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Notices: This story contains violence and sexual content.

Summary: It's a regular Friday night after work for the young college student, Sarah Connor, who is traveling back to her apartment. On the fated night, her beliefs and outlooks are forever changed after a near kidnapping and a choice between life or death given by an estranged police officer.

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Series 2: **No Fate**, Story #1

I, Terminator

by Red Hope

Chapter 9 – War Dance

Sarah Jeanette Connor II studied the distinct corporate building to her father's young company that he'd built from the ground up after his father. She combed her fingers through her hair as she and Cameron drove past it. She refocused on her protector's reflection in the passenger window, and Sarah twisted her head around to Cameron.

The terminator hit the truck's gas pedal and roared down the road to put distance between them and Cyberdyne Systems Corporation. She made a left down a side street then somehow managed to perfectly parallel park the truck between a van and a sedan. She left the engine running but turned to her lover.

Sarah unbuckled her seatbelt and checked her backside for her Glock. She felt the cold steel then she checked for two magazines in her jacket's pockets.

Cameron retrieved the thumb drive from her pack and handed it to her lover. "You have your cell phone?"

"Yes." Sarah pulled it from her jean pocket and displayed the pre-paid phone that Cameron had gotten her. "I'll text you when I leave." She looked at the time on the phone and saw it was four thirty. She grabbed her purse, retrieved her wallet, and saw she still had her access card for the building. She slid it back in the wallet then it in the purse again. She brought the strap across her chest then looked at her lover.

"I will not be far if something goes wrong," Cameron mentioned.

"I'll be fine," Sarah promised. She didn't know whether to just go or not, but she followed what felt right. She pushed down the bench towards her protector.

Cameron softened and reached for her lover. She met Sarah's tender kiss and brought her palm against

Sarah's cheek.

Sarah slowly withdrew from the kiss and breathed heavily. She leaned her forehead against Cameron's and confessed, "I like kissing you too much." She showed her grin only after she lifted her head.

The terminator brushed her fingertips across Sarah's cheek and down to Sarah's jaw. She murmured, "Go before I realize this is too dangerous for you."

Sarah chuckled and placed a fast kiss to her lover's cheek. She scooted back to the passenger door and was gone. She slid her hands into her jacket pockets and in her right fist was the jump drive. She slid drive's cap on and off in a nervous habit on her walk to Cyberdyne's front entrance.

Cameron watched her lover until she was gone from sight down the sidewalk. She shook her head for letting herself be talked into this plan by her lover. If Omega discovered how she completed the mission, she would certainly be decommissioned by the AI upon her return to the future. She softly sighed and refocused on the mission at hand. She started her satellite uplink and put the progress report in her HUD. She would immediately know when Sarah loaded the program.

Sarah Connor strolled through the front entrance doors, which slid open in greeting to her presence. She went straight to the security desk and offered a smile to the guard posted on duty.

"Good afternoon, Miss Connor."

"Hey, Henry. How are you?" Sarah pulled out her wallet and freed her badge access card.

"I'm good. Yourself?"

Sarah closed up her purse then offered a smile to him. "I'm good."

"How's college going?"

Sarah rolled her eyes and replied, "You should see the material we're covering this semester."

"No thanks," Henry rejected. He waved a hand at the young woman. "I leave that stuff to my son."

Sarah chuckled then inquired, "Has Dad left today?"

"No, he's still here. Do you want me to buzz him that you're here?" Henry reached for the phone but waited for Sarah's response.

"No, I'll find him but thanks, Henry." Sarah started on her way to the elevators.

The security guard released the phone and shot a smile at her. "You take care, Miss Connor."

"You too, Henry." Sarah gave him a brief wave then she approached the badge reader in the elevator lobby. She swiped her card past the reader, and she hit the sixth floor. There was a ding behind her so she entered the empty elevator.

"Good afternoon, Miss Connor," the elevator greeted in its feminine voice. "Welcome back to Cyberdyne. You are going to the sixth floor." It quickly rode up the shaft until it came to the sixth floor. It stopped, drew its doors open, and reported, "Sixth floor, Miss Connor."

"Thanks," Sarah replied to the elevator. She furrowed her eyebrows when she realized she just responded to the automated elevator like it could understand her. She shook her head and just started down the hallway to find her father's office.

