

WARNING

This is a blood soaked, neon-lit love letter to heavy metal, cyberpunk, Warner Bros. cartoons, cheesy action movies, and Japanese animation. Due to the nature of the content presented herein such as explicit violence/gore, sexual content, and the rather absurd situations the characters find themselves in, viewer discretion is strongly advised.

As a primarily artistic piece, this story is meant to be **experienced**, not **analyzed**. I strictly believe that any questionable action performed in this story *should not bleed outside* of literature, video games, movies, anime, and other similar media forms whose subjects are **FICTIONAL**.

I have **NO** intentions of harming any sorts of religions, groups, sects or individuals, but I am determined to stand by the case of artistic freedom. I will not resort to altering any material here to fit anyone's tastes, but I do not hold personal grudge against anyone who disagrees with this course of action I'm taking.

This story is a **WORK OF FICTION**, created with the intention of entertainment. Similarities to actual people, places, and events are entirely unintentional, and coincidental. Some content may be offensive to certain viewers, in the event said viewers are overly sensitive and/or a baby about it.

This story is dedicated to my loving father, who died in 2017. While not without his faults, he was nonetheless a brave and hardworking man who would go through hell to see his family happy and prospering for years to come.

I love you, dad. May you rest in peace.

- "Edward Lindbergh"

MAY 2nd, 2101 NEW ERA. 23:41 PM.

The dark of the night had enveloped the bustling metropolis of Brightlands, one of the so-called “megacities” of the Republic of Texas. The entire metropolis had its fair share of areas that were lit up like a Christmas tree as well as places that were in perfect harmony with the darkness that had a grip over the city, as cold as the weather it accompanied. The city itself was a combination between technology and tradition, plenty of skyscrapers with spotlights wandering around as well as old homes with very minimal modifications here and there... but what was happening now took place beyond the city.

The quiet forest-like environment just outskirts of Brightlands had nothing but the sounds of insects bothering it. It was a true contrast to the busy city, a--

SNAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!”

A scream stabbed into the night belonging to Jeremy, a young rabbit-human hybrid with short white hair and black ears and a tail-- wearing an orange Aloha shirt and ordinary dark blue pants. The latter article being ruined by the steel wire puncturing holes through it and gripping both of his legs too tightly, causing them to bleed. He was afraid that no one would come to help.

“Please! Someone help me! I’m scared! I... I don’t know how long I’m gonna last!” He screamed again, straining to reach for the wires holding him upside down, but suddenly, something twitched out of the corner of his eye.

Just when he thought that things couldn’t get any worse, there was now the silhouette of a female wolf-human hybrid.

“A WOLF! NO!!! PLEASE, MISS WOLF! I DIDN’T MEAN ANY DISRESPECT, PLEASE DON’T EAT ME!!!” He screamed even harder.

“Calm down, kiddo! I’m here to save ya!” she yelled, pulling out her flashlight and shining it on Jeremy, who was still very alert and scared of the mysterious wolf.

“HEEEELP!!! THERE’S A FRICKING WOLF WHO’S GONNA CUT MY GOSH DARN ARTERIES OUT!!! HEEEEEEEEELP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“ENOUGH!!! I’m not gonna eat ya, okay?! Now please, quit squirming so I can see what the problem is, alright?!”

“Is that a promise?!”

He got a laugh in response. "Someone's been watching too many cartoons! Of course it's a promise, kiddo."

"Really...? Thank you so much, Miss Wolf!"

"Don't mention it. Stay still." She moved the flashlight to the area where the trap had gripped his leg.

"I can disarm that no problem, but you'll still need medical attention after I'm done saving you."

"Wh... what does that mean?"

"It means I'm calling an ambulance right now."

"I don't trust no corporations!"

"Am I a ratfucker? Are we in California? No."

"..."

