

Her eyes showed just how green she was, Liliana realized with her clipboard close to her chest and a steady swallow of nerves being forced. The strawberry blonde woman was smaller than most, her coworkers happily chattering and passing by while she stood there with a nervous glow to her. Truthfully? Being a doctor was Liliana's dream since childhood: the girl constantly gushing on how she wanted to save people's lives, to help them through the horrid parts of their lives and towards a new beginning.

What she didn't expect, regardless of all of her years in school and all of her time working with doctors and nurses alike was the stress; stress and seemed to wind her up more and more with each passing hour.

The silver eyed girl didn't realize when she was being lead towards the surgery room, being in tow with nurses who called her name just minutes ago and with doctors who thoroughly told her of the up coming operation. In fact, her eyes only looked up from the floor right as the nurses were finishing up - her attention drawing to them all too late.

"...We'll also have Doctor Evans with you, to take over if he finds you incapable of completing the surgery."

The nurses voice was stern, realizing all too soon that Liliana wasn't paying attention to her through instructions, her cold eyes staring towards the all too green doctor.

The young doctor gulped, her eyes wide with anxiety. She knew she should have expected this kind of stress once leaving university - but it was all too new for her. With a shaking smile, Liliana thanked the nurse with a soft voice and a slight wave. Her legs were all expect steady once she entered the operation room, her partner - and by far superior - glanced towards her with steady purple eyes.

"Finally, you're here." His voice was muffled by his medical mask, an unknown accent being heard with almost each word.

"We need to finish this quickly - he's already losing too much blood for us to dawdle."

His voice along with stern eyes caused her to hitch her breath. He was all she feared him to be an more. Sure of his work, steady with his hand...He was all she wished to be.

And that *terrified* her.

Regardless of her apparent fear, and her green movements, she covered her face with a medical mask - nodding with experience she pretended to hold.

Her silver eyes widen at the work that was done thus far: Doctor Evans making sure to carefully pull each rib back with an extractor and show the clearly beating heart and steady inhaling lungs. Her skin paled at this, never once being told to remove a heart or even a lung from a patient before. Still, the older doctor beside merely glanced at her before returning back to their work.

"I've already give him the needle to slow breathing and heart," He spoke with a careful tone, his hands going towards the medical knives beside him. He seemed to do things carefully, unlike Liliana who was shakish and hesitate with her choices.

“He should be in a relaxed, comatose state right now. That is we mess up at about here...”

Doctor Evans brought up his hand with the scalpel, carefully trailing along the section he said not to bother - allowing a small trail of blood to weld up. Liliana’s eyes widen in fear, quickly grabbing the needle to stick into the patient’s neck incase he roused. Instead, the heart monitor quick momentary before calming down to the regular, steady beats.

She didn’t expect him to do such a thing, and when he realized her fearful expression a chuckle escaped his lips.

“No need to fear, Dove.” The nickname was something new, and she cringed at it as the Doctor spoke. He didn’t seem to notice, carefully going towards the man’s swollen gland.

“Its all in the practice...”

Her breath was hitched at this point, and she forced her mind to stay on the work on hand and not the fearsome male beside her. Her hands were sluggish, Liliana soon realized, her mind wasn’t working as quickly or as sharp as it would be before. All of this was confusing, as she looked towards Doctor Evans with a confused expression soon taking over her features.

“Doctor—?” Her voice was slow, quiet, as the world around her became engulfed in the darkness she wasn’t aware of. Doctor Evans just smiled sweetly, watching as her world faced to darkness and her mind began spinning. She was certain her head slammed against the cool floor beneath her or that the patient’s heart monitor dragged out to the longest stream of beeping she heard numerous times before.

What Liliana didn’t notice, lost in the realm of darkness and fear, were the sounds of the hospital; no steady calls or voices to be heard, no calls of doctors or cries of children... All was silent, still, where she was. Her body was sore, stiff, aching as she tried to move - only to be stilled by the inability to do so. Her heart began racing, her ears daring not to open as lights were flashed on and around her. The heat was unbearable, the girl’s mind telling her she was under them instead of below. The sound of lone foot steps were heard, and chuckle that still caused chills to go down her spine.

“Doctor Liliana,” A voice ranted, a gentle hand caressing her face causing her to flinch. She knew who it was, and who the gentle touch belonged too. A steady chuckle was heard again, as so the sound of rubber gloves being slapped on.

“You’re stronger than I thought, honestly. Most people faint at the sight of the open rib cage, or even the beating heart...I’m impressed, Dove.”

Her eyes were forced open, a cold metal device holding them open much to her pain. Doctor Evans was above her, a small smile on his lips as he looked at his prize. What Liliana didn’t realize was her chest was bare: her body being laid out just for this purpose.

"I never thought you'll be the one I test this theory on first." A cold chuckle rang through her ears, her eyes watering from the consent contact with the cold, stinging air. She did try to speak - to plead with her superior before her to let her free. A hand was there to silence her, close her whimpers to be muffled deep within her.

