

Hospital Induced Sickness

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Sars and Ecstasy, Do i REALLY have to explain this one?

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Chapter 1 - Awakenings	2
Chapter 2 - Realizations	7
Chapter 3 - Home	11
Chapter 4 - Sickness	15
Chapter 5 - Sex education	19

1 - Awakenings

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A note from Sliver,

Well yes, Sliver here, presenting Hospital induced sickness in writing. A lot of people have asked me to do a story with my two some what Famous characters, Sars and Ecstasy.

Normally I wouldn't have done it, but I had a burst of writing creativity lately, it seems that my yearlong writers block has finally unfrozen. And besides, with my scanner temporarily Dead... I guess I might as well try and get SOME stuff up on this site. Speaking of such, I have started a new story, currently chapter one is posted here under the title "Unlocked" Hopefully I will be sticking with both of these stories...but keep in mind I'm a horribly unreliable person when it comes to shoot like this.

So chapter one is pretty clean, Because nothing really happened yet. But keep in mind this IS Hospital Induced sickness...My demented brainchild, so there's bound to be quite a lot of violence and sex in the near future. If I ever get around to writing another chapter of this shoot that is...

Well, this story will attempt to follow The hospital mutants lives since ..well since the time of their death. I am beginning from the beginning, not from the middle and not from the end. So in short, this is my attempt of telling how everything began.

Happy readings, leave me reviews telling me if I suck or if I kick @\$\$...these kinda things are helpful yahknow.

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Hospital Induced Sickness

Chapter One:
Awakenings

She Blinked, opening her eyes but saw nothing, the pain in the back of her brain causing her to close them again and wince. It was bright, too bright. She tried to think of where she was, but nothing seemed to come to her. Snippets of her life ran through her mind, playing across her aching eyelids like an old home movie. Her kindergarten class, her seventh birthday, the little boy who lived across the street, the death of her mother, her first kiss, the warm face of her boyfriend . . . then the feeling of intense pain. She paused back to replay that, as if rewinding the movie in her head. Images of a crosswalk came to her, she stood leaning one arm against the streetlight, tapping her fingers impatiently against the metal pole, her headphones resting over her ears, blasting hardcore drumbeats into her abused eardrums.

She was chewing her bottom lip, playing with her tongue ring as she did so.

Then there had been a noise. A loud and not so pleasant noise. It was one she had heard quiet often in movies, or music, or on TV or the radio, the sound had never seemed particularly scary before, but she now found herself instinctively whipping her head around behind her in terror, looking for the source of the disturbance. She heard a scream, unaware that that was what it was at the moment, the gun fired again, people ran from the scene, peering out in curiosity from behind trees, lampposts and trashcans. She was frozen, hearing car wheels swerve close by, and then she felt the pain. And that was the last thing she remembered.

Fearing she might have suffered some sort of memory loss, she tried to think of everything that had ever happened to her, from as far back as her first birthday, to when she had turned nineteen the beginning of that year. She could recall practically every waking moment of her life, every person she'd known, everything except something that seemed very, very important at the moment.

Her name.

"frack" She felt a sharp pain drive into her skull, she cried out and lay back down, instinctively pressing her hand to the right side of her face. It was then that she realized she could only open one of her eyes, as the other was wound tightly in gauze, intact, the whole right side of her face was covered. She pressed gently at the bandage, feeling something moist, something wet, and thick. She drew back her hand; blood laced her fingers and dripped down her elbow. She stared at her hand in disbelief, wanting to throw her pillow across the room in aggravation and confusion. What was going on was completely beyond her at this point.

"Fuuuuuuuuck" The girl snarled and closed her eyes, collapsing back in her bed, she guessed she was in the hospital, she guessed she had been shot. . . In the head. Confused and startled by her discovery, she sat up, her eyebrows creased, a panicked expression appearing on her young face.

Shot. . .? In the head . . .? She touched her fingertips to the bandage again; it covered most of the left side of her face, wound its way up over the back of her head. No one survived getting shot in the head! She remembered stories of people surviving a bullet missing their brain, or of people whose mind was destroyed and spent the rest of their miserable lives as vegetables in wheelchairs, being fed through machines. She looked down to see her mind was still connected to the rest of her body, she attempted to move her leg, and both her arms, she opened her mouth and snapped her jaw shut again. She certainly didn't FEEL like a vegetable. But then again, she didn't know what a vegetable felt like, so she couldn't be sure. Her head spun and she flopped back down against her pillow, muttering a limited vocabulary of curse words.

She was alone, she assumed, since no one was talking to her and her eyes were hazy from the light, but she still didn't see anything resembling a person in the room. And it wasn't a very large room. She growled, wishing that someone might come along to tell her where she was and what had happened to her. . . And possibly what her name was.

What WAS her name? She couldn't remember at all, not even the first letter of it now THAT was something to be upset about. She told herself she should be grateful for her life. . . but this was really getting to her. She was snapped out of her trance like state by a loud pounding on what she assumed to

be the door.

"S'anyone In there?!" The voice was panicked, it spoke quickly, with was slightly high-pitched tone to it, but she recognized it to be male. She responded, or at least tried to , her voice cracked into a gurgle and she coughed. "fracking HELL! S'anyone IN there??"

"Y-Yes!" She rasped. The voice was silent. As if expecting her to say something else, but she had nothing else to say so she was quiet. Seeming annoyed with her, the voice cursed. The door handle jiggled, slowly at first then speeding up to a frenzy. The figure behind the door placed one foot on the wall and yanked backwards, wordlessly pleading with the door to open. With a few more growled profanities the door flung open. And in its frame stood a panic stricken young man.

