

Not Your Typical Mission

By chipmunkfuzzy

Submitted: September 14, 2005

Updated: September 16, 2005

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/chipmunkfuzzy/20327/Not-Your-Typical-Mission>

Chapter 2 - Chapter 1	2
Chapter 3 - Chapter 2	10

2 - Chapter 1

“Sasha darling, are you sure we've go the right address? This place looks too stuffy for a party!” said Milla.

“Agent Vodello, my information is never erroneous.” replied Sasha Nein, her partner as his tie straightened itself and a cigarette flew to his mouth.

“Cold and heartless, as usual...” thought Milla as her brooch floated and attached itself to her hair.

“So...Let me get this straight. We received intel that vice president Raymond Marshall is holding a party in his manor to honor the president, but this actually is a front for him to use a brain extraction ray to `incapacitate'...his guests so he can take over...How cliché, Can't they think whip up anything new? Anyway, we are to infiltrate this...'party' and stop his diabolical plans...yada yada... soo predictable...”

“Correct” interjected Sasha. “Are you ready?” as his cigarette lost its flame and flicked away.

“Now, Sasha darling when have I not been ready?” Milla said cheerfully as they hopped into a flashy red sports car and drove off to their mission.

They arrived at the man a few minutes later. The guards at the entrance asked for their identification.

“My name is Lawrence Smith, Defense Department and my company is Ms. Mary Stanburg, C.I.A. (No questions asked.)” Sasha said.

The guards then checked their I.D.

“Lawrence Smith huh... Hmm... What a common name. Enjoy the party.” as the guards flagged the car towards the entrance.

As Sasha and Milla stepped out of the car they viewed upon the mansion's splendor and the crowd that had gathered on the garden setting. In the middle of the crowd was the president, the center of attention as he stood with a proud pose of power.

“Nothing suspicious yet... I guess” Milla said

“Let's just mingle in the crowd and make sure.” Sasha replied as he offered Milla his arm and the two ventured into the crowd.

The party seemed monotonous as a generic senator chatted with some generic senator. Sasha gave up trying to strike up a conversation all together. He thought of the pitiful lives they're in.

“Such a life... trying all their lives to polish their outer appearance to the world when in reality, their inner self is full of rot. What irony...”

He could still remember the heated arguments and debates he had with his superiors in the agency as they had often cut the budget for his experiments, claiming that the need for Science and understanding the human psyche pointless and that his focus should be on his missions. This was one of the reasons he opts to just stay secluded in his lab. He almost wished he could quit the pyschonauts and blast his superiors on the way out ... almost.

Though he would never admit it the adventures he shared with Milla more than make up for all the made up for all the troubles he had. His mind shifted to the first time he met her. He could never forget it even if he tried...

A few years back...

Sasha walked into Psychonauts headquarters for the first time. He marched up to its lobby. He tried his best to conceal his excitement amid the hustle and bustle. He then saw a burly looking man holding a bunch of papers

“Hey! Your Sasha Nein, right?” he called out to him.

“Yes... I am” Sasha replied.

“Well, what are you waiting for?! Christmas!? Get over hear!” the man shouted.

Sasha sped to the end of the hallway.

“Top scores in the academy...recommendations from all your instructors...

Special awards in pretty much everything you've joined and fresh out of the academy at such a young age... Just the man we've been looking for! Just follow me and welcome to ...The Psychonauts.” He said with enthusiasm as he led Sasha around the hall.

“This foundation has been here for years, fighting to protect the world from psychic violators and lawbreakers... going all over the world to suppress... blah blah blah...” Sasha stopped paying any attention to the man, a rarity for him, but the excitement of joining the Psychonauts was too much to take and still be so attentive. He dreamed of this for such a long time, not fighting against the evil of the world, but the fact that this would be the opportune chance to study and delve deeper into the human mind.

After a few minute they arrived at the feet of two enormous double doors made of oak. Its hinges inlaid with gold.

“Here it is...The office of the head of the Pyschonauts, our head honcho, Trumman Zanotto!” He said as the doors opened by themselves revealing a spacious room full of portraits and psychic relics covered in

immaculate décor, in the room also laid a mahogany table with a plush chair facing behind them. "This is where I go..." the burly man murmured as he left. Sasha entered the room and felt a sense of uneasiness as he did.

"Greetings." came a voice from the chair "You must be our new recruit, Sasha Nein, a pleasure to meet you." Then the chair turned to reveal Trumman Zanotto. "Please take a seat."

Sasha did so.

He took a deep breath and said" Let me just say congratulations. You probably know why we've recruited you for the psychonauts. The first few phrases in your resume speaks for itself, but what I need you know is that being a psychonaut is more than just getting the glory and being world renowned or the salary. It is about our duty and responsibility to serve the world as its steward and protector. We must never forget this." He paused for a few seconds. Sasha actually believed in those words. He later of course learned the error of his ways.

