

Kick to the Head

By Digital Doom

A white searing light flared in my eyes, the pain materializing into a physical flash of light, searing through my brain. Another blow to my face, causing a crunch of my nose. Blood splattered out across the floor. Dizziness and nausea flared into my consciousness, darkness tugging at my brain. My grasp on reality failed as I was engulfed in the darkness.

The sun was warm on my face, my lower teeth glistening in the sunlight. My greenish tan skin, warming under the unfiltered sun. A pleasant spring day in the hills around Seattle. Being out of the metroplex and in the woods made a wondrous moment even more intriguing. I turned to my companion, a beautiful Amerindian whom I had been hired to bring to this location, and smiled my orcish smile.

She glanced at me, her dark hair almost floating in the air around her. Her tan skin is almost glowing in the sunlight. She smiled at me and started walking forward into the clearing we were on the edge of. I looked around and saw the tall grass swaying in the breeze. In the middle of the clearing there was a dais made of stone. It looked like a natural stage, there was nothing else in the clearing.

The Amerindian moved up onto the platform and started humming. An ire music started playing from somewhere in the woods. She started singing a celestial song in a language I had never before heard. Her deep brown eyes never left my face. There was a shimmer around her, like a power pulling into her. A silvery halo coming forth around her head giving her an angelic presence.

She smiled, her image engraving and searing into my brain. An image that I would never forget. I instantly fell in love.

I felt drawn to this woman. I didn't even know her name as we never spoke, but I knew I needed her in my life. She was the most amazing person I had ever seen. My soul opened up to her, I wanted to give her everything. My everything. I took a step toward her.

Her eyes grew wide. She was no longer looking at me, but behind me. Fear gripped her face, but her voice never quivered as she continued to sing.

I turned back and saw it, the thing of her fear. It was big and dark, shifting shadow and eight limbs scurrying toward us. It grew in size, dwarfing me while it was still 10 meters away. I am not a big orc, but I am bigger than most and this thing was huge compared to me.

It was coming into the clearing, moving with a purpose toward the woman. Its hunger and desire radiating off of its unformed body. This shadow was obviously a spirit, pulling toward the power radiating from the wondrous woman.

That is when I acted. Knowing that this creature was a spirit I ignored my gun. It wouldn't do much damage to this creature. Any damage I could do would have to be up close and personal. I drew my large combat knife. It was enchanted by a friend of mine, just in case I would need it for a fight like this one. The spirit was still moving toward the woman, not noticing me yet. That was about to change.

I flew at the spirit, hoping to slow it and get its attention onto me instead of on the woman. I wanted more than anything to keep her safe while she did whatever it was she was doing. I struck out with my knife, the arcane power splitting the shadows flesh on one arm. The spirit turned and faced me. Its glowing eyes piercing my aura, sending a feeling of unease and fear through me.

It took everything I had to not run away in fear. The terror coursing through me was making it hard to think, hard to move, and hard to defend myself and the young woman from the onslaught that was seeming to come. The spirit screamed a gastly sound that made my heart skip a beat. Fear freezing me to near stone.

I stabbed at it again, striking it in the chest. I barely noticed the tension from the blade striking it. Moving as if cutting air, the slightly glowing blade stung the spirits chest. A flash opened up the flesh, a red glow showing on the dark gray form without any blood or gore coming out.

The creature pulled back in pain, roared, and swiped one of its claws at me. I felt the cold hot pain rake across my chest, tearing through my armored jacket like it wasn't even there. Three parallel tracks of blood appeared on the under shirt. Blood oozing through the injuries. He reacted quickly, pulling away from the specter, slashing with his blade again.

I buried his blade in the side of the head of the spirit. There was an audible pop and the spirit was gone. Feeling drained, he dropped to my knees and looked to the woman he was protecting. That is when he noticed the look she gave him. It wasn't gratefulness, but more like anger. The feeling radiating from her in waves.

A powerful force hit me in the chest, throwing me through the air, slamming me back onto the ground. The earth was spinning, nausea raising, darkness blurring across my vision.

