

Ian Rider was being cautiously guided out of Sagle enterprises by Yassen Gregovich. Yassen whispered "Say your last goodbyes,"

Then he shoved Ian in the car. And gave Ian a fox's sly smirk and his beady little eyes glared at Ian .

The navy blue Mercedes mumbled and grumbled until it woke itself up and sped round the charred trees shredding the rubber tires, slowly fading into the grey mist. The 1917 radio yelled out at Ian Rider as the car shook him around . A loud bang startled him and a large puff of thick black smoke came out of the car's engine, as if a dragon was hidden under the bonnet. Scorched paintwork could be seen peeling off the car and floating away.

Ian clambered out the car with his hand over his mouth and nose trying not to inhale the toxic smoke. His phone rang in his pocket. He tried to reach it with his left hand, not wanting to give up the little protection his right hand was offering him. His eyes were now almost shut because of the stinging pain.

Through the choking smoke rising from under his car's bonnet (that was now just a red hot piece of metal with no paintwork) he could only just make out a silhouette of man. He looked like a mountain of a man. He was approaching Ian with a spine-chilling slowness, coming out of the smoke. Ian started to see a better defined image of the 7 foot monster advancing towards him with a hint of hatred and death in his eyes. It was Yassen Gregovich. Ian's throat went as dry and dirt, like when you're eating a green crabapple.

The time seemed to freeze for Ian, like in a slow motion film. It felt like he was watching this scene from the outside, seeing Yassen pulling his pistol out of his jet black leather jacket and pointing it to him. Yassen looked him straight in the eyes and pulled the trigger. The shimmering silver bullet was launched towards Ian's head. Bang! Bang! Bang! ... several other shots were fired shattering the windscreen and ripping holes in the car's doors. Yassen seemed to be missing Ian on purpose to terrify him.

BANG! The last shot felt cold, then a warm trickle of blood slithered down Ian's cheek. His whole life was unrolling in front of his eyes, he could see his parents and Alex, all around him staring, smiling, reassuring him that all is going to be alright and Alex will be fine. The light was fading and the pain was becoming more bearable, numbing his senses ...