

The Case of the Wannabe Starlet

By

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Jeb Waters was a private detective that specialized in missing person cases. He enjoyed his job for the satisfaction of finding people who have been gone a long time. Sometimes the reunion was good while many times it was painful; especially if the person had died.

The current case Jeb was on centered around a teenager named Amy Genter from Hoboken New Jersey. She ran away from her home close to a year before Jeb was hired. What made Amy's disappearance even harder was that she and her mother had a nasty fight before running away. On top of that, there were few leads indicating where the teenager had gone.

However when her mother gave Jeb Amy's diary, he found a decent lead. He discovered Amy had been dating a boy by the name of Adam Mackney. He was someone Ms. Genter did not want her daughter dating as she considered him a criminal. Yet apparently Amy chose to anyway. Amy's mother informed Jeb that Adam died a month after Amy disappeared. He had been driving home when a drunk ran him off the road and into a tree killing him instantly.

The detective chose to follow the lead to Adam's house. Jeb found the teenager's parents still grieving over the loss of their only son. They admitted Adam was not an angel, but he had been an otherwise good boy. Adam's father offhandedly mention that he overheard Amy speak of being a movie star.

Adam's parent's left their son's room just the way it had been before his death. With Mr. Mackney's help, the two worked their way through the semi messy room. Soon Jeb encountered a stash of notes Amy had written to Adam. Most were typical teenage letters. Yet one discussed ways the two could cross the country cheaply. Before long Jeb was convinced Amy had traveled to Los Angeles.

A cross country flight later found Jeb driving through the bustling California city. While most of his cases were on the east coast, he had come to Los Angeles numerous times before. Each was for a case.

Jeb had tracked many girls, and a few boys, who hoped to become movie stars. Yet he knew most ended badly. He found some who landed in the porn industry. Other's worked dirt cheap jobs and were practically homeless. While some ended in death.

Jeb figured, based on what Ms. Genter told him, that Amy had no contacts in the sprawling city. That left the teenager with few places to go. Plus by his best estimate, she had spent much of her money crossing the country.

The day after the flight found Jeb sitting down with Mike Mussina, a friend who used to live on the east coast. Mike had moved to California and started his own detective agency. After gossiping for a short bit, both got down to discussing Amy. Mike mentioned how there would have been very few options open to Amy. He had seen more than a few girls like her end up in the gutter. Most got low level jobs and never moved on. Mike figured Amy ended up in a homeless shelter. He knew of a few places that took in teenagers like her.

The next day found Jeb driving towards a shelter run by the nuns of Saint Clare. After showing them Amy's picture, the house mother recognized the teenager. She informed Jeb that Amy had entered their shelter a week after coming to the city. The nun mentioned that the girl had tried to find a place to live but could not afford anything.

The woman had tried to help Amy find a job. Yet one day Amy came in all happy because she had landed a gig working in a posh club of some sort. When pressed for information, the nun could not remember where the club was. All she did remember was that Amy spoke of meeting an agent by the name of Martin Delvecio.

Back in his motel room, Jeb looked up the man and found that he was a low level acting agent. While Martin's web page never explicitly mentioned it, Jeb got the feeling the man was part of the porn industry. His page had a sleazy vibe about it.

Jeb decided to go and visit the Martin. He figured either the agent would be up front with the detective or he would lie. Either way he would learn something both about Martin and Amy.

The next day found Jeb climbing up the stairs of an old five story office building. It was one of those old brick and mortar jobs built back in the nineteen thirties. Martin's office was located up on the fourth floor and had a sign outside that read: "Delvecio Agency for the Stars."

Opening the agency's outer door, Jeb gazed upon a small reception area with an overweight secretary behind a counter. In front of her were numerous women trying to make themselves look good. Ignoring them, Jeb walked over to the older overworked woman and introduced himself.

"Hi, I'm Jeb Waters. I was wondering if I could have a moment with mister Delvecio?"

"I'm sorry but he's quite busy right now."

"I can see that, but what I've got won't take long if you can squeeze me in."