"Wake up honey." a sweet voice was saying. "It is time for you to wake up."

I opened my eyes and rubbed the blurriness away. When my eyesight cleared I noticed I was laying in a large bed covered with a down comforter. An attractive orc laying on the bed next to me. Her naked body was firm and athletic, and her blond hair was shiny and healthy. I had no idea who she was, only that I was laying naked with her.

She was stroking my chest and whispering, "Derick, you don't want to be late to meet my father. He would not like that."

I smiled at her, not knowing what she was talking about or who she was. I didn't even know if that was my name. I couldn't remember anything.

I asked tentatively, "Who am I? Who are you? And what the frag is going on here?"

The lady looked abashed. "Derick, you and I are married. We have been together for the last two years and you were working for my father who is CFO for Cat heavy equipment. What do you mean that you don't remember?"

"I can't remember anything at all. Nothing." I looked down at myself and saw I am an orc with an athletic build, and a tan and greenish coloring to my skin. I saw a small scar on the side of my chest. As I touched it a flash of light bit into my mind.

I saw my life somewhere else. Fighting a spirit and a beautiful Amerindian sitting in front of me, putting her hands on my head, then nothing.

I looked at the orc in bed next to me. "I am sorry, I don't know who you are."

She covered her body with the blanket, stood up and went into another room. I could hear the faint crying as she receded.

I looked around and found some clothes that were obviously mine in the closet. The closet was full, half of it with male suits and the other half with dresses and female business suits. I quickly got dressed in one of the suits, found some shoes in the closet and put them on, and started looking for weapons. I just knew I needed to have one, but I was unable to find one before the female orc returned.

She now looked stunning. Her jeans were custom fit to hug her body, her t-shirt accentuating her curves. She had knee high leather boots that didn't make a sound on the floor as she was walking. "Derick, we need to get you to see the doc. He warned us that your memory could fail. We need to get you to see him now. I already called and set up an appointment for you." She came over to me, reached her hand to me, and leaned in to whisper, "Come my love. I need you to come with me." the smell of mint on her breath and the scent of her body was intoxicating.

I took her hand and followed her out of the apartment.

We walk into the doctor's office, the nurse moving me back into a room, my 'wife' comes with me. We sit in the room and wait. She keeps looking at me expectantly, I just didn't know what she was expecting.

A few minutes after we arrived, a large dark skinned human with black hair and very white teeth came into the room wearing a white doctor's jacket with a stethoscope around his neck. He came in and said, "Mr. Jones, I am doctor Mave. I have been your physician for the last three years. Your wife told me your memories are gone. Is that correct?"

"Yes doc, I don't remember anything before waking up this morning."

He walked over and checked my eyes, reflexes, listened to my heart and said, "I will be back in a minute. I need to retrieve my focus to check you out also." He left the room.

"Are you okay Derick? I am so worried about you." She was looking at me intently, her eyes gleaming almost looking like she was lying. Curiosity and confusion was slamming against my mind. Is this woman really my wife? Dreck, I just don't know.

The doctor came back into the room, and lifted a dreamcatcher in front of him. Looking through it he starts humming and looking me over. He came over to me and touched my head, dizziness overcame me and I passed out.

As the darkness was engulfing me I heard, "Doc what appended to the implanted memories?"

"They didn't take. He lost all memories."

"What can we do?"

"We can..." then everything went dark.

"Wake up honey." a sweet voice was saying. "It is time for you to wake up."

I opened my eyes and rubbed the blurriness away. When my eyesight cleared I noticed I was laying in a large bed covered with a down comforter. An attractive orc laying on the bed next to me. Her naked body was firm and athletic, and her blond hair was shiny and healthy. I vaguely remembered who she is. Her name is supposedly Dena, and she is supposed to be my wife.

She was stroking my chest and whispering, "Derick, you don't want to be late to meet my father. He would not like that." A sense of deja vu overtook me. I knew that this was all a setup, I just didn't know very much. I did remember fighting a spirit in the Sioux nation and I knew I was a

shadowrunner. My memories were coming in small bursts. I knew I had to play along if I was going to get through this as myself.

