

SENTRY: BLOODLINES

Jett Sentry was nursing a scorched hand and a bruised ego. Last night's taco shell disaster had left his right hand wrapped in gauze and his pride wrapped in regret. A quiet Saturday had begun. Cartoons played softly from the TV. The sun filtered gently through half-open blinds. His dad was at the kitchen table, typing away on his crusty old laptop. All seemed painfully normal—until the door exploded inward.

Boots pounded. Guns gleamed. Jett barely registered the blur of motion before a man in a sleek charcoal suit strode into the living room. Kaiser. The name meant nothing to Jett then, but it would soon tattoo itself onto his future.

*Two guards seized Jett's mother as Kaiser raised a silent pistol. His dad stood up, hands trembling, voice cracking: “The money is coming, just give—”
BANG.*

The shot echoed through the room like thunder in a canyon. Jett's father's body crumpled beside the couch, lifeless and still. His mother, screaming, was dragged away. Kaiser vanished without a trace. Just silence. No warning. No reason.

Seconds later, Mrs. Lin from next door burst in. “Oh my god. Jett?” Her voice cut through the fog of trauma. But Jett barely moved. All he could see was blood. All he could feel was rage.

And as night fell, Jett opened his father's laptop—hands shaking—and found a single file blinking like a warning signal. SENTRY INITIATIVE.

This wasn't just a tragic story. It was a calling.

Jett jolted upright, drenched in sweat. His chest heaved like he'd just outrun a sniper's bullet. The room was dim, sterile, quiet—except for his pounding heartbeat. His eyes darted to the silver badge glinting on the nightstand. CADET SENTRY – BLACK DIVISION.

*"It was just a dream," he muttered aloud, voice hoarse.
"Just a dream."*

The dream always began the same way: the door shattering, Kaiser's silent pistol, and his father collapsing in a pool of red. The taco shells never made it back in the dream. The screams always did.

A sharp knock. The reinforced steel door hissed open.

Commander Reyes stepped in—scarred, stoic, and never one for bedtime sympathies. "You okay, Mr. Sentry?" His voice carried more weight than concern.

Jett wiped his face, already composing himself. "Had that dream again."

Reyes nodded slowly. "Kaiser."

"He should rot in the abyss," Jett said, each word sharp as glass.

Reyes didn't flinch. "Then let's make sure he finds it."

Jett laced up his boots with military precision. Every buckle, every strap, perfectly aligned—Black Division didn’t tolerate wrinkles, and neither did he. He slipped on his jet-black cadet uniform, slid his badge into its sleeve, and tucked the SENTRY pin just beneath his collar. It was showtime, whether he felt ready or not.

The mess hall buzzed with the low hum of voices, trays clattering, and cadets swapping war stories. Jett entered with a calm, unreadable face—until fate had other plans.

He wasn’t even three steps in when his shoulder brushed something solid. Something wide. Something unbending.

Boom.

Jett turned and locked eyes with Brick Talon—the meaniest, strongest cadet in the entire compound. Muscle on muscle, ego on overload. Brick’s tray hit the floor like a declaration.

“You trying to throw elbows now, rookie?” Brick growled, towering over Jett. A crowd formed instantly.

“It was an accident,” Jett replied coolly. “Stay alert and it wouldn’t have happened.”

Brick smirked. “Sounds like you’re threatening me.”

Another voice piped in—Rhett, Brick’s ever-loyal hype man. “Yo, he totally shoved Brick!”

Jett’s jaw tightened. The accusation spread fast, like static down the wire.

Commander Reyes stormed into the hall like thunder.
“SENTRY. My office. Now.”

Jett didn’t flinch. But inside? Fury coiled around his ribs. He was no bully. And he knew exactly what this was: a setup

Jett turned from the mess hall scene, ignoring the echo of snickers and tension behind him. He walked away slow—deliberate—like someone who’d seen a thousand fights and had nothing to prove.

Brick wasn’t done.

Rage flaring, the bully lunged with a haymaker aimed squarely at Jett’s temple.

But Jett didn’t flinch.

His injured hand still pulsing beneath gauze, Jett spun without turning his head. His other arm shot out like lightning—grabbing Brick’s wrist mid-air, backward, and halting the punch with surgical precision.

One twist.

One pivot.

CRACK.

Brick screamed as his arm bent the wrong way, dislocating with a sound that silenced the whole cafeteria. Jett stepped aside, letting Brick crumple to the floor clutching his shoulder.

Reyes watched from the entrance, eyes wide. “I—what... What the hell are they teaching you in Black Division?”

Jett didn't smile. He didn't gloat. He just walked to the cafeteria line and grabbed a tray like nothing happened.

"Cadet Sentry," Reyes muttered under his breath, "might be the most dangerous 14-year-old I've ever met."

The scent of gunpowder hung heavy in the air. Jett stood calm, focused, unmoved by the cacophony of firing around him. The shooting range buzzed with cadets trying to prove themselves—some eager, some terrified. Jett? He just... was.

The target slid into place.

Jett raised his pistol.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

Each shot struck dead center. Bullseye after bullseye. Not even a millimeter of error. A hush fell around his lane.

Commander Reyes watched from behind the observation glass, arms crossed. His assistant leaned over.

"Sir, that's his twelfth perfect set."

Reyes didn't blink. "He's beyond Black Division. Let's move him up."

"Gold Division?"

Reyes nodded. "Effective immediately."

Meanwhile, a few lanes down, Jett's buddy George struggled a bit. Two shots veered off-center. He grimaced but held steady. The third hit closer. The fourth landed clean.

Reyes tapped the clipboard. "Silver Division. Kid's got grit."

Jett exited the booth, his expression unreadable. George jogged over, grinning despite the sweat.

“Gold, huh?” George chuckled. “Guess lunch is on you now.”

