



I woke up with a headache. I opened my eyes slowly then I looked around. There are around eight people in this room.

“Where is this?” I asked.

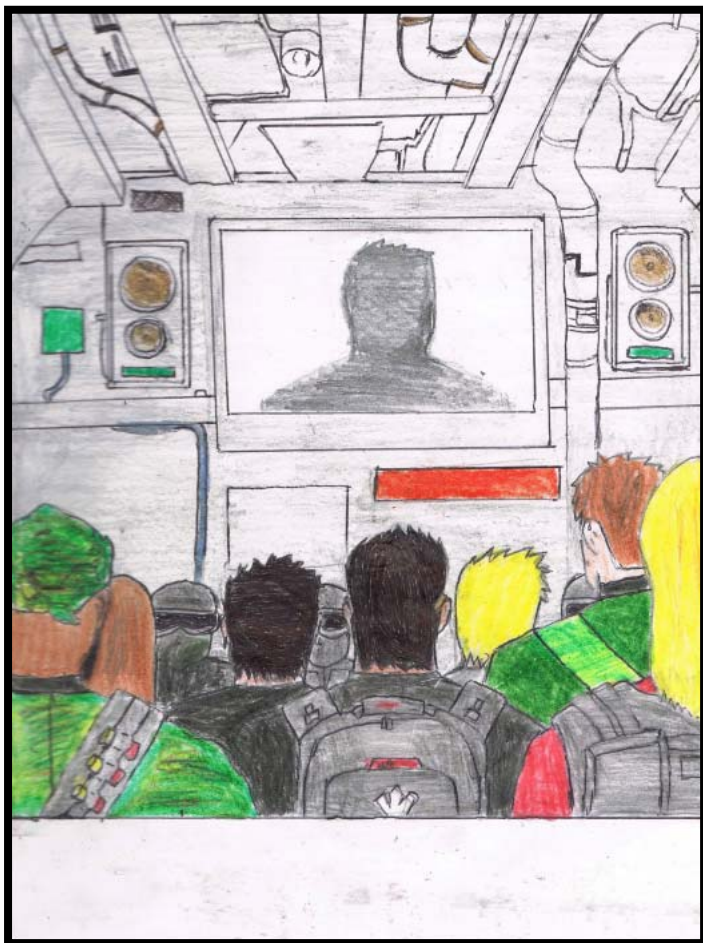
“We’re on a plane, old friend,” somebody replied.

That voice sounded familiar. I looked to the source of that voice. Now I remembered who caused that incident that killed Wayne Leonard, my brother.

I pulled out my knife and ran towards him. Somebody stopped me and he said, “Don’t fight, my friend.”

“How dare you stop me!”

“I’m sorry, I’m Luiz Garcia, call me Luiz,” he introduced himself. He seemed friendly, so I replied, “Frank,” and I shook his hand.



Suddenly the LCD screen behind me turned on. Over there, appeared the shadow of a man on the screen and said, "Hello everyone, I'm X and all of you are talented men from around the globe that I have recruited."

"Recruit me? You kidnapped us!" retorted Bordovski, trying to rebel.

"Wait, wait, all of you gonna be paid, now let me introduce all of you each other first, ok?"

"Sylvestre Matthieu, from France, will be your leader. From Mexico Luiz Garcia, from England Frank Leonard, from the U.S. Sebastian Spencer, from Japan Michelle Yamamoto, from Russia Victor Bordovski, from Spain Aleksandra Lopez, from Netherland Christine van Buster, and from Germany Nicole Hanzburg. All you need are on the bag."