
Assassin
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Warning: Contains adult content due to graphic descriptions of any or all of the following:

Battles, Language, Sexual

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I was born chosen

This world that I was born on is not my first world. I had a past life that I remember every detail of my ultra passive life. There I was the person who, in school was not the book worm or the most handsome or the most popular. I was that kid that just wanted to be left alone but never was.

Always thought of the sheepish one so I became the target. To give you an idea. I grew tall but very uncoordinated. I was that kid who your team at PE baseball that you did not want. A pop fly in my direction would invariably miss my glove but not my nose.

I was standing in the lunch line and a girl told me to hold still. She took out a tissue and wiped the snot ball off my back that I did not even feel the boy spitting on me. That was the only act of kindness I could remember.

The last thing that I remember from that short life was that sharp pain. I felt it in the high school lunch line on the side of my head from behind. The class bully sucker punched me in the temple. He wanted to knock me out. He accomplished that beyond his wildest dream. He hit me with so much force that my body dropped and I stood there looking at myself lying there on the ground.

The kid was laughing at me and so were the crowd. That was until someone noticed, bent down and told someone to get someone. The girl said that she thought I was dead. No shit, I'm standing watching all of this thinking that at least I do not have to put up with all that bull shit aimed at me.

I turn and am drawn to a light.

"You are going to be reborn to an entirely new world." The woman said to me.

I was in that room that those people that claimed died and saw heaven but came back but this is not heaven. This room has nothing that I can see that you could gage the dimensions. It was white and we were standing but there was no floor.

"Just like that life I had. Seeing nothing. Standing on nothing. Amounting to nothing. I knew that my life was not fair but this?" For the first time in my life I let the emotions that I suppressed all that life came out. I curled up in a ball and cried.

I felt her hand just stroking my head as I cried for what seemed like eternity.

When I finally stopped, I just say to her that I just want to not exist. "That will be the fitting end to that gangly mistaken useless thing called a life. I'm to be left in this nothing. That is what you are here to pronounce. I will at least thank you for that contact while I cried."

Looking at her, she now appears as that girl who wiped the snot ball off my back.

I find myself both grateful but mad. She knew what I went through but, She completes my thought, “You are thinking, Why didn’t she do something about it. I could not change any aspect of that life. I caught hell from the other grand guild masters for just wiping the snot off of you. I was not to intervene. I have had to wait for this time to interact with you. Believe it or not, you are going to be reborn on another world. This time, you will be prepared with the knowledge of what happened in that life you lived. You will operate in the background, You will be born with two skills rather than the normal single skill.”

“Why do I have to be reborn? Didn’t I endure enough? Can’t you just erase me from existence?”

She tells me to keep those questions in mind when you awaken at the age of five. “I know that you are going to ask, why five? That is because I don’t want you to have to be totally aware of being in diapers. Having to learn how to do things all over again.”

“You say that I will remember my old life? Why not let me remember as I am being born. I will learn about that new life. I can become somebody. I would remember how to walk, talk and control those bodily functions. I could change my life from the beginning.”

She tells me that if that is what I want, she will grant it. She tells me that it will be with one precaution. “When you are born, that world has a seer that will hold a baby and see what its profession will be. Then she will announce it to the world. This time, I will be the one in that seers body. I will just announce that your skill is adjudicator.”

With that I’m fading out. I try to say wait but now I am in darkness and feeling pressure with the feeling of sliding out of some tube. Now I see light and am pulled out of the tunnel. I’m cold and cannot stop myself from crying. I stop when I am cleaned and wrapped in a blanket.

Then I see that woman. She looks at me, winks and pronounces “He will be an adjudicator. All gasp because that is a very rare skill. Most become well respected but feared.

She tells the gathered that I will be different. “He will be ultimately fair with the understanding of the ages. He will be well loved.”

When my mother is asleep, that woman comes back and tells me that my other two skills will be concealed by my good nature. I will be a spy and first and foremost, an assassin.

Now I drift off to sleep.

