

No Man's Land

No Man's Land

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Wreaking havoc on drug dealers.

Published on
Booksie

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No Man's Land

(NO MANS LAND)

started original version 10-31-92

Marcus Glendale.....main character

Curtis...best friend to Marcus

Mike.....Old friend of Marcus.....created the Shelby

John Norcross owner and ceo of Norcross industries

the rich mucky muck big cheese behind the Quantum
drug

Maxwell..did the 'dirty work' for Norcross

The Gang

John "Tuck" Tuckerman second in command...to Marcus

Google "goog" info guy he always knew a guy or had a 'friend'

Booker puter hacker probably one of the top 5 best in world.

Thumper munitions.said he could make explosive out of just about anything or even blow a flea off a sleeping dogs back and never wake the dog.

Grease..the mechanic Marcus had to keep an eye on him because he dearly wanted to get under the hood of the stang.what kept him from it was marcus explaing the do the wrong thang and all of them and maybe half the state would become radioactive dust for the next few thousand years....

shoot to thrill
too many women
too many pills
AC/DC

The mafia want you to believe there is NO mafia,so the mafia can keep on doing what the mafia does.....
John Norcross

"let me tell you something.....We were the best of the best...and everybody knew we were the best....and when we were doin our thing... of being the best of the best....is when it all came tumbling down..
Maxwell

chap1

No Man's Land

it is in the not to distant future that the world began to fall apart,jobs were scarce,cities were overcrowded crime was way up...cities were no longer run by elected officials and city government,that stopped in 2010...now all city services were run by corporations.Corporations such as Norcross Industries....city government had become big business...from law enforcement to water utilities...all across the board the mucky mucks in Norcross decided how the city ran..and what price its citizens would pay.

As expensive and dangerous as it was to reside in the city..it was still safer than leaving the protected and gaurded city perimeters.

out there...out in no man's land...the strong survived and the weak either served the stong or died.....the only law was there is no law whoever is the badest does whatever his badass wants.

What started it all...

chap2

He stood at the side of the grave,surounded by friends and family,a man surounded by a wealth of love and support from evryone of them.....and he was the lonliest man on the planet.

inside emotionly he was dead...to him his body felt like a empty husk...waiting to wear down and finally allow him the sweet pleasure of the dreamless sleep otherwise known as death....

Marcus watched as the casket was lowered into the grave...no tears in his eyes..no expression of grief or anger or remorse on his face. he watched as several dropped a flower or two onto the casket resting at the bottom of the grave....his eyes never left the casket as several aproached him to offer condolences over his loss.....he spoke to no one...just watched the casket.....if any were observing him they would have seen only one reaction from him...as the first spadefull of dirt was thrown into the grave and onto the casket..he flinched.. but only one watching closely would have seen the flinch... he continued to stare at the casket as it was covered..

as Marcus stood at the graveside....his best friend of many years...Curtis...firmly began to direct people away from his grieving friend allowing him all the time he needed to finish his goodbyes.

Marcus watched the casket being covered with dirt he felt his heart dying with each thump of dirt on the casket....and watching the final spade of dirt that blocked any view of the casket also completed the destruction of his heart....unable to see the casket any longer he reached out with his mind to leave a message goodbye my love,my life you were the blood in my veins,the air filling my lungs,my reason to live.....

Marcus forced himself to turn from the grave he spoke to no one. just walked aimlessly thru the stillness of the cemetary..eventually sitting on a concrete bench.....after a few minutes of sitting staring into space...he shook himself and looked around....his eyes falling on headstones...reading the enscriptions.....beloved father...wife...son....different monuments of grief.....raising his eyes to look into the sky.....he stared into the sky thinking....ok God...if there is even a God....she's in your hands now.....treat her well...she deserves more than anything I or you could ever give for her...treat her soul well...or you'll answer to me one way or another.....

Marcus heard a distant sound and he turned to see his friend Curtis slowly apraoching..looking for any signal from Marcus as to aproach or give him some more time....Marcus shuddered as a chill raced up his spine and seared into his brain....Looking into the sky once more he spoke quietly....

ok God you care for her..but there are a few of the living down here...that won't be for long..but i don't believe they'll be joining you..because i will be doing my upmost best to send evry last one of them as painfully as i can straight to HELL !!

chap4

Marcus stood and turned to walk over to Curtis...looking at his friend..he spoke..Curt..iv'e said my goodbyes to the only one that mattered other than you...you've been a friend for many years..i love you like a

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brother....but now i have to say goodbye to you also.....

Stunned Curtis demanded an explanation to Marcus's words....Goodbye...WHAT...your not thinking of doing anything really stupid are you????

Marcus placed a hand on Curtis's shoulder and explained or tried to....Curt....My life ended the moment Cat (Caitlin,his wife) was killed. there are those involved in her death still alive and walking around....never to be brought to justice able to continue on in their chosen path of destruction....

Curtis interrupted...Marcus...Dammit leave it to the police..the courts.....ple...

Marcus exploded....FUCK the law and DOUBLEFUCK the police.....there is no justice..no honor..no peace in today's world....NO Curt....i'm going into No Mans Land.....it's time for MY justice..and that includes bringing that justice to those that deserve it ..including those within the world of law..and order..that do not belong there.....I'm sorry Curtman...my friend...but where im going..what i'm going to do...you don't belong or need to be involved in.....besides you have family to consider.....this is something i will do alone..noone else needs to be involved....

Curtis angrily shoved Marcus's hand from his shoulder,placed his hands at Marcus's chest and shoved him back a step or to only to step close to Marcus..his face inches from his friend and angrily responded.....FUCK YOU MOTHERFUCKER !!!!!...God damn you you son of a bitch.....Stupid bastard your not the only one that lost a loved one here ya fuckin know that Cat was more than the wife of my best friend.....she was my FRIEND.....SHE was the one that saved my life that time i accidentally o d' on my medication SHE was the one that helped me save my marriage.....I owe her more than i could ever repay.....and you think your gonna exclude me from anything that will possibly even remotely make up for her loss....I DON'T THINK SO MY FRIEND....either you except my help.....or by god your first fuckin fight starts right here right now.....

