

Ganked

There was a crackle and a hiss. Prophet ducked and swung 180 degrees, the hair on the right side of his head singed by the blast from a Meson rifle.

Gritting his teeth, he launched himself upwards and tucked his legs up to his chin. Careful now, watch the ground. Feel the airspeed. Find your target.

On the ground the Merovingian operative was calculating the descent also. Would he land in front or behind? As the black-suited figure came closer he decided it didn't matter. He raised the Meson rifle again and fired.

For all its complexity, the Heavy Meson Rifle is notoriously bad at aiming. However this time it was dead on the money.

Prophet's head snapped backwards and he felt his skin burn as the shot hit him full on in the face. His body uncurled as he fell backwards like a stone, arms and legs outstretched, and finally hit the ground with a thump.

"Fuck." he muttered under his breath. His vision swam and he slowly stood up. As he returned to vertical, his vision cleared just in time to see his adversary delivering a powerful kick ...

The wall smashed as LostProphet barrelled through it at high speed, finally coming to rest in a cloud of dust. His cellphone rang.

"Jesus are you alright? There are more on the way. Get out. Get out now."

He hauled himself to his feet and began to run shakily towards the nearest exit, as the Merovingian hopped through the hole in the wall. Prophet turned and let off a blast of FM11 fire. It failed to hit but slowed him down.

The door opened into the sunlight and Prophet began to pick up speed, his health regenerating every second. Suddenly he slowed again. He felt his mind lose control of his RSI. He was stunned.

A bullet punched through his calf muscle, shredding it.

Don't give them the pleasure of seeing you suffer his mind said with a steely determination.

Three operatives walked into view. Two watched as the third pumped his chest full of holes. The pain was exquisite, Prophet thought as his body sank to the ground, dead.