

That was Easy

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That was Easy

by [Squidney907](#)

Summary

After slipping away from an inattentive guard, the Phoenix does what they do best. Evading Zoraxis' clutches at all costs.

Notes

This is my bored writing once again. I should just call this my bored writing series. Again, don't expect much from this. Also, question. Does the Handler actually have a name? Cause I see people call him like 'M'. Is that just an accepted head canon or? I don't know, and in all honest it doesn't matter that much. Just wanted to ask. I'll stop rambling now. Enjoy

It shouldn't have been this easy. The agent knew that. Zoraxis wasn't incompetent, far from it, and yet it seemed as though they were. At least at that moment.

Five minutes. That's how long it had been since the agent had slipped away from the linear path leading to their most likely end. It had just been by chance that the one tasked to check on them in that coffin of a room was also a bumbling fool (as their handler would say). It was one of the first rules found in the book 'Common Pitfalls of Eccentric Villainy', a book that the agent stole from a certain winter cabin in the alps. "Never allow your hostage free(ish) movement e.g. leg or hand movement." Not that the agent is complaining.

Now the Phoenix was hidden inside a simple broom closet, as grey as it was cold. An old wooden set of shelves bared the weight of simple cleaning supplies, duct tape and three wrenches of different sizes (a 5/16", 3/8" and a 1/2"). Upon the upper half of the right wall was a 61 x 91 cm vent held into the cold plaster by simple hexagonal bolts. The door behind the agent was thin, easily able to be kicked down, which was worrisome to say the least. A naked light bulb hung from the centre of the room, bringing with it a surprisingly bright blaring of light. The light reflected off of the white, waxed floor of the closet, where the agent was sitting with their injured leg out in front of them and their healthy one tucked under them.

It was pitiful really. Injuries never caused the agent many issues in the moment, always more focused on their mission or surviving an onslaught of bullets. But now? The wound felt like it had been set on fire and then doused in salt.

Behind their back, still bound, were their aching hands. Their head was still pounding from when they had woken up. It still confused the Phoenix on just how they managed to glide away. Then again, the guard was not very perceptive.

First off, the guard had been leading, leaving the agent to trail behind him. The man's dark eyes couldn't reach them easily.

Secondly, the bright, white halls seemed completely desolate and drained of any other guards. Of course there were a few dotted around, but not enough to constantly pose as a threat to the agent's disappearance.

And thirdly, the Phoenix was quite well known for slipping away from Zoraxis' clutches. It was their specialty, along with evading death's everlasting hug and care.

The guard surely had discovered the agent's lack of presence by now, making the agent's stationary state even more alarming. They had nothing on them to provide protection, although that's not really new, since they had their gun privileges revoked by the agency after shooting through an already unlocked window (which they nor their handler knew was already open). A disguise would've sufficed, but by no means were they in the condition to 'temporarily borrow' one from an unwilling worker.

One thing that was going right for the agent, however, was their telepathic control was slowly crawling back to them. It was by no means to the standard of field work or, even training for that matter, but it was there. Without it, it was like the agent was being denied one of their limbs, ignoring the one that actually was denying to function at that moment.

Agent Phoenix rested their head upon the door, praying that the little force wouldn't open it. Their eyes trailed back to the vent. It was big enough for the agent to squeeze into, although

it wouldn't be comfortable, especially for their thigh. The bolts holding it in place would probably be able to be removed by one of the wrenches. The issue was getting up to it. They could unscrew the bolts from where they sat, at the expense of a 100% increase in the pain their headache was causing, but getting up would be near impossible without help. They could stand on their injured limb, but it was much weaker than usual due to the burning pain, so jumping up to grab ahold of the flooring of the vent would be excruciatingly painful. The only other liable option was using the shelves as steps up to the vent. It would surely hurt less, and they would be closer to the actual inside of the vent and wouldn't have to hoist themselves up after latching onto the interior. The only issue was whether the shelves were stable enough to support the agent.

It would have to be, otherwise they should just hand themselves in (not that they actually would).

The agent wiggled their hands around, twisting and turning their wrists despite the binds that tied them. It was confusing to the agent that the guard had taken the time to retie the rope to be tightened on their wrists instead of just leaving them secured to the agent's side. Maybe to make it harder for them to wiggle out. Surprisingly, it only took the agent a couple of minutes to free their wrists, the tie slipping off lazily before making itself comfy on the stark floor. Blood began to rush back to their numb hands, along with a familiar tingle that flowed along their inner arms. It wasn't as strong as usual, but it was good enough.

