

Terminal Contract (Prelude)

I am always on the lookout for interesting story plots that I can steal for my own use. This is another such case. I watched a movie years ago that I just remembered had a very real unique story line. No science, no monsters, but still something that everyone might consider as an alternative to dying while immobile and laying in a bed for six months. I added my own twists and turns so I didn't steal the whole movie plot.

There is an organization that you can write a contract for you to end your life if you suddenly acquire a terrible terminal disease. They will set up an “end of life” scenario that will look like an accident so that your family will not suffer thinking that you were murdered or committed suicide. Once you sign the contract and pay the money, there is no backing out no matter what changes. They promise to follow through.

Why would I even consider such a deal? My best friend Dave and I used to be wild and carefree. When you are young, you take all kinds of risks thinking that nothing can kill you. The ignorance of youth I guess. I have lived like that. As a teenager, jumping off of roofs, playing tag under a bridge above a deep ravine, walking across a suspended pipe over a deep valley like a circus actor on a high wire. I have done all those things.

Author's note:

I actually really did those thing myself while growing up.

So when Dave crippled himself during a skiing accident, I was hit with a dose of reality. As far as he was concerned, his life was over. It wasn't surprising to me when he took his own life during the next year.

I had hoped that something like that would never happen to me. I was having a discussion with a colleague over lunch with several alcoholic beverages in play. I told him about my friend Dave and how he ended up. He was the one who told me about the organization. He said he had already signed up. He gave me the info on how to contact them. It wasn't something you could look

up in the Yellow pages. Ha! The Yellow pages, I guess that kind of dates me. I contacted them the same day. Maybe it was an alcohol induced urge, but at the time it seemed like a good idea. After signing up, I promptly forgot all about it. I shouldn't say promptly, it was several months before I forgot the dent it put in my bank account. It was not cheap.

My personal life was in turmoil. My wife and I had divorced and my son was alienated from me. He blamed me for the divorce although it takes two people to want to stay together and only one to separate. I didn't want to poison his mind telling him that it was my wife who cheated on me. He was dealing with enough anxiety without me adding to it.

Economically, I was doing OK. I was a stock broker and knew how to play the system. My ex-wife was even more highly paid than me. At least I was spared from having to pay alimony.

I had dated somewhat after the divorce, but did not find anyone who I considered my soul mate.

My life proceeded uneventful for the next three years. I was only 37 years old. I started having these painful headaches. No amount of Advil helped. I scheduled an MRI and was shocked to find out that I had a brain tumor. The prognosis was not good. Maybe 6 months to live. Most people go through life not knowing when the end will occur. Knowing changes your priorities. I needed to fix my relationship with my son.

I had forgotten about my contract. Even if I remembered, how could they even know what was going on with my health.

Apparently, I underestimated their reach. The next several months was a roller coaster of survival.

Terminal Contract
(Chapter 1)



3.8-liter flat-six with 543 horsepower and 442 pound-feet of torque (Sport Classic)

One of my indulgences was my love of my 1966 Porsche 911 Classic manual shift sports car. She is rather old, but I maintained her with a loving touch that should have been reserved for my former wife.

I was on my way to meet up with my estranged son. Hopefully to try to bridge the gap between us. I was not sure how I was going to accomplish that, but the first step was to meet face to face. He had reluctantly agreed.

I was living in a small town about 60 miles from where he lived with my ex-wife. We had agreed to meet me for lunch at a local bistro. Only 60 miles should have taken me less than an hour. Although, the route was through some hills called the badlands. There were many twisting and winding

curves that was perfectly suited for my Porsche. I always enjoyed putting her through that kind of course. I was about half way there when I encountered a slow transport truck. It was hauling barrels of something, oil, chemicals, who knows? As I started to pass, the straps holding the barrels came undone and they started scattering all over the roadway. It was like an obstacle course that a slalom skier might have faced. I downshifted and swerved around the first barrage of barrels. The 911's gears complained of the sudden deceleration but held on. Then the other barrels split open depositing some oily substance all over the road surface. I suddenly found myself in a 360 degree spin. If not for my quick reflexes and the 911's maneuverability, I would have spun off the road into the deep canyon along the roadside. I came to a heart stopping skid just edges from the side. The truck proceeded down the road as if nothing had happened.

My mind did not fully comprehend what had just occurred. I thought it was just a random accident and the truck driver not paying attention to what happened behind him. I did not associate this as being the first attempt on my life. I had kind of forgotten about the contract that I had signed years ago.