I leaned over and kissed her, smiled and said sweetly, "Well good morning darling. I guess that means no repeat of last night right now?"

She smiled and grabbed me and started kissing on me. When I started to react to her, she pushed me away, "We don't have time for that. I will have to help you with that," she pointed at my excited member, "later." she finished seductively.

I rolled away and sat up. Went to the closet and picked out a suit that I would wear to the meeting. I took it into the bathroom and jumped into the shower. As I finished I went to the sink and looked in the mirror, getting ready to shave. My vision blurred a little and an image appeared on the mirror. The image of the Amarindian that I was guarding so long ago. Her face lit up when she saw me notice her.

"Derick, It's me, Amanda. I have been able to get to the doctor and stop him from removing all your memories again. While you were out I was able to get into your bathroom and put a small bag in the medicine cabinet. It holds a powder. I need you to dump it on your head. This will clear up the magic that is confusing you."

Her image waved, "I have to drop this spell before it is noticed. Do this and we will get you out." The image vanished. I opened the medicine cabinet and found a pouch with a strange powder in it. I thought it over and decided to dump the powder over my head.

A flash of light and the sound of static blast through my head. My memories flooded back to my head. Pain and nausea flew into my head. I bit back a scream, biting my tongue. I took a drink of water and shook my head. I finished shaving and decided to see where this was going.

When I stepped out into the bedroom, the blond Dena was on her com. Her back was to me. I noticed right away she wasn't really an orc. The magic that was on me was dispelled. I hid my feelings and walked over to her, but my hands on her shoulder and started rubbing.

She moaned a little, turned to face me, and smiled. I had never seen her before. I smiled at her and kissed her. She said, "Dad is waiting for us." as she pulled away.

I smiled at her and said, "We should get going then. That way we can come back here and," I let the sentence drop there, indicating a busy night. I smiled and we left.

The funny thing about that powder I put on my head, I still remembered everything I had seen before dumping it. The building we pulled up to was not the one I remembered. The address was the same, but this building was under construction. I remembered a completed building that was rich and lavous.

I got out of the car that was picked up by a 'valet', who was just a thug, and was led inside by my 'wife'.

We walked into her 'fathers' office, which was really an empty room with some crates being used as a desk and folding chairs for seating. I walked in and shook this young man's hand as if I didn't realize anything was amiss. The young man was a human in his mid 20's with black hair and piercings across his face. A datajack gleamed at his temple and his cyber eyes had an unearthly green glow to them. I said, "Hello Jim."

He shook my hand back and said, "Strawberry wine."

I went rigid, not from his words, but because I remembered that was what happened in previous conversations with the man. He walked over to the blond woman and asked, "So is his cover holding this time?"

"Yes." she replied and leaned in and kissed the man. "We should have all the information we need this time. The doctor said that his memory lapses are done and his implanted memories are the only ones left to him. We should access the whereabouts of the Amarindian woman from him this time as he will not remember after tonight."

"Then you can," he finger quotes, "divorce him and we can leave him at the side of the street. He would just be another wage slave orc who is out of work due to the power outages earlier this year with a family tragedy of his wife leaving him for his troll boss."

She giggles, "You're mean Jax."

"We already have his new yen. We could have some fun with this and he would be none the wiser."

"True, but we do have a job to do. You know Jonah wouldn't allow us to mess with our rep."

"Prude."

She giggled, kissed him again, and said, "I'll be back in 3 hours to bring him back home. Make sure there are no marks on him this time. It would be too hard to cover now that his implanted memories are the only ones." and she left.

The guy, Jax, started asking me questions. The first few I had already answered so I told him the same answers. I think he was just getting a baseline to make sure whatever they did to me was still holding. Then he started asking other questions. Some of which had nothing to do with the Amarindian.

First he asked, "Have you ever had sex with Dena?"

I answered automatically and flatly as if still under his spell, "no"

“Do you want to?”

