

Thriller narrative

Technology, Innovation



This world is no longer for the innocent. The reflection of a devilish smirk glistened on the destroyer encased in heavy metal... the ultimate weapon, which would leave Moscow, nothing but a sheer memory, forever lost and to be feared.

'Well, professor I must agree that your creation certainly has been worthwhile' said the cool, hollow voice.

The huge figure fearlessly, towered his helpless victim, slumped on the concrete basement of St. Basil's Cathedral. His grip on the seven-inch, double barrel pistol tightened, pointing directly at Dawson's throbbing temple, one of Russia's most prestige biochemist.

'Damn it you bloody bastard.... go on... do it!!'

My blood-shot eyes bulged, erupting in intense anger, as my captor's grin widened, 'Oh believe me professor this is only just the beginning--'

'-- just the beginning?! Of what you piece of shit?! Your world-wide conquer--?!

The careless remark had nearly cost my life as the sudden blow of the pistol butt, sent me backwards, collapsing on the deadly weapon. My agonizing cry echoed, as my jaw snapped swiftly, clenching the tip of my tongue in between, smoothly chiseling it. The stab of pain spread throughout my withered body, paralyzing me. I stiffened from the shocking blow and touched the gash that was now oozing a dark crimson liquid, drenched in a metallic stench.

His dark face grew serious as he simply replied 'You'll soon learn that even verbal resistance is futile'.

Fighting the difficulty to restrain my rising anger no longer I spat out 'you're blatantly... committing... human... rights ... violations' empathizing each word with infinite rage.

The tall figure once again, raised the pistol over my head bringing it down like a hatchet. But then stopped and stared into me through his vulture-like, piercing sharp eyes, as if trying to penetrate my inner thoughts. He lowered his claw-like, lean arm and laughed. A hysterical, deathly laugh. A laugh that echoed, reaching every square inch of the murky basement and embedding inside my hollow mind.

'You fool... be warned, your insignificant words may cost your 'precious' life'

'What do you intend to do with me. You have no use of me anymore! What more could you want?!'

'You will serve more than you realize, professor'

'You liar! You son of a bitch liar! We had a deal... for God's sake I build what you wanted ... what more do you ask for!!' I shrieked with insanity.

'Prudence and patience'

'Cut the crap you bastard!!!... if it's me you want... finish me! End my misery!'

'Execute you, no professor; I intend to torture you to death' he replied calmly, pleased as if he had won a pastry contest.

He stepped out of the shadows, grabbing the front of my torn, withered shirt and glared dangerously into my eyes. For the first time in weeks, I captured his distinctive features; his face was rough, consisting of high cheekbones, a round chin and a crooked, pointy nose. His cold sadistic look, enhanced by a broken nose and a scared forehead, displayed a face that had been recently brutalized. The pain of every aching limb, devoured my sanity, as blood sipped out of my mouth, trailing down my chin and dripping on to my withered clothes. I was too traumatized, to notice the captor raising the gun up to my forehead and placing the cold mouth on my delicate temple.

'You have one more purpose to serve, before I get rid of you' he said smirking.

'You won't gain anything keeping me captive... for Gods sake release --!'

Ignoring my screams, the captor simply gazed into my eyes and calmly stated his demand.

'Activate the destroyer'

'But all the innocent lives... you bastard!!..... you can't possibly...'

The pistol dug into my blood-drained skin, silencing myself, I staggered towards the metal encasement. Kneeling beside it, drenched in sweat, my skeletal fingers hovered over the keypad to insert the six-digit code. I hesitated. The captor's finger on the trigger tightened.

'The better you cooperate will make your remaining time on Earth as painless as possible' he sniggered.

Leaving me no other choice, I foolishly followed as I was told; utterly ignoring the fact that Russia's existence was in my hands. As I entered the final digit, an emerald light pulsed; indicating the count-down for Russia's demise had begun.

Rays of murky sunshine penetrated the dim cell, the first sign of light I had witnessed in weeks. But was too late, for my fears have lived. Very soon the deafening call for death would echo through my blank mind. Within a few minutes.... fifty nine minutes, the most hazardous biologically produced man-made chemical would be released, enough not only to kill millions. But enough to wipe out the entire human race of the Asian continent. And absolutely nothing could be done to impede it. Nothing.