

Payback II

Written by "Ina Izumi"

It has been several days since Leah finally woke up from her long nine-month slumber, just as if she had been born again. After waking up, a hungry Leah instinctively started rummaging through the trash can she woke up to find food. However, the only thing Leah found was more broken dolls like her. Even though Leah woke up with severe amnesia and numb after being a doll for so long, she realized that finding so many bodies of those who may have been or still are people dumped in a trash can could not be a good thing, but not only that. If not, it is surely something that those who threw those dolls and her in the garbage container and the people who live in the surroundings perceive turning people into dolls and throwing them away as something very normal, or, thinks Leah, was she never really human and is she really an ordinary doll? Maybe all the other dolls in that container are ordinary dolls in that case, but something deep down inside Leah makes her disapprove of what she's intuitively seeing. Dolls are to be cared for and appreciated, not thrown away in droves.

Either way, Leah realized that it is surely not very normal for a doll that has been thrown to the garbage to come to life and there will surely be problems with whoever comes to collect in the garbage can if she stays there. On the other hand, Leah's faces turn red when she realizes that she has no clothes. Hungry and sorry to be naked, she comes out of the garbage container and wipes off that strange fuchsia liquid that still envelops her body with an old sheet that was thrown on the floor along with several garbage bags. So, Leah, seeing those garbage bags, becomes interested in what is inside them, so she opens them. Conveniently for Leah, in one of those bags she finds several sheets and used clothes, among which a light white dress that reaches her ankles and a red tablecloth that she could use as a hood catches her attention, especially because it is starting to get cold And it's just starting to snow Without being able to find more interesting things in that garbage, she Leah she looks for something to eat and, incidentally, she sees that she can discover so much about that unpleasant subject that she did that to him. Leah is still not sure if it is some false memory product of her imagination, since she feels as if she had always been a doll, or if the only thing she remembers really happened, but even if what happened is true or not, she feels an instinct of very strong revenge that she cannot control, something that makes her think that, to feel so much anger and accumulated hatred, what happened must have been something real.

Leah does not remember her name, or anything else besides that nightmare that she is in her memories, but she remembers that that guy was called Evan. She does not remember how she arrived with him, but she remembers that she worked as a maid in his mansion, and that she received constant medical treatments, while she was losing mobility and, before she knew it or could be something, she had already become a doll. posing in a room full of luxuries and other beautiful things on display, as if they were works of art. Leah doesn't remember that as such a bad thing since, at the end of the day, it's normal to be on display for a doll, and she still sees herself as a doll. However, she feels great anguish and anger through her veins when she remembers the conversion process, as if she felt the instinctive and aggressive urge to move and her movement was suddenly slowed, as if someone had been able to find a way to contain the impetuous force of the sea or the course of an asteroid. Leah herself does not understand why, but now she has mixed feelings, because on the one hand she is a doll that moves even though as a doll she understands well that the dolls do not move, but on the other hand she feels the involuntary and unconscious impulse to move and do things. Still,

Leah does not feel reasons why she should be a human or to give meaning to her life as a human, other than all that accumulated energy that she has focused on a great feeling of revenge and anger against whoever she is. has done that.

