

Living Anew

By keera_punked_out

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A sequel to a Edocatastrophie's story. I strongly advise reading the original first. There's sex in her though. Well here's a link to her DA account. Just look for the story called "Life in a Lab".

www.edocatastrophie.deviantart.com

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1 - Hello Readers

Hello reader (I have readers!?!?),

If you are here, you probably shouldn't! I suggest reading edocatastroph's story first before you even continue! If you have read "Life in a Lab" then keep going (LOL! I typed keeep... ^_^). This is a sequel, approved by edo. It's about 100 years in the future and Dr. Razor has freed himself from his rotting fate. A new life is where he is now with new people and a new 'occupation' and a new love. His life is going normal until he sees something out of the ordinary. What could this lead to? The end of his normal life? Just read the story to find out... If you liked edo's original, then you with probably like this too. It's not her writing, but I've tried to keep the characters as close to their personalities as possible. Well I'll shut up now and upload the stoy... (What music is playing?!? Oh, Moulin Rouge)

-----Signed,

-----Keerainsane, Keera, Ciara, or any other title you know me by...

"Doctor! I brought you the paperwork." I turned my lazy gaze over to the slim boy. The short blond dropped the paper on the desk with a gentle grin. I faintly smiled back. The boy went running back down the halls, colliding with a nurse. Another smile tainted my pale lips as thoughts about a 'past life' filled my head. Realizing the memories floating through my mind were all behind me was hard to accept. You can't just live one life and completely forget it to live another. Impossible.

I reached to my shoulder to play with a strand of hair. There was none.

"Oh yeah," I said quietly to myself. "I cut it." I reached for my shorter hair and ruffled it slightly. "It's so different now. I keep forgetting. It's not then anymore; it's now. About one hundred years since that day. That day that changed my life... for good." Most people assumed that there would be flying cars and a cure for cancer, but we've barely gotten past cloning and we still don't have a cure for the common cold. I always wanted to go to the future, but this isn't what I expected. It's not much different from then, other than the styles have changes many times. Being goth, emo, or gay is now 'uncool' and hippies are retro. I continued my thoughts as a person came up to my office. I never heard the man approach me from behind.

"You know," the deep voice murmured, placing his hands on my shoulders. I jumped slightly at the contact and familiar voice. "If they hear you talking to yourself like that they'll put you in a hospital. And I don't mean one for wounded people." I grabbed his hand gently, looking up into the deep eyes of the being above me. "Your shift is over right? Let's go out for coffee."

"Sure," I replied. I grasped his hand as he helped me to my feet. We were barely able to walk out of the office before I was mauled to the ground. A large, wet tongue ran up my face.

"Nice boyfriend," my taller buddy replied. "He's a little harry, don't you think?" I shot a glare at him as I wiped the slime off my face.

"Real funny, Clair. Next time maybe he'll get you." I stood up again calling the dog to come with. He followed, chomping at my feet. Clair smiled and seized my freezing hand playfully. I chased him down the hallway, him a few strides ahead of me because he's like a foot taller. Abruptly, I was tripped by a furry mass of animal. I braced myself, knowing my face was about to hit the floor. I made no contact with the tile, but instead Clair stopped and rescued me from the bloody fate of a broken nose.

"Idiot," he laughed as he dropped me a short distance and continued running down the hallway, barely avoiding a gurney, more commonly known as a stretcher. The nurse pushing it threw a uncapped needle at him, lodging in his hip.

"dog," he hissed at her. She just shrugged, ramming the gurney at him, knocking him to the ground. The woman, wait man, transfestite, on the stretcher sighed as he/she/it crossed it's arms. The pink hair hung around it's shoulders. Damn I miss my long hair. Why did I cut it? It batted it's eyes at me in an almost flirty kinda of way.

"Will we get going now," it growled at the petite attendant. She blushed and ran over the large lump on the ground also know as Clair. The wheels squeaked as they rolled down the artificially-lighted corridor. He continued laying there, taking a cigarette out for his coat pocket. Without even lighting it he placed it to his lips. He has never actually taken a drag off one for as long as I've known him, but he always carries a box for some reason. I guess he was diagnosed with lung cancer. He told me he freaked out and quit, cold-turkey. It turned out it was a mistake and he was perfectly healthy. I suppose it kinda got to him.