Jett smirked faintly. “Better save up. Gold Division’s cafeteria charges double.”

The promotion wasn’t just an upgrade. It was a signal. Jett was climbing faster than anyone ever had. And someone—somewhere—was starting to notice.

That night, Jett received his new uniform—sleek black stitched with metallic gold trim. A single emblem sat on the left chest: a falcon in mid-dive. The symbol of Gold Division.

Inside the barracks, whispers circulated. Word spread fast. A twelve-set rookie bypassing standard clearance protocols? Unheard of. George flopped onto his bunk, tossing his gear bag aside.

“You know what this means, right?” he said, looking up at Jett.

Jett didn’t respond immediately. He stared at the falcon emblem, fingers brushing it lightly.

“They’ll be watching me now. Closer than ever.”

George chuckled. “You saying you weren’t already on their radar? After the Black Division stunt last month?”

Jett didn’t smile. “Gold means no more shadows. Everything’s out in the open. If I slip...”

“You won’t.” George sat up. “They call you Jett for a reason.”

At that exact moment, deep within the Division’s central data vault, a program tagged “Protocol Helix” lit up with a new entry. Subject ID: Jett. Clearance override: Initiated.

And in a cold, dimly lit control room half a world away, a masked figure leaned forward, eyes narrowing at the flickering screen.

“It begins.”

Commander Reyes stood at the edge of the training deck, arms folded, watching Jett finish his final sprint. The young operative slowed to a halt, sweat glistening on his brow, his breath steady but sharp.

“Jett,” Reyes called out, voice clipped and serious. “Mr. Undeshusky needs to see you. Now.”

Jett raised an eyebrow. “Did he say what it’s about?”

Reyes shook his head. “Just said it’s urgent. Vault-level clearance override just pinged your ID. That’s not routine.”

Jett grabbed his jacket from the bench, the weight of the words settling in. Vault-level overrides weren’t just rare—they were ominous.

He made his way through the Division’s labyrinthine corridors, past biometric checkpoints and silent sentries. The deeper he went, the colder the air became, as if the walls themselves were holding secrets too heavy to bear.

Finally, he reached the door: matte black, unmarked, except for a single glowing panel. He placed his hand on the scanner. It pulsed once, then slid open with a hiss.

Inside, Mr. Undeshusky sat behind a sleek obsidian desk, fingers steepled, eyes unreadable. The room was minimalist—no windows, no distractions. Just a single screen behind him displaying a rotating helix of data.

“Jett,” Undeshusky said without looking up. “Sit. We have a situation.”

The door hissed shut behind Jett as he stepped into the sterile, dimly lit office. Mr. Undeshusky sat behind his obsidian desk, fingers steepled, the rotating helix of data casting eerie reflections across his face.

Jett moved cautiously, his instincts prickling. Something about this room felt wrong. And then Undeshusky spoke.

“You seem... unsettled.”

The voice hit Jett like a punch to the chest. That accent. German. Precise. Cold. Familiar.

He didn’t sit.

Undeshusky gestured calmly to the chair.

“Bitte, sit down. Ve have much to discuss.”

Jett lowered himself slowly, eyes locked on the man across from him. The voice was unmistakable. It wasn’t just similar—it was identical to the one he’d heard the night his world burned.

“Kaiser,” Jett said, barely above a whisper.

Undeshusky’s expression didn’t change.

“Ah... zat name. It echoes, doesn’t it?”

Jett’s heart pounded. The dossier on the screen behind Undeshusky rotated slowly—KAISER – Status: Unknown. The coincidence was too sharp. Too perfect.

But Undeshusky said nothing more. He simply tapped the screen, and the helix collapsed into a new file: Protocol Helix – Subject: Jett.

“You vere activated for a reason,” Undeshusky said, voice smooth.

“Und now... it is time you learn vhat zat reason truly is.”

Undeshusky tapped a command into the desk console, and the screen behind him shifted. The helix dissolved into a series of classified files—each marked with a name, a photo, and a designation: V.I.P. Dependent.

Jett leaned forward, eyes scanning the list. Young faces. Some are familiar. Some unknown. All tied to powerful figures across global defense, intelligence, and diplomacy.

“Protocol Helix,” Undeshusky began, his voice low and deliberate,

“is not just a program. It is a shield. A network of ze children of ze world’s most critical assets. Protected. Hidden. Trained—if necessary.”

Jett’s brow furrowed. “So I’m not the only one?”

Undeshusky nodded slowly.

“Nein. You are one of many. But your assignment... is unique.”

He tapped again, and one profile expanded: Izabella Lukens. Age: 13. Daughter of Commander Luke Lukens, Supreme Military Strategist, North Atlantic Defense Coalition.

Her photo showed a girl with sharp eyes and a quiet strength. Not a civilian. Not entirely.

**“Izabella,” Undeshusky said,
“is not just any dependent. She is ze keystone. If anything happens to her, ze balance of military power across three continents could collapse.”**

Jett stared at the screen. “And I’m supposed to protect her?”

“Ja,” Undeshusky replied.

“You vere chosen. Not just for your skill—but for your past. You know vhat it means to lose everything. You vill not let it happen again.”

Jett stared at the screen, Izabella’s profile glowing softly in the dim room. Age: 13. Daughter of Commander Luke Lukens. Her photo showed a girl with sharp eyes and a quiet strength—young, but not fragile.

**“Izabella,” Undeshusky said,
“is not just any dependent. She is ze keystone. If anything happens to her, ze balance of military power across three continents could collapse.”**

Jett's jaw tightened. The weight of the assignment pressed down on him—but before he could speak, the door behind him slid open with a soft hiss.

He turned.

A girl stepped into the room, flanked by two silent agents. Her dark hair was pulled back in a tight braid, her posture straight, her eyes scanning the room with quiet calculation.

Izabella.

