DTD—516 words, and a slave shows up

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There shouldn’t be slaves in modern-day New York City.

So I was surprised when one appeared at the right hand of my first-on-the-scene villain, Derok (whom you may have met when he lost his head, and left it behind for the police to find in an earlier-posted snippet.)

Finished up the rock band scene with Aleksa, and starting into the first scene in which I get to meet the villains at their day jobs. I’ve done only very light planning on this part of the story because I want to be surprised. And horrified.

Good writing night.

How have your words gone? And has anyone heard anything from Tori (whose husband got robbed while they were on vacation)? I went through all the previous posts looking for her, but haven’t seen anything since her last post here on Thursday.

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