

THy KiNGdOM cOMe.....

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As Manny and Jaden race time against the family team, old memories return. What will happen if they return to early? Will she love what's been lost?...or will she find where she belongs and be trapped in an eternity of misery?

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1 - THy KiNGdOM cOMe.....

"Run, Manny!!"he screamed as we ran across the west side of the abandoned motel parking lot, "Those damn pricks are getting closer!" We ran as fast as we could until we stopped at the edge of the road while a few cars drove past us. Then we made a daring run for the other side of the road, almost getting hit by three cars. I looked behind us to see them standing on the other side of the road waiting for a chance to run across.

"Just keep running Manny, well just try to lose them somehow,"Jaden whispered in my ear as his breath cut short a couple times because of our racing hearts and us trying to run across another empty parking lot.

"Cool, just cool. Theyre gonna get away!"

"Will you knock it off?! They arent gonna get away. You can never outrun a bullet!"

I looked behind me again to see the last two start running again after they yelled at each other for a couple of seconds. But what I was worried about was what they yelled out that me and Jaden couldnt hear. We kept running as we got closer and closer to a dark empty shopping mart.

"It must be closed at this time, whatever time it is," I stated as we slowed down to take a breath. We walked over to the right side of the building and hid behind a rusty grey dumpster.

"I dont know how much more I can run from them. Well end up dead either way," I muttered, not knowing how close they were.

"Dont say that! Well get away! Well go back home and laugh it of. Haha. Or we could just stay here, here in America-the land of freedom, isnt that what its all about? Being free, or at least feeling free?"Jaden turned slightly towards me and tilted his head and mildly smirked. I just kept quiet and smiled, but secretly inside I laughing. Its always been that way. Jaden and I. Weve only been friends, telling ourselves that if love did catch us we would only act the same way. Just friends. But its strange how part of me wants to know what it would be like to love Jaden, other then a brother or a friend. Yes, I remember when Jaden and I met. We made a vow(we called it a promise, since we were to young to know what a vow was) to always stay brother and sister even through harsh times. After Velin attacked Jadens sister, he was so desperate and alone he cried day and night for months; and all I could do was be there and watch. Ive always felt that I couldve done something else, something with less guilt and more comfort, but there was nothing. Nothing could cover up the rape and murder of Sondra Foxx. That was the only thing Jaden thinks of now. Is how he wants to kill and slaughter Sam Velin, for Sondra was the only person he had left. I had my alcoholic aunt, my depressed mother who takes bottles of depression pills and is on the verge of killing herself, and my brother, the prick-Ronald. He was the one who stated it was my fault that mother and Aunt was like that. Thats why Dave and Tomas shipped us on a plane from London and sent us here so they can kill us. Dumb pricks!

"Should we split up and search around here?"

"Theres no where else they can hide...they must be here. You go that way and Ill go that way. If you find them, shoot them. If I do, Ill holler. Now, go."

I peeked around the edge of the dumpster and saw Tomas walking towards us holding his gun underneath his black coat. His dark brown hair waved in air as a strong wind blew against the building. He stepped closed and closer towards us. I could hear every one of his breaths, each harshly going in

and silently vanishing out through his nostrils. Then it all stopped. Everything was silent-no breathing, no footsteps, no wind. I looked around the side one more time...and saw no one. It was like a phantom evaporating into the darkness.

I nudged Jaden and he shook his head. He slowly stood up and moved out from behind the dumpster. I prayed as he was fully out in the open.

BANG!!!

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"Jaden!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I screamed as his body fell to the ground as blood poured from his chest onto the asphalt. I quickly rushed over and took his head into my arms and cried. I lowered my head and closed my eyes as I tried to put pressure over the bullet hole.

"Ma-ma-manny..." a soft hoarse voice came from underneath me as I opened my eyes and stared down at him. His eyes. His eyes were filled with terror and fright. He cautiously attempted to raise his right arm as he pointed at something. Or...someone. I twitched in fear when my eyes averted to the tall silhouette of Tomas standing above us aiming the gun down upon my head.

"Dave! I found them," he hollered as he kept one eye on us and one open for keeping his guard at ease. That's what was so weird about Tomas. He had the weirdest eyes I had ever seen. Even though he hated my guts, even when I was young, I always seem to think of his eyes as a comical relief. One went one way and other went another way. I'm not sure why he isn't the leader of the pack, but he sure seems like one. He has always been there for Ronald, and will do anything for him, even kill me.

Dave came to a halt as he walked behind Tomas and stared down at me and Jaden.

"You shot him?!"

"Well how else are we gonna kill them?"