I started to walk very early and could talk well before the age of one. I made sure that I kept it to simple sentences but my parents attributed it to my skill. I made sure, in my years before the age of school, to observe. I was learning both the adjudicator skills but more important to me was the spy skills. I knew that I was going to be a righter of wrongs but the assassin also had to be explored.

I explained to my parents that because of my skill, I really needed to be able to defend myself. “There will be the ones that do not like what I decide. Guards show weakness. I need to show people that I can back my decisions with the ability to defend myself.

Now to throw my father with logic. “Father, could you take me to the assassin’s guild. In order to defend myself, I need to learn that skill. That is the profession that i need to be wary of so aren’t they the vary people to learn from.”

He does not like that so he counters me “How about I hire a person of that skill without getting the guild involved to educate you on ways of defending yourself?”

I understand where he is coming from and agree. I tell him, “Because I have been declared an adjudicator at my birth, assure that one that I will judge him honorable by educating me on his ways.”

With that, I now have an instructor. She finds that I am a quick learner. I have learned that the most used skill is using my mind. Observe, plan and make sure that this is not a grudge.

“Those ones are the only ones that will get a person caught.” She tells me. Then she actually winks and points to the sky. With that, I really am sure that she has been informed as to what my other skill is.

She proved to be a hard task master. I was shown the ways of her profession but she really stressed that thinking is the most important thing to learn

“Any dumbass can walk up to someone and kill them. It is thinking it through and finding the right way to accomplish the task in private. The most skilled will make it look like an accident or natural causes.”

I found learning her ways were exciting. She reached a point that she said that we needed to go to an area she had that was secluded. “You are going to show me what you have learned. You and I will separate. It is not a contest to win or lose. It is for you to show me what you have learned.

We go in different locations. After the agreed upon waiting time, the game starts but I sense her near. I expected that. No assassin plays by the rules. That is why I set some traps while I was waiting.

I knew that she would not fall for them but I also figured the she would sense them and avoid them. They were a distraction. I was trying to herd her in a direction I wanted her to go.

She made the first move with a throwing knife but I avoided it and countered it with my own knife. She disappeared. I went up into the leaf canopy using it as a highway of sorts.

This was like a chess match. She was able to graze me. I knew that it was a deliberate hit showing me that she could have made a kill. It hurt and I again retreated. Think, what have I seen?

It is not like she has shown a pattern other than not letting me think. I need to find somewhere here to be able to gather my thoughts. It hits me that I have always retreated to the canopy. That is my pattern. I now know what I need to do.

Her next strike I avoid. Again I make for the cover of the upper branches bit this time, the second I am ready, I dart down the tree and use the rocks near to hide and watch.

I see her looking to the canopy to see my movement. The rustling of the leaves. I had tied some floss to a branch and now gently pull it. Off she goes. Now is my only chance.

I make my way behind her as she stalked me in the tree ahead of her. She was concentrating ahead of her. I knew that I had only a split second. In a moment, she was truly startled to find my knife to her throat.

When that instant of surprise was over, “You win” she is smiling. “You are the only one to have gotten the best of me. I must be getting old.”

“No I just got lucky.”

“Luck has nothing to do with it. You obviously rigged something in the trees as to distract me. What did you do?”

I just show her the now empty floss container. She laughs and tells me that I am finished. Then she stuns me. “Most of the adjudicators don’t pick up the trade this quick. By that look on your face, you don’t know. All adjudicators are assassins. They need to be because some people are so evil that they just need not to exist. Even those who’s skill is just assassin can be coerced to the evil side. That is why you will be a hero of justice.

Adjudicator, hero, you are now ready. Do well and learn from the academy environment. I say, from the environment, because you already have the education. You need to

observe people. Do not judge them at first. See their true nature. Start yourself on that road.

Never tell about your dual role. Present a true spirit of gratitude for the kindness of others. Try to remember that someday you too will want to retire.”

With that, she vanishes. She is not old by any means. Her movement is just that quick. I really think that she was my first crush.

Academy learning and my persona

I observe and progress to the point that when I am ready to go to their equivalent of high school, the academy, I am more than ready to handle anything that comes my way.

