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A Breach of Faith, Part Three

Alan Foreman
NSU University School

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A Breach of Faith

Part Three

Alan Foreman

Los Angeles, present day....

The multitude of red and blue flashing lights made Walter uneasy. He slowly climbed the stairs of the apartment building, passing dozens of police officers. Flashes of light periodically filled the room with white lightning. He saw the girl lying on the floor, her dead body outlined with chalk. She had been gutted like a fish.

Agent Johnson, one of his contacts, took him aside. "What happened here, Officer Varlet? I thought you would be able to handle this nutball."

"I've been here one day. I'm waiting for him to establish a pattern," replied Varlet. "Tomorrow night I'll be out on the streets. I will find him; I promise you that."

"We're working on a deadline, Mr. Varlet. How many people have to die before you can pick up on his 'pattern'?" Johnson was in a rage. He stormed through the crime scene and left the building. Walter kneeled before the body and inspected the wounds. He noticed the lacerations on her epidermis from glass. He glanced at a cat curled up in the corner of the room.

Leaving the body, he stepped over to the cat. He let out a squeak when Walter stroked him. A

familiar stench was on upon the cat's fur, the stench of dead, rotting flesh. Walter lifted the cat's chin and inspected its fur. The fur was stained with streaks of blood.

Walter walked to the broken window and peered out into the night. He mumbled something under his breath and leapt out the window. He rushed down the fire escape and ran north through the alley below. In midstride, he drew his side arm from the holster hidden beneath his jacket. As he turned the corner of the adjacent building, he opened fire.

The figure at the end of the sidewalk ducked into another alley after taking a slug in the right shoulder. Varlet continued his pursuit and followed the man into the alley. Again he opened fire, but this time he missed. He fired twice more and struck the suspect in the left thigh. His suspect fell to the concrete as Walter caught up to him. Rolling the fallen man over, Walter was struck in the right shin with a sharp object. His wound stung like alcohol on an open sore. The suspect's foot landed on Walter's chest throwing him backwards. Walter saw the broad sword as it was withdrawn from his leg. Shortly afterward, Walter blacked out.

TO BE CONTINUED.....