

Mykael Roland-Syria

Word Count: 696

“Too Close to Home”

At the entrance of a gliding silhouette, Chip’s torture came to an abrupt end. He turned his head toward the jingle of her anklets, tracking her movements to a creaky chest she caressed.

Chip tilted his head and sniffed the air. “You remind me of someone I once knew...smell like her too, almost exactly, except...” he breathed deeply, and smirked, “...except your grief smells...aged.” He let out a deep belly laugh that ended in a wince and wheeze.

“How’s the family? He said.

Her grip tightened on the handles briefly. “You will give me the answers I seek,” she said, “one way or another.” Loosening her grip, she opened the chest and touched each item, pausing on a few before moving on to inspect the rest of the contents.

“I take it another one died...or are they missing?” Chip said. “It’s so hard to keep up with who I’ve killed and who’s still waiting their turn.” He chuckled painfully until her search stopped.

She walked to him in an even pace and placed three items on the table in front of him. “Do you wish to cooperate?” she asked.

Chip tightened his bound hands into fists and spoke through his ground his teeth, “I’ll never tell you where she is...but if you want...I’ll tell you how she’ll die.” She stabbed him in his left thigh and Chip let out a pained laugh.

“Face it Ahana, the girl is going to go just like her dear twin.”

Ahana ripped off his blindfold and glared while she removed the knife from his left thigh and stabbed it through the right.

“I’d hate to take you apart bit by bit, because of the cleanup naturally, but it has come to my understanding that the feds have gotten a little too close to home,” she said. Ahana rose to her full height, rolled her shoulders back, and looked down at Chip. “And you have just been racking up the phone time with them.” Suddenly, she grabbed his face, roughly pressing his teeth into his cheeks. “You thought you could use them as a pawn to piss me off further, but you forgot that your pack would be too, despite them speaking only of me.” she said. Ahana scoffed and pierced his face with her sharp nails as she let go.

She waved her guards forward. “Hold his hands to the table if you please.” Ahana said. She pierced his right hand through the table with a smaller silver stake. “We know that Agent Lamar was the middleman between you and our not so dear William.” Chip snapped his head up and scrutinized her face. She pointed at him with the last stake and cackled. “Did you really think that I haven’t known my power hungry nephew has been working with you all these centuries?” she asked.

Breathing hard, “I had my doubts he was able to keep his hand in this from you. But still...with that kind of loss I always expected you to take immediate action were you to find out.” Chip said.

“That’s because you know nothing of playing the long game. You were just a pup when you and William started this war.” She pierced his left hand in the same manner, Chip let out a close-lipped scream, looking down briefly before he gazed back up at her.

“Did you know your pack leader physically came to my doorstep begging for forgiveness and mercy on the account that he never gave orders for such a task?” she asked. “In fact, both of our councils have been working together all these centuries to weed out those that have strayed.” She threw her head back and laughed.

“Get on with it then,” he said.

“Well, I’m not going to kill you, Chip. That’s your little friend’s job,” she said as her team came in with her present. “See, we starved them as long as we could and now you will be their dinner,” she said as she revealed the mice in the cage.

“If you kill me, you’ll never know.”

“On the contrary.” Ahana said before she waved her hand for the rats to be released and walked out.