The academy is for those whose skills are such that they were above average and can pass their test. I found the test was not hard on both the written and physical. It was also in my acceptance letter that I was the only adjudicator that they have had in a few years. They did say that my physical level was almost top of the class. I had deliberately held back.

On the first day, we were in the academies uniforms. They reminded me of my old worlds anime school uniforms. Pants and jacket a tan that is more to the slight yellow side. A deeper tan vest and white shirt. Unlike the anime, the girls wore the same.

I was standing by the locked door and there came two girls. One was an archer, the other was a burglar. This school accepted all and even the skills that seemed on the wrong side were taught but with the aim of helping.

That burglar would be steered towards the intelligence community for clandestine purposes.

She was tired of waiting so she picked the lock and opened the door. It seems that she had urgent business inside as did a lot of them. The bathrooms were now available,

I needed to get the lay of the land so I went into the boy's bathroom and went to an open urinal. I leaned my arm against the wall and leaned in. I just listened to how they were asking others what their skills were. Trying to establish the pecking order.

This time, I deliberately did not tell any of them my skill. That will come out later but only after the unavoidable confrontations. They will come, believe me, they always come. I knew that I was going to make sure that it was me that they first come after.

After all, I do need to pay someone back for that sucker punch.

There is always someone in a class that is the muscle brain. Sometimes, they are gentle giants. That is the case here. The one in the class picked up on this and started the taunts. I notice that he was not responding to them, like I did in my past.

The one taunting him goes to sucker punch the giant when he turns away. With the skill of my training, I could see that he was going to deliver the same punch that killed me. I, before I realized it, jump kicked the attacker into the wall. I broke a few ribs on the kid.

After an investigation, it was revealed that I was an adjudicator. What I told them was what I saw personally. The provocation and the sneak attack attempt caused my skill to activate and defend against that attack.

That boy's parents were called and were informed that he was expelled from the academy. They were referring the matter to the proper authorities along with my formal report.

In the class, I now was seen in a different light. First and foremost, I now had my first and lifetime friend. That giant was grateful for what I did. He said his name was Rod and thanked me for saving him. I take his offered hand and said,

"Hi Rod. I'm Arthur. No need to thank me. Just using my skill. Most think that I would just rule on things and be aloof. I realized that I needed to defend myself so my father employed someone to teach me. You were going to be attacked so I defended."

He tells me that because of his size and nature, he gets that all the time. "I once was attacked and hit back. The kid was never right again. I have not touched someone that way again. Usually they give up."

"Rod, my friend, did that one that was hurt taunt you?"

He answers yes.

"Did that one continue over repeated warnings from you to stop?"

Rod again answers yes.

Did the authorities get involved? And did they punish you?"

He tells me that they called an adjudicator. "I was proven that I had given enough warning but the kid kept it up despite the warnings. I was told that I had given more than enough warning, I did nothing other than to defend myself in the manner of my skill."

"Then I, Arthur, skill class adjudicator, who is now officially recognized by the acceptance of my report, by the authorities, do hereby tell you that you were justified in your actions. That does not mean you can laud it all over people."

Now I make it lighter.

"Rod, next time that happens and there is always a next time, just grab that one by the collar and lift that one up off the ground. Let them dangle until they see the error of their ways."

He starts laughing and so do others. I do want to be seen as the good guy. I am making my outward persona that will be what I am seen as for the rest of my life.

I had gotten a reputation for being fair but being not afraid to interject myself in arguments that looked like they were escalating beyond normal. Yes, young highschoolers will fight but here we have the arena where challenges can be made. Those were under the strict observation of the academy staff.

The interesting thing was that, another first, some of the girls in the academy were very interested in me. That is a whole other type of education. I did know that my real skill would not allow any permanent mate. That did not exclude more than casual relations.

I knew that it would happen someday. I knew that the boy that was expelled, would come after me. I now could sense that I was being observed. Not by a professional but someone that was stalking me like a hunter tracking a prey.

Rule in hunting, make sure of the direction of the wind. Anger makes this one ignore that rule. My training knows what to do. The only reason a hunter can get his kill is the fact that the hunted animal does not fight. They try to flee.