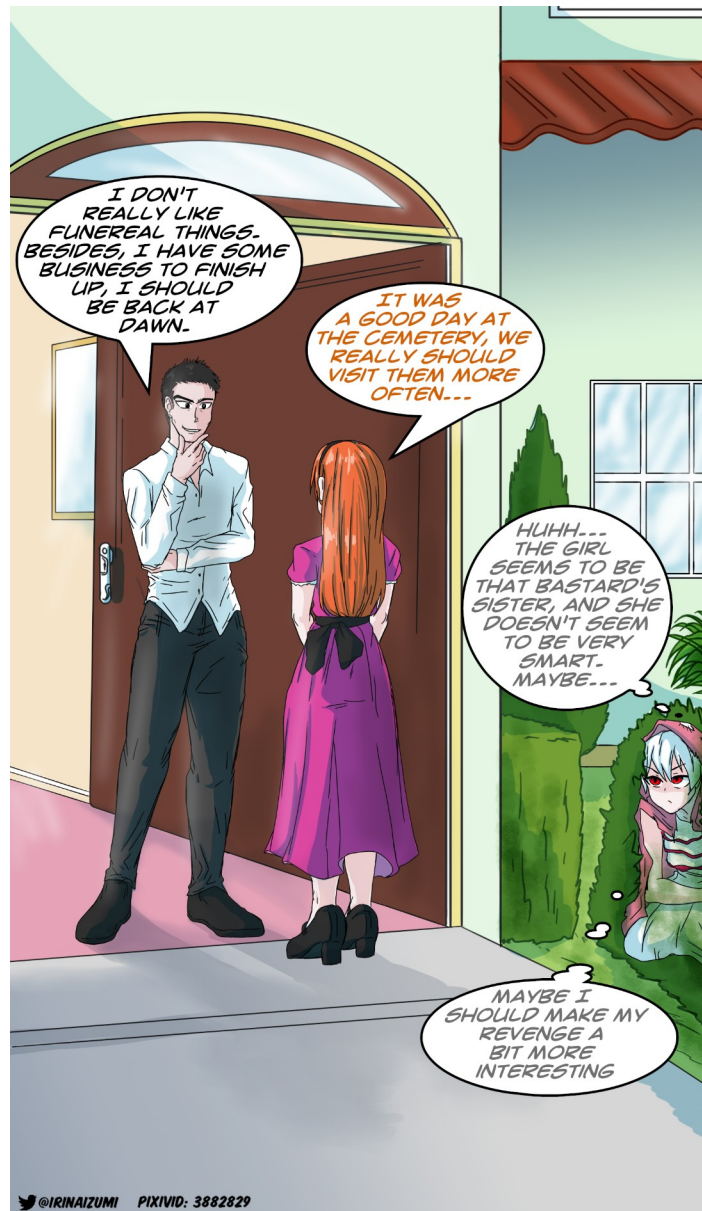
After a few hours, at dusk, Leah finds herself reflecting on her life and wondering where this Evan guy might be, while she is hiding inside a bush outside what appears to be Evan's mansion. She has not seen him go in or out of there, but from what little she remembers, she recognizes the place well. She was also wandering for several hours exploring that small city in which she is, and it seems that it is an exclusive residential area full of mansions and isolated from the rest of the city, a place where surely everything that happens within there is something exclusive only for those who they live there. Leah wonders if only there they can turn other people into dolls and throw them in the trash when she no longer sees them are not necessary, although it would not surprise her if it was something frowned upon, since after following a garbage truck at some point of the day, which was carrying the container in which she woke up, I notice the horrible reality that awaits them. to the dolls that were thrown there: Leah could not reach that truck, but she can notice how it goes to a building far away from that exclusive city, which is possible especially because of its large ovens and the cloud of smoke that escapes from its chimneys. It wasn't very difficult for Leah to understand what was going on there with the garbage.

When her Leah was on her way back to that city, since she had drifted away from her a bit when she was chasing that garbage truck, she found a swanky house in the middle of nowhere. Leah did not pay much attention to that house, which was the smallest she had found so far, but something that caught her attention was a large copper-colored pistol that she found while rummaging through the garbage in that house, a pistol that she decided to keep between her breasts in case it was needed at some point, especially since it looked like she still had bullets. On the other hand, after that sad moment, Leah as she continued wandering around the city, she found a store in which very realistic dolls, small and large, similar to where she was sold, and how these types of dolls were very popular lately.

Leah kept asking herself questions about everything she has discovered in that city, and if what she saw is something unique to that city of powerful people or if it is common throughout the world. She does not remember Leah much of the world in which she lived as a human, but she does not remember that in that world it was common for dolls to become people or people into dolls and even be confused with each other. No one has asked Leah if she is a doll while she roams the city, so Leah has realized that she can be completely mistaken for a human, even she feels hungry like other humans. Leah reflects on her own existence as she eats a donut that she earlier took from a store that she gave away donuts at the grand opening, until she heard noise near her. It seems like Evan has finally made it home. Leah put her hand on the handle of that pistol she found to finish the job quickly, but noticing that Evan was with her, she decided to wait before taking the last shot. Evan was accompanied by a woman of noticeably shorter stature than her, even though Leah reckoned that she might be in her twenties. It seems, from what they speak, since both are referring to two people that they identify as "parents" and that for both it seems to be the same person, that they are brothers, perhaps Evan is the older brother and she the younger sister, whom Evan identifies like Zita, a redhead woman (or orange hair depending on who looks at it) and strange black eyes that may be contact lenses. It seems that her parents have died a long time ago, as they both talk about the visit they have made to their parents' grave and have an emotional talk about how they are the only thing

they have: each other.

