The door creaked open and Ophelia entered the room via the back door. Her target stood inches away from her and due to listening to music hadn’t heard the door open and the slightly heavy footsteps of the Templar enter. She moved closer and as she came up behind him she wrapped her arms around his neck and tugged, twisting as she did so. The snap of vertebrae was heard and the figure went limp in her arms. She proceeded back outside and having dumped the body returned dressed in what could only be described as chef overalls with an Apron that read “kiss the cook”.

As she made her way into the kitchen a loud voice carried out over the rest of the workers “Hey! Who the heck are you girly?”

Ophelia turned and took in the shape of what she assumed to be the Head chef. A rotund man, more wide than tall with more scars and burn marks on his body then the cyborg had from her replacement therapy. She rolled her shoulders and sighed “I’m the new temp Chef cook.”

The man fixed her with a beady stare and reached around to scratch his rather large behind before turning and spitting a wad of gunk into a nearby pot. “Where the feth is Frank? You don’t look like no Frank little lady. We were promised a chef by the name of Frank from the agency.”

Ophelia placed her hands on her lips and puffed out her chest, motors whirred as her left side compensated her right. “What? They said Frank? Damn it all my name is Francine, or Franky for short. I’ve told them time and time again not to call me Frank.” She slammed a fist onto one of the counters which drew a nervous glance from the Chef who shrugged and turned away.

“Well I shouldn’t even be here but I had to make sure you arrived, just keep the food warm and ready to serve up whatever the customers want. It’s a quiet night.” And with a final glance he picked up his coat, waddled past her and left her to own devices.

Ophelia moved to the counter and leant against it and took in the targets at the far end table. They were talking quietly to one another and she couldn’t make out anything they were saying but shrugged and moved away from the counter and started searching around the kitchen for anything she could use to turn their deaths into an accident.

By the time she was done she had collected several small implements which she proceeded to crush in her left hand and lace into the stew that was boiling on the stove. Also she happened across a broken blaster pistol, she stripped it down to the fully charged battery pack and with a few careful alterations allowed it to back feed and seeped it into the stew along with the bits of choking hazard.

It took a while but finally one of the targets approached the counter and asked what was available to which Ophelia replied “Stew, only stew and nothing but stew. It’s late in the night and everyone’s gone home bud. So you can either have stew or nothing. But I recommend the stew.”

Taken aback slightly the worker looked around to his table and they all nodded so without further ado Ophelia served up four plates of delicious, yet poisoned stew to the four targets. She watched as they all began to consume it, then began to worry nothing was going to happen as they all ploughed on with the food. Then she noticed the change in one of the men, then another. They began hacking and coughing. Another slumped forward face first and the fourth scrambled with his throat as something became lodged in it.

Luckily by this time no other customers were present in the diner so Ophelia had the distinct pleasure of watching the four men all die painfully from asphyxiation or internal laceration. When the scene was done she simply left the kitchen, hung up her apron and hat and walked out into the street, whistling through smiling lips as the night took her.