

Organic Paint

By : Creighton Isiris Frost

Quickly paced short story of a man who lost his heart. How man recreates when losing his heart varies. This is may be one way a man may become. (Feel it is mostly unfinished but have run blank. How else to continue?)

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She sat in her chair, forced by one uniformed man and hands chained to centre of the table. Her arms now stretched out preventing any possible movement to freedom. Her ankles chained to the table legs. The steel legs of the steel table are bolted heavily into the concrete, grey floor. The three men, uniforms also a dull grey, chatted a bit as she tested the chains. She could not even attempt to stand.

The room filled with quick shackles as the tough chain links wrapped the table top. A one-way window captured her every failed attempt at freedom. The lights buzzed with false life. Their product, of bright white light, reflected off the table and chain links while the concrete floor and white cinder block walls took it in.

Two of the men barely paid her any attention. One kept looking at her. The one that brought her here. He seemed genuinely nice. Just too damned scared not to follow orders to the letter regardless of what he thought or felt. The other two didn't care.

It is clear to her this is an interrogation room. Problem for her. She had very good information that she must keep locked in her head. She was trained for this sort of thing. She felt ready. One didn't train to become a covert operative working behind enemy lines without the training to resist interrogations for when, not if, one was caught.

That man between the other two must really like me, she raised her eyebrow at him in a seductive way. He seemed to perk up a little bit but resisted to not receive ill attention from the other two. *He is kind of cute*, she admitted to herself. It was too bad that they were both on opposite sides of the war. She'd like to know what he is like.

He walked up to the table while the others walked to the opening steel door. He looked very nervous now. Not the too afraid to talk to a beautiful woman nervous but a - "I'm going to try and get another to interrogate you," he spoke quietly, "this guy is not -" he was cut off by someone barking at him in the unseen hallway. He left her with a scared look on his face. Not for him for her.

She'd be all right. Actually she had no fear here whatsoever. She was trained for this and, reassuring herself again, she felt ready. Ready for anything. Bring it on. To ensure the others watching through the window knew she was ready she purposefully wrapped the chain on the table. Making the room fill with metallic sound waves. She even smiled promiscuously into the one-way window. She was thinking she might enjoy this little game.

The large brown doors at the end of the hallway opened with a rush of cold snowy air. A stocky, firmly built man stepped into the dullness that was his domain. Knowing the doors wouldn't close behind him he turned and closed them both. Ensuring they stayed closed. Once the doors were secure he grabbed his suitcase off the floor and proceeded down the evenly lit hall. Anyone that was in the hall who saw him smoothly got out of the way. He wasn't tall or massively large in fact he looked quite normal. Uniform is pressed neatly and perfectly, hair a bit on the wild side but otherwise just fine. His stance straight and proper which was normal for any soldier within uniform. Ones who were true to their goals at least. No, it is not his appearance that others move away from. It is something unseen. It is what they hear and know about him and what he has done. Rumours true or not aid one's reputation, either greatly positive or greatly negative. His reputation is built upon the negative which aids him quite positively. No one wants to be on his bad side.

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The foot falls echo up and down the quiet hallway. He can hear the chains wrapping on the table. He smirked appreciatively. Means they've got a live one. Means he can have a bit of fun with this one. Oh, fun he will have, indeed. He knows who it is in the room. His room. His interrogation room, his, all his. No one else uses it anymore. The things he's done to get the information that is leading to victories in the battles.

He approaches a guard standing straight and in front of the green steel door. The guard salutes. He does not move, however. To this guard a slip of white paper is handed. The guard takes the paper and reads. He then stiffens and hands the note back. Another quick salute and the guard not only steps aside but walks further down the hallway. Further and further he goes, out of site.

He breathes deeply. This moment, he has waited for a long time. Some answers he may get if he so wanted them. Through the heavy green door he went. It banged shut, the hallway now out of sight.

The black heavy duty suitcase is set nicely on the table. He saw her expression. At first she didn't seem to recognize him but then she started to think. He opened the suitcase and placed a full small glass jar on the table and placed an empty syringe next to it then closed the suitcase.

She didn't like him being here at all, "no, no way. Why? What, wait you know me."

"Madam, you have information we need. You're going to give me that information one way or another -"

"You know me. We -"

"Madam," he spoke plainly with a raised hand to shush her, "do not speak unless I ask you to or I ask a question to you. Do you understand?"

He figured she was still in shock at his being here let alone his being in existence. She did not answer his question. Not that it mattered, he will take the silence as a yes.

From his standing position things looked in order and ready to proceed. He asked the general to give him privacy. He was granted that privilege. He unhooked the power to the wireless camera in the corner above the door. He then disconnected the microphone on the table top. Then he stared into her.

Here he filled with hate.

Here she spoke again, "why are you doing this?"

Freedom, he felt freedom. "What did you expect would happen? What, was I supposed to get the picture while you ignored me? You hadn't the guts to tell me a thing," his smile was not a positive happy smile. "So you left me hanging without sight of the executioner, how lovely of you. I can only imagine you must of done that to so many more."

He took the syringe and the bottle. The needle poked through the cork and he drew out the clear liquid, "None of it matters anymore. You know I really should be thanking you." He set the bottle down but the full syringe stayed in his hand, ready.

She looked mystified.

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"Men have hearts too, you know that? We do. We hurt. But if it wasn't for you I wouldn't be able to do all the things I have been doing."

"You killed them." She shot at him, chains taking the stress easily.

Of course he did. He had to fine tune his chemical. Either way all his interrogations lead to success despite the one being interrogated dying. All of them in this room. All twenty-six of them.

