

Bearman untitled



BEARMAN

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E.A. Maynard

-Untitled-

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CHAPTER ONE

Fire was burning everything around me and I could not see any way out. I ran to my bedroom and back to the living room looking for anything that could help. Looking at the window, I decided I could climb out and deal with the two story drop to the ground. But the windows would not open. As I struggled with it, I noticed my family and everyone I cared for standing down below waving.

What kind of sick joke is this, why are they not helping me? I could not think of anything else till the ceiling covered in fire came crashing down towards me. My screams must have been louder than I have ever screamed.

Just before the flames of the ceiling crashed on top of me, I sat up in my bed. I could not help to wonder why I had that dream or why I had it every few weeks for the last year. In fact, it has been fourteen months that the dreams have been waking me up. I would have to guess that it started shortly after I left Ohio with Mr. Stone.

Now I am living in a small one-bedroom apartment on the top floor of an eight-floor building. I was only a short fifteen minutes' drive from the worse criminals you would meet. You know, the US Capital building.

Before I meet Mr. Stone and had to leave Ohio, I did things that were really looked down on. The blood on my hands alone would have put me in prison for life. Add the drug business, the girls, and a few protection rackets; I would have never seen the light of day again.

It was surprising to even me how much I did at a young age. No one other than my guys would of thought someone my age would be running such a large racket. But it was amazing how helpful books and movies were to figure it all out. That is why I was always told there was power in reading.

Then it all came crashing down in the fraction of the time it took me to build it up. Now I work for a company that is a

consultant firm for the government and unnamed organizations. The people my company had agreements with would not be the type that would let you break a contract. I know my main source of jobs came from the CIA.

I had been working with Mr. Stone and a few other people in helping the CIA to bring drugs into the United States and clean the money they got from the drugs. The good things were how well I picked it up.

I had learned how to move between countries without a trace, my ability to read people got so good, I could tell who would take a bribe and who wouldn't by the time we finished introducing ourselves. Then add onto my hand to hand defense training and target practice with an array of handguns, I had really become somebody to be scared of.

Life was surprisingly good. I had more money in the bank than I knew what to do with. It did stink that I could not spend it. The company I worked for was called the Republic. They had made it clear that my cover would be easily blown if I spent my money.

The title I was given was Logistics and Business development specialist. And if you think that is a mouth full, you should hear some of the other titles people have. All the titles given to people like me are meant to be so general, anyone would not have a clue what the person did.

Then comes when I had to explain to someone what I did. Personally, I got tired of deceiving people that I stop interacting with people outside the Republic. The people I did spend time with from the Republic was more for training and improving my skills.

With all this, I try to figure out why I have been having my nightmares. The only thing I can guess was I missed the past I lost. No matter what it was, I didn't have time to spend thinking about it. I had to get out of bed.

After getting out of bed and got myself around, I walked around my one-bedroom apartment. My mornings normally had a typical routine to them. The first place my feet led me was to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. Then it's time for a quick shower.

Most people when getting ready to walk out the door, they make sure they have their wallet, keys, and their coffee. I do that too, but I there are a few other items I can't leave the house

without. First, I need to make sure that I keep a knife strap to my right leg. The thing put me in mind of a scuba diving knife.

My left leg had my trusted .380. I could not complain about the holster on my left leg. It has gotten to the point where I don't notice them during the day.

Finally, my Smith & Wesson .45. This gun was the real stopping power I wanted when things went wrong. Something about looking down a barrel of a gun. The blackness in the barrel and the sense that the bullet will carry that blackness with it.

I thought about how the bullet spins in the barrel as it comes out to pick up speed. With every rotation, the slug coming out will get more powerful and destroy what is in its way.

The recoil after shooting the .45 took some getting used to. I lost count how often I had practice shooting. But I kept going till I could hit my target in center mass with every pull of the trigger. Now my Smith & Wesson is my favorite gun.

With being dressed and ready to go, I check myself in the mirror one last time. Every time I looked in the mirror while I was with the Republic, I asked one question. "How far will I go?"

I had gone from being a nineteen-year-old running a small empire in Ohio. Then it all fell apart. I was about to get busted and most likely spend an ungodly amount of time in prison.

