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about 1000 words

Nemesis
by Skylar Duhe

Alex wakes from a deep sleep to the sound of a screaming alarm. She reaches over and slaps her phone, but the alarm doesn't stop. She smacks it again. She looks at the time and slowly sits up.

This was no clock alarm, it is 3:00 am. This was her silent alarm, sounding through the speakers in her room. "An intruder..."

Alex jumps up, runs to her closet, and grabs her gear.

She emerges from her room wearing an outfit of sleek black leather with pink in all the right places. The two swords that sit on her back are powered by a laser technology that could slice through even the toughest of metals. And the gloves she wears built carry an even bigger punch.

As she turns the corner, a tall dark figure appears behind her. She quickly spins and throws a punch in the direction of the figure. The figure effortlessly dodges her punch and returns one that Alex evades with a sweep of her hand. Alex grabs the figure by the arm and twists it around into a headlock. She pulls them into the light of her bedroom.

Her roommate wiggles out of her grasp.

"Jess, what are you doing sneaking up on me? Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Jess rolls her eyes. "You would like to believe that, wouldn't you? I heard something, but why are you geared up? It can't be that serious."

"Someone's in the house, they triggered my alarm," Alex says. "Head to the control--"

Her roommate's eyes lit up. "Control room, got it."

Alex places her earpiece in her ear as she heads towards the stairs to confront the intruders. She picks up speed as she nears the banister and she jumps in a full crouch and glides down the rail.

Just as she nears the bottom of the stairs, her earpiece chirps. "I'm here, have you found them yet?" asks Jess.

A smirk grows across Alex's face. "Do you hear any grown men crying?"

Jess rolls her eyes. "A simple no would have sufficed."

Alex slips through the kitchen and heads into the theater. "Kitchen, clear."

Jess flips multiple switches on the control panel. "My surveillance system is almost up. Five more seconds."

"Home theater and game room, clear," Alex says.

"Alex, they are in your gallery. They must be after--"

"My sculpture!" Alex speeds off toward her art gallery.

"I count two bodies in there, and they don't appear to have heavy weapons," reports Jess.

"They are going to wish they did," Alex rounds the corner outside of her dance studio and slams through the door of her gallery with her gloves charged up.

She busts through the door and throws a glowing blue ball of plasma in their direction. The plasma hits the wall behind the men and the force throws them to the ground.

"Where is Overwatch?" The robber groans and rubs his forehead.

"I don't know, he was supposed to be here by now." His friend cowers behind him.

Alex stands tall on the opposite side of the room walks in their direction. "Jess, who is Overwatch?"

Jess stays silent for a few seconds, then taps away at her computer.

"Jess-" Alex says as she nears the terrified robbers before her.

"Yes? I'm here, sorry. Overwatch appears to be a dark vigilante that criminals hire to ensure their protection," Jess says.

"You have got to be kidding me." Alex grabs one of the men by the collar.

"Well, I guess your guy bailed on you," she says with a smirk. The robber appears disoriented due to landing. She stands him upright, and he stumbles to the side. Alex backs up, and kicks him straight in the chest. He flies into a glass table, smashing it to pieces.

"This is too easy, you two must be beginners. You probably should have picked a house on the other side of town until you earn your big boy pants," Alex says.

Both men had made it to their feet now. From the black of night, a black and blue racer bike smashes through her glass window. Shards of glass shatter everywhere as they all take cover.

"This must be Overwatch," Jess says.

Alex looks towards the bike in the center of her gallery. "You don't say... Captain Obvious to the rescue."

Jess shrugs. "Well, you can be a little dense at times."

The tall dark figure wears all black with blue lights accenting the outline of his suit. He has two swords straps to his back, and wears a full-face mask. He steps off the bike and takes a stance, strong and tall, across from Alex.

Alex turns her attention towards Overwatch and the two robbers make their way over to her rare African sculpture.

She turns in their direction. "Hey! Don't touch that!"

Overwatch lunges in Alex's direction with his swords drawn.

Alex turns back to him and draws her weapons. They meet each other blow for blow. Alex flips backwards and darts behind him for a surprise attack.

The robbers use these final moments to load the sculpture into the van. They slam the doors and speed away.

"This guy has some serious moves, he is matching your every blow," Jess says.

From behind, Alex charges up the electric pulse in her gloves and wraps her hands around him. Nothing happens.

Overwatch lets out a deep laugh and pushes her hands away.

"His suit absorbs my plasma charges," Alex says.

Overwatch jumps on his bike and speeds away. His skill level leaves both girls speechless.

Alex drops her arms and her weapons fall to the ground.

Jess hangs her head. "I'm sorry girl, I know that piece was worth a lot."

"Forget the sculpture, who was that guy?" says Alex.

"He appears to be your new nemesis," Jess says. Silence falls between the girls and the taillights disappear into the night.