

Small World

Chapter 21: 'Checkmate'

"... 'Rose' wh-?"

"What have you done to MY SISTER YOU EARTH-NAZI?!" David screamed at the German man in an uncharacteristically murderous tone.

"...OOooh..." Jack realized, his abruptly interrupted question being answered. "Dude...you kidnapped and tortured a guy's SISTER just to save your own ass? Even for a bad guy as cliché as you that's LOW..."

"Oh...ijsh it now?" the man taunted, "Like how 'low' it vwould be for somevwon to shnap my vhwife's neck before she evhen had a chance to survender?!"

"....That woman was your WIFE?!" Jack cringed. "Oooh...ouch...THAT explains a lot...Yyyyeah, sorry about that... But that STILL doesn't give you the right to go 'Wrath of Khan' on my friend's FAMILY MEMBERS!"

"Vwell, actually, I vreally moshtly am just doing it to make sure zhee two of you shtopped intershfering jvith our plans. Zhee 'dish best sherved cold' part, as you vwould put it, vwas just a bonus."

"Well, it doesn't even really matter what your 'motives' were, does it? You know WHY?!" David said, suddenly snatching Jack's firearm right out of his holster and pointing the muzzle threateningly in the lab-coat-wearing man's direction, "Because WE'RE still the ones with the GUN!"

"Well, this should be the place," Jade noted, staring somewhat nervously at the 'high-tech-secure' looking think metal sliding door before her. "Now to just find a way in..."

"...Um...before we start tackling that problem, if you don't mind my asking," Bill piped up timidly, "What IS on the other side of that door, anyway?"

"One thing I can assure you WON'T find in there is a 'warm welcome', if that's what you were hoping for," another spine-chillingly familiar male voice interjected from behind.

"...David...what the hell are you doing...?" Jack inquired, taken aback by his friend's sudden display of aggression, "David, please... Hand me back my gun...before you do something stupid with it..."

"Why?! You're not actually considering letting this oversized sack of orangutan excrement LIVE, are you?!" David spat, failing to notice his quarry discretely pressing down another button on his remote while the Ferren's head was turned.

"No, of COURSE I'm going to pop a cap in that asshole's ass after we beat all loving 'excrement' out of him for the information we still need!" Jack reassured, "It's just that that's my last clip, and it only has six shots left! With YOUR track record on that thing, you'll likely end up wasting the entire load all over half the room just trying to HIT the damn guy!"

"I managed to incapacitate a human in one shot with it back in Nevada that one time, didn't I?" David reminded.

"THAT DOESN'T COUNT!"

An ear-piercingly sinister cackle cut the pair's banter short. "Ivf I may apologize for my intervruption... I believe you vwould be vwise to lishen to your friend's advishe, little grey vwun," the evil scientist mocked, drawing attention to the remote in his grip once again, "For you shee, ajsh shoon ajsh my finger lifts from zhiss button, zhee strahp avround your little sishterz neck vill tighten like a noose and lock in place, ending her life in a mere shfifty-shfive sheconds, and perminantly damaging her brain function after only another three-hundred-and-ninety. Shinch zhee glass she ijsh behind ijsh bullet-prood, and I am zhee only vwun who knows zhee combination to open it, do eizhiare uhv you think you could free her from her bondz before she iz unvevivable, much lesh alive?"

"...You...you...you are a MONSTER!" David cried, his trigger-finger trembling profusely.

"Az much az I am flattered by your compliment, I musht consheed I am merely a mortal, humble shientisht who hashj devoted myshelf to a greater caujsch for zhiss planet. I have EMPLOYED a monster, zhough. Vwon zhat haz in fact been looking VERY forward to 'vre-aquinting' vwhith your formely-human friend."

Hearing the 'click-click' of another firearm been cocked behind his head, Jack froze in in dread as he heard an all-too-familiar Australian-accented male voice taunt, "Long-teym-no-see, Jackey-boy... Miss miye?"

"The intruders have reached the hangar bay entrance. Repeat. The intruders have reached the hanger bay entrance."

"Form a perimeter around the access hatch and prepare to engage the enemy. Fire at my command."

Jack let out a long, exasperated sigh. "Okay, I know the drill by now... I'm going to say, 'Bennett?! Aren't you supposed to be dead?!' And then you'll say some cheesy comeback line like, 'Not anymore!' or, 'No more than YOU are!' and start monologuing about how LOOONG you've been waiting for this day when you can FINALLY get me back for having to take you down because you had been bought out by the enemy and was about to try and to sell me out to them...right?"

"...Cn'aye shoot 'im naow?" the figure; who David could see from the corner of his eye looked like a Ferren with a similar build and fur-colour-scheme to the body Jack was currently inhabiting, only with more sandy-beige patches in place of Jack's rusty-orange ones; begged the German man flatly.

Another cackle. "Patience, Mishter Bennett. Your old Canadian friend vhill pay for hiz insolence shoon enough. As vhill all uhv hijsh 'accomplicez'..." Clearly noticing the subtle widening of David's eyes as he walked towards him, the man continued, "Oh, yesh, Doctyare Gray... Did you vwreally sthink I vwould not have anticipated and prepared for your other human friendgez little 'trek' the find zhee shuttle bayz?"

"The lift is approaching the shuttle bay floor!"

"Ready your weapons, and prepare to engage in five...four...three..."

"Sho you shee, Doctyare Gray...YOU are jshee vhons who have failed. I shtill admit, you and your friendgez put up an admirable fight, but I'm afraid zhee mate haz been checked, and your little 'rebellion' is at an end."

A small tear dripped down David's eye, as he briefly glanced over to his helpless sister's equally distraught face, before glaring back at that of the wicked human's which was now grinning sinisterly at him only a few centimeters from his own

"However, sinche I am a forgiving man, if you surrender vwillingly vright now I may conshider sparing you and your shishter to be kept ajsh my pershonal petz. Now, I connot shpeak for Mishter Shaper here, sinche I am not zhee only vhon here who vhants to have some more 'fun'vhith him shtill...but I am sure you never vreally got zhat close to him anyvhay, no?"

Taking the last brief few seconds he had left to scan his eyes over the room, spotting a small LN2 canister on the scientist's desk, the double-barrel sawed-off shotgun his former 'coworker' had pointed at the back of his head, the seemingly fate-accepting squinted-shut eyes of the Ferren girl behind the glass tube, and finally what he recognized as a state-of-the-art compact industrial glue-pelleting-gun clipped onto the German man's belt, Jack let out a long, defeated sigh. "Do what the man says, kid."