He was hunched over in exhaustion; sweat beading on his forehead, he was breathing heavily. He seemed unable to voice any more words, his arms hanging limply at his sides. He was decked out in leather, chains, belts, buckles, fishnets and heavy black makeup applied carefully around his piercing yellow eyes. His ears, which she guessed had been artificially pointed were laced in rings, spikes and many assorted piercing, same with a small silver ring below his right eye. She guessed him to be taller than her, but she couldn't quite tell for his boots most likely added a few inches. His thin form was quite apparent from the tight fitting material of his short, witch was hitched up above his hips, his exposed stomach covered in black netting, much like his arms. Her vision hadn't quite returned enough to read what was printed across his chest.

She guess that he was her age, his shoulder length bright green hair pushed up out of his face but a headband, held together by a few mismatched safety pins that varied in size. He was absolutely adorable. But now was not the time for such thoughts, and she did have a boyfriend . . .

"W-What the hell is going on around here! Who the hell are you!" she managed to recover her voice, her tongue tasting like blood as she did so. He was quiet, before seeming to remember he was afraid, he turned around and locked the door behind him, shutting off the room from the hallway in which he had come.

"I have absolutely no frackING idea!" He whispered loudly. Hurrying over to her, and away from the door. It was then she realized his arm right was damaged, gauze stretching up from his fingertips to his shoulder and wound up over his back and chest. Blood dripped from him, quickly producing small puddles on the pure tiled floor. "You gotta hide me. Seriously! There gonna fracking kill me! I fracking goddamned know it!" She blinked.

"Wait? You don't KNOW who you are???" She struggled to sit up again. She found it odd at first, then remembered she didn't exactly know who she was anymore either.

"No I don't know who I am! Is that so wrong??" She could tell he was trying to restrain himself from shouting, trying to possibly keep a low profile, as if not to be noticed. There was another knock on the door. This one was calm and unrushed. The boy froze in his tracks, his skin turning whiter than it already was, if that was indeed possible. His eyes were wide and he was still as a bored. She couldn't recall the last time she'd seen anyone so terrified. The knock sounded again.

"I-I-I--- I Locked it! Right!" He laughed nervously. "Y-You saw me lock it! Right? Didn't you! I mean. I

mean... its locked no-no one can get in.. RIGHT?" the knob turned and he whimpered, scrambling towards her bed and crouching, perhaps trying to see if he could fit inside it.

"Ill take it they have Keys. . . " The girl stated bitterly. The door handle jiggled again and budged slowly open. The boy screeched and continued to try and shove himself under the bed. He had managed to squeeze his neck and shoulders under the frame when a tall figure entered the room, the boy under the bed slipped, the floor below him slick with his own blood, he kicked as the figure approached her bed.

"I see that you two have found each other." The mans voice was soft, slow, and eerie. Haunting and unnerving. He smiled, his grin untrustworthy and adjusted his small square glasses. He was dressed as a doctor, his ID reading simply "Sutcher" She highly doubted him to be a medical professional. "That's good . . . You should get to know each other. After all" His smile widened. "You'll be spending a lot of time together after all." The girl swallowed her fears, thinking that she might take advantage of this opportunity, unlike the boy who squawked in fear, trembling halfway buried under her bed.

"Do you know anything about what's going on here? . . . Do you know why I'm here?" She paused. "What happened to me?" Sutcher glanced down his nose to his clip board, his creepy smile never once fading from his face.

"I'm aware that you have some questions . . . But that's for later. There's time. . You have the rest of your lives to answer them." He licked his lips "So to speak." She arched her eyebrow, what had he meant by that?

"Your name is Ecstasy" She blinked. Ecstasy? She was sure that it wasn't the name her parents had given her; it was the name of a drug as she remembered correctly. A drug that she herself had tried a number of times. She wondered if this 'Doctor' had somehow been aware of that . . . but she didn't object, for some reason it seemed rather fitting.

Ecstasy. . . A feeling of intense Pleasure. . ."Rather kinky sounding" she thought.

"The boy, his name is Sars. . . severe acute respiratory syndrome. . . My favorite illness." Sutcher laughed. "Sars for short."

Ecstasy looked down to see that Sars had poked his head out and was now lying on the floor, blood pooled around him, his expression had changed, his hand propping up his chin as he stared into the air vent across the room.

"...Is he going to be ok?" She pointed to the dark red puddle that was slowly growing beneath him. Sutcher shrugged.

"Should be fine," He tapped Ecstasy's bandaged forehead. "Your bleeding too yah know, cutie. Don't fret. The dead can't die again."

But before she had time to process his last words, he was gone and the door was shutting behind him.

End Chapter One

2 - Realizations

Hospital Induced Sickness

Chapter two: Realizations

It seemed like forever for Sutchers words to process in her mind. "Your bleeding too, cutie" she replayed them over and over again, "You're bleeding too, cutie. Your bleeding too cutie...your bleeding too cutie..." Well...she had been quite aware of that part...but it was what he had said AFTER that really had her worked up.

"Did he just say..." She wasn't really aware she had spoken the words out loud, until of course Sars answered her.

"Yes, yes he did. Dead, your dead. Your dead, I'm dead, he's probably dead too! Were all just one fracking happy family of dead!" He threw his arms up in the air, completely unmindful that his words didn't make a whole lot of grammatical sense. "And now that were dead, were stuck being dead and We've already been dead for three days! And you know what... You know what REALLY sucks about that? DO you?"