Leah feels a little strange to feel sorry for that girl, Evan's sister, Zita, but remembering what they did to her, her impulse for destruction and revenge is greater. Leah drops the gun, placing it between her breasts, and grabs her head with her hands, she has an emotional shock about what she should do... Maybe, Leah thinks, surely Zita shouldn't worry about what happens to her brother, no She will have to worry about nobody else, about nobody... Leah thinks, she will not have to worry about anyone else if she is voluntarily turned into a doll and is cared for by someone else, who is her owner, who replaces the emotional role that Evan occupies in the life of that girl. Also, Leah thinks, that surely seeing her sister turned into a doll will not be something Evan enjoys, if he has not turned her into a doll before but many other girls including Leah herself. Leah thinks about that great idea that seems to have occurred to her and does not seem so bad, even though for a moment Leah began to think that she was hearing a voice in her head, which reminds her of that winged shadow that she saw in her delusions before waking up...



So while Leah was thinking about what she should do, Evan told Zita that she had some shady business to take care of and got into a black car that is driven by one of her bodyguards. Leah thought that this was her chance, so after waiting for Evan's car to pull back far enough not to see her, and taking advantage of the fact that Zita stood in front of the door of the mansion while she thought about her brother and saw the stars in the sky, Leah appears in front of Zita, hiding her weapon between her breasts under her hood.

Leah: Hi! You want to be friends?

Zita: H-huhh, who are you?

Leah: Il.. uh.. Who am I?... My name is... Huhh...

Leah nods after realizing again that she doesn't remember her name, so after a few seconds of thinking as much as she could to remember her name, that voice she hears in her head. she tells him a name. Leah.

Leah: I, uh, my name is Lia, or so I think, something like that, I don't remember my name well, recently... Ehh.. An accident! Yes! I had an accident recently! Since then, I have a bit of amnesia, I just moved to this neighborhood, so when I was walking for air around here and I saw you, then I thought we could be friends...

Zita: Uhh, has anyone ever told you how cute you are when you're nervous? It's fine! Maybe we could be friends, you seem like a very nice person!

Fortunately for Leah, Zita turned out to be a very innocent woman, so much so that it seemed that her brother, who seems to be a criminal, has kept her all the time in a bubble in which Zita did not perceive the world around her as a normal person. Leah thought that could be used to her advantage. After talking a little more with Zita, they finally both enter the mansion and Leah is introduced as a friend of Zita, even though Zita covers part of her face with her hood so as not to be recognized for her "strange resemblance" to the doll that they probably threw them away recently. After that they went to Zita's room to continue talking.

Lia: and how old are you?

Zita: Huh, twenty-one, why?

Lia: Oh, you are as young as you seem. And besides, you are very cute, as cute as the dolls out there in the gallery you showed me a few minutes ago, the one where your brother has his dolls on display.

Zita: Oh, stop! I don't think she is as cute as they are, besides, they are dolls, I am a human with all the imperfections that that entails. Sometimes seeing how my brother takes care of his dolls makes me envy them, even though he doesn't want to be among them when my brother runs out of space in his gallery and decides to throw some away when he wants to buy new dolls.