"You okay?" I walked to his side. He waved a hand at me. "You're slightly stupid."

"You think?" His body lurched forward with my help. "I really need coffee now," he said, putting the unlight cancer-stick back in the carton.

My attention turned to his feminine curves. Just like I remembered him. I jerked the needle out of his side.

"You dog," he moaned, throwing his head back. I want him so bad, you wouldn't believe it. I always wanted him. He reminds me of... of some one I once knew.

"Come on you girl," I commented, pulling him to his feet. We continued our trek down the white-washed walls of the clinic. Nothing more eventful happened on our short walk, thank God, to the double doors. The blazing rays of the sun shined on our skin. Damn that whole in the ozone layer. Clair pulled up his hood from under his coat and I whipped out a parasol to shield my sensitive eyes. It wasn't really a strange sight to see a man carrying something like that. Infact, it was quite common. The sun was more damaging to the skin and body nowadays so people try to stay covered.

"There a cafe down the hill about a block away," he murmured, gesturing to his right. I nodded and we headed down the sidewalk as tubes that carried people whirred above us. Just kidding. No tubes were there. If there's no flying cars why would there be tubes. It ain't 'Futurama' here! Anyways... The promenade was rather short. We reached the coffee shop in no time.

The quaint building had an older day feel to it. The tarnished wood structure made it feel almost like home to me. We ordered our coffee and taked until the sun lingered on the horizon of tall consructions. We said our goodbyes and head in opposite directions. The purple sky gave me light enough to stroll down the pavement without tripping. I passed a familiar place. A place I never want to enter again. The lack of light some how wanted me though. It called to me. I stopped to look at the walls of the ancient place. I so wanted to go back. I pondered for a while. My eyes skimmed over the area. Wait...

"There's a window..." That wasn't there before! The lights went on, illuminating the darkened road near it. I covered my mouth with my palm, trying to hold back a scream. Someone is in my lab! But who. Who would've been able to get in. Who would want to get in.

I went around to the backside of the building, searching for the door I blocked off so many years ago. The wood was removed from it. Someone's inside.

"I don't get it!" I mumbled to myself. I lightly opened the door. A putrid sent of mold and death hit me as I gagged on the smell of so many experiments. I was no longer used to the feeling of death surrounding me and for some reason I missed it. I wanted my old life back, but I didn't want to lose Clair. I carefully stepped over the threshold and into my old life and forgotten memories.

One last look into the navy blue heavens before a spoke. "I pray I don't stay. Carry me out of this reatched building before I'm engulfed in an old world."

I turned back to the obscured passage of another life.

The dank hallways were death-filled, yet inviting. I remembered everything the moment I walked over the doorsill. The dark lab ahead of the corridor was very familiar. I spent so many of my years wasting my time in here. So many lives passed through my tainted hands. Created and lost.

I continued walking along the glass tubes, looking into the greenish abyss of liquid. All the past experiments; Lukimia, Scalpel, Jackel, Silent, Holy, Mor... Morgue. I know now. Clair is just like Morgue. He is Morgue!

"I have to get out!" I turned back to the passage I originally came from. There was some one there. "State your name!" I screamed. The shadowy figure remained mute and just approached me on light feet. It reached out its slender fingers and ran a ghost-like touch across my cheek. I hit its hand away, trying to find a soul in the dark eyes. There was only a silent abysmal-like stare back at me. The eyes still, even though emotion was lost, were recognizable.

"If you don't know who I am," A deep voice murmured, "then you're an imbecile." My eyes were filled with tears. It's been so long since I heard that angelic voice of that demonic man.

"Lujan..." I wanted him... I wanted him to hold me. In those strong, thin arms. I wanted him to speak again, but he just stared. Stared into my eyes. Most people would look away from my cold gaze, but he simply returned the frozen look. I missed that.