"Alright, give me a moment," she sighed as she picked up her phone. After hanging up, the woman informed Jeb he had five minutes with Martin. He thanked her and went in.

Martin's cramped office was dominated by a large wooden desk, a set of old sliding windows, and walls covered by numerous posters. He was a small pudgy middle aged man. A man with an air that suggested he had a little too much energy. Yet the bags under his eyes screamed a lack of sleep. Plus his clothes had a rumpled look of having been worn more than once.

"Yes mister Waters, what can I do for you," politely asked Martin as he reached out to shake Jeb's proffered hand. The man's grip was light and limp.

"Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule."

"No problem."

Jeb flipped open his wallet to briefly show Martin his investigators license. "I was hired by miss Genter to find her daughter Amy. Evidence suggests Amy came to the city. By chance, have you seen her before?" Jeb asked while showing Amy's picture.

Martin scrutinized it for a moment before leaning back in his chair. At first the man sat there pondering the image for a moment. "No, no I haven't. Even if I did, I don't hire underage girls like her."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes quite, I remember all the women I hire and she isn't one of them. Now if you excuse me, I've got to find the next star for an upcoming movie," Martin hurriedly ended the conversation.

"Thank you for your time." Between what the nun told him and how Martin acted, Jeb was sure the man had seen Amy before.

Yet Jeb decided it was not best to press the man. He concluded that Martin knew more than what he said.

After leaving Martin's office, Jeb contemplated his options for a bit. Then an idea hit the detective and he hurried over to his rental car. In the back was a hard plastic case which he popped open. Inside were different surveillance equipment. Jeb selected a pair of binoculars and a laser microphone.

Briefly he contemplated the building across from Martin's office. He saw that a few windows looked rather empty. With that, he crossed the street, entered the building and climbed to the top floor. There he let himself inside the empty office with a pair of lock picks.

Crossing the space, Jeb saw he had a good view into Martin's office. Sliding open the window, he set up the microphone and was presented with what sounded like an audition. Using the binoculars, Jeb watched Martin interviewing the candidates. The pudgy man had them undress before him which caused Jeb to blush a bit.

However after the fourth woman left Martin's office, the man seemed to be disturbed. He got up and paced around his small office for a moment. Then hurriedly he went back, sat down, and dialed a number.

"Yes, can I speak to Neal please," Martin hurriedly spoke. "Yes this is an emergency. Alright I'll wait."

Jeb watched Martin worriedly tapped his desk. After a moment Neal answered the phone. However, the detective could only hear one side of the conversation. "Sorry to disturb you, but I was approached by someone earlier. He said his name was Jeb Waters. A girl I sent to your Vegas club. I think her name was Amy? What, no, your guys picked her up here. How should I know? He didn't seem local by his accent. New Jersey. Alright, I'll be right over," responded Martin hanging up.

Jeb was intrigued by what he had heard. This man Neal had had Amy sent to a club in Vegas. Plus this person now knew Jeb was investigating them.

The detective asked himself why all the secrecy? One idea might be that they knew Amy was underage. Taking into account Martin's agency, Jeb pondered if Amy had been hired by a prostitute ring. One that took advantage of underage runaways like Amy.

Quickly Jeb chose to follow Martin to his meeting. The detective collected his stuff and rushed out of the building, down to his car, and just in time to see Martin hail a cab. From there he followed an unknowing Martin across town to a what looked like a warehouse. Yet despite its non-descript exterior and lack of signage, Jeb could see evidence that some sort of club was inside.

Later that night found Jeb a discreet distance away from the building. While he saw Martin go in, he never saw the man come back out. As the day wore on, he witnessed more people arrive. Each was dressed in expensive attire and appeared to be rather wealthy. A few seemed familiar, yet most just appeared to be rich and powerful.

Throughout the night he watched people come and go. Yet beyond the establishment's clientele, he could not figure out what was going on inside. At first he thought it might be a dance club, yet he saw nothing that indicated that. No flashing lights escaped the door nor did he hear any thumping music.

Before he gave up for the night, Jeb had an idea he wanted to try. He started his car and drove from his parking spot away from the club. Then after some time, he turned around and headed back. Yet he chose to act as if he was just part of the traffic.