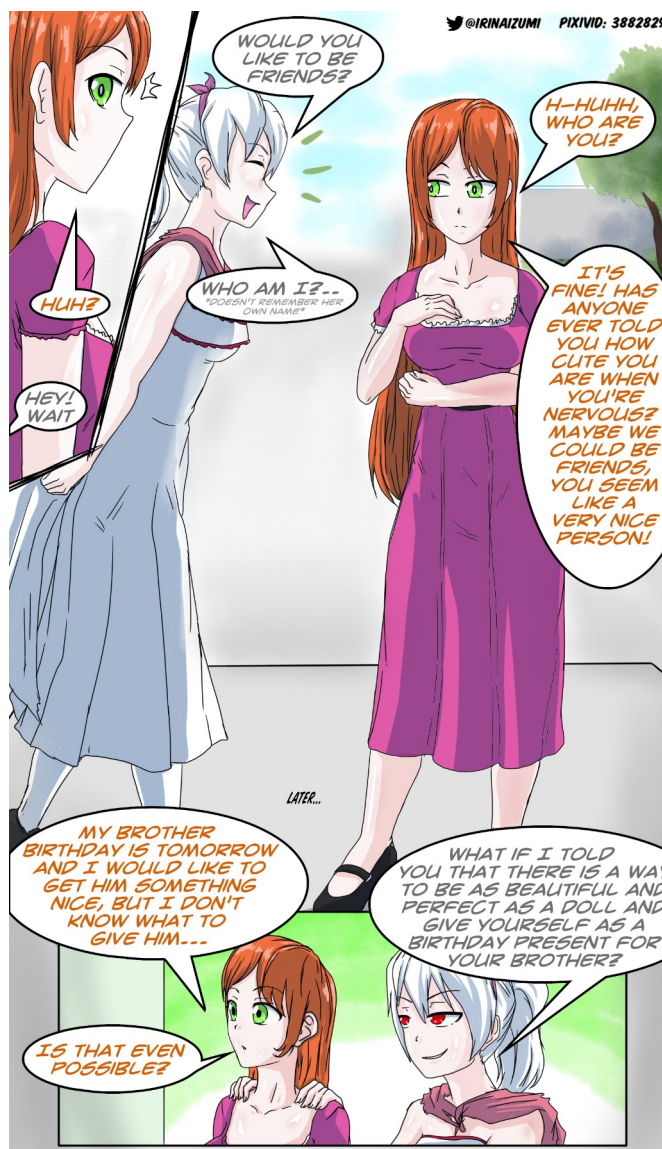
Lia: Hehh.. Yes. I understand what you are talking about...

Zita: By the way, I would like to give my brother something nice, his birthday is tomorrow, but I don't know what to give him, since I feel that nothing, I give him will be enough because anything will have to compete with the dolls that he has in his exhibition.

Lia: What if I told you that there is a way to be as beautiful and perfect as a doll without having to be thrown away like them? Besides, maybe that way we could kill two birds with one stone. Surely no doll could compete with your beauty and the fact that you are her sister, if you give yourself as a birthday present for your brother.

Zita: Is that possible? It's not dangerous?

Lia: Huh, it's very safe, it's only about ingesting a fuchsia substance, it will turn you into a doll! You've probably seen that substance around here before, just take me to it. Also, there is, uhm.. An antidote! Yes, in the same place where that fuchsia liquid is. Just take me to that place and I'll help you with the rest. When your brother comes home and goes to meet you in your room, he will surely be surprised.

