

Improving Oneself
By
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Clearing his throat, the television show host resumed the broadcast of his show after some commercials. Turning to the video camera he assumed one of his false but welcoming smiles. "Hello and welcome back to the Tales of the Strange and Weird. I am here with Edward Blacknail and we've been talking about some of the strange beasts that may or may not roam America." The host said addressing the video camera, then turning to the thin balding man sitting on a stool across from the host. The studio lights glaring off the man's makeup covered face and forehead.

"Now before we left for a commercial, we were talking about big foot." The host prompted Edward.

"Yes, but recently in the past fifteen years we have been seeing evidence of some new undiscovered beasts within certain parts of the northwest." Edward reveled to the host.

"What do you mean, new evidence of bigfoot?"

"No some things entirely new. For instance someone found foot prints that point to a large lizard creature."

"A large lizard?" The host asked incredulously.

"Yes, we've only been able to find one or two foot prints, but they are huge, at least two feet in diameter. They point to a creature that had to be as large as a dinosaur," Edward confidently intoned

"Are you saying we have dinosaurs roaming out west?"

"Could be, but those tracks are about the only thing we can find. The beast or beasts seem to live in the portions of Washington state that is so dense and hard to explore that even today we've never been able to fully chart the entire forested area." Edward chatted easily.

"So there could be dinosaurs out there and we would never know about them? I would think that they would have been so large as to either stand above the forest or leave other evidence." The host asked.

"Well about the only other evidence we've seen are large piles of heavily eaten carcasses. However, there are many who doubt those piles are from these beast, but more likely from a wolf pack or maybe a mountain lion."

"Could this beast be related to the Loch Ness monster?"

"No one is sure. There had never been a sighting of a monster swimming in the waters of Washington state, so we're not sure."

"Has there ever been a mission to get more documentation on these monsters," the host wondered.

"There have been a couple tries, but both ended in disaster. One just simply disappeared. They had been trying to delve deeply into the wild forest," Edward paused for a moment. Then he continued on, "you got to remember that this was the same type of forest where that man who hijacked a plane, held it hostage, then later parachuted from it only to disappear into the same forest. But back to that group, no one has been able to find any trace of what happened. They found two places where they camped, but after that all traces of the group mysteriously disappeared..."

"You mentioned that there had been more than one try, what happened to the second group?"

"Oh, that one! There had been at least one person left of the group. When people found him five months after later, the searchers said the man was stark raving mad. Yelling and screaming how some monsters had ate everyone and he had been hiding and running from them. He is currently spending some time in a local psychiatric institution." Edward confided to the host.

"Wow." The host exclaimed at hearing the tale. "You also mentioned that there were other new beasts roaming America that no one knows about?"

"Well the only other new beast people have just begun to see signs of has been of some type of huge insect. Some have found traces of it in the northern part of California."

"How large are we talking about? A foot?"

Edward shook his head, "No, much larger. Many feet long and large. One person said they saw leg that was over eight feet long. But the majority of the scientific community doubt his story because he was drunk at the time. On top of that, scientists who study insects have proclaimed that no such insect could possibly live in today's world. That insect biology wouldn't be able to support such a large body."

"So the only evidence of such a large insect is one drunk man's story?"

"Well that's the only visual sighting. But there are a couple towns who are reporting missing people. Some locals ascribe the disappearances of these people to huge spiders hunting in the woods. Yet, they were never able to find a trace of them."

"The people who disappeared?"

"Them and also the huge spiders," confided Edward.

"So these huge insects are more lore then reality?"

"That's my guess."

Checking his watch, the host saw that time was out. "Well that is all we have for today. Next week we will be interviewing real life mediums who speak to ghosts." The host finished the show by thanking Edward and wishing his audience a good night.

Across the country inside one the glittering towers of Las Vegas sat a man, within one of the thousands of hotel rooms. His semi tall build, under his white golf tee shirt and black suit, spoke of a man who exercised. His movements suggested a well practiced man and his face showed an almost blank face of someone accustomed to showing little emotions. His short cut light brown hair suggested he had had some kind of military training.

Around him was the typical décor of a Las Vegas casino hotel room. Simple sparse furnishings amid easily reproduced prints. He sat at a small round table casually sipping golden whisky. He nonchalantly looked out the window at the dark yet bright Vegas night. Off to his side, was a large flat television screen while the Tales of the Strange and Wild talk show was finishing up.

The man had been half listening while looking out the room's broad windows and waiting for something. On the bed next to him, sat a simple gray metal brief case. The man turned off the television and contemplated the case. Casually, he reached into his suit and pulled out a small handgun. The man ejected the gun's magazine and checked to make sure it was fully loaded. Then he slid it back into the gun with a snap click. With a practiced hand, the man racked the gun's slide back and stripped a bullet from the magazine into the barrel, arming it.

Satisfied, the man holstered the gun and took another sip from his drink. He checked his gold Rolex wrist watch and saw that the person he was waiting for was running late. The man hated when people were late. He always preferred people be on time or early. To the man, that was a sign of a professional. Someone who paid attention.

Before he could take another sip from his drink though there was a knock at the room's door. Sighing, the man got up, took his gun out of its holster and headed over to the door. The man briefly looked through the peephole to see his caller on the other side.