Jeb used that drive to get a closer look at the building. First thing he noticed was that there were few entrances into the place. Yet near the back, he happen to see a car with a Nevada license plate. Hurriedly he used his smart phone to snap a picture of the plate.

Back in his motel room, Jeb peered the slightly blurry picture. With a little work, he was able to make out the license number. Soon he found that the car was registered to a place out of Las Vegas. In the end, Jeb concluded that was where Amy had gone too based on the address.

The next day found Jeb driving across the desert towards Las Vegas. After checking into another motel room, Jeb chose to scout the address he found. He drove around the area and noticed how desolated it was.

The place was in north Las Vegas and away from the strip. Most of the buildings in the area were single story cinderblock structures. Some were adorned and welcoming, others were non-

descript. As expected, the building was the same as the one in Los Angeles.

Jeb debated his options. He had an idea that the building was the hidden club that Amy had been sent to. Plus, if the other place was anything to go by, then this was a spot for wealthy people to quietly party.

Because of that, he realized he could do two things. One was that he could go and see Amy. However that would tip off the people who sent her there. The other was to quietly watch the place and wait for Amy to come back out. Then he would approach her. In the end, Jeb chose the latter option as the most discreet way to accomplish the job.

Briefly Jeb changed cars and then came back to stake out the building. Starting in the morning, Jeb watched workers come and go. They seemed like cooks, bartenders, and a few businessmen.

Then around ten in the morning, a dark SUV pulled up to the side. Jeb watched a few more suited men get out, open up the truck's rear doors, and let out three teenage girls. Their expressions and gestures suggested they were excited. The men escorted them into the club.

For the rest of the day, it seemed as if the place had quieted down. As dusk arrived, activity began to pick up around the building. Like the last place, Jeb watched numerous wealthy people show up and discreetly go inside. Then before Jeb knew it, a limo drove up. Out the back came an actress Jeb instantly recognized from her numerous movies. Yet unlike other more posh club outings, she was alone as she entered the club.

While Jeb watched the actress, someone abruptly knocked on his passenger window. "Open up," called out an authoritative male voice. Jeb looked over to see a guard standing there with a gun. Before the detective could do anything, another guard on the driver's side, reached out and opened his door. "Come with us," he yelled as he roughly yanked Jeb out of his car. While the man looked normal, his grasp felt as if he was a serious weight lifter.

"What..." was all Jeb got out before the same man bashed his head with the butt of his gun.

A short bit later found Jeb awake with a splitting headache. He was being dragged somewhere deep into the club.

His ears registered some sort of subdued techno music. It wasn't blaring as much as providing a subtle background.

Cracking open his eyes, Jeb realized he was being pulled through the main room. Like the music, the place had a dark and secluded feel to it. He saw numerous low couches filled with the same posh people he saw earlier. Yet with the darkness, he could not get a good look at them.

However he noticed some people casually watched him being dragged by. Their eyes betrayed not a look of pity or curiosity, but of interest. No one appeared to care.

Within moments, Jeb was dragged into an empty storage room. While two guards held his arms, another grabbed some rope hanging from a hook in the ceiling and wound it around Jeb's wrists. Then on his own, the guard easily hoisted Jeb up until his feet were dangling inches above the floor. After that they turned off the light and left.

There Jeb hung in the darkness.

Much later a man threw open the door and turned on a bright light. He wore a relaxed suit and shirt. His face suggested a south American heritage.

"What's going on here," painfully questioned Jeb.

"All in good time, mister Waters," replied the man as he peered at Jeb's license. "You're a private investigator? Who are you working for?"

"I'm looking for a missing girl!"

"Who?"

"Amy Genter."

"Who?"

"I was told she worked here."

"I don't know any Amy Genter working here. I think you're lying!" The man rushed in and slammed his fist into Jeb's stomach. The force behind it was unbelievable.

"No I'm not, I'm searching for Amy!" That earned a punch to his face. "She met Martin Delvecio who got her a job here."

That caused the man to stop mid punch. "Martin told you that?"