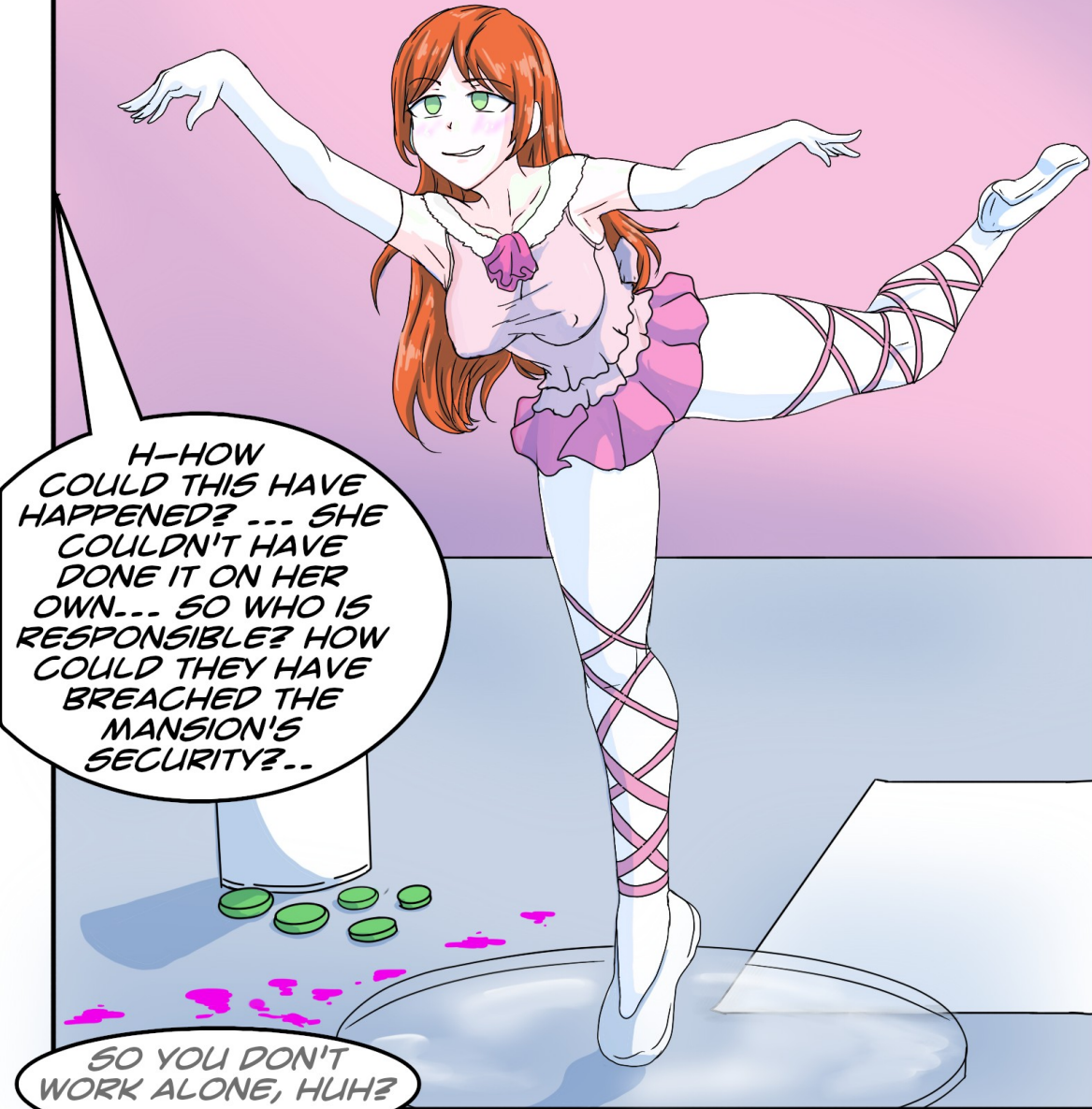


After that, Zita took Lia to the medical office inside the mansion, where the fuchsia substance was stored in several test tubes. It was very painful for Lia to endure the flashbacks that she suffers upon entering that room, but this is not the time to show weakness, Lia thinks. After Lia and Zita searched the drawers of the place a bit to see what other interesting things they found, they also found some strange green pills in a bottle. Lia remembers seeing those green pills in her delusions on several occasions, especially being used on other women, and these pills caused the victim to shrink to the size of an anime figure. Lia thought it would be interesting to test whether what she saw in her delusions is true, so she took the vial, several test tubes with that fuchsia substance, and a syringe. Everything was ready, so Lia and Zita went back to Zita's room to do the procedure.

Later in the morning, Evan came back tired from working on his shady stuff. The first thing he did was go to Zita's room to verify that she was resting calmly or see if he had already woken up and say hello. There was so much trust between Evan and Zita that he did not knock on her door to enter, but this time he was expecting a not very pleasant surprise for Evan as he passed through that door. Zita was always in the room, whether she was asleep or awake, or at least she was always at that early hour in the morning. Evan began to get nervous looking at all corners of the room when he did not find Zita, until he went deeper and discovered something extremely suspicious. Evan saw on the table that was next to Zita's bed, a small doll with elegant red hair and purple eyes, in a beautiful pink ballerina dress with white stockings and gloves, and her cheeks flushed like apples. There was a sheet that said, "happy birthday" and there were some green pills and drops of fuchsia liquid under the wrist. Evan began to hyperventilate and let out a great, angry scream into the air.