I arrived at the cafe only a few minutes late. I was glad to see that my son did not get frustrated and leave. This small cafe was a local favorite. They specialized in healthy sandwiches and soups. Not that I cared about any of that due to my current health condition. Still, I ordered a bagel veggie sandwich with sprouts, avocado, deli meats and cheese slices. This came with a small bowl of chicken noodle soup.





(I have to include some food pictures in my story. This really was one of my favorite lunch types. This is making me hungry)

So my near death driving experience was the perfect introduction into the topic I wanted to bring up with my son. I told him what had happened. I also told him that I was sorry for the breakup with his Mom and that it was mostly my fault. He didn't dispute that. You never know when something will happen to suddenly end your life. I don't want you and I to regret that we didn't try to get closer. He seemed to accept this. The rest of the meal went along pleasantly enough. I asked him about his school activities and he asked about my job. We parted ways with an agreement that we would meet again in a month.

Little did I know that I would almost not make it through the next month.

The second attempt on my life was much more obvious. After the strain I put on my Porsche 911, I took it to my mechanic for a full checkup. He went through it with a fine tooth comb and insured me that everything was in fine shape. He said the brakes needed new shoes. I must have burned them trying to keep from falling off the cliff. As I was driving home, I approached a busy intersection. I tried to beat the red light, but I was too far away. This required me to perform a quick stop. I pushed on the brakes and nothing happened. I pulled on the emergency brakes and still nothing happened. I ran smack into a UPS truck at a high rate of speed.

The next thing I knew, I woke up in the hospital. My ribs were badly bruised, but otherwise everything was still attached. My car was totaled. Fortunately, I had not been drinking. The police interviewed me. I told them it was a mechanical failure. They didn't pursue it any longer. My insurance dealt with the damage to the UPS truck. They only gave me \$400 for my totaled car. After three days in the hospital, I was released. My ribs still hurt, but nothing was broken. It took another week before I felt my old self again. The first thing I did was visit my mechanic Sam. He had always been reliable. I didn't suspect him of sabotage, but someone at the shop did it. He had security cameras in the shop. We both looked at the footage and found the culprit. It was a new employee who had only worked there for a couple of weeks. Sam gave me his address. I told him not to call the police. I will handle this myself. Are you sure you want to do this? Yes, this is a personal matter and I have to deal with it myself. The police will ask too many questions.

Terminal Contract *(Chapter 2)*

Before I confront the guy who sabotaged my brakes, I had an appointment with my regular doctor. This is the guy who diagnosed me with the brain anomaly. This time he said there are some experimental drugs recently available to possibly reverse my condition or at least give me a few more years of life. This is much better than the six months he had given me before. I said I am willing to give this a try. This changes things for me. Not only will I possibly have more time with my son, but maybe I can come out of this whole.

While waiting for my appointment, I noticed a woman across the room from me. She had lost much of her hair, but it looked like it was growing back. I suspect that she had been undergoing Chemo. She looked directly at me and I wondered what her interest was. After my appointment, I left the facility and she was waiting for me on a bench. Did you get some good news? This was direct and didn't leave room for me to ignore her. Yes, I got some pretty good news. I also got some good news, but if you are in the same situation as

me, it will not really matter. With that, she got up and slipped me a note, then walked away. A mystery for sure. The note had a phone number written on it.

Now it was time to visit Steve. The guy who rigged my brakes. I took my Glock pistol with me. No need to hide my intentions. I found his house and looked in the side window. He was alone and watching TV. I didn't knock on the door. I slipped behind to the back patio and he had the screen door unlocked. Same thing I usually did. I entered and approached him in his recliner. Hi Steve! Surprised to see me? He didn't budge. We see that you survived our second attempt to fulfill our contract. Yes! I was more surprised than you guys. I just want to report a change in my condition. I suspect that you are monitoring all my medical reports and all other aspects of my life. If that is true, then you will know that my prognosis has turned for the better. This should negate the attempt to end my life. Yes we have seen that, but it doesn't alter anything. Once the contract has been initiated, there is no turning back. Also, since you survived our first two attempts to fulfill it, we now defer to the small print clause. We will no longer make your demise look like an accident. I guess I should have read the contract more closely. Just so you know, if you attempt to flee, all our resources will be directed to complete the contract. Thanks for the warning. By the way, you shouldn't have killed my car. I really loved that car. We are sorry about that. It was just collateral damage. I want you to give the organization a message from me. They should alter their contract so that if a person gets some medical news that his or her ailment can be reversed, you should reset the kill clause. I am not authorized to pass on messages. Oh, I am sure they will get this one. I took out my Glock and shot him right between the eyes. If I am going to war, I might as well take as many down with me as I can. I searched Steve's home looking for something that might identify who the "Organization" actually was. When I signed the contract, everything was discrete and I never received any information on who these guys were. I found one clue. It was a business card with the name "Terminal Island Enterprises". I took it with me. I will do some checking to see if it is a real business or not. Terminal Island is next to San Pedro. It was named for the many oil wells that once populated it. Now the name is much more meaningful. It is sinking about 1 inch every 10 years. Someday it will no longer be above water.

