

“Get ready, we're coming up now” He said calmly as he drove down the road leading to the bank, using one hand to adjust the bullet proof vest that he had on, he heard the sound of rounds being chambered as the three other occupants of the SUV cocked their guns followed by a tense silence as he drove right up to the steps of the bank. The SUV screeched to a halt right beside the curb leading to the steps of the bank as he and the three others jumped out of the van and began to jog up the steps.

The four of them were all dressed nearly completely in black, save for the grey duffle bags that were slung across their backs. They were all dressed in plain black boiler suits and were all wearing balaclavas and body armour, and were carrying at least one weapon on them, with the biggest weapon being an M249 light machine gun that was carried by the biggest and most heavily armoured of the group. He was carrying an MP-7 loaded with armour piercing rounds and had a small Glock-36 tucked inside his bullet proof vest in case things went bad.

He sprinted up the last few steps and slammed into one of the bank's doors, charging at the security guard in front of him before he could do anything to stop him and knocking him to the ground with his shoulder before aiming his gun down at him. “Stay down!” He shouted at the guard as a short burst was fired from the M249 into the ceiling, terrifying customers and employees alike as the last two members of the group body checked two other security guards before shouting for everyone to get on the ground as they ran to get everyone out of the bank's offices and into the main lobby where they could be seen.

Several hours earlier - The Apartment

The grizzled black wolf leaned over the blueprint strewn table along with the six others who had gathered in the bare apartment, the room they were in empty except for the table, several hard-cases of varying sizes, duffle bags and its seven occupants. The wolf's name was Tony Vasquez, he was twenty-seven years old but looked much older from the greying of his fur around his muzzle that had been caused by years of stress, he was the second tallest of the seven, standing at just over six foot tall and he was wearing dark blue jeans and a black shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, showing off the tattoos that ran up both of his arms.

He looked at each of the other six people gathered around the table, starting with the otter beside him. Tony only knew the otters first name since he refused to say anything else about himself and he hadn't been able to find out anything else about him other than that he was a local gun for hire, his first name was Dimitri and he looked to be in his early thirties and had a face that seemed to be completely devoid of any sort of discernible emotion as he looked over the blueprints that had been taped down onto the table. He was wearing a pair of faded business trousers and grey blazer over a crisp white shirt.

Tony looked at the brown Labrador next, his name was Freddy Schmidt, he was apparently only twenty-two but looked older to Tony, his face was a mix of pure curiosity and concentration as he thumbed through a manual belonging to a security system that Tony had been told was similar to the one that the bank was using. He was wearing a pair of blue jeans and a dark green t-shirt.

Next to the Labrador stood two twin hares named Arnold and Jeremiah Dirk, both of them in their early twenties and were heavily scarred from years of street fighting and various other illegitimate activities that the two loved to brag about. The pair of them were both dressed identically in black wife beaters and camo trousers, leaving the only way to tell the two apart was that Jeremiah was missing half of

his left ear, having apparently lost it in a bar fight a few years ago which he insisted on calling 'a bit of a scrap'

He looked now at the largest one in the room, a bear named John Georgiro. He looked to be close to seven foot tall and towered over the rest of the table. Tony didn't know too much about him, other than that he had been brought in from another city for the job and was handy to have in a fight and had some skill with guns, which was all Tony needed to know about him. He was dressed similarly to Tony with light blue jeans and a white shirt which he also had the sleeves rolled up on, showing off his muscled arms and the small tattoo on his right wrist of the intertwined H's, matching the one on Tony's wrist.

Tony frowned slightly as he looked over at the last member of the group, a young ginger-furred tabby cat named Carl Jones, easily the smallest and the youngest of the group at only eighteen years old and a little over five foot tall. Tony had objected to having the cat be part of the job but the people who had organised it insisted that he be part of it and that he could be useful given that he was a good runner and could handle himself well in a fight even if he was a little inexperienced when it came to big jobs like this. He was dressed like a stereotypical teenager in a black hoodie and tracksuit bottoms.

“Alright then” He said looking down at the blueprint on the table, his eyes roaming over it slowly as he spoke “I'm sure you all know why you're here by now. A bank jobs been put together and you lot have been picked to do it” He tapped the blueprint, tracing under the name that was printed across the top of it with his finger

“This here is the Charlestown bank, located about a hundred miles from where we're standing. Single story with entrances at the front and back, so getting in should be the easy part. Now I've been put in charge of this so I'm gonna explain the plan and I want you guys to remember it and go over everything that's on this table.” He motioned to the pieces of paper, manuals and pictures that had been strewn across the table and around the blueprint before tapping the where the entrance to the bank was shown.

“We're gonna be split into two teams, team one is gonna be me, John and the twins and is gonna go in through the front and act as crowd control and secur-” He was cut off as Carl suddenly leaned over the table more and jabbed at the blueprint “What about the rest of us, we goin' in the back?” He asked excitedly, his eyes shining and a grin plastered over his face before he let out a yelp as he was yanked backwards by John.

“If ya'd shut up for a minute he'd tell ya what you're gonna do” he said gruffly in his deep bass voice, keeping his hand on the young cat's shoulder to keep him under control.

“Thank you John.” He sighed, the bear nodding to him before he continued “Now as I was saying. Me, John and the twins will go in through the front and act as crowd control and security, team two is gonna be Dimitri, Freddy and Carl and is gonna go in through the back.” He pointed at Freddy as he said the next part “Freddy here is gonna be taking down the bank's security system and making sure no alarms go off that might get the police after sooner than expected.”

“Sooner than expected?” Dimitri asked, the only thing on the otters face showing his surprise being a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah, sooner than expected. No matter what we do there's more than likely gonna be police after us at some point during this so we're gonna work as quickly as we can, understood?” He nodded at the otter before looking around at the others who

all nodded back at him silently, waiting to hear more of the plan. "Good" He tapped the blueprint again, tapping roughly where the bank's vault was located "The vault is our main target. Team two is gonna be bringing drilling equipment and the like with them but remember to look for anyone who might be able to open it for us; drilling takes time and I'd rather be in and out as fast as we can."

He continued to go over the plan in greater detail, assigning jobs to each member of the group and outlining what their job entailed while getting them to memorise the plan and the bank's layout until they could recite it from memory alone. The frown never left Tony's face whenever he looked at Carl, the young cat was acting like it was a game they were all about to play and seemingly not grasping the seriousness of everyone else in the room, not to mention taking the longest out of all of them to memorise the plan and taking more tries than nearly everyone combined to be able to recite it perfectly without help.

"At bloody last" He said with an exasperated sigh as Carl finally managed to recite the plan perfectly, running his fingers through his headfur as he shut his eyes for a moment.