"Hey, I got a trapping incident with a rabbit hybrid. Steel wrapper on legs. Yeah, it's fresh, he started screaming literally half a minute ago. I'll intervene with the trap for the record, is that alright or do I step back? Okay got it... Yeah, thank you! They're gonna be here as soon as possible."

"Really? Th...thanks?"

"Don't mention it. Are there any other traps down there?"

"Don't think so... it's only this thing, and it STILL HURTS MY LEG!!!"

"Deep breaths, buster! Deep breaths. Think of all the carrots you're gonna eat, alright?" She slid down to the hollow opening where both the trap and Jeremy were, shining the light on herself, allowing Jeremy to take a better look at what she looked like. She had darker skin than him, and had black and wild hair extending to her neck, one fang sticking out of her smile with *very slight* remnants of fluffy wolf fur qualities on her skin-- but not too much. She seemed to be well-fit, but also quite... hot... even cute! She was wearing a black spiked leather jacket over a red shirt with a black tie. The leather jacket had a stripe over the right arm, with a weird pentagram symbol over it. She was also wearing appropriately black jeans.

"Howdy. Name's Abigail." She stuck the flashlight on the soil wall, illuminating the trap.

"J... Jeremy... Mind if I ask, what's with the crazy getup?"

"It's for my job." She got near the trap.

"Must be a very weird job."

"Depends on your definition of weird. Okay, stay absolutely still. If you move even an inch, the trap setter's gonna get himself a lucky charm."

"Got it..."

"One for the money..." She revealed a black sheath adorned in red text and details.

"Two for the show..." She took a deep breath.

"Three to get ready..."

Jeremy braced himself... and was freed from the trap in an instant and almost fell down to the ground, face first. Luckily, that sensation of falling lasted very shortly as he suddenly found himself in Abigail's arms.

"WHOA! ...wow. That was cool!" Jeremy said.

"You should've seen me do it!" Abigail responded, putting him down on the ground safely.

"Don't touch the wounds!" She quickly grabbed the flashlight and shone it upon Jeremy's leg. The pants were pretty much ruined with the tears, and the blood was not doing any favors.

"Pants gotta go." She said, taking the sword, which looked like a katana with a chainsaw wrapped around its edges. "I hope they don't have any sentimental value for you."

"It's... it's fine." Jeremy said.

Abigail threw the bloody rug she extracted from Jeremy's pants and threw it aside. She pulled out rubber gloves and a cylindrical tube with a white opening in front of it, whose label read "BRIGHTLANDS MEDICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE – CAUTERIZING LASER v9.1". The tube started emitting a very bright white laser, which Abigail pointed to Jeremy's wounds, something that really pained him at first, but the pain quickly subsided.

"So! What's your story, buns?"

"I, uh... I took a plane from Illinois to here, because..."

"Abusive parents?"

"No!"

"You know something that you shouldn't?"

"No, thankfully..."

"You heard rumors of an ultra-rare carrot growing in Dallas? Spit it out, man!"

"My parents... relocated me to Texas because of... business... interests."

"What kinda shit business requires you to send off your own child to a state he isn't even accustomed to? *That's* what I wanna know!"

"Ugh... let's just say that I *had* to be sent to somewhere other than Illinois."

"Fair enough." Abigail put the laser away, and started cleaning the leftover blood and debris with some rubbing alcohol and a clean wiping cloth.

"Ow... it burns a little."

"That's normal."

"...say, what kind of work do you do, anyway?"

"How do I put this..." Abigail started putting a group of industrial band-aids on Jeremy's now-mostly-clean-leg. "You know those cheesy Saturday morning cartoons where the heroes kick a villain's ass?"

"Yeah?" Jeremy asked.

"My job is kinda sorta like that, but the key difference is that I get paid. Really well, might I add. Probably because the villains pose an actual threat in my show."

"Huh. Also, thanks for saving me and taking care of my wound, I appreciate it."

"You're very much welcome." Abigail got up. "I don't think you can walk just yet, though. Just wait for the ambulance to arrive and do as they say."