Holstering his gun, he unlocked the door and welcomed the man in.

"Do you have the information I requested?" The man asked.

The seller nodded and replied, "Yes mister Geller. I've got what you wanted." The nervous seller replied going over to the table and placing a slim thumb drive on the table top.

Geller picked up the stick and reached into one of his pockets for his data pad. He inserted the thumb drive into the pad and watched data ascend across the small devices screen. Satisfied he got what he wanted, Geller went back to the grey metal brief case and popped the locks causing the case to open upwards revealing millions of dollars.

"There you go, you're payment as agreed upon." Geller replied as he pondered the chip. The seller hurriedly went over gazed at the large amount of money and snapped shut the case before Geller could take it away from the man.

"Thank you sir." The seller hurriedly exclaimed as he rushed out of there.

Geller was in no mood to shoot the man. While he wasn't showing it, he was quite happy at the moment. This was something he had been dreaming of for a very long time. A way to make himself better. Stronger, faster, better than an average human. This would be a way to become better than his peers. Become the apex criminal. Maybe even the apex human.

The data contained within the thumb drive and the machines back in his private warehouse promised everything he wanted. This had been an unrealized fantasy of his. He had always wanted to do this, but had never been able make it a reality.

A while back Geller came across some information that suggested that there was some technology out there that could improve him. After more research he realized that the scientific community shunned the technology, nanobots, because of their unpredictability. Heck, just recently there had been a law passed outlawing their use.

However, it promised everything Geller wanted and he didn't care what the eggheads said. Nor did he care about the law. So with a bit of research and some money, he was able to find someone who could supply him the information he needed. He wasn't sure where the information came from as there was few sources left. Especially as the scientific community went out of its way to purge all public knowledge of those little robots. Heck, even assembling the correct machines was a hurdle considering some of them were illegal too.

Geller saw something here that could improve him and maybe even make some money from. He figured if everything worked out he could turn around and sell these services on the black market. He knew of many rich people who would pay any sum for it.

With the data in hand, he got his stuff together and left the casino room. He had no more need of it and was eager to get

to work. With one last look, he left the room and headed downstairs.

In the main entrance, he waited for the valet to bring his Ford Mustang. Ignoring the night, glittering strobe lights, and various pretty women walking by, Geller waited. It wasn't long before he was cruising the streets in his high powered car.

With gusty roar from his car's exhaust, Geller steered his car through various winding streets until he reached his destination: a small non-descript warehouse he owned. It was the perfect place. Small, painted exactly like every other building around it, and having no identification that might cause someone to pay attention to it.

Getting out of his car, Geller walked over to the front door, typed in a key code, unlocked the door, and went inside. Flipping a couple switches, bright overhead lights glared down upon a modern looking lab. It was packed full of various machinery and computers. On one side was a tall walk in refrigerator housing all sorts of food, next to a bathroom.

The man who sold Geller the information told him what to do. All he needed to do was upload the information in the thumb drive to the main computer. Then type in the commands for the things he wanted.

Plugging the drive into the main controller computer, Geller waited for the machine to compile the information. After a short time the computer beeped. Geller began typing in more commands to view the information.

An hour later Geller was finished. Happy that everything was fine he had no urge to hunt the seller down.

Geller went to the main computer and began typing in commands. He told the machine he wanted heightened vision, enhanced strength and endurance, and more mental acuity.

While he waited for the machine to finish compiling his commands, he went about readying other machines about the lab. After a long while, a steady chime sounded across the lab. Geller went over and peered at the assembly machine, a device used to create nanobots, and saw it was finished. Reverently, he reached into the machine and pulled out a mechanical syringe fully loaded full of a deep red thick liquid.

Carefully, Geller carried the thing back to the center lab table and laid it on the table top. Hurriedly, he took off his suit jacket and stripped off the shirt underneath revealing his toned chest underneath.

Grabbing the syringe in one hand, Geller brought needle to his arm. But something in his mind caused him to pause. A thought reminded him how unpredictable nanobots were. How in the past, researchers saw those tiny machines do things they

weren't commanded to do. He realized that they could do the same to him.

Then he remembered that the man who sold him the information said that these bots had been from an abandoned government research project. One that tamed the little machines. Geller forgot most of what the man said, but he did remember the man say these bots would work. That somehow many of their issues had been corrected.

Confident in the knowledge that it would work, Geller plunged the needle deep into his shoulder muscle and pressed the injection button. The nanobots stream into his blood caused a spike of pain to erupt at the injection site. Almost at once, he could feel a warm glow growing over the arm he injected. Much more quickly than he expected, Geller felt that same warm feeling pass through his body. For a short while, it felt like he was covered by a warm blanket. Then beginning with his biceps he began to feel all sorts of minor twitches that soon spread throughout every muscle in his body.

Quickly, Geller fell to the floor as he lost control of all his muscles and lay there shuddering and twitching. Along with the loss of control, he noticed the room became brighter and clearer.

Within a half an hour, his body's convulsing began to subside. Exhausted, Geller just lay there on the lab's smooth concrete floor. He felt like all his energy had been expended. It wasn't long before he felt a deep hunger come over him.