"Alright, now that that's out of the way, I want you all to start getting gear together." He said, opening his eyes and moving over to the stacks of hard-cases and opening one of the smaller ones, holding it open so that the others could see what was inside. Inside of the case were a pistol and four magazines for it, each item held in place by the foam that surrounded them. He closed the case and placed it back on the stack "Take only what you'll need, I don't want people being weighed down by useless equipment." He motioned for them to move towards the cases before beckoning John over, as the large bear moved towards him he pulled one of the largest cases away from the wall, the weight of the case making him strain a little

"Your gear's already been picked out, John" He said as the bear looked down at the case and nodded before picking it up with ease "You can have a look through it over there" He said, pointing to the corner furthest from the rest of the group where there was the most space.

Tony crouched down and began to slowly go through some of the cases, weighing up different options and playing through potential scenarios in his head while taking the occasional look around the room at the others who were all sorting through the cases as well in silence, except for Carl. The young cat just seemed to grow more excited with each passing second as he pulled different guns from their case and cocked them before pretending to fire them at imaginary people. Tony simply let out an annoyed grunt and tried to ignore him by concentrating on getting his own gear together.

Suddenly, Carl gasped and ran over to John as he pulled an M249 from his case "No way!" He exclaimed loudly and excitedly, yanking the large machine gun from the surprised bear's hands "How come we don't all get one of these?" He asked, grinning widely as he turned to face Tony, his arms straining slightly to hold the heavy weapon.

Tony felt his eye twitch slightly as his patience finally ran out. Cracking his neck as he slowly stood up and turned to face Carl, stepping towards him and watching him try to cock the gun. He had decided that it was time to put Carl in his place as he yanked the gun out of his hands. "Hey! Whatcha do that for?" Carl protested as he was relieved of the gun, his grin faltering as his tail started to dart from side to side behind him as Tony began to glare angrily at him.

"The reason why we don't all get something like this is simple" Tony said, practically throwing the gun back to John as he moved closer to Carl, glaring down

at him, feeling the eyes of nearly everyone in the room staring at him. "It's not practical and it's too heavy for pretty much everyone in this room to hold for the entire job." He said slowly as he began to walk around the cat, feeling him begin to grow more nervous with each passing second as Tony continued to glare at him.

"John!" He barked suddenly, causing Carl to jump slightly "Hold the M249 out with one hand, will you?" he ordered more than asked, the muscled bear shrugging before holding the large gun out with one hand easily.

"See that? Can you do that?" He coldly asked Carl, placing a hand on the cat's head and making him turn it so he could see.

"N-no I can't, it's too..." The nervous cat's voice slowly trailed out into a low whisper as he spoke, his ears folding back submissively.

"What was that? You're gonna have to speak louder, loud enough for everyone to hear." Tony said, bringing his ear close to Carl's muzzle.

Carl gulped slightly as his shoulders sagged, wanting to move his muzzle but not daring with Tony's hand still on his head "I-it's too heavy for me to hold one handed" he said dejectedly, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear, feeling the eyes of nearly everyone in the room on him now, the only person still sorting their gear being Dimitri.

"Well if it's too heavy for you to hold one-handed for a couple of seconds, how do you think you're gonna be able to hold it with both hands for the entire job?"

Tony snarled, taking his hand off Carl's head and crossing his arms over his chest, still glaring at him "I'm starting to think you're more trouble than you're worth..." He said, letting his words hang in the air.

"No! You need me! You need me to help drill the vault!" Carl protested loudly before crossing his arms too as he began to smirk slightly, trying to put on an air of confidence "be-besides, you can't kick me off this job, you're not allowed!"

"Dimitri!" Tony barked, still glaring at Carl, the hackles on the back of his neck beginning to stand up at the cat's smirking.

"Dah?" was all the otter said, still not looking up from the gun he had in his hands, peering down its sight.

"Think you can get into the vault on your own?" Tony asked, keeping his gaze locked with Carl's as the otter put down the gun and thought for a few seconds.

"Take it easy, Tony" Freddy said, noticing Tony's raised hackles and stepping forward to cautiously place a hand on his shoulder before being shoved back harshly.

"Don't tell me to take it easy!" He snarled, not once moving his gaze away from Carl's, the rest of the room knowing better than to try and interfere. "Well, Dimitri? Think you can do it?"

Dimitri simply nodded. Still not turning around as he went back to looking over the gun again "Will take longer but is possible" he said finally, his words making Carl's shoulders sag again "Still can't kick me off the job..." He muttered.

"That's right, I can't." Tony said, turning around and grabbing one of the smaller cases and opening it before pulling out a pistol and one of the magazines,

slotting the magazine into it and chambering the first round as he stepped back up to Carl, pressing the barrel of the now loaded and cocked pistol against the underside of his chin, his free hand grabbing the front of his hoodie and stopping him from pulling away "but I can always kill you now and say the police shot you" He said, grinning sadistically.

"Y-you...You wouldn't!" Carl sobbed in fear, one hand gripping Tony's wrist as he used the other to point at the others in the room, the sound of the pistol getting Dimitri's attention as he finally turned around, appearing more interested in the situation now that it looked like it was going to end with someone getting killed.

"They'd tell someone!" Carl shouted. Tony simply grinned more and shook his head.

"No, they won't. If I kill you now, they'll get some of your share, besides who are they gonna tell, the Police?" Tony said mockingly, watching as tears began to stream from the terrified cat's eyes.

"P-please!" Carl begged, his whole body shaking as he tried to pull away from the gun and sobbed "I-I'll do anything! I p-promise I won't m-muck about or anything anymore!" He continued to beg.

"Anything?" Tony asked slowly, raising an eyebrow. Carl nodding rapidly as he continued to sob, beyond words now. Tony pulled Carl closer as he slowly moved the gun away from his head, bringing his face close to his own as he spoke "You listen to what I say, you do what I say when I say it and if you start screwing around, I swear I'll shoot you where you stand. Is that understood?"

Carl nodded again rapidly, now being helped up by the wolf's grip on his hoodie as his legs collapsed under him "Yes! Yes, I promise!"

"Good" Tony said, shoving him to the ground and looking at everyone else in the room "That goes for all of you as well, you do what I say and you follow the plan or I'll kill you myself" He snarled before taking the magazine out of the pistol and clearing its chamber before placing it and the magazine on the table and going back to sorting his gear as Carl curled up on the ground and continued to sob. The twins and Freddy crouching down next to him and patting his back gently as the trio tried to calm Carl down.

"How long until job?" Dimitri asked through the silence, seemingly disappointed that no one had ended up dead as he began tidying up the area around him and putting various guns back into their cases, leaving a P90 and four magazines for it out.