This game can fight.

He is angry and is only concentrating on me, not his surroundings. I am casually walking towards the beautiful vista. From here you are on a split rail fenced cliff that overlooks a wooded valley that seems to stretch forever. People come here to just look. Sometimes after dark couples come here, just to look.

I am at the fence looking at the view. I feel him creeping up on me. At the right moment I turn. In that split second, I confirm that we are alone and it is him. He started his charge with his hands up to push me over the edge. In that split second he was dead. A broken neck. I stepped out of the way as his still in motion body breaks a rail and falls over the cliff.

Back in my room, I hear a commotion. I come out and the talk is that the kid that was expelled was just discovered at the bottom of the cliff. I ask how did they find him. I was told that the fence was broken towards the cliff side. They found his body busted up on the rocky floor.

“His life was in ruins because of what happened. It is the findings that he ran off the cliff on purpose. A clear case of suicide is the ruling.” Rod told me.

“It is a sorry day” I say to all those that were here, “when someone cannot realize that your life is not over just because of one mistake or action. Right Rod?”

He smiles at me and just says right.

“Anyone who is having those thoughts, please talk to someone. Mistakes are just that mistakes. Suicide is not the answer. Need to talk, Rod here has been there and pulled himself back. Look at him now as opposed to how he was on the first day. This man is changed. Who here has not had him help at times, without you even asking?”

More than half raise their hands.

“To the rest of you, he will be watching for just that right moment. Right big guy.” I slap his arm. Rod just smiles.

He is the biggest change over all the time we spent at the academy. Kids have dropped out. That girl that was the burglar dropped out because she and the career direction they were pushing was polar opposite of what she wanted. A few of the others also went their way.

Rod however met his match. His skill was warrior. With his personality, you would never guess because he has met someone that now makes him her teddy bear. She is really in love with the big guy and he with her.

Shortly after we graduated, they declared that they were mates. He went to work for her father and soon showed his leadership and eventually took over the business so his father in law could retire. He never went to battle with the exception of the current construction job. He always worked harder than any of his employees. They also loved working for him.

As for me, I left those girls behind because I was told that now I had the experience to start my real skill.

My new life

Having that woman as my mentor, my boss, has many perks and also many tasks. After I graduated, I was now a full adult. I even looked a man of late twenties even though I am just twenty.

I have a home in the rural community. It is not quite a city but not like the backwoods. Paved roads, stores and such. In other words we are not crowded in so tight that we share a roll of toilet paper at an elbow's reach between two houses.

The street has been given the memory of me being here for many years. They know that I do have to travel so they all will watch my house as I do when they go out. What they do not know is that this neighborhood is under the protection of that woman.

The way I live, you would not know it. I normally am a delightful person but I don't tolerate bigots. I have been known to debate up a storm but only with people that do not take it to a personal level. Do that and it is over. Never try to talk to me again. You will get a cold shoulder.

I am that guy that will wheel my barbeque out to the side walk pull the cooler out and just cook up a storm. By now, the whole street knows to come on over and enjoy good eats. Most of them will bring something over for all. It usually happens after I return from my travels.

They all know that my skill is needed all over and I do a thorough investigation of the circumstances the render a fair decision. Always just based on the facts. No decision of mine has ever been overturned. As far as my neighbors know, I am in demand and I am paid well.

That pay is not rubbed in their noses either. I have been known to come to the aid when one of my neighbors are in trouble. Sickness and such, I have been known to monetarily help out with only "pay it forward" as a requirement.

Yes, they do not know that major reason I go out but that is not the reason I do what I do. I do what I do so I can live on this street with good neighbors and live in peace.

Once I get an assignment, I have a group that I trust to take care of the things at home because I go out on business and do not know exactly how long I am gone. Mail needs to be daily collected, lawns and bushes to be watched after and such. All my bills are paid by my accountant. Those bills go directly to them.

Now I have my next assignment. Everyone is notified.

The drag strip

There is a father son team that has been preying on unsuspecting people. They run a back water drag strip. They have found ways of stealing the dragsters from the owners. They then either strip them down and sell them as parts or completely strip the shell to bare and primer it. Then sell it as a whole car.

