

Hunted

By: Digital Doom

There were four of them. They were young and inexperienced. Flashlights swinging left and right, sweeping the darkness. They were looking for him. Being hunted wasn't a feeling that he enjoyed, but it is one that he has grown to know. These four orcs were pissed. There was no other reason for someone to be out in the barrens this late at night.

The four orcs were getting closer, light swinging in arcs around his hiding place. He stood and started to move further into the alley, when suddenly light blared around him. He had been spotted. Lights locking onto his location, and he knew sights of four different guns as well.

He stopped and raised his hands. The four orcs swooped in and surrounded him, pointing pistols at him and toward each other. He chuckled to himself, a polish ambush. This would be fun.

"Toss your weapons!" one of the orcs was yelling. He complied. It would be easier to do what needed to be done if they were relaxed.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I was just walking home."

"Sure you were. The Doctor wants to talk to you Snider." A cruel smile crosses the orcs face as he says the name of the man he was hired to kill. This doctor was suspected to be involved in some genetic manipulation that is not only illegal, but also very immoral.

The orc that was talking took a step closer to him. He switched on his wireless feature for his reflexes, his body instantly ready to jump. The orc that came closer didn't have time to react, Snider's foot struck out slamming the orc right in the nose, forcing it up into his skull. The orc died before he could make a sound.

Snider fell down to the ground as the other three orcs opened fire, striking each other. That left Snider with nothing more than a little clean-up and to get the frag out of this part of town. He smiled to himself as he finished his pursuers. Then he heard it, a sound that would make any runners hair stand on end. He heard dogs coming his way, following his scent. Dreck, this just got a whole lot harder.

Snider needed a car, and he needed it now.

The Doctor, it is the only thing anyone knows him as, is a short slight human with wild gray hair, wire framed glasses, and speaks with an Eastern European accent that no one can quite place. He is a genius in his field, but has started taking things into his own hands. His recent split from his corporation has made him a target for more than a few teams.

He turned to his personal security who also fled the employment of the corporation, "Angis, make sure we get him. I can't have anyone knowing where we are." Turning to another man, this one in a lab coat similar to his own, "Dr. Scott, start packing up the lab. I am afraid we need to move it again."

Both men looked at The Doctor, "Yes Doctor." they said in unison.

The howling of the dogs was getting closer. He needed some way to ditch these creatures before they could tear him apart. Then he saw a glimpse of one of the dogs. It wasn't like any dog he had ever seen before. It was big, with short black hair, large fangs for teeth, and had the body of a large cat. It was also walking on its hind legs. It was one of The Doctors mutants.

The creature sniffed the air and howled again. It continued to slink forward toward Snider.

Snider looked around quickly to see what there was around him. A dumpster was in the middle of this alleyway, some garbage strewn all around. Seeing the end of the alley was a busy street, Snider wanted to run for it, even knowing he would never make it. The Doctors creations will be too fast. Even faster than he was with his wired body.

He decided to make a stand against this creature. He pulled his trusty Predator III, not as new or as fancy as the Predator V, but just as effective. He double checked the safety, aimed at the cat and made a clicking noise with his tongue. The cat heard him and stared at him. It seemed to contemplate what to do next. Seeing the gun pointing at him, the creature turned to flee.

Snider pulled the trigger, striking the creature square in the back. He walked forward squeezing the trigger again and again, each time striking the target. He walked right up on it and aimed at its head, pulling the trigger and blowing a huge hole where its face had once been. He didn't feel bad for killing it, he just put a slave out of its misery.

He heard another howl in the distance, closing in on his location. He ran out to the busy road and called a Go-cab. The automated cab pulled up and stopped in front of him, He slotted his credstick and told the cab where he wanted to go, then the driverless machine started to take him there. Snider looked back out of the window and saw not one, but three more of the creatures in the alley. They did not go out where people were moving about.

“What do you mean they lost him?!” The Doctor was screaming, so utterly out of control it was nearly impossible to hear what he was saying through his accent. “I want him found and dealt with!”

“We are doing everything we can sir,” one of the security guards was saying, “I even put the decker on it to try and track him...”

“What about the mage? Didn’t your fraggin dumb ars think about sending the mage to search for him?”

“Um...”

The Doctor looked at him expectantly, when there was no response he looked at his assistant, “You know what to do. I think a Shadowhound will do nicely.”

“Yes Doctor.” he said then leaned over by the guard, injecting him with something. “It will be done Doctor.”

“Good, good. Now someone find that fraggin traitor and take care of him!”

Snider got out of the cab in front of a hotel that he uses for a waypoint. A way of moving to where he needs without being followed. This particular hotel has a barrier in the lobby, making it harder to track Asturally. It is also close enough to downtown that mass transit is easily accessed.

He jumped on a bus after passing through the lobby, then got off the very next stop. He moved into the nearby alley and uncovered his motorcycle. He had covered it under a tarp this time behind a dumpster. Last time he hid one, someone stole it. He learned to cover the bike after that.

