

FALCON

*You remember it as if it were yesterday.
Once again you're pointing a gun at her.*

The past

Three years ago you were a killer, offering your services to the highest bidder. Your Network profile was impeccable.

Three years ago, for the first and last time, you didn't finish the job Serpent had handed you. You should have eliminated an uranium trafficker and all possible witnesses. The bodyguards were no trouble, you took them out with little effort. The trafficker himself wasn't a hard kill, either: One shot from your silenced pistol and he was gone. The only thing left to do was to take out a single eye-witness. Lynx.

You'd worked together more than once through the Network, you as a killer and she as an infiltrator. You'd even been hired by opposite factions in the past. But you hadn't ever be ordered to take out all bystanders, first to last. An irrelevant detail perhaps, but it wormed its way into your mind as you engaged in a brief hand-to-hand confrontation with her. In the end you managed to disarm her and pressed your gun to her forehead. You never pulled the trigger.

On that day three years ago, Falcon the hitman died forever.

The present

You've cut all your ties to the Network and started a new life together with Lynx. A small home in the suburbs to spend the rest of your days in peace, a desk job, a city where nobody knows your names. You even had a son, the most precious thing in all your life.

You thought you'd got rid of the past, but someone else never forgot, nor had they forgiven your failure. When you came home this morning, you found it empty. Only a letter was waiting for you on the table. The sender was Serpent, the client from that damned job.

One last request for old times' sake: eliminating an unspecified target before sunset. You have the address, and Serpent has your son. This time, there's no room for failure.

