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LUCIEN (V.O.)

I could hear Christopher's voice in my head. Forcing myself to focus, when Amadeo swung again, I surged forward, closing the distance, intercepting his strike with one arm and slamming my opposite elbow across his jaw. I shoved him backwards, and kicked the tender spot of Amadeo's knee. Amadeo gave a shout of pain as he fell, which made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside and I kicked him right in the fucking face just as my watch began frantically beeping.

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LUCIEN

V, I've got JT's memories in my head. I felt what he felt, right down to the sweat on his balls. Sorry, Simone.

LUCIEN (cont'd)

No, I think you're wrong, V. I'm not one to believe in UFO's or ghosts or anything outside my little circle of reality, but that was real. And I don't need to be JT. I'm already the shit, asshole.

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LUCIEN (V.O.)

There were five seconds of silence and I felt like my heart was going to pop as I watched; I felt like the breath would never get down into my lungs. My eyes darted from Kayla's gun to Uncle Christopher's face. He had to do something. Someone had to do *something*.