She looked younger than her photo—but her gaze was sharper in person. She paused when she saw Jett, and for a moment, the room seemed to still.

Jett locked eyes with her. Neither spoke.

There was no handshake. No introduction. Just a silent exchange—two lives pulled into a mission neither asked for.

Undeshusky stood slowly.

“Izabella, zis is Jett. He vill be your protector. Your shadow.”

Izabella’s eyes didn’t leave Jett’s.

“I don’t need a shadow,” she said, her voice steady.

Jett didn’t blink. “Too bad. You’ve got one.”

Izabella stepped further into the room, her arms crossed, chin lifted just slightly. The agents behind her remained at the door, silent and watchful.

“I said I don’t need a protector,” she repeated, her voice firmer now.

“I’ve trained with my father’s elite. I can handle myself.”

Undeshusky didn’t flinch. He walked slowly around the desk, hands clasped behind his back, his boots clicking softly against the floor.

**“Zat may be true,” he said, accent thickening,
“but ze threat is not just physical. It is psychological.
Strategic. You are not just a target—you are leverage.”**

Izabella’s eyes narrowed. “So you think I’m weak?”

**“Nein,” Undeshusky replied, stopping just short of her.
“I think you are valuable. Und valuable things must be protected.”**

Jett watched the exchange silently, noting how Izabella’s jaw clenched, how her fingers curled slightly at her sides. She wasn’t used to being spoken to like this.

“My father didn’t approve this,” she said.

Undeshusky raised a brow.

“Your father initiated it. Protocol Helix is not a request—it is a command.”

Izabella glanced at Jett again, frustration flickering in her eyes. “He’s just a kid.”

Jett stepped forward, voice calm but firm. “So are you.”

Undeshusky turned to face them both.

“You vill learn to trust each other. Because if you don’t... you vill both die.”

The room fell silent.

Izabella looked away first, her expression unreadable. Jett didn’t move.

**“You leave for Site Echo in one hour,” Undeshusky said.
“Dismissed.”**

The room remained heavy with silence after Undeshusky’s final words. Izabella stood stiffly, her gaze fixed on the floor, while Jett’s mind raced.

He glanced at her, then back at Undeshusky.

**“Undeshusky...” Jett said slowly,
“Maybe she’s right. I am just a kid. She can handle herself.”**

Izabella looked up, surprised. Not at the words—but at the fact that he said them aloud.

Undeshusky’s expression didn’t change. He turned slowly, walked back around the desk, and sat down with deliberate calm.

Then he leaned forward, eyes locked on Jett’s.

**“If you talk back to me one more time,” he whispered, voice low and venomous,
“I vill ruin your career. You vill vanish from ze Division.
From ze records. From ze vorld.”**

Jett didn’t flinch, but his jaw tightened.

Undeshusky leaned back, smoothing his jacket.

“You are not here to question orders. You are here to obey them.”

Izabella’s eyes flicked between the two, her earlier defiance now tempered by something else—curiosity. Maybe even concerned.

Jett nodded once, slowly. “Understood.”

Undeshusky stood.

“Good. Now get ready. Ze transport leaves in fifty minutes.”

Jett turned on his heel and walked toward the door, Izabella following silently. Neither spoke as they stepped into the corridor, the heavy door sliding shut behind them with a hiss.

The hallway was quiet, sterile, lit by pale overhead strips. Jett glanced sideways at Izabella, but she didn’t look at him. Her expression was unreadable—somewhere between defiance and calculation.

Inside the office, the silence lingered for a moment longer.

Then Undeshusky let out a low, chilling laugh. Not loud. Not theatrical. Just enough to echo off the walls like a blade being unsheathed.

He turned to the two Elite guards still standing at attention near the far wall. Their faces were blank, but their eyes flicked toward him.

“Activate Operation Fourteen,” Undeshusky said, voice smooth and cold.

“Make sure ze girl never reaches Site Echo unobserved. And if ze boy interferes...”

He paused, letting the silence stretch.

“...remove him.”

The guards nodded once and exited without a word.

Undeshusky leaned back in his chair, eyes gleaming at the helix still rotating on the screen.

“Let ze game begin.”

The black Ford Expedition cruised down a remote highway, its windows tinted, its engine humming low beneath the silence inside. In the back seat, Jett sat on the left, arms crossed, eyes fixed on the horizon. Izabella sat on the right, legs tucked slightly to the side, her gaze locked on the passing trees.

Up front, two Elite guards drove in silence—faces unreadable, movements precise. The air between the teens was thick with unspoken frustration.

Izabella broke first.

“You know I don’t need your help,” she said, not looking at him.

Jett didn’t turn. “I didn’t sign up for this.”

She scoffed. “Then why are you here?”

Jett finally glanced at her. “Because someone decided I was useful. Not because I wanted to babysit a general’s daughter.”

Izabella’s eyes narrowed. “I’m not a child.”

Jett leaned back, voice low. “You’re thirteen.”

“And you’re fifteen. That makes you what—my wise old mentor?”

Jett didn’t respond. The silence returned, heavier now.

Outside, the trees thinned, revealing a stretch of open terrain. The sun dipped lower, casting long shadows across the road.

Izabella shifted slightly, arms hugging her knees. “I don’t trust them,” she said quietly, nodding toward the front seats.

Jett followed her gaze. The guards hadn’t spoken once since they left the compound. Their movements were too synchronized. Too rehearsed.

“Neither do I,” he said.

The Ford Expedition rolled past a faded green street sign: Slauson Avenue.

Jett’s brow furrowed. He leaned forward slightly, eyes narrowing at the road ahead.

“Wait... this isn’t the Boulevard,” he muttered.

“Yo, dude. Wrong turn.”

The Elite guard in the passenger seat didn't respond. Instead, he reached down slowly, hand sliding into a compartment between the seats.

Jett's eyes widened. "Hell no."

