

## Four Minutes

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# Four Minutes

by [Siver](#)

## Summary

Sissel can go back four minutes before a person dies to save them, but what do you do if those four minutes won't be long enough?

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

This wasn't supposed to happen. His ears are still ringing, but can't drown out the horrible sounds at his feet. It doesn't mesh, the man at his feet and the man who'd been at his side only moments ago. He's a wreck, struggling to breathe, choking on his own blood, staining that pristine coat of his red.

"Can you save him?" Jowd asks.

"Not from injuries," Sissel says, remembering another such time there was little he could do. Wasn't this bad then though.

Jowd crouches down and Sissel notices his hand is still clenched around his gun. Cabanela seems unaware, his body fighting just to breathe.

"Four minutes," Jowd says in a voice of deadly calm. "He always was too stubborn for his own good."

Sissel can't feel the chill, but he does feel the dawning horror.

Jowd rests a gentle hand on Cabanela's shoulder. "He can't make it." His mouth thins, nearly gets lost in his beard and Sissel hasn't seen that look in his eyes since he met him.

He can't look away and wants to remain silent, hiss and yowl all at once when he sees Jowd raise his gun. Or go deaf to avoid the ragged wet gasps and the worse sound he knows is coming.

That final click seems louder than anything else until a deafening silence falls. Jowd stands and turns away. His gun still hangs loosely by his side. His eyes are closed.

"Save him."

Sissel goes back.

## End Notes

Just feeling a little horrible. I originally had a thought, just wrote it out, then thought, hey wouldn't it be fun to actually write something for it instead? That'll be jolly.

It'll be fine. Sissel's on the job. Just, that four minute limit could be a problem sometimes... And if anyone would realize and act on it it'd be Jowd... (his dialogue about alterations and having to make it look good will never not make me cringe, and that he retained enough presence of mind (if not good choices, god Jowd) to do what he thought he had to do...)

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