

# The Night

“What the frag?” he exclaimed as pain shot through his leg. A splattering of blood flying away from his body as the bullet tore out of his thigh. His adrenaline booster kicked in, giving him the power to continue his run. Ducking around the corner then behind a dumpster, he turned back to aim down the trash covered alley.

He aimed down his sites, red dot bouncing with each breath, into the large opening, scanning for movement. Then two large shadows moved into view. Without hesitation he pulled the trigger.

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“Hey Mike, you working the night shift tonight?” Jim asked.

“Yeah, fraggin sup has me doin night shifts after the incident.” Mike responded.

Mike looked over at his partner, a beat cop that worked for Knight Errant, the security company that won the bid to protect the Seattle metroplex. Jim was a large troll with horns that resembled a bull, pointing straight up. His toothy grin gave him a menacing look. The smile on his greenish face did not relax the menacing appearance.

He was almost the exact opposite of Jim. Jim was a stout dwarf who had a shaved head and face. He was always wearing the uniform picture perfect. The pair of them looked like the recruitment posters that KE always put up. Clean cut, smart, police officers, both metahuman with large smiles.

“Sorry buddy. I’m off for the next few days. I think you are partnered with Bolin.” Mike said.

“Alright, night buddy.” Jim strapped on the night shift gear, heavy armor, night vision, and a large flashlight. Just as he was finishing up, Bolin came into the locker room.

Bolin looked at the pristine uniform Mike was wearing and rolled his eyes. Bolin was a scrawny orc with dark green skin, uneven fangs, and warts all across his face. His uniform was unkempt and dirty, and his gear was barely functional. Mike had to remember that he was on this shift for his issues, but he would be back on the day shift soon enough.

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The night stretched on. He was sitting in a car, overlooking the target location. This shadowrun will be easy. There are only two KE guards on location, then the package will be theirs. The rest of the team are in their locations. The next pass of the guards will start the mission.

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Mike started his next rounds, checking doors and cameras to make sure nothing funny was going on. He knew Bolin was in the security room watching him on camera and would call for backup if he saw anything. The evidence locker was one of the best secured sites in the Seattle metroplex.

Mike looked at his watch, one in the morning, the shift was almost over and he was glad. He was so fragging beat, he couldn't wait to be back on day shift. He glanced across the street as he was doing his rounds, the car was still there, and Mike noticed movement inside. His dwarven eyes let him see clearly in this low light condition. Then he noticed a barrel of a rifle moving out the drivers side window. He knew he was about to be shot. Instead of diving for cover, or pulling his own weapon, Mike continued on his course as if nothing had happened. He moved behind a wall that was on his route then pulled his Sojin Jackrabbit.

He got on comms, "Bolin, we have a situation." There was nothing but static. The comms were jammed. Frag, he tried to call out with his comlink to get back up. Nothing. Frag, frag, frag. Mother fragger. Now he had to start taking these guys out without backup or his partner. He glanced up at the cameras and noticed the red light was still on. He waved his Submachine Gun in front of it and crouched low coming around the corner, looking for a target.

The door of the car was open, his target was nowhere to be seen.

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Slinks noticed the dwarf on his rounds, they were about to start. He was pulling his rifle out and putting it on the spot the dwarf would soon be when something put him on edge. Knowing he needed to trust his instincts, he decided to abandon the car and move. If he was right then it may save him, if he was wrong it would only delay the operation for another pass.

Slinks decided to move. Over his comms he told his team that he was moving. That was the signal to start the operation. Whether this cop was alive or dead wouldn't matter in the long run. The operation will still go off without a hitch.

He dropped his rifle, and took off down the alley, moving toward the rear door of the warehouse. As he approached he noticed the light on the maglock turn from red to green signifying it was now unlocked. His man did his job, now it was time for him to do his own. He moved around to the door and slowly opened it up. Looking inside, he saw a well lit hallway. The cameras in the hall were all pointed at the wall. His man was doing well.

Slinks slinked into the hall, moving from shadow to shadow, almost disappearing as he snuck around. He made it to the door, glancing at the maglock. It was unlocked.

He moved through into the warehouse, checking the room for any signs of security. When he was confident that the place was empty, he started looking for the evidence that they were looking for. A large box contained a lot of chips, drugs, and a few guns. These guns were of a new smartgun system. It makes the shots more accurate and much more deadly. He loaded the guns, holstered them in the waiting holsters at his waist, then put all the chips in his pockets. The drugs were a mute point, he left them.

