

Nobody by Jennifer Lynn Barnes
Prologue

One week earlier. . .

Nine letters. Two words. He refused to think of them as a name. With detached objectivity, his steady hands set the thin white paper, with its evenly spaced black lettering, to the side.

He'd done this before.

One, Two, Three . . .

He'd do this again. More needles, more knives. More evenly spaced black letters that carved themselves, blood-red, into the recesses of his mind.

The only way you can make a difference in this world is to kill.

From the moment he'd opened the envelope and see the name, the pictures; from the moment he'd committed those nine letters to memory, the outcome had been a foregone conclusion. His target had been marked. Death was coming.

So be it.