

My World

Pain is a strange thing. There's two types of it; emotional pain and physical. I have experienced both on numerous occasions. My job is to violently borrow things. That's right, I'm a professional. Anyway, back to pain.

Physical pain I'm experiencing right now is in my jaw. Why do super heroes always go for the jaw? I guess it looks good when it's in slow motion. Emotional pain I can also feel now in my mind. Why did he betray me? Why couldn't we stay together? He broke me and I've broken him. I should probably tell you my story right from the beginning but it's going to have to wait.

CRACK! I slam into the wall of the tower, physical pain floods through my body and I don't scream. Nothing new there; I'm no stranger to pain. I pick myself up and summon a ball of energy and hurl it at him. His brown hair is frizzled so he looks bald, but it doesn't slow him down. I grab a bag of what looks like money and launch myself into the air with it. I head towards my ship. It's a sleek black beauty; its wings protrude from a matte black hull with a tinted and heavily reinforced glass window. It goes from 0kph to 1300kph in 1.345 seconds. I measured it myself.

Anyway, back to the real world. Again. In my fortress a strange sight greets my eyes like an unwanted cousin. It is my unwanted cousin! The last time he came... well let's just say things didn't work out so well for him. For his sake. "What are you doing here?" I yell at him, my voice echoes around the metal walls.

"Thought I'd pop in... what happened out there?" He says spotting my black eyes, my blood soaked hands and the bag of money. "Out!" I growl in a tone that I know he won't argue with.

"No, seriously what happened to you?" Long story I tell him and I take a glance at my bag. I'm surprised at what I see. Suddenly the TV turns on. The reporter says two high grade plutonium guns have been stolen. I take a look inside the bag. There is one gun: a black looking menace not at all inviting. I fire. The bullet slides out of the gun and blows the wall to pieces. I smile. This was going to be a piece of cake.

I take to the air (yes I can fly) and spot the super hero. I fly over, take aim and fire the bullet. It enters the body then exits. I smile, I'm going to enjoy ruling this place.