

# Security in the Warehouse

By Robert Coleman

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I was hired to watch an empty warehouse about a month ago. It's easy work. I walk the perimeter every night looking for anyone who wants to break in. Mostly it's kids wanting to tag the building or make out. The most frequent trespasser is my girlfriend. I met her about a month ago on another job. Maybe spending time in my office with her isn't exactly part of my job, but it's not like I am guarding anything. That was until last night.

I was in the security office in the middle of something that really isn't a part of my job when the phone rang. Ever since Christina found where I worked, she has been showing up here for a little fun. I guard an empty warehouse keeping people from breaking in and stripping any copper or tagging the building. Being out in the middle of nowhere I see very few people. This isolation gives me a lot of time on my hands. Right then I had a lot of Christina in my hands. Ok, in my mouth. As the phone rang, I was going down on her with my head locked between her legs. I pulled my head back and placed my finger where I stopped and said, "*I don't want to forget where I left off.*" With my finger in place, she continued to moan as she tried to cover her mouth with her hands.

I picked up the receiver and said, "*Security, Coleman speaking.*" The voice on the other end said, "*expect some company there tomorrow. We are going to store some equipment there for about three days so be ready.*" As he spoke, Christina slipped to her knees and started to go down on me. It helped that my pants were already on the floor next to the desk. As she did, I somehow missed the voice saying that the equipment was hazardous and valuable. I guess I had the wrong head in the game. The voice hung up. I picked her off the floor and back onto the desk going between her legs for a good finish.

The next day I arrived back at the warehouse. There were a couple of semi-trucks with trailers made for liquids and hazmat signs all over them. This included the dreaded biohazard sign. I pulled up to the gate where a man in urban camo met me. You know that black and shades

of gray type of camouflage. He had the logo of the security company I work for and a Colt M4 on his back. He checked my identification while another guy using a special mirror checked underneath my car. I imagine he saw what was left of the suicidal squirrel I hit this morning underneath. I was directed to park my car by the gate and leave the keys in it. Then came the body search. First with a metal detector-wand then a pat down so energetic that should have come with a dinner and a movie. They asked for my weapon a Glock 17. I told them it was locked in the weapon's locker just like it says in the rulebook. They directed me to my office where I met the person in charge of this shipment and the FBI agent assisting them. The leader of the security team was a woman named Janice James. She said, "*just call me JJ.*" She was maybe 6'3" with blonde hair and former military all the way. She was dressed in the same urban camo, but she knew the right way to wear it. Not a thing out of place. Also in the room was a white guy in a black suit with a thin black tie. He was maybe 5'3" with a bad combover and a look of mild disgust on his face. He said his name was agent Sampson, but he didn't give me his first name, nor did I care.

In a voice that was one-part asshole and three-parts bigger asshole, he said, "*we won't be here long, and we won't need you. Quite frankly I don't see why they hired you at all.*" I said, "*well I guess the FBI just doesn't have as much pull as they once did.*" JJ smirked a little. Agent Blowhard seemed to feel he was being mocked, so he stood up proving he was about a foot shorter than me. He walked over and pointed his finger at my chest. He said, "*I can have you tossed off this property anytime I want asshole. I am in charge here not this.*" JJ interrupted him, "*no actually I am in charge of this job with the FBI here as a courtesy. If you can't be courteous, then I can have you replaced.*" I wanted out of this office, so I asked JJ, "*where do you want me.*" before she could answer Agent Jerkoff said, "*not here.*" JJ just looked at him, or I should say she looked down at him. She said, "*walk the perimeter with my men and show them where all the gaps and blind spots are.*"

I spent the next three hours giving a group of well-armed twenty-somethings a tour of the grounds. I showed them all the cameras and all the places the cameras don't cover. Also, every place where the fence was repaired. I told them they should move the trucks into the southern

part of the warehouse because it has a secondary room big enough for the trucks that can act as a secondary line of security. One of them went to the office. I could hear Agent Tiny Dick scream something about me and how my opinion wasn't worth shit. JJ came out and ordered her men to move the trucks to the place I suggested. Afterward, she came out and said, "*good idea about the warehouse. We won't need you for the rest of the night so if you want you can go find that girl and do whatever.*" I started to say what girl when JJ handed me a pair of black lace thong panties she found inside. She said, "*I doubt these fit you and don't worry Agent Fuck-nuts didn't see them.*" I thanked her and went into the night like a prince with a glass slipper only with something a little more fun.

That night Christina and I lay naked in my bed and yes, the slipper fit. I thought about the warehouse and the events of the day. She woke up and saw I was awake. I told her without telling her everything about what happened. She said she knew that FBI type. Her father was a button man for the Russian mob. He named names and found the life of a rat gave him better options than the multiple life sentences he was facing. It also made his daughter a target. After the library, she opted out of witness relocation and protection. So far, the mob has stayed away. She climbed on top, and soon we were at it again. All thoughts of the job went away.

I left for the warehouse a couple of hours early that evening. Something felt wrong. As I approached, I saw a car near the gate. No, it was part of the way through the gate full of bullet holes. Behind the wheel was what looked like two teenage girls I think, it was hard to tell with all the damage. Behind them was a man in a mask. He was wearing body armor, but it couldn't keep him from being hit in the head. He had a SIG Sauer P225 a 9mm with an 8-round magazine. I had wanted this gun instead of the Glock, but it was around a thousand dollars. He had three magazines with him. He also had a very cheap looking MAC 10 with four magazines. I took it all.