He lunged forward, grabbing the guard's wrist just as the man pulled out a sleek black sedation dart. The guard twisted, trying to jab it into Jett's neck, but Jett slammed his elbow into the man's ribs, knocking the dart loose.

The driver swerved, trying to keep the SUV steady, but Jett's momentum threw the vehicle off balance. The driver reached back with one arm, trying to jab another dart blindly into Jett's side.

Jett twisted, grabbed the man's forearm, and shoved it upward—just as the SUV veered off the road and rolled to a grinding stop in a cloud of dust.

Izabella had ducked low, bracing herself against the seat. Her eyes were wide, but her voice was steady.

"What the hell is going on?"

Jett kicked open the rear door, dragging the passenger guard halfway out with him. "We're not going to Site Echo."

The driver reached for something under the dash.

Izabella scrambled out the other side, crouching behind the SUV. "Jett!"

Jett turned, adrenaline surging. "Run!"

The driver lunged from the front seat, a second dart in hand, eyes cold and mechanical. Jett didn't hesitate. He grabbed the door frame, swung his legs up, and kicked the man square in the chest, sending him sprawling onto the pavement.

The agent tried to rise, but Jett was already on him. He snatched the dart from the man's hand and drove it into his thigh. The sedative hissed, and within seconds, the agent's limbs went slack.

Jett stood over him, breathing hard, dust clinging to his jacket.

Izabella peeked around the back of the SUV. "Is he out?"

Jett nodded. "For now."

He climbed into the front seat and yanked the cruiser's radio from the dash. Static crackled, then a voice came through.

"Division Command, this is Jett. Escort compromised. Requesting immediate extraction. Coordinates pinged."

There was a pause. Then a reply:

"Copy that, Jett. Sit tight. Commander Reyes is en route."

Minutes later, another black SUV roared down the street, tires screeching as it pulled up beside them. The back door flew open, and Commander Reyes stepped out, eyes scanning the scene.

"You alright?" he asked, voice sharp.

Jett nodded, guiding Izabella toward the new vehicle.
“We’re good. But those weren’t our guys.”

Reyes looked down at the unconscious agent, then back at Jett.

“You did good, kid. Real good.”

He opened the rear door. “Get in. We’ll get you both to Site Echo.”

Izabella climbed in first, still silent but watching Jett closely. As Jett slid in beside her, Reyes turned to the driver.

“Let’s move. And tell HQ—Operation Fourteen has failed.”

The driver nodded, pulling away from the scene as Reyes closed the door behind him.

Jett leaned back in his seat, unaware of the storm he’d just survived.

The Ford Expedition surged through the streets of Los Angeles, its engine humming like a warning. Inside, the silence was louder than the traffic outside.

Izabella, 13, sat in the backseat, her eyes darting between the front seats. Reyes, in the passenger seat, kept glancing back at her and Jett—too often, too deliberately. The driver, K, was muttering under his breath, his grip on the wheel unnaturally tight.

She leaned toward Jett, her voice barely above a whisper. “Do you feel it?”

Jett, 15, opened one eye, then the other. Calm. Focused.
“Feel what?”

“Something’s off,” she said. “Reyes keeps looking at us. And K... he’s not driving toward HQ.”

Jett shrugged slightly, his tone measured. “They’re probably just tense. Debrief nerves.”

Izabella frowned. Jett was young, but he’d already earned his stripes as a cadet. Still, she trusted her instincts—and they were screaming.

“I don’t know,” she murmured. “K said something weird. ‘Tell HQ... Operation Fourteen has failed.’ That’s not a code I’ve ever heard.”

Jett tilted his head, thoughtful. “Could be above our clearance.”

“No,” she said firmly. “My father would’ve told me. Undeshusky too. It’s not real. It’s a cover.”

Reyes shifted in his seat, turning just enough to meet her gaze. His eyes locked with hers—too long, too intense.

He’d heard her.

Izabella sat up straighter, her heart thudding. Reyes wasn’t just watching. He was listening. Calculating.

Jett noticed her change in posture. “You okay?”

She nodded slowly, eyes still on Reyes. “I think he knows I’m suspicious.”

Reyes turned back toward the windshield, but his jaw clenched. His fingers twitched—barely—but Izabella caught it.

Jett leaned back, his expression unreadable, but his mind now alert. If Izabella was right, they weren't just off-course.

They were being hunted.

The SUV rolled deeper into the industrial outskirts of LA, far from the usual routes to HQ. The buildings outside grew older, more abandoned. Inside, the tension was thickening.

Izabella kept her eyes on Reyes, her instincts screaming louder with every passing second. Jett, now fully alert, shifted slightly in his seat, his gaze narrowing on Reyes's back.

Something wasn't right.

Jett's eyes scanned the uniform. Reyes wore the standard black tuxedo issued to field agents—sleek, pressed, and unmistakable. But this one... wasn't quite right.

There was a faint gray sheen to the fabric, almost imperceptible unless you were trained to notice. The stitching was off—slightly uneven at the collar. And then there was the smell.

Jett leaned forward just a bit, nostrils flaring.

Stale blood. Faint, but present. Mixed with something else—decay.

He whispered, “You’re right.”

Izabella turned to him, eyebrows raised.

“They’re not real agents,” Jett murmured. “Fake suits. Not standard issue. Smell of decay. Stitching’s wrong. Color’s off.”

Izabella’s breath caught.

Jett’s hand moved slowly, deliberately, toward his sidearm. He didn’t draw it—just rested his fingers on the grip, ready.

Reyes shifted again, and Jett’s eyes locked onto a small tear near the shoulder seam. It had been patched, but poorly. No agent would let their uniform fall into that kind of disrepair.

“They’re imposters,” Jett said, voice low and steady. “And they’ve already failed once.”

Izabella nodded, her voice barely audible. “Then why are they still driving us somewhere?”

