

The Assassin

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A short story of destiny between a good girl who turned into a politician and a bad boy who becomes an Assassin.

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1 - Assassin

Julia....

Julia Ferlen....

That name belonged to a girl I dated a long time ago. We were happy together, but then my life started taking a turn for the worst, and she stayed out of trouble. We weren't the same anymore, so we broke up. She was a good kid, and we agreed to stay friends. I told her if she ever needed my help, that she could always call me.

One day, she called me sobbing. I'll never forget the way she cried. It was a mix of a dog's whimper and a kitten's purr. I went over there and she told me she was moving out of the state, and she didn't want to leave her friends; including me. I held her for a long time, and eventually, I had to leave. But that was the last time I saw her.

She left me here, and things got worse for me. I got involved in the wrong things, and got worse and worse. I never forgot her, I always had loved her, but she couldn't see me, because I was so bad. I graduated high school sooner or later, and I went to a military academy, so I could be a soldier. There, I learned to shoot a gun, run, escape, and other things. The worst thing I learned there was how to forget emotion. To see through feelings of love or hate and to just be a killing machine.

I became so good, that I was hired as a government assassin. Killing was all I knew, and now I was being paid for it.

One case, I sneaked into a woman's house through an open window, and walked around the house, trying to find her. She was the leader of an organization that fought for justice of all people, and that was a problem for the president, because he had some skeletons in his closet, and she was starting to learn too much about him.

Finally, I found her on a couch in front of a television. She was crying, I could tell from the sniffles and sobs. As I crept closer, she must have heard me, because she looked over at me. She didn't even seem to care that much. Her eyes were red and her cheeks were wet. She looked up at me with a bit of a surprised expression, and a bit of an uncaring expression.

She didn't get up, she didn't run. She didn't even try to defend herself by throwing the box of tissues at me. I moved forward, my razor sharp knife going toward her neck, she started crying again out of fear, seeing that any kind of defense would make it hurt more. The sobbing that came from her was a weird mix of a dog's whimper and a kitten's purr. I stopped.

"Julia?" I asked, her face lit up with recognition. She didn't say anything for a moment, and I didn't know what to say. "This is how you ended up?" She asked. It kind of hurt to hear her say that. She stopped her crying for a second, then, overwhelmed with grief, she started crying again. This was my job, and even worse. If I didn't do this, then someone else would kill her, and I would be killed too. I

moved back over, about to do it again. She just looked up at me as she cried. "P-Please! Don't!" She begged. This was the hardest mission I have ever had. Harder than the child I had to kill. I pressed my knife against her throat, holding her head back. The sobbing noise she always made got louder, and I closed my eyes tightly. I pressed it hard, and the sobbing got louder. I dropped the knife, I couldn't do it. I fell to my knees and hugged her. She kept crying, I could tell she was happy not to die, felt sorry that I got into this thing, and that she got to see me again. We just held each other for the longest time, not speaking, just thinking of our childhood. Thinking of ways it might have ended up better for both of us if some things were different. I remembered my training, and how I was told 'forget all feelings, kill or be killed'. As hard as it was, I stood up, grabbing my knife in the process. Before she could start crying again, in fear that it might make me stop, I completed my mission. I held her as I had that last night, and I kept holding onto her until I had to leave.

((Justy a love story I thought of the other day. I couldn't decide how to end it, so sorry that the ending sux))