That was till Mr. Stone came by. I was not thrilled that he was there to decide if I was a risk. If he found me to be a risk to his client. If I was found to be a risk, I would be found dead on the side of the road.

I guess I was lucky that Mr. Stone found me valuable. With that assessment of me, he planned my escape from my impending arrest. I guess I let my anger and rage get the best of me.

What I did had left a mark on me that would follow me for many years. It also left a stain on my hometown. The problem is the story will go from people talking about what happened to a bigger than life rumor. After a few years, the rumors will go into legends.

I don't know if I will be a local hero or villain in the stories, but I will never know. Instead, I have left Northwest Ohio behind me for good. With leaving Ohio, my life had changed forever.

It was time to go, I pushed my long and styled hair back behind my ears. then practiced my face smile a few times before

heading for the front door. It was time to go to the office and learn what my next mission will be.

Oh, the next mission. As I drove into the office, I try to think about what I would have to do. I had gone to thirty board transfers from the CIA to a distribution contact. Then there were a few times I went with Mr. Stone for what he called intel gathering. It was a very powerful and physical process.

The people we had to get information from were dropped off in front of a hospital after we finished. From my understanding, only one person had died, but one guy never woke up. So, I guess you could say two people had died from questioning.

Then there was the job that went south. I took a bullet in the leg and still feel it. The sense of pain could also have been in my head. But when I felt that twinge of pain, I thought about the guys I had to shoot.

It was a simple job or that was what I was told. It was my second solo mission. I had to help a truck come across the Mexico border. I still don't know what as in the truck, but once the truck got into California and out of sight, I heard the slide of a gun slap closed. I knew that it was not my gun making that noise, so I turned in time to see one of the guys lifting his gun.

There was no place to take cover behind, so I tackled the guy. On the way to the ground, I grabbed for his gun. His friend stood there watching as we hit the dirt. It was not a pretty fight, but I learned years ago that there was only one rule in a fight. That is win.

We rolled maybe three times as one hand held the hand holding the gun. The guys other hand was hitting me in the ribs. My other hand was grabbing the .45 at the back of my waist.

My guess was the guy standing watching believed his partner would take me out. He did have a gun in his and instead walked over to the car they came in to sit on the hood. He did jump up off the hood as he heard three shots.

The guy I was wrestling with laid under me and I was trying to play dead. that was till the other guy walked close enough that I couldn't miss. It took one shot for him to hit the ground.

He was not dead, just hurt. I learned the same lesson that both of those guys should have learned. If they made it past that

day. That lesson was to never take your eyes off someone you don't trust. I didn't know these guys before our meeting in the middle of Texas board land.

As I got up and made my way over to the guy I just shot. Me was focused on how heavily I was breathing. I didn't understand how I was so tired. I had been training for this kind of thing. I was good at it too. The first guy must have been an Olympian wrestler.

When I caught my breath and was maybe six feet away from the other guy grabbing his side. I noticed two things. The first was that my aim was off. I tried to hit him in the stomach but hit the left side chest. He was having problems breathing, so I assumed I hit his lung.

The next thing I noticed was him lifting his gun. I don't know why, but I was more surprised by him holding the gun with his left hand. That was till he started to empty his gun. He must have taken fourteen or so shots.

You would think that I would have been hit a few times, but only one shot landed. I had a burning sensation in my right thigh. It hurt, but not enough to stop me. I had got up and finished walking to my new friend.

I don't know why I found it funny, but he was shooting a .22. I might of not knew every gun detail or what a gun is by first look, but the Republic made sure I could look at a gun to know what caliber it is. It has been said that it is much more important to know what you need to fire, than what you are firing.

If I was loaded up with ammo for my .45, then a gun that shots 9mm would make both my ammo and the gun worthless. Since the 9mm is the most common caliber, most of the guys at the Republic carry a 9mm. I carry a .45 for one simple reason. I want to have real stopping power. Don't get me wrong, a bullet in the head will kill you. It does not matter the caliber, but a shot in the arm or leg with a .22 will hurt, but a .45 will leave an exit wound big enough to put a fist in.

As for my friend with the .22, he was trying to reload his gun. He might have gotten his gun loaded, but I didn't have to worry about him. The mixture of the pain and loss of blood made him drop the gun to the ground.