Jett’s grip tightened.

“Because they’re not done trying.”

His hand moved slowly to his sidearm, resting on the grip.

Izabella leaned toward him, her voice barely audible. “They tried something. Operation Fourteen... it was about us.”

Jett opened his eyes slowly, gaze sharp. “I know.”

Izabella’s breath caught. “You knew?”

“I felt it the moment Reyes stepped into the car. He’s not just nervous. He’s defeated.”

Reyes shifted again, subtly reaching toward his jacket.

Jett’s hand moved faster, gripping his weapon beneath his coat.

“Don’t,” he said, voice low but razor-sharp.

Reyes froze.

K’s grip on the wheel tightened, his knuckles pale. “We weren’t supposed to fail,” he muttered. “She wasn’t supposed to have him.”

Izabella’s eyes narrowed. “You were sent to eliminate us.”

Reyes didn’t answer. He didn’t need to.

Jett leaned forward, his voice like steel. “Pull over. Now.”

K hesitated, then obeyed. The SUV screeched to a halt in a shadowed alleyway, surrounded by rusted fences and broken streetlights.

The silence that followed was suffocating.

Izabella stepped out first, her boots hitting the pavement with purpose. Jett followed, never taking his eyes off Reyes and K.

“You get one chance,” Izabella said, her voice cold and clear. “Tell me who sent you. Or we find out the hard way.”

The alley was silent except for the distant hum of traffic and the soft click of plastic as Jett tightened the zip ties around Reyes's wrists. Then K's.

Reyes didn't resist. K did—just enough to make it annoying.

"You're just a kid," K sneered, flexing against the restraints. "You don't even know how to do your job."

Jett cinched the last tie with a sharp tug and stood up, eyes cold. "I might be a kid," he said, "but I have one hell of a plan. Better than yours."

K scoffed but said nothing more.

Reyes leaned against the SUV, breathing heavily. "You know... Sentry. Undeshusky wasn't lying. You are a tough one. Just. Like. Your. Father."

Jett froze.

His jaw clenched. His hand twitched near his weapon.

"DON'T YOU DARE BRING HIM INTO THIS!" he shouted, voice echoing off the alley walls.

Reyes flinched, but a faint smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Izabella, inside the SUV, was hunched over the dashboard, fingers flying across the radio controls. Static crackled, then a burst of garbled voices.

"Come on..." she muttered. "Where's the secure channel..."

She glanced out the window, saw Jett standing rigid, fists clenched, eyes burning.

“Jett,” she called softly. “We need HQ. Focus.”

Jett took a breath. Then another. He stepped back from Reyes, eyes still locked on him.

“You don’t get to talk about him,” he said quietly. “Not after what you tried.”

Izabella finally found the channel. A clear voice came through.

“—Agent Sentry, come in. Status?”

She grabbed the mic. “This is Izabella. Agent Reyes and the driver—K—they’re imposters. Not real agents. We’ve detained them. Requesting extraction.”

Jett turned toward her, his expression hard but steady.

“We’re not done yet,” he said. “They know something. And I want answers.”

The alley remained cloaked in silence, broken only by the distant hum of the city. Izabella kept her grip on the radio, waiting for HQ’s response. Jett stood guard, eyes locked on Reyes and K.

Then, the low growl of an engine echoed down the alley.

A sleek black sedan rolled into view, its windows tinted, its body gleaming under the flickering streetlight. It came to a smooth stop just feet from the SUV.

The back door opened.

Jett's breath caught.

A tall figure stepped out—black vest, gray-striped shirt, polished shoes. For a moment, Jett thought it was Undeshusky.

But then he saw the eyes.

Cold. Calculating. Familiar.

It was Kaiser.

Reyes laughed, a bitter, broken sound. “Sentry, you are so dead.”

Jett turned slowly, eyes narrowing. “Undeshusky wouldn’t wear that shirt.”

Kaiser smiled. “Sentry... I thought you would have already found out.”

Jett’s grip tightened. “I knew something felt familiar about you.”

Kaiser stepped forward, hands behind his back, surveying the scene like a disappointed teacher. “You have disappointed me, Reyes.”

**„Du hast mich zum letzten Mal enttäuscht, du Idiot.“
 (“You have failed me for the last time, you idiot.”)**

Reyes stiffened. “Kaiser, this kid outsmarted us. You can’t just bla—”

BANG.

The gunshot echoed like thunder in the alley.

K collapsed, a single bullet through the skull. Jett didn't flinch. Izabella screamed, ducking behind the dashboard.

Kaiser lowered his pistol casually, the smoke curling from the barrel.

**"He did not mean anything anyway," Kaiser said, chuckling.
"Disposable. Like zee rest of you."**

Jett stepped in front of Izabella, shielding her with his body, eyes locked on Kaiser.

"You're not walking away from this," he said.

Kaiser tilted his head. "Oh, Sentry... I already have."

Reyes looked up at Kaiser, eyes wide with a flicker of desperation. "Wait—Kaiser, I can still—"

BANG.

The second shot rang out, louder than the first.

Reyes collapsed, lifeless, his body crumpling beside K's. No ceremony. No hesitation.

Jett's hand shot toward his sidearm.

But Kaiser was faster.

He lunged forward, grabbing Jett's wrist mid-draw and twisting it violently. Jett cried out, the weapon clattering to

the pavement as he dropped to his knees, pain shooting up his arm.

Kaiser stood over him, calm, composed, monstrous.

“You are brave, Sentry,” he said, voice low. “But bravery is not enough.”

He turned and walked toward the SUV, boots echoing against the cracked cement.

Izabella scrambled back inside, trying to reach the radio again—but Kaiser was already there.

He yanked the door open and grabbed her by the shirt collar, dragging her halfway out of the vehicle. Her feet kicked against the seat, hands clawing at the dashboard.

