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Internal Bond

Tom couldn't have been having a better time with Gaia; she was obviously enjoying herself which was something they hadn't done in years, probably since they had gone to Paris together. He loved the way she called him 'Dad' and he loved the way that they were free to hang out casually, nothing could possibly beat that moment in time. They were staying in the Plaza Hotel courtesy of his American Express card, Gaia was in her room taking a nap before they went out to eat dinner.

He was supposed to be resting too, but he couldn't sleep, he had to enjoy every minute of their time together because he knew it wouldn't last. Sooner or later he would be called to set out on another mission, report to JFK and take a flight somewhere over seas. He wasn't ready to do that, but he had to admit that he needed to do something, he felt useless just sitting there looking at Central Park, it was nice, yes, but he wasn't trained to sit. So he did what he does often and took out his laptop, it was just five o'clock and in half an hour the sun would set a little.

Then it would be time to get out on the town, in the meantime there was no better way to find out what's going on than with a click of a button.

But as soon as he logged on a small new mail icon popped into his screen, he cringed in annoyance, whatever it was could only be an order, an informant, an important message, and whatever it said it would all go down to the same thing, go here at this time, at this place, right now.

It was his duty as an agent so he opened the icon.

2 New Email(s)!		
Date	From	Subject
09/18/04	auto4465	Moore, Oliver FA#4465 "Loki" File (Updated)
09/18/04	20189	Contact

Tom recognized both e-mail addresses at once, the first e-mail was from Oliver's address, Tom was a high level access agent, and he had once requested to get notifications on the whereabouts of his brother at all times, which meant that whenever there was an update in his Agent file he would get an e-mail, maybe a call, a letter, any kind of notification depending on his location. The second e-mail was also recognizable; it was from agent Rodriguez whom often did send him information.

Which to open first?



Former Agent #4465

Birth Name: Oliver Moore

Alias(es): Loki

Born: August 23, 1962 - Albany, New York

Died: September 18, 2004 - Chicago, Illinois

He stopped reading, could it be possible? Was this legit? Was Oliver really dead? He could feel the shock, the numbness, he couldn't feel his body, he wouldn't move, and he couldn't move his eyes. Maybe he could, but the numbness was keeping him still. It didn't make sense, being able to feel numb because you can't feel anything. But Tom was a genius for a reason, he had felt the sensation before, he had felt it for a few moments after Katia died, he had been young then, and trained to deal with terrifying situations like those. But this?

He couldn't say that he would miss his brother for years to come like Katia, his brother had betrayed him, more than once, his brother had been the cause for Katia's death, and for Gaia's misery. If it weren't for his brother's crimes and lies, Gaia wouldn't have been so confused about him for such a long time.

But what if it wasn't true? This wasn't the first time he had heard Oliver was dead, it was the first time the *CIA believed* Oliver was dead, and as quick as it came the numbness crawled away. His training was kicking him back into reality; he needed to get the facts, collect information, and assess the situation. He clicked the second e-mail from Agent Rodriguez:

From: 20189
To: 4405
Subject: Contact

Agent,

Urgent message, you must reach me as soon as possible, I'm sure news has reached you already. No vital information will be discussed in this e-mail, and damn it pick up your damn phone, you do have it for a reason don't you?

CIA Operative #20189

He had been ignoring his phone on purpose since he didn't want to be reached for anything, but he couldn't deny getting involved with this, this was about his family, even if it was his no good brother. Ignoring this could be harmful not only to him but to Gaia, if Oliver wasn't dead, odds are that he was up to no good.

He grabbed his phone and in two rings Rodriguez picked up:

"Moore, have you been ignoring your duty as an agent?"

"Yes," He said with annoyance.

"Well free time is over agent! I will not ask you to return to Langley, but I want you to report to underground NY Headquarters ASAP, you know the drill, and as always, information regarding this case will only be discussed in secure locations. I want to hear from you in thirty," Rodriguez said to him and hung up. Obviously the CIA thought they had a case on their hands, and questions popped into Tom's head like fireworks, what's happened to Oliver? Was Oliver killed? Was he murdered? Who murdered him? What was he doing in Chicago?

Should he tell Gaia? Obviously Gaia would want to know, she was smart, brilliant, and she was no longer a child, she was no longer a little girl, or a teenager, or a rebel, she was an adult. He preferred not to tell her, and his duty as an agent supported that decision, but the fact that Oliver was Gaia's uncle, and possible threat and foe was more concerning. Gaia was a Special Agent; she probably could get clearance due to not only her professional status, but the fact that she was an important subject related to Oliver's file, it would be vital for her to know information.