"You're too kind... for a wolf, anyway, heh... No offense!"

"Eh, none taken."

A siren through a megaphone, belonging to vehicle approaching from the woods rapidly. A group of doctors with a stretcher jumped out. the back.

"Where's the patient?" the leader of the group asked.

"Right here!" Jeremy screamed.

"Alright, don't move." The leader gently yet swiftly picked him up, putting him on the stretcher.

"Surname, name, species, and UNID?" The leader asked, moving to the vehicle alongside Jeremy in the stretcher, pulling a syringe full of sedatives out of the stretcher's toolbox.

"Lantz, Jeremy, Leporidae/Homo sapiens, US-IL-LH-1304."

"You got money on you, or...?"

"I'll handle it." Abigail tapped the doctor's shoulder, pulling out a fistful of money. "I'm willing to cover the expenses. Hundred bucks. Keep the change."

"Much obliged." He took the money. "Stay safe out there."

Before long, the vehicle took off back to the city adorned with garrish neon lights and screens, leaving Abigail in the dark... somewhat literally. Suddenly, her phone, a modified old clamshell, went off. She begrudgingly extended the modified earpiece on one of her ears, sighing, and opening the clamshell.

"The crow flies at midnight..." an angry voice asked the passphrase question.

"And the eagle owes me five bucks." Abigail responded.

"Which part of 'do not deviate from your goal' did you not understand?!"

"Probably the part where you told me to ignore a bleeding fucking rabbit!"

"Well, if you ignored that oh-so-innocent distraction, your cover wouldn't be blown and you wouldn't be one hundred dollars short now, would you?"

"I can take care of my targets with half of those things completely bust! With a shotgun put to my head! Sawed-off!"

"That is not the concern, Hellmaker. The concern here is that you might have blown your cover to someone who's probably working against us. Do you *realize* how painstaking it's going to be if he turns out to be a tracker?"

"I'm sorry, but unless it was the paper fucking camera on my phone, I didn't see any tracker on that guy. He didn't seem like a tracker himself either-- and let's be honest here, what kind of tracker willingly falls into a trap like that? You said that our target gets off on torturing animals and hybrids for the fuck of it!"

"Trackers are professionals, Hellmaker! Our secrecy and integrity of fighting against vigilantes is on the line! If you cannot respect our cautious nature regarding this, then a sizable chunk of your payment will cover the expenses of memory erasing and other forms of damage control!"

"Look. You don't gotta do shit to the money I rightfully deserve. Just get off my back and let me do my job, then I'll let you do yours. If I fail, however, which WON'T happen, then you can cut me off as much as you'd like, and I won't bitch about shit. Capiche?"

"...we are giving you ten minutes to incapacitate Dr. Wheelwright, or 40% of your final payment will be re-routed to internal company expenses."

"Deal with a capital D. I'm on it. Hellmaker out." She took the earpiece off and slammed the phone shut, with an audible "snap!"

"Heh... never gets old." She smirked at the phone, putting it back in her pocket, sprinting off into the unknown darkness.

...

"Give it to me straight, will I live?" Jeremy asked, still scared and on-edge.

"Yes, you will! But you might need to stay in that bed for a while." the nurse responded.

"Thank you so much... I wish I had the money to pay you back, but..."

"Well, that wolf girl was kind enough to cover it for you!"

"Guess so..."

"Alright, now your leg should stay like this for a day at best, two days at worst. If you need any kind of help, don't hesitate to use the service button, and someone will be with you in a jiffy."

"Thank you. Say, I want some fresh air, can you open that window real quick? Also, I'd like a big load of carrots."

...

An old man wearing a bloodied lab coat with a creepy, almost perverted smile on his face ran to the door of a derelict house, busting it open with his foot, getting inside, and slamming it shut. Rushing to pull a secret lever, he failed to notice that there was a banana peel on the floor, causing him to slip and fall, head-first.

