

# Body Count

## C 4

### τDeep sleep

5-6 minutes

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I feel no pain

I see no life.

I feel no warmth.

I see no light.

Everything feels empty. The kind of empty you cant explain. No emotions, and no physical beings. Just blackness. Obscene hollowness. How a single drop of blood leads to a river. Nightmare's slowly begin to creep into my head like a snake of countless murders and death. Swallowed by the evil aura the scene gives me I dont feel scared or even uncomfortable. Actually I feel the exact opposite. Not just comfortable but relieved and even saner. An older man appears in front of me looking sad and lonely. His clothes are tattered and his short blond hair is in tangles. Mud is smeared on his face. He gives me a crooked smile. "Careful, for the monster you seek is closer than you may think. The closer you are to the truth the farther you are from the justice you pursue."

After saying that he turns and walks away only to find the same fate as the other countless bodies. A tap on my shoulder tears me from my wonder only to put me in absolute awe. A younger handsome man stands in front of me this time. He is slender but strong. His muscles can easily be seen through his skin tight shirt. His black hair is slightly messy but it looks as if it were meant to be that way. His lips look soft and delicious. The tattoo of a scorpion trails from his jaw line until just above his elbow. It's not long until I lose myself in his mesmerizing teale eyes. I can hear him calling my name but he is beginning to disappear. What am I gonna

do I need him. He cant leave now. But before I know it he is gone and I can still hear someone calling my name. Everything goes black again... and darkness swallows me once more.

A cold and sticky feeling overwhelms me as I gain conciousness. Opening my eyes a sharp pain ripples through me. Feelings of needles jabbing me at every angle. I can see the blood that is now drying on the floor around me. "How long have I been passed out?" I say this to myself not expecting a response, when a hand then lay on my shoulder. The pain disappears and is replaced with an urge to run. I can feel its breath on the back of my neck as it gets closer and closer. I start to turn around but the person stops me. They come up to my ear and whisper.

"Get up, we must get out of here. We need to get somewhere safe and you need to get cleaned up so we can talk." He starts to h-lp me up and pull me along.

"Who are you!?" He keeps silent for a moment. "I dont understand! What is going on?"

"Stop talking and just come with me."

"Wait! I dont even know your name. And I cant just leave Ty behind. You never answered my question. Who are you?" He let's out a sigh and looks at me in the eyes.

"My name is Ace Carter. I cant explain anymore until we leave here. Bella you must trust me. I will explain. And trust me Ty will be fine." He turns around and continues walking pulling me along with him. I cant help but wonder how he knows my name. But it helps me trust him a little more. It is so hard to understand anything right now and let alone to think clearly. So of course here I am walking behind Ace without knowing for sure if he isn't taking me to my death.

When we arrive at his house I am exhausted. Ace brings me to the living room and sets me on the couch. He hands me a glass of hot tea and runs upstairs. While drinking my tea I see a picture of me in the corner of my eye. When I look at it again I notice that in the picture I am wearing a turquoise colored dress and black flats. Next to me stands Ace wearing a black suit and a turquoise tie. In the back I see the big balloon letters that spell out PROM. I almost jump out of my skin when I feel a hand on my shoulder. I was so focused on the picture I didnt realize that Ace had come back down and was standing behind me.

"I have gotten a bath ready for you. There are some clothes in my room prepared for you as well. I will explain as much as I can when you finish your bath. Then we will have dinner." I dont know why I can never refuse him. I do as he told me and go to the bathroom upstairs.

He has a towel ready and the garbage bag to put my ruined clothes in. I walk to his room and grab the clothes he prepared for me and bring them to the bathroom. I look up at the mirror and see that my face and hair are a mess. I slip off my clothes that started to stick to my body and place them in the bag. Stepping into the bath, warmth overcomes me and it feels wonderful. I sit down and lay my head back relaxing in the warm water. I wash my hair, face, and body. The water slowly turning red from the blood that covered me.