

# Twelve's Escape

XIII



By Andrew Griffin

An Amara's Law Short Story



# Twelve's Escape

By

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Bleeding to death in an alley was not supposed to be on my bucket list. But the past two weeks have been chock full of bizarre firsts for me. I mean, who would have thought my life would turn into a real life conspiracy theory? Not I, said the duck ... Geez, I must have lost more blood than I thought. Looking down I check the wound in my side. At least I'm no longer leaking blood. A single drip falls to the ground, probably because the blood has glued my hand to my side. That's going to suck later on.

Sinking further into the shadows of the alleyway, I watch my target across the street. There are no more sounds of pursuit, but I'm not taking that for granted. I'll wait a few more minutes before moving. The unbelievable events that led me here started with terrible news from my doctor. She told me I was basically dead, I just hadn't stopped moving yet...

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Looking back, I should have expected something like this. I led a privileged and fortunate life and I knew it. At age 23 I had a bio-mech job I loved, a wonderful girlfriend, a supportive family, more money than I knew what to do with, and a really sweet apartment overlooking downtown Toronto. The fact that a large part of my income came from questionable bio-mech mods was of little concern. I had decided to propose to Danielle, so it came as a real shock when my doctor told me my premarital genetic tests indicated a fatal medical condition: Arterial-Veinous Dystroma.

AVD affects the veins and arteries, causing the vascular wall to thin. Over time this leads to spontaneous hemorrhage. Not good.

I sat in my doctor's office, shocked and angry. Angry because I knew humans had created my disease as a result of the cosmetic genetics fad in the late 22nd century. My grandparents or great grandparents had been genetically changed and the mixing of those changes had caused a mutation in my genes, making my blood vessel walls too thin. In short, my whole body was one giant aneurysm waiting to happen.

I was so wrapped up in my own misery I almost missed the doctor's suggestion. A clinical trial for an untested procedure to replace the circulatory system with bio-mech veins and arteries had just opened. It would cure my disease, but if it failed, I could die. I figured I was as good as dead already, so what the hell?

Three days later, my pre-op finished, I checked myself into the hospital with my family and my girl sitting by my side. The surgical assistants came in, I hugged my mom and dad, had a last desperate kiss with Dani, and was wheeled through the big double doors to the waiting OR. A few seconds later, another doctor came in to talk to me.

"I'm Dr. Fornier, I'll be your surgeon today. How are you doing?"

"Fine, I guess. Pretty nervous? I mean this could kill me right?"

"That is a small possibility, but the referring doctors overemphasize that risk. How much bio-mech tech do you understand?"

"A bit," I lied. Now was not the time to admit I hacked bio-mech for a living.

"Well, this is new tech. The technique reinforces and replaces the vascular system in-situ with virtually no incisions.

Our team is the best in the country. We want this to succeed almost as much as you do. Everything is prepped, we're only waiting for the anesthesiologist."

I nodded as he turned away. The new bio-mech sounded fascinating. I had a million questions, but I held my tongue, I could hack it if I survived. A few minutes later the anesthesiologist arrived and with little preamble, started his work. He asked me my height and weight, hooked a drip bag to my IV and pulled out a syringe of white stuff from the table next to him.

"This is going to feel like a sun burn," he said, pushing the plunger gently.

Heat spread through my arm, just like a bad sun burn.

"Count down from ten, please."

I reached eight and was getting groggy when a man in a business suit walked in. He strode over to the surgeon, glancing at my chart. By this time I had reached three, much to the anesthesiologist's surprise.

"This one," said the man in the suit.

"Are you positive? He's our best candidate for the surgery so far."

"Definitely," said the suit.

"Gentlemen, please!" the anesthesiologist said. "The patient is still conscious!"

"Then put him out!" shouted the suit. And I knew no more.

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I floated through nothing; white; fuzzy and indistinct. Slowly thoughts trudged through me. The loudest was a call to wake up. I didn't want to, most of me hurt, whether it was from my body shaking off sleep or something else, I didn't care. Then I remembered. Lights glared above me and I was on a bed of some kind. I shifted my weight to ease the discomfort in my arms and legs. That's when I felt the restraints. My heart surged as I did what anyone in my situation would have done:

I panicked.

“Hey! Help! Somebody! MOM! DAD!? DANI! ANYBODY!” I yanked on my restraints but succeed only in chafing my arms and legs against the bindings.

