

Part 3: The Ride

The paramedics keep working on my chest. I should be scared or in shock, but I'm not. I know I keep fighting to stay conscious, to stay alive. I focused on my meeting with Dr. Francis in the weapons room.

"I hear you and Uno are going to interrogate Maria," Francis said sitting in his chair.

"For an FBI forensic psychologist, you sure seem more interested in us than the criminals."

"Do you have a problem with that, if that is the case?"

"No problem here, brother, I'm just here because you asked to meet me here."

"You think I don't care about you and the other officers here? I can assure you that although analyzing criminals is my specialty, I do care."

"Yeah!" I twirled my finger in a slow loop of fake excitement. "Listen, this is the weapons room, I don't understand why you wanted to meet here and not in the cozy office they gave you while you are here."

"I needed to talk to you and Uno before you both leave."

"To make sure we get along and share our feelings?"

"To make you an offer."

"I'm listening."

"I want you and Uno to join my private strike force. Uno is one of the best SWAT officers and his leadership skills are unmatched. You are one of the best K-9 officers in the country and detective.

"And as partners, we have a high closing case percentage as partners."

"My strikeforce mission is to take down the Los Deimos. You'll be compensated very well."

"Listen, buddy, I do what I want to do. If you excuse me, I have a witness to interview."

The memory fades as I come too again. They wheel me to the emergency operating room. Breathing is becoming harder. I'm dying. I deserve it, I tried to be honorable, but I've done a lot of horrible things. Too many wars, too many criminals, too much death. Memories of my childhood, the police academy, basic training, all flood my head. The doctor stands over me and looks stoic, but I can see in his eyes that I don't have a good chance of living.

"Stay with us." The doctor says as my eyes start to close again. I don't think I want too, I deserve this death, but then the memory of being shot punches me. The Los Deimos better hope I die here tonight because if I survive, I'm coming after them.

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"Virtutes Instrumenti" by Kevin MacLeod (<https://incompetech.com>)

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