

The sun fell like a sinking stone and a black curtain was drawn across the sky. The air seemed to be filled with anticipation as Ian Rider fled Sayle enterprises. A shadowed figure emerged from the cloud of mist. The moon glowed behind the clouds leaving only Yassen Gregorovitch's shadow, as he began to come closer to Ian Rider's car.

Ian drove faster knowing he needed to get away. Someone was following him but why, what did they want. Suddenly his phone rang Ian had a feeling all his questions would be answered very soon. "Hello who is this? what do you want!" Ian yelled confused.

Then a familiar voice spoke. They only said his name "Ian..."

Realising who this was Ian said "Yassen", he was no longer confused but nervous, his last meeting with Yassen didn't go well he barely survived, he had a feeling this wouldn't be a nice conversation. "You're going to die Ian Rider, there's no escape this time" Yassen said in a calm quiet voice; he seemed to almost be laughing. "You tried and failed before what makes this time any different!"

"This time you have someone you love what's his name... oh Alex

Ian's mind turned to his nephew Alex. He needed to get home now. Alex had lost so many people already, his mum, his dad. He couldn't lose another person, Ian was all Alex had left.

Trying to forget the frightening phone call from earlier, Ian continued to drive home quickly. He couldn't help thinking how Yassen knew Alex's name. Was Alex alright? Is he safe? Ian suddenly began to feel the car pulling to the side, something was wrong. Ian brought the car to a halt, got out and began to examine it. One of the back tyres had a gaping hole in it, it looked like it had been shot. but how? Ian hadn't seen anyone since the phone call. "Yassen" muttered Ian. Suddenly from behind him the sound of a twig snapping, someone was here and Ian knew exactly who it was.

A shadow was approaching "hello Rider" said the voice. Ian was nervous, he knew there was no way he could change the tyre in time to drive home. He was stuck. The shadow came forward into the light revealing Yassen Gregorovitch "you can't run, not this time" said Yassen. Ian noticed a gun in Yassens hand, he opened the car door and grabbed his own weapon. He knew this would end with one of them dead. The question was who. Yassen raised his gun and fired, Ian bolted out the way making the bullet miss by just a few inches. Yassen shot again, this time hitting Ian's leg, a scream of pain echoed in the air. Ian could not move. Was this the end?. Yassen was now standing in front of him pointing the gun laughing, Ian took a deep breath knowing it could be his last.