Tony pulled a cheap prepaid phone out of his pocket and checked the time on it "It's seven fifteen AM now, I want everyone ready to leave in the next few minutes. The suits are in there, so are the boots." He said pointing towards the apartment's only bedroom before walking inside. He came out a few seconds later holding a plain black boiler suit and a pair of steel-capped boots. "There's plenty of different sizes of each, so there should be at least one of each that'll fit you. I don't want anyone wearing their normal street shoes, so take 'em off and leave 'em' here, you'll get 'em back later." He said walking back to his usual spot and beginning to untie his shoe laces.

"You said something about bullet-proof vests in the plan?" Arnold asked, standing up and giving Carl's head a pat, the cat seeming to have calmed down after having the three of them talk about each of their own experiences being chewed out by gang members like Tony and how they'd reacted.

"Dimitri, kindly show the rest of the class what's in that case beside you, would

you?" Tony said with a smirk, nodding at one of the larger cases that was beside Dimitri.

Dimitri shrugged before clicking open the clasps on the case and opening it, peering inside and pulling out one of the vests inside. The black rigid vest has several pouches on the front, big enough to fit several different kinds of magazines, and had velcro and two clasps on either side of it so it could be opened up and put on easily.

Tony pulled off his shoes, beginning to step into the boiler suit as Jeremiah walked over and pulled another of the vests out, looking at it closely. "Military?" He asked curiously before taking out a second one and handing it to his brother as Freddy walked over and took two out, handing one to Carl.

Tony simply shrugged and chuckled "Like I know. I'm just leading this job, I ain't in charge of getting the gear for it" He said jokingly as he began to zip up the boiler suit. "Go on and get changed, all of you" He said, pointing to the bedroom before kneeling down and beginning to put on the boots.

Freddy walked in the bedroom, closely followed by nearly everyone else except for Tony and John, who was pulling out various pieces of body armour from his case. "I ain't sayin' I want to back out of this, but I bloody hope this shit works" He muttered with a sigh, holding a kevlar arm guard in one hand and a kevlar shin guard in the other.

"Just keep their heads down with the M249 and you won't have to find out, how about that?" Tony said jokingly, overhearing John's muttering as he finished tying the boots laces and took the last vest from the case, undoing the Velcro and clasp on one side before sliding it on, redoing the Velcro several times before adjusting the straps so fit him snugly but didn't restrict his movement too much. Kneeling down he looked at the two guns he had picked, an MP-7 with four magazines loaded with armour piercing rounds and a small Glock-36 with just two magazines. Placing three of the MP-7 magazines in the pouches of the vest before slotting the fourth into the gun itself, quickly doing the same with the Glock-36 before sliding it between his chest and the vest, standing up and jumping a little to make sure it would fall out just as the first of the others came out of the bedroom, dressed identically to him in their own boiler suits, boots and vests.

Carl opened his mouth to speak as he watched John place his body armour over his own boiler suit before his eyes flicked towards Tony and he quickly closed his mouth, whatever he was going to say dying in his throat. Tony smirked and nodded at him before leaning back against the wall, waiting for everyone else to finish preparing their gear, the twins having picked out G36Cs with Carl and Freddy only taking a pistol each, both picking Five-sevens with three extra magazines each. John took a few more minutes to finish getting ready, the restrictiveness of all of his body armour meaning that Dimitri had to help him make sure it was all properly fitted. His intimidating figure was made even more intimidating as he loomed over the rest of the room, holding the now loaded M249 with two extra 200-round ammunition boxes placed in two specially designed pouches on the front of his vest, the majority of his body now protected by the body armour, leaving only his head and hands unprotected.

"Perfect, they'll shit themselves when they see you" Jeremiah grinned, giving the armoured bears shoulder a pat.

"Hey Carl, is that smell coming from you?" Arnold joked, nudging the cat with his elbow and getting a nervous smile back in return. Tony checked the time on his phone again "Alright, its quarter to eight, time for the finishing touches and then down to the cars." He said, picking up a small

backpack from the apartments kitchenette. He opened it and pulled out a black balaclava and a pair of gloves before tossing the bag to Freddy who did the same before handing it to Dimitri.

He pulled the balaclava over his head before putting the gloves on, feeling the balaclava press around his muzzle and pin his ears down, leaving only his eyes uncovered as he walked over to the front door and opened it, sticking his head outside and checking up and down the corridor outside before stepping out and beginning to walk towards the stairs, quickly followed by the rest of the group, leaving the door open slightly behind them.

The group walked down the stairs and out towards the apartment complex's parking lot, not bothering to try and conceal their weapons since the majority of the dilapidated apartments were empty and the few that were occupied were temporarily empty after their residents had been 'convinced' to take a short vacation for the next few days. Tony looked around the parking lot as they stepped out into the open, his tail swishing warily behind him, still worried about being seen by someone as they approached the only two vehicles in the parking lot, a red minivan with the windows blacked out and an old blue SUV.

''Team two, you guys are taking the minivan. Team one, we have the SUV. The keys are in the glove compartment.'' He said, making his way over to the SUV as a third car drove into the parking lot and headed towards them.

''Hey, boss. We got company'' Jeremiah said, raising his gun and aiming it at the approaching car with Carl, Freddy and Arnold following his example.

''Hold it, hold it!'' Tony shouted, not at the car but at the four of them ''They're with us, so don't shoot 'em'' He said, grabbing the barrel of Arnold's gun and lowering it so it was pointed at the ground just as the car stopped a few feet from them, its two masked occupants getting out. 'You two are late'' He said, checking his phone's time as he walked towards them.

''Yeah, Bozo here took forever to get a car'' Said one of them and pointed to the other who was making their way to the boot of the car. ''This was the only one I could find that I knew how to hotwire!'' the other said, opening the boot of the car and pulling out two cans of gasoline as the two of them began to bicker.

Tony rubbed his face with one hand, already the tightness of the balaclava annoying him, as he waved away the two feline's words ''Look, I don't care what happened, you're here now, so do your job and disappear. Okay?'' He said with a growl, the two stopping their bickering as he growled and silently nodding before making their way to towards the stairwell.

''Idiots'' he sighed, rubbing between his eyes as he walked back to the SUV, the rest of the group having gotten into their respective cars as he was dealing with the two incompetent felines. He opened the driver side door of the SUV and got in, slotting the MP-7 between his legs as he buckled himself in.

''What the heck is this?'' Arnold asked bewilderedly from behind him. Tony knew exactly what he was asking about, the large brown package with wires and an antenna coming out of it that was sitting squarely in the back of the car.

''That... that's a surprise for later'' He chuckled and smirked ''speaking of that actually'' He reached in front of John and opened the glove compartment and pulled out the keys to the car and a small remote. He placed the remote in one of the pouches of his vest and made sure it couldn't fall out and wouldn't accidentally be activated, before slotting the keys into the car's ignition and starting it.