"No, but the facts suggested it," insisted Jeb as blood trickled out of his mouth.

One of the guards leaned in to whisper something into the man's ear. "I know that," the man responded irritated. "He was one of our best suppliers!"

After that the man turned to Jeb. A grin crossed his face as he appraised his captive. At one point he reached a finger up to wipe some blood from Jeb's cheek and licked it.

"Mmmm... tasty. I'll tell you what happened to Amy. Especially as you'll be finding out soon enough. Martin did supply girls like Amy to us. They were told that they were going to dance in a private club. Yet well, how should I put this, instead they were our meals."

"Meals, as in you ate her?"

"Yes," slyly responded the man. Briefly he reached into his mouth and pulled out a pair of dentures. Then when the man smiled, Jeb saw not empty gums, but a row of sharp fangs. "Didn't you know this was a club for the Improved," the man silkily pronounced. "We bring in girls all the time to feed our clientele."

Jeb was too horrified to say anything. He had never heard of such a place. Nor had he ever seen someone with such inhuman teeth as that man.

"But don't worry, you'll soon be joining her. Though, I'll reserve you for my own meal," the man playfully informed Jeb before turning to the guards. "Take him to the kitchen. Tell them I'll be waiting in the VIP area."

Before Jeb could protest, both men rushed in and slammed their fists into him. Then after a moment they dropped him to the ground and dragged him out.

Dragged back into the main room, Jeb again glanced at some of the people he had passed earlier. While he thought they were regular people before, he began to notice a few monstrous things. One sported a third eye in the middle of his forehead. Another a small pair of horns. Then he spotted the actress he saw earlier. She stood beside a table gossiping with a man. While she appeared normal, Jeb noticed she had a long cat's tail emerging out of her dress. When she glanced in his direction he saw her cat eyes and sharp fangs.

Before he could glance around anymore, he was pulled into a long white tiled brightly lit room. The space appeared to be some sort of butchery. But instead of animals being butchered, it had been those girls he saw earlier. He spotted a few nude torsos hanging from meat hooks. Limbs had been stacked on a table by the side. While in the center of the room, one man

appeared to be in the process of chopping up the body of the last teenager.

Seeing the inhuman butchery caused a surge of adrenaline in Jeb. With a hard yank, he broke his arm out from the guard's strong grip and regained his feet. Then before the other guard knew it, Jeb threw a wild punch at the man. That startled the guard enough to weaken his grip.

Each scrambled to catch Jeb. Yet the detective took advantage of the situation by darting towards what he thought was a back door. Slamming into its action bar caused the metal door to swing outward. Jed quickly found himself in a walled off portion of the building. The space appeared to be a receiving dock surrounded by a tall cinderblock wall and a solid sliding gate at one end. Above him was the dark night time sky.

Looking around, Jeb realized that he couldn't climb over the wall. Also he spied a large padlock on the sliding door. Yet he glanced another building abutted up to the courtyard with a door leading into that structure.

Racing across the open space, Jeb tried the door handle. He found it unlocked and let himself inside. Yet what he saw on the other side floored him. The detective found himself standing in a large medical lab. There were all sorts of machines and computers spread throughout the space.

Quickly realizing the danger he was in, Jeb turned around and tried to block the door. Yet the detective had missed the scientist working in the lab. He was so focused on keeping those guards from getting him, he did not see the man creep up and grab Jeb.

Jeb tried to fight the man off. While the scientist felt like a normal person, he was still pretty strong. The scientist positioned himself so he could put Jeb into a chokehold. Realizing that, Jeb bounced his attacker off whatever he could. Each time he did it, he heard something shatter or crackle as he broke whatever they hit.

The two struggled around the room. As they fought, the scientist changed tactics and began slamming Jeb into stuff. Unknown to his attacker, Jeb was slammed into a table full of different instruments. He felt something jab him in the side. It felt like a needle of some kind that went off with a snap hiss.

Jeb could tell he was beginning to gain the upper hand. Yet as he was fighting, the detective noticed a buzzing sensation rising throughout his body. Ignoring the feeling, Jeb continued to fight.