John Connor's heavy voice rumbled in his office, and he leaned back in his office chair. He had his back to the door and stared out the glass window that overlooked his factory. He had the landline phone at his ear and patiently listened to the conference call. But a gentle knock at his door drew his attention to it.

John hastily muted the phone then called, "Come in." He instantly lost focus on the conference call upon seeing his only child coming into his office.

"Hey, Dad," Sarah greeted and smiled warmly at him. She kept her voice down because he was on the phone.

"Sarah." John returned the smile and held up his finger. "Give me a second." He turned off the mute button and cut into the conversation between three of his employees.

Sarah adjusted her purse to her lap when she sat down in one of her father's wood chairs. She chuckled at how her father told them that he was getting off the conference call and that he wanted a full report later. She felt bad that she'd interrupted it, but he used her as an excuse as to why he had to go.

John hung up the phone and let out a relieved sigh. "I don't think I could have taken another minute of that call."

Sarah chuckled softly and crossed her legs. "I'm surprised there's a meeting this late."

"Not my favorite," the father agreed. He leaned back into his large, black chair and mentioned, "Your mother has been worried about you. Your phone has been off for a few days now."

Sarah dropped her shoulders and explained, "I know." She combed her hair back. "I broke my Blackberry at work. I need to get another one and just haven't had a chance."

John slightly narrowed his eyes because it was unlike his daughter. He knew how much she was attached to her cell phone so he would have thought she'd purchased a replacement one right away. "Is Verizon not giving you a new one with the insurance?"

"It's not that," Sarah brushed off. "I just haven't had time to get to the store. I'll have time tomorrow."

"Be sure to call your mother first thing." John crossed his ankles under the large, wood desk. "I was about to call Kelly to see what's happened." He then changed the topic and asked, "How are classes?"

Sarah bobbed her head a few times and replied, "They're really good." But she became more serious after she thought about one of her classes. "My Nanoscale Fabrication class has been the hardest. But I really love the Computer-Controlled Machines class."

John recalled his past conversations with his daughter about the Computer-Controlled Machines class that'd come so naturally to his daughter's mind. He considered her other class that was hard merely because of the subject matter. "You think you'll get an A in it?" John laced his hands in his lap.

Sarah considered it, honestly then nodded. "I'm teetering between an A and a B, but I think I can ace the

final."

John gently smiled at this news and leaned deeper into his soft chair. "It'll be nice if you graduate summa cum laude."

The college student chuckled and brushed off, "Piece of cake." Yet she groaned and muttered, "If I don't graduate summa cum laude mom won't let me come home for the summer."

John actually laughed at his daughter's unrealistic assumption. "As heavy as the crown, daughter."

"Yeah but funny how that crown only got heavier because of you and mom." Sarah exchanged a knowing grin with her father. "You and mom said I had to keep a 2.8 to stay in college. Then next year, you told me it had to be a 3.0 but by senior year, you tell me I have to keep a 3.9 or else I'm paying you back for the tuition."

John chuckled but concluded, "You can handle it." He then tilted his head and asked, "How is work?"

"It's been busy." Sarah shrugged but quickly inquired about her mom.

"She's doing well... she'll be happy when you're home for the summer." John, like his daughter, knew it was true that his wife was very close to Sarah. He was about to talk more but there was another knock at his door. "Come in."

Sarah twisted around and curiously took in the new face at the door.

"Mr. Connor, I just wanted to check in with you before I left for the day."

"Miles, come in." John waved the young man into his office. "I want you to meet my daughter." He stood up from his chair and came around the desk.

Miles approached the father and daughter but focused on the young woman, who warmly smiled at him. He held out his hand when Mr. Connor proceeded to introduce them.

"This is Miles Dyson," John started. "He just started today." He now rested his left hand on his petite daughter's shoulder. "This is my daughter Sarah Connor."

Miles Dyson had a nice smile that showed brightly against his black skin. He had short hair, rich brown eyes, and probably was in his late twenties. He finished his hand shake and mentioned, "Your father said you interned at ZeiraCorp."

Sarah slid her hands into her jean pockets. "Yes, last summer I was there."

Miles shook his head and waved a finger at Sarah Connor. "I swear I saw you there."

Sarah went wide eye and checked, "You worked for ZeiraCorp?"

John Connor stepped into the conversation at this point. "He recently defected to us," he joked.

Miles chuckled and folded his arms against his chest. "I wasted too many years there." He shook his head and sadly told, "ZeiraCorp has really lost out on several big clients." He looked between John and Sarah. "Their ethics were the most famous in the industry."

