

2.

Two weeks later

“The wheel is good for keeping your victim still during the procedure.”

“No...”

“They can be bound around the circumference or simply stretched across, tying limbs to the spokes and rim.”

“No, pleaseee...”

“All tools are, by this point, useful and you may administer the torture in any way you like.”

“Stop it...”

“But the forte of the wheel is the gaps.”

He was standing in a claustrophobic cell.

“When you have decided that the victim shall die you can smash their limbs with a hammer, making them fold in between the frame.”

“But they’ll die, Alexander...Too quickly I mean.”

“No, don’t worry.”

Heavy footsteps combined with the strange noise of something metal being dragged behind sounds.

“The human body is much more resilient.”

BANG! The door shakes.

“They can survive for days...”

“Help me...please...”

BANG!

“until”

“I beg you...have mercy!”

BANG! BANG!

“they”

“I’ll do anything...” BAAANG!

“finally”

‘NOOOO! PLEASE! DON’T DO IT! I’M INNOCENT!
BANG! The door is on the verge of collapse. *“succumb.”*
BLAST! The door falls apart, revealing the monstrous silhouette of a growling Brute. Daniel raises his arms in a pointless act of self-defense...

....and wakes up.

One of the ships cabins abruptly filled with screams and heavy panting. Daniel sat bolt upright and waited for the terrifying images to evaporate from his sickened mind. Suddenly he heard Agrippa’s voice coming from above, which made Daniel jump hysterically.

“Still having nightmares, I see?” the head asked innocently.

“Yes, I can’t shake them. They come every night.” Daniel replied.

“We’ll put a stop to them, you’ll see.” Agrippa reassured quietly.

“That’s exactly the same thing Alexander told me back in Brennenburg. You weren’t eavesdropping, were you?” Daniel found comfort in the fact that he could still introduce humour to his expressions.

“Well, that’s exactly the same thing I told him when we were still young and naive...but never mind.” Agrippa fell silent.

“I think it’s dawn already. I’m going out. Keep quiet, will you?” Daniel covered the frightening head with a cozy blanket and went out onto the deck.

A cold breeze swept through the ship like the brush of a smooth woman’s hand. Daniel could distinguish the Egyptian outlines drawing closer as a small merchandise ship made its way through lazy Mediterranean waves.

It took some time for Daniel to charter a suitable transport through the sea. Weeks of travelling from carriage to carriage, country to country rebounded upon his strength, but the journey was to be over soon. Daniel turned back to the door leading under the deck, greeted a few sailors and returned to his cabin.

“Is it time?” Agrippa sounded a bit shocked.

“Yes. We’re nearly there.” Daniel threw casually as he packed himself.

“Is there any point to try to persuade you that there’s very little chance your friends in Egypt have survived?”

“No, and they’re not in Egypt. They are in Algeria.”

“So why are we heading for Egypt, if I may ask?” Daniel smiled craftily.

“To gather our team.”

To be continued...

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