Almost limping, he went over to the walk in refrigerator and began scrounging inside for food. After a couple minutes he came walking back out carrying a handful of microwave burgers. Plopping them inside the microwave, he waited for his food to heat up.

While he waited, Geller realized that the nanobots did work. He was looking about the lab and seeing it in new ways. His eyesight had gotten so sharp, that he could read small writing all the way across on the other side of the lab. Plus the image was so sharp to him, that he could make out all sorts of details he would have missed before.

In addition, he noticed he could recall all sorts of conversations and moments from his past. Things that had only been hazy memories, but were now so clear as if they had just happened. He could perfectly recall the faces of the people he killed, all the money he earned, and even things he had forgotten seemed to come right back when he thought about them.

The incessant beeping from the microwave brought him back out of his memories. He grabbed the steaming burgers, broke open their wrappers, and wolfed each down. Before long, Geller

had eaten over four full size burgers before his stomach felt full.

With his hunger sated, he walked back over to the main controller computer and asked it to scan him. The scanner extended from the machine and began to pass over him. Rapidly the computer monitor reported that the nanobots had completed their job.

A grin crept over Geller's usually emotionless face. Flexing his limbs told him that he had more power than he had ever felt before. He walked over to one of the lab's heavy metal tables and only needed one arm to easily lift the table up. Plus, as he walked around he could feel that he balance was far better than it had ever been.

He had done it. He was far stronger and better than before. His dreams had come true. But he also realized he would become even richer off this technology. Many other people who would pay dearly for a bit of what he had done to himself.

Yet, another thought emerged in his enhanced mind: what else could he do? Could he improve himself even more?

Geller remembered that the man who sold him the information also commented that it came with a huge database of various stuff. Things that could be used by the nanobots to achieve whatever he wanted.

Going back to the main computer, he began to scroll through the information and saw that there were all sorts of things from cat to dinosaur DNA. All sorts of genetic information that could be woven together to better enhance himself.

If he could enhance himself as far as humanly possible, why not use inhuman information to go even farther? Why stop at being just human when he could be something more? Like a junkie needing more drugs, Geller felt compelled to push it farther. Yet, the only thing stopping him was that he wasn't sure what he wanted to do next. There literally were hundreds of thousands of different things he could do.

Then something he remembered from previous research came to the forefront of his mind. That the reason these nanobots had been shunned was that in the past they always mutated the subject in unexpected ways. Reforming them into something completely different.

On top of that thought, his thoughts went back to the TV show he watched earlier. How people were finding evidence of new and scary monsters. What if those things were a result of the nanobots. What if they weren't beasts, but sentient being. That they had been human before and may still be human in their minds now?

Geller finally realized that with his research into the nanobots and recent experience, those beasts weren't monsters.

Instead they had evolved from humans and became something better. Something stronger. Things that humans would fear.

In Geller's experience, fear was a good thing. It helped him do his job better and keep those below him in line. They knew he could and would kill them if he needed or wanted too. That made them very loyal to him.

So if he became a monster, they would fear him even more.

If those other unknown people could become powerful through the use of nanobots, why couldn't he?

Going back to the computer he contemplated how he could achieve that? Geller didn't think he could program all the changes himself. He wasn't sufficiently knowledgeable with anatomy to be able to program each step. Plus, these nanobots were much more controllable than the older versions that had created those monsters.

Then an idea came to Geller. Why not create a vague command. He went back to the machine's keyboard and type in the command: Continue my previous enhancements using the entire database, ignoring normal human limits or structure. That should work he thought.

Querying the scanner, Geller realized that he hadn't expunged the nanobots from his body. That they were waiting for more commands. So all he had to do was hit enter and his command would be relayed to the nanobots.

His finger hovered over the enter key. Did he want to do this? Stop being a human? Yes, he wanted to become more. So without another thought, he pressed the enter key. The computer read out that it was compiling his command and transmitting it to the nanobots in his body.

In a weird and perverse sort of way, Geller realized he was looking forward to this. He liked not knowing what he was going to turn into.

The speed of the nanobots beginning his change was just as quick the first time. He began to feel strange sensations coming from down around his abdomen. At first he couldn't identify what those feelings were until he began to sense some hard objects growing beneath his skin.

Realizing that his change was moving swiftly, Geller stripped down. He hoped that afterward he would still be able to fit in his clothes. There were a couple pieces of clothing he enjoyed wearing.

Remembering some of the stuff he read about nanobot changes, he was going to need some food soon. While he could feel things growing within him, his legs still seemed to work fine. So he decided it was best to get into the refrigerator for more food that he knew he was going to need.

When he began to walk over to the tall metal door, he noticed that his legs seemed to want to move in different ways. It felt as if more and different muscles were growing in around his thighs. The change gave him a weird lurching gait. He could still stand and move, so it wasn't long before he was coming out of the cooler with large slabs of butchered meat in each arm.

While he hadn't felt deep hunger, his mouth did begin to salivate at the sight of the fresh meat. Going back to the metal table, Geller plunked the meat down on the hard counter with loud squishy smacking sounds. Then he reached over to his suit and pulled out his large flip knife. Geller then began to cut off chunks of meat to absentmindedly chewed each piece.