"Th'fuck?!" He screamed. A familiar girl's voice chuckled and walked out of the shadows.

"Let's see the rat do that." Abigail pulled out a gun and pushed it against his forehead. "Normally, I'd say no to this 'interacting with your targets' thing, but this time, I will make an exception." She cocked the gun, angrily. "I'm gonna ask this only once! *What were you intending to do with that rabbit kid you had in your trap?!*"

"That won't matter in three minutes."

"Then what happens in three minutes?!"

"Hehehehehe... for someone who saved that kid from my trap, you really don't care about what happens to him, do you?"

"I called an independent medical establishment. He'll be fine."

"That won't mean shit..."

"Then fine." Abigail hit the mad scientist on the neck with her gun, knocking him unconscious. "I never liked riddles anyway." She dialed the number of her employers, all the while handcuffing the target.

"Hellmaker speaking, Wheelwright is unconscious and handcuffed at a derelict house, sending coordinates now. Be advised, multiple lethal traps are around the vicinity, something almost chopped my damn head off."

"Excellent. The money has been transferred to your account."

"...I don't accept electronic payment."

"We are currently preoccupied with another job."

"What?"

"That tracker you exposed yourself to will be... retired. We don't want you to exhaust yourself with any of this, and we still want you to receive your payment on a job well done."

"...oh. Thanks a lot. I appreciate you guys valuing my time."

"No. Thank *you* for your services, Hellmaker. We look forward to doing business with you, if need be."

"Appreciate it. Hellmaker out."

SNAP! The phone closed.

“BASTARDS!” She ran at a blinding speed out of the derelict house, towards the city.

...

“This is Phoenix Redmond Niner, I am activated and ready for your orders.” A bald, buff assassin with a beard completely adorned in black put out his cigar, listening via a built-in phone in his skull.

“Glad to have you on our side, Niner. Your target is Jeremy Lantz, Dutch rabbit human hybrid. US-IL-LH-1304. He is short, and has a thin build. Short white hair, black ears and tail. Reports suggest that he is currently a patient in Brightlands Medical Research Institute. Hellmaker saved him as a sign of respect, but we have reason to believe that he is a tracker and works for either Hellmaker’s target Dr. Wheelwright, or is an employee of a government-sanctioned group or rival faction. We do not know what he is capable of, so secrecy is of utmost importance.”

“Inquiry. I believe that Hellmaker will try to intercept the termination. Requesting authorization to terminate her on-sight.”

“Request granted on one condition-- do not deviate from Lantz. Only terminate Hellmaker if she poses an immediate threat. We have paid her in advance via electronic payment to keep quiet, and she has not interrogated us further. She values time over anything else, but concerns of her working to intercept termination are sound. Further inquiries denied. Get to work.”

“Understood.” Redmond immediately closed the connection and started another one.

“Welcome to Brightlands Medical Institute, how can we help you?”

“Give me your address there.”

...

“LET’S GO, MOVE IT!” Abigail screamed at the top of her lungs.

“Fuckin’ hell, lady! Take a chill pill, I’m going at 60 miles here!” The cab driver responded, speeding through the neon-lit streets of Brightlands. “What’s all the fuss about, anyway?!”

“NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS!”

...

“Everybody loves somebody, sometime...” Redmond got out of his car, which automatically locked itself and used a form of light-refracting technology to

completely disappear. His clothes also changed from black to casual everyday clothing. "Everybody falls in love somehow..." He kept singing to himself quietly.

"Brightlands Medical Institute, how may I help you?" The secretary smiled.

"I need to know where Jeremy Lantz is."

"Oh, he's our most recent patient, room 435-- someone named Abigail had him sent here because of leg injuries. Does this have anything to do with that?"

"Essentially, yes. I'm a close friend of him, I came here to wish him a smooth recovery."

"Well, wouldn't you just contact him via a phone or communications mods?"

"Mine are malfunctioning..." He laughed in an embarrassed manner.

...