Marcus had stood and took his friend's tirade calmly....yea Curt...but Karen....

and was interrupted....."Jesus CHRIST....Marcus...do you think Karen would even allow me back into the house if she knew that i would allow you to do anything without my help.....i DON'T think so.....!!!!!!

and besides.....do you want to come by and face Karen and explain why i'm not helping you.....believe me and you know it...much better to fight you than go face her...uhuh...not me..."

Marcus held his hands up in surrender...OK Curt ok.....just remember you can bail anytime you need or want to allright?

Curtis grinned...Break it off in your ass butthead.....the goodbyes have been done I knew you had this in mind Karen and i said ours this morning..she sends her love and told me not to come home until you and i are done with what we gotta do.....and i agree ..lets get it done.....times a wastin daylight's burnin and all that shit.....

Marcus just shook his head and agreed....Your right...lets go see a few of my errrr descrete friends.....

the two friends turned and walked towards the only car remaining in the cemetery,Curtis's car....and they drove from the cemetery.....in search for justice...no..revenge...in no mans land....

chap5

two years earlier

Marcus always thought it started when Caitlin got her home pc.it allowed her to continue her research while at home.She was a highly respected criminal data researcher,and the internet was her tool. MANY enforcement agencies sought after her to join their agency,but she preferred to freelance,as she would say...that's why i make the big bucks babe.....i.m good at what i do,i know it..they all know it.....and i call my own way....

Caitlin would have said it started one day 2 years before her death

a day like any other.she was home on the pc out on the net...she had hacked her way thru many firewalls to enter a network of pc's that contained info she needed on a current project.....finding what she needed she began a special copy program she had designed...waiting for the program to finish she found a small back door into a separate area of files..bored she hacked into the file area grabbed one and opened and glanced at the text...suddenly she froze...realizing what she was reading was incredible.....she grabbed a blank cd closed her copy program and loaded the riteable cd and quickly copied several files...finished she backed from the

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area carefull to erase any evidence of her being in the file area...even running some special programs that Marcus had got from a " friend " designed to close her pc down and erase all tracks of her presence on the net for that day....

chap6

Six months later during a cold winter nite she sat Marcus down and began to explain to him her believe that she was in some sort of danger.....But she convinced him that she believed she had covered her tracks and asked him to stay out of it so as not to draw attention to her

for nearly a year nothing happened...until one day while doing a routine maintainence on her pc she relized the pc had been hacked..

Two weeks before her death,Marcus came home after a late night doing a info search on the streets to find Caitlin sitting in the living room with the lights off,sitting on the couch with his 9mm.loaded and chambered held tightly in her hands.....

Marcus went to war on the streets but before he could get all his resources involved..... just ten days before her death..she disappered from the house...no ,matter that there was at least a dozen special forces cop squad protecting her...she disapered..without a trace.....vanished from their home...his electronic masterpiece ...failed ...she was gone.....no trace...gone.

Marcus went berserk.....fear for his wife.....anger at himself and the involved law enforcement agencies.....himself because he trusted his specialty wired home designed for protection and survialiance at the law agencies because they assured him that Caitlin was safe.....that they would make sure she was safe.....and she was gone.....

chap7

Marcus stood in his living room..and felt how empty the house was without her presence.....he tuned out the several voices of the cities hihest in the law system.....hearing futile excuses....reached into his pocket ..removed his cellphone..dialed a number.....and spoke to who answered.....

It's Marcus.....you aware of my problem?ok..ill say this only once....get the word out...no more mister nice guy.....i want her FOUND.....and i'll spare no option to find a lead..heads will roll and keep rolling until i'm satisfied.....do you understand me?" ..and hung up the cell not waiting for a responce.....A minute later his cell chirped...he answered "Yea" listened for a moment..his mind went nuculear..his body tensed..several men in the roomnear him felt the changein him and instinctively moved away...no one wanting to be in range if he went physical.

'I will not repeat this again...inform whoever you needUntill Caitlin is returned safe and sound...All deals are dead...all promises are repealed.....ill use whoever i have to to get her back.....and i will not be nice about any delays...one person sluffs me off...and i will not hesitate to put a gun to their head.....and believe me...I got no problem removing the heads of as many assholes i have to....you have ONE hour...and then im looking for you...your choices.....leave town immediatly.....or blow your brains out.....or tell me what i want.....or i'll blow your brains out...ONE hour!" and he cut off the line. Marcus looked around the room at the men,officers of the law,knowing,and not caring ,that they had all just heard him threaten a man with death.

Marcus had a ghastly grin on his face when he asked " anyone here got a problem with anything i said?" The govenor said "Jeez,Marcus did you have to threaten a man in front of all these potential witnesses?" Marcus looked at the guvenor and said "John,if I thought you knew something about her disappearance...I would have no problem putting a gun to your head to get the info i want."

The guvenor looked around "did you hear that? He just threatened me."....All the men in the room avoided the guvenors question except for one old beat cop who walked over to Marcus,he pulled his pistol from the holster at his side,Marcus never flinched.. The beat cop held his pistol to Marcus saying "you ever need a gun,you ever need a backup,you ever need a alibi Anything,Marcus,you come to me"...and every other man in

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the room turned and left the room.....not a one answering the guvenors question.

chap8

three days before her death....Marcus was ready to burn the city down to the ground if he thought it would help him save/find caitlin.....

there had been no contact from whoever had abducted her.....

One day before her death...Marcus was on such a warpath that anyone believing they were under his scrutiny disapered...hiding from his anger.....and his rage..Marcus put the word out..

ALL bets are off...The line was crossed...Marcus would now use whatever means he could find to find his wife...He would take anyone down....help him or get out of the way.