Looking down at the guy, his black hair was soaked from

sweeting and he looked very pale. Finally, I knelt down and looked into his brown eyes asking him "Why did you try to kill me?"

The answer I got was "no witnesses." I only hoped this was a misunderstanding. If it wasn't, then I was going to give a report that cause a lot of deaths.

From the rumors I had heard, the last drug cartel that crossed the Republic only lasted for a month after they went against them. It was also said that the body of the head of that cartel never was found. The running theory I had heard over the year at the Republic, they have him in a cell and used to train top agents how to torture.

This led me to this day. I was going into the office to hear what my next op was and what intel was discovered about my last op. As I said, I hoped it was a misunderstanding.

If it was a year ago, I would have felt bad about being part of the Republic killing a group of people. After seeing everything I had, it's hard to feel bad. Honestly, I don't know if I had any clean area on my hands.

When it comes to how dirty my hands are, there is not much thought that has gone into that subject. Instead, my survival is my top thought. My survival became more of my focus after the next few weeks.

CHAPTER TWO

I could not tell you how long it took me to get to my office. I could tell you that when I got to the office, there was a group of people in the administrative office standing around talking. When they noticed me, they got very quiet. They didn't know me, but they had seen me as I would walk into the secured area.

I had gotten use to the people from the other departments looking at me as I was a monster. I guess that is what I was becoming. I might not have had wanted to become who I was becoming, but I was able to walk around free.

I did find it funny that those who work with me tend to spread rumors about other team members to the administrator staff. They like to have them fear us. I don't understand why, but they had no interest in stopping.

When I got to the elevator, I held the doors open when I saw the administrative people stopped from walking up to the evaluator. I knew what they were doing. What could I say, I was the bogey man? I was the man of nightmares as far as they were concerned.

It was not the first time it had happened to me and not the last time. I had gotten to the point where I didn't think too much about their actions. I let the stainless steel doors with a mirror polish.

I don't know why, but I would look in my own eyes. I would run an internal monolog about a conversation I would never have with anyone. I would push my black hair back and think about every option of everything that could happen in a conversation. By the time I got up to the eighth floor, I was in the mind set I needed to take on what I had to.

The eighth floor looked normal when you would get off the elevator. First when a person steps through the door, there was a small area that you walked into with couches on both sides of the room. In the center and front of the room, there was a wall of glass. The glass had a shiny metal framing it. The polished silver metal gleamed in the light.

Every time I walked to the door, I felt guilty for grabbing the door handle. It looked so clean that I thought my handprint would ruin the appearance they had going. Once I got through the door, the two ladies sitting at the front desk would screen everyone who came in.

Those ladies knew me well and talked with me several times, but when I got to their desk, they would go through a list of questions. I could not be able to get through the door to my area.

I knew the answers by heart, they asked four questions. They would mix up the questions. It was meant to make it hard for anyone who didn't belong from getting in.

"Good morning sir, do you know the time?" was the first question that day.

I answered with "Its half past and getting close to that time."

With a beautiful smile and in a flirty voice, the other lady asked, "What should we call you?"

"Bearman, just Bearman." then I followed up with a smile saying, "you both can call me for a dinner date." I would flirt with them, but we all knew there was nothing coming of it. None the less, they would smile with a real smile. Not one of those smiles they had on their face to welcome people.

"What was your last score? Did you do well?" then when she finished asking, she typed a few things on here computer. I guess she was looking at a spread sheet. I only assumed that because the one asking the question dragged her finger across the screen and held it at a spot in the center of the screen.

"I shot 94 out of ten shots. I had a good day." She gave me a smile after my cocky answer. There was a few more questions and some flirting, but they finally hit the buttons to open the door for me. Normally I wonder if they meet me on the street, would they still flirt with me.

Either way, they were pretty girls a little older than I was. It made me feel good. The fact was I had not even touched any girl in a romantic way since I got to Virginia. What bothered me about it was, I was in the prime of my life. Instead of going on dates and stealing a kiss, I was training to kill and effectively break laws.

I would use my experience of small-town USA to navigate the communities, form local connections, and figure out who would be a problem. It was an easy start all this out. I would always start with going to the police station. Then start asking questions while telling a story about how I would be moving to the community from out of state.

The police of small communities like to talk about how safe they keep the area. They would give so much information about whatever you wanted if they thought it would make them look good. I don't blame them either. When you see the same people every day for your whole life, most people want to be looked up to.

