

Dominion Code - Ch. 2

By sublime

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- DOMINION CODE -

**CHAPTER 2
Into Darkness**

YEAR 009X

Rough large brown paws grasped at the empty water glass sitting on a rotted table, the glass slipped and fell to the floor shattering into a million tiny little pieces.

"agggh, I keep forgetting I'm in this damned form" Edward sulked as he starred at the remains of the broken glass.

Edward had been a part of the military back in the days when civilization could still stand on its own two feet. But now, everything stood in immidiate ruin. It was unknown of how many humans were left, but he doubted there would be very many. He looked at his left arm which was a harsh iron mechanical weapon like limb that moved in perfect sync with whatever he wanted it do to. Usually the mechanical limbs he saw were stiff and un-responsive but this one was different. It was perfect. It sure didn't look perfect but it moved just like his other arm did. The only downfall was that it was considerably heavy and he made a large clunking noise when he took a step. Edward's tail was also mechanical but it was much lighter than his arm was, and it was long like a reptillian's tale. It was long and slender and it swayed from side to side as he walked. But it was quite stiff and wasn't very flexible at all. Other than his two fake limbs he was perfectly normal.

"normal... what is considered normal now?" Edward asked himself

"Look at me, I'm a giant dark brown canine that talks and has a mechanical arm and tail" He smashed the table with his iron arm angrily and left the abandoned building.

The streets were empty and rusting cars lay still on the side of the roads. As if they were still awaiting the people that drove them to return. The windows from most of the buildings were shattered and glass still lay at the bottom, there were no remains of any human left, as if they had never existed in the first place. Edward examined his left arm again, where did it come from? Who put it there? The last thing he remembered was running through a street filled with screaming people and then a terrible pain in his chest. At that time he did not feel like himself, but he did not have this mechanical arm or tail.

"all of this thinking is making my brain hurt" he said putting his paw on his forehead.

Edward dreaded the that he had accepted their request for being their guinea pig, but it's not like he had a choice. He couldn't remember everything, just a few choppy memories of waking up and looking like he did now. All those people running and screaming for their lives, why did they spare his life? Was it just coincidence? Edward glanced down at something red, it was liquidy and it still looked fresh. He sat there for a few seconds thinking about it but when he realized what it was his eyes grew wide with excitement.

"That's... blood!" he said scrambling towards the large door it was sitting by.

That could only mean one thing, and since it was fresh there had to be someone here. Human or not at least there was someone other than him still alive. It was dark when he opened up the door and a cold draft of air brushed against his furry face. A large flight of stairs stood there un-invitingly, he couldn't see where they ended but if this ment finding a living soul than he would take his chance and go down there.

"Hello?!" he shouted into the darkness, listing to only his echoe repeat itself until it faded away.

There was no answer. But the scuddling of feet could be heard faintly. Edwards heart pounded until it felt like it was going to pop right out of his chest. But there was some strange feeling creeping up, as if someone was watching him from below. It was unfortunate that he couldn't see anything. And then the sound of something powering on, like a robot or something mechanical. Edward squinted, as if he would beable to see better if he did. And then silence.

"Is... anyone there?" He whispered.

And then then shots were heard, pounding on the door behind him. Someone was, shooting at him? Edward tried to turn around but he got tangled up in his own four legs and down he went, tumbling down the never ending flight of stairs. The pain wasn't nearly as bad as looking up into some glowing yellow eyes. Edward couldn't keep himself awake, those last few stairs really gave him a headache. The lights turned on revealing a sort of old laberatory and the one standing before him looked, like Edward?

"no, dont" he said before passing out.

-to be continued-

-chapter 3 next-

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