On the day of her death.....Marcus was in the process of informing a dirty cop that he was now fodder for the external affair guys.....unless the dirty cop could pull some strings with his snitches for anything that might help...and for a moment Marcus felt a great weight ...a black cloud descend on him..then it was gone....Marcus's heart was frozen....he Knew somethingsomething bad just happened...he passed it off to the pressures heaped on him and continued

cvhap9

one day after her death.....a call came in to 911.....a body had been discovered in the old warehouse district.....

the second day after her death....Marcus was checking his messages from his car....reading one from a friend of his in the coronors dept....he called and was put thru to his friend.....who solely asked him to cum downtown...asap....a little over a hour later...his world ended.....

Three days later the day before her funeral the world refocused,his knowledge of the last three days was learned only by other people informing him ...

chap10

The moment he walked into the morgue...he knew....the moment they lowered the sheet covering her nude body.....despite the damage done to her body..despite the damage done to her featuresher face...

looking down at her....his minds eye saw only the beauty he saw in her...and something within him swelled up and burst....and three days later whatever had burst was replaced....with rage.....cold hard rage...

chap11

When Marcus left the morgue he drove to the precinct of the cop who recieved the call.He passed the front desk,entered the commom room,glanced at the duty board,saw the cop he was looking for was still on duty.

Marcus leaned across the desk and cupped his hand under the cops chin and lifted the man straight up and across the desk and began to squeeze the man's throat.Other cops were shouting and scrambling to pull the men apart.

Before the first cop could get close....Marcus pulled his glock cocked it and placed the tip of the barrel right between his eyes....Everyone froze.....

Marcus never looked anywhere but deep into the eyes of the detective he had by the throat. Knowing he had the man's attention he said to him,Do you understand what I want? Do you understand that I KNOW what kind of a cop you are ?

Do you want to keep being any kind of cop at all?

chap12

Once Marcus believed he had every scrap of information he would get fro the other detective....he uncocked the glock removed the barreel from the forehead of the other detective and slipped the glock into it's belt clip. Marcus lowered the man back into his chair and released him.

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Marcus could sense that he was about to be jumped by several detectives and tensed himself for the coming battle...he knew he was outnumbered and was most likely about to get his ass stomped....he had done the worst...pulled a weapon on a fellow officer.....

He was being held by a man at each arm...and the cop in front of him was pulling a hand back to punch Marcus and was stopped by a voice.....

Lay one hand on that man and I will shoot you myself!
Everyone looked around to see who spoke...it was the front desk Sargent...standing in the doorway
Loosly holding his pistol down in front of him.

the officer in front turned and continued pulling his fist back for a powerfull punch.

"Matt,you hit him and I will take you down!"

the sargent said as he raised his revolver to aim at the man...

Matt looked at the sargent,knew he meant it,looked back at Marcus snarled a 'Ah fukit' and he stepped away
returning to his desk...ignoring Marcus and the sargent.

As marcus walked by the sargent,the man spoke.

On my desk is a Packet.everything that is anything to do with her case is in there.It's yours....take it with you.
Marcus stepped past

chap13

He made no apologies for any actions done by him in last 3 days...he resigned all ongoing
assignments....refused any offers.....completely removing himself from his old life

on the day of her funeral he was fully uncumbered by normal human living restraints....he entered the
cemetary a man with no job...no home....no debt....files closed....terminated.....ready for the final goodbye
and left the cemetary with one purpose
.....to find and destroy any involved in any way with his wife's death.....

chap14

ONE WEEK LATER

The harsh buzzing of the alarm woke him,he reached over to turn off the alarm and spent a few minutes
relaxing before throwing the covers back to climb from the bed.He entered the connecting bathroom and
paused to urinate. Standing over the toilet..emptying his bladder he decided there were few things that felt
better than a good piss first thing in the morning.

Finished he flushed the toilet and stepped into the shower. A long hot shower followed with a cold
rinse,he stepped from the shower and toweled dry,dropping the towel into a clothes hamper..still nude,he
crossed the bedroom and entered a huge walkin closet. He considered what to wear and felt the first twinges
of adrenalin coursing thru his body,admonishing himself to calm down..this is NOT the day to get carried
away he thought. Selecting his clothes he laid them on the bed and returned to the closet to remove several
items from a trunk buried deep in the back of the closet.

Standing by the bed he began to dress.....prepare was a better description.... he picked up a sheathed
throwing knife and slid it up his arms and settled the knife between his shoulder blades.he shrugged his
shoulders to settle the sheath and reached back to make sure he could grasp it properly..satisfied he pulled the

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knife free, ran his thumb lightly along the blade and winced as he saw a drop of blood well onto his finger. No doubt this baby is sharp he muttered and slid the knife back into its sheath.

sitting on the bed he picked up a small ankle holster and removed the pistol it held. He inspected the weapon, a over-under .38 derringer. Satisfied the gun was clean, he broke it open and loaded two special loaded bullets into the gun and returned it to the holster and bent over to strap it to his right ankle.

Standing he slipped on a comfortable pair of slacks, bent to slip on a pair of socks and shoes. He then shrugged on a loose fitting shirt...buttoning the shirt he walked into the closet and selected a jacket to wear...slipping on the special cut jacket he walked over to the dresser and he pulled open a drawer and removed a belt and a small box...he ran his thumbnail along a seam on the belt opening and revealing several small pouches...opening the small box he removed several small throwing spikes and placed them within the concealed pouches...he finished by slipping on the belt and cinching it.

Finished with dressing he stepped before a full length mirror to make sure that none of his weapons were visible or left a tell-tale bulge. Satisfied he returned to the dresser, grabbed a set of keys and left the bedroom..he walked down a short hall and stopped at a small table. He looked at the shiny aluminum attache case placed on the table and grinned just the kind of flash only a well refined dealer would carry he thought.