He leaned in closer to her. "Do you?" Ecstasy shook her head no. He jerked back, a look of sheer disgust and surprise on his face. "Your dead!" He screamed, "That's what really sucks about it!"

"Well..." Ecstasy paused, standing up and smoothing out her skirt. She hitched up her fishnets and checked to see all her spikes were in place. Adjusting her knee high combat boots she shook out her hands and feet and stretched. "I guess its not all that bad..." she told herself she was stupid, not that bad? Not that bad? She was pretty sure that was the biggest lie shed ever told. "Well, ok, so its pretty much the worst thing that could happen to us . . .but."

She looked own. He had said three days hadn't he? That pretty much meant that she had been passed out for three days, if you could even call it being passed out at all. She wondered why her chest was still moving up and down with her breath. She didn't know that the dead could breath...So much for being a vegetable.

"Apparently I've been wearing these cloths for three days . . .and that's really disgusting." Sars's jaw dropped. Was she serious? He couldn't believe that, there was no way she could be serious. He was so consumed in his thoughts of how completely strange HER thoughts were, that he didn't even notice when she walked across the room to the door. The only thing that seemed to get his attention is her hand grasped firmly around the thick black dog collar around his neck. And before he could be quite aware of her intentions he found himself being yanked out into the hallway.

Letting out a small yelp he was forced to hope along backwards behind her, discovering that Ecstasy was a very quick walker was not the lesson he had hope to learn. Tripping over himself he managed to speak. She dropped him and continued walking forward where as he was forced to run slightly to keep up with her.

"Wait a second here!" he choked, adjusting his collar and rubbing his throat. "Where the Hell do you think your going?" the girl was silent for a second, never slowing her pace and never looking back to face him. She licked at the inside of her lips as they turned the corner. She then stopped abruptly, turning her head in all directions as if the victim of some demented Easter egg hunt.

"You didn't see what Direction he went? Did you?" Sars shoved his hands in his pocket, standing slightly in front of her this time, incase she started walking again perhaps he could get a little head start this time.

"Who?"

"That doctor, stupid." She bit back sarcastically. "Who do you think I was looking for?" Sars winced, his arms stiffening.

"Um, I really don't think you want to talk to him." A slight chill ran down his spin at recent memories, odd medical instruments, and even odder experiments. He closed his eyes and let a shutter run its full coarse through his body. But when he opened them he saw that Ecstasy had already reached the end of the hall.

"How did she do that?" He thought, his brain crapping. Letting out a long sigh he trotted up to her, tapping a finger to her shoulder. She turned around. "There's a Payphone right outside the hospitals main entrance. If you need to figure something out id use that . . . Or talk to a nurse or possibly a different doctor. But I do NOT suggest talking to him." He swallowed. "That guys a creep!"

Ecstasy was quiet. She seemed to be focused on counting how many specks of dirt had accumulated on the toe of her left boot. This was moving way to fast for her, normally she could handle things at a fast and confusing pace...but not things involving her possibly being somewhat of a zombie. She wasn't quite ready to be a member of the undead. This was all something out of some weird science fiction movie, her head was spinning and she couldn't tell if it was from her anxiety, or from the fact that she was bleeding buckets from the right side of her face. It was impossible to believe, what Sutchter had told her, it was impossible for her to be dead and to still be standing here in this hospital hallway, surrounded on all sides by florescent artificial light. Nothing made any sense either way she looked at it, but wasn't it also impossible to be shot in the face and survive without any noticeable mental damage besides the forgetting of ones name?

What WAS her name? She shrugged it off, knowing that to think about it would just cause her more annoyance then it was worth. She didn't need that old name anymore anyways; her old name was a connection to her old life after all. And that life was over . . . In more ways then one she really was dead. What about her family? If she had been dead for three days then they obviously knew her to be so, she couldn't just show up on her front porch with a gaping hole in her skull calming that she'd returned to them from the land of the dead. Either they wouldn't believe her, or her father would die of a heart attack. It seemed like a logical reason not to disturb her family. She's seen in movies and read in books

about ghosts and spirits being told not to let people from their lives see them, as if it would screw up the natural working of the universe.

And being there, standing in dirty cloths bleeding from a rather nasty gunshot wound, and quite possibly being a member of satins army of the living dead, she figured that the natural workings of the universe did not need to be anymore screwed up then they already were. She might in turn cause the dinosaurs to come back to earth in space ships as flaming rain fell backwards into the clouds made of grass.

...Now she really had a head ach. This was insane. What about all her friends? Ok...so her small group of friends. But they still surly were wondering what happen to her. She couldn't be aware if they knew she was dead, she began to make a list of the people she loved, and she felt her beat less hear shatter at the knowledge that she probably would never be able to see them again . . . Her friends, family, her neighbors, her boyfriend. She felt tears enter her eyes. And she covered her face with her hands. She felt herself tremble and she folded to the floor. The realness of her situation finally hitting her full force.

"Hey...Ecstasy" Sars kneeled beside her. Telling himself that she'd just woken up, that she'd just been reborn, he had realized it at the start of two days go...He had had time to let it sink in, to think about everything. And he had reacted in pretty much the same way she was doing so now. He placed a friendly hand on her shoulder and pulled her into him. Blindly She groped for his hand but her fingers compromised by gripping to tight martial of his shirt. She buried her face in his chest and waited to calm down. Her shudders eventually gave way to little hitching whimpers, His hand now against her back. He was warm, which was odd for a dead person. Making her think that maybe there was some part of this story that she hadn't quite been told yet.

