

Glancing behind them and then all over, he started to shake his head and then threw both his hands into the air in signaling that it was not there.

Turning to face Elysa, he shook his head once more, mouthed another “What the fuck!” And proceeded to make his way back to her.

James, however, hadn’t managed a single step.

Elysa could do nothing but place both her hands to her mouth and let off a shrill scream, slightly dropping to the knee.

James had been hoisted off the ground and was currently mid-air.

It was The Mannequin.

It had used Its left claw to grab James by his head and yank him directly upward.

Elysa could see that one of the nails had penetrated James’s eye socket, another of the nails had ripped through his cheek, the other his nose and the final two were drilled into his forehead and skull in a vice like grip.

Twisting James in a twirling motion, Elysa could also see that The Mannequin had managed a sinister smirk and those once bleak, blackness of eye sockets now had fiery, red eyeballs.

Hoisting James up higher with considerable ease, The Mannequin then gouged Its right-hand dagger through James sternum, taking James’s heart with it.

James offered a few gurgles, though Elysa knew that he was instantly dead.

Closing her eyes to rid this nightmare, she became further terrified and on the verge of hysterics upon reopening them as the visual of an impaled James still bore directly in front of her.

This was no alcohol induced hallucination...

This was no prank...

This was the real deal!

The sound of squish and splatter as The Mannequin removed the right-hand dagger from James’s sternum... And the plomp of his torn heart hitting the tiled floor... Brought Elysa back to awareness.

Shooting upward, her instincts automatically triggered in dodging the deceased torso of James that came hurtling toward her. The Mannequin had thrown the carcass in aiming to knock her down.

Now glancing to where The Mannequin had been a moment prior, she began to hyperventilate upon seeing that It was no longer there.

Looking to the left and right of her rapidly, Elysa still could not make out where The Mannequin had disappeared too.

Catching another quick glimpse of the lifeless James, she began to stumble backward. In doing so, Elysa tripped over the base of the clothing rack and bashed her elbow, hard, into the unforgiving tiled floor.

Timing being of the essence, the trip proved to be a positive. At that direct moment, The Mannequin had leapt toward her and attempted to stab her with Its right-hand dagger, slicing nothing but the clothing rack.

Screaming, and quickly rolling to her knees, Elysa sprung up just in the nick of time as The Mannequins left claw now came reaching.

The claw had just missed her by a whisker.

Jabbed into the malls tiled flooring, the claw produced an ear-piercing screech as The Mannequin slid the nails across the flooring, before bringing it back upright.

Elysa could see that The Mannequin was giving off yet another sinister smirk.

The fiery, red eyes were blazing.

Taking off into a sprint toward the side service door that she and James had entered through, she was out of *Lavish* and sprinting down the mall toward where they had initially left the E-SQUAD.

Thankfully, the *Armaducci* dress did not hinder her speed and movement at all.

Dashing past the phone repair booth, the build-a-bear and an indoor playground, Elysa continued to scream in 'bloody murder' as she sprinted onward.