“OK. Calm down. Panicking won't get me anywhere.”

“I'm glad you understand that.”

I tried to lift my head, but it too was restrained. There were no visible speakers, but just on the edge of my vision I could see the corner of a window.

“Who are you? Where am I? And what the hell is going on?!”

“You are in no danger. Please be calm.”

“Be calm!? I'm strapped to a fucking table, talking to someone I can't see, in a room I don't recognize! This IS calm!” There was no response to my outburst.

“Hello?” My voice cracked, blood pounded in my ears. Again, no response.

To stave off my growing panic, I looked around.

The ceiling, floor, and walls were stark white. The only adornments: a clock on the wall in front of me, the one-way window in the wall to my left, and an odd little metal circle down low on the wall to my right. The door must be behind me.

The strange thing about the clock is it was counting down, not up. The display read 00:30:25. So, I had thirty minutes until something happened. Not much time to do anything, but I had to try. I twisted and turned my arms, testing the straps. No luck. All I got were rope burns and chafing. The pain didn't help my mood.

I tried my legs next, counting on their strength, but I had no leverage. Sweat trickled down my neck and my breath was loud in my ears, but I refused to give up. I wiggled, contorted, and shimmied my body into every position I could think of. Every effort failed. My chest heaved as I checked the clock on

the wall. Five minutes left!

A sharp stab of fear pierced my heart. There was no way I'd to be able to get out of my restraints before the clock reached zero.

I cast my mind around feverishly for a new plan. As the timer closed in on 39 seconds, the only plan I could think of was pretty weak: when they released me, I'd take one of them hostage, and the threaten to break their neck if I wasn't freed.

With ten seconds left, a soft hissing came from the wall to my right. A robotic arm entered the room, a tranquilizer gun on its end. My chest felt ready to burst as a red dot stopped on my shoulder. The dart fired.

"Oh, sh...."

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My eyes fluttered open just in time to see an I.V. slither into a small ceiling panel. My almost instantaneous emergence into coherence was a little suspicious but I shrugged it off because my situation had not improved. I was still restrained, but in a hospital bed, not a gurney.

Panic knotted my stomach again. I couldn't breathe. My eyes swiveled around but saw nothing. My gaze swept over the clock again. Desperate for something to focus on, I picked out every small detail. It was in a different place now and counting forward. Its face read 2:35:45. Assuming it was still a timer, I'd been unconscious for over two and a half hours.

Scrutinizing the clock had calmed me and I could think rationally again. Certainly hours of immobility would explain the stiffness in my limbs. I shifted around to ease my discomfort, but froze immediately. The strap on my right arm was loose! Not falling off, but slack enough to allow me some wiggle room. My head was also unrestrained.

Should I try to get free?. If someone was watching, they'd thwart my escape before I'd even started. I couldn't afford to waste my chance at freedom. I needed a plan.

The clock drew my gaze again. Something still seemed off about it. I dismissed it. My restraints guaranteed that I wasn't going anywhere soon.

I was at a severe disadvantage because I lacked any information. Questions like "Where am I?" "How many people are here?" "Who has me?" begged answers. Planning without more information was futile, so I turned back to the clock.

I watched it change over to the third hour. Something still looked wrong. Then it hit me; faint colored lines pulsed across the clock face.

"What the hell?" I whispered, wondering what they were.

The lines were beautiful, pulsating rapidly, flowing in different directions, crossing each other and forming patterns of breathtaking complexity. Wait. The lines weren't isolated to the clock. A fat white one thrummed from the back of the clock and across the wall.

No, not across the wall, inside it? As though the thought was a switch, the entire room lit up with lines, most of them white and thick. With a shock, I realized I could see electricity flowing through the walls!

This wasn't good. I could see how the clock worked just by looking at the flowing patterns of electricity. What the fuck happened to me while I was out?

While I pondered that question, a new voice echoed through the room.

"Awake already? Excellent. From your neural activity, you have been awake almost since we removed the tube from your arm. How are you feeling?"

Startled by the clinical detachment of the voice and its sudden interruption of my thoughts I answered "Fine," before I knew it.

"Any discomfort? Anything feel wrong? Out of the ordinary?"

"Just a slight burning on my neck, otherwise, no, nothing."

Why was I answering?

“Superb! The burning is your ID tattoo. We are going to try something now. Please accept my apologies if this does not work.”

