

Do No Harm

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Veronica embraced the bloody scalpel in one hand as she used the other to organize her mangled hair. "I'm a doctor dammit! Not some soldier of fortune!" she mumbled under her breath as she tied up her dangling blonde hair into a knot. The mirror in front of her had a large crack down the middle and few bloody handprints. It wasn't ideal, but it served its purpose. Her hair didn't look pretty, but it would do for now. She didn't need to impress anyone. That didn't matter, she just needed to see. A large part of her thought about just cutting it and being done with it. The last thing she needed was for one of those things to grab her ponytail and pull her down. Unfortunately, she didn't have large enough scissors and this lousy scalpel. Veronica glanced at the door. Relief spilled over as the door handle jiggled but didn't budge. She could hear soft scratches from the other side. At least her assailants didn't moan that much. She had heard the horror stories of soldiers going insane from the constant moaning. Of course, they had to contend with hundreds if not thousands of carriers. Veronica only had to deal with at best twenty at the moment. Still, it didn't make their moans any less annoying.

Veronica looked away from the mirror and took stock of her surroundings. She was in a bathroom. The urinal next to her informed her that she was in the men's room. Her depleted rifle rested on the wall by her. The blood on the stock dripped onto the floor. Parts of brain matter still rested on the butt of the gun. Why a refugee ship had that kind of firepower baffled her. Though given her current situation, she could understand. However, Veronica doubted they had anticipated an event such as this.

Turning the faucet on, Veronica splashed cold water onto her face. The blood mixed with the water as it descended onto the sink. She watched as it splashed onto the sink and swirled down the drain. Most of the blood was on her arms and around her fingers. She hated how the stuff got stuck underneath her fingernails. Under normal circumstances, it would take at least a day for her hands to be blood-free. Unfortunately, her current situation wasn't normal.

Veronica continued to scan the area for an air duct she could fit through. She did consider making her way through the horde of carriers shuffling outside the door. Being a superhuman had its benefits. However, she wasn't like the rest of her colleagues. She lacked their grace and relentlessness. No doubt she would take a few of them out, but the rest of the carriers would dogpile and suffocate her. No, the only solution was for her to find a vent that would fit her petite frame.

With a heavy sigh, Veronica slumped on the metal wall and slid down. With a light thud, her butt landed onto the cold metal floor. How did someone with her stature get herself into this situation? "I should have put her down," Veronica mumbled as a tidal wave of exhaustion crashed into her. As if stones were weighing them down, her eyes began to close. "None of this would have happened if I just ignored my instincts," Veronica whispered as the bathroom became a blur and her world went dark.