Within moments Jeb broke the guy's hold and turned around to grab the man's head. Taking the scientist's fury filled face in both hands, Jeb slammed it down hard upon a computer keyboard. He kept doing that over and over again until the man stop fighting.

However, Jeb noticed two things. One was that the guards outside were trying to break past his barrier. The other was that the computer he banged the scientist's head into began beeping. At first it flashed an error sign indicating its original instructions had been corrupted. Then something happened within its programming causing the computer to activate something.

Before Jeb knew it, the buzzing feeling intensified and his body felt as if it was on fire. The detective fell to the concrete floor crying out in pain. Soon Jeb could hear all sorts of ripping sounds. With the intense pain, Jeb passed out.

He awoke on the floor and discovered his body had already undergone major changes. Overall it had a gorilla appearance with highly muscled forearms, slightly barreled thick chest, and hand like feet. Along with that, thick black fur had sprouted all over his body.

Yet a deep hunger overwhelmed Jeb. He was so hungry, he used his strange body to move around trying to find something to eat. That was when he saw the scientist laying still unconscious on the floor. At first he discarded the man and searched for something else. Yet his mouth salivated and his stomach lurched.

With feral need pushing him on, Jeb rushed over and began ripping the clothes off the man. Next he dove in, grabbed the man's arm, and bit into it. The taste of the scientist's flesh seemed so sweet to him. Before long he was face first gobbling up as much of the now dead man's guts as he could.

Briefly he noted that the guards were still trying to unsuccessfully get in.

Hunger sated, the transforming pressure he felt before rushed back. Jeb had no idea what was going on, but soon he saw numerous things beginning to change within him. One was that he

seemed to be growing much larger. Plus two lumps rapidly began to push out below his arms which resolved themselves into another pair of gorilla arms. On top of that, a pressure from his rear end soon became a lumpish tail. Yet instead of becoming hairy and fleshy like the rest of his body, hard dark brown shell segments formed one after another. Then this strange insect tail grew a bulbous end with a sharp curved stinger. Jeb realized he now had a long scorpion's tail.

Going back to pick at the corpse, Jeb continued to turn into a monster. Abruptly felt as if his head was being withdrawn into his body and reforming. Yet after a certain point, something began to grow out where his head had been before. After a moment it resolved itself into a human torso that appeared like his teenage self. Even more was that where his original head had melded into his chest was now a gaping fanged dinosaur maw.

Added to all the other strange changes to his monstrous body, Jeb saw his new human arms begin to change. The bones within each arm reformed into vertebrae. The skin over both of his limbs began to sprout copper and brown scales. Finally the ends of his once human arms split open into snake heads complete with eyes, fangs, and long forked tongues which he could taste the air with.

Something happened to the computer causing it to spark and slightly explode. Afterword it was completely dead. Jeb stood there in the smashed lab. Somehow he had turned into a giant strange gorilla monster.

Sitting in the middle of the broken lab, Jeb briefly pondered the scientist's body. He saw how he ate a good portion of it. While he was still hungry, a revulsion begin to rise in him. Somehow he had been transformed into a monster and ate a human like those things back in the club. It dawned on him that he had been a human only moments ago.

Before he could contemplate what occurred to him, the guards were finally able to break down the barrier. They rushed in, yet came to a sudden halt when they beheld Jeb's new form. Each looked at the other with unease in their eyes.

Jeb took advantage of their pause to rush at them. Despite his strange body and large size, he moved rather quickly. Before the two guards knew what had happened, Jeb lashed an arm out at each guard. The two human sized beings were small

compared to his large gorilla hands. Jeb easily grabbed them and smashed the guards into the concrete wall.

Feeling a bestial urge rise in him, Jeb grabbed one slumped guard. He brought the guard's head up to his chest maw, stuck the man's head in, and decapitated it. The other tried to get up and escape. However, Jeb darted out his tail spearing the escaping man in the back. The detective could feel the venom in his tail being pumped into the guard. Within seconds the poison overwhelmed and killed the man.

