

A Specialty Service

My Life Behind the Gun

Exotic Car Parts

When most people think about the border, they think illegals, terrorists, and drugs. They don't think stolen cars. About a week ago an auto insurance company dealing in exotic cars called us. They ensure hard to find exotic cars. Really, they ensure the other insurance companies on their policies on exotic cars. They don't just cover any Ferrari or Bentley they focus on handmade speed machines that cost millions of dollars or more. In the past two months, they have had nine cars stolen. Using their trackers, they all ended up in a small town on the border with Mexico. The American government investigated and found nothing. The Mexican government never bothered to send anyone to the border. The insurance company sent two investigators to the small town. One was found out in the desert. Well, most of him was found. The other was just gone. While it would be nice to find the cars they really wanted to know what happened to their investigator. That is where we step in.

I run a small specialty security service. Some would call us mercenaries others call us when they need mercenaries. Over the years we have become a sort of swiss army knife of ass kicking and name taking. We can do it all. What we won't do is work for the bad guys so no drug dealers, no terrorist, oppressive governments and definitely not the Salvation Army. Black kettles and broken noses and a bell used as a projectile. But that is another story.

We said we would go and search both sides of the border and find the cars and people. A week later and nothing. The locals' no nothing on both sides. Our contacts in the underbelly of society no nothing about what was going on. It is as if these cars just vanish into thin air. The insurance company gave us access to their tracking system. About 2am a tracker went online. We traced it as the car made its way to the border and the small town we are in. Just a mile out of town we found a sight that would kill a car lover. An exotic car graveyard. The thieves have been stealing the cars than chopping them up for parts. Unlike most cars, these cars are worth more than their parts, so it made no sense to cut them apart. This is on the American side, and the investigators disappeared in Mexico. So, there must be some connection. About an hour later a car carrier pulled up with some old busted up cars. The workers took the valuable parts and attached them to the junk cars. We followed them to the border and watched them cross. Before they did cross, we sent one of our own to act as a border guard to attach a tracker to the truck.

We tracked the truck to a compound about thirty miles from the border. Using the ever so fancy thermal camera we could see at least twenty men inside. One heat signature was in what looked like a cage near a wall. The compound had thick cinderblock walls about fifteen feet high and surrounding the complex. The missing investigator was a young woman named Jennifer. She was new to the insurance game working under a mentor named Harry. It was Harry they found most of out in the desert still missing a leg and his hands. My right-hand woman, everyone calls TC was angry and wanted to collect some heads, and I don't mean the ones on their shoulders.

TC is a tall, beautiful black woman originally from Senegal who likes to kick ass and is good at it. I said, "*we need a plan, or things could go wrong fast.*" TC countered, "*my plan is simple much like you, whitey. Go to shoot everyone, rescue the girl then tacos.*" When she is angry, she calls me whitey. One day I will have to remind her I am the boss. I think I'll do that over the phone when she is out of the country. Because I'm not stupid. We did our best to gather as much data as we could as our mobile command center the techno Twinkie made its way to us. The Twinkie is an old Airstream camper fitted out as a mobile super-computer. We say we use it for recon because it sounds better than for spying. I think Ted uses it to spy on his neighbors, but I have no proof, yet. That night we worked out a plan. By morning every operator, we had available was there. At least fourteen men and women. The plan would happen that night and move fast. The first objective was the girl. The second was to find anything connecting the chop shop and this place. TC added, "*the third is to kick ass and bust caps.*"

Team one moved in on the wall beside the girl. Team two was about six hundred yards away on top of a panel truck in a sniper position. Team three was on the opposite side of the compound with some drones that will be guided by the Twinkie. Once launched team three will scale the wall. My team was team four. We bought and brought a snow plow truck down. The border guards looked mighty confused. We are going to knock on the front door. A little shock and awl.

Using a special cutter team, one cut through the cinderblocks at the mortar. They made an opening for access to the cage. Before freeing the girl, they checked the cage. Underneath the cage was a pressure mine set to go off once the girl was out. Jimmy didn't think twice about it. He climbed on top of the cage adding his weight so the girl could be freed. I hired Jimmy because his brother Bobby is an effective operator who can get the job done. He recommended him. In his time with us he has shot a hole in the roof, set off a flashbang in a surveillance car and most recently nearly got me killed yelling at long lost Russian Soldiers.

Once the cage was open, and the girl was free. I went to knock on the door. Over the radio, I said, "*now.*" From a distance team, two took out the guards on the roof and in a tower nearby. Behind the wheel, I drove the truck into and through the gate to the compound. Lights came on people came out and died. In the back of the truck underneath a wooden shield, my team sprung up and started firing. On the right came gunfire. First from drones then men on the walls. Within minutes we had the compound. One round hit an employee named Scott deforming into his flak jacket, but it still rattled him. From the compound, we moved into a room to room search. Ten minutes later over a loudspeaker, a man said in Spanish, "*we surrender.*" They thought we were DEA and were there about the massive drug haul in the back. A truck full of heroin they were trying to find a way to smuggle into the US.

In an office, I found some paperwork detailing the cars and what to do with the parts. The papers were all from the owners. They had the cars stolen so they could collect from their insurance company. The money from the insurance company as well as from the parts would pay for the Heroin. They had the checks made out to the dealer's shell company. As it turns out a car is only worth what someone is willing to pay for it. The heroin was worth more than every car stolen. I also found a remote that disarms the mine under the cage. I disarmed the cage and sent someone to let Jimmy know. I said, "*take your time.*" We tied up the remaining thugs and left them for the DEA. TC tied them up naked butt to face in that human centipede style like the movie I recommend no one watch. For their sake, I hope the DEA gets there soon. Well, maybe not too soon.

With the paperwork from the Mexico raid, the FBI raided the cars owner's houses. They seized many documents and encouraged enough people to rat on their bosses. Some of these guys won't see a bar less view for decades. The largest drug bust in the border's history made sure of that. You lay down with dogs and get fleas, or you do business with drug gangs and face drug charges. Jennifer was reunited with her family who promptly sued us for endangering her in a firefight. Your welcome.