"Were," Sarah agreed. She recalled her summer internship at ZeiraCorp. "It's a shame they're falling apart."

Miles shrugged and reminded, "How goes the CEO so goes the company."

"Very true," Sarah murmured. She proudly peered up at her father.

John smiled at his daughter, but his green eyes fixed on Miles Dyson again. "Miles is in the Special Projects Department."

Sarah bobbed her head and teased, "Good luck, Mr. Dyson."

"I appreciate it." Miles still had a smile but offered, "I hope to see you again, Miss Connor."

"I'll walk you down to the lobby, Miles." John turned to his daughter and asked, "Can you wait here?"

"Sure, Dad." Sarah shifted out of the way and sat down in a chair while her father and Miles left. Once the door closed, her eyes traveled to her father's desk and his flat screen monitor. She took a shaky breath and made her move while she had her chance.

The college student went behind her father's desk, shook the mouse to rid of the screen saver, and noticed it asked for a password. She cursed but decided that it may not matter anyway according to how Cameron explained it to her. She knelt down, pulled out the thumb drive, nervously pulled the cap off, and slid the USB head into the computer's port. Instantly, the thumb drive's light flickered a bright blue and continued flickering nonstop.

Sarah stood up and fished out her cell phone. She was concerned that the screen saver would foul it up so she sent a text message to her protector. She asked Cameron whether it matter or not, and she was relieved when Cameron said the password enabled screen saver didn't matter. Sarah watched the monitor, which went back to screen saver mode, but the thumb drive still erratically flashed.

"Damn... come on," she hissed at it. She knew her father would be back in a minute. She then saw the thumb drive went solid then her cell phone vibrated in her palm. She opened the text message, which only read: *I'm in*. Sarah jerked the thumb drive from computer just before the door started opening.

Sarah cursed under her breath and went to the window so her back was to the door. She trembled while she worked the cap over the thumb drive, but she closed her right hand over the small drive just as her father came to her side.

John Connor stood beside his daughter and studied the factory down below. "Miles Dyson is a big gain for us." He peered down at Sarah. "I've been trying for over a year to recruit him from ZeiraCorp."

"What was his major in college?"

"Electrical engineering," John softly answered. "He went to the University of Maryland then ZeiraCorp recruited him... brought him out here to California."

Sarah inhaled sharply and looked up at her father. "They must have really wanted him."

John moved his head in agreement. "He's very intelligent." He looked down at his daughter. "You should get to know him more over the summer."

Sarah considered it since she'd be working for her father this summer. She planned to work no more than six months at Cyberdyne then find a job with the government, her first choice once she obtained security clearance. "What's he doing in Special Projects?"

John only told his projects to those on a need to know basis but always revealed them to his daughter and wife. "He's joining the team that's on Project Rome."

Sarah quickly lifted her head and met her father's gaze. "You've resumed Project Rome?" Her eyes were like saucers and her features excited at this news.

"Yes, now that we have Miles we can start again." John showed a thin smile. He knew what his daughter's reaction would be to this.

Sarah lightly touched her father's covered arm with her left hand. "You have to let me join it this summer, please?" She had a pleading expression. "My classes I'm taking now could come in handy, Dad."

John slowly felt his smile pull wider at his lips. "I'll think about it." He then grinned evilly and teased, "If you make summa cum laude."

Sarah dropped her hand and dramatically groaned. She shook her head then headed away from the window. "In that case, I think I'll get on the subway back to my apartment so I can get my nose to the books."

John chuckled but followed his child to the door. "Be careful." He stopped by the closed office door. "See that you get a new phone and call your mother."

"I will and tell her I miss her."

"I will," John promised. He then hugged his daughter goodbye.

Sarah returned the warm hug and quietly left him to his work so he'd get home sooner than later. She strolled down the elevator lobby but didn't text Cameron until she was on the elevator. She told Cameron she was on her way back. She then furrowed her eyebrow when Cameron texted back that she could see her in the elevator.

Sarah started typing out a questioning reply, but she stopped and looked up at the small camera in the corner of the elevator. "Jesus," she muttered once she understood what Cameron meant. She cleared out her text message and slid the phone into her pocket. She bowed her head and waited until the elevator stopped on the ground floor.