“You are zee daughter of a nuisance,” Kaiser sneered. “And now you vill be zee message.”

Izabella screamed, struggling against his grip.

Then—

CRACK.

Jett drove his elbow into Kaiser’s back with everything he had.

Kaiser staggered forward, releasing Izabella just enough for her to drop back into the seat.

Jett rose, arm still aching, but eyes blazing.

“You don’t touch her,” he growled.

Kaiser turned slowly, fury rising in his face.

Kaiser straightened, his spine cracking like a whip. Without a word, he pivoted and kicked Agent Sentry square under the jaw. The impact lifted Jett off his feet for a split second before he stumbled back, blood spraying from his mouth.

He barely had time to recover before Kaiser reached to his belt and unsheathed a switchblade, the steel glinting under the flickering streetlight.

“No more interruptions,” Kaiser hissed.

He lunged toward Izabella.

Jett, dazed and battered, threw himself between them.

SLASH.

The blade struck the burn on Jett’s right hand—an old wound, barely healed. The pain was blinding. Jett screamed, the sound echoing through the empty lot like a wounded animal.

A single tear escaped his eye, trailing down his cheek like a surrender he never wanted to give.

Kaiser’s eyes lit with fire—not rage, but ecstasy. He was feeding off the suffering.

Izabella sobbed uncontrollably, her cries sharp and jagged. It was no longer just fear—it was heartbreak, helplessness, horror. Her tears poured like rain, as if she could flood the entire city with her grief.

Jett's vision blurred. The world around him began to collapse—colors fading, sounds distorting. He felt the blade pull out, slow and deliberate, like Kaiser was savoring every second.

Kaiser laughed—a deep, guttural sound that felt like it came from the depths of hell.

Izabella screamed his name: "Jett!"

But he couldn't answer.

Not yet.

The room was dimly lit, the hum of the old ceiling fan barely masking the tension in the air. Young Jett—no older than eight—sat cross-legged on the floor, fiddling with a broken toy car. His father, a broad-shouldered man with kind eyes and a tired smile, stood at the stove, humming an old tune as he cooked.

Then the door slammed open.

A figure cloaked in black stormed in—Kaiser. His face was cold, unreadable. Jett's father turned, shielding his son instinctively.

"Kaiser?" he said, voice trembling. "What are you—"

The gunshot cut through the air like a scream.

Jett watched in frozen horror as his father crumpled to the ground, blood pooling around him. The toy car dropped from his hands. His ears rang. His breath caught. The world slowed.

Kaiser looked down at the boy, eyes devoid of mercy. “Remember this,” he said, voice like gravel. “Weakness dies first.”

Then he vanished.

Jett crawled to his father, shaking him, begging him to wake up. But the only response was silence—and the cold.

Jett’s eyes snapped open, the memory seared into his mind like the burn on his chest. The pain wasn’t just physical—it was legacy. His father’s death wasn’t just a tragedy. It was a promise.

“I remember,” he whispered, fists clenched. “And I’m not weak anymore.”

Smoke curled through the air. The scent of scorched metal and blood hung heavy. Jett lay on the ground, chest heaving, burns stinging like fire itself had claimed him.

Kaiser turned slowly, his coat billowing like a shadow that came alive. His eyes—once half-lidded with arrogance—snapped open, sharp and furious.

KAISER
(snarling)
“You’re still awake?!”

Jett gritted his teeth, forcing himself upright. His legs trembled, but he steadied himself—one hand gripping Izabella’s arm. She knelt beside him, eyes wide, breath caught in her throat.

And then she felt it.

Not just his pain. His purpose. Every scar, every bruise, every sleepless night of training—it was all for her. The agony in his body pulsed through her like a shared heartbeat.

She looked at him, truly looked, and saw the boy who had lost everything. The man who had rebuilt himself from ashes. The guardian her father had trusted with her life.

IZABELLA

(softly, realization dawning)

“You’d die for me...”

Jett didn’t answer. He didn’t need to.

Kaiser took a step forward, gun raised again.

IZABELLA

(to herself, voice trembling)

Now I know why my father insisted on a guard.

(beat)

He knew Kaiser was coming... for me.

Kaiser raised the pistol, cold eyes locked on Izabella.

KAISER

(low and merciless)

“You were always the endgame.”

The trigger clicked.

Jett

(roaring)

“NO!”

With a burst of adrenaline, Jett launched himself forward, body twisting mid-air. The bullet tore through the space he'd just occupied. He curled instinctively, landing hard on his side and rolling across the pavement, the burn on his chest screaming in protest.

Izabella gasped, her eyes wide with horror and awe. Jett had taken the shot meant for her.

KAISER

(furious)

“Don’t you screw me up again!”

He fired a second round.

But Jett was ready.

With a flick of his wrist, he hurled a silver badge—his own—from his belt. It spun through the air like a blade, catching the bullet with pinpoint precision.

CLANG!

The round ricocheted off the badge, veering off course—straight into Kaiser’s arm.

KAISER

(howling)

“AGHH!”

He staggered back, clutching his wound, eyes burning with rage and disbelief.

Jett slowly rose to his feet, bloodied but unbroken, the badge clinking as it landed beside him.

Jett

(breathing hard)

“You’re not taking her. Not today. Not ever.”

Jett dropped to his knees, then collapsed fully, his right side drenched in blood. He clutched the wound with his left hand, fingers trembling, breath shallow.

Kaiser stood over him, gun slipping from his grasp and clattering to the pavement. The sound of rotor blades thundered in the distance.

A sleek black helicopter emerged from the darkness, descending behind Kaiser like a phantom. Its spotlight sliced through the smoke.

KAISER

(coldly, in German)

“Auf Wiedersehen, Agent Sentry.”

He turned and boarded the aircraft.

Suddenly, armored vehicles screeched onto the scene—government issue, headlights blazing. Soldiers poured out, weapons raised.

