

# A SPECIALTY SERVICE

## Chapter 15

### Part 1

Searching for a friend

By, Michael Lewis Collins

I entered the warehouse through a broken window hidden by some crates. From what I can see there are no cameras. I have an ar15 and a Glock 17 with two magazines. The crates hid my progress into the warehouse. The side walls were lit with a yellow light that was useless for detecting movement. Whoever this was they must have not been able to plan this kidnapping out better. Or is it an abduction with an adult. Time was running out. There is a time for stealth and a time to be seen. I had time for neither. In the middle of the warehouse there was a clear area. It was deserted. The smell of cigarettes, and copper filled the air. The copper smell was blood. Whoever was here was now gone. A path was opened to a large sliding door. It was ajar. At the door I found the first body. A man about twenty-two or three. His neck was twisted around. Inside the room was the bodies of five other men of various races and ages. By the door I saw her. She was lying face down and there was blood. No.

#### Twelve-Hours Earlier

I run an overpriced specialty security service. If you need a bodyguard and are going to be in Hawaii or need a security consultant and are going to be in Hawaii, then you call us. Basically, we are in Hawaii. I just like saying that. I started the business with some old friends as well as some new ones I met on a job. Before this I ran a very different kind of specialty security service. More mercenary than door blocker. We did the things that governments couldn't or wouldn't do. One of my best friends in the world once said we were mercenaries with a cause because we wouldn't work for the bad guys. That came from a woman named Tima Cocks, but everybody calls her TC because she hates it when people call her Tina. My best friend a man named David and I met her in Somalia several years ago. I started a company with her while David and she started a family. When I went back to start this thing a new I knew I had to include them and as a side effect have them move to Hawaii.

This morning I was on my way to pick up my new, well newish car. I had a Ferrari just like Magnums from the television show. I say had because I sold it at a drastically lower cost. After stripping out the gears on the stick shift again I decided I needed a car a little friendlier to me and my bad driving. After some searching I found a Ferrari California. So, I was sort of

Magnum again. Without the mustache and good looks. My wife Sara hated the other car but has said she would make this one hers before I knew it. I met her on my last job with the old company. In an act of self-defense and gravity she killed her first husband who was using their religion and his fists to beat her into submission. She has some scars on her face and back from him, but she has made peace with them. Sara knows we could have them taken care of, but she wants them to remind her of where she came from. She doesn't know I have a Ferrari California on its way for her. One painted in her favorite color. A bright orange. Yes, I know that is automotive blasphemy.

On the way out of the dealership I got a call from David. He hadn't heard from TC in a few hours and she was late with the kids to school. I said, "*I am closer to your house so why don't I stop by and see what's up?*" David said, "*no, I'll meet you there.*" The sound of concern in his voice was alarming. I asked, "*is there something wrong you don't want me to know about? Are you two in some sort of trouble?*" David hesitated for what was a very long second then said, "*well no I just don't like this second-hand approach anymore.*" TC had told him about some of our jobs and how much gun play there was. So, now whenever she and I are in the same place he likes to be there just in case we start talking old times again. She left the active side of the job after becoming pregnant with their first child. She said, "*it was selfish to put my wants before the baby's needs.*" I told him to bring a kit from the office. A kit is what we call an arms package containing two Glocks, two AR15s, two combat knives and the ammo for the guns. I have a very hard to get permit to carry a gun here in Hawaii, but I choose not to anymore. I am not sure why, but my wife says it was my decision. Just like it was my decision to paint the bedroom orange. It helped that the county sheriff was once a donor to a charity ran by TC's parents. But that's another story.

When I arrived, I found the door to their home open. I didn't wait for David just in case there was something bad inside. In the foyer I found their three kids dressed and waiting quietly to be taken to school. TC was nowhere to be seen. Their oldest told me that their mother went out to get the car about two hours ago but never came back. If I had left my kids alone for two hours, the house would be on fire, but their children quietly waited. I searched the house and

grounds but no TC. David pulled up. I told him what his daughter said. He picked up his phone and called her. As he did we could hear a distant sound of music. It was White and Nerdy by Weird al Yankovic. The ring tone used by TC for David. I found the phone in some bushes by the house. It had blood on it. TC's Range Rover was still in the garage. The car door was open with her purse was inside. I called the office and told them what we found. A sort of trusted employee named Tina said she would start a trace looking for any sign of her. I say sort of not that because Tina isn't trust worthy. She is accident prone and has accidentally caused a few shootouts that were not necessary. I turned to David and said, "*don't worry we will find her.*"