"Welcome to Brightlands Medical, NOW **GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY CAB!**"

Abigail threw fifty dollars at the driver, instantly jolting off from the car, screaming "**SLOWPOKE!**" at him.

"Fleabag." The cab driver responded.

"**JEREMY LANTZ! WHERE IS HE?!**" Abigail screamed at the secretary.

"Whoa, whoa, ma'am! I'm his employer, and I have this situation under control--" Redmond started, but instantly stopped when he saw who it was.

His directives were clear.

The secretary suddenly dropped unconscious, and the security cameras exploded, triggered by the assassin as to not draw attention. The entire room's lighting went from "medical white" to "hellscape red". Redmond's camouflage mods also changed his appearance back to a ruthless man in black clothing. Abigail appropriately responded by drawing her chainsaw/katana and assuming a feral battle stance.

"Current directive: terminate Abigail Rozenfeld." He repeated.

"They thought of everything, didn't they?"

"Affirmative. Phoenix Redmond, to be exact. Your payment has already been revoked."

"That's fine. I wasn't gonna accept blood money anyway."

"Words waste time." Redmond's left arm changed to a double-barreled shotgun. "You won't get last ones."

Without even responding, Abigail instantly attacked Redmond, as if she was teleporting, but Redmond was quick to block the attack with his shotgun, pushing

her back with great force, throwing her in the air. Abigail intentionally spun around and whipped out a revolver, firing one shot straight at him, but his uncanny reflexes allowed him to grab the bullet seconds before it could hit, throwing it back with the same velocity at the still-airborne bounty hunter, a hit that got deflected again with Abigail's katana that she was quick to align towards the speeding bullet, with an audible **TWANG!** Abigail landed on her feet and said "Typical Niner! Hot air, but no threat!" She sheathed her katana.

Redmond was not deterred, however, as he fired his shotguns with a deafeningly loud boom towards Abigail... and she responded by unsheating her sword and doing a series of blindingly fast slashes, too fast for the naked eye to see. In the blink of an eye, the pellets transformed from deadly orbs of death to mere marbles sliced in half, comically falling on the floor.

"You forgot one." Redmond said. And sure enough, one pellet had actually made its way to Abigail's arm, and her jacket was ruined as a result.

"Alright, Max Payne." She chuckled. "I'll give you that one." She pointed her sword at the hulking death machine. "You owe me ten grand, though."

...

Jeremy had realized what was going on. The entire building was now on alert, and his room was not spared from the change. The bright white was replaced with a dim yet threatening red. No one had come to his room, and things were about to get messy. The sounds of gunfire and clashing metal downstairs only confirmed his suspicion-- it was muffled so he couldn't make out who it was, but whoever it was, it wouldn't be pretty if it got closer. Grabbing the nearest scalpel that the nurse forgot to take away, he threw it at the harness suspending his legs... and missed.

"Crud!" He whispered. That was the last sharp object he had! "Think, darn ya, think!"

The Intercom? No, that'd be a deathwish. Unless, just by blind luck... Wait, it's a flashlight...

"Hey, Jeremy!" It was that nurse from before. "Your carrots! Don't worry, we know what to do in emergencies like this. Stay absolutely still and don't make a noise." She put the basket full of carrots on the bedside table, and pushed a secret button behind it, which opened a small opening in a wall... containing a pump-action shotgun with plenty of ammo for it.

“Some protocol...” He murmured.

“You can never be *too* prepared!” She responded cheerfully. “Stay here and be absolutely quiet.” Pumping the weapon with a loud **KER-CHAK**, she ran out of the room, closing the door.

There was one last thing to try out. Force the leg out of the harness. Wouldn't be the first time he wriggled his way out of a trap, having rabbit genes and all...

“I'm gonna be bedridden for at *least* three days after this...” He whispered, and started pulling it away. “Almost there... almost! There! Darn, does it hurt!!” He almost made a loud noise, but managed to resist. Step one was done. Step two, find a computer...