"Sorry..." She looked at her hand, his short strangled in a death grip between her fingers. She forced herself to let go and simply let her arms hang limp at her sides. "I-I don't know what came over me." That was another Lie, she knew exactly what had come over her.

"Nah, its 'k" she looked up to see him smile slightly. "I did the same thing when I first figured it out..." she let a little laugh escape, simply for the purpose of lightening the mood a bit.

"Who wouldn't?" It was then she realized that her head was still against his neck, his hand still planted on the small of her back. She pulled off and he let go as she did so. It hadn't been a bad feeling . . . not at all, but for one reason or another if felt almost inappropriate at a time like this. Ecstasy forced another smile, whipping the rest of her tears from her face. "Now what?" She asked. Sars shrugged

"...I thought you wanted to change your cloths?"

She let out a chuckle in the form of a breath. "I still want to talk t the doctor..." She grabbed hold of his wrist and yanked him forward. "And your going to help me find him." Sars swallowed deeply, somehow he had ended up under her, her eyes refection something he couldn't read, and it frightened him. Amazed by her sudden change he nodded meekly, puzzled how this girl could go from crying and venerable to... well to what she was now was slightly exciting. She kicked him lightly, but enough to get her point across "Get up." Sars did so, wobbling to his feet he took the lead in front of her, she followed closely behind him, her silence slightly unnerving.

"...There's a staff lounge at the far end of this hall way..." He laughed nervously; she still said nothing,

walking silently behind him as they progressed further down the hallway.

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"The newbies are here." Ritalin set down his coffee mug, peering down his glasses at his CD case. He temporarily turned down his headphones to hear if anyone answered. No one did. He rolled his eyes and growled in annoyance. "Sutcher! Sutcher the newbies are here! And I aint dealing with em! They're your experiments! Do something about em!"

Sutcher turned around in his chair, wheeling slightly away from his computer just long enough to peer from his office and into the lounge. His first experiment had his heavy set boots slammed down aggressively upon the surface of the coffee table, his head phones turned up again so loud the Doctor was sure that if the building collapsed he would not be able to hear it. His arms crossed across his chest, his intense red eyes remained shut, his glasses teetering dangerously at the tip of his nose, yet they miraculously managed not to slip off. There was absolutely no one else in the room. But Ritalin could be sure that the hospitals two newest members were indeed only moments from the door. Either he could smell them coming, or it was just a sixth sense he had. Sutcher smiled, admiring his handiwork, that was after all how he had designed him.

"Send them in when they come." He returned to his computer screen, assuming his urgent work of saving his small gaming world of warriors from a rather large troll invasion. Ritalin scoffed bitterly and his eyes darted away from the office at the unheard click of the doorknob. He watched it turn and his eyebrows raised slightly at the boy who entered the room.

He was pretty cute.

Before Sars could voice his question, or comment on Ritalin's rather large canine ears protruding from the top of his head, the man lifted one arm and pointed in the direction of Sutchers office.

"The docs in Back, he wants to talk to you." Sars nodded dumbly. "Where's the other one? I smell two of you..."

It was then that he spotted Ecstasy, coming in the doorway behind him. Ritalin chewed his lip, his face slightly aggravated. "Great" He muttered to himself. "Another woman...like we need more of those around here."

"Sorry?" Sars asked, leaning in a little bit so he could hear better.

"I already told you." Ritalin snapped "He's in the back...you def or somethin'?" He watched them blankly, his blood red eyes following them as they headed to the back of the lounge, pausing slightly in front of Sutchers door, they exchanged a few words before the female paused the door open a crack and slipped in. Ritalin returned to his coffee and turning his headphones up even further he took a small sip of the bitter liquid.

He'd make Hell for that girl...He'd make her regret that shed ever stepped foot inside the walls of this hospital. ...That was a promise.

3 - Home

Note from sliver:

Sucky, rushed chapter...fear my crappy skills of shoot...blah.

No effort was applied to this at all... And you know what? I don't give a crap!. Mild sexual stuff here.. but hey, it IS H.I.S...so its kinda obvious. Dont like, dont read...dont flame, dont bother. I..Dont..Care

Hospital Induced Sickness

Chapter three: Home

"Sooo..." Sars swirled his cup in his hand, rotating his wrist, the cardboard waxy material sweating beads of water as he did so. He had somehow found himself walking down the street, Ecstasy had seemed to regain whatever sense she had and was walking beside him slowly. "What are we doing...?"

"Going to my house" she said mater-o-factly, Sars took another sip of his soda.

"Why?" he replied lazily, the bendable straw protruding from his jaw. He sucked it in attempt to smooth out the chewed plastic that no longer let any liquid in. he hadn't even realized he had chewed the hole shut, and quite frankly it didn't make him seem like the smartest guy in the world.

"Because look at me! I need to pick up some stuff, cloths, drugs, beer, yah know...that kinda stuff." Sars nodded, she looked back at him, pointing up to his soda cup. "that stuffs bad for you yah know..." she watched his eyebrows raise.

"And drugs and beer arnt?" he refused to give up the struggle he was having with the straw. "Doesn't matter now anyway...were dead so who gives a shoot." Ecstasy was quite for a little while, that did make sense after all. "So. where do you live?"

"You mean, where DID I live?" She scoffed. "Not too far off, next right." They turned onto a small street, a dead end. "Third one in" It was a wreck of a house, three cars in the driveway, three he guessed didn't work, surrounded on all sides by heaps of broken trash bags, rips in their sides and drenched in the night previous rain. He guessed they had been ripped to shreds by raccoons and other animals. The house was brown, he couldn't tell if it was from the paint, or from the bare wood, but it was split, cracking, the roof sagged in, the windows were broken and shards of glass littered the muddy yard. There was no grass to be seen. The house looked as if it would break down into fits of crying any second, the door was duck taped to its hinges.