While he ate, he could feel that those hard objects seemed to have connected themselves to his spine. Other bones began to form. Along with the bone formation, Geller noticed that bumps were forming on either side of his waist.

Along with those bumps, he also became aware of that it felt as if his spine was growing larger and even his hips were getting wider. Previously, like most human men, he was used to his thighs touching each other. Yet, with his widening hips, his legs got further apart. With all the changes going on in his lower half, Geller found he had to lean on the metal table for support.

The transformation of his hips weren't the only things that was happening. Bones within his legs were also being rearranged. While his femurs were growing, it seemed as if other bones within his legs were changing faster. It looked as if his knees were a little closer to his body than before. The bones in his feet were getting longer and thinner. Before long, Geller was standing on just his toes.

Along with changes to his legs, more spinal vertebra grew in between his hips and those bumps forming into one on either side. Along with those new vertebra, he began to grow a second rib cage. This caused his lower end to begin to bow out a bit.

Plus, with his newly forming second rib cage came the beginnings of a long tapered tail emerged out from his rear. The nubs that had been forming along his sides and in front of his newly formed rib cage continued to grow out into what looked like two small arms. Yet, instead of growing normal human hands, both arms began to form three long claw fingers at their ends. On top of that his toes began to reform into three large claw like toes.

A smile graced Geller's unchanged face as he continued to munch on cuts of raw meat. He was smiling because he recognized the shape of his lower end. It looked just like a dinosaur, or to be more specific, a raptor. What helped him recognize this

was that his two inner toes grew large curving claws that looked like he could use them to rip into things. Plus, the rest of the bones in his lower end began to take on a more lizard like appearance.

Before long, the pink skin that had covered his newly grown lower section began to redden and toughen. It didn't feel like he was growing scales as much as getting a tough coarse red hide. From his human waist down looked like a spitting image of a raptor.

He found he could flex his new arms. They felt capable of grasping stuff and Geller suspected they were strong enough to do some damage on their own. His newly reformed legs also felt much more powerful, as if he could jump higher than before. With his newly grown long tail, he found it nicely counterbalanced his front end.

Then where the dinosaur's head and neck would be, his still unchanged human upper half emerged. He found that the spinal connection between his two halves was rather flexible.

For a couple minutes, he walked about the lab testing his new body. It felt weird having his legs not directly underneath him and instead having another pair of arms. Plus, as he walked, his long tapered tail swayed in counterbalance.

First he went over to the table that still had more uneaten meat. He grabbed a couple more chunks to nibble on. Then he went over to the computer and checked on the status of the nanobots within them. They reported that they were only fifty percent done.

Geller wondered what else they planned on doing. He knew he could stop them right now. That this body change was rather pleasurable for him. He felt stronger and faster than he ever was before.

Yet, before long he began to feel pressure along his skull. Along his forehead and down the back of his head, he felt his skull beginning to reform. Using his hands, he began to feel two depressions forming right above his eyes and behind his head, he could feel four more depressions forming. Rapidly, those reforming bone structures began to grow some type of hard round growths forming within them. Abruptly, they all ripped apart revealing six new eyes growing into his skull. He now had four eyes in front and four eyes in the back.

His four front eyes gave him a much deeper and clearer picture. Plus, his rear eyes made him feel as if his head had done a one hundred and eighty degree turn. He could see just as clearly from the back of his head as he could from the front.

But before he could marvel over his newly grown eyes, the teeth in his mouth began to fall out. He spat out tooth after tooth, hearing them click against the hard floor. Within

minutes he was completely toothless. Not for long though, as new teeth grew through his empty gums. Using his tongue, he could feel that these teeth were much sharper and more suited to tearing off pieces of meat. Plus, he could feel his tongue growing a bit longer and more flexible.

Geller wished he had installed a mirror so he could get a good look at his mouth.

The new changes didn't just stop with his head. Geller could feel stuff changing in both of his human hands. It felt as if the bones in each finger began to dissolve away leaving fleshy flabby appendages. Within seconds, more muscle grew into each finger where the bones used to be. His nails fell out and each finger grew long tapered ends. He realized that all ten of his fingers had been reformed into flexible tentacles. His hands had three tentacles with a tentacle on either side. Moving them about told him they were just as strong as his original fingers, but far more flexible and dexterous.

Yet, those weren't the only things to change with his hands and arms. He could feel a bony object growing between his bones in each forearm. With some new muscles and a slit forming on both palms, Geller realized he could extend the hard objects from each hand. They looked like sharp stingers with glistening clear poison dripping from each.

While he had been grazing on meat before so that he never felt truly hungry. However, for some reason a deep hunger fell over him. He ignored his knife and grasped a huge dripping chunk of meat with his tentacle hands and brought it up to his mouth. With his sharp teeth, Geller began to rip off large chunks of meat. Before long he had wolfed down the all of the meat and felt semi sated.

Still he went over to the refrigerator and pulled out more meat, grasping as much as he could in his arms and tentacles. He even used his lower arms to hold more chunks of meat. Dropping it all on the table, he grabbed more meat and greedily wolfed it down. Soon Geller could feel his bloated stomach in his lower portion.