They have killed when necessary. Most of the time, they just bully by intimidation. They have crossed the line and have been deemed unsalvageable. Time to ask the neighbors to watch my home.

As per my ritual, I must know all about every aspect of drag racing and the terms for each piece. The only way I can do that for this job is to build one myself. It must be something that they see as profitable and I must look the part of someone that can be easily bullied but can put up a poor bluff.

I went to a different drag strip and saw a yellow VW bug that had been modified. All the necessary safety features were already in it. The owner was actually one of the targets. It was the son. I went into my act and now was a person who wanted to get into drag racing but on the low end.

He started to go over the features and I deliberately misnamed a few parts but with the confidence of a person faking it. The son went along with it and then we agreed on a price, trailer included. Now came what I really wanted.

“I don’t feel comfortable learning how to drive this at a big track like this one. Would you happen to know of a lesser known strip that I can do some runs to get to know this car?”

He bit on my hook. “My father and I own a small strip in Klivis. Only the locals but I invite you to come. Since I sold it to you, I invite you to come and spend the day. Free runs all day.” He hands me a complimentary business card stating just that.

“Give this to the pit gate. I look forward to having you there.”

We shake and he helps me hook the trailer to my pickup. I drive away and I am now in my personal warehouse. I need to go over every aspect of the car. I need to see the true condition of the car. Fortunately, I take great precautions to protect myself. The pick up has a tracking devise canceller.

I do not trust anyone or anything involved with an assignment. Even the people I do work for.

There was what I expected. A tracking devise that was within the homemade fuel cell. That cell was removed and I drove it to a few towns away and threw it in a parts store dumpster. I had shown the store the one I brought and told them that I wanted a professionally manufactured one. They had one and I bought it. I asked them if I could throw the handmade one in their dumpster. They said it was okay.

Now if they tried to steal the car, all they would find is the cell in the dumpster of a parts store. It would be something that they should expect from someone that bought the VW. homemade verses professional. I never present myself as a make due person. More like a naive spoiled rich man.

I go through every part of that car and trailer. I did not find any other trackers but I did find some built in sabotage items that a normal person would not look for or normally find. The biggest one is the electronic ignition. There was a cleverly disguised component that would cause a break in the electrical system. I left it in but now I know the sequence of their manipulating me actions.

There needed to be some externally visible changes. A few new decals. An almost too tall rear spoiler and the classic large circle number on the doors. It was this side of tacky. I am satisfied and now must study every inch of their drag strip.

My profession is basically described as obsession. I never am ready until I have every bit of information. To that end, I have access to the best information systems. I watch a few days if their operation. Not just the race days but those days that they are just operating normally.

Satellites are wonderful. Especially those that the government does not want you to know about. I can see the dirty label of their undershirt. When they are not racing, they operate that hot part sales out of that long barn.

Race day, they had a pattern. Tow the trailer to another area and when that owner came to the pits, there would be an exchange of words, then the son and the owner would go and retrieve the trailer. While they were doing that, the car would be taken into the barn. Then the father would sit in front of the door and just smile.

The one thing that I saw was that it looks like everyone there, with the exception of the mark, are employed by the father son team. The spectators, racers and crews, all were there on days other than race day.

There are no innocent ones there. I do not need to worry about innocents. I never see any women or children there. For a local track, this would not be a question. Now I am ready. Show time

I drive in with my car in tow. I am warmly greeted by the son. There was a group in the pit area that wanted to see what I had. I know that they were looking to see if their little surprises were still in place. I would bet that they had retrieved the fuel cell from that dumpster. .

Now I was in the staging area. I made a fair run and made a show of making a few tweaks. Always with the crew observing me. They did not know that I had rigged their distributor to show me in the driver's seat that they gave the signal. When I get the signal I work the gas pedal to make it look like their item was working.

After the first two runs, I suspected that the next one or two run, they would trigger the remote. I made sure that I never went back to the pit after that first time. That gives them time to tow the trailer away. Now for what I practiced in the warehouse.