Before he realized he was still standing in the driveway he saw her stepping through the trash that little the yard, she turned around and called out to him. "Come on, no ones home, yah don't gotta worry about anyone seeing use." Sars nodded dumbly and followed her inside, picking his way through piles

of yard waste and broken machinery that he guessed used to be parts of the three old cars out front.

Ecstasy made a sharp turn up the stairs, the creaked as she ascended higher and he winced, imagining them give way beneath her. He swallowed and closing his eyes ran up the stairs and into the room on the left. It was slightly well kept compared to the rest of the house, the paint less walls were covered in pictures, weather worn photos of people he dint know, posters of bands and such. It was a small room, covered in clutter, wooden shelves holding small trinkets, more photographs and old ragged stuffed animals. He sat down on the foot of her bed, the old tired mattress sagging under his weight. The sheets were dark blue, they too were worn to the point of softness, almost so that you could see through them if you were to hold them up to the window. Light streaked into the room from a sky light, causing many specks of golden dust to flutter around his head and settle in his hair. Ecstasy had made her way to he closet door, pulling out her back pack and had begun stuffing it with an assortment of things.

"This your room." The question was stupid, the answer was obvious, of coarse it was her room. But what else was he supposed to say?

"Yeah..." She tossed back a small article of clothing, he caught it and held it up, the skirt was black and pleated. Slightly confused by what she wanted him to do with it he was taken by surprise when another one came in direct contact with his face. This one was hot pink, slits on the side held together with metal rings and black ties. He laughed and she turned around to give him a disapproving glare. "What? Something funny?" She growled. Sars merely smiled.

"No...its just that I have the same one." Ecstasy's jaw dropped, he HAD to be kidding... he must be kidding. She hoped that he wasn't. "What size are you?" He asked, holding up the skirt to examine the waist line.

"None of your damned business" He threw the black one back to her and she folded it and stuffed it into her bag. "Why?" Sars shrugged.

"Just wondering if this one would fit me." Ecstasy looked him up and down. Though she didn't want to admit it she was positive it would fit him...He was skinnier then her. She tried her best not to let that piss her off to much and grinned. She stood up and walked over to him, placing her hands on his shoulders she brought her face dangerously close to his. Sars swallowed and stared back.

"Who knows..." Her voice has changed, lower, softer, silkier. "Why don't you try it on?" She resisted the urge to change him herself, wondering what had come over her. He wasn't smiling, was he?

Before he had time to completely process what was happening she was on top of him, her arms bent at the elbow over his head, her legs straddled over his hips as she seated herself on his lap.

She blamed her raging hormones.

"I didn't know you were a cross dresser..." She whispered, her lips hovering over his ear, her teeth nipping at the many earnings he wore there. Suddenly she wanted to discoverer any more piercing that may not be quite so visible to the eye.

"Part time" Sars's smirk widened. "Why? You got a thing for men in drag?" His hands were on her

thighs, his silver rings leaving chills on her skin as he pushed up the useless material of her skirt. She purred.

"Well..." She shifted her position slightly, her hands resting on his chest, her fingers toying with the collar round his neck, it clinked slightly against his other necklaces. "Your pretty enough to pull it off."

She was aware that this was becoming a little more than innocent, but the idea lurking in the back of her mind told her that cheating on her boyfriend wasn't necessarily the wrong thing to do regarding the current situation of her being dead an all.

And besides... Sars seemed like a good guy.

...Not that she'd ever gone for a "good guy" in the past. To go a little further wouldn't hurt. She hesitantly placed her lips over his, once again surprised to feel that he was warm, not exactly what you would expect. ...There was something terribly wrong about this, something terribly...disturbing. She'd never been one to have necrophilia tendencies in the past, but she guessed that this was different, and besides, a little fun never hurt anyone, right?

Sars seemed to agree with her unspoken reasoning, either that or he was completely unbothered by all of this. She let her mouth open wider. The kiss deepened, moving her tongue forward to reach the front of his mouth, just past his teeth. And in a twist of heat Sars opened up completely beneath her. Very soon she was aware he was pulling her down against him, his hands running up her thighs to rest on her hips. He repeated this motion and the kiss intensified.

Her fingers were now clutched at his shirt, trying in frustration to lift it up. The material was tight and fitting, making it an annoyance to get underneath. She pulled back, nipping aggressively at the skin of his neck, running her tongue along where she could. She felt him speak, his throat vibrating with speech.

"...We.. Don't even know each other." Came his half hearted protest. Ecstasy chuckled, like that had ever stopped her before? She felt him jerk under her touch as she extended her reach down to grip his legs. Holding her palms firmly under his knees she bent his legs and folded them against his chest. The shocked expression on his face made her want to laugh. Laying herself across his vulnerable body, she took her sweet time running her fingertips up the insides of his legs, creating friction between her nails and the material of his pants. She heard him moan as his entire body stiffened beneath her.

Leaning in to kiss him again, she lifted his legs once more, this time placing them over her shoulders as his hands went back to pushing his shirt from his chest.

"Arms up" She ordered, and without a second thought they were above his head. She tugged his shirt upwards, over his chest and over the top of his head. She was thrilled to find the fishnets were connected to the sleeves, which involved less work in getting them off. Sars felt her hands on his hips and propped himself up on his elbows to see what she was doing. Ecstasy pounced further up on top of him and shoved him firmly into the mattress.