Twenty minutes later – Team two's minivan

Freddy chewed his bottom lip nervously as he split away from Tony, the two teams taking different routes to the bank as an extra precaution. He looked at the two others in the minivan through the rear-view mirror, Carl was fidgeting nervously in his seat and quietly muttering the plan under his breath while Dimitri appear almost bored as he looked out of the minivan's blacked out windows, his P90 laying across his lap with his tail curled over it in case anyone tried to look through.

“I take it you've done stuff like this before, Dimitri?” He asked, bringing his eyes back onto the road as a car pulled out in front of him and he had to swerve slightly to avoid it.

Dimitri simply shrugged and nodded, still looking out of the window “Dah, five times.”

“You've robbed five banks?” Carl asked, his eyes going wide in a mix of admiration and surprise “Are you like, some professional bank robber?” he asked, his ears perking up excitedly as his nervousness was temporarily forgotten.

Dimitri shook his head “No, different profession but sometimes people need security for job like this, so they come to me.” He said slowly, trying not to say too much as he crossed his arms over his chest, looking at Carl now “I know one man, he robbed hundreds of banks, stolen millions and never caught. Schastlivyy ublyudok.” He said with a chuckle.

“Schastlivyy ublyudok? Was that his name?” Freddy asked, glancing back at Dimitri, who shook his head again.

“Nyet, it means lucky bastard. I know his real name but I will not say.” He said before leaning forward so his head was next to Freddy's, “How much further?” He asked as Carl repeated lucky bastard in Russian under his breath, trying to memorise it.

“Around a minute or so, you two better get ready” He said, pulling his pistol out of his holster and using the edge of the dashboard to help him pull the slide back, his other hand staying on the steering wheel.

Carl cocked his gun and shivered nervously, his tail flicking and twitching as he watched Dimitri sit back in his chair and calmly cock his P90.

Dimitri reached into the back of the minivan and grabbed the heavy duffle bag containing everything that might be needed during the heist, slinging the strap over his shoulder as he leant towards the nervous cat “Stick with me and follow plan” he said, Carl nodding and letting out a shuddering breath as he tried to calm himself.

“Couple of seconds now” Freddy called back, speeding up a little as they neared the entrance to the bank, getting ready to open his door as the minivan sped towards the doors. He turned the minivan at the last second and braked, the minivan screeching to a halt in a way that blocked people from being able to see inside the bank from across the street as its three occupants jumped out and charged through the double doors, just in time to hear the sound of John's M249 going off and register as the twin hares began shouting for everyone to get on the ground.

Dimitri and Freddy shoulder checked the closest security guards to the ground as Carl waved his pistol at costumers and the remaining security guards, watching as the twins and Tony began to pull the tellers out from behind the counters while

John lumbered around threateningly, making sure the bank's customers and employees kept their faces to the ground.

Freddy and Dimitri sprinted away from Carl, heading past the bank's offices and around a corner towards the bank's security room to cut off the silent alarm that had undoubtedly already been set off, leaving Carl standing there, still moving his aim between different people as they laid down on the floor, his eyes flicking up to look at the members of team one, his mind having going blank as his mouth suddenly felt dry.

He watched as Tony glared at him from across the bank's lobby "What are you doing? Start checking them for weapons and phones!" He shouted at him, waving his hand towards the prone figures lying around the room. Carl blinked and nervously licked his dry-feeling lips before nodding, moving to the figure closest to him, a young-looking tigress in a business suit, pressing the muzzle of his pistol against the nape of her neck he began to roughly pat up and down her sides with his free hand, feeling her shiver in fright as he did.

He continued to pat up and down the tigress, finding her phone in her coat pocket and removing the battery and sim-card before continuing to search her, his patting becoming slightly gentler as he patted down her legs before shyly patting near her crotch as he blushed darkly behind his balaclava and muttering a timid "Sorry" under his breath before moving on to the next figure, one of the bank's security guards, a middle aged male Doberman, and quickly checking the holster on his hip which was now empty.

"WH-where is it?!" He questioned, rolling the guard over onto his back and pressing the muzzle of his own pistol against the guard's forehead as the guard held his hands either side of his head in a gesture of surrender.

"Th-the other one took! The o-one with the two bags, I swear, I don't have it!" The guard pleaded, pressing his head back against the floor to try and get it away from the muzzle of the pistol.

Carl tried his best to look more intimidating as he kept the muzzle pressed against the guard's forehead. He hurriedly patted and searched the guard for the lost pistol but instead only found his phone and a walkie talkie, taking the sim and battery out of the phone before throwing it on the guard's chest, but keeping the walkie talkie. Glaring at the guard, he pressed the muzzle harder against his forehead "You try anything funny and I'll personally shoot you, understood?" He growled, trying to sound intimidating even as the sound of one of the others shouting at someone else caused him to jump slightly, but the guard didn't seem to notice the jump as he timidly nodded before sighing in relief and shaking Carl pulled the pistol away "Good" He said, using his foot to roll the guard back over before moving onto the next person, tucking the walkie talkie into his vest as he did.

Freddy and Dimitri had managed to break into the bank's security room and subdue the guards inside seconds after the silent alarm had been sounded, with Freddy quickly disabling the alarm while Dimitri handcuffed the guards together, before the two of them began to pull the hard drives from the security room's server and throwing them into Dimitri's empty duffle bag. "Find a microwave or something and destroy them before you work on the vault" Freddy said before taking his seat at the security console and monitoring the camera feeds, watching for any signs that another alarm had been set off.

Dimitri simply nodded as Freddy told him to microwave the hard drives, trusting his technical knowledge over his own as he ran out of the room and into the employee offices, he searched for a microwave. Looking through the office windows and into the lobby, he watched as Carl, Tony, and the twins searched people for weapons or

phones.

Eventually finding a small microwave at the back of the offices, he dumped the hard drives inside and after a few seconds shrugged before pressing the quick-start button, watching for a second or two as the drives began to spark and sizzle before he ran out of the offices and back towards the lobby. Jogging towards Carl, he watched as the young cat relieved a security guard of his pistol and walkie talkie, he noted that Carl seemed to have become more confident and less nervous after intimidating a few of the people lying on the ground.

“Here, take this” Carl offered him the walkie talkie he had just taken and used his other hand to point around the room at the others, showing that they had all taken a walkie talkie each as well “Will make things a bit easier, eh?” He chuckled and Dimitri was sure he was smirking beneath his balaclava.

“You're getting cocky, job is still early, plenty can still go wrong” he warned as he took the offered walkie talkie before flicking Carl's nose “lose smirk and follow.” he gave the front of Carl's vest a tug as he began to jog towards the entrance to the bank's vault, bringing the walkie talkie up and speaking into it “We go for the vault, boss.” He jogged past the door to the bank's security room and down a small tight corridor towards a steel barred door that was a few feet in front of the vault door itself. He dropped his duffle bags on the ground beside the steel door as Carl disappeared for a few seconds to give Freddy a walkie talkie as well.