Once you have a small connection with them, you can ask about their lives and figure out who is living beyond their salary. That would give me an idea where to go.

At least that was what I did for the a few months before the Texas job. That was a hard job to set up too. The border patrol seems to be focus on a mission to help the community. They cared about what happen to the people coming across too. I heard more times than I could count how they all have a story about saving someone found near death.

Finally, after two weeks of trying to find someone who was in it for the money, I found a guy who was going through a divorce. He was an angry guy and what his wife was putting him through, he had no interest in helping anyone.

He reminded me of an old farmer I knew growing up. The farmer always had me do some work with the fields before I was even old enough to drive. It was mostly a summer job, but he would tell me about how his ex took so much from him in the divorce.

This border patrol guy seems to be same hateful spirit towards his soon ex-wife. That is when I made the joke about how nice it would be to have a few grands come to him after the divorce. That way his wife didn't get any of it.

From that point, it only took half an hour to have a deal with him. That is what lead me up to meeting with the guys out in the middle of nowhere watching a truck drive down an old country road.

So, as I said, bullets where shared and out of the three of us, only I left there alive. This is why when I walked through the door, Mr. Stone was standing there waiting for me.

"We have an hour to have you ready for the findings. So, lets grab a coffee and have a fast overview of what happened. I also want you to know what to expect." Mr. Stone didn't say anything more when he turned around and started to walk towards the office kitchen.

The fear of what might happen to me had my stomach in knots. When I came to the Republic, I was giving a simple option. Option one was to work for them and use my skills to serve them. The second option was not as nice. It was having my naked body left on the side of the road wrapped in plastic.

I don't know why, but the thought of being left in a ditch bothered me. I had thought about my body laying out with water and run off covering it. Then to make it worse, nothing can be done. As if it was a piece of trash with no value to anyone.

As much as this thought kept coming into my head, I had to push it aside. My focus needed to be on what Mr. Stone would have to say. This was not the time to think of the worst case scenarios.

We sat at a table large enough to sit six, but only had four chairs. The blue top table was nothing fancy, but it was sturdy with a metal base. The chairs were a cold shiny steel that I felt were not designed for comfort. I could not get comfortable while we talked and I think Mr. Stone

“First you will be seated in the middle of a conference table. I will be sitting next to you as your support. This means I am to stop you from saying anything that might hurt you or keep you calm if things don’t go your way.

With the type of people who work here, it’s not unheard of. But as your concerned, you won’t do anything stupid. You will sit there quietly and listen to what the board has to say.

Remember what I taught you about people. It’s not always about what they say. Some people will say one thing and mean another. It’s how they lie while feeling they are still telling you the truth.

The people on the board will not care what happens to you. Their first concern is the Republic. I have a stock in you, so I care. I have been training you and help choose where you went for the last year. This is the only reason we are going over this.”

As Mr. Stone drank a bit of his coffee, I had to ask. “If the board decides I am at fault, what will happen to me? I mean, will you finally put that bullet in me that you keep promising?” It might not have been the best time to make a joke, but what did I have to lose?

“Yes, but I will make it quick. Unless you make a stupid comment, then I will make you suffer a little bit.” It almost looked like Mr. Stone wanted to smile from that remark. I didn’t know he knew how to smile.

"You will have to tell the board what happened and what options you could have used. They will ask questions to try and trip you up. Don't let them rush you. Keep your head clear when answering them. This will be as much as a test as making a judgment."

So now I have more to worry about. I wanted to be a smart-ass and thank Mr. Stone for adding onto my stress. The truth was I used what he said to give a better performance.

Since I knew the people questioning wanted to shake me up, I put myself in the right mind set. When the time came, I sat across from seven men. Four of them wore a nice suite. Two of them wore jeans and a button up shirt. The final guy, he was in jeans and a thermal shirt.

The guys in the button up shirts showed the most confidence. No matter who was confident and who was faking, they all wanted a reason to have me killed. It was not a personal thing; they just had a job to do.

Well the guy in the thermal did have a personal connection to me. His name was Mr. Termer and he didn't like Mr. Stone. The most I ever was told, was Mr. Termer got offended too easily. So really, there was six out of the seven who didn't want to make it personal.

