voices told her the next target. It would be quite a trip. “I understand.”

She looked around and found Bernies cellphone. As she grabbed it her body turned into a motorcyclist black leather outfit. Typing in the emergency number she started walking out of the industrial complex.

“Yes, hello. I would like to report a murder..”

The echo of her voice and footsteps were the only sounds left in the empty building.