“If what does not work? What is about to happen?”

As if in reply to my question, the hatch above me opened again. Another robotic arm emerged from the hole, fitted with a knife! I tried to pull away as the arm descended toward my chest, but the restraints held me fast.

Pain seared my chest as the blade carefully cut through my smock and skin creating a single bloody line. I screamed and thrashed increasing the damage. The blade reached the bottom of my breast bone, halted, then retracted back into the ceiling. A single drop of blood fell from the knife’s tip onto my chest.

My head banged back onto the table. My chest burned and for the first time I wondered if I’d be tortured to death.

Then a new feeling prickled my tortured chest. A pulling, melting sensation. Lifting my head, I stared at my flayed chest. There was nothing but blood and flesh. I watched in disbelief as my skin started to knit back together. Soon, the seeping wound had been reduced to a crimson line, then a pink scar and finally the pale white skin I saw there every day. I did the only thing I could do. I fainted.

I woke with a jolt and looked around. Only a few minutes had passed since I fainted from shock. Blood still stained my chest.

Thoughts buzzed through my mind: I could see electrical circuits and heal extremely fast. My stomach filled with lead, and my blood ran cold as the implications crashed home. If I was right, this was so far beyond illegal ...

A hissing sound interrupted my thoughts. The small hatch near the floor had opened revealing the tranquilizer dart and laser scope again.



“NO! Not again!” I shouted. And to my amazement the device stopped and the voice came again in the room.

“We will not use this if you do not attack the technician. We will, however keep it in place to assure your behavior does not get out of hand.”

I nodded, and the red laser winked out. The tranquilizer dart, however, stayed in position.

The door behind me hissed and the sound of footsteps echoed through the room. Putting aside that being rendered unconscious so many times in succession could not possibly be good for me, I had another reason for staying conscious. If my theory about my new powers was correct, then the fastest way to find out was by asking without seeming to ask.

A lab tech reached my side. I was surprised to see it was a woman. Given the treatment I had received so far, I expected a massive, mountain sized specimen of a man, able to subdue a violent prisoner. Apparently my captors were confident in their remote ability to subdue me. Not a comforting thought. Regardless, I screwed up my courage and tried striking up conversation.

“Hey, thanks for not sending me off to sleepy land,” I tried, in my most charming voice. “I was starting to feel a little like a light switch.”

The tech looked down at me but said nothing. She parked a cart of medical tools, sponges, and clothes next to me. Opening several packages, she cast several surreptitious glances at me.

Her behavior told me everything I wanted to know. She didn't want to stare, but was also intensely interested in me. It wasn't until she started cleaning me that I noticed she had a bio-mech arm. It was superb workmanship, decades beyond anything I had ever seen as a hacker.

“That's quite a bio-mech replacement you have there,” I said, trying to engage her again. “Is it a new model?”

She stopped what she was doing and looked down at her arm before replying. Her collar shifted, exposing a tattoo on her neck: IX.

“Thanks, but it's nothing compared to yours. And those next gen nanobots are ...” As soon as these words left her mouth I saw her turn white in shock, she clearly was not supposed to have told me that.

Her shock was equally mirrored by my own. Cold dread gripped my stomach. My face went numb as the blood drained from it. She had confirmed my horrific suspicions. I felt a sting on my right arm and looked down to see a tranquilizer dart there.

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When I awoke, the time on the clock said 03:42:32. I really hoped I had only been out for an hour and not a day.

I wore a new hospital gown and everything was cleaned. My brief encounter with number Nine rushed back to me.

Despite our short conversation she had given me a lot to think about. I knew I didn't have any bio-mech installed before my capture. It must have been installed afterwards. My hacking experience took over. If I could see electrical circuits, could I control them as well? It seemed logical. What other purpose would that type of enhancement have? Then I recalled the tattoo on the tech's neck: IX. The voice had told me that I had a tattoo on my neck as well. Maybe we were both in the same situation.

Regardless, my next step was clear: learn to control my new bio-mech Healing apparently took care of itself, but the other one? I looked around for any electrical equipment.

The room was still empty. Crap.

I tested the bindings on my right side confirming they were still loose. I let my head fall back onto the bed with a bounce. Then it came to me: THE BED. It must have controls on it to move patients around for treatment.. I could try to control it.