Jeb contemplated what he had just done. Yet before he came to terms with his altered life, even more people rushed out of the other door. Quickly thinking, Jeb rushed at them.

The first two, Jeb lashed out with his human sized snake arms. Each sunk their fangs into the person's neck injecting their venom. While he did that, he lashed out a gorilla hand and grabbed another. With a quick hard throw, Jeb smashed the man against an outer wall creating a dent in the cinderblocks.

After defeating the last man, Jeb hurriedly searched for a way out.

"Hmmm... interesting," responded the man who interrogated him earlier. "How does it feel being an Improved? Glorious isn't it?"

"What did you do to me," accused Jeb as he adjusted his monstrous body to face the man.

"You were not supposed to end up like that," frankly admitted the man. "We don't create mismatched Improved like you. You were supposed to die quietly."

Hearing that caused Jeb's temper to rise. He gave into the feeling and darted over to the man who contemplated what Jeb had turned into. However he was far more nimble then his guards and easily darted out of Jeb's way.

Growling, Jeb turned and faced the man again.

"What should I do with a thing like you? Keep you as a pet?"

Jeb again rushed the man, this time he tried jabbing him with his scorpion tail. Yet like a cat, the man jumped out of the way. Quickly thinking, Jeb tried to snatch him with a gorilla hand. However, the man easily avoided that.

The detective was getting frustrated at not being able to hit the nimble man. For a quiet moment the two squared off. Jeb began to notice a few other things about him beyond his

inhumanly shaped teeth. By his hairline, the man had two small horns. Plus a long sinuous cat tail had emerged out of his rear.

Contemplating the space they were in, Jeb realized that his monstrous body took up a good portion of it. That sparked an idea causing him to adjust his body. The smaller man did likewise.

Then with a brief flurry of motion, Jeb rushed at the man. Except he did it in such a way to limit the more nimble man's escape options. Jeb again lashed out one of his gorilla arms and like last time the man tried jumping out of the way. Yet this time Jeb anticipated that and used the arm above the first to snag the man mid jump.

Satisfied he had the man in his grip, Jeb brought him up to his human head. There he threatened him with his two snake heads, each hissed at Jeb's captive. "You're going to answer a few questions," Jeb angrily pressed him. He compressed his giant fist a bit causing the man to scream out in pain.

"Alright!"

"Is there a way to turn me back into a human?"

"No, no there's not. Besides why would you want a puny human? Us Improved are much more powerful?" The man grunted in pain. Jeb squeezed his fist a bit more causing him to scream louder.

"I never wanted to be Improved. You people are the true monsters. Lying and kidnapping runaways so you can eat them."

"But they're only good for food," painfully protested the man.

"Not to Amy's mother," responded Jeb as he lashed out one of his snake arms. The thing's fangs sunk deep into the man's neck. Within moments his venom killed the man. "Damn, I wanted to ask him more," spat Jeb dropping the body.

Briefly he contemplated what he was going to do next. At first Jeb thought about running away. However it occurred to him that in the club were more Improved. He figured that sooner or later they would continue killing more humans to feed themselves. That realization caused a burning anger to smash as many as he could.

Jeb peered at the door the man emerged from. Yet the entrance was far too small for him to fit through. However, a butcher poked his head out a door to see what was going on. The

man unknowingly walked right into Jeb. The once detective reached a hand down, grabbed the man by his head and whipped him behind him. He heard a satisfying thud as the man slammed against the ground. Briefly Jeb stepped back and stabbed him with his tail.

Jeb then glanced the roll up door in the back of the main building. Crossing over, he reached down and pulled the door up. He felt a satisfying wrench as he broke the thing's lock revealing a storeroom.

Pushing his way past numerous boxes, Jeb encountered another guard. Yet before the startled man could react, Jeb darted out a gorilla arm and wrenched his head off. Discarding the dead guard, Jeb pushed his way deeper into the club. Briefly he peered through a door leading into the kitchen and butchery. For a moment he pondered the chopped up bits of the teenagers he saw earlier. A hunger pain lanced up from his stomach. Despite the urge to eat, Jeb felt a deeper feeling of disgust and ignored the horrific scene.