"You could have strangled him or something....not that painful," Dave stuttered. Typical. That was just like Dave-always only caring about people's deaths. He has been afraid for years that if you kill a person painfully, the person's spirit will come back and haunt you, and then, kill you as well, but more painfully. That was his motto. Do things less painfully. But unlike his, Tomass was to do things quick and easy, whatever it may be.

As they were debating on how to kill us, Jaden nudged my shoulder and slid something out of his pocket and incased it in my hand, with my fingers intertwined to conceal every inch of it. I already knew what it was and what he wanted me to do with it.

It was the pocketknife his sister gave him for his last birthday. And he wanted me to save myself. But I could never do that alone...without him being there with me.

"Stay with me," I muttered in his ear as I turned my face away from him to cover my red swollen eyes. He grabbed onto my coat, trying to stop me from what I was about to do. I just shrugged him off and stood up.

With the switchblade in my hand, hidden under my fingers, ready to attack, I stood stiff and waited for them to stop talking.

"Kill me. I want you to kill me, right now, and quick," I trembled as I stayed still with my head pointed down to the ground, my hair covering my face, so that they couldn't see me scheming up my plan.

"Hmm. If you want..." Tomas breathed. He lifted up the gun to my forehead and steadied his finger on the trigger. I could hear every light click of the trigger being pulled back; until I swung. I shoved my hand into his stomach and put pressure onto the knife as my hand brushed by. He fell onto the ground with a rather large gash across his chest and stomach, blood gushed out as he lay in shock and his white shirt soon became completely red. Dave rushed over and ripped off dark blue long-sleeved shirt and pressed it onto Tomass chest.

I quickly ran over to Jaden and tried to carefully lift him up off the ground. He winced a couple times but

tried his best to sit up and stand. After finally getting him up and turned around and attempted to turn Jaden towards the back of the building. But, as soon as I turned around, I felt a heavy force pound upon the back of my head. The caused me to fall, which in return made Jaden collide with me on the ground. The pain was so tremendous, but all I could do was grab my aching head. I turned over so that I was lying on my side and looked up at the person who hit me.

It was Dave-with his fists clenched and his eyes burning with anger. He marched over towards me and Jaden. I tried to lift Jaden off of me, but it was too late. Dave lurched forward and clutched my wrist as he pulled me away from Jaden, only to be pinned against the old off-white wall of the building.

"Even if the rumors are true, that if you kill a person they haunt you,"he declared, "After hurting my cousin like that, I really dont care." I looked up at his face, quickly feeling a slight ease of pressure from my left arm, but then a wave of shock overcame me as I looked down to see Daves right hand turning and twisting the switchblade into my stomach. It felt like fire, just burning straight through me. He slowly moved backwards as I fell onto the ground crushing my wrist in the process, hearing a loud "pop" and more pain that surged through my body. It was so painful to move that I just laid there. I heard footsteps come towards me and then stop. Then, I heard a person get down on their knees and their breathing was right next to my ear. There was a soft tug on my hair that soon grew more fierce as I was lifted a few inches above the ground. I slowly averted my eyes to Tomas who held my hair in his grasp.

"This is what you deserve, you little prick!"he hoarsely whispered and spat in my face. Then he dropped my head onto the ground as I felt my lip ring start to bleed from under so much pressure.

I heard him cautiously stand up and join Daves side as they marched back towards the motel parking lot, where their black car sat waiting for their arrival. After a couple of minutes, I heard their car drive off and then it was silent except for me and Jadens deep breathing and the blood dripping out of our wounds. I scooted closer to Jaden and pressed my hand on his stomach.

"Dont leave me,"I choked out the words as my tears became dryer and dryer.

"Ill try n-not to..."he smiled in return. There was no way possible for us to get out of that situation alive. Jaden would die, and then I would probably mourn until I came to my end. But as we laid there, I felt a small feeling of false hope growing inside me. Or maybe it was the feeling of my blood coming up my throat and leaking through the corners or my lips. I looked over at Jaden and I noticed his eyes were shut. I tapped his shoulder a few times and whisper his name as loud as I could. His eyes softly fluttered open for a couple of seconds and then they shut once more.

"I promise I wont leave you,"he winced as he tried to lean his head against the wall. I was so glad to hear him speak after believing that he died. But at that moment, I heard the sound of a car coming towards us, coming closer to the parking lot. I forced myself to stand up, even if it was so painful, and take a look.

As the sky became lighter than before, the orange street lights stopped burning and shut off. It was still a bit dim where I was standing, but I heard the car a couple feet away pull into the parking lot and drive nearer and nearer to the front doors. I took small steps, trying not to collapse as I walked over to the doors. I heard the car stop abruptly and the door swing open as a person ran over to me.

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There was a thump. Bright lights-a loud screeching sound- weight in small sections pressing across my body-the sound of doors shutting- then the soft murmur of muffled voices far away. It is still and placid until I hear the motor of a car driving away. I can feel my body sway for a second and then stop. My head pounds inside my skull as the feeling of fire and shock smothers my chest once again. It is then, I realize I'm in the car.