Having never even heard rumors of technology like what I was attempting to use, I had few ideas on where to start. After many failed attempts, I took a break and just thought. The technician had mentioned nanobots. Assuming they were like mini computers connected to a main processor; my brain, perhaps all I had to do was find the right way to code them?

I tried every programming language I knew, but to no effect. Finally, I grabbed a bed rail out of frustration and whispered fiercely: "Just turn on!"

The bed beeped! Heart surged. Maybe I was overthinking this? Perhaps I needed a simpler approach? Relaxing, I thought TURN OFF. The bed did nothing.

OK, that wasn't right. Thinking for a minute, a suspicion slowly formed. Gingerly, I reached out and touched the bed rail.

TURN OFF. I thought. The bed rewarded me with a double beep as it powered down. Sweet! I just needed physical contact. Grinning to myself, I set about mastering every control the bed offered.

I limited my experiments to small movements I could feel but weren't visible to my captors. After hours of practice, I learned control. The nanobots required precise language, a change in the way I thought. Shifting back and forth between commanding the nanobots and regular thought also took some time. The delay was a serious drawback to an otherwise extremely powerful bio-mech. So powerful, in fact, that I was positive what I had inside me was illegal, regardless of the circumstances under which it was installed.

Bio-mech is legal only for replacing defective organs and human bodily systems.

No human has the ability to control electronics or see through walls. The potential to abuse my bio-mech was enormous. The laws existed to prevent precisely this. Then again, my bio-mech was so advanced it might not even fall

under the current laws. I didn't even understand how my bio-mech was powered, much less how it worked. From what I did know, the capabilities of my bio-mech would draw more power than could be generated or stored by existing technologies.

I shrugged mentally; the answers to these questions didn't really matter at this stage. What did matter was that I had to escape. If I was careful, I could use my new abilities to learn where I was, who my captors were, and why I was captured.

The faceless voice of my warden rang out again:

"We are sending in food. You will be kept in your restraints except for one hand. This will be taken away if you resist and we will feed you through a tube. There is no second chance."

The door opened behind me with a quiet hiss. No clanking meant the door had an EM lock, good to know. Heavy footsteps approached the bed from behind and a huge, uniformed man appeared at my side. He set a tray down beside me, loosened his rail gun, and started to remove a strap.

"Wait!" I said, "can you do my left? I eat better with that one." I didn't want to lose the loose strap on my right arm. The guard stared at me, then, deciding that this was above his pay grade, looked toward the window.

"Go ahead, but if number Twelve gives you any problems, put him down."

The guard abandoned my right side and switched to the left.

I took my time eating, both to hide the fact that I was not left handed and to enjoy the use of my hand. I finished the food in front of me and placed the spoon back on the tray. No forks today, go figure. The voice rang out in the room again.

"Release him."

I stared at the wall in shock. That was not the response I had expected. Apparently the guard was confused as well because he turned to the wall a second time.

“The meal was a test. Had you tried to escape, you would have been terminated.”

I almost threw up my food. The guard nodded at the wall and then he released me from my restraints. My heart sang with freedom, but I controlled my elation. I sat and massaged my wrists and ankles, making no move to escape.

I placed my feet on the floor as the guard picked up my tray and walked back to the door. Reaching out through my feet, I watched the electricity flow through the room. The guard stood in front of the lock, but it made no difference. I could feel him enter code . I didn't understand the information right now, but I could remember how the code felt. I'd work out how to recover it when I escaped.

The guard left, the door locking automatically behind him. I darted over to the mirror and inspected my neck. It was just as the voice had said. There in black letters: XII.

I puttered around my cell, making video footage for my escape. After an hour, I had all the footage I would need. I casually leaned against the wall near the door. Rearranging my thoughts, I planned my next move. I took a calming breath and closed my eyes.

Information surged into my head. There was no language, no translation, for the experience, but understanding came with the deluge. I knew exactly how to do what I needed done. Working quickly, perspiration forming on my brow, I stitched random strings of video together starting with a segment of me leaving the wall to sit on the bed. I set it to play indefinitely. Silencing any microphones in the room, I turned my attention to the lock.

Amazingly, the feeling I experienced when the guard opened the lock now made sense. I repeated the message into the circuit and was rewarded with a satisfying blankness as the EM lock shut down. The butterflies in my stomach rioted, but I kept my concentration. It was tiring to keep my

thoughts in such a different mode, though it became easier each time I did it. Taking a deep breath, I eased the door open.