Moving back through the room, he glanced another door. This one had far more of the club's music coming through it. Cautiously he reached out and opened the door to comprehend the dark club beyond.

A realization dawned on Jeb that as big and monstrous as he was, there were a lot of Improved in there. He saw many of them were dancing and laughing. Others were relaxing on various lounges. He even spotted a few Improved, including the actress, greedily feeding off the teenager's limbs as if they were simply giant chicken wings.

If Jeb went in there attacking, he knew they would overwhelm him. So instead, he had to think of a way to get as many as he could in one stroke. At first he thought to smash the cinderblock wall beside him. While that would cause the roof to collapse on top of them, it would do the same to him. Discarding the idea, Jeb's eyes came upon a forklift parked off to the side. Going over, he first found something nice and heavy. He then placed it on the driver's seat which allowed the machine to start up.

As best as he could, Jeb moved the machine back to the roll up door. Then he aimed it towards a support wall near the center of the building. After that he found a brick and placed it against the accelerator. With that the heavy vehicle raced

through the storage room and slammed into the wall. While that happened, Jeb quickly got out of the space.

Once outside, he saw a large portion of the roof collapse. That caused screams to erupt from the main room. Jeb was not sure how many he hurt or killed. When a few escaped unknowingly past him, he grabbed and smashed each against the ground.

Satisfied he had killed as many as he could, Jeb could hear the sirens of the emergency services coming. Smashing open the outer door, he escaped into the pre-dawn street. Hurriedly he moved from one deserted street to another trying to keep from being seen. He knew that there had to be a way out into the desert

Soon he found himself down in a concrete water gulch.

"Hey if you want to survive, then follow me." A female voice called out from within the darkness of the gulch.

Hurriedly Jeb peered about before he saw a large dark figure. Hesitantly he moved forward until he saw who had spoken. The woman appeared like a gigantic animal with a human riding upon it.

Yet when Jeb got closer, he saw that, like him, that thing was a monster. Her large body sort of looked like a cross between a cat and lizard. Her main head appeared like a dinosaur with six eyes. Plus her paws seemed similar to hands. Jutting out of her main body, between her shoulders, was a nude female torso that had two heads, horns, and four arms.

"Get in quickly before the humans see you," she called out gesturing with a human arm.

Jeb hesitantly scurrying under cover.

"I saw what you did to the club. I had planned on doing the same thing."

"Um, who are you?"

"I'm Mara. What's your name? Did you willingly do that to yourself?"

"My name's Jeb. No, the Improved in that club did this to me." With that Jeb quickly explained what had happened to him.

"Being transformed into a monster is definitely not a typical story I've heard."

"Is that what happened to you?"

"No, I made a bunch of bad decisions with a Mexican cartel and was turned into this." Mara gestured to her rather large monstrous body.

"Then how'd you learn of that club?"

"Got bored after hanging out up north. I needed something to do and had a sneaking suspicion the cartel would resurrect their nanobot program. After poking around, I learned of the club and what they were doing there."

"Then you should know that's not the only one. I found another in Los Angeles."

"God damn, they're spreading," Mara cursed out of one head.

"Yea and they like to hide in plain sight now."

"Huh?"

"Oh, one of the people I saw in that club was an actress. I think she's associated with those weird zombie movies."

"She's an Improved? I don't see how?"

"She hides her changes like many of them do. They wear some sort of concealing dentures and tuck in their other stuff."

"That'll make it hard to stop them," admitted Mara as she contemplated the rising sun.

"Yes it will. But if you plan on hunting them, I'm all in. I want to pay them back for what happened to me and for all the girl's they ate."

"Same here. Speaking of eating, I'm hungry, how about you?"

"Sure, I could do with something warm and bloody."

"I know of a place that has a nice corral full of cattle. Maybe we can snag a few for ourselves."

"Sounds tasty. Then afterword I want to go back and smash as many of the Improved as I can."

"Agreed," responded Mara as she led Jeb deeper into the storm drain. Both monsters would make the Improved pay for what had happened to them.