Mr. Termer sat in the center of the group. He didn't even look at me till I started talking. Instead he kept his glare on Mr. Stone as he didn't seem to be phased by Mr. Termer. When I did talk, I said "Where would you like to start?"

Some of the board members smiled and they all opened a binder that was placed on the table before we came in. Each binder had my account of the mission, what the mission was, a report of the clients remarks, and some blank sheets for notes.

We all talked about what happen, what I was thinking, what could I do differently, and would I do the same thing again if it happened again. These questions went on for two hours. They

dug into me and Mr. Termer seem to ask questions focused how I was trained by Mr. Stone.

By the end of verbal battle, the board voted in front of me. It was done by show of hands. It seemed simple and odd that they did it in front of me, but later Mr. Stone explained that it. The Republic did the voting in front of the accused to be open. It was a theory that if you're voting on someone's future, you better have the backbone to do it in front of them.

Frist question was a show of hands who feels they have all the information they need. All the members hands went up. Then came the question asking if everyone understood that a vote against me was a vote to have me killed.

You want to talk about a question you never thought you would hear, that was one of them. This made the next question so much more important to me. Mr. Termer stood up after everyone showed their hands saying they understand the vote was a death sentence.

As Mr. Termer stood there, he asked Mr. Stone a question before asking for the vote. "This kid was your choice to bring here. You have been training him and you approved him to be out on his own. Do you know the fault of you thinking? Are you ready to admit you cause damage to this organization and those in it?"

Mr. Stone without missing a beat, answered. "Termer, you're an ass when I first meet you, you were an ass when I took you on a mission. You have not stop being an ass. You know why people are an ass like you? Of course, you don't. People like you act like you when they are surrounded by people better than them.

You don't like Bearman because he will be better than you in every way. One more year and you could be answering to him too. So, get off you soap box and place the vote. If you can't do that, get out of here. I have to prep for another mission."

Mr. Termer glared at Mr. Stone. You could see the anger boiling up, but he was not able to answer back. A few members of the

board tapped the table to indicate that they were ready for a vote.

So, he asked the question I waited for. "Who votes for Mr. Bearman to be held responsible for his actions? Who votes him guilty of going against the Republic?"

He finally sat down after that question. Then he raised his hand. I figured there would be more, but Mr. Termer was the only one voting to have me killed. The other members stood up and began to walk out of the room.

There was two members who wanted to talk to me. They were the guys dressed in the suites. The excitement was over and I could move on. I heard what the guys in the suite say, but I could not tell you what it was.

Instead of leaving me with those men to say something, Mr. Stone told the men they had to excuse me. Then he pushed me on the back. He led me down the hallway. He led me to his office and told me to sit on the couch while he made some calls.

It was surreal sitting through a meeting that was all about deciding if I would live or die. I faced people who have wanted to kill me, but to have it become a discussion. That was beyond my comprehending.

I don't know how long I was stuck in my head thinking about it. How every long it was, it was ended by Mr. Stone snapping his fingers in my face and telling me to wake up. He didn't give me a chance to say or do anything. Instead, he grabbed me by the back of my shirt and lifted me up to my feet.

That goes to show how cuddly Mr. Stone can be. I am not joking when I say that is his nice side. I thought about that too as he pushed me out of his office. When I turned around to ask him what was next, he closed the door in my face.

Well crap, it seemed that everything was back to normal. That is how it is in my world. You have a few minutes to deal with something and you better move past it.

Since the door would not give me any answers, I would need to Jill. She was smart thirty something year old who seem to be the center of all the information flowing through the Republic.

When I walked into her office, she pushed back her light brown hair and had the prettiest brown eyes I had ever seen. If we was closer in age, I would be one of the many guys trying to get her go out with me. But she like to tell me how I remind her of a cousin she has. So I was family.

That is why when Jill saw me, she said "Cuz, come in. I hear that you got the vote to live. You must be happy. To bad you don't have time to celebrate or I would take you out for drinks. Maybe finally find out why you are not dating."

I could only give her a smile, it was not like we would get drunk and crazy. The Republic had simple rules that had to be followed. One was not to get drunk and out of control in public. The other rule was, all the employees like me had to carry a tracker at all times.