He quickly opened the bag and pulled out a blowtorch and two pairs of goggles, handing one to Carl as he reappeared beside him before getting ready to light the torch.

Tony - Lobby

Tony directed John to watch the front entrance of the bank before sending the twins to watch the back entrance while he continued to make sure the customers and employees stayed on the ground. Standing on a table in the middle of the lobby so he could get a better view of everything as he brought his walkie talkie up to speak into it “Okay D, everyone is in position, you can start now. F, keep an eye for any alarms, call it in if anything so much as beeps!” he said before clipping the walkie talkie onto his vest, casually aiming his MP-7 with one hand at everyone on the ground as he turned in a circle, his grip tightening anxiously as he checked the time on his phone and saw that they had already been in the bank just over three minutes now.

Dimitri and Carl - Vault corridor

Dimitri lit the torch as Carl tapped him on the back, having to squint even with the goggles over his eyes as he began cutting the lock on the door and having to shield his muzzle with his free arm to stop his balaclava from catching fire as the flame sparked and began to cut through the lock of the door. Carl fidgeted anxiously beside him as he simply held his goggles over his eyes, pulling them away as he repeatedly turned around to look down the small corridor and waited for Dimitri to finish cutting “Should it be taking this long?” He asked, turning back to look at the progress and feeling the heat from the blowtorch hit his face.

Dimitri looked at him blankly and tapped one of the bars of the door with his knuckle, a dull ring coming from it as he did “Is solid steel, will take while to

cut lock.'' he explained before turning back to cutting the lock ''Go help in lobby, you are not needed here'' he said from behind his arm as he used it to shield his muzzle again and swearing under his breath as a few sparks landed on his arm.

Carl nodded before standing up and jogging back towards the lobby, sticking his head into the security office and getting a thumbs up from Freddy when he asked if everything was okay. He jogged right to the table that Tony was standing on as he knelt down on it ''Progress on the vault?'' Tony asked, nodding to behind Carl.

''uh, slow, We have to cut through a door to get to it and D says the bars are made of solid steel, it's gonna take a while he says ''He nervously scratched the back of his head as Tony checked his phone, his tail flicking behind him as he looked down at the people lying on the ground around him.

''Shit, this is going too slow...'' Tony said finally, standing back up as he turned the phone over in his hand ''J, anything going on outside?'' He called over to John, who was standing near the front entrance to the bank.

''Nada boss, couple of patrol cars but no more than usual for the area and they didn't even look this way.'' Tony nodded and turned the phone over a few more times in his hand before putting it away and taking out his walkie talkie ''You two seen anything on your end?'' he asked, meaning the twin hares.

''We ain't seen nothing, might be easier if someone hadn't parked right in front of the bloody door like an idiot ''Jeremiah said angrily before he was cut off by Freddy.

''Yeah, you can't see out but people can't see in either so, I'm not a complete idiot, thank you, plus there's a camera outside that door I can see perfectly fine with.''

Tony growled into the walkie talkie to silence the two before speaking again ''stop bickering you two or else. F, keep an eye on that camera and let me know if you see anything suspicious. Now shut up unless its important!'' he turned to Carl again as he clipped the walkie talkie back onto his vest and began to unsling the duffle bag from his back ''Go get everyones' duffle bag back and tell Dimitri to forget about cutting if he's not done soon, blow the door off its hinges if he has to. I want us out of here as quickly as possible. Understood?'' He ordered, shoving the duffle bag into Carl's arms

Carl only managed a quick nod before Tony shoved him again and told him to get going. Tony watched him jog over towards John for a few seconds before he looked down at all the people lying on the ground, his eyes quickly fixing themselves on the face of one of them, a middle aged looking mouse dressed jeans and a dark green Parka

''What are you lookin' at, huh?'' Tony shouted, jumping down off the table and making sure to land next to the mouse's head, his boot mere inches away from it as the mouse flinched and squeaked quietly.

''N-nothing!''

''Nothing eh? Then why were you looking around? You think this is some sort bloody show?'' Tony asked coldly as he grabbed the back of the mouse's jacket and pulled him up so he was kneeling ''I thought we said to keep your heads down'' he snarled, bringing his face close to the mouse's as he began to shake in his grip ''What's your name, mousey?'' he asked, letting go of the mouse's jacket and rummaging his hand inside the front of it, pressing the muzzle of his gun against his chest as

the mouse opened his mouth to speak "Shhh, don't spoil it...just looking for...ah! Here we go!" He grinned behind his balaclava as his hand found what he was searching for. He briefly looked behind him and watched as John moved close so that he could watch the people on the floor and watch outside at the same time, before looking back to the mouse as he pulled his wallet out of one of the jackets' inside pockets.

Flicking it open with one hand, he felt his eyes go wide and grin falter slightly as his eyes flicked over the contents of the wallet, the most obvious item being a large badge. He paused for a second or two, reading the name printed on the ID inside before tossing the wallet towards John "Look at what we've got here!" Tony laughed, grabbing the front of the mouse's jacket and pulling him up onto his feet, wrapping an arm around his shoulders as if he was an old friend, but keeping the gun against his chest "James here, is a plain-clothed officer!" He shouted loudly in mock joy as he laughed and gave James' shoulders a friendly squeeze, the mouse beginning to shake even more as he knew he was in trouble.

Tony watched Carl come back from the rear entrance, carrying the twins' duffle bags along with John's and his own. He let out a sharp whistle to get his attention

"This is what happens when we find people like James here" he said darkly before swiping the mouse's legs out from under him, sending him down onto his back with a groan of pain as those on the ground around him moved away and cowered under their arms. James doubled over on the ground as Tony brought his boot down hard on his chest before kicking at his ribs, causing him to wheeze and groan weakly. Tony knelt down and rained blows across his muzzle and face with the side of his MP-7, sending a small spatter of blood across the lobby floor as James curled up more and tried to shield his head with his arms, whimpering as he waited for the attack to continue. Tony looked up from James and looked directly at Carl, the young cat's eyes were wide and he was visibly shaken by the demonstration.

"You have a job to do, don't you?" Tony said blankly, nodding in the direction of Dimitri before standing up and climbing back onto the table, his gaze flicking over the curled up form of James "I want everyone's head down NOW!" He shouted the last word and watched as the people on the ground tightened their arms over their head and shook "Let poor James here serve as an example of what happens when you look up!"

Carl was trembling as he dumped the four duffle bags next to Dimitri's and his own. He pulled his knees up to his chin as he sat down and turned his face away from the light of Dimitri's blowtorch. "Is he dead?" Was all Dimitri asked, seemingly unaware of how Carl was or simply not caring as he continued to cut at the doors lock.