The agent curled both hands into gentle fists, before releasing them and spreading their fingers wide and apart from one another. They did this a couple of times, regaining feeling in their wrists and hands. Once they were sure that their muscles wouldn't cramp, they sluggishly lifted their right arm up, hand outstretched as if to initiate a handshake with the air. The tingle along their upper limb grew and traveled further down to their fingertips. It felt the same as a dull electric shock when the 1/2" wrench began to shake upon the shelf and then lift up fifteen centimetres above where it once laid.

The agent doesn't know why their telepathy caused that feeling, as discussions amongst coworkers with the same implant always denied that they felt that same charge. It felt right to have, a sort of telltale to see if their ability was working. Their handler had said that it was probably caused by a malfunction of sorts, much like how their implant would short circuit from extensive trauma induced injuries while others would not. It made sense. The technical difficulties were what caused their handler to refuse having one himself, saying he would rather lose another arm in the field than put that in his brain. That was why he now sat in his office, directing agents and accompanying them with his painful jokes and sometimes crude humour.

The Phoenix smiled at the memory, remembering how one of their handler's other agents had come up to them and warned them of him before their first mission. She had meant it as a joke, but god is it true.

The agent cleared their brain, just now realising that they had subconsciously removed the bolts from the vent grill and it was now stationed on the floor. They let out a short huff, before letting the wrench clatter onto the floor beside the vent cover. On shaky legs, Phoenix got up, carefully as to not knock the door open. Pain was licking at their thigh again, not that it ever really stopped. They could walk on it, whether it hurt or not, and so they took a few seconds to steady themselves before hobbling over to the shelf. Luckily, the shelves were placed close enough to the vent, meaning the agent didn't need to drag it closer. With one last

look around the closet, the agent began to go up, using their right leg first and then pulling their left one up onto the same shelf as to ease the pressure put on the injury. Oddly enough, every shelf remained intact, despite its old, weak look. It took about two minutes for the agent to fully scale the shelves to the point of the vent opening. They shimmied over to the vent, holding onto the uppermost shelf before hoisting themselves up into the small entrance. A last minute thought lead to the agent taking the discarded wrench with them after pulling it up telekinetically from the floor and securing it into their trouser's right pocket.

The air duct was made of galvanised steel, warm to the touch along with the stuffy air inside. It was a tight fit, with the agent only able to army crawl through. Their wound was still playing up, but was soon going numb from the stress. It was for the better.

The vent's layout was straight forward enough, with little turns and directions to go, although this only further worried the agent. It was too linear. Too restricting. Despite its lack of choice, the Phoenix still didn't know where they were going to end up, or if they could even get out. That was what instilled the most fear within them. The air was suffocating. Their fear seemed to be unwarranted, however, as another vent cover came into view.

The Phoenix only needed to push at this vent grate for it to swing open. With the same amount of elegance as a drunk panda, the agent wiggled out of the vent and landed painfully on their knees. Their vision began to blur, the quick downwards motion of the fall having been too much for their fragile consciousness. Slowly, their vision returned, the black disappearing from view.

It was cold, with wind whipping at their sensitive face, and their hair following the path of the gale. Concrete dug into their knees, as they stayed down on the floor. The tense bandaging around the wounded thigh was becoming increasingly unbearable, the urge to tear it off was becoming overly appealing. One thing that stopped them was the sudden realisation that they had managed to scramble their way outside of the building.

"That was surprisingly easy," the Phoenix whispered to no one but themselves. For such a formidable and infamous cooperation, the lack of investment to security was almost comical. Although, that was probably because they removed any loose ends or threats at the direct source than letting it kindle and become a flame. The Agency got lucky at every turn when it came to avoiding utter destruction at the hands of Zoraxis. The death engine was the closest they had ever gotten to their defeat. It was almost chilling that the Agency had put all their existence on the shoulders of some agent that just wanted a real vacation.

A smile crossed their face again. They didn't really care for a holiday, not ever actually asking for one. Their handler had just gotten confused when talking to them, thinking they were one of his other agents (one that had been nagging him for a vacation).

The smile slowly receded off their face as they remembered where they were currently crouched. A quick analysis of their surroundings allowed for the agent to realise they weren't out of the woods just yet. A 12 foot security fence was roughly 43 feet ahead of them, barbed wire twisted within its intricate pattern. Beyond the fence was a desolate street, dark with no street lights to allow any visibility going forward. The only light were the ones emitted from certain sections in the fencing, where makeshift lamp posts protruded out and into the starless night sky.

Talking could be heard not far off, in a language that the agent managed to make out as Bulgarian. They had a slight recollection of someone else speaking it, the one who had

knocked them out. It made sense that they were to be placed in Bulgaria (an assumption due to the spoken language) as it was a country that bordered the Black Sea, the sea in which the Zoraxis HQ was stationed. Zoraxis was also known for its international influence amongst many European and Asian countries, much like the Agency.