Terminal Island in the 40's



Terminal Island Today



After leaving the scene of my crime, I quickly went back home. Within ten minutes, I had taken everything of value and put it in my backpack. Lots of ammo for my Glock. Not always trusting banks, I had stockpiled 10 grand in

my gun safe. I still had my credit cards. The first thing I did was go to my ATM and take out as much cash as it allowed. \$500 was the max. I am sure the "Organization" would soon cut me off from my bank. Also using a credit card for any transaction would surely be tracked. Besides the cash I had in my house, I had a secret safe deposit box with half a million dollars in it that I stashed away while I was a stock broker. Mostly funds that I had made trading futures. It was also hidden from the IRS. My tax returns never showed that source of income.

The next thing I did was call the number on the note I had been handed by that woman. The call was answered. She said, we are both in the same boat. Maybe that is true, but I am not sure if I can trust you. All I can tell you is I also signed the contract and want to spend a little more time on this earth. My cancer is in remission and I might be able to survive that, but maybe not the contract. My instinct told me that she was telling the truth. I decided to trust her. Do you know of a safe place to hole up? I am familiar with some low budget motels around here that only take cash. I kind of wondered why she would know about those. We would be fairly safe there. OK, but I do not feel safe discussing this on a phone. Where can we meet? I am across the street from you right now. I followed you after the doctor appointment. I figured you would most likely contact someone from the organization. Then you went home. OK, that was smart.

Her name was Alissa. Her situation was identical to mine. She had signed the contract years ago and then had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. With new breakthroughs in medicine, her condition improved. She ran into the same comments from the organization. Once the contract has begun, there was no canceling. OK. I think here is what we should do. First thing is we should ditch our cell phones. These guys are surely tracking us. Do you have a car? Yes, I have one parked across the street. OK, let's go to the Greyhound bus depot. Where are we going? No place, but our cell phones are going on a trip. I bought two tickets to Dallas. We got on the bus and placed our phones in the back pockets of the bus seats. Then we told the bus driver, we forgot something back at the depot. He said, hurry up, we are leaving in 5 minutes. No problem.

We drove back toward the seedy part of downtown. As we were driving, I noticed a Halloween shop not far from where we were going. We purchased some wigs and makeup, but not to look like monsters. Just to alter our appearance. I told Alissa to park her car several block away from the motel and leave the windows down and the keys on the seat. Someone will surly take car of moving her car away from us. Next we found one of those low budget hotels she knew about. Cash only, no questioned asked.

We grabbed some Chinese takeout and walked back to our room. I told her that I had a decent amount of cash on me and also my Glock. I could see that this relieved her of some anxiety. We both realized that nothing much had changed. We just wanted to delay the inevitable for a few months. We both had some loose ends to tie up before leaving this world. Neither of us would be able to follow through with any kind of recovery program. The doctor's office was off limits as well as any clinic. Besides, in addition to the contract out on my life, I was also a murderer wanted by the police. I was hoping our cell phone trip would throw off the organization long enough to accomplish our short term goals. Wait, I almost forgot about my secret stash. If I could get my hands on that we might be able to flee to Europe. I had a buddy who lived in Germany. He and I had done two tours together in Afghanistan as part of special forces. We had saved each other's life more than once. If we managed to get there, he would be able to help. Europe has many clinics even more advanced than those here in the states. If we could connect up with one of those, we could receive the same treatment we would have gotten here. This plan was more appealing to both of us than the alternative.

The next morning, I purchased two throw away cell phones. We could use these to contact our family or whoever we wanted. A one and done deal. Then toss them away. I don't think they would be able to track those even though they were probably monitoring my son's phone.