He closed his laptop and stepped into the small living room, he was hesitant, but he knocked on Gaia's door anyway.

"Yeah?"

"Gaia, there's been a notice, um—I need to go downtown—" As quick as lightning Gaia ripped the door open.

"Are you leaving?" Her words were kind, but she was trying, he knew that she hated this part.

"No, I don't have to leave the state, but, I think that you should come with me," He said to her.

They both stayed quiet for a second, it seemed that Gaia was trying to understand the scene like she had been trained.

"I can't share any details, but I know that if I don't share this with you in secure quarters you will reach news of this and hear about it anyway...." He said to her, and this time she didn't bother to hide the interest shown in her blue eyes.

"Let's go," She said, they grabbed their coats and headed out. He knew that he didn't want to tell Gaia, he didn't want to get her involved. Rodriguez hadn't said anything about allowing her in, but he knew that she would be necessary at some point; she might as well be involved in everything. It was only natural that he would take her along, this concerned Gaia anyway. They hailed a cab and neither of them said a word during the ride, and he speculated that they were both speculating, he knew where and for what he was headed, but Gaia didn't.

But then another thought struck him, wouldn't he have known if Oliver was dead? He had once been in a mission when a twin cried in pain because he felt that there was something in the air that was just wrong, at the time two countries away his twin had been murdered and eaten for dinner, no joke. There were things that Tom hated to think about, specially that specific moment in time. Of course Tom had hated Oliver at that moment when that happened, but Oliver and Tom had once shared and still shared an internal bond, the fact that they were both in the womb together, they were each other's best friends and worst enemies. It was something surreal.

When they arrived at Headquarters, it was simply called Johnny's Pub. They walked in and only two people were inside, a bartender, and a man who was watching the Yankees game on the screen.

"Can I help you two?" The bartender asked them sharply. He was a man in his thirties, he hadn't shaved in two days and he needed a haircut, his uniform was a simple shirt with a stain on the sleeve.

"No thank you, we'll just help ourselves to your facilities," The man nodded and he led Gaia to a door in the back. The door was heavy, and once they opened it they were in a room no bigger than a walk in closet which immediately preceded with a spiral staircase.

"Dad, if this is an intelligence building and if anyone wanted to come in here they could," Gaia commented to him.

"Yes," He agreed, and before he took a step down the stairs he stopped and Gaia bumped into him.

"But we've made upgrades since the clever Gaia Moore managed to leak info from our offices, I bet you anything that the door automatically locked behind you," He said, "And you need a special code to get through the door on the bottom, so it's just a much a trap as it is an entrance."

They quickly made their way down, and he entered a standard code that he had been given since he became a Top Agent.

The metal door in front of them opened up to reveal a small office; two secretaries were seated on either side of the room. They approached the left secretary's desk first.

"Agent Moore here, I am being accompanied by Special Agent Moore with the FBI—"

"Go ahead Agent Moore," The secretary said quickly and pressed a small button under her desk which opened a door behind her.

"Thank you," He said and followed through the door, they walked down a small hallway which scanned their clothes and detected forms of medals on them.

An elevator opened in front of them and they stepped inside, there were no buttons in front of them, he felt the elevator head down and there was a protected camera eyeing them both. Neither of them said a word, and the elevator ride took nearly five minutes, they stopped several times just to stop in midair, then go up, and down once again. Finally the doors opened.

"Agent Tom Moore, please follow me," A man said wearing a black suit; he had blonde hair cropped short.

“I am Agent Miller, Agent Rodriguez is waiting for us in a level below,” Agent Miller said, he beckoned towards stairs leading down, the room they had entered was huge with many people at work with computers and monitors here and there. “This is the official headquarters in New York regarding the Oliver Moore case, instructions for you sir.” Miller said and handed him an envelope from his pocket, he took it and felt Gaia staring at him, she was finally getting an idea by now of what this was about.

They walked down the stairs which revealed an even larger room similar to the one on top, but the real business was getting done down here.

“Agent Moore, nice of you to join us,” Rodriguez said the minute he appeared, Rodriguez looked sharp; his mustache was a little smaller than the last time he saw him, but he was wearing his traditional suit and looked annoyed as always. “And Special Agent Moore, I’m not surprised to see you here as well.” Rodriguez nodded to Gaia as she appeared from behind him. “I will fill both of you in as fast as I can, I assume Tom that you have not informed Miss Moore and I will not clarify that matter but I will start from the beginning. Exactly at nine eighteen this morning central time, Oliver Moore was shot by a sniper, while he was walking around the Buckingham Fountain in Chicago with an un-identified companion.