He opened the attache case for a final check. Threefourths of the case was filled with tightly banded bundles of money, all in large bills. The remaining space in the case was for his backup...a pistol...but one designed to his specs. He picked up the weapon for a final inspection and breathed What a beauty you are...and bad ass too ! He held a .32 caliber mini uzi much smaller than the normal uzi...but very special....one of his 'friends' had made it for him.....it had a double clip..each clip holding 50 rounds each round was a special load (as his friend had said..Forget wounding someone..these loads are for putting someone down permanently, fineto, down and out) giving him a comfortable 100 shots before needing to reload. "remember...those 100 shots will go off in about 3 secs if u keep full trigger...."

The gun had no accuracy for any distance...but in a small area such as a hotel room or a office....it was as deadly as any weapon could be. Cut loose with this baby on full auto in a small room with a 100 shots within a few seconds AND they damn sure will be hobbin and a bobbin ! he placed the gun in the case along with a few extra clips, closed the attache case and nodded as he heard the faint clicks of the micro locks. He picked up the case and moved down the hall to a door leading to the garage.

He opened the door to the garage, switched on the lights and paused.....looking at the only pride and joy he owned anymore. Spotless and gleaming, was a 1968 shelby Mustang.. painted deep cherry red..restored and rebuilt with his own hands...and with a little help from a few friends..it looked like a collectors dream.....which it was...but also because the car looked like a mustang.....but was a technical miracle..... The ol knight rider thought Kit was a hell of a car.....if they only KNEW how a car.....a CAR could be developed.....Beneath the many coats of hand rubbed paint, a VERY special paint, the car was more than just KEWL looking..it was a rolling computer..and a mobile war wagon....several government agencies had 'donated' supplies to the project car.....

chap15

When he and Curtis left the cemetery and climbed into Curtis's car, His friend asked where too..and Marcus instructed him to take him to a condo address... Marcus again got on the cellphone.. dialed a number from memory.....never even heard a ring before a voice spoke.....and Marcus wasted no time..... You still interested in doing 'your thing' to the 'stang ?

the other voice eagerly responded The Shelby ? Hell yeswhen?

Yesterday was Marcus's reply Curtis will bring you the keys.....within a few hours.....and i need your best men on it.....and Mike...go all out on it...do too it what shouldnt be able to be done..I am about to descend into hell and i want to come back.....and i need the Shelby to do it...and when your done make sure your guys understand.....they never saw the car..much less worked on it..... etc. etc.

chap16

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He wasn't even sure what the engine was in the car....Mike had made the comment about not needing to worry about gas stops...and one of the techs walking by added.....and remind him to not remove the 'oil filler cap' or the 'radiator cap' unless he likes glowing in the dark for a few years...Mike grinned at Marcus .. shrugged his shoulders saying it's a nuclear sorta thing ok...

MIKE !

Hastily Mike replied "Hey Buddy it's cool as long as the car don't tell you there's a problem...then don't worry bout it !

and if the car does tell you there's a problem..ummm by then...don't worry bout it."

"MIKE ! Just what HAVE you done to the Shelby ?"

Mike had to brag...."Well unless the engine nucs out..."

"NUKES OUT....MIKE!".....

" which,by the way,don't worry bout that....it will take a nuclear bomb to destroy it."

The paint job....welll easiest explained..your radar proof now..! You are invisible to radar,thermal,and a few other stealth things"

the computer system you had...gone....it was a dinosaur anyway.....What you have now is 5 steps ahead of anything out there"

"Mike...That was the best that money can buy....."

"SHIT Marcus....even you should know ..the BEST can't be bought.....Let's just say that unbeknownst to them the world's governments just provided you with your 'KIT car'

and yours is the new improved model....with a few special features of my own thrown in.."

Reaching into his pocket,Mike pulled out what looked like a credit card and handed it to him instructing here place your thumb on that blue dot...i need to link you to car..program in that the final part is here and.....

'CAR'Mike you call the Shelby...'Car'.....and ME you call ME the 'Part'

Mike's reply...Marcus..the car is just what it is A CAR...eeemmmmm maybe a very special car...but it is still only a car...and the car reads you as just the final part....complete in design and build...and ready for its purpose of being built..... and paused.....and...ummm the car will learn and improve itself... none of us are really sure what you may get out of the car...uhh so keep us updated k ?.....

"IMPROVE itself???" "what do you mean"

Ummmmmmm mike shrugged his shoulders..." don't know actually..is why we errrr i mean me will be depending on you to notify of any developments...."

Marcus looked from Mike to the car..to Mike..to the car..back to Mike and asked..Ok..so what next..what do i do ?

Mike again instructed...Place the card between thumb and finger..thumb on blue dot....and squeeze.

Marcus did as instructed,feeling that the dot was thicker than the rest of the card....and felt some give with it....pressing on the dot he felt a give then a.. a.. well felt like a shock and a tickle at same second

for a brief moment he heard/felt the car hum...then silent.

Marcus looked at the car...looked at Mike....at the card in his hand...at the car again ..back at mike...who smiled and said...."Don't worry...Just don't worry bout it...Trust me ok" he finished with a grin.

chap17

The brain of the computer was concealed and protected behind the rear seat. A small keyboard was installed in the console between the front seats within easy reach...information was projected onto a small area in the center of the windshield,easy to read during night or day visible only from his seat and only from the inside of the car...he could easily type drive and read whatever was flashed on the screen and if need be he could switch to voice command and control.

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He walked around the freshly washed and waxed car and opened the passenger door to place the attache case on the seat. Closing the door he stepped back and said "THIS is one seriously perfect car....or as old Hawkeye Pierce would say FinestFuckingKind"

He walked back around to the drivers door,opened it and slid behind the wheel and settled into the drivers seat..inserted the key and grinned as the engine growled to a start and quickly idled to a throaty burble...Allowing a few minutes for the engine (or the 'sorta nuclear thing ') to warm.He did not even wonder how they made a 'engine' that sounded like a motor...that was'nt a motor....Snapped on his safty belt,adjusted the rear view mirror and slipped on a tight pair of driving gloves..Marcus (feeling sorta foolish talking to a car....welll it was a Shelby.....) gave a command

System on ! and he watched a miraculus thing begin.....first the dash lite up.....shield screen on...and watched a computer screen appear on the window before him...and it was so cool....every detail was crystal clear on the windshield before him.....but oddly it did not interfere with his view in any way....in the upper left corner of the screen a ? mark blinked.....Marcus thought a moment...hmmmm

for some its the bottle..for some its the needle....but for me its rock and roll.....load the webb cd... track..2.....then random ...make it loud..