Carl shook his head and let out a dry, quiet "no"

Dimitri shook his head as he finally finished cutting through the lock of the door, using his booted foot to push it open as he extinguished the flame on his blowtorch

"He should be dead, is a risk to keep him alive." Was all he said before grabbing the duffle bag with the equipment in it with one hand and gripping the back of Carl's vest with the other, beginning to drag and carry both towards the vault door, seeming content to drag the trembling cat.

Carl began to struggle in his grip and try to right himself "I...I can walk, you don't have to drag me." Dimitri shrugged and let go of Carl's vest, letting him fall to the floor as he walked the last couple of feet to the vault door itself just as Freddy's voice came through his walkie talkie.

Freddy - Security room

“Uh...boss, we got a big problem!” Freddy’s eyes were wide as he swore under his breath, his eyes flicking rapidly over the different camera feeds as he continued to hold up the walkie talkie “What's wrong?!” Tony demanded as Freddy watched six patrol cars screech to a halt outside the front of the bank, adding to the four that had already done the same at the rear entrance of the bank “I thought you said you cut the alarm off!?” Tony shouted through the walkie talkie, having obviously seen and heard the cars stopping outside the bank.

“I-I did! Someone must've called out but it didn't come from here! Someone on the street maybe!” he explained worriedly, watching as two more patrol cars pulled up outside each entrance “How many in total?” Tony asked, trying his best to sound calm but his own worry was obvious even through the walkie talkie. “Fourteen total, six at the back, eight at the front.” He watched as the police took up defensive positions behind their patrol cars, all of them were armed with either a pistol or a shotgun “So far, no SWAT, they must be busy...”

“Small blessings...” Tony muttered quietly through the walkie talkie before his voice return to its normal volume “You two, stay where you are and shoot anyone who comes through that door. J, you know the plan, go greet the police, give them a good scare but don't kill 'em...if you can avoid it. D, blow the bloody vault already! I want us out of here ASAP!” he shouted the last bit as Freddy watched John begin to lumber into view of the front entrances external camera. The police outside looking nervous at the sight of the armed and armoured bear, but Freddy could see their mouths moving and knew, even without sound, what they were shouting “Put down your weapon...surrender or we'll be forced to shoot...” all of the usual lines, all of which were quickly silenced as John opened fire on them, the sound of his M249 audible all the way in the security room and causing Freddy to cringe slightly as he imagined himself in the police’s position. He watched the M249’s bullets puncture the tires, shatter the windows, and tear through the reinforced doors of the patrol cars. The majority of the officers began to scatter in search of safer cover as a few of the braver or more foolish ones stayed behind their cars, with none of them firing back at John for fear of missing him and potentially hitting an innocent person inside the bank’s lobby by accident. John continued to fire for a few more seconds before he appeared to run out of rounds and he quickly began to reload his M249 as Tony’s voice came through the walkie talkie.

“That's enough J, I'm pretty sure they've gotten the bloody message!” Tony half shouted and half laughed before speaking in a sterner tone as John lumbered back into the bank’s lobby and calmly closed the double doors “D, why don't I hear any explosions? Blow the damn vault already!”

Dimitri - Vault door

Dimitri smiled slightly as he finished placing the last of the explosives onto his half of the vault door, Carl having copied his positioning on the other half, before carefully inserting a blasting cap into it and giving Carl a shove back towards the main hallway with one hand as he pulled his walkie talkie out with the other

“Charges are set, explosion coming” he said before beginning to jog after Carl as put away his walkie talkie again. He jogged out into the hallway and backed up against the wall next to Carl, who was gingerly holding the detonator and looking

at Dimitri nervously.

“Are you sure we're safe here? That looked like a lot of C4...” He asked nervously as he peeked back down the corridor before jumping back as Dimitri snatched the detonator out of his hand.

“I am sure.” Dimitri nodded confidently as he used his tail to pick up three of the empty duffle bags and the now half empty one and moving them into his free hand, leaving the last four for Carl to carry as his thumb hovered over the trigger of the detonator “We go in after explosion, no time for waiting, okay?” Carl nodded to show that he understood as he bent down and picked up the duffle bags, carrying one in each hand with two slung over his back.

Dimitri squeezed the detonator's trigger at the same time as the sound of someone talking came from his walkie talkie, the speaker's voice suddenly being drowned out as the C4 on the vault's door detonated. The ground beneath their feet shook as metal fragments and other debris shot out from the corridor, carried by the shockwave that even Carl and Dimitri felt from out in the hallway. Dimitri grabbed the back of Carl's vest, beginning to drag him in front of him into the corridor and towards the now open vault. His ears were ringing from the explosion as his eyes began to sting and water from the smoke and dust that still hung in the air. He could faintly hear the sound of gunfire coming from somewhere near the lobby through the ringing in his ears but he ignored it and continued to make his way into the vault.

He shoved Carl into the vault ahead of him before using his sleeve to wipe the tears and grit from his eyes as the dust inside the vault began to settle. Blinking a few times, he looked around and saw what he was looking for. Along one side of the vault was ten money safes all lined up in a row with the rest of the vault being taken up by safety deposit boxes. He dropped the four duffle bags beside the first safe and reached into the half empty duffle bag, pulling out a specially designed drill and beginning to drill roughly where the safe's locking mechanism was.

The drill worked quickly and within a few seconds Dimitri was able to open the safe's door. The inside of the safe was filled with stacks of hundred dollar bills arranged in four rows of seven stacks. Dimitri quickly grabbed one of the stacks and began to flick through the bills before tossing it down on top of one of the duffel bag, he did this to several stacks until after flicking through a few of the bills on one stack he saw that the inside had been hollowed out and replaced with a small capsule “DYE PACK” He explained, having to yell so he could be heard over the ringing in his ears as showed it to Carl before throwing it across the vault and motioning to the remaining stacks inside the safe “CHECK THROUGH STACK BEFORE PUTTING IN BAG, DO NOT TAKE DYE PACK!” he yelled sternly before pulling Carl in front of the safe and beginning to drill the next one in line.

Freddy – Security room – Several seconds before vault breach

Freddy nearly jumped out of his chair as he spotted the distinct black uniform of a SWAT officer flitting past the view of the back entrances security camera, he quickly grabbed the walkie talkie that Carl had given him off the desk, and was just beginning to shout out a warning to Arnold and Jeremiah before he jumped and instinctively covered his head at the sound of a close-by explosion, accidentally

dropping the walkie talkie as he did. He quickly scrambled to grab the walkie talkie up from where it had fallen on the ground, his mind working automatically as he brought the walkie talkie up to his mouth and began to hear the sound of gunfire ''Guys, you've got SWAT coming in through the back entrance!'' He winced and quickly moved the walkie talkie away from his head as Arnold's voice tore through the speaker on it.