Before he could think of what else to do, he began to feel more changes coming. But this time it was by his human waist beside his dinosaur shoulders. Two large bumps began to form along his lower spine right where his human back joined his lower body. Within these bumps formed new muscle and spinal vertebrae. They grew out first a foot, then a second foot. As they grew, instead of forming pink human skin, they grew the red ruddy thick skin of his lower body.

The end of each growth grew hard objects which rapidly took on the shape of new skulls. Geller watched all this primarily with his rear eyes while he looked about with his front eyes.

Each new skull took on the same shape of a raptor head. Soon each had a new mouth, eyes, nose, and so on. When the eyes on each head opened up, he was presented with even more viewpoints.

He found he could move each head around independently in different directions. To have a bit of fun, he drew in a large breath with all three of his mouths and let out a loud screeching roar from both of his newly formed raptor mouths. The room shook with his two loud roars!

His hunger came right back. Using his tentacle hands, Geller grabbed more meat and started ripping off meat chunks with his human mouth. But that wasn't fast enough. So he leaned in both of his new raptor heads and began hungrily to rip into the other chunks of meat still left on the table. Before long his stomach was full again.

Geller wondered what was left of his change and was soon feeling more stuff happening in his tail. While it had been flexible before, his tail still had a bit of stiffness to it. As if it was meant more for counterbalance than anything else. Yet, the changes made his tail far more flexible along the lines of a snake's body. With the changes in flexibility, he could also feel something growing within the tail from its base all the way out to the tip. There, the tip got thicker and more muscled.

Before all his different eyes, he watched as another thick boney object grew out from the end of the tail. Soon he realized that the boney object was actually another raptor skull and soon he was presented with a third raptor head at the end of his tail. With the new flexibility of his tail, he could bend that head all over the place even looking forward.

With a beeping from the main computer, Geller swung all four of heads over to take a look. He was presented with an info box alerting him that the nanobots were finished.

Geller took a moment to marvel over his new body. How he was breathing out of four mouths. That he was looking out seven different pairs of eyes. Flexing diverse parts of his body told him he had all sorts of new natural weaponry that he could use.

Then another thought entered his mind: that all this was just an extension of his original command. He was now much more stronger, faster, and dexterous. Walking around his lab told him his body was both more flexible and stronger than before.

While he didn't look human anymore, Geller was pleased. He realized he could do more things with his new body than he could before.

Casually, he headed over to the computer and used his tentacle hands to tell the nanobots to destroy themselves. While he was doing that, he looked about the room with his other heads.

Geller surmised that the others who changed had moved out into the forest for more freedom. Yet, he didn't want to do that. He wanted to stay in the city where his powerbase was. He then began to form a plan to get some of his men to build him a nice compound out on the edges of the city where he could quietly live while running all his various projects.

The first thing he would need, would be to change his men. Put his mark on them before he could trust them to truly carry out his plans. The thought made him a bit giddy thinking that soon he would be making his own changes on other people. The question would be what would he do to them?

That was the big question: what should he do to them? Obviously they will be his public face. He wouldn't be able to go out in public like this, not unless his appearance became acceptable. Something he highly doubted.

Geller paced back and forth along the concrete floor of the lab. His talons clicking on the floor with every step. Heck, even when he wasn't walking, he absentmindedly clicked his big talons in random rhythms. While his mind was engaged in thought, his other heads absentmindedly looked about at various random things.

His thoughts were interrupted by a rumbling from his large belly down in his dinosaur lower half. His various mouths salivated at the thought of devouring more meat. Geller began to head back to the refrigerator when he stopped himself.

He really wasn't in the mood to eat more of the meat from the refrigerator. Going over to the main computer, he checked the machine's clock to see that it well past midnight. The area should be devoid of people. Enough that he could quietly leave and not be seen.

Why not go hunting? Why not get some live meat? The thought of fresh meat made him even more hungry. Yet, he knew it was a hike to the nearest animal farm. But why go after dumb animals? Humans are also made up of meat aren't they? So why not hunt and kill one?

The idea of hunting a human brought an eagerness to his changed body. His rear tail wagged a bit with anticipation. He had to close his tail eyes to keep from getting sick!

Going over to the front door, Geller checked the built in security screen showing the view from a hidden camera outside. Moving it around a with his hand tentacles, he saw no one outside.

Cracking open the door, he poked out one of his heads to see if the coast was still clear. He then darted out and across the street in front of his building towards a dark alley. Back under cover, he used all his heads to keep an eye open for anyone.

Carefully, he made his way down a side street making sure to avoid the streetlights as much as possible. Using his rear head and eyes to keep a look out behind him, his two side raptor heads peered left and right respectively, he looked forward towards the next intersection.

Next he ducked into another darkened alleyway and made his way behind a bunch of closed buildings until he came near a bar. A thought struck Geller, he realized this was the perfect spot to go hunting.

Setting himself up in a nice dark spot he waited. Geller's various noses picked up the scents of urine and vomit. That meant at least some of the patrons came here to relieve themselves. So all he needed to do was wait.

It wasn't long before his patience paid off. A man stumbled out of the back bar door. He was clearly drunk and barely able to stand upright.