"This is the ground floor. Goodnight, Miss Connor," the elevator remarked. It shut its doors once it sensed nobody else was inside of it.

Sarah was tucking her badge away, and she saw that Henry was now replaced by a different security guard. She said hello briefly to the guard then left the building. She started back to Cameron.

The terminator spotted her lover coming across the street and went behind the truck. She pulled down the video surveillance of Cyberdyne displayed in her HUD now that she had complete access thanks to Sarah and her program.

Sarah climbed into the truck, slammed the door, and asked, "You have access to the cameras?" At her lover's nod, she further insisted, "To all Cyberdyne's servers... everything?"

"I cannot flush the automatic toilets," Cameron joked.

Sarah didn't expect the response and laughed. She caught her lover's grin and shook her head. She grabbed her seatbelt. "Well we have a few hours before we can really get started. You think we should get prepped?"

Cameron silently agreed and put the truck into drive. She pulled out of the parking spot then floored the gas down the quiet street. She pulled up a hotel that was about twenty minutes away from Cyberdyne Systems Corporation. She soon pulled into the small parking lot of a Hyatt Summerfield Suites.

Sarah climbed out of the truck and met her lover at the tailgate. "What we need?"

Cameron lowered the tailgate and hauled out their supplies. "Take our two duffel bags, for now." She wanted to get a room first before they carried in several bags that concealed weapons and such.

Sarah took her bag after she adjusted her purse across her shoulder. She heard Cameron get the book bag from the truck's cab then they were headed to the front desk. Again, Sarah opted to pay for a room, but she was surprised that Cameron wanted it for two nights.

The terminator was stoic and slightly distant as she marched through the hotel's lobby and to the elevators. She carried the duffel bag over her right shoulder so that it leaned against her back.

Sarah stood by her quiet lover while they waited for the elevator. She stepped aside when two occupants exited it then they went into it. She hit the sixth floor button. Once the doors were closed, she looked at the terminator. "Two nights?"

Cameron glanced at her charge and merely answered, "I wish to spend tomorrow with you before I return to the future."

Sarah slumped her shoulders some but didn't say anything because the elevator opened its door. She followed her protector out and mentally prayed they would see tomorrow.

Cameron approached the door to their room and retrieved the swipe card. She ran it through then shoved open the door for them. She held it open and allowed Sarah to pass.

Sarah just started shaking her head when she saw she'd entered the lounge. She could get use to this lifestyle. In front of her, was a large, leather couch that faced a flat screen television hung on the wall. Then to the left was a fireplace beside a window, and a wood coffee table centered. But to Sarah's left was a compact kitchen that included a full refrigerator, toaster, sink, coffee maker, and dishwasher.

Cameron slipped between the human and a four person dinner table. She turned on the light switch for the bedroom, which included a king size bed and television on the wall. She disappeared into the gigantic bathroom that contained a walk-in, stone shower, usual toilet, and jacuzzi on an upper level.

Sarah entered the bedroom and dropped her duffel bag on the bed beside Cameron's. She followed her lover into the bathroom that seemed larger than the bedroom. "Wow," she murmured. She approached the jacuzzi and touched the rim of it. She lifted her eyes and admired the earthy stone walling that included modern light fixtures.

Cameron softened her hard attitude at seeing her lover's keen interest in the jacuzzi. She joined Sarah's side.

"It's a shame... our schedule is so booked tonight," Sarah softly joked. But she really didn't grin or smile because she was becoming nervous about tonight.

The terminator slipped her right arm across her lover's back and drew her closer. "Tomorrow," she quietly promised and kissed Sarah's temple.

Sarah sighed and leaned into her lover's larger form. She rested her temple against Cameron's shoulder and closed her eyes.

Cameron lowered her head until her forehead met Sarah's head. She inhaled the distinct scent that was Sarah Connor, and she would never forget. She allowed herself to be stolen away by the moment despite her and Sarah needed to get ready. But just these few, quiet minutes were needed before her and Sarah fought the enemy.

At reading the time, Cameron lifted her head some and murmured, "We must get ready."

"I know." Sarah straightened up and peered into serious eyes. "We need to get the other stuff from the truck."

"I will retrieve them since they're heavy." Cameron placed a light kiss to her lover's lips. "I won't be long." She released the human and started back to the front door.

Sarah slowly followed and heard her lover leave already, but she went to the lounge television. She found the remote on the coffee table so she turned it on and watched the local news. She sunk down to the sofa and leaned forward with her elbows on her knees.