Just inside the fence, I could see the bodies of the two guards from the gate. Just beyond them was three more bodies but they were not in the urban camo. I then heard the first of the

automatic gunfire inside of the building. A mix of M4 and the MAC 10. I looked around the corner of the building at the main door. It had been pulled off the rails with a tow truck that was across the compound. There were another six bodies. One in camo the rest in street clothes. Inside I could see my office. Agent what's his name, JJ and three others were in a firefight with eight men. Two others tried to attach a second tow truck to the inner door of the secure room with the trucks inside.

I left the MAC 10 on my back and went for the SIG. I hit two of the gunmen as I shot from the doorway. This turned the tide of the battle. Having to defend the tow truck and now two points of attack was too much for the rest. They retreated through the back door. As they did JJ, hit two of them trying to flee. I stepped out of the door frame. Agent Quick Draw took a shot that went wild as JJ pulled his gun away. I went to my office. Agent Sampson said, "*what the fuck are you doing here?*" I said, "*I work here what are you doing.*" He glared at me then turned to JJ and said, "*we should tie him up he may be with them.*" She looked down at him and said, "*you are such a fucking idiot. He shot two of them on his way in.*" She turned to me and asked, "*what did you see out there?*"

I told her about the bodies, and that I set my car perpendicular to the first car, then I set the spikes. There are large spikes in the ground on hydraulics that raise and lower to allow cars to come and go. I said, "*without this key, they can't get past the gate.*" Just after I said it two of the three men in the office with us turned and pointed their guns at us. One of them pushed the third at us then shot him in the head. The shooter said, "*drop your guns and toss me that key.*" We had one chance to get out. Just how stupid are these two guys. As JJ and Sampson lowered their guns, I tossed the key high in the air at them. The dumbasses followed the arc of the key and not me. I raised my gun and shot both in the head just in case they had body armor.

Sampson pointed his gun at me and said, "*drop your gun you are under arrest.*" I said, "*we don't have time for your FBI bullshit, we need to secure your cargo.*" He countered, "*you just murdered those men. You are not getting away with this.*" I just ignored him and turned to JJ.

Agent Ass Face didn't realize his gun's slide was locked back and the gun was empty. I asked JJ, *"what do you need us to do?"* There was a cell phone jammer on one of the cars the gunmen brought or we would have had a signal. I looked at the board. The light on the panic button was still green. That meant they didn't cut the line to it. As I hit the button, I said, *"this panic button is on a separate hardline away from the main. If you don't know about the line, it is easy to miss."* I then said, *"it could be at least an hour before someone comes. First, they will call, then they call the police, and finally, they send out some guys."* JJ said, *"that might have been true with it empty but they know about the cargo, so we should expect a better response."* She said, *"we need to protect the cargo until help arrives."*

I had an idea. On the way out, I told Agent Simpleton his gun was empty. I went to the tow truck they brought and backed it up to the door. Then I shot the tires out. JJ got the idea and drew a very large revolver from a bag she had. It was a Smith and Wesson 50-cal, the kind used for bear attacks. She shot the engine block emptying the gun into it. Soon it was spitting antifreeze and oil then the motor died. She asked, *"is there another way out of that room?"* I said, *"no doors just steel and concrete."* JJ said, *"that was nice of them to bring us this car size lock."* I nodded in agreement. Agent Dip Shit said, *"you know we are going to have to move that when the others get here."*

In response, a group of men came in shooting. They were using the MAC 10s firing wildly in the room hitting no one. We took up positions beside the disabled tow truck and returned fire. Together we hit four of the ten men trying to force their way in. Agent Red Shirt stepped away from the truck to get a better angle. I grabbed him as a spray of bullets came his way. He was hit in the arm while I was hit in the back three times. Like I said I took it all including the body armor the guy in the first car had on. It still hurt. Agent Sampson just looked at me a little shocked. JJ handed me one of the M4s she took off the gunmen dressed as her men and a couple of magazines. She didn't give Agent Clueless anything. We spent the next hour exchanging gunfire until a voice came over JJ's radio. With so many of her men working for the hijackers, it wasn't enough. Then a chain gun opened fire on the people outside. At that point, it

didn't matter we would be outgunned if it wasn't our reinforcements. We put our guns on the ground, and JJ gave the call sign saying it was all clear.

Luckily for us, it was the cavalry. JJ recognized one of the men. They came guns ready for a fight and found what was left of the thirty men trying to take the cargo. I never found out what the cargo was knowing wasn't part of my job. JJ put in a recommendation for a raise for me but instead I was suspended for a week for leaving early. As JJ's men using the second tow truck pulled the first one away from the door, a guard came up. He said there was a girl with red, black and blonde hair at the gate. Christina had dyed the tips of her hair red so her hair would look like it was on fire with the red tips blending into the black smoke to the blonde hair. Agent Sampson saw her and rolled his eyes. She walked up to me at first then to him and said, "*hello uncle Dave.*" Wait a minute, uncle Dave?