He thumbed the remote to open the garage door....backed from the garage thumbed the remote to close the garage door...then used a small security remote to energize the house security system He backed down the drive and into the street.....automatically checking for any suspicious cars or strangers anywhere near...slipped the car into first and popped the clutch...leaving a 30 foot trail of rubber as the car powered down the road.....Marcus jammin to the throbbing sounds of Webb Wilders 'Tuff It Out' lost himself to the music as he spent the next hour using a round about route to the highway,positive he wasnt being followed.Pulling onto the highway he quickly pushed the cars speed up to 90 mph and spent a few minutes to 'feel' the car..and knew all was well as he settled into the seat.....and the gleaming red car hammered south down the highway.....

chap18

45 minutes later ,he took a off ramp and traveled a few back roads to approach the meeting location from behind. Entering the office complex property from the rear he was able to look for any survalence teams. A quick inspection and he was sure that at least the parking lot was clear,for now at least. He pulled into the parking garage and followed the circular route to the top level..pulled to the very back of the parking level...he killed the cars motor and sat....after a few moments he mumbled its time he grabbed the attrache case and climbed from the car,locked it,set the alarm and crossed the parking level ...passing the elevator he entered the stairwell and quickly descended the several levels to exit into the office building lobby.he spent a few minutes wandering around the lobby,checking for any suspicious types..abruptly he turned and strode to the bank of elevators and entered one that was empty..he rode it up several floors left the elevator entered another one and went down a few floors...he did this going up and down floors for several minutes.finally he exited a elavator and wandered the hall finding the mens room he entered relieved himself,washed his hands....checking his watch he decided it was time and he left the mens room and returned to the elevators he entered and pushed the button for the floor he wanted...he calmly waited until the doors pulled open ..he stepped from the elavator and turned to his left and walked down a hall that dead-ended at one door.

Still time to stop this he thought...Never hesitating he tapped twice on the door,he glanced over his shoulder to confirm he was still alone he faced the door as it swung open and the doorway was filled with one of Vargas's men. The man looked at him and then behind him to inspect the empty hallway behind Marcus then he stepped aside to let him enter. Marcus walked down a short hall followed by the gaurd..as Marcus entered the main room he stepped to the right..placing his back to the wall,forcing the gaurd to stand beside him instead of behind him.

Ignoring the hard look from the guard,he calmly looked at the other occupants of the room ,resting his gaze on the man sitting behind a large desk across the room....recognizing the man he had come to meet.

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Vargas he said

Marcus! the seated man replied..Please come in.....

Marcus looked at the other person in the room sitting by a small table close to some balcony doors...and scowled as he recognized the man. Looking back at Vargas he asked What..You had to bring a scumbag to carry your money? Are you sure you can trust the dogfucker?

The man in the chair swore angrily and started to rise from the chair. Marcus cocked a eye at Vargas who scowled and comanded NO ! the man looked at his bossand reluctantly settled back into the chair muttering crossly...Marcus gave the seated man his best wise-ass grin,and the seated man growled Next time!

Yeah next time...how bout now time! Marcus said staring hard at the seated man who started to rise again...until he saw something in Marcus's eyes that caused him to settle back in his chair.

Gentlemen....gentlemen..we're here on business not to squabble...Please Marcus come in sit..let's talk business.

Marcus started to walk across the romm but stopped as Varga held up a hand Marcus i hope you don't mind if my man checks you ? Marcus looked at Vargas,glanced at the other man in the chair beside the desk who was grinning and starting to rise....Cocking a thumb over his shoulder to point at the guard who had let him in he said He can..but not dogpuke here in the chair!

The sitting man snarled and began to rise from the chair but was halted by a command from his boss COCRAN !! NOT NOW and back at Marcus okay.

Marcus nodded his head and raised his arms..allowing the guard to pat him down..The guard found his ankle gun and removed it to show his boss. Vargas frowned and said Really Marcus,that's not necessary,but we'll keep it for now. Vargas motioned to the guard to give the gun to Cocran,who grinned and inspected the gun for a moment before placing it within easy reach on the small table beside his chair.

Marcus calmly walked across the room sat in the chair across the desk from Vargas and placed the attache case on the desk between them. Vargas looked at the case a look of greed gleaming in his eyes said Two hundred and fifty thousand.....like we agreed....let me see it....and started to reach for the attache case. Marcus placed a hand on the case and pulled it towards him...Uh-uh, Vargas.....not until i see what i came for.....that was the deal.....two hundred and fifty grand and you provide me with the Quantum pills.....I'm here with my part....the money inside the case.....i'll show you mine when i see yours....!

The two men stared at each other and tension in the room began to build.....Until Vargas laughed and settled back in his chair....then he leaned forward to reach under the desk he pulled a nondescript black attache case and set it on the table before him....saying..Relax Marcus i got it right here ..just let me confirm that you have the money and we got a deal.... Marcus looked at the other man,shrugged his shoulders and pushed his attache case across the desk to Vargas. Vargas pulled the case to him and turned it to pop release.....with no luck.....Damn thing won't open..he muttered..Marcus replied....Sorry I forgot the latches are coded to my thumbprints...here let me open it for you....Marcus stood to reach across and pull the case back...still stranding he thumbed the catches and popped them open....Here you go he said begining to slowly open the case.....