...

Redmond had exhausted Abigail enough. The once-revered bounty hunter wolf girl was now completely limp, held by her neck.

“Hey!!” The nurse screamed. Redmond, turning around, was greeted with a load of pellets that already hit him in the face, disorienting him momentarily and causing him to drop Abigail on the ground, she only had enough energy to let out an “**OOF.**”

“Where is Jeremy Lantz?” He asked, not even hurt by the shot.

The nurse responded with pumping the shotgun again and firing it, this time aiming it at Redmond's chest.

“Where *is* Jeremy Lantz?!” He was starting to get impatient.

The nurse, still with that angry look on her face, pumped the shotgun and fired it at Redmond's chest again, then aimed it at his...

“I won't ask again. **WHERE. IS. JEREMY. LANTZ?!**”

“Find him yourself, lazy bastard.” The nurse responded, pumping the shotgun and shooting it.

Bad mistake.

...

Jeremy, now armed with a makeshift I/O terminal-- wires and electronics wrapped around a scalpel --was hiding inside the medical supplies closet. Even his breathing was so quiet, you could hear a pin if it dropped on the floor...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA--” CRACK, SNAP, SQUISH!!!

...or a nurse's screams before she's mauled to death! Jeremy tightened his grip on the sharp terminal, sweating nervously.

“Some protocol...” he thought to himself again. The footsteps increased in volume.

Closer...

Closer...

Closer...

SLAM. The door to his room was smashed open. Redmond, holding the nurse's severed head in his left arm, started scouting the room. Carrots. Rabbits *love* carrots. He had found his target, he was somewhere in this room, but where--

Jeremy jumped from the closet, terminal prepared, screaming at the top of his lungs. Redmond only had enough time to prepare a pistol before Jeremy jammed the terminal in his forehead, which exploded with a black, blood-like substance violently pouring out of it. Redmond immediately froze dead his tracks.

“You found Jeremy Lantz hiding under the bed!” He shouted.

“I FOUND JEREMY LANTZ HIDING UNDER THE BED.” Redmond responded in a monotone voice.

“You terminated Jeremy Lantz!” Jeremy screamed.

“I TERMINATED JEREMY LANTZ.” Redmond responded.

“Abigail never bothered you!”

“ABIGAIL NEVER BOTHERED ME.”

“You will now inform your employers of a job well done and go to your home!”

“I WILL NOW INFORM MY EMPLOYERS OF A JOB WELL DONE AND GO TO MY HOME.”

“If anyone asks you about your head injury, you'll respond by saying that you were shot in the head!”

“IF ANYONE ASKS ME ABOUT MY HEAD INJURY, I'LL RESPOND BY SAYING THAT I WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD.”

Jeremy was still trembling, unable to believe that this little stunt actually worked. “Now turn around.” He whispered, on the verge of tears.

Redmond did just that, the dead emotionless stare still on his face. Jeremy positioned himself behind Redmond's cold, tough body and prepared to yank the terminal from his still-bleeding forehead.

...

Abigail's eyes snapped open as she got up and grabbed her sword. She was barely able to keep her calm.

"I'll fuckin' strangle that little shit." She whispered. "If he even gets *near* that rabbit, I'm gonna to make him **BEG** for death..."

...

"I'm going to end diagnostics on the count to three. You'll do everything I just said, but you'll forget that this diagnostics session ever happened!"

"YOU'RE GOING TO END DIAGNOSTICS ON THE COUNT TO THREE. I'LL DO EVERYTHING YOU JUST SAID, BUT I'LL FORGET THAT THIS DIAGNOSTICS SESSION EVER HAPPENED."

"One."

"ONE."

"Two."

"TWO."

"THREE!" Jeremy instantly pulled the terminal and fell on the floor intentionally, as if to fake his death. Redmond, now back to his now-tampered with senses, turned around and aimed his pistol at Jeremy's "corpse". Satisfied with a job-well done, he opened communications with his employers.

