

A Specialty Service

My Life Behind the Gun

On My Own

I can flex my hand. So, there might not be any tendon damage, but it hurts like a mother. With it wrapped I can try and keep from bleeding to death. I lost my gun back there in the fight. What the hell happened? I have my knife and backup gun, but the gun will be hard to use with one hand. TC said I should carry a revolver instead of that sub-compact Barretta Storm. First, I must get out of here. Back at the warehouse, I can hear more gunfire. It's clear now this was all a trap.

I own a Specialty security service. Have gun will travel is not just an old show it's our motto. Over the years we or I may have helped create some grudges and graveyards. You can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs, and you can't free hostages without capping some thugs. My team and I are some of the best money can rent. We don't work for drug dealers, despots, and the Home Depot. That last one was one strange miscommunication.

A few days ago, I was contacted about a job just across the border in Canada. A private security company was looking for some outside help with an internal problem. One of their teams was helping a robbery crew with break-ins. They didn't know which one, so they needed to stake out the crews and guard their clients. We usually stay away from such jobs. Working with others doesn't usually work out well in our line of work. Most mercenaries are in it for the money, then you have the bad ones into it for the killing. Some people have a desire to kill. I went ahead to a meeting being held to discuss the contract in a warehouse near downtown. Something felt off. I was thinking that when I heard gunfire and screaming inside. I reached for the door with my left hand and my Barretta Storm in my right. Gunfire ripped through the door. I was hit in the vest and hand. My hand went numb. I darted for the car. Looking back, I saw my gun on the ground covered in blood. Inside I could hear the gunfire. Whoever planned this out didn't think this out. To paraphrase Taylor Swift, "killers gonna kill, kill, kill."

The car wouldn't start so, I went for my phone only to find that my phone had a bullet hole in it. I just bought that phone! If I can get out of here, I can go to the warehouse where my team will be in about an hour. The warehouse is about two miles away. With whoever set this up

still back there I can get a good lead. The gunfire stopped. Either they won, or their plan failed. I can't take the chance. I ducked down an alley. It seems a little strange that I have found nobody around. I would think the gunfire would bring out the locals. But, nothing. Not a single person around. This part of town was mostly businesses with most of them closed. Signs of the times. I can hear some voices just ahead of me. Very carefully I pulled my gun with my left hand. Luckily, I had one in the chamber. I got down and slowly approached the voices. It was three men with Colt M 4s. they were discussing me and how they needed me dead. I recognized one of them. David Speck, the lead operator of the security company. Definitely not the employee of the year.

He told the other two to wait here for what's his face. I assume that is me. David said he had to get the trap ready at the other site. Are they going after my team? David left, and the two remaining went back-to-back. Dumb asses. It made it easier for me to shoot them. One round to one head that passed to the other. I guess the next question is if David is the leader of this team or is he just a flunky? I should have tried to save one of the two to politely ask some questions. Oh well, live and learn. I need a phone and some ammo. The two dead guys had Colt M4s. One had a Hi-Point 9mm, and the other had some sort of 32 caliber automatic I had never heard of. Neither looked promising. I unhooked one of the colts and bagged any magazines they had.

Our warehouse is a stand-alone building just off the main strip. I couldn't just approach the building without being seen. If they wanted to make sure they got us all they would have a sharpshooter on a rooftop nearby. Neither of the two had a phone or a radio. So their absence won't be missed until they don't physically report in or someone checks in on them. The bad news is that my hand is getting worse. I will need to do something soon. The M4 is a good start, but it will be tricky one handed. Once the gunfire starts, I will need all the advantage I can find.

Looking at the rooftops, I found the best place to put a sniper. That is if the sniper is just a guy with a good rifle and not a true sharpshooter. On top of the roof was a guy with a Barret 50 caliber rifle. The dumb ass is holding it at his hip looking down at the warehouse. It is a lot of

rifle being held by a lot of moron. I wanted to take him without a shot just in case he had backup nearby. Oh, did I say dumb ass? He has headphones on with music so loud he couldn't hear a jet behind him much less me. Now, do I kill him or try and take him? The choice was almost taken from me. He turned around and saw me. As he tried to shoulder his portable anti-tank gun, he backed away. In the process, he slipped on a loose round and went down. He hit his head on the rooftop and turned his own lights out. The rifle finished the job in smashing his nose as it hit him. In his pack, he had a file folder with pictures of my team. I should have shot him. I cleared his rifle then tossed it down a hole in the roof. He had a cheap 38 policeman's special. It will do. I did the best to tie him up. The knots are ugly and will have to be cut off.

As I waited for my new friend to wake up, I watched the warehouse. As I did, he woke up. Which is good because I have some questions. He rolled over and looked at me then around the roof. He said, *"where is my rifle?"* I replied, *"you have got to be kidding me. You are tied up on a roof with a guy you were supposed to shoot, and you're worried about your Barret?"* He somehow got to his butt then after looking around said, *"I have a deposit on that and that gun in your hand."* I looked down at the old cheap revolver. I said, *"they rent these to you, and you paid for this?"* He said that the company requires them to rent their equipment from them. On jobs like this, they use guns that can't be traced back to the company. Their company wanted to expand into the US by eliminating the competition. Then he asked, *"are you hiring?"*

A Hummer pulling an Airstream camper pulled up to the warehouse. My team was here. I was out of time. Inside the rival company had a trap setup. If they make it inside, they were dead. Without thinking I aimed and fired. A direct hit to the little smiley face on the antenna of the Hummer. I stood up and held out my arms in a "T" shape. TC got out of the car and gave the "what the f" shrug when she caught on. Gunfire erupted all around me. Every shot missed. Then the guy I tied up tackled me. He grabbed the M4, but instead of shooting me he took aim at the other roof. He hit the scope of the guy shooting at me. The shot must have been at least 300 yards away. I said, *"as long as you can prove you didn't kill anyone in this plan then you are hired."* The other shooters from the warehouse ran for their lives. I bet they are still running.

After TC cleaned up my hand, I told them about what was happening. My new employee told them the bosses were in a trailer nearby. We now have a target. Our plan would be simple. We would take the command trailer and explain to the company owners why they will need another line of work. The person who set this up will need to die. We won't kill him. The other mercenary companies will do that. I just want a picture of the guy for the internet and just maybe accidentally break his hand. Can something planned be called an accident?

We took the trailer. These guys weren't even armed. They surrendered, and a foot accidentally slipped landing into someone's nuts. TC wasn't happy and said so with her foot. The others were happy that we weren't going to kill them, but the big boss knew the score. His big win would end up in a shallow grave or a meat grinder. The new guy's name is Gregg. His first job was to retrieve the Barrett from the hole in the roof. TC said I would most likely need several surgeries to fix my hand. So, a vacation it is.