

# Cold and Blood

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Rated: PG

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Summary: A drabble for the Cold and Blood challenge

Story Size: 114 words (1Kb as text)

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It's cold. I taste blood.

Luthor's gone, but I know he'll be back. He promised he'd be back and I've no doubt he'll keep his promise to kill me.

The green glow from the bars hurts my eyes. But everything hurts, so I'll just lie here for a moment before I try to grab the keys again. He left them to taunt me – so close and yet so far.

I hear the Wedding March starting.

It's cold. I taste blood.

THE END