We needed another mode of transportation. I didn't have enough money on me to buy a decent replacement car. I thought a motorcycle would be a good choice. Alissa was not against riding behind me. I found a cheap place and paid cash for the bike and two helmets. I filled out the registration with a fake name and address. The seller could care less. He didn't even check my

driver's license, especially since I paid full price without haggling. At least the license plate was good for a couple months before I needed to receive the real one. I figured that would be long enough for what I had in mind.

I told Alissa about my son and my desire to fix up our relationship. She really didn't have any issues to deal with other than wanting to say goodbye to her mom. I was glad I was not alone in these possibly last few months of my life.

Terminal Contract (Chapter 3)

Our next move was to first get the money out of my safe deposit box, then contact my son. The box was located in my son's city. I had rented it when I was still in the area and never thought of moving it. I plan to tell my son the truth about our situation. I needed to meet him where those who might be watching him would not know in advance where it was. They would have to follow him and that would give me the chance to identify them if that was the case. We checked out of our motel room, jumped on the bike and took off. The helmets, along with our disguises, insured that we would not be recognized. We repeated our booking at a new low cost motel. Same deal as before. This was my old city and I knew where to go. These places catered to couples meeting up for a tryst to hide from their spouses. Cash and any old signature got you a room. I purposely signed Mr. and Mrs. Smith. That left no doubt why we were there.

I went to a Big 5 sporting goods store and bought a spotting scope and a Rambo type knife. A spotting scope is better than binoculars. The image is super clear and it is small enough to fit in your pocket. Next I went to an internet cafe. \$5 for 10 minutes of CPU time. Being a former finance guru, I knew how to assess a companies worth. Terminal Island Enterprises did not show up on the stock exchange. A Google search came up with nothing too. So that verified my belief that this was just a cover name for the "Organization". Next, I visited a UPS store and made copies of their business card. I had an idea of how to use these and to send more messages to Big "O" as I decided to name them.

I laid out my plans to Alissa. I needed her to retrieve my stash of cash. I suspected that their agents would be on the lookout for a man accessing a bank. The safe deposit box is accessible to anyone who has the key. I suggested to Alissa that she take the Elvira wig she had gotten for her disguise and make a fashionable hair style and cut. Next, she purchased some female business attire and a large briefcase. Now dressed in business pants, white shirt, and tie, she looked the part of a successful attorney or CEO. A person with her look would not draw any unwanted attention entering a bank and the safe deposit area. Just in case you are wondering. \$500K in \$100 bills only weighs 11 lbs and will fit inside a briefcase.

(I verified this on Google in case I ever steal \$500K and want to board a plane.)

Here is what one million would look like.



The cash retrieval went off without a hitch.

Before I executed my next steps, we needed some new Ids. Money can buy anything if you know where to look. I had spent enough time around this town when I was together with Tony's mom Karen to know where to go. I had acquaintances in the under world. For \$5K each, we could get new Dls. Since it was October, Halloween once again provided us with new disguises.

I advised Alissa to done a blond wig and make herself look like one of those Goth women with the black eye makeup. This was about as far as possible from her true nature. For myself, I chose the Prince Albert look. I dyed my hair red and sported a goatee. We went to Walgreens and took 4 passport photos in our new disguises. With the new Ids, I could rent a post office box. My plan was to send Dave, my buddy in Germany, stacks of my \$100 bills. You can send \$40,000 in \$100 dollar bills for \$15 with flat rate boxes. The weight doesn't matter. Whatever you can fit in the box is OK. I just listed the contents as mystery novels. So I rented a post office box and started sending money packages everyday to Dave in Germany. I sent him a letter explaining the trouble I was in and asked him to make some passports for me and Alissa with our new names. I also need an international credit card. I sent him our passport photos, copies of our diver's license, and a money shipment. A week later, I got an answer back from Dave. Whatever you need, just let me know. Your passports will be sent in a couple days along with your new credit card. Who's the Goth chick and why do you look like Prince Albert?

So now we had an escape plan. It was time to meet up with my son. Up until now, I was sure we were undetected. I bet they had fun running down our cell phones on the way to Dallas. I bet somebody else picked them up and started using them. Who knows what cities they got off in. After I meet up with Anthony, (I always called him by his full name, not Tony), our whereabouts will be known and we will be in great danger.