I try to open my eyes but they don't seem to have enough energy to do that. So, I listen to all that's around me and try to remember what happened and why I'm here, wherever 'here' is.

A parking lot-running, black shadows-street-a boy, no... A boy and a girl, running... running from something. The black shadows. The sound of a cannon, a gun exploding in my ear-the feeling of agonizing and searing embers and rough concrete putting pressure on my chest-Jaden.

"Jaden," I whispered through my clenched teeth. I forced myself to push my eyelids apart. I look around at my surrounds and notice that I'm in a car. I'm in an ambulance. Everything was swallowed in darkness, except for the letters and numbers shining bright in neon colors from the machines. I also noticed that I had tubes going up my nose and one attached to an IV going up my left hand and into my flesh. I could hear the screeching siren above me. On the other side of the thin plastic wall behind my head, I could hear a young, weary American man reporting on what it sounds like to be a radio. I felt drowsy. As the feeling of sleep started to overcome me, I shut my eyes. But I could still hear the man speaking. I believed his name was Ollie, for the other person, guessing his name was Danny, was his brother. Almost falling asleep, soon resulting in sleep, Danny mentioned something that stuck in my until I washed of memory.

Kingdom Hospital.

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Kingdom Hospital, aye?

"I need more thread, Elmer,"he said. I presumed it was a 'he'. It, as we'll call it now, had a deep smooth voice. It was lathered in an accent so rich that a lisp lay so faint, as if he never had one. I now concluded that it was a he, only unless it was a woman with the deepest voice that was always mistaken as a man on the phone or in the drive thru of a fast food place.

"Alright, alright. Yet, we'll have to hurry up my dad wants me to see him in his office right away,"another voice abrupted, Elmer it was. He was a bit squeaky sounding, like a nervous teenager going through phases of unbalanced puberty. He also liked to huff out deep breaths as if from worry or anxiety.

"Never rush surgery, my young star. Just keep your gloves on,"the deeper voice spook again. It was actually quite soothing. It held a mental image of staring into a steaming cup of coffee or tea as the froth swirls in elaborate earth tones that can easily make you melt.

But, SURGERY?!

I felt groggy. That's one word to sum it up. Groggy. My body felt weightless; yet, my mind seemed full of confusion and concern. Surgery? Did I fall asleep with the telly on the Discovery Channel or something? It sounds so realistic, though. I can even hear the beeping of a heart-rate machine near my ears and the faltering breaths of life blurred from something standing in its way. I have a feeling that I was never asleep with the telly on the Discovery Channel, (I don't even know why it would be on that channel anyways).

"Dr. Hook, there's no more rooms left open for the other one. He had to be evacuated because of a hit-and-run victim. We'll have to work on him in here,"a woman's cry reasoned. No, this wasn't a man. Her voice was on a way higher scale of pitch than the other two voices were; maybe hers was a bit older and wispy, but still a woman's voice.

"A hit-and-run, huh? We haven't had one of those in a while. Has anyone found paper work on these two kids, yet? It's a shame, isn't that right Elmer?"the deeper voice is Dr. Hook. (Kinda reminds me of Captain Hook from *Peter Pan*.)

"Huh....oh, yeah...a shame...Hook, we've really got to get going,"Elmer wheezed.

"Gina at clerk says she may have a lead on them; but what she's got, the only information on them is that their names are Mandolin Blaire and Jaden Foxx. They're also from the U. K., London I infer. And the poor patient is actually a famous painter, Peter Rickman,"she informed them.

Manny....isn't that my name?! And Jaden....but how?

Now I knew I wasn't asleep and dreaming; but it was so hard trying to open my eyes. They felt so heavy. And yet, my body didn't feel right. Was I hallucinating? Maybe if I try to shake off the sleep or whatever I was under, then maybe I wouldn't feel so strange.

After about two minutes or so, I could see things lightening to a dim shade of grey as my lashes tried to hoist themselves ajar. Maybe that wasn't a good idea. In a crisis situation, they should warn people of blinding bright lights. They really can be painful. But after a quick adjustment to the new surroundings, my eyes deceived me. There was no telly left on the Discovery Channel, it was truly an emergency room. A sadness thrived through my mind as my swollen, bruised eyes wandered over to another foreign hospital bed with a dormant boy laid, tubes and needles traveled up and down his arms and up his nose. Then, something occurred that I never would have thought would have happened. He tilted his head a slight angle, with one eye cracked open and the other fastened shut, he crooked the corners of his lips upward and attempted to say something but it just wouldn't come out. So, I looked in his sympathetic eyes. There I found his message.