

# Neuromancer - Molly Millions

*William Gibson, 1984*

She held out her hands, palms up, the white fingers slightly spread, and with a barely audible click, ten double-edged, four-centimeter scalpel blades slid from their housings beneath the burgundy nails.

"That's what I do best. I'm a razor girl."

She wore tight black gloveleather jeans and a bulky black jacket cut from some matte fabric that seemed to absorb light. Her legs were long, but still she seemed compact. The glasses were surgically inset, sealing her sockets. The silver lenses seemed to grow from smooth pale skin above her cheekbones.

"You're staring," she said. The glasses were like the heads of two silver thumbtacks, flat, their edges just slightly beveled. "Yeah," Case said, "I'm staring."

She pivoted on one heel, swung smoothly back to face him, and touched the edge of her left lens with one burgundy nail. Case felt the muscles in his thighs tighten. She smiled. "I can see your pulse, baby."