Dave came through. Our passports showed up in my post office box yesterday. We were ready for the next move.

Terminal Contract

(Chapter 4)

Now that we have our passports, credit card, and money, we are ready to implement the next phase of our plan. I wanted Alissa to meet with her mother first. This was made easy due to the closeness to my son's city. I was sure they were watching her mother's house. We had to be careful how we did this. She took a taxi to her mother's house. I arrived ahead of time and re-coned the block. There were two guys in a car not too far from the house.

I waited until Alissa entered her mother's home. I had told her that time was of the essence. Make sure your goodbye is brief. After she entered the home, the two guys got out of their car. I imagined that they thought this was going to be an easy end of contract. They never saw me coming. My training with the special forces was still in tact. I approached the first guy and ran my knife across his throat. The gurgling noise caused the other guy to turn around. I drove my knife right through his throat. I dragged both bodies off to the side between neighboring homes. I am sure "Big O" will locate their bodies before the police find them. I stuck a Terminal Island Enterprise card in each of their pockets with wording on the back. Quit trying to kill me and Alissa and I will quit killing your minions.

When Alissa came out of her mother's home, I told her to jump on the back of the bike as she donned her helmet.

Next was a meeting I had already set up with my son. I told him to meet me at the old fishing hole. This was an abandoned rock quarry. There was always water that accumulated from rain storms, thus the name fishing hole. No fish were ever caught there. I used to take my son out there for shooting practice. Almost no one ever went there, especially toward the evening that was fast approaching.

I needed Alissa to approach him first. Without her wig, she still had little hair. With a hat and a flannel shirt, she could pass for a thin man. Her breasts were small. How did I know? We had already become intimate during our stays in the motels. With both of us facing death at any moment, one part of us still wanted to feel human. That basic instinct served to keep us sane for at least a little while.

I had planned my meet up with Anthony with the precision of a well planned battle. One advantage of the rock quarry was that there was only one entrance. No one would be able to surprise us. I was sure my call to Anthony was intercepted and someone would be following him. It had been less than an hour since my encounter with the other two. I was hoping that would detain their resources long enough for my talk with my son. Alissa approached Anthony and told him that I was close by and would join them

soon. I saw two more followers drive up the road to the quarry. I hid behind some brush along the path. When they went by, I repeated my maneuver that I had performed with the other two. I stuck two more cards in their pockets and dumped both bodies in a crevice beside the path. They were out of sight of anyone walking on the path, but just like the others, “Big O” would be monitoring them. I had to make my talk with my son brief, just like Alissa did with her mother.

I quickly explained to Anthony the trouble we were in. I told him that I might not be able to contact him anymore and that I would not tell him where we were going. If someone comes to your house, you tell them that I purposely did not tell you where I was going in order to protect you. I also gave him my checking account number and password. There was still \$100K in there and I wanted him to use that money for college tuition. Have your mom transfer less than \$5K each week to her account. No one will investigate a small amount like that. I said my goodbye, hugged him and left. We still had the bike. Our next stop was the Greyhound depot. I bought two tickets to Dallas. Ironical huh! No one would be looking for us in Dallas. We were on our way out of town with our new disguises in place in less than 2 hours since Alissa visited her Mom. I had put a sign on the motorcycle. Please take! I left the keys in the ignition. Another means of transportation disappearing. We slept most of the way to Dallas. Once there, we purchased tickets to Jamaica. We needed some place to unwind before we headed to Germany.

Terminal Contract *(Chapter 5)*

Jamaica:

We spent two weeks there before booking our flight to Germany. At first we keep in character wearing our disguises. Then I got tired of being Prince Albert and hanging around with a Goth chick. I switched with Alissa. I wore her blond wig for the Bruce Jenner look and she used her thin man hat and clothes. I told her that she was sexy and cute. She playfully accused me of being gay. After the first week, we just took the chance of being ourselves.

Since our tracks only showed us in disguise, I felt we were fairly safe. “Big O’ did not know about our cash advantage and our ability to get passports. As far as they were concerned, I only had the \$500 I got from the ATM and was still in town. So we made the most of our short vacation realizing that any day could be our last.

I won't go into every detail of our time here. I will let pictures take the place of thousands of words.

The view from our room



If this doesn't say Jamaica, I don't know what does! Maybe some rum and coke. I remember the name of that drink. It is called the Cuba Libre.



How about skinny dipping in this secluded pool. No one else was around!