The terminator soon returned with a heavy duffel bag and larger black bag. She deposited both of them on the floor near the coffee table. She knelt down and unzipped them.

Sarah's attention wandered off the television, and she watched Cameron systematically pull out weapons and accessories onto the floor.

The terminator lined up each weapon on the floor in a row then put associated ammunition below it. She then put miscellaneous items to the left in a line. Last, she retrieved a silver body armor vest and black tee-shirt that was short sleeved.

Sarah furrowed her eyebrows at the metal vest. "Is that a bullet proof vest?"

"Yes." Cameron climbed to her feet and ordered, "Come here." She back stepped a few times into an open space and waited for Sarah to join her. She slung the shirt over her right shoulder but held up the vest to Sarah's body. "This will fit you." She lowered the vest to her side. "Currently body armor is made from products such as Kevlar, GoldFlex, Zylon, and few others. This armor is a microscopic mesh design made from coltan... it is much stronger than today's standards. But it's not indestructible like many terminator chassis made from coltan."

Sarah took the vest because she was curious about the weight. She hefted it and summarized that it probably weighed no more than three pounds. It appeared to be about as thick as a hundred fifty page book. "Is it pretty flexible?"

"Yes, it's similar to spandex, and it will mold itself to your body the longer you wear it. When it was first designed it was dubbed a smart vest." Cameron now opened the right side by pulling back the retaining clips. "An engineer was sent back to design these for human agents sent back by the UR." She undid both clips on the right side. "Remove your shirt."

Sarah pulled off her rich blue shirt and tossed it back to the sofa. She was left only in her black bra but asked, "Anything special about that shirt?" She signaled the one on Cameron's shoulder with her chin.

"It's simply a moisture-wicking shirt that'll keep you dry and cool. You will certainly need it." Cameron jerked off the shoulder clip then put the vest over her charge's petite upper body. She adjusted it right then set the adjustable clips properly then locked them down. "This is a concealable vest." She helped her lover put on the moisture-wicking shirt.

Sarah also unbuttoned her pants and tucked the black shirt's tail in around her waist. She buttoned up her jeans and reset her belt. She pulled on the vest's collar until it felt okay. She decided the weight wasn't too bad, and she could breathe with ease.

"The vest will also protect you from stab attacks," Cameron explained. She tilted her head and seriously reminded, "The vest will help protect you, but it doesn't make you invincible."

Sarah nodded and murmured, "I know." She peered down at her upper body and decided it was fairly concealed and form fitting. In some ways, it felt like a second skin which she didn't expect at all.

The terminator went back to the weapons and sat down on the floor in front of them. In front of her were the guns, but to her left were the odds and ends.

Sarah sat beside her lover and studied the weapons.

Cameron took two Glocks and set them in front of Sarah. She next collected six magazines that were much longer than the normal ones. "These are thirty-three rounds." She stacked three on three next to the two Glocks. Next, she picked up a sniper rifle and proceeded to inspect it.

"What kind of rifle is that?"

"It is a Barrett M98B," the terminator reported. She slammed the bolt through the breech then reopened it once she was sure it was clear. She lifted the rifle and peered through the scope. "It fires a point three hundred thirty-eight lapua magnum cartridge. The muzzle's velocity is three thousand one hundred feet per second."

Sarah let out a breath at the black rifle's impressive, dangerous abilities.

Cameron set the rifle back down once she assessed it. She twisted to her left and picked up a closed knife that was completely made from stainless steel. She opened the blade and held it near her lover. "This is the Delica knife made by Spyderco with a half serrated blade." She closed the blade and turned it over. "A clip on the backside." She set that down on Sarah's side.

Sarah combed her hair back and tried staying focused despite the arsenal being laid before her.

"Motorola two-way radios." Cameron handed one to her lover and took the mate to it. She turned her radio on and saw that Sarah did the same. "We need to set the privacy feature." She and Sarah synchronized their radios then afterwards, Cameron gave Sarah an earbud headset with a microphone.

Sarah switched off the radio and set it near the Glocks. Now Cameron gave her a tiny, round disc that was a part of a comprehensive GPS tracking system. If Sarah was somehow taken, then Cameron could track her whereabouts instantly. With Cameron's help later, they would hide the thin disc in Sarah's shoulder wound band aid.