Geller stood as still as he could and watched him with his three forward heads. He tensed his lower arms, adjusted his dagger poison fangs, and tracked the man's movement with his four forward human eyes.

The man stumbled over to a nearby wall, unzipped his pants, and gratefully began to relieve himself. In his drunken haze, he was completely unaware of the lurking danger.

Carefully, Geller adjusted himself and tensed his hind legs. Then with a powerful burst of speed, he leapt out of the darkness straight at the man. Human arms spread out, he slammed both stingers into the man's back injecting poison into the man's back and slammed the drunk guy into the wall.

The man let out a startled yell before the poison overtook him and began to convulse. Geller retracted his poison stingers and wrapped his tentacle fingers around the man's arms. He dragged the man away from the spot.

Geller was tempted to dive in and begin feeding right there, but his mind warned him that the spot wasn't good. Before long, his poison finally killed the man. Reaching down again with his tentacles, he wrapped them around whatever he could and hoisted the corpse onto his lower back.

Quickly Geller began to dart his way back through the darkened alleyway until he came onto the street his building was on. Rushing over, Geller tapped a couple keys on the security pad causing the building's door to open.

Once inside and out of view, Geller took the body through the lab into the bathroom. All three of his raptor heads drooled in anticipation. Adam placed the body into the room's shower stall and then went back out into the lab for a computer pad.

Going back into the bathroom, he reached down and began to undo the drunk's clothes. Once the corpse's clothes had been removed, Geller leaned his torso down and used his two lower raptor arms to grasp the corpse. For a couple moments, he enjoyed the feeling of diving his two forward raptor heads into the body biting off big chunks of human meat.

While he was still eating with his two heads and watching all this through his raptor eyes, Geller leaned his human torso over to get the man's pants he had removed. Fishing the guy's wallet out of a pocket, he picked up the computer tablet and began to type in the man's information.

Geller paused from reading what he found out about the guy to change his position a bit. He figured he would let his rear head get some time with the body. With his rear turned around enough he bent his rear tail head to the corpse and used it to bit into the man's meaty legs. Geller could feel the chunks of meat sliding along his rear throat in his tail. There it kept on going until the meat met his main throat and into his stomach.

Letting his rear head feed, Geller finished looking over the man's information. He was a low life biker. Someone that he would never have done any business with. Plus he was someone no one would miss. The man's career was pockmarked with drug charges, petty theft, and various other small crimes. He was a street thug.

Finally, his stomach was full. Pulling his rear head away from the body, Geller went into one of the building's store rooms and pulled out large tarp. Then he went back into the bathroom and loaded the bloody remains onto the tarp. He figured there would be less mess to clean up that way. He then carried the tarp wrapped body back to the store room where he also kept a cremation oven. More than once in the past, Geller used the oven to dispose of his enemies. It was much easier to cremate the bodies then to try burying them. In the end, there would be very little left for any sort of identifications and ashes could be scattered everywhere in the desert with no traces.

Satisfied that his meal was burning to cinders, Geller went back into the bathroom and cleaned himself up in the shower. He worked to get the gore from his various mouths.

Feeling full now, Geller decided what he needed to do was change his men in such a way as that they wouldn't question what he had become, yet still be become his public face. So that meant he couldn't change many of them in the same ways that he went through.

With that thought in his mind, Geller went about formulating his plans and who he would change first. He was

certain it would work. All he had to do in the end was wait. His men would become utterly obedient to him and his needs. That caused a sinister smile to cross his sharp toothed mouth.

His head hurt and he felt groggy. It felt as if he was suffering from a deep hangover after a long night of drinking. The thing was, Jake had no idea if he had been drinking or not. His whole memory of the night and even the day before, was complexly blank. Jake remembered being asked by his contact if he could have dinner with him. Then driving up to that restaurant, but not much else after that.

Slowly he began to groan in pain.

"Ah you are awake." Called out a voice from off to his right. Testing his body told him that he was being bound to a hard metal table. Opening his eyes, he felt a sharp pain from the bright glaring lights shining down upon him.

"You know, my boss is quite pissed at you right now?" Spoke the same man as before. "He wanted me to kill you," the man simply stated.

"Um, ah, I'm not sure of what you mean?" Jack replied groggily, unsure of what the man was talking about. "Where am I?"

"Where you are is not all that important at the moment. What you promised Geller, is."

"Um, I promised who?"

"Geller, you know the man who has your life in the palm of his hands at this very moment?"

"Ok, but that doesn't explain a promise I may have made?" Jake uncertainly questioned.

The man still stood out of sight from Jake. With his head bound as it was, all he could do was move his eyes and even then he never saw the man.

"Let me refresh your memory then. Remember five years ago? Remember saying how you had no problem telling Geller if you heard your boss was moving in on him?"

Jake's memory began to get clearer with the name Geller. How the man had somehow become a recluse over five years ago, yet still ran a criminal empire from Las Vegas all the way to Los Angeles. Then he remembered having a sit down dinner with a man. A man who asked Jake to warn him if his boss made any move on Geller.

For over five years, the name Geller never came up in his offices. That was until two days ago when his boss got a tip about some information on Geller. It had been some really weird stuff too. How Geller was a monster and that he was turning his

guys into monsters too. Yet, his boss didn't believe the informant. So the informant said they would provide proof soon enough.