“No”

“Do you know the Amarindian woman’s name?”

“No”

“Where did you last see her?”

“In a field in Sioux Nation.”

“What city was she working out of?”

The questions kept coming. I answered some, said no or I don’t know for others, then started lying.

“Do you know the whereabouts of her team?”

“Yes.”

He looked surprised. “Where are they?”

“Seattle. Rodger and Mike both are in Redmond and Luis was in Belview.” I actually had no idea what I was saying, I just wanted to throw a wrench into the works.

We went along another hour before he felt he got ‘everything’ from me. Then he looked at me and said, “Forget me not.”

I blinked my eyes and shook my head. The young man was saying, “Thank you for coming by Derick. It was a good work session. I will go with those ideas and bring your suggestions to the CEO.”

“Thank you sir,” I said, imitating his enthusiasm. I shook his hand as if none of the questioning happened.

“Dena is waiting downstairs for you. Jeffrey will bring you down to the limo.”

The assistant, Jeffrey was the same thug that took the car away earlier. He brought me down to the limo, which was really just a Ford Americar. Dena was sitting in the back seat already with another thug driving.

We got back to the hotel that we were staying at, went upstairs and started to celebrate. Dena poured drinks, where I noticed she slipped something into it, and we started kissing and carrying

on. I got up to go to the bathroom, with my drink that I hadn't touched yet, Poured it into the toilet to sound like I was peeing, then went back to the bed, where I pretended to pass out.

I layed there for a while before I heard her get up, put some clothes on and the door open, then close again. I was now alone.

I got up, got dressed and went into the bathroom. I searched the medicine cabinet and found another pouch that looked like the one I found this morning. I opened it up and dumped it over my head. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to or not, I just knew I needed to get to the bottom of this dreck.

Almost instantly there was a spirit in the room with me. The spirit looked around the room and said, "My master wants to know if you need out tonight or if you want to stay."

I responded flatly, "I want the frag out of this hell I found myself in."

A moment later the spirit was gone.

I continued to search the hotel room, both physically and astrally. Other than the clothes, two suitcases and toiletries, there was nothing worth mentioning in the room. Nothing that could be used as a weapon.

Then I heard a thump at the door. It sounded like someone hitting the ground against the door. Then there was a knock. A feminine voice called out to me, "Derick, it's me. Open up."

I looked out the peephole, and saw her. The most beautiful woman I had ever seen. The Amerindian that I protected in the clearing. She was enchanting, her beauty flowing off of her in waves. I opened the door then noticed one of the thugs that I saw earlier today laying on the floor. She was pulling him in the door before I could say anything.

She looked at me and asked me, "Are you ready to go?"

"I am."

She smiles at me, melting my heart. I look at her, swinging the hammer at me. Before it clicked what is going on, the hammer struck. Pain and light flashing through my head. A moment later I was unconscious.

When I came to, I was still in the hotel room. I was laying on the floor next to the body of the thug. The dark harried woman stood over me.

"Why?" I coraked out.

She looked me over and started monologuing. "You were not sent to the clearing to protect me. You were sent there to be fed upon. Your killing of the spirit, the one I was inviting into my body, was not supposed to happen. The backlash of power from you dissipating the spirit tore through my essence."

She continued, "You getting away and hiring the runners to keep you safe was a good move. Having them remove your memories and blocking all memories of me and spider made it harder for us to find you. It also made it easier to get rid of you." she snarled, "I have to kill you for what you did to the follower of spider, for what you did to me, so I can regain the power that I would have wielded. Once your are gone, I will be able to host the spirit again. Then I will be worthy."

I looked at her unbelievably. Her beauty melted into a disgusting look. The look of a bug, the look of fear. I shook my head, trying to clear it and said, "Let me go. I will do anything for you if you let me go."

I heard a click, saw her boot blade come out of the toe of her combat boot. Then she kicked me, the blade on her boot sinking deep in my left eye, piercing my brain. Then there was nothing.

A small voice started calling me from the darkness, I knew it was a spirit. An old spirit. Spider...