

A Cautionary Tale

"Whatever you do. Don't. Make. A sound."

Storm, struggling to hold his breath, clung to the frigid wall behind him as guards walked by the intersection. He was caught at an impasse; every hallway in sight most certainly led to a terrible fate. In his ear, the familiar sound of Massacre's instructions assured him. "At least someone out there is watching out for me," he thought. By sheer unluckiness, he had been entrapped in a government building by a sudden outbreak between the Colombian government and its citizens. The goal was to take out a high ranking general, Luna Elvira, that was plotting to use fear mongering and deception to start a war with nearby Brazil, a close ally of the United States. She was willing to risk her personal honor and the lives of her country for the chance to make it into the history books. By all means, Silent Storm couldn't allow this to go through.

"You're almost there, just a few doors down. From her room, there should be a relatively safe route back down to the ground via the fire escape," explained Massacre. "Jesus, you should really see what's happening down here. In all the years I've been doing this, I have never seen it get this destructive in a riot before. The military is bringing in full on tanks and machine guns. I can barely breathe with all the smoke and ashe filling the air."

"I get it, its bad. Can you please just tell me if the target is still there?" barked Silent Storm. He wasn't exactly in the best situation to wait around.

"Okay, six doors down to the left, there should be a room numbered 402," said Massacre. When you get there, hug the wall next to the door so she can't see you. Then-

"I've done this before, remember? You've kinda been teaching me how to do this for the past decade," remarked Storm.

"Jeez, we are going to have a serious discussion about your attitude in the field after this," responded Massacre.

After scanning the area for more guards, Storm steadily made his way towards the door. Ignoring Massacre's advice, he decided to make his presence very apparent by slamming in the door with a swift kick. The lock exploded as pieces dropped to the ground, leaving the door wide open. As Luna reached for her gun, Storm charged at her with full might. Slamming her to the ground, he reached for his own pistol. Before he could draw, Luna snatched his pistol away from its holster and unloaded a bullet straight into Storm's shoulder. Crying out in pain, he collapsed onto the ground. Gathering her composure, Luna quickly stood up, cocking the pistol directly against Storm's temple. As she goes to pull the trigger, something shatters the window behind her at unprecedented speed. In a flash, she finds herself pinned to the wall that was once five feet in front of her. In the obscured view of the mirror adjacent to her, she sees

Massacre tightly holding her against the wall. Unfortunately, this is the last sight she'll ever see, as Massacre puts her down in the blink of an eye. Walking over towards Storm, she lets out a slight chuckle.

"I got this' he says. Decades into our partnership and I STILL have to finish your jobs," she says with a childlike smile.

"What is wrong with you! I have a bullet in my arm and that's what you decide to say to me?" exclaimed Storm.

"Relax," says Massacre, observing his wound with her medical analysis tool built-in to her goggles, "it went right through and didn't hit any major vessels or arteries. You'll live. Maybe that'll teach you to listen to me next time."

Storm silently grunted in opposition, though he ultimately realized this was all a result of his own petty ignorance. Slowly, the pair made it down the fire escape, with Massacre supporting Storm on her shoulder the whole way down. While the mission may have been messy, it was still an overall success, despite the slightly bruised ego of Storm.