

Messiah

Music thudded upwards out of the doors, recessed into the brickwork of the Chelsea building.

Prophet saw some movement ahead of him. His neural interface focused and flashed red in his mind's eye. A Merovingian follower. He entered the club nonetheless and looked over the balcony. It was crawling with them.

One waved at him. Prophet found himself waving back.

"You're not killing me today?"

"We're here for Morpheus. No doubt you are too."

Prophet made a call to the faction, more arrived but the Mervs were friendly enough. Nothing was happening so he left to run some routine missions for Tyndall.

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He faded into 'existence' at Chelsea once more. A familiar figure was ahead of him.

Morpheus.

He followed the great man into the club, and watched as the Mervs swarmed. He tensed, waiting to be slaughtered, but it didn't come.

Morpheus spoke, reiterating his wishes for Neo's remains to be returned. He told the congregated redpills to shake the Matrix, that the machines must be warned. This struck a chord with both factions present.

As he left, all followed into the streets, a huge mass of awakened minds. Morpheus left mysteriously, exploiting his knowledge of the Matrix in ways that only he knew how.

There was much to be discussed, much to ponder on. All he knew was that Morpheus freed them, every one of them, indirectly. He was right before, and he was right now.