"I see you do remember your promises. Why didn't you tell us that your boss had received information on Geller? Why did it take us killing the rat to find out about it?" The unseen man exclaimed with urgency. "Now like I said, my boss wanted to rip your guts out. But I convinced him otherwise. That we need to find out how many people knew about the leak? That's where you come in." The man said patting Jake's shoulder.

Jake could hear the man walking around the room grabbing things. "Now I thought about it, and asking a man who has proven unreliable to go back and do something to fix the situation may not work. What I need to do, is give you a permanent reminder. Something to get you to do what we need you to do." The man commented as he moved about the room.

"You, you don't mean kill my boss?" Jake hesitantly asked.

The unseen man chuckled. "Oh heaven's no! He should be dead about now. No, what we need you to do is go and remove any trace of the rat and what he told your boss. We also want you to plant evidence that implicates a rival of ours." The man replied as he jabbed a needle into Jake's shoulder. "And this is insurance to make sure you do. What I've injected you with is a special batch of nanobots. They've been programmed to make an un-reversible change to your body every ten hours until we turn them off. Do as we ask and we'll turn them off. Ignore us and soon you'll mutate until you're no longer recognizable as a human. Something we would have to kill just to put you out of your misery."

Just as the man was describing this to Jake, he realized a warm glow began to diffuse throughout his body. At first he wasn't sure if the man was bluffing until he began to get some strange feelings coming from around his abdomen.

"Look, look I'll do what you want, just make this stop!" Jake pleaded as the strange feelings from his stomach intensified.

"I can see your first change coming on already. No, we need to make a point if you are going to become reliable." The man consoled Jake. He didn't know what to make with the strange sensations coming from his gut. It felt as if his innards were rearranging themselves while at the same time hard objects grew just below his stomach. Then before he could do or say anything, he could feel his skin parting open and a bunch of strange new sensations erupted from where those objects had grown in. Sensations akin to what he felt with his mouth.

"Oh look, you've grown a second mouth. Very interesting. Now you have ten hours to do as we ask, otherwise a second

mutation will happen. Then another ten hours after that. Get my drift?" The man said as he walked into Jake's eye sight. He looked like an older spindly man. He was dressed like a scientist and if he hadn't done this to Jake, he might have thought the man was kindly.

Instead, the man unstrapped Jake and he sat up. "Ok, ok I'll do as you ask." Jake said before he lifted up his shirt to see what happened and nearly screamed out. For as the man had commented, sitting in the middle of his toned belly just below his waist, was a human mouth. Opening and moving it about, Jake could feel that it was exactly the same as his first mouth.

Quickly hiding what they did, Jake pulled up his pants and lowered his shirt. The man ushered Jake to the door and opened it up for him. "Remember the mutations will come every ten hours until you've done as we asked. Once you have completed the task, bring everything here and I'll stop the transformation." The man informed Jake as he left the nondescript tan building that stood among many other buildings.

On the other side of the door, Jake realized that it was already night out. Though, he had to admit he wasn't sure what day it was. In the end, he needed to get his thoughts together before he went back to his office and get what they wanted.

Feeling his second mouth moving underneath his shirt caused a bit of urgency to his step. He began to hurriedly stride through the darkened back streets until he found himself back on one of Las Vegas' main thoroughfares.

Waving his arms, Jake was finally able to flag a taxi. Riding in the back, he quietly waited for the driver to take him back to his apartment. Once there, he hurriedly ascended the stairs to get to his fourth floor dwelling.

Within the safe confines of his apartment, Jake stripped off his shirt and hesitantly crept into his bathroom. He always tried to stay in shape and his chest and stomach showed it. Yet, sitting in the middle of his lower belly, below his belly button, sat a perfectly formed human mouth. Its lips looked exactly like the lips on his face. When he opened the mouth, he noticed it felt just like his original mouth. Heck, when he stuck its tongue out, it looked just like his normal tongue. About the only thing different with this mouth, compared to his original mouth, was that he wasn't breathing through it.

As he stood there in his bathroom contemplating the thing Geller's henchmen did to him, he felt thirsty. Going back into his kitchen, Jake grabbed a bottle of water from his fridge. Absentmindedly he opened the bottle and brought it up to his original mouth and began to sip. Only, instead of swallowing, he was nearly choking. For some reason he couldn't drink through that mouth?

Then a thought passed through his mind. Jack took the bottled water and lowered it to his lower mouth. He brought the bottle down to his lower lips and began to drink the water through that mouth. He quickly realized that he couldn't eat or drink from his original mouth anymore!

The thought of eating caused his lower mouth to salivate a bit. He went back to his refrigerator and grabbed a couple carrot sticks. This time instead of brining the sticks up to his upper mouth, Jake began to feed them to his lower mouth where he could feel the mouth's crunching through his entire belly. It felt so foreign to him.

The sensations only served to remind Jake that he needed complete his task before even more changes happen. He had to get to his office as soon as possible and he didn't care what time of night it was. So he went into his bathroom and changed into something more comfortable. Then he left his apartment and went down to where he normally parked his car. Only then did he remember that his car was back at the restaurant he had been in before being kidnapped.