"Ah~ Ah~ Dove, don't fret. You'll leave if I please..." His voice was cheerful, uplifted from this situation at hand. His hand was going towards scalpels that laid beside him. A large, shining knife was shown to simmer in the light, Liliana's muffled screaming behind heard. When was her mouth filled with cotton? Or when was her heart suddenly beating so hard? Another sound was heard from the Doctor above her, and a smile was on his features.

"There there, my sweet Dove... You're friend Madoc is here for you." The scalpel soon followed a carefully drawn line on her chest - carefully cutting her breast away with a steady line leading from her belly bottom to her collar bone.

Doctor Madoc Evans seemed to milk the way she squirmed, her screaming becoming music to his ears. His hand seemed to reach to the side, away from Lilana's sight, as he grasped towards a bone saw. It was larger than the girl had saw before, and that only heighten her screaming.

His hands gently pulled her skin and muscle aside, revealing her luscious red insides and steady feel of blood and gore. His hands trailed along her ribs, causing the girl the squirm and cry in pain with each and everywhere contact. The white bone allured him, the Mad Doctor's purple eyes looking over each and every bone.

The bone saw that was tightly clasp in his hand hand was slowly brought downwards, making contact with her bone with a soft clunk. Lilana's breathing was worsen at this point, Madoc not bothering to fully put her under for this operation.

The sound of cracking was what the Doctor ordered, Lilana's blocked screaming becoming more and more rash as the bones were sawed away. Only bare numbs remained, and the doctor seemed to have removed a glove to gently feel the staggered sides. Her screaming was all more alluring as his hand dug inside of her, his hand throwing the saw away.

Lilana's lungs were expanding and contracting in a pained pace, much to Madoc's delight, when his hand's caressed them. A loud squeak of pain and terror was heard, and he shook his head ever so slightly as he found the surgical scissors with a gentle pat.

Her muscle was half-hazardly cut away, Madoc's eyes widening as each part of her body twitched and squirm in pain. With muscle was carefully presented to her, Liliana unsure of how she was awake still while the doctor placed them on the table besides her. The scissors seemed to snap and cut away at the surrounding meat. A frown then appeared on his features, Madoc's hands moving away as he stared at the squeezing flesh before him.

“Lesson number one - the stomach is the worst thing to remove.” He spoke in a way that would have caused her to scream out, instead tears and snot rolled down her face. The Doctor’s features did not seem to change as he snipped away at the connecting flesh that connected the stomach to her. A vile sound was heard, and her body releasing a flash of heat and pain.

The green eyed doctor was drifting at this point, Madoc carefully stabbing her with a needle to keep her way still.

“We’re not done - you still have much to learn...”

His hands forcefully pulled the stomach away, ripping it from her insides as blood began to pool. Madoc merely hummed, examining the flesh pocket in his hands before clipping its ends and placing it onto the table besides him. A steady hum came back to his lips, his hands going to all of the other organs that laid in his way.

Her intestines were pulled out with a ease of his arms, Lilana feeling her body snap and crumble within his grasps. Yet, she was awake still - aware of the horrible, inhuman situation she found herself in. Her body was getting torn apart in front of her, and presented as if they were a gift from the Gods. They were, in sense, Lilana’s foggy mind was gathering as the doctor’s front steadily gained blood.

Slowly, her eyes began to hollow - the darkness surrounding her vision once again. She tried to hold onto the foolish idea of her making on, her eyes feeling heavier and heavier as the doctor worked - his hands tearing away until he made it to his goal.

Her heart.

Madoc’s expression perked up, his bloody hand covering his mouth like a gleeful child. Blood covered his body, his chest stained red along with his hands and face. All that was coloured were those stunning purple eyes. Eyes that sparkled at the sight of the rapidly beating organ. his hand brought itself down, slowly, gently squeezing the thumping muscle as it quicken on.

Lilana’s world was getting dragged into darkness yet again, feeling her life leaving her body. Her breathing was halted, her lone lung slowly inhaling the breath meant for two, as the doctor brought the scalpel back inside of her. Her world was grey now, her eyes only barely catching sight of her life in his hand - and that soft, gentle smile on his face.

Her dreams were over, and so was her nightmare.

The Mad Doctor let out a sigh, looking at the heart in his hand as it seeped with blood and puss. Her body was laid before him: her stomach off to the side, clipped off as if to save the contents from spilling out. Her left lung, the lung that caused the girl so much pain as it was extracted from her haven of a body. Her spleen, intestines and bladder all set in a row; carefully placed in a way that he would call a work of art.

Everything that made the green doctor unique was set before him, and all he could do was smile.

“You’re a great Doctor, Dove.” He spoke out softly, caressing her face with a gentle bloodied hand. She was still alive to him, his mind seeing her fast asleep in the land of dreams and wonders.

“You just needed a push.”