Chapter 5: Chapter Five

When I come to, I'm confused. A lot of grey[illegible] and sensations stain into me at once, causing nice brain malfunction. But it is when a heavy force of water crashes over my head that I really pick out of this trance. Ha!

Oh noooo.

My eyes are in a vast blank zone, the sheer dominance of it was knee buckling. I'm shaking, my lungs are constricting, and I feel a scream rise out of my throat.

The sound is lost.

We spawn onto the smallest F-INCLoft, in the middle of the biggest F-INC sea I have ever seen. Not a tree in sight. The water looks dark and monstrous, probably harboring the Kraken and other horrifying sea legends. Grown up, I can feel deep chasms that course its way up to my body, heightening my panic.

What is this? Where was that?!

The angry sea is drenching my body, making me gasp for air as I try to hold on for dear life. My nails are digging into the heckles (seaweed) and I manage to stop of this shitty raft as we won't slide a[illegible] I shall remember to thank Charming for that. Wha, this is very close to kidding on the back of a speed boat, except for the fact that it'll kill a[illegible] I most likely will drown. No bitch please!

Do the life lines work if I scream them underwater?

I need to know this.

This is the size of a King-size bed. That's not big, trust me. Want is freaing the an alley cat trying her best to stay in the middle of the splintery raft by pudding my dangerously to the edge.

What. The. F.

"Mark!" I scream rather loudly making my throat burn from the salt. "You're pushing me a[illegible] you idiot!" I yell as a big wave brought an almost vertical. I grab on the kraken-esque tentacles as they thicken thinks to the Lord's heavens. Now I didn't fall in[illegible] is mysterious, my little body is still clinging on for dear life.

I impress myself sometimes.

Most screeches and claws the splintery wood. "I HATE WATER!"

"Are you kidding me, agent Mark!?!" I look at her in disdain then violently push her to social cover. "Yet that is what you do my life-line is the[illegible] of I-Ken minutes we are b-here." Mark waves crash on us, forcing an alarming amount of seawater up my nose. "Brother of Mike, that burnin[illegible] Mark, is this Apollo ship? Screw you, Pierce!"

Great, I'm sure I look like a washed-up rat! Water coming out my nose, eyes most likely bloodshot. Not sure if Pierce thought I was immune to crashing waves and rocket being violently forced up my nostrils.

But by pure luck, the waves die down after ten minutes, and I can shakily go on my knees to scan the dark sea around me. This is the[illegible] not time my thoughts are not, I'M GOING TO DIE! A couple of steady breaths and I can process coherent thoughts.

This is not.

This is happening.

I didn't trust this sudden calm water, and the thought that I could die at any point scares the hell out of me. My high-high, self-imposed bar for nothing, for traction, and my torn skirt is making me slip like a greased pig. Weird cases overview this TRN. I slowly sat up on shaking knees and try not to break out. Mort did the same, probably embarrassed of her un-agency ankles. The ship is stormy, specks of black and grey with[illegible] it is not calming. Now I didn't fall in[illegible] is mysterious, my little body is still clinging on for dear life.

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Mort screeches and claws the splintery wood. "I HATE WATER!"

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