

Virus

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Submitted: July 21, 2008
Updated: September 22, 2008

When the presidents daughter gets kidnapped from her white home, of course she is mortified. But this is no ordinary hostage situation. She is introduced to the largest, most powerful secret organization on the planet. Please read...

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Chapter 1 - Anticipation

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1 - Anticipation

The smell of freshly brewed coffee filled the air. The '*pink pink pink*' of the brew dribbling into the pot, the low rumble of distant thunder, and the sighing of trees were the only sounds that penetrated the rundown motel room in Washington DC.

An old couch and a saggy armchair were arranged in a semi-circle around a square coffee table, facing a television set so old, someone would be surprised it was playing the DC news in color. The weatherman mouthed at the three people in the room very enthusiastically, like the most formally dressed mime one ever did see.

They were three men. The one sitting in the arm chair had his feet up on the seat with his knees hugged up to his chest. He wore a worn pair of blue jeans paired with a white t-shirt that greatly contrasted his dark skin which was shining from the sweat beading on his forehead. The nervous sweat was the only hint of his nerves showing through. He had his head rested on his knees and his eyes closed, though he was far from sleep. He looked as though he was meditating. The man's name was Thomas Rhustov and he was the chosen leader for Squadron #612.

The other two men were sitting on the couch. The lanky looking one on the left, nearer to the chair, was named Leone Humbucker. He was thin and wiry with hair that fell in brown cascades to his waist. He smoked a joint as carelessly as a cigar, blowing smoke out in rings, and staring at the peeling wallpaper as if it had something very interesting to tell him.

And the man on the right, with spiked, black hair, and a younger, softer look to his face, was named Richard Lee. He wore black jeans which looked odd against his bare, deathly pale chest and flushed face. He had dark rings under his eyes from lack of sleep and his neat spikes were wilting. But, oddest of all, protruding over his shoulders and just barely reaching above his head, were the two large top joints of a pair of huge, black, leathery wings. He stared blankly at the TV. His nose wrinkled when a McDonalds ad switched on and hamburgers were taking over the screen.

"Turn this shoot off, Tom; It's making me sick," Rick Lee said, disgusted, a light British accent tinting his speech. He had broken the tense, uncomfortable silence that had hung in the air. Thomas, in the armchair, opened his eyes and looked down at the remote control in his hand as if he was surprised it was there. He flipped the power button and the images on the television screen imploded with a pop. He put his legs on the floor and leaned forward slightly into his authoritative speaking position. Now that the ice was broken, he seemed eager to speak.

"So we're all clear on the plan then?" His voice was deep and distorted with a thick Russian accent. Though Rick and Leone both nodded their heads lazily, Tom continued.

"We'll park in front of the dry cleaners and Leone and I will go out first. I will take care of the lights, and then create an explosion on the right side of the building, near the Oval Office. By this time, Leone will be in the building distracting the guards. When the explosions are going off, you, Rick, will be in the air and on... your... way." He hit his hand holding the remote on the arm of the chair with each word. Rick

rolled his eyes. He might be seventeen, but Rick Lee was no child. He was chosen for the job for a reason, and he was tired of being treated like some cocky little kid.

Tom, ignoring the eye roll, continued. "So Rick grabs the girl, with as little disturbance as possible. The van will be pulling out the lot at exactly midnight. I'll be driving, and you two will be in the back with the girl. We get to the boat... piece of cake."

Rick barely restrained himself from commenting on how many times they had gone over this. He crossed his arms and returned his gaze to the blank TV screen, almost pouting. Leone took a long drag on what was left of his blunt, and when it was almost gone, he flicked it to the floor and stomped it out. Tom scowled at Leone and then coughed excessively as he blew the last of the smoke out through his nostrils, quite obviously making a statement about his smoking. Leone smiled smugly at Tom.

"Dude... chill..." His crimson eyes glowed considerably and Tom seemed to be resisting some strong urge.

"Leo! Enough with your psycho psychic shoot! I don't need to mellow out right now." Leone frowned slightly and his eyes returned to normal.

Another long silence betook the room. June bugs could be heard tapping on the outside of the glass of the only window in the place. Minutes passed like hours. As the coffee maker beeped, Rick jumped up from the couch a little too quickly to make himself a mug. He just wanted more than anything to escape the silence and more importantly, he didn't want to be around Tom much longer. He didn't understand why in the world She always chose such judgmental unbecoming characters for his squad partners.

Something clicked on in his brain and he snapped into a zombie-like state.

I must not question Her motives. She is all knowing. She is all powerful.

Rick returned to the couch, with his coffee, still in a bit of a daze. Not a moment after he took a sip of coffee and set the mug down on the table, Tom's watch started beeping, incredibly loudly in the penetrating silence. Rick jumped out of his trance and to attention.

Tom glared at his watch serenely as it beeped at him and then pushed a button and it ceased. He looked up solemnly and exhaled a ragged breath.

"It's time. Let's go."

One by one, Rick, Leone, and Tom filed out the door and down the stairs to the van. As they began to load up, the idea seemed to finally settle in everyone's head. They were kidnapping the president's daughter from the White House.