"You said you were going to stay here," Lust replied. "What happened to that?" He batted his eyes at me. Those violet eyes. The cadaver smell filled the room, but there was no scent to hit my nose. There was no world other than my experiment. I loved him. Not in a lover way. Like a parental way. Like a son that I abandoned for a good cause. I had to let him go.

"What happened to what you said?" He crossed his arms across his slender chest. I watched his arms flex at the movement. His death gaze filled my entire being with fear. He was always so scary. I don't know why. Maybe it's because he's like a thousand feet taller than me. Maybe...

"I feel like I have repented for my sins," I replied, looking to the ground, guiltily. I could feel his eyes on the top of my head. I don't really know why I left. I guess I felt better for what I have done or I sensed my experiments near, but in a new body. I think that's it.

"I'm sorry Lust." I looked back up to his face, but he was turned away, staring off into the distance. "What is it?"

"I must show you something," he murmured, firmly grasping my hand and pulling me off into the direction he was looking. We came up to a blanket wrapped around a small figure.

"What is it?" I asked, looking up to the soft features of Lust's thin cheeks.

"Not what, but who," he replied, gently tugging on the navy blue blanket. It moved in retaliation to Lust and pulled the material away from its body. Sunken-in eyes stared at me from under pale hair. It was probably once blond or another light color, but it was obviously faded to a light grey. It looked like a living carcass, just without the rotted smell and maggots.

I stared at the soulless orbs for a while before something caught my attention.

"Holy shiz!" I nearly screamed to myself. "Those are the biggest boobs on a zombie that I've even seen!" Lust reached over and smacked my head rather roughly.

"Stupid dog," he replied. "Be nice." The shaky form of the implant zombie rose up, staring into my eyes the entire time. She glanced over to the taller man and moved her lips as though she was about to speak, but all that came out was a small squeak. It seemed she has been dead for a while. Either that or she hasn't seen the light of day for quite some time. Her snow-white skin reflected the small light resting

the corner, near where she was sitting.

She turned fully to Lust and murmured, "I don't want to stay here anymore." Her nimble feet moved pretty smoothly for a zombie. Lust stretched his arms out towards the small woman. She lightly fell into his arms and looked at me again. Her eyes held a tortured past with no emotion at the same time.

"Is he the one I'm going with?" she asked gently. Lust just nodded his head.

"Going with me?!" I screamed. Lordy am I a spaz. "Who decided that?"

"I did," the humunculus replied, blankly. I wanted to 'gently toss' some sharp objects at his head then, but I couldn't. "I hope you're actually living somewhere suitable for this young lady. And I expect you to fully clothe and feed her. I'll find you later in a few weeks to check up on it." He pushed her at me causing her to stumble into my chest. I blushed slightly and looked away. She was hot.

He left the room without another word. Where is he staying? I looked at the girl and she looked back.

"I guess we should go home?" I sort of asked her the statment for some reason. She didn't speak, but only slightly nodded her head not prying her eyes from mine. It's kind of scary, having some one stare at you yet her gaze was somehow inviting and kind. The swirl of yellow and brown was like a pool. I just wanted to dive in.

"Are you leaving yet?" I heard his voice ring from a distance. I wanted to reply, but my thoughts were moving too fast. Everything was happening so quickly. My gaze was carried back to the girl. She looked so weak and helpless. On the contrary she was quite nimble and strong. Still I wisked her up into my arms. She was rather light; almost inhumanly. Even if it was just to fool the civilians on the street that she was just a homeless girl, I felt something. Something almost like love, but not. It was strange.

We quickly left the dreary lab, trying to avoid Lust and his smart @\$ comments. Next time I saw him I wanted to hit him.

"I guess I'm gonna have to stay home tomorrow," I murmured aloud, but mostly was talking to myself.

She nodded in agreement anyways. Her hair was stringy and straight, similar to hay. I felt bad or sympathetic. I don't know what she's been through and I don't really think I want to.

She was silent the entire way to my place. A silent duplex was where I resided. The neighbor was some shady man who painted the interior of his house black. He kind of scares me, but not really. He just makes me feel welcomed. I only met him once, though. I think his name was Kaden or something like that. I assumed he was a reject in society because he looks like some one who would blend in back when I used to live in the lab.