I stepped out into a deserted rotunda, its center dominated by a station lined with computer terminals and towering stacks of laboratory notebooks. The clock on the wall read 2:34AM.

I rushed to the computers. Perhaps I could hack one and send a message for help. Powering on the closest terminal, I was shocked it booted with no password prompt. The reason for the lax security measures became obvious once I was in.

It was a standalone terminal, no network. I reached for the mouse to peruse the system folders but stopped. I had a faster way at my fingertips. I touched the computer and instantly information flooded into me. I searched fast and found what I needed; namely, what had been done to me.

The files shocked me so badly I lost all concentration. Vitagy, the world premier bio-mech development company, was experimenting on humans, giving them bio-mech upgrades so advanced they bordered on magical. All for something entitled the HEAT Project. Cell repair nanobots, electrical impulse control, directional EMP, weaponized artificial limbs, vision enhancement, the list went on and on.

Another document mentioned biological circuits keyed to our abilities. The tags were programmed to send geo-location data every time the bio-mech was activated. The files also revealed a fatal flaw in my escape plan. A fail-safe was built into the bio-mech as well, triggered by local transceiver bursts. If I passed by those transceivers, they would send a signal to my healer nanobots to isolate all memory of who I am and what had been done to me, effectively erasing my memory of me. I had only one alternative: I'd have to disable the healing bio-mech.

I left the central desk and leaned against the archway to the only exterior door. Steeling myself, I pressed a hand to my

chest, concentrating. I destroyed the healing system in moments. Fortunately, it was separate from my ability to control electronics so my escape plan could continue.

Concentrating, I pressed my hand against the iexit control panel . Before opening the door, I explored Vitagy's security systems. Plotting my escape route, I set in place security reboots timed to activate when I passed those sections of the complex. I took three deep breaths.

OK, let's dance.

The door opened. Creeping swiftly down the passageway, I reached the elevator and called the car.

A short ride later, I stepped out into the main complex. I broke into run, my next security reboot occur in 20 seconds, I had to reach the next section before then.

In my haste I missed the roaming guards. I realized my mistake as alarms blared through the hallways and shouts echoed from behind me.

"Shit!"

I took off at a sprint, the map of the complex fresh in my mind, the sound of pursuing footsteps behind me. At the end of the corridor I turned right, three seconds ahead of my security reboot. But the alarms were already going off, so, screw it.

I streaked by the main guard station, bursting through the main doors and darting into the dark parking lot. A handful of cars sat beneath the overhead lights, but I only needed one. I shifted my thinking on the fly and was ready when I reached a car. It took only a second to open it. But it was one second too long. Bullets gouged the pavement, asphalt spraying my skin with sharp rocks, as the car door opened.

Now bleeding, I jumped in, deactivating the safety circuits. The electric motor whining to life. Slamming my foot on the accelerator the car leaped forward.

I swerved toward the front gate, checking for pursuers: six

guards in three cars trailed behind me. I looked up to see the gate right in front of me. I got my seat belt on just in time as my car crashed through, splintering the wrought iron and shattering the windshield.

A sudden white hot pain erupted in my side. A piece of the fence, a little longer than my hand, protruded from my side. Blood was slowly seeping into my hospital gown. The pain was incredible, but I could do nothing except grit my teeth and drive. It was difficult, but I maintained my shifted thinking so my bio-mech would be ready to use at a moment's notice. Opening the center console, I pulled out a pair of cut-rate charge cables and a micro fuel cell for emergency power, my only weapons.

The highway was deserted and the guards behind me rapidly gained ground. I didn't know where I was but the speed limits were in miles not kilometers so I wasn't in Canada anymore. We tore down the road and I tried my best to keep them from getting in front of me. I held them off at first, but I could not be in three places at once. One of the vehicles pulled next to me and bumped my car, trying to force a safety systems shutdown. Fortunately, I had already deactivated them to prevent the car from stopping in a collision. As I was hit again, I got a crazy, stupid, dangerous idea.

As the guards swerved in for yet another ramming. I threw open my door and tapped the brakes. The door ripped off, skittering across the highway and out of the way.