He moved to the door he had come into, getting ready to leave. As he approached he heard a burst of static on the comms. That wasn't good. "Sparks, Digger, Cog can any of you hear me?" he almost shouted into the comms. There was another burst of static.

"Slinks, .... Cog.... hard to hear you.... Mission failed.... Car is gone.... Digger and Sparks are .... 'ere are you?" Cog's voice was broken and hard to hear.

"Cog, I am still inside. Moving to the rendezvous location."

"No. Go to backup three." that came across clear as day then, "Comms are.... I think ..... Hacked. Everyone is...."

Dreck, backup three is two miles away. Time to move.

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Mike kicked the gun away from the body. The fraggin mage had thrown a spell that just missed him. He was drained from the experience. His body tingled as the power washed over him. He pulled the trigger, luckily hitting the mage in the head so a second spell couldn't get sent off.

He moved around the corner and tried again to call Bolin. "Bolin have you called for backup yet?" There was nothing but static. Dreck, how many more guys were here. He had already killed two. There has to be at least one more as the two he killed were outside on a perimeter.

He moved around the building, moving from cover to cover, when he got around back. He noticed the maglock was unlocked. Dreck, was this runner inside the building? He moved in and started looking around the building.

As he cleared the building he moved over to the security room. It was unlocked. He went in and saw Bolin sitting at the cameras. "Did you get through for backup?" Mike asked.

"Uh, not yet. Seems the line is jammed." he replied.

Mike thought, a hardline can't be jammed, then he was staring at the barrel of a pistol. "Hands up Mike." Bolin stated flatly, "You weren't supposed to survive this." He was starting to put pressure on the trigger.

“Bolin, what the frag? I thought we were friends.”

“Friends,” he laughed, “no. Never. I was using you.” Then he pulled the trigger.

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Slinks jumped through a window and started down the street. He checked over his shoulders repeatedly, never seeing anyone. He traveled the two miles in less than 40 minutes, never seeing anyone. He had the package, and a little extra. He wasn't sure who on the team was left, but he knew they would be at this safehouse if any of them were alive.

He entered an empty room. Noone else was in the safehouse yet. He went into the kitchenette and started a pot of Soycaf. He had just sat down to drink a cup of the hot beverage when his comms started screaming. It was Cog's voice, but the words are not understandable.

He grabbed his two new smart pistols, chambering rounds in both instantly. He was getting ready for anything.

There was a banging at the door. He ran over and unlocked it, throwing it open. Cog rushed in and collapsed on the floor, his unkempt uniform wet from sweat. “You better run.” he said, “I slowed them down, but the cops are almost here.”

Slinks responded, “What about you?”

“I'm an officer. I will be fine. Get the chips to Mr. Johnson.”

“Will do. What about the others?”

“Dead,” was all he said, turning out the door and back into the street.

Slinks split out the door and started running.

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A few blocks away, Bolin was moving down the street toward the building he was guarding when a KE patrol car came up next to him. “Bolin, what are you doing out here? Shouldn't you be in the security room?”

Bolin stopped and looked at the officer, recognizing him. “Smith, the runners are mostly dead. One of them got away and just ran down this way,” he pointed toward the way he was running. Both men saw a shadow running toward the alley. Officer Smith pulled his pistol and fired through his open window, striking the runner in the leg. The runner seemed only to pause for a moment, and before Smith or Bolin could get a shot off, he ran into the alley.

Smith jumped out of his car, pulling his shotgun, and started after the runner, Bolin running beside him. They ran around the corner, running headlong into the dark alley. A single shot rang out.

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Slinks pulled the trigger when the two police rounded the corner. It was only a moment when he sighted in and pulled the trigger. The officer next to Cog fell. Cog raised his pistol, aiming at him.

“What the frag Cog?”

There was another shot. Then darkness.

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The headlines the next day read, “Officer Bolin saves evidence for a massive case against mob boss Catone.” The news report went on, “Two officers were killed in action, Mike Smatter and Jimmy Smith. The Runners were almost away with the evidence when Officer Bolin found the last one. He shot him, killing him and saving the case against the terrible mob boss.”

“Officer Bolin was awarded the KE medal of Honor for his actions under fire. He will also be promoted to detective and sent to school to further enhance his career.”

Bolin smiled as he shut off the trid. His position was confirmed. His future was what he had been planning. He is getting everything he ever wanted.