I stepped up unto the porch, still carrying the small woman. Kaden was seated on a lounge chair just next to his door, stretching his long legs in front of him. I never knew how old he was. Probably around his early twenties, but with plastic surgery costing half the amount it did back in the day, he could be a lot older. I wanted to ask him, but that's rude.

"I see you finally brought home a girl," he murmured around a cigarette hanging from his loosely closed lips. You think people would have stopped smoking completely by then, with the crazy hazards and lung cancer. Kaden drew the cancer stick away from him mouth with a lazy hand and blew a smoke ring.

"Yeah," I replied, trying to work the lie I was about to tell him in my head. "I found her in the alley by the hospital." I shifted my weight to my other hip, balancing the girl carefully.

"She looks dead." He placed the cigarette back into its nesting place. He leaned his head back, probably trying to fall asleep. He wasn't going to speak anymore I thought. I ventured into my side of the house, not even bothering to slip my shoes off. The lightless room was easily to manuever in, even around the furniture. It was a comfortable aura that surrounded everything there. I gently step the girl to her feet. She looked around with a look of peace on her thin face. I glanced over her entire frame, stopping to stare at the rags she had as a substitute for clothing.

"Do you want to go shopping," I asked her. She turned at the waist to look into my eyes. "You know, for better clothes and stuff." A grin spread across her pale face, making her cheeks light up with humanly

color. "I guess you like the idea?" She grabbed my hand, drawing me to the door.

"We got to get you into decent clothes first," I laughed. Women are funny creatures, especially when you bring shopping up.

Warning, if you go shopping with a woman, set a price or weight limit. No one's back can hold three hundred pounds of clothing and makeup. She was running, not to far ahead of me, piling stuff into my arms. I think Walmart loved me and my wallet then. Yes, there is a few Walmarts in the future. Other places have taken over other smaller store, but Walmart lives.

Her thin frame looked even smaller in an old shirt of mine. She sleeves covered her frantic fingers as they searched through the shelves of jeans.

"Why don't we have a cart?" I asked, staring at her from around the heap of fabric in my arms. She looked at me like I asked if she wanted to jump in front of a moving bus. Quickly, her eyes darted back to what she was doing like a child with ADD.

Eventually, she allowed me to get a cart. I was afraid my back would snap without one. I tried to avoid the beauty products section, but her makeup vision kicked in and found it.

"Do you want to dye your hair back to a prettier color?" I asked, trying to sound polite. I haven't been with a woman in a long time and I don't remember how to treat them. The look in her eyes was a looks of hurt, like I stabbed her. "I didn't mean to be mean! I just though... you would like to dye your..." I looked down at my feet, kicking away invisible dust. Arms wrapped around me, gently and cautiously at first, but turned into a tight bear hug. She's been through so much hurt. Her head nodded, telling me that we had to waste about fourteen more dollars.

The aisle wasn't too far away; in fact, it was just around the corner. Her nimble hands ran along the boxes, almost reading the colors through her fingertips. She closed her soft eyes, continuing down the rows. She seemed at peace, in her own world yet everything must come to an end.

Her eyes snapped open, staring at a reddish dye. Not a fiery red, but more natural. She grabbed two of the boxes and tossed them into the cart. I smiled, despite the fact she was running up quite a bill. Something about her lit me heart on fire with passion. Her eyes slowly gained more life, revealing love and hate.

The thin frame of her body pranced down the aisle further to rest gentle orbs on the multicolored brushes. Her slender hand fell onto one; a bright green handle with darker bristles. She smiled, gently, turning herself in my direction like she was asking for my approval. I nodded, not knowing if that's what she expected. Still, she ran back up to the cart, gingerly placing the item on the clothing like a sleeping child.

An elderly woman watched us from the greeting cards aisle. She must have thought we were a young couple in false love, but she was wrong. She sneered slightly and went back to reading the birthday card in her wrinkled hands. She must have been around one hundred-fifty or something.