“Do we have any leads on the companion or the sniper?” He asked.

“Believe it or not, we do and it’s a little far fetch, in fact I turned down the theory as soon as I received it. First of all, let me start out by saying that we have confirmed this but not to the public,” Rodriguez said before taking a deep breath, before continuing. “We believe that Oliver’s companion was a female. Two upper level agents have sent us a photo taken from a far distance, a tourist took this picture ten minutes before Oliver was attacked, the date marks nine o eight,” Rodriguez said. And on one of the large monitors, a picture was displayed, Tom almost gasped. The picture showed a man smiling while wearing a Chicago Bears shirt in the middle of the frame, but if you looked a little to the right in the background.... You could see two people’s profiles as they faced each other. Oliver was there and he was facing a woman with long brown hair, they were both wearing business clothes on a hot sunny day.... They were shaking hands.

“So we can assume that Oliver was there to meet this woman, and the meeting started at exactly nine o eight right?” Gaia said next to him, she moved in front of him and approached the picture.

“Yes, and whomever took this picture was facing west, which pin points Oliver at north east, when Oliver fell, he and his companion had walked from point A, to point B,” Rodriguez demonstrated by showing a photo of the Buckingham Fountain, he traced with his laser from north east, to west.

“If you look closely you can see an intersection right there, has anyone checked for cameras?” Gaia asked.

“Yes, they’re all on their way,” Rodriguez said to Gaia.

“Look at this Rod,” Agent Miller said as he pointed to the screen. CNN was displayed, and Oliver’s photo was being displayed in the background.

“Welcome back to CNN The Situation Room, its seven fifteen and now a developing story that we have just received notice of. Around nine twenty this morning in Chicago, an unidentified John Doe was shot in the middle of the Buckingham Fountain Park. John Doe was later identified as Oliver Moore, a man who was a known terrorist around the world under another name, ‘Loki.’ We will continue this story within the following hour, but first, let’s check in with Frank as he gives us a quick news flash in twenty seconds—”

“How the hell is this leaking out?” Rodriguez shouted to the room as he muted the screen.

“We believe it’s one of the contacts in Chicago,” Miller said.

“Well figure it out!” Rod shouted, “I don’t need reporters butting in yet!”

“No problem sir,” Miller said as he turned and walked quickly back to one of his operatives.

“Tom, a quick word,” Rod pointed to him and he followed Rod to a small room off to the side. The tiny room had a desk and was obviously going to be Rod’s new office, as he stepped in Rod shut the door behind him and they both quickly sat down.

“I’m sorry Tom, first off I’ll start with that, I’m sorry that this case will probably become a huge mess. But you know that this question was coming, so I have to ask you: Are you going to be able to handle this case?” Rod looked at him

Tom didn’t answer immediately, because in the back of his mind he felt like he had been experiencing a slight case of shock. But he wasn’t sure whether he was experiencing shock or not, he had been pretty calm so far, he had not lost his train of thought thus far, he was definitely not feeling depressed, angry, sad, or out of control. He was almost handling this like any other case, but he had a lingering thought that as a twin, Tom should have felt Oliver’s presence disappear; they had been brothers, best friends, pals, each other’s’ role models After the mission when his partner claimed to feel his own twin die from across the world, Tom just always knew that it would be like that for him. But it wasn’t, he had been playing a game of chess with Gaia just six hours ago!

“I will, I can, handle-this case I mean.” He confirmed Rod, but Rod’s eyes weren’t convinced, his ruler-straight mustache twitched.

“Is that right Tom?” Rod asked again, he leaned close to Tom and Tom had the familiar feeling of being questioned by a high school teacher. . . . This gave you the ridiculous sense that no matter how old you got, you would always feel immature. . . .

“Of course,” He re-assured Rod, he even narrowed his eyebrows to give a hint of affirmative irritation.

“Okay Agent, get to work then,” Rod said and he stood up and dusted himself quickly, before heading back out to the room. He left the door ajar but Tom didn’t get up, the fact was that he *was* in shock. He needed to hide the symptoms, he knew they were showing. He quickly stood up and exited the room as well. Gaia was now sitting down at a desk herself, she looked frustrated too, he wondered if Oliver’s death would affect her at all....