Failure Is Not an Option

He stood against a large out cropping of rocks. The moon was in its pinnacle casting large enough shadows to hide his long lanky frame. Keen eyes observed the large army camping just a few meters away. It was much larger than Intel had alleged to.

‘Just goes to show you, if you can’t do something right don’t even bother with it’ he thought. The only ability that truly suited him had always been espionage. He’d acquired the skill by hiding from school bullies.

‘If they could only see me now I bet they’d run for the hills.’

Before him lay brigands of soldiers both men and women trapped in a half-life. This was what true darkness did to their hosts. It fed off their souls and spat out empty carcasses to join the undead hoards. Then they turned on the masses feasting on their friends and families. They weren’t zombies per say just demonized souls caught in the darkness.

Above him the sky threatened to open and streaks of electricity leapt from cloud to cloud not yet hitting the ground. Gusts of wind lifted stray strands of pitch black to dance before deep dark eyes. Eyes that had once been so full of fear and uncertainty were now battle hardened and shone with determination.

He slid through the shadows as easily as he had before, seeming to meld with the shadows themselves. After all it would not due the rebellion any good if their supposed savior was caught fraternizing with the enemy even if he was just being himself.

He was a spy through and through not the absurd notion of a savoir!

He wasn’t the saving kind these people needed, that had been his brother’s mantel. He had never led anyone. He wasn’t the leading kind either. No his thing was hiding behind shadows and plotting revenge. Jason was the savior not him.

‘They had to be mistaken and since we’re twins I was dragged through time to fit the shoes of my brother!’

Since he had first arrived, he’d been thrust into this savior crap. He’d been forced to kill an innocent child due to being infected with darkness. He had been drenched in blood non stop. The worst had been seeing the sickening way the dark would invade a person’s soul, the way it ripped open its host and literally sucked the soul out of you. It was all he could do not to lose any sanity remaining. He wasn’t caught up to be a savior. Add to all the fact of even hefting a broadsword just wasn’t done in his time and you had a recipe for disaster waiting to happen.

‘The kidnapper really fucked up in picking me as the savior. I couldn’t lead a rooster to the coup’

He was an ordinary man, with an ordinary name Jaime who had literally been dragged from a field trip to the zoo, to this…place. Here it was just sand and rocks in other words; this was Earth or one of the parallel earth’s futures. It had fallen on him a fifteen year old to restore balance to the universe by ridding them of darkness. A shade made of chaos that invaded humans to steal their soul as impossible as that sounded. Except he had seen it happen, had felt it happen to him.

He would’ve been just another victim except he wasn’t. Somehow the shade parasite couldn’t invade his body. He was immune it seemed to these parasites. That’s how he was labeled as the savior, that and a stupid mole in the shape of a ten pointed star…if you looked at it backward and upside down! Nope, no savior material here just a mistake of identity. Still once he saw, once he experienced a parasite invade him, he had to fight back. There was no other way to it. He had to fight to survive and he fought on to save innocent souls.

So they took advantage of the mishap and slapped an army on his back, made him commander in chief of every living soul and threw him to the wolves to train him in combat.

‘More like torture the little brat’

And he had been a brat once. He was different now. Ten years would have to change something. Now he truly was the savior whether he liked it or not and now he had to lead his men to another battle. Worse this would be the final battle of mankind against an unstoppable source of evil.

He had no choice but to stop it and destroy it once and for all.

And he would win…failure was not an option.