"Down" She growled, her hands running up his sides to move their way across his tight stomach. Sars obeyed, shuddering slightly at her aggressive manner. "Don't. move." She hissed, her lips coming in contact with his neck, and slowly making their way southward.

There was a noise and Ecstasy froze. She stood up and ran to her door, peering out and down the stairs she cursed softly. Sars whined, lying sprawled out on her bed with half of his clothing on the floor.

"Whaaaaat?" he groaned, sitting up and mentally screaming and throwing heavy things into the wall.

"Shut up!" Ecstasy snapped. "My sisters home..." She grabbed him and shoved him towards her closet. "Get in, we cant let her find us..." Ecstasy ran through her head what might happen if her sister was to find the dead body of a sibling in the house, she would freak, call the police, suffer a heart attack and possibly die. That...was not good. Not good at all. Sars found himself being pushed into the dark closet, pressed against clothing with hangers prodding into his spine. He grumbled quietly and tried to adjust himself into a more agreeable position.

"What are we supposed to do?" he whispered, only to have Ecstasy place a firm hand over his mouth.

"Were gonna shut up and stay low until she leaves, dumbass. What do you think? Were gonna make a mad dash for the door??? Don't be stupid."

He was silent but she didnt remove her hands from his lips. There for leaving him cramped in the dark musty closet, his legs buried up to his chest and his foot quickly falling asleep.

"How long till your sister leaves?"

Ecstasy's silence was hardly comorting. Sars crossed his arms in a futile attmpt to make more room for himself, fearing the worst and that this could take a long, long time.

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4 - Sickness

Hospital Induced sickness

Chapter four: Sickness

“I can smell you still...
I can smell your country matters
...You smell of me..
And it makes my stomach churn...”

He leaned back against the cold tiles of the wall. The whole place was white... the whole place was ...sterile. The whole place made him sick. He hated it, hated every single inch of it, every tool, every brick, every window, every person. But most of all...he hated ‘Him’

He was a disgusting man, a purely sick and twisted human being, though he was without a doubt a genius, he was possibly the most deranged creature to ever walk the earth. Some things were just not meant to be fracked with...and he had fracked with them and continued to do so. Some things just were not supposed to happen. Toying with life like this...toying with death...but most of all, toying with simple human emotion.

Ritalin let his eyes wander, yet his thoughts stayed focused. Why had he done it? He knew perfectly well why he had done it, he had done it to end everything...And then Sutchter came along to bring it all back to him, a never ending ocean of sickness where he was trapped, drifting in a small raft, and each time the waves smacked against the side he was forced to curl over the edge and vomit. And it would never stop.

The dead can't die...

Sutchter was a bastard, IV wasn't much better, and if they weren't enough, two new mutants had decided it was time to waltz into his life. Even though it wasn't his life, it wasn't a life at all...he simply...existed.

And then there was her...

Although she no longer physically existed, her face forever plagued his memories. Every waking moment of his day, every sleeping moment of his night, she was there. She was always there, and he would watch her again and again. She was possibly the most disgusting of them all..

“Out of all the times you screamed my name...” He snarled softly through clenched teeth., his words barely leaving his lips. His eyes narrowed. Images replayed in his mind, clear as they day they had happened. His lips turned upwards slightly, a haunting grin spreading across his face. “...I enjoyed the last one the most.”

The thought of her body, a lifeless shell, cold and maimed, disfigured and dismembered. It was the most

beautiful she had ever been. She had become the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

And then it was over. He remembered the walk; he remembered the chains, the locks, the padding and the clothing. He remembered the police officer, her remembered the scent of the latex glove...he remembered the feeling of the needle as it pierced his neck. ...He didn't remember what death had felt like. He didn't remember what anything felt like. All he felt was a constant numbing deep down somewhere inside him, radiating to all parts of his body, a gentle unnerving hum, a drone, nothingness.

Four years he had felt It, the low and steady buzz, four years he had felt nothing else, no happiness, no excitement, no pleasure, no peace, no pain... For the last four years he had felt nothing...absolutely nothing.

He had been her doll, her little worthless doll, her puppet to control, to pull his strings ...to make him dance. He had been her doll to abuse, to torture, to break, she had played with him to long... and without a doubt he had broken, he had shattered, snapped and cracked. He had exploded. And he had done something she never expected him to do. He had broken her too. Broken her in ways she had never attempted to break him, lashing out with all he had left in him, before his own fall.

He knew to do so would cause his own end. He could have prevented It, he could have hid her body, he could have framed his neighbors, blamed it on something else...he could have done all sorts of things. But he hadn't. He had chosen that he wanted the world to know, he wanted everyone to see that he had broken her, that he had tortured her, destroyed her...that she was now HIS puppet, and he would make her dance.

If He had been a hunter, he would have displayed her head upon his wall, mounted on wood with two glass eyes, more beautiful than her real eyes ever had been. She was his now...And he was no longer her toy. It had all ended almost too quickly, and now he was here, and it was now....

And he was sick. Not just physically. He concluded that he too was mental sick, disturbed and deranged...Sadistic.

Yet he still felt nothing.

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"Whets going on out there?????" Sars whispered loudly, only to have Ecstasy's knee come in direct contact with his rib cage. He squeaked and rubbed his side.

"Don't you know how to be quiet??"

"I swear to god.. its been THREE hours... We've been in this fracking closet for THREE hours! And your sister hasn't come in once..." Ecstasy gave him a warning look and something inside him froze.