Flinging the battery cable across to the other car, they caught on the side mirror, temporarily connecting the cars. Before the driver could react, I forced my bio-mech into their car. The insulation on the cable made it difficult, like slogging through mud. I issued only one command, STOP, then flung the cables away from me. Their car instantly fell back. To my relief and consternation it took out another car in a spectacular wreck. I drove on, the last car riding my bumper.



Since I had nothing else I lobbed the fuel cell back at the last car. It collided with their windshield but merely put a few cracks in it. My choices were limited: I could stay on the highway where they might force me over or try to lose them off the highway.

Losing them on local roads might be easier. I picked an exit at random, hurtling down the ramp at twice the speed limit, the car balancing dangerously on two wheels . I blew through a stop light onto city streets as my brakes gave out.

Despite my efforts the guards managed to pull even with me. Then they edged in front of me. If they got ahead of me, they could force me to stop. I could do nothing but watch.

Whether he was rushing, inexperienced, or just not a good driver, the guard misjudged the distance between our vehicles and clipped my front bumper. The front and rear bumpers snagged and ended up T-boned. Without thinking I touched the car, forcing my way into the other vehicle, shutting down the power.

The passenger drew his rail gun and pointed it at me. The word "STOP!" formed on his lips, but the noise from our grinding cars was too loud for me to hear him. I had only one option left and I took it. I swerved the vehicles to one side, throwing the guards off balance, the driver losing his hold on the steering wheel. I slammed into the nearest building with a bone-jarring crash. I was still wearing my seat belt. The guards weren't.

The next half hour or so was fuzzy, blood loss making me more than a little woozy. I do remember pulling the piece of gate from my side. The pain was exquisite. I also remember a sign with "Boston" written in large white letters. Through the haze of pain and dizziness, my hacker brain told me just where to go.

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That is how I ended up in this dark alley, observing the

front of a nondescript building in East Boston. It is becoming significantly easier to hold my concentration, even considering my injuries. Ten minutes have passed with nothing but distant sirens breaking the silence. There are no obvious signs of an organized manhunt. I am safe, for the moment. Darting, or rather stumbling, across the street, I place my free hand on the keypad, and gain entry. My exposure is five seconds, but I have used my powers; Vitagy will be tracking me now. My brief touch supplied me with the layout of the building's security system. It is beyond state-of-the-art, but I deactivate it with a thought. I move carefully, trying not to re-open the wound in my side and finally reach an imposing door.

I have come to the conclusion that I am going to have to use my abilities often in the future to avoid detection from Vitagy. Therefore, I need to destroy my tracking circuit. I open the door, purposefully not deactivating the intrusion alarm and wait inside, bleeding from my efforts. A man arrives, pointing a rail gun at me, demanding to know how I got in. I gently lay my bloody hand on the wall and silence the alarms. He looks around in surprise and then back at me, his weapon slowly lowering.

"I will inform you how I accomplished my break-in," I pant. It is becoming exceptionally hard to breathe. "All I ask for .... is your aid in my recovery." My speech pattern shifting along with my thoughts.

My legs feel like water and they start to tremble. "I also require your silence. My name..." I hesitate; anyone who knows my real name will be in danger. I decide to keep this man safe for now, "...is Twelve."

"Cecil," he replies.

"Please listen closely, we have little time," I hear my own words start to slur. "I require help in removing a tracking chip that will lead my captors to this location. If you cannot or will not aid me I will leave, but I cannot guarantee they will not find

you. Alternatively if you aid me, I will aid you in both enhancing your security and augmenting your illegal bio-mech hacking business. I will also do my utmost to ensure you do not become involved. Please choose.” I slowly slide down to the floor, unable to stand any longer.

Cecil blanches at my unexpected, brutal presentation of his choice but I do not have time for kid gloves. I see the decision in his eyes. He rushes over to me, puts my arm over his shoulder, and assists me inside.

“Tell me what I need to do.”

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Thanks for reading Twelve’s Escape, the short story prequel to Amara’s Law: Blood Tech. If you’d like to hear about new releases and other projects I’m working on, please sign up for my newsletter at <http://www.andrewgriffinbooks.com/sign-up>.

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# He was going to die.

That was the official medical diagnosis. But there was one chance, a new technology that could completely replace his failing circulatory system.

When he awoke from the surgery he found he was not in the hospital anymore. He also found a few other things had changed: He could see through walls, talk to machines and several other things.

However amazing his new powers were, he had to escape before his captors tortured him to death. But first he had to get off the bed he was strapped to...