He walked around to her. He can only imagine the feelings she is having right now. It pleased him to think that she felt completely hopeless and much too vulnerable. Her not being able to defend against the syringe and its pointed needle, a pleasing experience.

He wouldn't get an explanation of why she truly ignored him. He kind of knew why anyway. It took horrendous effort to finally ignore her. When that happened it was too late, "tell me, do you know what happens to a man when his proverbial heart no longer exists?"

"Why are you doing this?"

Anger swept over him. He had thought her more intelligent than him when they were together. What a fool he was then. "You're assuming I still care." With that he shoved the needle into her shoulder and injected the clear liquid. Then pulled it out just as fast. No room of bedside manners.

At first she will feel nothing. In a little bit, "you will eventually begin to feel what I can only describe as quite a lot of burning, intense burning."

He unlocked the chains at her ankles and wrists. She went slack against the back of the chair. Only for a moment did she feel ease. The burning started. That wasn't all she would endure. She watched him closely with unbelieving eyes. How could the man she once had feelings for so long ago find his way into her path again?

Like the bear he is, was a gentle bear now not so much, he roared and grabbed her by the throat and picked her up. She was carried by the neck and slammed into the one-way window. The window cracked but did not break.

Her vision began to fade as he shouted in her face, "this is what a man becomes when he has no more heart!"

She fell to the floor and that's when the burning started. All over she felt it. Tolerable now but how much time before she screamed?

He walked away and looked to connect the microphone. Then he talked to her calmly, "interrogation case number ..." he paused to think, "well it doesn't really matter anyway. Madam, now is the time you'll want to start talking. You'll want to avoid having another shot when you wake up."

She slowly sat up, back against the wall, blood smear on the wall from the back of her head.

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Behind the cracked one-way window the shy yet kind man who brought her in finally got his balls. He threw his arms up, "I'm putting a stop to this." Ignoring the General's protests, a bad idea. The guard standing in front of the door clocked the man hard enough to render him unconscious and flat on his back.

The General looked at the guard, bulky, he furrowed his brows and looked at the name tag, "Doug, is it?" the guard nodded once slowly, "you're going to go far. You now report to me and go wherever I go, understood?"

The guard, pleased, nodded slowly only once.

Near the end of the tolerance, and she had much tolerance, a true fighter, she spoke. More shouted than spoke all he wanted to know. The names of all the covert agents infesting their ranks. They would all be rounded up and interrogated, beat and killed or shot. She had also whispered before she fainted from the pain how she couldn't believe how far he'd fallen. He was supposed to be some altruistic nice guy. He had repeated to her *this is what happens when a man has no heart*.

Here, in a nearby restaurant, he sat enjoying his well earned lunch. Though here in Alaska and it being winter with no sun lunch felt more like a midnight snack. The lights showed the awesome fury of the wind and snow outside and made being inside all the more comforting. His club sandwich is delicious. Of course he had to put up with the waitress trying her hardest to gain his attention. He supposed out of whatever form of compassion he had left that staying clear of her for her benefit was right.

Because his lunch hour was going so smoothly and perfect he suspected something bad may happen. He began watching the large concrete building across the way. That is where he worked. He took another bite and sighed. Full of anticipation he chewed slowly. Very rarely was he ever surprised. Something did go wrong.

His face lit up with orange light. The waitress dropped the coffee pot and gripped the counter to steady herself from the vibration in the floor. The sound was slightly below deafening. The explosion blasted on the other side of the concrete structure.

He set his sandwich down. Paid for his meal and a tip. Calmly he got up and cracked his knuckles, rolled his shoulders back, "work, it is never ending." He left the small diner.

Inside chaos was in motion already. Gun fire in the hallways and rooms. Doors being blasted open. Chips of paint and concrete flew. Shouts of anger and hate and survival washed through the building.

When he arrived at the big brown doors he mashed one intruder's head into the wall and grabbed his holstered pistol then shot the intruder twice in the head. He walked calmly inside without care of danger. If he was to die then he would die. Simple.

Two shots zinged by his ear, one scratched his ear and blood began draining immediately. He straightened and aimed and fired two shots in quick return. Both intruders fell dead.

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He opened the door to his office and shot two more intruders looking for a key of some sort he gathered.

Doesn't matter. He grabbed the machine gun one the intruders was using. Then a thought occurred to him. There was that eager soldier who brought her here. The General had told him of this. He knew the soldier. "Ah," the soldier called in help from the enemy to get her free. *No worries*, he thought, "we're done with her anyway." He decided to look on the bright side. Some if not most of the infesting covert agents will be here and they will be taken or killed. Less work.

He quietly held back a belch, good lunch.

More shouting and shooting. One of the shouters sounded familiar. It was that soldier.

His office had two doors. Both led out to the hallway. He didn't design the place he just worked here. He kicked this second door open for the surprise advantage. There he was and there she was. He shook his head and fired a volley of bullets into the soldier, the gun jammed.

Before anyone else could take advantage he burst into a quick run and grabbed the pistol the soldier was using. Then he rose up and looked into her eyes, sorrow and hurt, he fired two shots into her chest. She fell and the another intruder began running.

"There's no escape for you either," one shot. The intruder fell flat on his face.

Looking at her gasping for air. Squatting beside her he placed the pistol to her temple. He shook his head, "I loved you and you ignored me. Left me without a visible executioner. I've been the walking dead. I don't care anymore. I let you create my hell. And I'm the heartless demon that crawled out. You, I will do you a favour. Do you see me?"

She gurgled and tried to speak. All that could be translated was the word "execution."

"You see me, I am visible," the last shot sprayed the walls with a new organic paint.

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