

7.

“I am looking for a man called Daniel,” said the tall, black-robed man.

“I am sorry but no one named Daniel lives here,” Ibrahim replied smoothly.

“I did not say he lives here. Move aside, scar-faced man,” the Fourth Eagle ordered, pulling out a black klippen gun with spigot shaped like a small black wing.

Touraz showed his massive razor-sharp teeth and growled fiercely, but Ibrahim hushed at the beast dog and stepped in front of him.

The man smiled menacingly and entered the house.

“You are violating the law. I’m reporting this to the local authorities,” Ibrahim’s warning was dead calm. The stranger laughed bitterly.

“Believe me, you are not,” he moved deeper into the hall, followed by five black-robed men, all of them sporting the same eagle brooch.

“You stay right there. I have an excellent aim,” the man pointed the peculiar pistol at Ibrahim’s chest.

Ibrahim stood still, looking furious and holding Touraz by his thick neck.

“You shall regret this,” he spat.

“I already feel that way, I should have shot you in the doorway,” the Fourth Eagle replied dispassionately and deprotected his gun.

The rest of the Eagles made their way into the living room, looking around the house with imitated interest.

“Daniel, you should run...” began Alfred.

“I cannot.” Daniel replied bitterly, looking at the five tall, black figures who were looking back at him.

Fabio, Mannuel and Alfred spun around.

Four of the Eagles pulled out the same black-winged klippen guns and pointed them at the four unarmed men, who froze still and put their hands up.

The last Eagle pulled out a pink Orb and the whole house was suddenly exploding with blinding light.

The next thing Daniel could remember was being held up above a dark gulf by a strong left hand, which belonged to a respectable man, none of his physical features to be revealed. Even his face was hidden behind a frightening black mask.

Ibrahim, Alfred, Fabio and Mannuel were being held captives by four members of the Order of the Black Eagle, struggling to free themselves from the tall brutes’ immense clutches.

“I just want to know one thing. One thing, and I will let you and your friends go. You will never see us again, Daniel. Just one question,” the boss said in his deep, bass voice.

“All right...” Daniel gulped and moved his legs in mid-air.

“Where is Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa?”

Daniel held the mask’s gaze.

“He is hanging dead in Brennenburg Castle,” was the reply that was received.

The boss let him go.

Daniel yelled and grabbed the land’s edge to prevent him from falling to his death.

The masked man reached again, this time with his right hand, and lifted Daniel even higher, by his throat.

This time his clench was far more stronger; Daniel felt as though he was being held by some sort of metal arm. He began to suffocate and twisted frantically in the air.

The Order's leader turned around and smashed Daniel against the solid ground.

Brennenburg's former inhabitant lay flat like a doll, trying to catch his breath.

The boss, even taller and more dangerous now, rested his leg heavily upon Daniel's stomach and growled:

"I know he is hanging in Brennenburg, I saw his headless body near the entrance to the Chancel. And I know there was a certain potion capable of keeping him alive for a time being. Now, where are you hiding him?"

Daniel moaned and coughed.

"Sir...maybe we should shoot some of this trash in order to open his mouth?" one of the Eagles suggested.

The leader straightened up and thought for a moment.

"No. I have a better idea,"

The Seventh Eagle bowed deeply and whispered "I'm sorry master,"

The boss ignored him.

"We will take them all to our headquarters and interrogate them there. Prepare the portal," he ordered, looking down at a struggling Daniel with absolute lack of emotions.

"Yes master," said one of the members, pulling out an Orb.

You guys are screwed...

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