

The nightmare becomes reality.

Was it a nightmare, or was it a premonition? Whatever the case, Faith failed in her job. One sole mission, protect the Prime Minister of Israel. When she turned on the morning news, his death spread like wildfire across the globe. The brotherhood finally achieved their goal after many years of trying. With the Prime Minister dead, his cabinet members have scrambled to appoint his successor in order to maintain a working Government. If the Taha Brotherhood gets their hands on Israel, the prophet can never return as he promised.

A knock rattled her awake and she quickly rose up. She threw yesterday's clothes on and stumbled a few times. Rubbing her head, she had no clear vision of what happened yesterday.

"Did I over do it? Last, I remember, was..."

Her mind drew blanks. The rapid knock alerted her once more.

"Seriously? I haven't even had my Dr. Pepper yet and people think they can talk to me?" She growled.

She strode to the door to the hotel. When she opened the door, her partner of fifteen years stood with a disappointed frown on his face.

"Damn it Faith," Brian said.

She rubbed her forehead some more and tried to focus on him as he walked in the room.

"Brian, what's up?" She yawned.

"We managed to get fingerprints from the scene. They found only yours Faith. I'm here to arrest you," Brian said.

Faith howled with laughter. She was at her hotel all night, or so she thought. Was this another simulation too?

"Quit the bullshit, Brian. What is truly going on here?"

"Everyone fears that if the prophet cannot make his return, the brotherhood will rule the world," he explained. "This is part of their plan."

She sighed heavily and could not believe what had happened from the moment she woke yesterday, till now.

"Brian, I was here last night. You can't arrest me. I need to right this wrong," she pleaded.

He shook his head and pulled out his handcuffs. "The world leaders have requested you to be put to death tonight," he informed her.

"And you're just gonna turn me over?"

"I have no choice," he said.

He read her, her rights and walked with her to the car.

While listening to the news reports, Faith attempted to escape the hand cuffs.

"This just in, the Taha Brotherhood has claimed responsibility for the Prime Minister's death. They also claim that they were able to recruit one of the most highly respected CIA Agents in the world to do their dastardly deed. We have word, Faith Carter, will be turned over tonight."

Her eyes winded. "Brian I'm innocent!"

"Sorry, but evidence suggests otherwise," he frowned.

Their security details lead them to the nearest secret location to begin interrogation. When they arrived, an eerie silence overcame them all. Yellow, white, and orange light seized the sky. The clear ripple rattled their convoy. Someone had already pushed the button. Too late.

Darkness.