One taxi later, Jake was driving across town towards the federal building. Parking the car, Jake hastily got out and hurriedly crossed the nearly empty parking lot towards the main entrance. He quickly showed his ID to the guards and rushed through the lobby before they could ask any questions.

Stepping off the elevator, he found his offices dark as he expected. They hadn't been working on any urgent case at the moment and the darkness told him that his boss hadn't alerted anyone to information on Geller. Nor did it mean that they had found out about his boss's death yet.

Carefully, he made his way through the empty squad room and towards an office. Once there, he opened the door and hesitantly went in. First, Jake began to rifle through the desk drawers looking for any bit of information. Knowing how his boss worked, he then went over to the metal cabinets and began to search the various drawers until he found what he was looking for: a printed copy of the tip his boss had on Geller. Finally, he booted up the computer and plugged in the small thumb drive the man had given him. The device quickly took over the computer and began to do all sorts of stuff. After a couple minutes, the device signaled that it was finished.

Unplugging the drive and turning off the computer, Jake grabbed all the papers he had found, stuffed the drive in his pocket, and then he left the office. Hurriedly he left the building and went back to his car. Breathing a sigh of relief, he had done as they asked and soon he would be back to normal.

Driving carefully, Jake arrived back outside of the unmarked building. Getting out of the car, he grabbed

everything and went up to the door and knocked. The man's voice called out: "Did you do everything we asked?"

"Yes I have it all here." Jake called out. He heard the door click open and he went inside. Hurriedly he handed all the stuff over to the man and asked to be changed back to normal.

All he got in return was: "All in good time," as the man began to peruse the information and scan the drive. Once he was assured that Jake had done as asked, the man faced Jake with a pleased. "Very good. Now for your reward." He went over to a large computer near the back of the lab and began typing in a couple instructions. After a moment the screen showed that the nanobots had been destroyed.

Jake quickly realized that the man hadn't removed the second mouth from his body. "I thought you would revert me back to normal?"

The man was taken back, "I never promised such a thing. I only said I would stop the transformation once you brought me the information and that's what I did." Then the man walked over and tried to console Jake, "don't worry you'll soon get used to it. Heck, while you were gone, Geller called and asked to see you in person. He said he was thankful for keeping your promise this time and he might have a more profitable position for you in our organization. One where your mutation won't be an issue." The man informed Jake. He then picked up the phone and called someone to transport Jake to Geller.

Within minutes, Jake was riding in the back of a black luxury car. He had never felt such a plush seat before and let himself forget what had happened to him. Maybe working for Geller won't be so bad. He might even make more money off of him then he did as a Fed.

After a while, the car left the outskirts of the city and continued on out into the desert. For a brief moment, Jake had visions of the old gangsters and how they had taken people into the desert to dispose of them. He wondered if that was going to happen to him. Yet, his fears were alleviated when the car took a turn onto a private property and began to drive down a long dirt driveway. Up ahead he could see an old style single story Spanish style plantation house.

The car came to a halt in front of the main gate. Getting out of the car first, the driver held Jake's door open for him. He got out and hesitantly walked over to the front gate. Just as he got close enough, another man holding a machine gun, opened the gate and let Jake pass inside.

Jake was led throughout the house towards the back. One of the first thing's he noticed about the place, was that it was huge. That everything had been spaced widely apart. Wide enough that a golf cart could've easily driven through the

house. Once he was in the back yard he was informed to wait for Geller there.

For a short time, Jake gazed at the starry sky above. This far away from the bright lights of the city meant that the sky was nice and clear. That the stars looked far clearer than before.

"Nice view isn't it?" Came a voice from behind Jake. Quickly he whipped around to see that someone was standing out of the light. Jake couldn't get a good look at Geller. The dark of night seemed to be hiding him. "I'm so glad you remembered what you promised me. Most don't. Plus, retrieving those documents was the right thing to do."

"But I was mutated?"

"I know and that man was a bit overzealous. I'll make sure he'll be punished. But he was right in that I could use a man like you in my organization." Geller told Jake, still hiding within the shadows.

"Ok."

"You're probably wondering what I would have you do, right? Well not much actually. Essentially, I really would like you to stand right there." Geller said cryptically.

Before Jake could say anything, Geller leapt out of the shadows into the light. What Jake saw caused his heart to freeze. For Geller wasn't human but a monster! Yet, he didn't have time to contemplate Geller's changed body any farther before he was slammed into the ground. Two sharp spikes were rammed into his gut. He looked down to see Geller retracting long sharp objects back into his strangely shaped hands. The dinosaur heads on either side of his torso salivated in anticipation.

Rapidly Jake began to shudder and jerk. Pain washed throughout his body like fire as if he had been dipped into molten metal. Rapidly his heart couldn't handle it anymore and stopped and he died after that.

Geller didn't hesitate and began to rip into Jake's body with his two raptor heads. He even bent his rear head around enough to snack on the man's legs. He was pleased. In one fell swoop, he took out the man who might have investigated him, plugged a leak, killed an unreliable informant, and retrieved damning information against him. Plus, he got a meal out of it all!

All in all, it was a great night for Geller.