COMMANDER

(shouting)

“Open fire!”

Gunfire erupted, echoing through the valley. Bullets chased the helicopter as it lifted off, banking hard and vanishing behind the mountain ridge.

Jett watched it disappear, a faint smirk tugging at his lips.

Jett

(whispering)

“You’re not done with me yet...”

His eyes rolled back. Darkness claimed him.

**The gunfire faded. Smoke drifted across the battlefield.
The helicopter was gone.**

**Jett lay motionless, blood pooling beneath him. His
breathing was shallow, eyes half-lidded.**

COMMANDER RUSK

(sprinting toward him)

“NO! NO! NO! AGENT SENTRY!”

**He dropped to his knees beside Jett, grabbing his vest,
shaking him.**

COMMANDER RUSK

(voice cracking)

“GET UP, KID! COME ON!”

**Jett’s lips barely moved. His voice was a whisper, but the
words cut like steel.**

Jett

(quietly)

**“One way or another... that monster will burn in fire... and
rot in flesh.”**

His eyes closed. His body went limp.

Rusk froze, staring at the young agent who had just faced death to protect someone he barely knew. The silence was deafening.

COMMANDER RUSK

(softly, almost to himself)

“You stubborn son of a gun...”

He turned to the medics rushing in behind him.

COMMANDER RUSK

(snapping back into command)

“Get him stabilized! I want eyes on that mountain and drones in the air. Kaiser doesn’t get away. Not this time.”

The SUV screeched to a halt. Medics rushed to the doors, flinging them open. Jett was lifted onto a stretcher, blood still seeping through his uniform.

INTERCOM VOICE

(urgent, echoing)

**“CODE PINK! CODE PINK! EALA AGENT INJURED!
EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY!”**

The hospital froze.

Doctors, nurses, patients—all turned to look.

On the stretcher lay a kid. Barely older than a teenager. Covered in blood. Eyes closed. A silver badge clutched in his hand.

Whispers filled the air.

NURSE 1

(softly)

“He’s just a kid...”

DOCTOR

(to team)

“Let’s move! Trauma Room One!”

Izabella stood beside the stretcher, her father’s arm around her shoulders. Her eyes were locked on Jett’s face—pale, bruised, broken.

A single tear slid down her cheek.

IZABELLA

(whispering)

“You didn’t even know me... and you still chose me.”

Her father looked at her, then at Jett, and nodded solemnly.

IZABELLA’S FATHER

(quietly)

“That’s what makes him one of the best.”

Jett was wheeled in fast. The doors slammed open. The room flooded with medics and trauma surgeons.

Suddenly, Jett coughed violently—blood splattered across his chest. Alarms blared.

TRAUMA SURGEON

(alarmed)

“The bullet hit a major vein! We’ve got vascular trauma!”

NURSE

(already moving)

“Prep the central line! Get the pressure infuser and vascular clamps!”

DOCTOR

(to team)

“We need a transfusion kit, surgical tray, and vascular repair set—stat!”

Izabella stood frozen just outside the room, her father gripping her shoulder tightly. Her eyes locked on Jett’s pale face as the team worked furiously.

INTERCOM VOICE

(echoing)

“Code Pink remains active. Trauma Team Alpha to OR Two.”

Inside, the medics applied pressure to the wound, inserted IV lines, and prepped for emergency vascular surgery. The room buzzed with urgency.

Jett’s body trembled. His lips moved faintly.

Jett

(barely audible)

“Don’t... let him win...”

Then his eyes closed again.

Izabella stood at the glass window, hands pressed against it, eyes locked on the chaos inside. Her breath fogged the glass as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Jett lay on the table, surrounded by doctors and nurses. Machines beeped. Blood was everywhere.

IZABELLA

(sobbing, voice cracking)

“He’s just a kid... It’s all my fault.”

Her father stood beside her, jaw clenched, eyes heavy with regret.

IZABELLA’S FATHER

(softly)

“No, sweetie... it isn’t.”

He placed a hand gently on her shoulder.

IZABELLA’S FATHER

(guilt-ridden)

“I blame myself. I should’ve never put a 15-year-old in charge of your protection. I should’ve assigned Agent Vidal. He was ready. He was trained.”

Izabella shook her head, tears falling faster now. Her body trembled.

IZABELLA

(barely able to speak)

“But he was ready... He saved me...”

She collapsed into her father’s arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

IZABELLA

(pleading)

“Please, Sentry... get up...”

Inside the trauma room, the team worked relentlessly. But outside, time felt frozen—held in the grip of a girl who had just learned what true sacrifice looked like.

The heart monitor was flatlined.

MONITOR

(piercing)

Beeeeeeeeeeeep.

TRAUMA SURGEON

(shouting)

“No pulse! Shock him—now!”

NURSE

(prepping paddles)

“Charging—clear!”

ZCHHHH!

Jett’s body jolted.

ZCHHHH!

Again.

ZCHHHH!

Still nothing.

Izabella’s world shattered.

The sound of the flatline echoed in her ears like a scream. Time slowed. Her breath caught. Her knees buckled.

Her father clenched his fists, jaw locked, eyes burning.

IZABELLA

(screaming)

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

She slammed her hand against the glass, tears streaming uncontrollably.

Then—

MONITOR

Beep... beep... beep...

The sound was soft. Fragile. But it was life.

Izabella froze. Her eyes widened. Time resumed.

IZABELLA

(whispering)

“He’s alive...”

She stumbled backward, heart racing, legs trembling.

IZABELLA

(to herself)

“I need to sit down...”

Her father guided her to a nearby bench, silent but shaken. The hallway was quiet now—except for the steady rhythm of a heart refusing to quit.

The room was quiet, filled with the soft hum of machines and the distant chatter of nurses. Jett lay in the hospital bed, bandaged, pale, but breathing. His eyes fluttered open slowly, vision still a little blurred.

