

I'm Gonna Kill Zanna
By Holo

Zanna struggled against their bindings, unable to break free of the rope that tied them to a metal chair. They had tried to tip over, but the chair was bolted to the concrete floor. A single light bulb above their head cast a circle of light immediately around them, but the rest of the room faded into darkness. Their breath was shaky with fear. They had woken up here, and couldn't remember how they had gotten here.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps, and something dragging over the concrete foundation. Zanna turned their head in the direction of the sound, and a ghastly figure stepped into the light. He was dressed in plain black clothes: a long sleeve shirt and pants that covered most of his skin. A tangle of pale blue hair hung down around his face, which was covered by a chalky, disembodied hand. Several other hands were clasped to his body, most prominently, to his arms. He was dragging a camera on a tripod behind him, holding it carelessly in three fingers.

Zanna's voice caught in their throat at the sight. Their mind screamed at them to say something. "Who are you?" "What do you want with me?" "Where am I?" But the sight of the man covered in dead hands nearly froze the blood in their veins.

He spoke, his voice soft, almost sickly as he began to set up the tripod. "I appreciate your cooperation. The last one was so very noisy." His voice trailed off as he carefully grabbed the camera with two fingers and aimed the lens at Zanna's face. The little red "Recording" light started blinking.

"Before we get started, I need you to understand something." His voice was louder now, but somehow more distant. He walked around into the light and faced the camera. He wasn't even speaking to Zanna, but he backed towards them. Zanna watched in a cold sweat as he lifted a hand, showing all five fingers, before touching them to the metal chair. The metal groaned, and Zanna's eyes widened in terror as the entire chair rusted under them, cracked, and then turned to dust in seconds.

Zanna fell, bindings unraveling, but felt a hand grab their wrist, keeping them from hitting the floor. They screamed reflexively, expecting pain, but only felt an index finger and thumb around their wrist as they were roughly jerked to their feet.

"All I have to do is place all five fingers on something, and it decays. You saw how fast a steel chair went." He shoved the back of Zanna's head with three fingers, making them cry out, eyes watering and streaming tears. "Imagine what it could do to flesh?" He moved his hand down from Zanna's head to their neck, and squeezed it lightly between his thumb and first two fingers.

Zanna had broken down to sobbing, which was the first significant sound they had made since the man with a hand for a face arrived. His head turned in their direction, almost imperceptibly, but underneath the grasping fingers of the hand they could see his eyes turned to glare at them. A fourth finger brushed Zanna's neck, and they trembled as they tried to hold back their tears.

"It's a shame that there are no heroes around to save people like this. Of course, that's really all your fault, isn't it?" he said to the camera. "This world that worships your kind is broken.

I intend to fix that. If you don't like that..." He paused, his last finger twitched towards Zanna's neck, and the lights went out.

"...Come and get me."