

Figment

Episode 11

Jonathan stepped out of the bathroom to find Christine gone. He looked around the corner into the dining area. No, she was not in there. The door to the girl's restroom opened, and Jonathan turned around to come face to face with a short redheaded girl he recognized from his algebra class last semester.

"Hey," he said getting her attention. "Was there a brunette girl in there, almost my height, curly hair?"

The girl shook her head. "I didn't see anybody else in there, but then again, I didn't bother looking."

Jonathan slumped against the wall and folded his arms across his chest. "Thanks anyway." He said looking down at the floor. He figured that if she were in the bathroom he could wait on her like she had to wait on him. It was, however, only the courteous thing to do since they were on a date. He wasn't sure if she thought of it as a date though. He knew he did. She was beautiful and he needed to actually settle down with just one girl. Meeting all these random "*hotties*," as he grew to call them to keep with popular trends, gave him a social network of incredible-looking girls around campus. It was good for when he had friends from high school visiting. He would appear to be some sort of *Van Wilder* of his school. The only thing he was missing was the golf cart loaded with mirrors and an alarm.

He laughed lightly to himself at the thought of getting an assistant to help him around school and go to his classes for him. Then he would be like the iconic college figure portrayed by Ryan Reynolds. Jonathan looked up from the floor to scope out the dining area again, just making sure he had not skimmed over her the first time. To his surprise, standing in the door way was the figure, still cloaked in black.

The figure pointed to the exit doors. "Your lady friend stepped outside for a minute." He said, his voice cold, but somewhat warmer than usual. It seemed, to Jonathan at least, that this gargantuan protector was passing the thought of becoming friendlier with him.

"Thanks," Jonathan said walking towards the door. As he reached out to grab the handle and push the door to the outside he felt a strong hand on his shoulder. The hand spun him around, almost throwing him into the door frame. He balanced himself.

"Wait," the figure said stepping back. "You wanted answers to questions I cannot answer for you." Jonathan nodded in response. "You must understand that you need to find out these answers on your own Jonathan, but do not go digging for answers you do not fully know the question to."

"Why is he after me?" Jonathan asked calmly, stepping forward slightly.

The figure waved his hand in the air, ignoring Jonathan's question. "I cannot tell you that, but you mustn't worry."

"Who are you?"

“I have no name that you shall know.” The figure said stepping taller in stance. “I should only remain a mere figment, but there is so much I need to show you, need you to understand.”

Jonathan looked at the figure cautiously.

“You have great potential Jonathan,” he said softly, “you just need to realize what you have, and how to use it.”

Jonathan scoffed lightly, looking down at the floor. “No name?” he asked looking up at the figure. “Should only be a figment?” The giant in black nodded. “The for the sake of having something to call you when I see you, I hope you don’t mind if I just call you Figment.” The figure stood straight for a moment, then nodded slowly.

“That name will suite me just fine, for now, Jonathan.” He said finally. “Go,” he motioned with his arm toward the door, “she is still waiting for you outside.”

Jonathan turned around again and opened the door.

“Jonathan,” Figment called from behind him. Jonathan turned around. “Thank you for trying to help me the other night.”

Jonathan nodded and walked out the door, glancing behind him one last time as the door shut. To no surprise of his own, the man, towering in black cloth, was gone as quickly and silently as he had appeared.

“Hey,” Christine said from behind Jonathan. “Over here.” He had almost walked past her, not seeing her out of the corner of his eye. He turned around and smiled.

“There you are,” He said making a gesture with his hands that indicated he had been looking for her.

“I came out to get some fresh air,” she said brushing her hair out of her face. She wrinkled her nose and whispered to him, “It smelled like somebody farted the lit it on fire over by the girl’s bathroom.”

Jonathan could not hold back his laughter. He thought of the redheaded girl that stepped out of the bathroom while he was looking for Christine. “Smell a lot of fire farts?” He asked her with a smile still on his face.

Christine playfully smacked his shoulder, then started walking past him, letting her hand fall into his, pulling him along with her.

The two of them walked back towards the main part of campus, hand in hand, laughing and playfully nudging each other. Jonathan could not stop thinking that maybe he could have some sort of relationship with this girl. He wished he could read people’s minds, like that guy from X-Men. Man, that would be so cool! He would be able to tell exactly what Christine was thinking.

Christine, having been with a few guys in her tenure at college, was a little more cautious when it came to throwing herself at a guy. Throughout high school she had dated only one person. Naturally, he was the most popular guy in school so could have any girl he wanted. Why he had asked Christine out back during their freshman year she still has yet to divulge, but she never bothered to ask. Being with such a guy made her part of the popular crowd. She had changed her clothing style, began wearing outfits that were more flattering to her body, wearing her hair down instead of tied in a ponytail tightly behind her head, and even took up the occasional drinking on the weekends to be social with the other popular girls and guys. Deep down inside she still clung to her basic roots. She loved playing the piano and would often find herself blasting classical music

in her car when it was really late at night and not a whole lot of people were on the road. She was also somebody that enjoyed a good night of online game play, such as World of Warcraft. She kept this from her boyfriend of the time. It was not her reputation or being shunned from the popular crowd that she kept this secret. They did not have reason to know. What she liked to on her own time was her personal stuff.