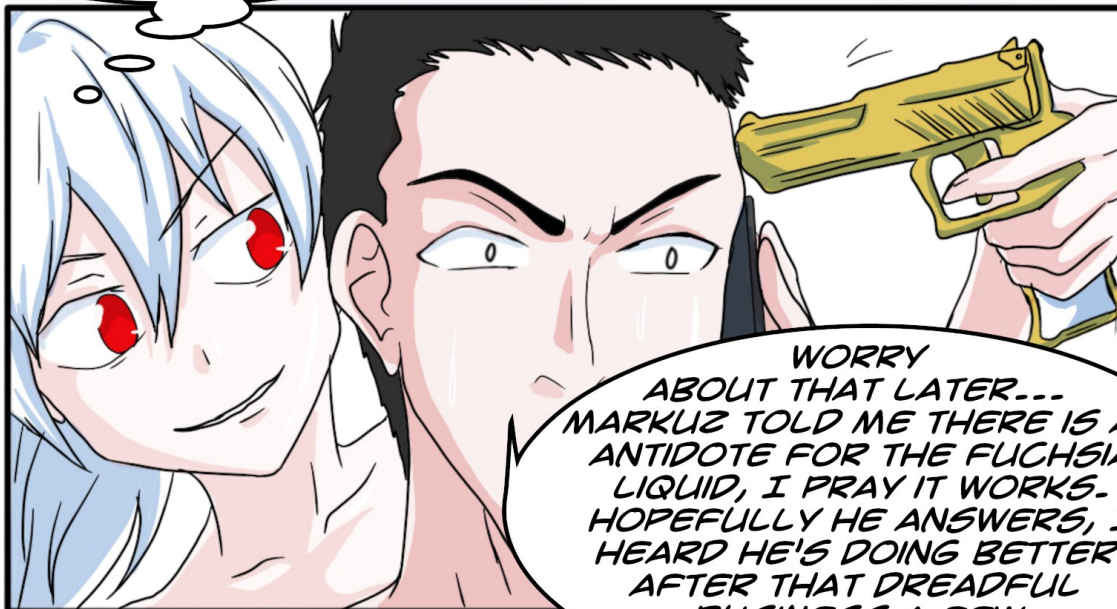
Evan supposed that Zita should never be aware of the existence of those substances, and he thought that she had believed his lie that those dolls in his living room were ordinary dolls and that they always had been, but the damage was done, even if ask what really happened. Zita had always been very innocent, but she must have needed an accomplice or someone to give her those substances and change her clothes and pose, but there was nothing else to do but one more thing. Evan, speaking to himself while he was very nervous, explained his plan to the air. Evan was sure that his friend, the one who provided him those substances, Markus, had mentioned to him in the past that there is an antidote. Then Evan took his cell phone and began to dial Markus, fearing that he would not answer because he had recently received a risky surgery and, although he was already out of risk by then, he was still somewhat weak and slept most of the day. Fortunately for him, Markus quickly answered, but his nerves did not allow him to hear a shadow lock the door of Zita's room from within. Finally, before Evan could answer Markus, he sensed that there was someone behind him. I quickly turned around, but it was too late. The last thing Evan saw on that fateful night was the pale face of his former victim and now his victimizer, Lia, as well as the barrel of a large gun pointed at his eye.

THE NEXT MORNING



H-HOW
COULD THIS HAVE
HAPPENED? ... SHE
COULDN'T HAVE
DONE IT ON HER
OWN... SO WHO IS
RESPONSIBLE? HOW
COULD THEY HAVE
BREACHED THE
MANSION'S
SECURITY?..

SO YOU DON'T
WORK ALONE, HUH?



WORRY
ABOUT THAT LATER...
MARKUZ TOLD ME THERE IS AN
ANTIDOTE FOR THE FUCHSIA
LIQUID, I PRAY IT WORKS.
HOPEFULLY HE ANSWERS, I
HEARD HE'S DOING BETTER
AFTER THAT DREADFUL
BUSINESS A FEW
MONTHS BACK.

After what happened, Lia takes the Zita doll and stores it in a small backpack that she has borrowed, which was full of cash, and then takes Evan's cell phone while hearing a desperate voice of a man calling Evan, who on the other end of the phone only heard a gunshot. Zita saw on the cell phone the name of the contact Evan was talking to, who seems to be his name Markus Morozov, and that he was the one who gave Evan that fuchsia liquid and those green pills, so Lia considers that her only mission in life is not over, and perhaps that his name is enough to find him.

When Evan's men manage to pull down the door, after taking a long time, since the multiple locks were very sturdy, they only find Evan in a pool of blood next to his thrown cell phone, and the window open, without any trace. near or in the vicinity of someone else.

How far will Lia's adventure go in her drive for revenge? She may she have mercy on us.

