

As she moved further into the lobby, something else startled her. A metallic scent that stopped her in her tracks. Was that...*blood?*

Then she saw him—eyes staring up at her, right through her. A pool of blood seeping from his head. *Johnny, her security guard!*

Anna panicked. She dropped her purse and ran to the ladies room. She rushed into the first stall and closed and locked the door. She pulled her cell phone out of her vest pocket and tried to dial 911. She couldn't make her fingers work, hitting the wrong numbers over and over.

*Come on. Come on!* She scolded herself as the panic grew.

Then she heard a sound outside the ladies room door. Oh my God, the murderer is after me! He can come in here any minute! She suddenly remembered the purse she had dropped. If the murderer didn't find her in here, he certainly could find her at her home, since she had left her license within reach.

She held her breath, and made herself as still as she could. Her heart was pounding so hard she was afraid it would beat itself out of her chest, bounce into the art gallery and announce loudly to the killer, "here I am in the bathroom. Come get me."

Then she heard the sound again. She heard someone calling her name. Johnny! He's alive!

She ran back out to the lobby. How could she have been such a coward to leave him? But he had looked dead, eyes open. Still. Staring.

She bent down to him. He was still alive, and moaning softly. So much blood! There was a huge pool all around his head now, flowing towards the front door. She could see the head wound. Part of his skull was crushed.

He was trying to tell her something. Barely audible, a whisper. She knelt beside him and put her ear near his mouth to try to make out his words. "The...they came and took...the Delacroix..."

Then he fainted. *Or died?* Trembling, Anna tried to feel for his pulse. But it seemed her own pulse was beating so hard she could not decipher her own from his.

Oh my God, what am I doing? Anna finally remembered her phone. This time her fingers worked. She pressed 911. She took a deep breath, and felt for Johnny's pulse again. *He's still alive!*

Barely.