This was an issue though, because the agent couldn't speak Bulgarian. They were fluent in 4 languages: English, Spanish, Romanian and Mandarin. The most useful one at the moment would be Romanian, due to Bulgaria sharing a border with Romania, with a part marked by Europe's second longest river, the Danube. Not only could they speak the language, but there was also an Agency headquarters in the city of Călărași. That was the agent's new destination. They just had to get out without being seen.

Using the more than dark surroundings, they snuck to the fence, praying that those who had been talking wouldn't be able to see them. The desolate surroundings proved to actually aid the agent, as it allowed for their crossing to be over quickly as they successfully reached the barbed wire barrier. Now being closer, the agent could make out just how much barbed wire covered the fence. Too much. One of the lamp posts was not far off, clear of any obstructions or dangers. The agent could probably scale it normally, but with the added issue of their injury, the task was dramatically increased in its difficulty. If they pulled themselves up on the lamp, they would be easily spotted due to the light, but what other choice did they have? So, with the little strength the agent still possessed, they began to pull themselves up onto the dented post.

A shout of recognition echoed into the dark of the night after about a minute after the agent began, causing the Phoenix to face their right. The sound of rampant footsteps followed not long after the yell, and then the sound of a firearm's safety clicking. Without much thought, the agent grabbed ahold of the fence as to hoist themselves up further, hand be damned. Surprisingly, said action provided enough leverage to allow the agent to hook themselves over the top of the high fence before plummeting to the stone floor on the other side. A loose piece of barbed wire had caught their trouser's leg, tearing and ripping away the bottom material of their frayed clothes. Ignoring the pain that was now accumulating upon their wound, they sprung up from the floor before darting away into the unknown of the Bulgarian streets. Shots were fired after the agent, each M1918 Browning Automatic Rifle sending another bullet towards where the agent once stood. It was a miracle that only one skimmed across their shoulder, a fiery pain erupting along with it. A gun of that kind could do much worse, and it was by sheer dumb luck that the guards seemed to have never used these guns before by looking at their aim.

In the pitch blackness of the uncertain street, a window left ajar was able to be spotted by the Phoenix. The building seemed abandoned, unlike the others that all possessed a sense of homeliness and care. A broken window with shattered glass still littering the floor was next to the one left ajar. In a blind frenzy, the agent made their way over, gripping at their bleeding shoulder with their equally bleeding hand (due to the barbed wire). The pain plaguing their thigh had now subsided, their body having gotten used to the constant strain and pressure. Using their bloody hand, they released their shoulder and pulled the window open more, listening as it groaned into the night. Carefully, they pulled themselves in, stepping onto the broken windowsill, their heart dropping as their foot slipped and missed the ledge. Their body followed quickly behind it, causing them to fall into some shards of glass that had fallen into the house.

Phoenix pulled themselves up, legs shaking from adrenaline. They pulled the still intact window shut, as if that did anything to force the cold to stay out. Glancing around the unlit room, they managed to conclude that they had stumbled into an abandoned living room, their eyes now adjusted to the dark.

The sofa was a vivid red while the armchair next to it was a dirtied lime green. Both were supported on old wooden legs, with rips and stains upon the cushions. A small coffee table was practically laying upon the floor, with an abandoned cup upon a circular coaster. A standing lamp was in the far right corner of the room, the lamp shade stained an ugly off white. One dead plant hung its head solemnly over its pot upon the windowsill the agent had gracefully tumbled through. The floor was carpeted and lacked any stains despite what the furniture might have suggested. Multiple magazines, each as colourful as a summer parade, laid sprawled upon the carpet, their titles obviously in Bulgarian. One of them was clearly for fashion, shown by the woman on the front wearing a dress that the agent had seen many women have that were similar to it back in America. It wasn't a surprise to the agent, with how countries could now interact with one another on a much larger scale than ever before. It wouldn't even be a shock if this magazine could be found in America and translated to English.

Turning their attention away from the floor, the Phoenix trudged over to the sofa, dropping down upon it before their legs gave out. It was soft under their aching body, and the agent felt rather bad about staining it further with their blood. Forcing themselves to stay awake, they focused on temporarily bandaging their newly developed wounds. Using bits of clothes that had been torn from the barbed wire or from the destruction of the peace summit, they wrapped their injuries with little to no issues. Of course they still hurt, but that was to be expected.

After half an hour of tending to themselves, the Phoenix allowed themselves to relax and think. Their body sunk into the soft cushioning, their muscles relaxing as they just basked in the unassuming darkness. A full plan began to formulate inside their mind on how to escape to Romania, one that unfortunately revolved around running and praying to whatever god that would answer.

"It would work."

That's what they kept telling themselves.

It had so far.

They just had to do what they do best.

Adapting...

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