I would not be surprised if there were cameras in my apartment. It was not like there was anything special to see. I spent my evenings at home were spent reading while having some bourbon. Every now and then I would watch a movie, but considering I had a nineteen inch tv, I didn't watch it much.

Jill informed me that I would not be any of that for the next week. Instead, I had to go get my travel bag and go to New York City. There was a guy name Santos Jesus Ramos Nolasco. He had become a problem for some people who pay very well.

The file Jill gave me on the guy told me how the guy was only five foot and six inches tall and twenty-eight years old. He was a Mexican national who was in the states illegally. The files also listed places he is a regular at and some of the vices he has.

What ever the guys story was, I didn't feel bad for what was about to happen to him. According to his file he like to be with little girls twelve to thirteen years old.

I have not been a saint and since joining the Republic, I doubt I would be getting into Heaven, but pedophiles out ranked anything I had or would do.

This Santos didn't enjoy what came to him. First I had to meet up with two guys to grab Mr. Nolasco and take him to a office building basement. Then a specialist in interrogation would come in. I would be assisting while handling the release of disposing of the body. Finally, I would wait for a cleaning crew to come.

Once I finished reading the file, I made my notes. Then left Jill's office. As I walked out, she yelled "Don't do anything to get another review." I knew she was joking and with a wave over my shoulder, I went for the building exit.

I had a mission to do and I didn't want to stay in the office any longer than I had to. I was a field guy and I liked being in the field.

CHAPTER THREE

It took me a few hours to get on the road. After making sure I have a crew ready for me, I went home. It is not exciting, but I had to get my clothes and my alias information. One rule I followed was that I never had anything with the name I used in Virginia. I had passports from three English speaking countries.

My name for the general public while in the field was Tom Hikens. I kept it simple to avoid any confusion. Using the same first name makes it easier when introducing myself to someone.

When going into a hotel or a restaurant, they tend to look at you funny if you say you have a reservation under one name then correct yourself with a different name. I did that once when I first started with the Republic.

The hotel would not allow me to check in and went to call the police. That name was trash after that mission. There was a police report with the name on it, so John Histor was no longer useable.

When it comes to the Republic business, I went by Bearman or Mr. Bearman. No first name and no other information. This name was not to be said by anyone or to anyone that was not involved with the Republic. I learned from Mr. Stone that no one feels personally connected to you when they do not know who you are. You have more of sense of professionalism that way too.

It was also told to me that my code name would be my last name from my past life. They want their members to remember who they were and what led them to the Republic. That was how they did things and I accepted it. Plus, I had no choice. I did get to choose my field names.

Now with my multiple personalities explained, you might understand that I was taught to pick up one of my ID's and take on that persona. What I really found funny was how I would fight different depending on the name I went by.

This is what made me understand the power of the brain. How putting yourself in the right mindset, you can do about

anything. That is why each name had every detail forged to put me in the right place to be on the mission.

The one thing they all had in common was the drive to complete a mission. I found that some of my traits would not allow me to do things they thought was not a big deal, but I would not allow some things to be broken from me.

This mission did test that. As Tom Hicens drove up to New York, thoughts of thousands of people came to me. I began to tell myself how many people would be better off from the work I would do. How many people would live a safer life with this Santos Jesus Ramos Nolasco off the streets. How many little kids would not be shattered by the things this creep would try to do to them?

By the time I parked the car in Newark, NJ airport, I was in the place I need to stay driven and find this guy. My first step was to get over to the island. Then find my crew. I had an address and two names, other than that, these guys did not exist as far as I cared.

Since I did not know New York very well, I wondered. I do not mean a few blocks, I wondered till I stop for dinner. It was funny to me when I thought of New York City, I expected everything to be fancy, overpriced, and highly impressive.

I learned quickly that I was mostly wrong. The city was dirty and filled with a depressing feeling. There were bums sleeping on the street all over the place. Then when I was getting food, the sandwich I order was severed on a Styrofoam plate with a pickle rolling around it.

The only thing I was right about was how overpriced everything was. Nothing made sense on why they would sell it so high. That was till I talk to guy in a stand along the street selling drinks, snacks, and cigarettes. I asked why so much for everything.

He laughed and said he could tell I was not from the area. Then explained how taxes are high so the government can say they are fixing things, but only fix their bank account. After giving me his full account of why the people of New York pay so much and see nothing is improved, he handed me my cigarettes.