''No shit! Thanks for the bloody warning!'' He shouted angrily over the sound of the fire-fight that was echoing up the corridor and into the security room. Freddy began cursing rapidly under his breath as he pulled his pistol out of its holster on his vest before talking into the walkie talkie again ''Should I come down and-'' he began to ask anxiously, not entirely liking the idea of going up against the SWAT officer's machine guns with his pistol. He almost cheered with relief as Tony's voice cut over his.

''No! Stick to the plan and watch the security feeds, let me know if anyone starts heading towards the front!'' Freddy's gaze flicked to the front entrances camera feed, the officers outside were still positioned behind their bullet-riddled patrol cars. ''D, you and C get into the vault?'' Tony questioned before waiting for a reply which didn't come ''Shit! I'm gonna check on D and C. Everyone hold your ground!'' he shouted as Freddy followed him on the security cameras as he began to sprint out of the lobby and up the hallway towards the corridor leading to the vault.

Jeremiah and Arnold - Back entrance corridor

Jeremiah grinned behind his balaclava as he fired a short burst from his G36 towards the SWAT officer who had poked his helmeted head out of cover, the rounds narrowly missing him and thunking into the side of the minivan parked outside the bank's rear entrance ''Nearly got you!'' He shouted playfully, ducking back behind cover as he looked over to his brother who was shouting angrily at Freddy through his walkie talkie ''Ah leave off him! ha-ha he tried to warn us!'' he laughed before flinching as the SWAT officers returned fire, the rounds thudding into the ground and wall beside him.

Arnold grunted and leaned out of where he was taking cover, firing off a few rounds at the officers and managing to catch on in the shoulder ''Teach you to shoot at my brother!'' he leaned back into cover and pulled the now empty magazine out of his gun before slotting a full one in and chambering a round ''Yeah, very early warning he gave us!'' he shouted sarcastically before looking back towards the lobby where some of the hostages had run to escape the fire-fight, just in time to catch a glimpse of Tony as he sprinted up towards where Arnold presumed the vault must be. ''I hope D and C are alright, they ain't saying anything'' he worried aloud before his brother let out another laugh and fired off another burst under the minivan, aiming for the feet of the wounded officer as he ran back towards the police line.

''They're fine! their ears are probably ringing worse than a church bell on Sunday from that explosion...and hey, even if they're not, just means more money for us huh?'' Arnold grinned and nodded in agreement with his brother, watching as he tore the empty magazine from his gun and flung it out of the door before slotting a full one into his gun.

''Honour among thieves eh?'' He chuckled before aiming at kick at Husky who looked up at him from the ground ''What are you looking at?''

Tony - Vault

Tony slowed down as he approached the entrance to the vault, shouldering his MP-7 as he half expected a trap. The sound of the gun fight making his heart race slightly as his boots crunched over bits of debris from the explosion. He held his breath as he peered into the vault, his finger on the trigger of his gun before he let out a sigh of relief as he wasn't met with the sight of SWAT but with the sight of Dimitri and Carl working on drilling and emptying the safes. "Did something happen to your radios?" He asked, stepping into the vault, eyeing the three already full duffle bags. He coughed and raised an eyebrow as the two continued to work and seemingly ignored him. "You deaf or something?" He asked, moving over to Dimitri and nudging him with the toe of his boot as he opened the eighth safe's door while Carl worked on emptying the fifth safe of its contents.

Tony let out a bark of surprise as Dimitri suddenly whirled around and used the drill to smack the back of his knees, sending him tumbling over backwards and onto his back, his hands letting go of the MP-7 as he waved his hands in front of his face and shouted "IT'S ME, D, IT'S TONY!" He cursed himself in his own mind for shouting out his real name but his self-anger was quickly washed away with relief as Dimitri seemed to get over his surprise and pulled back on the kick that was aimed at Tony's head.

"You should not said real name on job!" Dimitri said loudly as he offered out a hand to help Tony to his feet. Tony cringed and covered both of his ears as Dimitri's voice echoed around the inside of the vault. "Why in the hell are you shouting?" he shouted before grabbing Dimitri's hand and using it to pull himself up.

Dimitri leaned closer to Tony and tilted his head slightly. "What? You have to speak louder! Ear is ringing from explosion!" He yelled as Tony picked up his MP-7 off the floor before pinching the bridge between his eyes with two fingers. "I should have guessed..." he muttered quietly before yelling back to the deafened otter and cat, Carl having spent the last few seconds grabbing and checking several stacks that had been sent flying when Dimitri's sudden movement had startled him. "Hurry up and get the cash, we've got to go!" he yelled urgently at the two of them and pointed to the safes to emphasise his point. Dimitri and Carl luckily managed to catch the urgency in Tony's voice and hurriedly returned to their jobs as Tony checked the three already full duffel bags, before shouldering two of them and grabbing the third in his free hand. He doggedly ran out of the vault, the three heavy bags weighing him down. He stopped just long enough at the security office to throw one of the bags towards Freddy and to tell him to get ready to leave when he gave the word, before carrying on down towards the back entrance's hallway, where Arnold and Jeremiah were keeping up their job of keeping the SWAT officers outside.

"Heads up!" he shouted before quickly throwing a duffel bag towards each of the brothers, Jeremiah managing to catch his one-handed while Arnold's landed a few feet short of the doorway which he was using as cover. Tony swore loudly before sprinting towards it and using his foot to skid it towards Arnold, he was just beginning sprint back into the cover of the lobby when he heard a loud bang and felt something slam into his back, sending him tumbling forward onto his front, the side of his head smacking against the ground and dazing as he began to gasp, the wind being knocked out of his body from the combination of whatever it was slamming into him and his collision with the ground.

"Shit! T's been hit!" Someone shouted as he heard the sound of more gun fire, everything sounding oddly muffled through his daze and the pain shooting across his back. After what felt like an eternity of lying on the ground but what was probably only a few seconds, he began to feel his body sliding along the ground as someone grabbed the back of his vest, the sound of gunfire intensifying. After a few

seconds of being dragged he felt his arm bump against a wall as he was presumably dragged back into the lobby by whoever was holding his vest.

He slowly reached a hand up to try and tug at the person's arm, pain suddenly shooting across his back and causing him to groan as the person let go of his vest. "Keep still, I need to see if it went through your vest" a gruff bass voice told him as its owner pressed a hand against his back and causing him to groan again. John's fingers were gentle as they probed along his back quickly before he let out a grunt of approval and he gave Tony's shoulder a pat. "It didn't go through, you'll be fine" He said before beginning to lift him up easily with one hand, his other hand still holding the M249. "Can you stand alright?" He asked as he lifted Tony to his feet and let go of him.