"I haven't heard the fracking door close now have I? HAVE I???" she was on the verge of loosing her

patience. "If I haven't heard the door close that means she hasn't LEFT now! Got it?" Sars pouted, rolling his eyes, but making sure to face the opposite direction so she didn't see him doing so...he didn't want her mad, she was scary enough as is.

"Dcho got a window?" he broke the long silence. Ecstasy stiffened. Why the hell didn't she think of that? It was a good idea...but she wasn't going to let him have the satisfaction of thinking it up.

"Of course I do...I just thought you'd be too much of a chicken to climb out of it..." she covered up her ignorance by shifting the blame back onto him. ...Sars didn't seem to mind.

"Normally I would be...but I'm getting sick of you sitting on my shoulder, and my legs asleep and in serious pain... And I'm hungry as hell." Ecstasy nodded and slowly reached forward, her hand on the door handle and turned it with caution, peering out into her wreck of a room. Tip-toeing out of the closet she reminded him of one of those old cartoon characters. Sars followed her to the window.

And when he looked down he instantly changed his mind.

"Holy frackin' Jesus cow!" he shuddered. "That's a long way down..." Ecstasy rolled her eyes.

"Your dead...not like you can DIE again, now is it? ...jump" Sars nearly fell over backwards, and he could have sworn to seeing his soul escape his body and run head first into a wall, then watched as it fell to the floor moaning and holding its skull.

"Are you serious???"

"SHHH!"

"I can't frackin' jump.. and I'm not frackin' going to.. I can still feel PAIN yah know!"

"oh shut up I was just kidding..." She was already at the bed, tying one sheet to another. Sars let his jaw drop. She had to be kidding him.

"they do that in movies!" he flailed his arms helplessly. Wishing now that he was back in the closet. "It can't really work?? Can it?" Ecstasy didn't look up, just shrugged and continued tying.

"Might as well find out now..."

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Sutcher yawned, stretched and then placed his head back down on the desk. Work was boring...really, really boring...the trolls had continued to take away all the life points he had earned and he was now lost in a cave somewhere and couldn't find his way out. And where was I.V. with those medical records?

the poor girl had probably gotten overwhelmed and swallowed up by the sheer disorganization of the file cabinet. He had told her the files would be somewhere INSIDE the cabinet...but now he realized that that probably wouldn't have helped her much. He couldn't help but wonder WHY she still worked for him... How anyone could put up with him was simply beyond all logical thought.

he groaned and adjusted his position, trying to fluff out the sleeves of his lab coat to possibly make them seem more like a pillow, and thoughts of stuffing them with feather seemed highly appealing at the moment. Now if only he had some feathers...

There was the shuffling of feet behind him and a tap on his shoulder. He looked up to see I.V. her glasses tilted sideways her hair was a mess...Yes, she had indeed gotten lost in the file cabinet. She let out a silent sigh and dropped a folder on his desk...A blank, manila folder.

...Sutcher hated manila folders...they were too...professional looking and reminded him of high school... Well, the parts of high school he had been present to remember. How he had gotten a medical license would forever be the unanswered question in his mind. Not that he still HAD that license. He felt bad for his assistant, IV. Knew he didn't have his license and yet she still continued to work for him, even though she knew very well that if the cops ever got their hands on him, she would be facing the punishment as well. She was a real nurse after all, even if her genetics had been tweaked slightly...

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End chapter four

5 - Sex education

Oh
My
Gods

LOOKIE! AN UPDATE!! A frackING UPDATE!!! WORSHIP ME! KISS MY @\$#!

Wh00t..

Ok, now that that's all over with.. Read my story..

Read now you pitiful fools.. I'm off to go play more FF9

== Hospital Induced Sickness
Chapter 5: Sex education

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If I.V. could have laughed in triumph, she would have, her lips spreading into an evil grin as she pulled the needle from the bottle. The liquid inside sloshed from side to side as she held it up to her eyes level.

"Well don't shake it THAT much!" Sutchter pouted, rolling up his sleeve and giving her his arm. "That stuff is dangerous." She gave him a look, as if daring him to talk back to her again.

She always won, always. He dint understand why he continued to challenge her...She was just a better fighter then he. And it wasn't fair! Sutchter had been playing video games his whole life, he could be practicing one for years, and she would come along and destroy him on her first try. The woman wasn't human!

"You are evil" With a smug grin she quickly reminded him that it was his idea, and that there was nothing he could do about it. A bet was a bet and he'd lost. He'd be unconscious for hours. Knowing I.V. Shed probably rob him and lock him in a closet while he was defenseless... And she always seemed like such a nice girl!

"Fine" he grumbled as he watched the needle slid into his arm, feeling the drug flowing into his veins. "Just no taking advantage of me while I'm out."

Her creepy smile was not the most reassuring thing he could have seen as his vision slowly faded to black.

==

It was dark by the time the two had managed to make their way back to the hospital, it loomed up out of the night, its florescent lights glowing like some sort of sanctuary, promising shelter, hope, and possibly even more misery then before. Ecstasy placed her hands on her hips and stopped shortly, as if deciding weather to venture inside, or to turn and run, seeing how far she could get before being swallowed up by the darkness of the night. Turning to Sars she leg her shoulders sag, her lips creasing into a rather sarcastic smile.

"To return? Or not to return?" She asked. Sars dropped his hands into his pockets

"That is the question"

She slung her bag over her shoulder, hoisting it up onto her back, supporting its weight with her own. Without another word she was quickly ascending up the ramp. Sars didn't move, he watched her until she had completely faded from his view before continuing forward himself.