He rode to a safe house he had in the barrens and started making calls. He needed to go dark, disappear for awhile. He called all of his contacts looking for a way out of the country. Nowhere in the North Americas will be safe from this now fragged off Doctor. Snider knew that first hand. He helped The Doctor on more than one occasion get his ‘test subjects’ after he had been slighted in some way or another. Snider had seen the creations that The Doctor had made with his gene manipulation.

Then he did it to Snider. He took Sara, Snider’s fiance. The Doctor took her and ‘made her better’, whatever the frag that ment. He spliced her DNA with that of a couple animals. He made her part Pursian Cat, Part Jackolope, and part of something else completely. She wasn’t the same human girl that fell in love with the orc assistant. She was something different.

That was what put him over the edge. Snider already knew what they were doing was wrong, but for him to go against his people and their families was too much. He had to be stopped. When the hit was put out on The Doctor for 500kY he had to try. It was for either capture or the death of The Doctor, former employee of Saeder Krupp.

Now that Snider had missed, he had to leave town. The Doctor had too many friends in North America to stick around. Snider knew he would be the next experiment if he was caught.

His comlink rang, "Yeah?"

"I got you transport to South America." It was Frenchy, one of his fixer friends. "How fast can you get to southern Belmont?"

"I am almost there already, why?"

"You are to go to the attached address," an AR pin appeared on an overhead map, "and be there in less than an hour. Bring whatever you will need to start working the area. If I were you I would also burn your safe house. It could be unwise to continue to hold anything in North America."

"Ok, I am on my way. Will be there in under an hour."

"Great, you will also be delivering a message to the pilot, after you land. He owes me big time, and I mean to collect."

"Got it."

A dog like creature comes running into the room, "Rrr, Doctorrrr."

"Yes?"

"We found him. I alrrready sent a team to get him." The security guard said, his fur shifting to be almost invisible.

"Good, good. I want you going too. He probably won't see you coming."

"Yes Doctorrrrr!"

Snider saw the VTOL sitting in an alley idling. It looks like people are loading it up with supplies or cargo.

Snider starts walking up the alley toward the VTOL when he hears the distinct sound of someone pumping a shotgun. He froze instantly.

“If I were you I would turn around and GTFO.” a deep voice said.

Snider put his hands up so they could be seen. “My name is Snider, I am expected.”

He heard some talking into what he assumed was a comlink, then, “Ok, Snider. You are a little early. The bird won’t be ready to take off for 15 minutes or so. I was instructed to send you to the bird where someone will show you to your seat.”

Snider turned around to thank the person and realized he didn’t see anyone. He shrugged and headed to the bird.

“Doctor, the team is almost to Snider’s location. ETA 10 minutes.”

“Thank you,” The Doctor said gleefully. He seemed to relish in the torment he and his team was about to bring on this man. No, not a man, but a traitor. Thinking to himself, ‘I will make this traitor better.’

Snider buckled into the seat the big troll pointed him to when he got up to the bird. Then the troll turned and continued putting crates into the cargo hold. He was just finishing when there was a loud screeching of tires on asphalt. Then there were several shotgun blasts followed by automatic rifle fire.

Snider was about to unbuckle when the troll jumped in and started screaming. “GO! GO! GO!”

He felt the VTOL leap into the air then bank hard to the left. Snider looked where the troll was standing and realized he had opened up with a big machine gun hanging out the cargo door. Bullets were screaming past the troll into the VTOL as he rained death down from the sky.

A bullet whizzed passed Snider’s head causing him to duck down. He continued to watch the firepower from the troll as the VTOL was gaining altitude and heading away. He felt a bug bite his shoulder as he was watching. He reached over to slap it and realized he had been shot. It passed right through the seam of his armor. Just his fraggin karma.

“Doctor, there is a comlink message for you, it reads ‘We missed him. He got into a VTOL. Having decker and mage continue the search for him.’” his assistant Dr. Scott said.

“GRAH!” The Doctor screamed as he threw a table. “That fraggin Shadowhound hybrid failed me twice in two days. Dr. Scott make sure he becomes a creature. His thinking days are over!”

“Yes Doctor.”

“Ask the decker to track the VTOL ”

“Yes Doctor.”

After the troll closed the doors he went over to Snider. “Let’s get you patched up.” and he pulled out a medkit. “We should be hitting the CalFree border in 5 minutes, then 30 minutes after that moving into Aztlan air space. We will be refueling in Ecuador and then heading to our final destination of Argentina.”

“Whoever those fraggers are, they won’t find us down here.”

“I hope you are right.” Snider replied.

“Doctor, the decker is saying they have left CalFree airspace and he lost them somewhere south of Aztlan.”

“Of course they did. Pull everyone back. We need to move the lab and secure the new location. I also want the decker to continue to keep feelers out for Mr. Snider. I want his head if he ever pops up again.”

“Yes Doctor.”