As I walked away from the man, he said "taxation is theft". I was not going to argue with him. After what I had seen and heard while being at the Republic, I knew taxation is a racket. Since our

biggest client is the United States Government.

That lead me on a tangent of thoughts until I finally found the building where I was to meet the helpers I hired. The building was a rundown brick place. I had to think it was some kind of apartment building.

The guys I was meeting with sat at a table in the lobby of the building. Now let me tell you about a true example of overpriced. One guy had to be in his forties and did everything he could to avoid a gym. He was a jiggly guy with thin blonde hair.

The other guy was not much better. He was short and looked like a leaf from a tree could hurt him. There was nothing impressive about them and total disposable if things went south.

I took a deep breath and walked over to them. Since they did not seem to notice me or care to look when I walked into the room. I personally would not have sat with my back to the door. Too many things to worry about. I was also was raised that a gentleman never sits with his back to the door. He is the protector and needs to know when danger has entered a room.

So, I felt good that the only seat free to sit on was against the wall. These guys would not say a word at first, but they kept looking at me as I owed them money. Little did they know that I did owe them money. They just needed to earn it first.

"You guys are my help? I need to get things moving, so let us get going if you are." They let my command sit with them for a moment. When I got tired of waiting for them to answer, I got up and started to walk away. That is when the jiggly guy answered me.

"Yeah, we are your guys. You have a package you need help picking up. We have a van in back and everything on your list is in the van." My nod was all it took for them to get up and lead the way to the van. They led me to a metal door that looked as it was not long till it fell off its hinges.

When we walked through the door, I saw a van that was covered with more rust then paint. There was blues and greens all over it and my questions about what I was getting out of these guys started to increase.

Mr. Jiggly decided this was the time to tell me his name. "I am Tony. I will grab your package for you. My brother here will drive this van. He is also good with matches and this van will not

be around much longer after you have your package.”

I started to nod approvingly and told them ok. Now with them set up, I had to find this Santos Jesus Ramos Nolasco. He could not be hard to find from what I had read about him.

Considering it was getting late, I knew of two places the report said he normally would be. First was his house and I did not want to grab him at his house. The other was a stripe club in Brooklyn.

The problem with grabbing someone at their house is how quick they are noticed missing. You have neighbors and visitors who might see you, then report what happened. That leads to a new set of issues to worry about.

Grabbing someone after they leave a strip club is better, but not ideal. Since he is a regular, someone might notice him being grabbed and call the police. That goes back to the other issues to worry about. I wanted to avoid other issues. There were enough issues.

I got luck and saw Santos walk down the street. Over half the streetlights were out and he was stumbling. It was going to be easy to do this. The area of the street had no residential properties and other than him, no one was on the street.

With what I was seeing, I could kidnap him without witnesses and a struggle. I had Tony drive past Santos and drop me off. I would catch up to the jackass and act like an old friend trying to give him a hand. While doing that, Tony and his brother would go around the block and wait for us to get where they parked.

Once we were up there, I would push him into the van. Everything was going well, and Santos was accepting me as an old friend he forgot about. It did not take long for him to start telling how important he got since we last saw each other. At the same time, he fell on me and twice I had to grab his arm and stop him from falling.

This guy was drunk and if he fell before the van, I was not going to carry him. The smell coming off this guy was horrible. Almost like a wet dog who rolled around in crap, then someone poured cheap rum on the dog. I really was worried about the smell staying on me.

We got another half a city block when Santos said, “You

know I am going to take a....." Before he finished what, he was saying, he fell on me and his body went limp. I grabbed him out of reflects and try not to think about what the greasy substance coming out of his pores might have been.

Holding him up and dragging him maybe ten feet, Tony ran over and did his job. Together we got the disgusting Santos into the van. I figured tossing him in as we did; might bring him back awake. Oddly enough, he was so drunk, he didn't seem to notice.

Tony's brother asked where did we need to go. Without a thought, I handed up a piece of paper with an address on it. The address was for an office building. A place the Republic had set up for me to take the guy and meet with another guy. Someone like Mr. Stone, who was requested by the client and didn't have a guy like me.