I take the line and get my green. The light goes on. Flashing and I flutter the gas in tune to the light. I come back to the staging line. Look at the system and when asked, I tell them that I need another run to see if it is a true problem. They agree.

The next run, the light comes on and stays on. I kill the engine and coast until I see the light go out. I am still rolling so I jump start and head for the pits. As expected, my trailer is gone.

"Where the hell is my trailer?" I yell. The son comes over and tells me that there was some irritating noise coming from it.

"We did not want to disturb the pits so we towed it away. Let's walk and I'll show you what it is doing. "

We walk a far piece and there it was, still hooked to a tractor parked by a plow setup. There is no noise and he looks puzzled. "I guess that the battery must have worn down." He said and then motioned me to ride the trailer back to the pits.

Wonder of wonders, the VW is gone and the fat fuck of a father is sitting on his lawn chair in front of their barn doors. The son sits next to him. I ask them where is my car? I am told to just get in my truck and leave.

"Never come back. Never get anyone else involved or you will just disappear in the pig sty."

All laugh at me. Now for my obvious bluff. "If that VW is not on the trailer in one minute, you will regret it." I pull out a remote. It purposely is a garage door opener. "I have a pound of C4 that will destroy that barn.

Guns are out and again the instructions are given. I shrug and get in the truck and drive as they all laugh. All of them are with the two. Right where they need to be. I am now on the road and stop. They cannot see me stopped. I hit the button and the explosion was magnificent. I lied. There were three pounds. I do not do anything just enough.

We are in the very description of remote. I drive back and the destruction is complete. They all must have stuck around because all that were there are dead. Just a mangled vestige of what used to be people. There was not a building left.

Time to drive away. Job complete.

When I make it back to the warehouse, the internet was alive with the news that an illegal chop shop was completely destroyed in what must have been a vapor buildup. All that were in there were killed. That was the requirement of the contract. I never tell them how but tell them that they need to be able to immediately come up with a natural explanation of the incident'

Whenever possible, they always look like an accident.

I get home and, as usual, I throw a party to thank the neighborhood for watching my home. They do love me as a good neighbor. I have bought a few adjoining vacant lots on the block and have them made into a small park with swings for the children.

I am a very good, respectful neighbor with a job that needs me to travel.

Rip off contractor

I have a very good neighborhood. All are very nice people. Like any neighborhood, there are the squabbles but they never degenerate to the level of hostility. They all know of my public skill. They all know that I will listen and make a fair decision but they also know that I will explain why.

Usually my explanations are purposely long because the ones that they should settle themselves, will be because of the need to have to listen to exactly why they should have settled it themselves.

Again, when I come back from an assignment, I always throw a street party for them to show my gratitude for them just being my friends.

It was at that party that an elderly couple are looking sad. I ask them what is wrong.

“We have to move. We don’t want to but we can no longer afford to stay in our home.” They seem reluctant to explain but I feel that I know why. It is their house. I could tell that they needed to fix it but did not have the funds to do the repairs.

“Listen, I have a very good friend that is a carpenter. It money is the problem, I know he will give you a very reasonable quote and will let you pay over a long period of time. I’ll call him.”

The husband tells me that it is the problem but it is not. “We had a man stop and ask us if he could look around and give them a very nice offer to fix our home problems. He gave us a price and it was good but more than we could afford. He had recommended that we contact our bank and arrange a loan. He sounded really nice when he said that it would be for the materials. He would let us make payments on the labor. The material cost was fifteen thousand and labor the same. He wanted the material cost up front. We did and we have not seen him since. Now we cannot afford to live here and need to sell to pay the material loan off. We can’t afford to live.”

His wife is crying. The neighbors tell me that the couple were happy and told them that they were relieved to have the house fixed for such a good price.

I’ve heard enough. I take out my phone and call my friend.

“Rod, I have a favor to ask.” I explain the situation. He really is pissed. That contractor is prowling the surrounding communities and pulling the same scam. Quote, get the materials money and leaves. He tells me that he will be right over.

Within an hour, he is here and I show him the house. Then comes to us and tells the old couple that he will fix their house for the good of the true contractors reputation. They