



## Greetings

"I'm sorry, who are you?"  
He chuckled "My name is Dimitri"  
"What do you want from me?"  
"Nothing"  
"Then why am I here?!" I yelled.

"Elizabeth, could you check on the patient in room 243?"  
"Sure thing" I answered as she handed me the file. I tried to hide my yawn as I walked past all the people waiting to hear news of their loved ones. There had been a horrible accident earlier that day. 83 people were injured and sadly 5 dead. Ugh I hate accidents. They're just so sudden and unexpected. I got to room 243 and opened the door. On the bed laid a very injured man. According to the file, he had been shot in the right shoulder. He was unconscious.

"Alright" I sighed. I checked his vitals and heart rate. Everything looked stable. I heard the door open and turned around. A dark haired man in a leather jacket stood there. He didn't walk in the room, just stood there.

"I'm sorry about your friend" I said.  
He didn't even look at me. I closed the file and started to walk out. I reached the door and felt him grab my arm. I flinched.

"How is he?" he asked with a heavy accent.  
"I...uhm...he's in a stable state, he should be fine" He let go of my arm and I quickly got out of there. I looked back at the man and saw him watching me. Creep.

I put the file back in the cabinet and then went over to Lucy.  
"Hey girl, everything alright?" Lucy asked while writing something down.

"Yeah, I mean no. That guy over there was acting so strange"  
"Strange how?" she dropped the pen and looked at me.

Let me explain, Lucy is the type of girl that lives for gossip and good stories. She loves hearing other peoples dirty deeds and also likes to pass them along.

"I was checking on the patient, the one with the bullet wound and he just stood in the doorway and said nothing. Then when I was leaving he grabbed my arm and wanted to know about the patient. It was all weird and very uncomfortable"

"Wow, yeah that's so weird" she answered and started looking at the man. He was still standing there, only now talking on his phone. Then he looked at me and Lucy so we quickly looked down.

"You know Beth, I heard that patient got shot by the mafia"  
I looked at her. "The what now?"

"Yeah, I was flirting with the police officer that was checking on him earlier and he said that this man is a very dangerous hit-man or something"

"Do we know his name?"  
"Yeah the officer's name is Lenny" she said excited and grabbed her pen back.

"No I mean the patient's name?"  
"Yeah no we don't know that, but he's hot though"

I gave her a small smile and went back to work. My shifts end in 3 hours and it's already 19:00.

The leather jacket man had left so I checked again on the patient around 21:00. He was still unconscious and everything was stable. When I was about to leave I heard something. I turned around and saw the patient. He was awake.

"Where am I?" he asked in a harsh yet subtle voice.  
"Hospital" I said "My name is Elizabeth, I'm a nurse. Let me call the doctor to check on you"

"No need" he said quickly "I'm fine"  
He started sitting up and tried to stand.

"Sir, I don't think it's a good idea to stand up yet. Please lay down" I hurried over to him and tried to make him lay back down. But he just pushed me away. I walked to the door.

"No doctor"  
"Sir, I have to let someone clear you before you can leave"

"I'm fine" he stood up and put on his shirt, that was still stained with dried blood.

I didn't know what to tell him. He clearly didn't want to see a doctor and Lucy said he might be a hit-man.

"Okay sir, then I'll just leave you alone" I turned around and bumped into a person. When I backed up I saw the leather jacket man. He didn't say anything, just looked at me. I hurried yet again out of there and informed the lady at the desk that the patient is leaving. The rest of my shift went to stitching up some wounds and bandage burned skin.

It was 22:00 when I signed out and went home. I took the subway and after 15 minutes I was at my apartment. I opened the door and turned on the lamp in my living room. I went straight to the bathroom to take a shower. After about 30 minutes in there I got out and dried myself. Then I heard a sound in the living room...

I felt the hair on my arms rising. No one is supposed to be in here. I slowly made my way out of the bathroom and into the living room.

"Hello?"  
No one answered.

"Is someone there?"  
Still no one.

I looked over at the window and saw it was half open. I swear it was closed when I got home. I went to the front door to double lock it. I took a quick look around and then went to bed.

I woke up to a strange sound. Similar to the one I had heard before. I turned on a light and was startled by a man standing over my bed. I jumped to my feet.

"Who are you?!" I quickly asked.  
He didn't say a word. Wait...I know him..

"You...you're that guy, at the hospital" leather jacket.  
"Bravo" he smiled.

"What do you want?"  
"I need to know what he said to you"

"Who?"  
"That man at the hospital, with the gunshot wound. Before I got there, did he say anything to you?"

"No, only that he didn't want to see a doctor"  
"Anything else?" he took a step closer. I took a step back.

"No"  
"Are you a doctor?"  
"No, I'm just a nurse"

"But you can stitch up people and bandage burns"  
How did he know that? Was he watching me?

"Ye...yes" my heart skipped a beat.  
"That's all, have a good night" he walked out of the room and I couldn't move. What the heck was he doing here? Why? How? My mind ached. I couldn't sleep at all after that. I got out of bed at 8:00 and slowly made my way to the living room. Making sure he wasn't still there. This was ridiculous. He didn't take anything, only asked me questions.

I made myself breakfast and tried reading a book but it was hopeless. I was paranoid. A man was just inside my apartment. He was definitely crazy. A madman. Psycho.

Suddenly my phone rang. I checked the number and saw Jason's.  
"Hi" I said a bit too high.

"Hey Beth, listen I have these Gallery art tickets thingy tonight. I was wondering if you're interested?"  
"Yes totally! I need to get out of the apartment"

"Great! I'll meet you there let's say at 6 o'clock?"  
"Sounds great"

He hunged up and I felt a bit calmer.

After getting ready I walked out. I was ready to forget all about last night and that crazy guy. It was at least 15 minutes walk to the Gallery so I started walking. It was a calm weather and not that cold. I had put on a red coat, maybe it was too much for a Gallery exhibit... well it's too late to change now.

I took a short cut through the park to save a few minutes. It was dark but I saw a few people on an evening walk so I wasn't scared or anything. When I was almost out of the park I heard a crunch sound. Like something broke. I turned around quickly but saw nothing. I decided to ignore this and kept walking.

Suddenly I felt something grab me and I felt a cloth being put over my mouth and nose. I breathed in a weird scent and felt my body go numb. My feet gave in and someone grabbed me and picked me up. Then I passed out.

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