

A Specialty Service

My Life Behind the Gun

Talent Search

When somebody comes to work for us, they sign a no-compete contract. They are not free to take jobs outside of the company. In signing the contract, a new employee will receive \$1200 a week plus health benefits. We also pay a bonus for every job worked. In a line of work such as ours having a steady paycheck without having to sell your soul is a good deal. Some people can disconnect what they do from who they are. Some are just evil and like to kill for money. It's hard to find the kind of people we want and not the ones we don't.

I own and run a specialty security service. Mercenaries with a conscience. We won't work for criminals, political despots, and the Home Depot. We deal in a very different kind of hardware. Our goal is to make money while doing some good in the world. As the business has expanded, we have found a need for new employees.

We were told about a team just outside of Phoenix, Nevada. They were an actual family. Three brothers and a sister. I went down there to interview them. The sister was the person in charge making all their decisions. Her name was Tina, and she just wasn't interested. She said how they already did all that without a boss. She also said they didn't use guns. What it came down to was they were a straight-up security company and not what we were looking for. I gave them my card and told them if they change their minds and want a little more excitement then they should call.

About a month later I was setting up a care package to some Russian friends in Canada when I got a call from one of Tina's brothers. They took a job guarding a warehouse near the border with Mexico when they were ambushed. The simple job guarding candles was, in fact, a warehouse full of chemicals. Many of them can be used in the production of the drug Meth. What a surprise, the client, lied to them. To make the matter even worse, the thieves took Tina. About three hours later I touched down near their location. Most of my team was on a job in Afghanistan. A relief agency wanted a little security for their workers. With that in mind, I had some good people with me as well as Jimmy. Janet is a former LA SWAT team member, Jimmy, the brother of a much more capable operator and Gregg. I hired Gregg after he helped me out of

an ambush. In his time with us, Gregg has proven useful, but most of my team won't work with him because of his past. Janet is the senior operator, so she was my second on this job. Jimmy once set off a flashbang inside a car being used for surveillance, and he almost got us killed by insulting some Russians surrounding us.

When we finally found them, the brothers had received a ransom demand from the kidnappers. They wanted either ten million in cash or a list of chemicals they sent via email. These guys were looking to start a little drug operation here in New Mexico. Clearly, they don't watch television, or they would know it won't end well. I sent the email to our tech guy named Ted, and he traced the IP to a man named Thomas. Using an ever so slightly illegal search, we found his phone in an old laundry matt near a town on the border. We sent them a message saying we could get the chemicals long before the money. They sent a location to take the chemicals. We split-up with Janet taking the two brothers and Jimmy with her to the meeting place while the third brother and Gregg went with me to the laundry matt. We will need to strike first and fast so we can rescue Tina and take these guys down.

Using the fancy infrared camera, we could count five bodies left after the other six went to the meeting. We set up a frequency jammer and went to the laundry. The third brother named Bobby took the M4 I offered, and he and I went to the back door. Gregg went to the front. His job was to make some noise while we broke into the back. Off in the distance, I could hear a trumpet. When I first saw Gregg with the instrument, I didn't understand, but now I wish I didn't. He broke into a fast version of Taps, but it somehow worked. The four men went to the front giving us access to the back, so we went in and untied Tina. It also gave us the ability to engage them from the front and the back. That is when the gunfire erupted. Apparently, the four potential drug kingpins didn't like Gregg's playing. In a firefight, the last place you want to be is in the middle. Too bad for them. We left the four dead men there and went to meet up with the others.

On the way back, there was a massive explosion. The plan worked. We made a bomb look like a container of potentially lethal chemicals. They checked the containers and were happy. They said they would release the girl as soon as they were away from them. The bomb was a clone of Thomas's phone programmed to go off if a key phrase was used. That phrase was "kill her." It was also, "*get rid of her, shoot her*" and so on. They didn't waste any time. Too bad for them. Ok, not really. When all was said and done, they joined in and came to work with us. Their first job was to deliver the care package to the former Soviet Army in Canada. But that's another story.