

Run
Run.

Footsteps echoed. A cacophony of sound bounced off the walls that enclosed the alleyway.

Run. Faster.

The feet below him blurred. Running faster now, ludicrously fast. He swept past a small elitist coffee house, dazzling the preened business men and contemporary artists who had taken their heads out of their arses temporarily. They also saw the man in the dark suit, hot on his tail.

Prophet raced inside the gallery, frantically looking for an exit. He looked upwards. A boarded walkway stretched overhead, with a skylight above it. He glanced at the exit looming ever closer. A crowd. Perfect for agents.

He gritted his teeth and jumped, hurling his weight upwards. He bent his head and slammed into the walkway with his shoulders, smashing the beams to splinters. He crashed through the glass, was airborne for a moment, then landed on the roof. Not wasting a second, he took off again.

He landed and rolled onto the sidewalk and allowed himself a smug grin. Too soon.

A polished shoe lifted him into the air via his face. He somersaulted backwards and landed with a thud.

"Where IS HE, Mr Hirst?!" the Agent commanded, walking closer.

"I told you dammit, I don't know." Prophet spat back, flecking the Agent's shirt with blood. He stood up and adopted a defensive stance.

The Agent swiftly disabled the potency of his pose, grabbing his body and flinging it forcefully at the nearest wall.

Prophet groaned. Something was broken. Thankfully the mind could only make the real world body bleed, breaking bones wasn't quite within its capabilities.

The Agent drew its weapon, and knelt down. He pushed the cold, hard barrel against Prophet's left temple.

"TELL ME" he growled.

"Suck my ..."

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Prophet groaned as his neural jack was removed. He had one mother of a headache. The Agent had shot him in the head after his last remark.

"At least they don't know where Morpheus is," Cel said to him from the operators chair as he walked towards his room.

"Yeah. The problem is, neither do we."