Borrowed line stories

Book: Origin - Dan Brown - Chapter 9 - First line

Silence has fallen between the two men inside the spiral while they are walking through a long hallway. The silence is broken only by the sound of their footsteps echoing through the space. I think the end is near. I will have to kill him in cold blood in a few moments. It's not the first time I kill someone, but now it feels different. He doesn't look like a gang member, he is in his thirties and looks like a normal and well-educated man. I have to think of the mission, I have to think of the due I got assigned. He is just a pawn in a bigger game, I tell myself.

He doesn't look nervous, he looks confident. He knows where he is going. I wonder if he knows what's going to happen. I wonder if he knows I'm going to kill him. We turn a corner and I see a door up ahead. This is the first time he has been in our headquarters. I know he has been briefed, but he doesn't know the layout of the place. He doesn't know where he is going. I do. I know this man has done everything we have asked of him, however, I cannot allow him to leave this place alive. "All right?" The man says to me, looking at me with a questioning look in his eyes.

I realized then that I had been standing there, lost in thought, for longer than I intended. I shook myself out of it and nodded.

"Yes, sorry. Just thinking about the task at hand," I lie.

"Do you know who will be the next boss victim? ," he asks me.

I am shocked and perplexed.

“We’ll kill the president,” he says.

I don’t respond immediately, while a flash of memories invades my brain.

“Damn it,” I exclaimed.

The man looks at me, confused. All this performance makes sense, he was invited to our headquarters due to the importance of the task. But if the boss gave me the instructions to kill him, why should it be here? It could perfectly be in the middle of the sand or the forest.

"We'll kill the president," I say, finally, echoing his words.

Why are we here? I analyze every aspect of the last events, in fact, I wasn’t even invited to the last meetings. They even excused me saying I needed to work on the most important things from the other plans I had been developing.

The man nods as if he has expected this answer, and we continue walking in silence until we reach the end of the hallway.

“Are you sure everything is fine, Mr. Cajas?”, he asks me again while he opens the door in front of us, and I see all important gang members in the room, waiting for us.

“Of course,” I lie again.

I know something is wrong, but I can't let him know. I can't let anyone know. I have to act like everything is fine and under control. I walk into the room and take my place at the table. The man sits down in the chair next to me, and the boss starts speaking, suddenly he pointed his gun at my head,

"You killed him, you killed the president," he screams at me.

I'm shocked. I don't understand what's happening.

"What have you done?" The boss continues screaming at me.

I don't know what to say. I'm confused and scared. I don't know what to do.

The boss continues yelling at me and accusing me of killing the president, but I don't say anything. I'm in shock. I can't believe what's happening. I thought I was supposed to kill this man, not the president.

I feel a hot sensation on my forehead and then everything goes black.