"Well, then..." he smiled. "Let's get to business. You have been assigned as an agent that will be dispatched all over the world to handle all sorts of missions, from brain defusals, psychic combats and mental espionage. You won't be working directly under me but I'll make sure your commanding officer goes easy on you." He smiled "You will be assigned an office at..... wait... your resume mentions that you also excel in the art of incorporating Science with the human psyche...hmm... You know more than any of the instructors! What a talent... a talent that should not be put to waste! " Sasha had hoped that he would notice that section of his resume. "What say you if I offer you your own lab with government funding of course! While you aren't assigned to any missions you could do research as well. You are quite a catch, hitting two birds with one stone!" he said. "Oh! Of course if you decline..."

"No, it would be an honor to." Sasha said still trying to hide a rare moment of glee.

"Great! That's nice to hear." Trumann said "Well you're all set. I'll be preparing a temporary office for you here until your lab is built." He was about to send Sasha away when he suddenly remembered...

"Wait, I almost forgot... you'll be assigned a partner." Sasha felt a twinge of distaste. We weren't exactly planning to assign you with one but it seems that by chance we have another new recruit as well; you

two should make an interesting pair, quite unusual to have two new agents at such a short period of time. I had the pleasure of briefing her just moments ago. She should be here any moment” Then they could here knocks coming from the door. ”Ahh... Agent Sasha Nein,” he said with pride as the doors opened and a woman came to the room. “Agent Milla Vodello,” He nodded to the new arrival. “You two shall be partners!” he grinned at the two of them.

Milla stepped closer to Sasha to shake hands. He could still remember the first thing she said.

“Hello, Agent Nein, so we're gonna be partners, huh?” she said as she went closer to examine his partner. Sasha immediately felt unnerved and disarmed that the only thing he could blurt out was “...yes...uhh...” as he attempted to back away from his partner but before he could Trumman had stopped him from moving back and said “Don't be shy! You will have to get to know each other... You'll be working with each other for a long time! Now, why don't you get acquainted with place, report back tomorrow, for now just take a stroll around the place and I would prefer if you two stick together for now.” and he sent the two agents away.

“So Agent Nein it's such an exciting thing to be a pyschonauts, huh?

I find amazing! To be able to go around the world! It's like a big party, Sasha, darling! Do you mind if I call you that?”

“No, not at all”

“That's great! So tell me about yourself. What was your life like before joining the Psychonauts academy?”

“I... find it quite....unnecessary to talk about. It does not have any affect whatsoever on anything. But if you must, why don't you go first.” Sasha said. He couldn't bring himself to talk the past. It was just too painful.

“On second thought, I ... rather not” Milla said as she felt the same about the past. Her memories like an old scar, refusing to go away. They shared an awkward moment of silence, and then they continued to tour around the building changing the topic of their conversation to anything else Milla could think of.

“Well...umm...so...ooh... look at that!” Milla pointed at a huge computer at the center of the hall. “I wonder what it does?” as she approached it.

“I'd advise you not to do anything to that computer, Agent Vodello as I have read it controls the main operations of the building and -“

Sasha was suddenly splashed with pudding as, suddenly all the machines in the building went haywire. Chairs suddenly span around everywhere, light bulbs blew out, water started exploding out of the fountains, papers flew out of every copier, and vending machines threw out their contents like bullets. The whole headquarters went out of control until Sasha was able to use telekinesis to deactivate the computer and the whole room became dark and was finally illuminated by emergency lights.

“Way to go rookies, that's the way to make a good first impression,” came a voice in the hall.

“What do you plan to do?! Sabotage us?” came another.

Milla clung to Sasha's arm “Oh no! I'm soo sorry! Sasha what are we going to do!? Sasha...Sasha...SASHA

-----!

Sasha wheeled around to see Milla desperately trying to get his attention.

“Seriously Sasha, you could at least pay a *little* attention to me!”

“Oh... My apologies... I was merely trying to think of a...umm...”

The beat of the music in the garden changed into a slow pace and everyone started to dance together the Waltz.

“Sigh...Never mind...We might as well... fit in... I guess” Milla said.

“Yes...of course so...we can... fit in.” Sasha mumbled timidly as he took Milla's hand.

As they danced Sasha thought of how foolish he was letting his mind drift during a mission, but yet he couldn't help it. As he gazed into his partner, he felt as if time has stopped and they were the only ones dancing.

Milla felt Sasha's hand gripped tighter but she couldn't let go because she knew if she did, it would be an abrupt end to such a blissful moment.

When Sasha opened his mouth to say something Milla was for once actually hoping he would say something meaningful but what came out was

“There, we should be able to get inside the mansion and find the vice-president before he does any real damage.” He pointed into a set of double doors.

Milla nodded remorsefully as they walked away from the crowd, turned themselves invisible then slowly opened the doors and crept up inside.

3 - Chapter 2

The mansion was gothic and dark, full of traps and dead ends, guards crawling all over the place and security cameras scattered all over the area. Luckily for the agents their power of invisibility (though still letting them see themselves), protects them from these obstacles... except of course for the traps...