And all hell broke loose!!!!!!

chap19

Marcus sensing movement behind him,turned and leaned away from the 'felt' intrusion,avoiding the blow from the guard behind him, he grabbed the mans wrist and pulled hard..at the same time reaching up with his other hand he grabbed a handfull of the mans hair and using the mans momentum Marcus slammed the guards face onto the desk top..knocking the man out..Marcus shoved the guard towards Cocran..Snapped up the lid of the attache case and grabbed the weapon inside..Cocran cursing,kicked and shoved the guard aside while grabbing for the gun on the table and began to aim it at Marcus.....

Marcus ,Knowing he was out of time fired a twenty round burst thru the side of the case and into Cocran....slamming him back into his chair...both man and chair went over backwards.... arms and legs flying...blood and gore and fleshy chunks spattering the wall behind. Marcus snap kicked the head of the downed guard just to make sure he was out of it and swung his weapon towards Vargas...increasing pressure on the weapons trigger ready to fire if needbe.....and narrowly avoided killing Vargas...who had not moved a muscle....altho his face had turned a shade paler..maybe tinged a little green.....Marcus for a second thought

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that maybe Vargas WAS a tuff cookie...then he saw the first of several beads of sweat begin to track down the mans face....and a tremor in his hands when he moved to wipe the sweat from his face.....And Marcus knew he had the man....owned him lock stock and barrel...

Marcus new that for the moment that Vargas was not a threat,he turned to the bloody mess that moments before was a man....looking at what remained of the hood...he relized just how effective his bullets were.....one would have killed him...20 nearly blew the body too pieces....Marcus bent and removed his pistol from a lifless hand wiped a few drops of blood on a clean spot of clothing on the dead hood and replaced the pistol in his ankel holster.Turning to Vargas he said It begins here...and now.....no mans land.....

a scared and confused Vargas could only stutter...whu...wha...what begins now? Marcus did not reply for a moment.....he sat in the chair across from Vargas....casually letting the uzi point in the general direction of Vargas and finally replied what begins now is the rest of your life..which could be just a matter of minutes or many years.....that all depends on you and how you answer a few questions..... CONT.

chap20

Marcus entered the elavator and punched the number for the ground flooor.Leaning against the wall he thought about what he had learned from Vargas.....and also decided it was a mistake to have let the man live....he was probably right now burning up the phone lines informing several people that Marcus was on the warpath...and had information that endangered many in the crime organization.....Well I meant to rock the cradle.....but I think I done tumped the cradle over.....which should get results....

Marcus settled into the drivers seat of the 'stang and opened the console between the seats and removed a small device a micro earpiece and mic for a mobile phone..tapped a few commands into the small puter keyboard starting a security program around the car and then opening the cell line.....he spoke into the small mic hanging beside his mouth...Dial Curtis....he waited for one ring and the call was answered.....About damn time ! he heard from Curtis

You may wish I had'nt called after you hear what I got rolling.....I just lite the fuse of one hell of a big firecracker and soon it ll blow this town apart....and we ll be right smack dab in the middle of it soon.... at least i will be....."

"Ok,Marcus,what did you find out,? What's going on?"

"There's a new drug in town....something called..the Quantum Pill...and it makes all the other drugs like coke or crank or crack look like a childs aspirin!"

Curtis broke in.."I dont know if i really want to hear anymore....but i got to ,so tell me more....."

"well,it comes in pill form,believe it or not..it's no bigger than a damn birthcontrol pill...."

" WHAT?????"

"Yea.....and it's the most bizarre powerful shit i've ever heard of..."

"HOW????"

"Well imagine this....a little pill that can give you exactly what you want to feel....the perfect high....ok..it recreates the effects of any....ANY..drug a person has ever had.....say you want to do a little speed....you pop this pill and concentrate for a while and next thing you know your speeding...speeding your ass off...speeding with a better high than you ever could with the real thing....or say you wanna be stoned...pop a pill and before long your one stoned motherfucker...whatever your vice...crack,coke,herion,pot,alcahol,uppers,downers.....i hardly believe something like this could ever be made...but it has..and it's hitting the streets...."

Marcus glanced in his rearview and noticed a car several cars back...it had been behind him since shortly after he had left Vargas's building.

"Curtis,I think i may have some company to deal with...I need you to call a old friend of mine...tell him what i have told you ,ask him to land hard on his snitches out on the street....i need to talk to a certain guy and this friend can find him..."

"ok" curtis replied "give me what i need and i'll get right on it"

Marcus spent a few moments giving the info that curtis would need.he then disconected and proceeded to do a few tactics to see if the car he had spotted was actually following him.

as he watched the car behind him Marcus tapped a command on the small keypad beside him....thinking 'I

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guess i need to shut Vargas down for good..with him out of the way it will be one less bee in my bonnet..'
He finished with the command sequence and thumbed the enter key.
"ok Vargas," he muttered " I wish i could be there to see your sendoff..but i got places to go and people to see.....30 seconds and counting.."

chap21

Back in his office,Vargas had just got off the phone with his boss,he had told him what had happened (but not told him Everything he had told to Marcus)

Vargas had just sat back told his men to clean the mess up and dispose of the bodies...he then opened a humidor and removed a cigar...lighting it he pondered his next move when the phone rang...Vargas grabbed the phone up and snarled into it...."Yea what do you want...." a moments silence then a clear electronic voice...sounding much like the bastard that had shot up his office and men just minutes earlier.

"Hello,Vargas,I failed to say a proper goodbye earlier...but now is the time..i swore to get rid of scum like you...so here it is....in ten seconds you will be dead.....starting NOW...goodby Vargas...10..9..8"

Vargas numbly stared at the phone a moment..started to shout for one of his men...heard from the phone..."4..3..2..1.. boom" and the line went dead.

Vargas flinched and then relaxed when nothing hapened...

"That lyin mother fuc....."and vargas felt/heard a small explosion...just a distant bang...a second of silence....then several bangs went off in a row....

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several floors below..the charges Marcus had planted earlier went off as set....destroying the main suports to the building...creating a implosion of destruction as the building began to colapse in on itself..