"Niner speaking. Jeremy Lantz has been terminated."

"And Hellmaker?"

"Did not pose a threat."

"Perfect. Thanks for your cooperation, Niner. The money has been transferred to your account. We look forward to doing business with you again."

Redmond then jumped from the open window, using his grappling hook to reach his car, which then sped off to the night. Jeremy, still trembling with "blood" on his face, started sobbing from the shock of what just happened...

"Jeremy!" A familiar wolf girl screamed.

"Abigail?!" Jeremy responded, limping out of the room.

“Jeremy, where are you!? Are you okay??” She screamed. Jeremy limped out of the door, barely breathing. It’s as if her threats of wanton violence against the elusive assassin disappeared as soon as she heard his cries.

“I... brainwashed him... terminal... injury... blood... he thinks... he thinks he killed me... I... I fooled him... you never fought him...” Jeremy’s sobbing worsened.

“You... you actually hacked him?” Abigail couldn’t hide the fact that she was impressed.

“I did... terminal... I made...” His shaky hand showed Abigail the makeshift terminal, still functional.

“I... stabbed... gore... exploded into gore... my face...”

“There, there... It’s over now.” Abigail hugged Jeremy, who started crying his eyes out loudly.

“I’m... scared... Abigail... scared...”

“It’s okay, buster. I’m with you now.” She whispered and started caressing Jeremy’s head.

“Sleep... need sleep... bed... sleep...”

“Okay, we’re going to my home.”

“Can’t walk... can’t...”

Abigail lifted the crying bunny in her arms, speeding off to the emergency fire exit.

...

A door to a bungalow decorated with posters and guns, as well as swords put up for display in the living room. The humble abode of an otherwise cruel bounty hunter.

“Home, sweet home.” She said calmly. Jeremy did not respond. He was fast asleep, hands wrapped around her.

“Heh... it *is* kinda late, after all.” She went upstairs to her bedroom.

Abigail gently placed Jeremy on her bed, tucking him into the warm blankets. She then went into the bathroom to find some towels and water bottles to wipe the synthetic blood from his face. She then noticed that her jacket still had the hole punctured through it... and some blood was also visible. She sighed, as she had to take care of this herself later.

Wiping Jeremy’s face clean and petting him on the head again, she took off her jacket and shirt, exposing her injured arm. Looking at the wound, then Jeremy,

she decided to play some music to lessen the awkward silence, and help Jeremy sleep a bit better while she took care of her wounds.

*Ben, the two of us need look no more.
We both found what we were looking for.
With a friend to call my own,
I'll never be alone, and you, my friend, will see...
You've got a friend in me...*

Taking the bullet out hurt a tad, but Abigail still trembled and choked up. Even after using the first-aid solutions, it didn't stop her from feeling sad about herself. The wound itself hurt, so did curing it, but that was nothing compared to the conflicting feelings that Abigail was going through. She buried her head in her hands... "Most revered bounty hunter, my ass..." She whispered with seething anger and sorrow.

*Ben, you are always running here and there,
You feel you're not wanted anywhere.
If you ever look behind,
And don't like what you find,
There's something you should know,
You've got a place to go...*

Opening the window and looking towards the sprawling city, Abigail took a deep breath. She left out a howl, it echoed into the night.

No response.

*I used to say "I" and "me",
Now it's "us", now it's "we".
I used to say "I" and "me",
Now it's "us", now it's "we".*

Changing to more comfortable attire, she brushed her teeth and got into the bed, slowly turning down the lights. She quietly started crying...

Jeremy woke up to Abigail's hiccups and sobs. Feeling sorry for her, he quietly snuggled up to her and hugged her gently.

*Ben, most people would turn you away.
I don't listen to a word they say.*

*They don't see you as I do!
I wish they would try to!
I am sure they'd think again,
If they had a friend like Ben!*

END OF EPISODE 1.