
The Beginning of the End.

Posted by The Assassin - 2008/06/24 14:18

There was a blast. The heat seared his flesh, the debris pounded into him like shots from a cannon. The force of the concussion knocked him from his feet, and pushed him back into and over the car they'd just parked in front of the building.

He remembered breathing in the smoke and heat.

He remembered seeing a flash, followed by nothing.

He remembered a woman's scream.

Screaming his name.

Lydia took the wheel of the car, after getting him into the passenger side. Worrying about the cuts and gashes that bled freely through his shirt, and from his face. Varian told her where to take them, and hoped that it would be far enough into his past that no one would dig them up. He opened one eye and looked into the mirror as they drove away, looking at the rubble of what was left of the apartment. The smoke rose high into the sky, and the choppers for news were already flying around and through it, while emergency crews were starting to arrive.

"Careless, Varian." He muttered as he drifted slightly and then into nothing as the blackness set in. He heard her voice, something about death. And that was all he heard until she shook him slightly.

Varian told her the passcodes for the touchpad that sat beside a large iron and barbwire topped fence. That fence guarded a medium sized warehouse, that was mixed in with other non descript industrial buildings. Part of a complex that saw activity during the day, and was a ghost town at night. There was nothing for miles. No air traffic, no car traffic. Any of that would raise question, and make one sit up and take notice. There would be no sneaking up on them in this place. And the extra security stood out no more than any of the other buildings in the area.

Lydia pulled the car through the gate, and stopped as the large, overhead door began to roll up, then as it allowed clearance for the top of the car she pulled inside.

"Let me help you." She said as he was pushing open the door, and took his arm. He allowed her help, and stood up watching the door roll down. He turned and looked toward Lydia briefly, before he smiled at her.

"They fucked up. They let me live." And then his knees buckled.

The darkness engulfed him again.

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