"Mind your step Agent Vodello, this place is probably booby trapped from-" Sasha swiftly pulled the invisible agent Vodello away from a bevy of spikes suddenly shooting from the wall.

"Milla! I told you to be careful!" he murmured.

"I'm sorry! I almost fell for that cheap parlor trick- Wait...Here comes the guards!" she whispered as they saw two figures slowly approaching them.

The two guards, one pudgy and short followed by other guard who looks like he could be blown away by the nearest breeze went closer. The agents backed away slowly, careful not to alert them in any way.

"One of those newfangled traps got set off again!" growled the fat guard. "Probably another one of those dumb pigeons! Flying around like they own the place! The whole mansion is a mess!" The toothpick of a guard nodded in contempt "You got that right, just the other day we had to fix all those blasted security cameras because some wise guy *decided* to spill coffee on the whole system! We still haven't gotten any of them fixed, this boss better come through on pay day!" The guard growled.

Sasha saw her partner smile mischievously at him and understood immediately what to do. The guards soon deactivated the trap and were about to go back to their post when one of them felt someone tapping his shoulder.

“Wha...who's there?” he asked.

“Just us pigeons.” replied a female voice and that was all he heard when he was knocked over by Milla's levitation ball and the skinny guard was dispatched by a well aimed psi-blast square at chest by Sasha. He then lifted the fat guard using telekinesis and left him dangling by the leg, the floating guard was shivering in fright as he saw his companion knocked out cold when he heard a deep and brooding voice asking “So, where's your boss?”

“You-you think I'll tell you?” he managed to mumble.

“Well, no. I didn't think so. Actually, I was just trying to be civilized before I turn you into barbeque.”

The guard could feel steam coming out of his body.

“All right! All right... Nothing's worth this! He's at the penthouse...here's the password.” He threw a piece of paper at the ground. “You'll...you'll never get to him anyway...I've...already...tripped a silent alarm...and chances are...they'll find you...and when that happens, you guys won't stand ...puff...a chance. Now...puff...put me the heck down!!!

“If that's what you want.” Sasha said as he tossed the guard into the nearest waste can and proceeded to pick up the crumpled piece of paper, by then they could already here the sound of footsteps approaching them.

“Well, I never did like being subtle.” Milla said. The two agents lifted their invisibility as a whole squad of henchmen surrounded them. “This is where the real party begins!”

In mere seconds Milla was able to dispose of half the goons by a psychic roundhouse kick, throwing them all over the wall and Sasha psi-blasted the rest who were unlucky enough to be right in front of him. After picking off any remaining henchmen, the two continued on, deftly avoiding any traps set for them. They made it to the top floor to reveal a titanic set of double doors. They used the password the guard had given them in a control panel nearby. The doors creaked slowly to reveal the contents inside.

The room was sleek and hollow, full of test tubes and blueprints. Brains of all shapes and sizes in jars were stacked upped in cabinets and tables all over the room all abysmal and foreboding but the agents were focusing their attention to the center of the room, there a man beside a huge laser aimed at the dancing crowd looked half-shocked and angry at their arrival.

“Vice- President Marshall, you are under arrest for using psychic means in illegal brain extraction and in your plans of domination.” Sasha declared with a tone of authority.

Raymond's expression remained unchanged. It radiated calmness and arrogance, as if Sasha's words held no meaning over him. “Can't keep it a secret forever, now can I?! Though...by the time they find you, it wouldn't matter! Cause I'll be the one on top!!! Mwaha-” Sasha and Milla shot simultaneously a psi-blast straight at Raymond, sending him smacking into a billboard, splitting in into half. “Why you ingrates... Couldn't you let me finish my climatic monologue, I mean you think they could show the future president a little respect!!!” He howled as he staggered up. “Well at the risk of sounding cliché...let me put it this way... three can play at this game!” in a split-second he made a table levitate and rammed it towards the psychonauts who managed to evade it.

“You're psychic too!?” Milla wheeled in surprise.

“Wow! Doesn't take a genius to figure that out!” Raymond mouthed sarcastically as he psi-blasted Milla who used a psychic shield to deflect it while Sasha made a huge chunk of metal lying around, hit Raymond at the legs, effectively bringing him down at all fours. “Grr... I'll get you for that” as he targeted Sasha with his psi-blast but before he could Milla brought down a whole cabinet directly at him with not enough force to injure him but more than enough to pin him to the ground and subdue him.

“Had enough?” she asked smugly

“In your dreams!” he grunted as he struggled against the cabinet and managed push a button that brought to life the previously hibernating laser.

“What have you done!?” Milla bellowed as Sasha rushed to the laser in an effort to disarm it.

“It's too late! I may not get the power but at the very least...I'll get my revenge...” he said. But then the

laser started to shoot bolts left and right with sparks flying all over the room and electricity starting to engulf it. "Wha-What's happening!?! This... this isn't suppose to happen!!!" Then they were swallowed by an intense light.