

Claimed

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Leon returns to Raccoon City to claim the woman he loves.

**This was written before I knew Ada was alive and Raccoon city was demolished.*

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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Leon walked down the cold passageways of the military hospital, carts and stretchers lining the material walls. The make-shift sickbay fluttered in the wind just outside of Raccoon City; "they'd" arrived in all their armed splendour, ready to rescue the survivors though they damn well knew there would be none. They'd come only for a sample, a sample of that god-damned G-Virus. Anyone with half a brain could have figured that one out. Leon thought bitterly about the past weeks. Now they thought they could just come in, sweep and everything would be wonderful again. Nothing had been wonderful since that night, when he'd let her go....The doctors holding metal clip boards seemed to float by faster now, as the receptionists desk loomed closer. "Can I help you?" A woman in her late 40's looked up, her voice gruff and intimidating. "Um..." he stuttered nervously, not really wanting to know the answer to his question. The woman looked at him, the expression plain on her face I don't have all day!"Could you tell me if a young woman by the name of Ada Wong was admitted here?" He finally got the words out. She rolled her eyes, huffing as she turned to her computer; as if typing a few words into the data bank would kill her. She could care less about a woman named Ada and the man that loved her. "No one living was admitted here by that name." Leon fought back the tears. "You might want to check the morgue." She muttered pointing down the hall "Make a right at the end of hall. Its not hard to miss." The longest minute of Leon's life was spent walking down that hallway, the light bulbs humming a monotonous tune to his steps. Is Ada really dead? Oh God please... thoughts passing through his mind relentlessly Tell me she didn't die alone He paused at the heavy metal doors that led into the morgue. As he pushed his feet turned to leave, maybe he didn't want to know... he could live with that. His hand found the door again, though his eyes were blinded by tears. He couldn't risk leaving her lying there.... nameless. He wouldn't run. A gust of stale air hit his lungs hard as he entered the darkroom. Men in army fatigues moved about between the rows of body bags, gas masks to their noses Idiots, its not airborne His eyes fully adjusted and the faces of men, women, and children came into focus, all sleeping peacefully in their black beds. If Ada was in here... He couldn't think about it, he couldn't imagine her like that... lifeless. Something startled Leon from his desperate wondering "Here." A man with harsh black hair shoved a mask in his face "Uh, no..." Leon pushed past him forcefully, the man calling after him. Leon made his way through fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers all mourning their loved ones. Was anyone mourning Ada? Or was she just as alone as she had been in life? "Stop it." He muttered, she may very well just be out roaming the streets. Maybe she was looking for him. Up and down the rows Leon made his was sombrely, searching the faces of people he had never known; hoping, praying he would reach the end without finding Ada, then at least there would still be hope for her. Near the end he spotted what he had dreaded. A pale, slender hand had escaped it's bag. He knew that hand, that colour of polish. Ada's eyes were closed, no more breath escaped her rosy lips. His tears fell silently, creeping from the corners of his turquoise eyes Reach up and touch me, Ada, please. Open your eyes They came to rest upon Ada's hand, which he held protectively I'm sorry I let go, I'm so damn sorry "Sir? Do you know this woman?" Leon jumped, a boy no older than 18 looked up at him, he turned away, he couldn't admit she was gone. "Sir? I need a name." "Ada Wong." The name was whispered, it still tasted like sugar. The boy looked at the man "I could give you a minute if you would like?" Leon looked down, he knew if he didn't walk away now he'd stay forever, just holding her tiny hand. He wiped the salty dew from his face "No, it's alright." He smiled down at the woman he loved. She looked so peaceful. "Ada, I love you." He whispered in her ear. "Wait for me up there." He kissed her cheek and turned away. Leon turned onto the freeway just as the young boy slipped a tag onto Ada's toe. The words scrawled in black

permanent marker read: Claimed.