The door creaked open.

COMMANDER RUSK

(stepping in)

“Mr. Sentry?”

Jett turned his head slightly, wincing.

Jett

(hoarse)

“Yes?”

Rusk gave a small nod. “Someone wants to see you.”

He stepped aside.

Izabella walked in slowly, her eyes red and puffy, her steps hesitant. She clutched her hands together, unsure of what to say. But Jett knew it was her—even through the haze.

That lavender scent.

She stood beside his bed, looking down at him with a mix of guilt, relief, and something deeper.

IZABELLA

(softly)

“How are you feeling, Agent Sentry?”

Jett gave a weak chuckle, wincing as he did.

Jett

(smirking)

“Like hell.”

Izabella smiled faintly, tears threatening again.

IZABELLA

(quietly)

“You scared me.”

Jett

(looking at her)

“You’re not easy to protect.”

IZABELLA

(sitting beside him)

“I know. But you did it anyway.”

They sat in silence for a moment, the weight of everything between them settling like dust.

The room is dim now, lit only by the soft glow of the bedside lamp. Izabella and her father have gone home. Jett lies back, eyes half-open, lost in thought.

A chair creaks beside him.

Commander Rusk sits down, arms crossed, gaze steady.

COMMANDER RUSK

“You’re the bravest cadet I ever had, Sentry.”

Jett turns his head slowly, managing a faint grin.

Jett

“Ever been shot?”

Rusk raises an eyebrow.

COMMANDER RUSK

“Strange question.”

He pauses, then lifts his shirt slightly to reveal a small stitched scar near his abdomen.

COMMANDER RUSK

“Glock 22. Pierced my stomach. I was in a coma for two days.”

Jett nods slowly, eyes lingering on the scar.

Jett

“Hurts like hell, doesn’t it?”

COMMANDER RUSK

(smirking)

“Yeah. But it teaches you something.”

Jett

“What’s that?”

Rusk leans forward, voice low.

COMMANDER RUSK

“That you’re not invincible. But if you wake up... you’ve still got a fight to finish.”

Jett stares at the ceiling, the words sinking in.

Jett

“Then I guess I’ve got a lot left to do.”

Rusk pats his shoulder gently.

COMMANDER RUSK

“You’re not alone in it.”

The room is packed. Rows of cadets sit in crisp uniforms, murmuring with excitement. Banners hang overhead: AGENT PROMOTION CEREMONY. The air buzzes with pride and anticipation.

Jett stands backstage, now 20. His posture is confident, his eyes sharper. The scar on his shoulder is a quiet reminder of the day everything changed.

Commander Rusk steps beside him, straightening his own jacket.

COMMANDER RUSK

(quietly)

“They’re waiting for you.”

Jett nods. Rusk gives him a firm pat on the back and walks off, leaving Jett alone for a moment.

He steps out onto the stage.

INT. AUDITORIUM – CONTINUOUS

The crowd erupts. Cadets cheer, clap, some even stand. Jett walks to the podium, humbled but composed. Whispers echo through the room:

“That’s Agent Sentry.”

“He took a bullet for the mission.”

“He’s the reason we’re here.”

Jett clears his throat, the room quiets.

Jett

(into mic)

“Five years ago, I was just a cadet. I got shot before I ever earned the title of Agent. I thought that was the end.”

He pauses, scanning the crowd.

Jett

“But it wasn’t. It was the beginning.”

The cadets listen, rapt.

Jett

“You’re not just being promoted today. You’re being trusted—with lives, with missions, with each other. Don’t take it lightly.”

He steps back as the ceremony continues. One by one, cadets are called up and handed their Agent badges.

In the VIP section, Izabella sits beside her father. She’s dressed elegantly, her presence commanding quiet respect. Though not an Agent, she’s known—admired—for her resilience, her insight, and her connection to the mission that changed everything.

She catches Jett’s eye and smiles—soft, knowing, proud.

Jett walks down from the stage and approaches her.

IZABELLA

(teasing)

“Still smells like lavender?”

Jett

(grinning)

“Still makes me weak.”

She laughs quietly, her hand brushing his as he leans in.

IZABELLA

(gently)

“*You’ve come a long way, Agent Sentry.*”

Jett

(softly)

“*Not without you.*”

They linger in that moment—two lives forever intertwined, even if they walk different paths.

The ceremony has mellowed into celebration. Jett stands near the back of the room with his longtime friend George, both holding crystal glasses filled with sparkling elderflower tonic, garnished with lime and mint.

GEORGE

(grinning)

“*Not bad for a couple of rookies, huh?*”

Jett

(smirking)

“*Five years ago, I was bleeding out in a hallway. Now I’m sipping fancy drinks with you.*”

They clink glasses.

GEORGE

“*To surviving.*”

Jett

“*To earning it.*”

The crowd begins to quiet as Commander Rusk steps onto the stage once more. The lights dim slightly, drawing all eyes to him.

COMMANDER RUSK

(firm, resonant)

“You’ve trained. You’ve bled. You’ve proven yourselves.”

He scans the room, his gaze lingering on Jett and George.

COMMANDER RUSK

“Today, you are not just Agents. You are something more.”

He steps forward, voice rising with pride and authority.

COMMANDER RUSK

“By order of the National Defense Council, and under the authority of the Western Command, I hereby declare you—”

He raises his hand.

COMMANDER RUSK

“Elite Agents of the Los Angeles Division.”

The room erupts. Applause, cheers, fists raised in triumph. Jett closes his eyes for a moment, letting it wash over him.

Izabella watches from the VIP section, her eyes locked on him. Pride. Admiration. Something deeper.

Jett turns to George, then to the others—his team, his brothers and sisters in arms. They’re no longer cadets. They’re legends in the making.

Jett

(to himself)

“Now the real work begins.”