==

Sars felt his heart jump into his throat. It wasn't really the welcome he had expected, not that he had expected any welcome at all, but certainly not like this. Ritalin was in front of him, staring down at him, his left arm holding him stiffly against the wall, his hand pressing against his shoulder, holding him there, his blood red nails poking into his skin. He was silent, Sars tried to speak but no words would form on his lips. Ritalin's breath was hot against his face, his eyes never blinking as he peered down at him through square glasses, through dangerous eyes. The man inhaled deeply, licking his lips as if tasting the air like a snake. Then he spoke, his voice low and gruff.

"Has she taken you yet?" Sars didn't respond, no quite sure what the other man was asking. Ritalin waited before asking again, sniffing the air as he moved his face to Sars's shoulder, his other hand coming to grip his wrists and press him powerfully into the wall. "Your smell... its tainted..."

"Wh-Wh...I..uh.." Ritalin released Sars's left wrists from his death grip, his hand traveling across the younger boy's chest to cup his chin between his fingers, he yanked his head up till their eyes locked.

"Its ...mixed..." He said softly, a eerie tone creeping into his voice. "She's tried to take you...that whore...hasn't she?" Sars began to realize what he was asking, yet words didn't come to mind. "She's got a different scent then you...a different scent then me... she has ..." He paused, dropping his fingers from Sars's chin to play with one of the many loops at his hip. "the scent of Many men." Sars swallowed, hard. His nervousness increasing.

"what....are you talking about?"

"the girl...what's her name?"

"..E-Ecstasy.."

"Ah.. Yes...It rings a bell." Ecstasy had long hair, braided on both sides...her face was soft and her eyes were blue...Jessica...the similarities were ...unheard of...and they had the same smell. "She's a whore..."

Ritalin continued. "I suggest...you don't get involved with her.."

Ritalin couldn't help but laugh at the frightened, and almost disgusted look on the younger boy's face, he realized his two fingers were still tightly wound in the metal looping of his belt.

"What?...Am I invading your personal space?" He hissed, his laugh dissolving into a growl. "It's a pity...they always go after the pretty ones." Ritalin pulled back, still holding Sars to the wall. "Your very pretty boy...you know that?"

Sars gulped, as if trying to swallow a lump that had grown in his throat. Ritalin arched his eyebrows, pushing up his glasses with his free hand, Sars was amazed at his strength.

"Don't worry" he snarled "I'm not trying to come on to you...Just because I hate woman doesn't mean I go for men... Sex is a purely disgusting thing in itself."

"I..uh...huh?" Sars blinked. "Disgusting?" His suspicions about Ritalin were confirmed, the man was clearly out of his mind.

"Yes... Sex comes from the need to repopulate the species...And in the case of the human...we need as little repopulation as possible. The human is a simply disgusting animal, a knotted beast carved from the ugliest block of wood the god could find, don't you agree? Going along, creating their own little twisted worlds, their own little twisted towns, cities, their own little twisted lives in their own useless existence.

They do nothing but make the world a horrible place to inhabit.." Ritalin seemed to enjoy Sars's company, well.. at least the fact that he was listening to him. "They do nothing worthwhile with their lives, their born, they eat, they sleep, they frack, and then they die...leaving the next generation of little creatures they created to do exactly the same thing!"

"...So does every other animal" Sars was silenced when Ritalin shoved him further into the wall, he felt his back bruise.

"Its not the same" He snarled, "The human animal has distanced itself from the earth, from its creator...And this brings me back to the point that every single human should just STOP having sex all together. Kill off the population.

But sex, the desire for sex, the desire for that contact, that release...that touch. It's maddening, isn't it? Purely maddening. People try to convince you it's about love, that its about ...emotion. But its not...what your mother, your father, your gym teacher...everything they told you, it's a lie. There is no LOVE involved, there is no ..affection" Ritalin's eyes were far off, as if he was in a trance, Sars wasn't quite sure he was even aware of who he was talking to anymore...or if he was just talking to himself. "all there is, is your own selfish desire to feel that pleasure, and the only way to achieve it is by using someone else as a stepping stone! Isn't that right?" Ritalin was silent, then without warning loosened his grip of Sars's arm and let the boy tumbled o the floor.

"so.. your Asexual I presume..." Sars coughed, rubbing his shoulder with his arm, he wondered if he was bleeding.

"The human body does nothing for me...I find absolutely no excitement in grinding my sweaty body against someone else..." He turned to leave.

"Quite the new take on sex education" Sars joked, trying to lighten the looming dark cloud that had seemed to settle down on top of them. Ritalin turned back to face him, his hands now planted in his pockets, his ears back and his tails swaying lazily behind him.

"I'm telling you this for your own good you know...Stay away from Ecstasy...she'll break you, the girls a whore...she'll use you and toss you to the curb like a browning Christmas tree, and since your dead, even suicide wont be able to ease the pain of heartbreak...It will just make it that many times worse..."Ritalin was quickly heading up the nearest flight of stairs, leaving Sars still sitting, knees bent of the floor, to try and make sense of everything he'd heard.

Ritalin slipped his headphones up around his ears, his glasses once again coming down to rest on the tip of his nose

"...they always go after the pretty ones..."

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EndChapter 5

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Mer.. Sorry I started ranting through Ritalin.. I USE MY CHARACTERS TO RANT! That I do... Yeah, the whole thing with I.V. and Sutchter in the beginning has nothing to do with anything.. i just threw it in to make the chapter longer.. think of it as pointless filler. Shut up, I don't care if you hate me for it