What I didn't know was the guy who was scheduled to meet me was a drunker. He was already on his way down and out. Lets say that I never meet the guy. From what I learned later, I was not the first person he stood up. I did hear that I was the last though.

After a few hours of no investigator showing up, I knew the general information we was trying to get out of this guy. So with the things I learned from Mr. Stone. I knew I had to do the work and get the answers and any extra details he would share.

Looking around the room, I found a few items that could help me. First thing I found a lamp in the corner with its cord wrapped around it. Then a roll of garbage bags sat along the wall. Finally, there was broom with a wooden handle was just dropped on the floor.

Thinking about what I had, I put together my plan. It would be crude, but I would make it effected. To quote what Mr. Stone told me on a mission he was training me. "It doesn't matter how you get your results, as long as you get the right results."

That was going to be tested here. After my last mission going south on me in a bad way, I had to come back with a win. The thing about the mission brief I did not think would involve me was how to deal with Santos Jesus Ramos Nolasco.

To put it simply, the four walls he was looking at would be the last thing he would see. I understood the reasoning too. Since he could go and tell his boss what he did or change things before

the information could be acted on, I would have to kill him.

So once I accepted what was about to happen, I picked up the lamp and pulled off the power cord. With a firm grip on the cheap office lamp, I swung it hard enough to cause some pain, but not break the lamp. The impact did the job and woke up the drunk Santos.

As he try to reach up to his face, he begun to struggle. Realizing his hands and legs were tired down, Santos try to free himself and even made the chair with him in it fall to it side.

I let him go on for about two minutes till he calmed down. Then when he realized he could not free himself, the cursing came in both English and Spanish. I don't know why watching him had me so engaged. Maybe it was his next step of trying to tell me how powerful he was.

I learned who he worked for and how his man Jimmy would make me pay. The threats went on while he had no idea who I was or how he might get free. Maybe he watched too many movies where people always got free and came out on top.

That is a nice thought and it gave him hope. That meant I would have to break that hope. His only hope needed to be in me taking pity on him. Once that goes away, I need to put him in enough pain that he hopes that I will stop it. Finally, I need to remove all hope and make him feel as he was betrayed.

When he finished his threats and yelling, I walked over and sat him up. I knew he had to have a bad hangover with how drunk he was. Then hitting him with the lamp should of made it worse with adding pain to the side of his face. Then I walked over and set up a camcorder.

The camcorder was meant to make sure nothing was missed or forgotten. Santos watched me and begun to ask what I was doing. I could hear the anger in his voice. He demanded I tell him what I was doing and why I kidnapped him.

I didn't answer him till I had the camera focused and everything right. After that I picked up the mission folder and walked over to him. Opening the folder I hemmed and hummed while standing about two feet in front of him.

Then I saw the look in his eyes to tell me that I he was ready for what was coming. He had realized that I was not some guy trying to shake him down for money or trying to take over

anything he had going. He knew that I was a professional needing information.

CHAPTER FOUR

“Mr. Santos Jesus Ramos Nolasco. You are here in the United States illegally from Mexico. I see you are a pedophile into thirteen year old girls and besides your drinking problem, you enjoy sniffing coke.

I am not being paid to judge you, but so you are aware, I am judging you. I find you to be a disgusting piece of shit. I want you to know that I will try to be professional and not let my judgement of you effect our business together.

Now you have noticed that we are being recorded. This is so my bosses can review the interview that will begin shortly. Since your scheduled interviewer has not shown, I will be standing in for him. If you have any questions before we begin, I would like to get them out of way now. So do you have any questions?”

After I gave him that quick introduction, he had a lot of questions. Most of them I would never answer. I figured I would answer on who I was and what I wanted from him.

“Since I don’t want to call you by your full name, I will be just calling you Santos. You can call me Bearman. We are here because you know things that our client would like to know. This is not personal for me. You also have the power to end this.

I would like to start with talking, I believe it is better for both of us that way. So I will ask you questions and you will answer them. If you have questions, I will answer only what I feel will help move our discussion forward.

I don’t believe this should be hard, but please keep in mind that it can become hard on both of us. With that said, we are ready.”

He had a blank look on his face, then begun to struggle to get free again. Since I didn’t want to lift him back up again, I picked up the lamp and hit him across the face again. That stopped him. That hit also broke the skin and made him bleed.