Spicy Jerk Chicken with hot sauce!



Our over water bungalow reminded me of Bora Bora.



We had no trouble booking our flight to Munich, Germany. Dave lived on a farm just outside of Munich. This was the perfect place for us to hide out for a while. Dave had a thriving business of selling artifacts found after the war. Many things were hidden as Germany started to lose the war. Many of those owners found themselves almost broke. Dave was more than willing to take priceless items off their hands. He did not cheat them. He offered a reasonable price as long as he saw the higher value of their worth. He also had valuable discrete contacts. He picked us up at the airport and drove us to his farm. We needed to start treatment for our conditions as soon as possible. A normal clinic would be too risky. Dave arraigned for private consultations and sources of the meds we needed. The price for this service was at least 5 times higher than if we had gone to a clinic. I didn't want to deplete all of our money resources. I told Dave I had spent the last 15 years manipulating stocks. If he could set me up at his farm with a computer station and high speed Internet, I could start making lots of money for him and us. I established a brokerage account in his name. Any profits I made would go into his account. I was not sure of the reach of "Big O". Did they have international contacts? Just to be safe, Dave and I set up a security perimeter around his farm house. No one would be able to surprise us. Dave also had access to plenty of armament. Some of his businesses dealt with buying and selling various guns and ammo. That was something he and I were quite familiar with. Dave was impressed with Alissa. So you are the Goth chick. Yes, I guess you could call me that, although that is not my

favorite nickname. OK, I will just call you Lisa. That works for me.

I got tired of looking like Prince Albert. I asked Dave to give us new Ids and passports. I let my beard grow and bleached my hair to look blond. Alissa also colored her hair and changed the style. We would not outsmart facial recognition software, but to the normal eye, we definitely looked different than our profiles. Our health continued to improve. Looked like the treatments were working for both of us. We considered the extra time we were living as gravy. I accomplished my goal of reconnecting with my son. We continued like this for the next three years. During that time, both Dave and I got richer. His business was still booming and my stock activity brought in lots of extra cash. We felt that it was time to leave our security net. What good are extra years if you have to stay in hiding? I chose Nice, France as our next place. I didn't have enough money to purchase a house of any kind in that area. I did find a nice marina 20 miles south of downtown and bought a 38 ft live-a-board sailboat . This gave us the perfect lifestyle. We were still young enough to enjoy the boating life. There was also a chance that “Big O” gave up on us. They had already lost 5 employees coming after us.

My Chance to Showboat my Dream Boat



Captains Steering Station



Lounge Area and Galley
Look at those teak wood decks



Navigation Station
with Master Bedroom Aft



Full bath with shower



I could see me cruising the Mediterranean with Nice as my home port! Maybe in another life.



The next two years went by in a flash. I sent a letter to my son via Dave just to let him know I was still alive and thinking of him. Alissa did the same for her Mom. Dave knew better than to post the letters at any office near him. He had a client send the letters from London. If “Big O” was still monitoring, that would be sufficient to throw them off of our scent.

What a great ending to this adventure. We would most likely live out our lives in this wonderful place. We both had survived the contracts. Life is good!

The End

Terminal Contract *(Epilogue)*

On the French Riviera:

After all this time, we felt that our lives had been full. Everyday we were enjoying our time together. This boat we owned home ported in Nice is such a pleasure. Everyday we fish for dinner, dine on the balcony, snorkel in the pristine waters, and sip wine as the sun goes down and the moonlight takes

over. We had beaten the odds. We raised a toast to each other. Suddenly a red spot appeared on Alissa's forehead. Not quite comprehending what had just occurred. That was the last thing I saw before my lights went out.

Terminal Island Enterprises



What was it? Did they slip up? Leave a digital trail? Did “Big O” get to Dave and make him talk? (Not likely). Actually, it was none of those things. Just random bad luck. One of the Terminal Island Enterprise employees just happened to be in Nice gambling in Monte Carlo when he spotted a couple enjoying morning coffee at a local bistro. The woman had grown all her hair back and the man looked older. Still, they kept all the profiles of all the non-completed contracts. After verified identification, a long rang sniper closed out the contracts. Big O's experience with their special forces client did make them change their policy. Now, if someone reverses their terminal condition, they reset the contract. So Jason's life was not in vein. He helped future clients that may face similar events. He did live longer than he had expected and helped do the same for Alissa.

The Real End