

# A Specialty Service

*My Life Behind the Gun*

**De facto Mayor**

By, Jack Pressler

## **De facto Mayor**

Edward Franko was the de facto mayor of the town. He operated his little kingdom free from police intervention. After all, he was the police. Well sort of. About six years ago he took over the town by kidnapping the police chief's wife and children. The chief's wife was also the real mayor's daughter. Franko knows that as long as the mayor is in office, he can do as he sees fit. In the last election, the mayor ran unopposed. A city councilman once proposed a term limit for the mayor. He and his whole family died in a tragic fire set by Franko's de facto police. In his desperation, the mayor called for help from an unlikely source.

We are a specialty security service dealing with quiet interventions around the world. Ok, we are mercenaries hired to take out targets, rescue hostages, and do whatever needs to be done. One day we are in the desert attacking insurgents the next day in the jungles of South America hitting coca plantations. We do it all. To hire us all you do is send a request on our website. No really, we have a website. The site looks like any other shop from home service. To order you need to know the codes and how to order. Without the right code, an order of a rack of short ribs with sauce will get you the beginnings of a great barbeque. With the right codes, you will be ordering a hostage rescue. You must know one of us or a specialized broker to have one of the codes. The mayor knew my right-hand woman. He and the mayor's younger son served in the army together.

On the site, the mayor ordered a rack of ribs for four with corn and potatoes. A rescue of a woman and children. He also ordered a full dessert. This meant leave none of the aggressors alive. The site directs the user to a special pay application that diverts the user to a phone number to call. On the phone, a meeting is planned to talk price and time. In the call the mayor wanted it done fast, and he didn't care about the cost. Within two hours we were face-to-face with the mayor in an International House of Pancakes, where he told us how it all started.

One day without an appointment this man walks into the mayor's office. He hand's the mayor an envelope and then moves over to a couch across from the mayor. The envelope

contained pictures of the mayor's daughter and his grandkids bound and gagged. He told the mayor that his family would be safe if the mayor and the chief did as they were told. He would call the mayor's family "the security" whenever they spoke. That was six years ago. He thought that at reelection he would get his family back, but anyone who considered running against him would find themselves having a tragic and fatal accident. The last one was killed in a one-car collision with a tree and several baseball bats. Then came the fire that killed the councilman, his wife, and seven kids. The kids were the breaking point for us. This one would be on the house.

Within an hour our cyber tech had the blueprints of the house and satellite photos of the grounds. Not even well-placed thugs can get around building codes and eyes in the sky. The house was a large brick colonial with a massive brick and iron gate around the perimeter. A driveway went in a crescent shape from one gate with a guard post to another without one. A clear entrance and exit point. The plans also laid out the services coming in. There was just one point with all services from gas to cable lines. In the back was another gate with no signs of access points. Using infrared cameras, a team sent to do a visual recon found twelve heat signatures. The hostages were most likely in the basement. About ten feet from the fence all wireless signals dropped showing us that they had a jammer.

In the recon, we found out the owner had the house swept for listening devices every other week. It seemed silly with the jammer, but I guess paranoia can make a man do strange things. We decided to use this to our advantage. We bought the service he used for "bug" detection and went in. At the gate, we were searched. They took any phones and anything that looked "funny" to the guards. In the recon, we found the basement. It had a metal door with a keypad on it but no knob. It did have a place to read a keycard in the keypad. That night we devised a plan.

When doing this kind of operations, we never refer to each other by our names. Our codes were simple I was number-one my second on command was number two. All together we went from one to nine with number seven and eight in the panel truck. Number nine was in a van

nearby for a quick exit. That left six of us for the raid. Two would secure the ground floor. Two would take the second floor. The last two would find a way into the basement. We would go in saying how a malfunction in our equipment could have provided a false negative for bugs. After watching us most of the day yesterday, the guards would be a little more at ease with our presence.

Inside the house, we started the fake scans. As the guard nearest me turned away, I struck. Using a suppressed Glock 26, I shot him in the back of the head. At the same time, number-three shot the other guard nearby. Two down ten to go. In the kitchen, we found five men sitting around a table eating and watching soccer (football). They were so interested in the game they didn't hear the shots in the next room. From the time we entered to the last shot, it was maybe six seconds. Only one of them had time to react, just not fast enough. Upstairs number-two and number-four searched the bedrooms except for the master. They found and ended three more thugs. I went up to meet with number-two as number-three went out to find the breaker box. He found it in a small building just outside of the house and cut the cable service lines. This would effectively cut off the voice-over-internet phone service. With the jammer active, the house was silent. Number-five and number-six found the basement door unguarded. Number-three found a keycard on the table in the kitchen and went into the basement. Outside on the roof of the panel truck, number-seven using a Springfield M1A with a suppressor took out the guards at the guard post and by the front door.

The three of us gathered at the door to the master suite, and I knocked. From inside a man yelled, "*not now I'm working.*" I knocked again. A thump sounded out as a man got off a bed and walked to the door. Franko opened the door wearing a bathrobe open in the front defeating the purpose of putting on the robe. Before he could speak, I shot him in the knees. He fell backward. Number-two and number-four shot him in the shoulders. His arms fell to his sides limply. In the room was the mayor's daughter bruised and bloody trying to cover herself with every blanket and pillow on the bed. It was clear what this man meant by working. I went over to Franko and said, "*consider this a recall mister mayor*" then I shot him in the head. That is when an alarm sounded.

When it was all done, we realized you most likely needed both a keycard and a code to enter the basement. Without the code, the alarm sounds. A voice came across the once dead radio, "*Jammer down.*" This was most likely done automatically, so a signal could be sent out. We had to go now. number-two stayed with the mother and helped her clean up so her kids wouldn't see the blood. She felt the mayor's daughter would feel more at ease with a woman helping her clean up and dress. Four or five minutes later they came out of the bathroom. She was bruised but no longer bloody wearing men's pants and a shirt way too big for her small frame. On the way out of the bedroom, she stopped to look at Franko then kicked him in the misshapen head. Then the other head. On the ground floor, she met up with her children. Two daughters ages eleven and nine and her seven-year-old son. Both gates opened and number-nine pulled in. About ten minutes after we started we were off the property.

We let the daughter call her father to tell the news. Right after the call the police chief sent out an alert. Within an hour every known illegal and some legal activities of Franco's were raided and shut down. In all over seventeen dealers, five pimps and nine chop shops were hit. Most of the raids left no one for trial. A week later the mayor stepped down and retired from public life. With his daughter and grandchildren reunited with his son-in-law, he felt his job was done. He couldn't see himself doing a job a thug like Franko helped him keep. The first act the new mayor did was to help put in place a term limit on the job.