A trip through a store is like a stroll through a mine field if you're the one paying. Every wrong step could cost you an arm or a leg. The girl ran me up about three hundred dollars with the 'essentials'. Why do I try. Still, the need in her eyes tugged at my heartstrings, telling me even if I'm now poorer, it's worth it. A gentle flow of sweet oldies flowed into my mustang. It was a fair sized car, small enough to fit in the garage, yet large enough to hold me and all my junk that couldn't stay in my house. I got it for half the price it probably originally costed from some rich man with thirteen other new cars. I could care less, though; I was happy with what I got. All I wanted was something with wheels and a stereo.

I slowly crept into the driveway that connected my home to the road just next to it. The girl was sleeping in the passenger side, her seat at a hundred thirty degree angle. No lights were coming from Kaden's house. He must be gone. The car gently lurched forward as though it wanted to never stop, but

all things need ot rest. I shut hte beast down and turned my attention to the light noise that came from the delicate mouth from the being near me.

I tugged on the material of the girly shirt she was wearing. She changed in the car so now her feminine curves were accented by the somber colors. She pulled away, protesting. A smile jerked at the corners of my mouth. Sleeping people are always so comfortable to be around. You don't need to be perfect. They don't say a thing about what you're wearing. They're just, there.

I gently touched the soft skin on her arm, causing her should to jerk away from my cold fingers. She glanced at me and smiled, groggily.

"Hey," I murmured. "We're home." It felt odd to say that, since I was the only one living there. We walked along the paved path to the porch where Kaden rested. I paused to look at him for a moment and he waved to aknowledge my presence. I grinned, half-heartedly, not really caring. The girl bounced into the house, now full of energy.

She plopped down on the couch, just next to the door. I entered the room and glanced at her. The large, black dog from work was resting under the coffee table, snoring like a baby. I always wondered how he got under there. I thought he was a German Shepard at first, but sometimes I just don't know.

"You hungry?" I asked, already heading into the kitchen. The girl nodded when I looked back. A loud whistle reverberated off the walls causing the large beast to shoot his head up, making a thud on the table just above him. He looked at me, knowing I made the noise. I grinned and tried to snap my fingers, but failed. I usually can, though.

"Jackle!" I yelled. He crawled out from under the table with a guilty grin on his face. He had a tendency to do that when he thought he was in trouble. I gestured to the back door, leading to the patio and outside. His nails clicked on the hardwood floor when he crossed the kitchen, keeping a watchful eye on me. Jackle pushed the screen door open with his snout and trotted out.

"Go potty, now." He looked at me and cocked his head. I laughed a pointed towards the trees just outside my home. His head followed my hand and he ran off into the bushes. I turned to the refrigerator, chock full of nothing. Milk, ranch dressing, nacho mixes, beer, eggs, butter, lots of cheese, and something from two weeks ago is all I had in there. I reached for a few items, maneuvering around others, and pulled out the milk and butter.

"Do you like macaroni and cheese?" I asked, leaning around the wall to look at the being on my couch. She cocked her head to the side in confusment. "I guess you don't know what it is." I turned back to the water on the stove. Sometimes I forget. She may even be from a different time period. Like from the past. Maybe even older than me.

I stared at the liquid boiling in front of me. I'm so confused. Why did Lust entrust her with me. I know nothing about women. I haven't had to deal with them in over a hundred years. The watched steam danced above the pot, trying to swoon itself before its short life ended with a gust of wind. I poured to noodles into the water and sighed.

I drained all the water once the noodles were tender. "Food's done," I said, pouring the rest of ingredients into the pot. She rose from her seat, entering the kitchen cautiously looking around. A small noise from behind me signaled that Jackle pushed the sliding door open again.

I pulled two bowls out of the cupboard. She just watched, slowly petting the dog with her foot. He, also, watched me move like an animal on display. I must have seemed nervous, trying to rather the few things I need. I actually wasn't living in the house long so some things were confusing and I didn't know where everything was.

I set the table, complete with large glasses of milk. The girl sat on the opposite I did, staring into my eyes. I lifted the eating utensils off the table, readying them to eat. "I hope you like cheese."