



Everyone got off the elevator quickly. Vivian pressed the button to close the elevator door swiftly after the last person exited. She hoped that no one would get on afterwards since she was on a mission that she had to do fast. She sighed of relief when she finally reached the 16th floor of the hotel; the floor her hotel room resided.

She sighed softly as she walked in, taking off her jacket and red heels. No one else was in the room as she walked over to the mirror and looked at herself— a mischievous glint in her almost black eyes.

She grabbed the knife from the top drawer in the kitchen before going towards the bathroom to grab herself some gloves. Vivian sat down on the couch where a glass of wine and a candle was light on the table. She glanced out the open window to see the dark night; bright twinkling stars contrasting with the dimness of the sky. She hummed to herself a song she always hums from when she was little before she took herself a sip of the red wine from the glass; legs crossed as she waited.

She wasn't waiting long before a man walked into the room— eyes closed from a long day at work with an exaggerated sigh. He took off his coat before turning around to lock the door. He then realized the door was already unlocked and red heels were sitting beside it. Charles slowly looked behind him to see a women sitting on the couch, humming. Humming a song he vaguely remembered from his childhood.

Red roses were in a vase and two glasses of wine were poured. She wore gloves and a nice black dress. Her red lips smiled as she gestured him to sit beside her. There was no conversation. In fact, she didn't waste anytime before standing up and walking around the man who was confused.

He didn't know who she was and he didn't know how she got into the room. He watched her walk around slowly as she still hummed her song. She handed him a glass to which he took cautiously.

"Who are you?" Charles asked, stuttering a bit as he asked the question that was brewing in his mind. He had been wondering this since he walked in. He took in the silence after his question that was deafening. Her humming abruptly stopped and she had stopped walking around him as well. He shivered a bit when her gloved hand touched his shoulder; a cold wind going past him.

"Don't worry about that, sweetheart. Just relax?" She stated softly in his ear which made him shiver once more. He knew something bad was about to happen.

Charles took a sip of the wine as she went back to humming her precious song. She smiled at him while watching, her hands resting on his shoulders to comfort the man.

"How's the wine?" She asked, slowly reaching for the knife that was behind her back. His breath quickened as he tried to think of words to respond with, yet nothing came out. He didn't even have much time to think before the knife pierced through his chest and he was coughing up red liquid. "Hm. It seems you don't like it." She teasingly frowned, leaving the knife in his back and walking away.

She whistled before throwing away the gloves and cleaning the blood off of her nice dress that she hoped wouldn't stain. She looked at the clock on the wall; great, she still had 5 minutes to spare. With a rush, she put on her heels and quickly made her way to the elevator once more.

She pressed the button and stood waiting. Watching. She watched the elevator numbers go up from 1 to 16 where she got on and went back down to the first floor. She stood in the corner of the elevator, per usual, closest to the buttons so she could open and close the elevator as she pleased.

She took off in a rush towards the exit, pushing past people who were walking a bit too slow for her liking. As soon as she was close to the doors, she spotted the police men who had just walked in; making her check her watch. If the elevator wasn't so slow, she would've been out of here three minutes ago.

"Excuse me." one of the police officers stated, stopping the girl in her tracks. She hummed softly, sighing internally. "We're looking for a lady named Vivian Duchamp." "I've never heard of her." She stated, shaking her head softly with an apologetic smile. Before he could get another word in, she had taken off to the front door and exited; waving down a taxi.

The serial killer, Vivian Duchamp, smiled to herself as she sat in the back of the taxi. No longer having to deal with anymore annoying elevators for today.