Vargas felt the building shudder...then his world colapsed under him as he and most of his men were swallowed into the seven stories of building as it crashed into a huge pile of rubble.....

A lite blinked on the puter window screen.a message...'Detonation complete,all charges fired as set'
the puter did area scans regularly and warned him that a vehicle had been detected that was going the same route.

Marcus cleared the screen,a slite smile on his face,and he turned his atention to the car that was beginning to pull closer to his car..Marcus slowed a fraction..wanting the car to get even nearer...Marcus watched for the best moment to make his move.....the moment came a few miles down the road.....a exit that curved for a mile then made a sharp curve with a rest stop just past the curve.....Marcus made his move..stomping down on the gas peddle ...forcing the Stang into a passing gear,the car leaped into high speed...Marcus suddenly cutting across three lanes to make the exit at the last possible second,taking the exit at 90 mph tires screaming as the car entered the tight curve....he glanced back at the highway and grinned seeing the car following him had missed the exit and had come to a tire burning halt on the side of the road ,causing several cars behind them to brake fast and narrowly avoid a impact with another car...Marcus slowed a fraction and waited to make sure they were going to try and follow....and nodded seeing the rear tires burn rubber as the driver reversed back to where they could manage the exit to continue folowing Marcus....

Marcus screamed into the rest stop and brought the Shelby to a sreaming stop....he opened the door and jumped out and ran to the trunk.opened it and flipped open a panel over one of tires and removed his favorite car killer of a gun....(DESCRIBE GUN)

Marcus jogged back to the reststop entrance and stood by the highway waiting....moments later he heard the car aproaching at high speed..

he assumed a shooters stance and waited for the car to appear around the curve.....a few seconds later the car roared around the curve...the ocupants never seeing Marcus beside the road until it was to late...

When the car was 100 yards away and aproaching fast Marcus aimed and fired a shot dead center thru the radiator and into the motor...blowing the hood of the car clean off ond over the top of the car,the

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armorpiercing shell destroyed the motor instantly....parts flying up and away from the car..momentum was enough to bring the car still at a high rate of speed..

Marcus shifted his aim and placed a bullet thru the windshield between the driver and passenger...shattering the window and spraying the occupants with safety glass...still moving fast and only maybe 50 yards away the car started to drift towards Marcus...he shifted out of the way attracting the attention of the 2 men inside....the passenger just stared wide eyed at Marcus almost in shock...the driver still had some of his wits about him ..he struggled with the steering wheel to aim the car towards Marcus....Marcus stood his ground...at 25 yards he aimed..muttered "Fuck You" and shattered the drivers head with one shot dead between the eyes ...nearly decapitating the drivers head..and spraying chunks of skullbone ,brains,blood and gore all over the passenger and thru the car...as the car rapidly slowed and rolled past Marcus,the passenger stared wide eyed and motionless at Marcus....expecting a bullet to do him in any second...Marcus lowered the gun to his side as the car rolled past and came to a shuddering halt about 30 ft away...waited and watched.....for a minute or to nothing happened...then he heard the passenger call out..

"hey...im not armed ok.....i dont want no trouble ..we were just sposed to follow you and see where you went..."

'yea right' Marcus thought....and answered..."Ok get out of the car...and keep your hands where i can see them.....NOW !"the passenger door opened..and suddenly the guy rolled out and came to a crouch aiming a pistol at Marcus..

"You dumb fuck...." Marcus muttered...firing from the hip,before the other ever got off a shot, the bullet blew a large hole in the man's chest ...knocking him thru the air several feet .the man slammed onto his back and slid bonelessly a few feet and came to rest..arms and legs splayed out..

Marcus walked over to look down at the man and was surprised to see him still alive...even tho not for long.....maybe seconds....the man lay there staring up into the blue sky...

Marcus went to a knee beside the prone man and lightly slapped his face to draw the man's attention and asked/demanded "Tell me...who sent you after me ?"

The man looked into Marcus's eyes and tried to speak but only choked as blood poured from his mouth...Marcus bent closer trying to understand what the other was attempting to say.....barely heard a muttered

"fuck you" and the man died.....

23

John Norcross disconnected from his private phone line,sat back in his chair and considered the report he had just recieved from one of his field agents.

he leaned forward,steepled his hands together and rested his chin on them,he stared into space...deep in thought.After several minutes he reached over to thumb a button on the phone console...and spoke..

"Sarah,find Maxwell for me..have him come see me as soon as possible."

"yes sir mr.Norcross,i'll find him for you"

Norcross turned to the wing table of his desk and touched a button,the desk opened and a keyboard and flatscreen monitor shifted into position for him.Norcross went thru a standard rutene of running a security program,one that did a scan of the office he was in out to a perimeter outside the office..ensuring that the area was bug free.he left the program on automatic so anyone entering the office would also be scanned for bugs. he then opened a program ,,keyed in a series of passwords,and encrypted codes ,finally getting to the program he wanted.

A few minutes later Maxwell entered and walked over to sit in a chair before Norcross's desk.

"Sarah said it was urgent?"

"It could be.....seems we got a maverick in our midst,Have you ever heard of a Marcus Glendale ?"

"Glendale.....now that name seems somewhat familiar....jus a sec..."

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Maxwell reached into his jacket and removed a cellphone, he punched a few buttons, waited a moment then said.. "Sam, Yeah, this is Max....need a quick search....check database for a Marcus Glendale....send everything you get to the terminal here in John's office.....asap....don't make me call back...ok...thanks." Maxwell placed the phone back in his jacket, saying to his boss..... "no more than a few minutes and we should have a fairly good profile on him"

Norcross shook his head the two men chatted casual things for several minutes, when a muted musical chime was emitted from the computer terminal...

Norcross pressed a few keys and a computer screen in the desk in front of Maxwell focused in.

Maxwell watched and seconds later, data scrolled across the screen....