Cameron handed her lover four flares. "You will use these for the thermite." She next grabbed the remaining two Glock 17s and inspected them carefully.

Sarah bowed her head some and her stomach twisted. She shut her eyes and just listened to metal against metal as Cameron tested the Glocks.

The terminator now picked up a M4A1 carbine and went over several checks with it. She was satisfied and last checked M-79 grenade launcher, which was in perfect working condition. She gave the launcher a sharp jerk and forced the barrel shut. "Do you wish to eat before we go?"

Sarah just shook her head. Just at the thought of food made her stomach pitch over. She shut her eyes and pressed her hands into her forehead. She asked herself if she could really do this tonight. Could she really set up two men to be murdered then face a dangerous, nearly unstoppable terminator?

Cameron glanced at her charge while she slammed a thirty-three round magazine into each Glock's empty barrel. She then racked the first bullet into place. "You do not have to do this."

Sarah just shook her head and stayed quiet for another minute. She finally whispered, "I'm setting up two men to be killed."

The terminator placed the Glock onto the floor. "And they do not have second thoughts about killing you." She grabbed the carbine and loaded it with a hefty magazine. "I must kill them. They are a threat to you."

Sarah just swallowed against the formed lump in her throat. She revealed, "I'll never be the same again after this."

Cameron remained quiet after she'd set the carbine down. She then offered, "You've already changed, Sarah."

The college student had to agree because she never imagined herself learning how to fire a gun, bugging her father's company, and now plotting to kill two men. She let out a low sigh and lifted her head.

Cameron took in her lover's sad features and read fear in those green eyes. She knew it wasn't fear about tonight but about the changes. "You're becoming stronger."

"Is that what you call it?" Sarah muttered. She turned her head away and stared straight ahead. "I didn't realize strength felt so cold." She now climbed to her feet and went into the bedroom. She looked for the first aid kit that was tucked in a side pocket of Cameron's duffel bag.

The terminator got up and followed after her lover. She came up behind her lover, took the kit and set it down, and slipped her arms around her lover's trim waist. She bowed her head once Sarah leaned back into her. "I rather you not do this."

Sarah tucked her head under her protector's chin. "I want to do this with you."

Cameron gave off a disappointed sigh but didn't argue further. She reached up and turned Sarah's face to her. She seriously promised, "You will live through this."

"I know," Sarah whispered. She touched her lover's cheek. "Just promise me you won't seriously damage yourself."

The terminator considered the request then honestly replied, "I can't... I can't promise I'll walk away after tonight."

Sarah turned in her lover's arms and asked, "What good will it do if you end up dead when we can flee and fight another day?"

Cameron shook her head a few times. "It must end tonight."

Sarah shut her eyes and leaned her forehead against her lover's chest. There was no way she could convince Cameron otherwise about tonight. She just had to keep faith that they'd walk away together. After a few minutes, she and Cameron separated and continued getting ready for tonight. Cameron made sure to clean her wound after they temporarily removed the smart vest. The tracking bug was placed in the back shoulder wound's pad to conceal it.

Once Cameron was satisfied they had their weapons mostly ready, she started bagging the carbine and grenade launcher. She stuffed two bullet belts into the duffel bag too. She and Sarah then set up their walkie talkies and tested them.

Finally satisfied they had everything sorted out, they gathered themselves, and Cameron took the two weapons bags. She and Sarah left the suite and went back to the truck. Instead of putting the weapons into the truck bed, Cameron merely placed them into the back of the cab. She climbed into the truck and buckled up like Sarah.

"You don't want dinner?" Cameron checked.

Sarah shook her head and confessed, "I can't eat."

The terminator just nodded then started the truck. She put the truck into drive then pulled up her connection to Cyberdyne System Corporation's security surveillance. On the left side of her HUD, she rotated through the cameras at Cyberdyne and determined there were no employees left except for two security guards down at the ground floor. Cameron began recording a fifteen minute clip from all of Cyberdyne's cameras that she would later upload back to the security guards' computers and would loop them.

Sarah quietly sat and mentally ran through the plans for tonight. She knew that she and Cameron would go through them in greater detail since they had a few hours before they'd face the Reese Brothers and T-888. She laid her head back and closed her eyes on the ride to her father's company. Uncharacteristically, she began vibrating her right leg once she thought about seeing bullet wounds in the Reese Brothers' foreheads. She fought off being sick, for now.

To be continued.