After high school, her boyfriend, being the wonderful individual he was, left her. He did not have any intention of being linked to a girl at another university while he himself was pursuing other engagements himself. Naturally, Christine was devastated. She had let him talk her into making their relationship sexual while they were still in high school, and she only at the age of 16. She immediately felt that she was only being used for the occasional sexual romp in the bedroom, or car, or sometimes in the shower, and in times of feeling naughty they even used her parent's hot tub a few times.

Upon entering the college lifestyle, Christine was drawing attention from a large group of guys that, to her, seemed to be the same type as her last relationship. Being cautious of her emotions and feelings, she shied away from any type of interaction. She was leery of getting used again, although her last boyfriend expressed time and time again that was not the case with their relationship.

Christine eventually got over her shyness by becoming friends with several girls on her dorm floor. After being part of the popular high school crowd for four years, she had the routine down, and had even found herself skipping out on WoW games and piano practices more often. By her second year in college she had quit the online gaming community altogether and traded it for going to weekend-long parties with her floor-mates, getting drunk, and having sex with at least one of the guys at the party.

She met Jonathan at a local bar during Karaoke night and had gone home with him that night. Now here they were, walking together after going on a diner date, hand in hand, laughing and having a good time. She felt like something could happen between the two of them. She definitely felt a spark that night as she looked into his eyes while he was on top of her. It had probably just been the sensual pleasure surging through her body mixed with the consumption of alcohol earlier in the evening, but she did not care. She was here, with him, right now.

As they got closer to the University Green, a small patch of grass located near the center of campus, more popular to random games of tag, Frisbee, or capture-the-flag during the night hours, Jonathan seemed to become more restless and Christine had noticed liveliness in his pace.

"In a hurry to end this night?" Christine asked, pulling on Jonathan's hand. He turned and looked at her, smiling lightly.

"No," he responded, followed by a slight pause. "It's just that..." He paused again and looked around.

"Oh come on!" Christine exclaimed with a smile on her face. "You can't tell me that you're afraid of the dark." She playfully smacked his arm.

Jonathan smiled at her. "Alright," Christine said standing in front of Jonathan, spreading her arms out to her sides. "If anything happens, I'll protect you." She was almost unable to finish her last sentence without bursting out laughing. Jonathan could not help laughing with her, pulling her back to him. They kissed, only to be interrupted by a slow applause from the shadows.

“About fucking time,” said a dark figure leaning against the wall of an adjacent building, keeping in the shadows.

Jonathan pulled Christine away from him and pushed her behind him, guarding her with his arms. She peaked over his shoulder.

“What do you want?” Jonathan asked sternly.

“I was wondering if you would ever have the balls to do it.” The figure said again.

“Do you know him?” Christine asked from behind Jonathan. Jonathan stopped backing up and looked over his shoulder.

“You can see him?” Jonathan asked.

“Kinda, it’s hard to see him in those shadows.”

Jonathan turned back to the figure hiding beside the building. There was the familiar sound of metal brushing lightly against metal. The last time Jonathan heard that sound it was from behind him, the glimmer of a steel blade in the moonlight moving for his head. This time it came from beside him. A blur of black stepped in front of him and stood tall. The faint peach color of a face appeared over the left shoulder, shrouded by the black brimmed hat that sat upon the giant’s head.

“Go,” said the cold voice of Figment, “get Christine out of here and to safety, I’ll handle this.”

Jonathan began backing up a little more, still holding Christine behind him.

“Who’s that?” Christine said with the sound of awe in her voice.

“A friend,” Jonathan said, still pushing her back. He did not know why, but he felt the urge to stand by Figment’s side, to fight and protect Christine. He tossed the idea away, blaming it on the natural rush of adrenaline that was starting to surge through his body.

“Ah, yes!” said the figure, “the hero returns for another round.” The smallest glimmer of steel flashed in the light cast by the lamps hanging over the sidewalk. Jonathan could not see the actual shape of the weapon in the killer’s hand, but knew it was there. He was curious as to why it had not been brighter.

“Your quarrel is with me, Kaden,” Figment said stepping forward, holding the polished blade to his side, “not Jonathan.”

“You do not know what true power lies within Jonathan,” Kaden said stepping out of the shadows. The brim of his hat still hid his face from Jonathan, who had backed up to the other side of the Green, holding Christine at his side, watching the two slowly walk towards each other.

“I know full well what power he holds within him,” Figment said raising his sword above his head. “Your desire to possess his power has blinded you from what he will truly become.”

“Then why don’t you show me?” Kaden said raising his weapon in return.

The two dark figures rushed each other, sword in hand, black coats billowing in the still, autumn air. They met in a clang of steel and a small flash of white spark.