Maxwell read and wistled.... "Who is this guy?" Security clearances up the yazoo... Joined the FBI academy.....and that's it? The rest is all secured in top level restricted databases.....

Known to associate with..... He rubbed elbows with Presidents, kings... world leaders..... and nobody knows who he is or what he is involved in..."

Maxwell read further stopped at something he read..

"John....trust me...if it's true and this guy is gonna snoop around.....

then I HIGHLY suggest we terminate with prejudice.....now..as quickly as possible..."

Norcross looked at Maxwell... "Your sure? "

"Positive John...."

Norcross nodded his head in acceptance and said.... " ok, Do it....but quitly make it quick but keep it out of the news"

Norcross read the report thouroughly three times...his anger growing with each reading.

First the phone call

then the systems operations computer burped.....and crashed.....for a moment the program reexecuted and rebooted and executed again into a virus worm that within minutes did incredible damage to the system.....every security setup....every firewall had BEEN BREACHED..every backup...breached irreplaceable files....gone

bank records..... gone

Technicians scrambled frantically to try and kill the worm...and recover files.....and found themselves locked from the files and access to the system

Then a small upside...Norcross recieved word that the intel on the guy doing all this....Norcross sat at his desk...downloading the file.. Anticipating information helpful for revenge..

The download complete... Norcross opened the file and began to read

disbelieve set in

then anger.....

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Maxwell called another man.....Chet.....we have a top priority security alert

tell same to dig deeper.get around the security blocks on this guy Glendale.. put a full team on this.....I want him found and secured like yesterday.. You understand?"

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Marcus pulled into a city park, parking the car under the shade of some trees, he used his cell phone to make a call...

" Mike... Yea it's me.....what?..yes the car is fine...yes,i'm bein carefull...yea thanks for asking about me....yea i know....so listen..I need a few things....I need the cell program that randomizes my number ..keepin me from being traced.....and also.....I need a door.....How'd i know.....Mike...this is me ok....but listen...it's just one door....one location....get me thru a backdoor into Norcross Industries....." Marcus held the phone away from his ear...due to the increase in volume of Mike's voice.....the loud ranting continued for several moments then tapered off...then silence.....Marcus heard a long sigh.....the Mike agreed to download the program to the stang's puter.

Marcus rang off with thanks and a promise to take care of the Shelby.'

26

Nearly 20 minutes later Marcus heard a beep and the screen on his windsheild focused in.A download finished and went into autoseup

Marcus executed the program sent by Mike and went online and attacked the entire data service dase for the entire company....Marcus grinned at how fast he got into the computer database so quickly....he called up a index scrolled thru some pages grinned and began to enter some commands,he did a save to the systm and system backup...pulled out thru the backdoor,closed it and sealed it with firewalls...he did a few checks and put the puter on standby...

Marcus looked at the screen and dialed a number..waited ..then spoke...

" Yes,hello this is Marcus Glendale calling John Norcross.....do i have a apointment? no..no i don't....but just check...i think youll be glad you did....ok.." Marcus waited for nearly a minute.....and a voice came on....This is Stuart Maxwell....how can i be of service to you Mr.Glendale?"

Marcus chuckled and spoke..."Marcus will be fine....and you just made your first mistake.....when i ask to speak to someone ...i expect that someone to speak with me..."not allowing the other man to speak he continued.." When i disconect this call a program will execute that will imobalize your entire database.....for 15 minutes.....i imagine 20 minutes down will cost your boss Norcross roughly 20 million...give or take a million or 2.....and tell your boss....tell him to enjoy it..because 20 million is pennies compared to the cost I'm about to put on him...and the fun thing is.....try and stop me.. goodbye..." and Marcus pressed the end button....

27

Back at the office.....

Maxwell heard the dial tone and snapped a command at his boss "John..your computer.....pull the hard drive ..NOW !!"

Before Norcross could react several beeps came from the desk computer.

he watched as the screen blipped and cleared...he keyed a command...nothing happened....more commands....nothing...he couldnt even command the puter to shut down..the screen was froze...the icon blinking.Maxwell watched and used his cell to call.....":Sam....you also?... nothing?....fix it...now...doit.....Dammit....ok....keep on it.."

exactly 15 minutes later...the computer beeped several times..screen blipped...aAnd all was fine.....

A message scrolled across the screen.

Maxwell leaned closer to read the message and swore bitterly..

watching the words "have a nice day " scroll across the screen,Maxwell swore he would personally castrate this Marcus Glendale

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CONT ???

Marcus cruised south on the hwy away from the city. As he drove he used the computer to tune into the police/fire/emergency scanner, listening to the babble of calls responding to the site of the destroyed building. He was thinking that all the emergency people had no need to rush....the building was gone...demolished...and those inside were gone also...

Several miles later he began to see signs indicating that the perimeter of the city safe zone was near.

Marcus thumbed open the center console and removed a slim card holder, he flipped thru, stopped at one, read it, grunted and removed the card and slipped it into his shirt pocket.

Marcus traveled the last few miles to reach the checkpoint located at the last safe perimeter of the city zone. he slowed the 'stang as he approached the line of converted toll booths....now a security stop.....more to keep people from the outer zone out ..without a security check to enter....easy to leave the city ..much harder to return.

Marcus neared the checkpoint...barricades on both sides of the road placed to narrow the road down to one lane

Marcus brought the 'stang to a stop beside the Marine standing in door of booth watching him pull to a stop. Dark tinted window still up Marcus looked at the marine waiting for the window to go down.

"yup" he thought " typical standard grade marine."

He thumbed down the window and and silently handed the the card in his hand to the marine.

The bored glanced at the card, started to hand the card back, did a double take, snapped his eyes back to read the card better. The marine's brow furrowed as he read the card, glancing at Marcus as he turned the card overthe marine's frown deepened, he glanced at Marcus....held a finger up (silently signaling 'just a moment') Marcus never changed expression, just thumbed the window up, he used his right hand

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