Tony let out a grunt and a moan as his back and head began to throb simultaneously and he fell back against the wall, causing him to groan again. "I-I guess not" He said through gritted teeth as he chuckled humourlessly before wincing. The sound of the gunfight in the back entrance corridor had died down to a few sporadic gunshots as the twin hares continued to keep the SWAT officers at bay. His eyes flicked to the now unguarded front entrance as his hand went to his walkie talkie. "F, H-how are we doing out front?" He asked his breath still coming fitfully as John watched both him and the hostages, many of who were trying to hide from the sounds of the gunfight.

"I'm not sure, boss. Looks like-" Tony didn't hear the rest of what Freddy was going to say as the wall beside him suddenly blew apart as it was shot.

"Don't move!" James shouted as he aimed Tony's MP-7 at John as he was beginning to aim his M249. "you might have body armour, but I know this is loaded with armour piercing!" The battered and bloodied officer flicked the barrel of the MP-7 towards the ground before aiming it back at John's chest. "Now, why don't you put down that gun of yours and get back against the wall like your friend there." He ordered, smiling painfully as he held a hand to the side of his face that Tony had hit, which had swollen slightly.

Tony glared at him and balled his hands into fists, in his daze having not realised that he had lost his gun when he had fallen. "Do as he says" Tony said through clenched teeth, trying to keep his voice impassive and gripping John's free arm as he sensed him tense up. "Those bullets will go through Kevlar like tissue" he warned as he gave John's arm a squeeze before letting out an inaudible sigh as John let his M249 fall to the ground with a metallic clatter.

"Good, now back against the wall" James ordered, motioning with the barrel of the gun and watching as John leant back against the wall with a low growl. "Remember who has the gun here before you start growling" James warned as he fingered the gun's trigger, slowly moving his aim between John and Tony's chests, he briefly looked behind him as he moved out of pouncing range of the two bank robbers and called out quietly to the other hostages behind him. "If any of you want to leave, now's your chance, but be quick and quiet about it"

Slowly and cautiously a few of the braver hostages began to get up and move towards the bank's front entrance before urging the others to follow them. Tony watched them as he slid down against the wall, trying to look defeated as he pulled his legs up against his chest, his back still throbbing as he appeared to cross his arms over his chest.

Suddenly two voices called out, one through his and John's walkie talkies as Freddy saw what was going on in the lobby and the other belonging to Carl as he ran into the lobby, carrying two more full duffel bags.

“What the-” was all Carl managed to say before James wheeled around in surprise as he accidentally pulled the trigger on the MP-7, the magazine emptying in an arch leading up to Carl with the last two rounds hitting him, one clipping the side of his shoulder as the other hit the left side of his chest and sent him sprawling backwards. Tony wrenched his hand out from inside his vest, the Glock-36 gripped in his hand as he pumped the trigger on it and sent five rounds thudding into James’ unprotected back and sides as the remaining hostages screamed and panicked. Tony clambered to his feet, the pain in his back forgotten as adrenaline surged through his body, and sprinted the few feet towards Carl, stopping just long enough to kick his MP-7 away from James’ either dead or unconscious body.

He dropped to his knees next to Carl as he reached up and weakly gripped the front of Tony’s vest with one hand as he coughed and groaned in pain. Tony looked down at Carl’s chest and blanched as he watched blood trickle from the hole in Carl’s vest where the bullet had gone through it “Come on, kid, stay with me here!” Tony urged as he pressed his hands against the wound, trying to staunch the blood flow as John fired a burst over the heads of the remaining hostages to keep their heads down before firing another through the bank’s front doors for good measure. Tony pressed down harder as blood continued to flow from Carl’s chest just as Arnold came sprinting into the lobby “What the heck is-” he slid to a stop as he saw Carl’s bleeding chest “What the fuck happened?!”.

Tony looked up at Arnold quickly before nodding towards the remaining hostages “Get them into the offices, now!” He ordered, the tone in his voice leaving no room for questions as he pulled one hand away and pressed the speak button on Carl’s walkie talkie, his gloved finger slipping slightly because of the warm blood that was covering it “F! Get D and tell him we’re leaving now! Tell him it doesn’t matter what’s left in the vault, we’ve got to go!” he shouted, hoping he would catch the urgency in his voice

“Am I gonna die?” Carl groaned painfully as he coughed again, his grip on Tony’s vest slipping slightly as he spoke.

“Of course not, it’s just a scratch” Tony tried his best to sound confident as he continued to press down on the wound and even tried to plug the bullet hole with his finger as John and Arnold shepherded the hostages into the offices while Jeremiah’s voice came through the walkie talkies, demanding to know what was happening.

“J! grab those bags!” he ordered, nodding towards the two duffel bags that Carl had been carrying before watching Dimitri and Freddy race down the corridor towards them, each carrying a single duffel bag.

Tony quickly pulled the balaclava off of Carl’s head and began to stuff it underneath his vest so that it was pressed against the bullet hole as a makeshift gauze. Looking down at Carl’s face, Tony saw how pale the skin beneath his fur looked “Come on kid, I know a doc that’ll fix you right up” he said as he gave his pale cheek a pat to keep him focused on staying awake.

He quickly grabbed the front of Carl’s vest and lifted him up, carrying him across his shoulders so that his right shoulder was pressed against the bullet hole and balaclava “J, you’re in front, make sure the way out is clear. A, you are your brother come up behind J. D and F, you two get the van started and ready to move once everyone is in. I’m rear-guard. Anyone gets in your way...shoot’em. Now go!” He shouted the last bit as everyone moved into position, John having already begun to move down the rear entrance’s corridor and fire at the SWAT outside with Arnold and Jeremiah following a few steps back on either side of him. Tony walked backwards after the rest of the group, his eyes locked on the lobby’s main doors as he watched shadows moving about through its misted and cracked windows.

His hand slowly moved up towards the pouch containing the remote, his face turned emotionless as he pulled the remote out and switched it on, a low beeping coming from it to say that it was activated, he slowly counted to three before closing his eyes and pressing down on the remote's trigger. Outside the bank's front entrance, the SUV that they had arrived in suddenly exploded as the four pounds of C4 detonated and sent pieces of metal and glass shooting in every direction, large shards of which peppered the SWAT team that had been preparing to storm through the front entrance.

Tony watched the remaining glass of the bank's front entrance shatter from the shockwave of the explosion and debris as the SWAT team cried out in pain. He turned and urged the group on as John lumbered through the back entrance, stumbling slightly as bullets from the retreating SWAT team thudded into his Kevlar covered body, with Arnold and Jeremiah quickly following him and taking cover at either end of the minivan as John dropped the two duffle bags he was carrying beside the minivan's side door before moving around the minivan and firing at the police line, aiming now for the officers themselves instead of just their cars.

Freddy and Dimitri rushed forward now that the way to the minivan was clear. Freddy rolled the minivan's side door open and jumped inside before dropping his duffle bag on the floor and climbing into the driver's seat and began trying to start the engine, Dimitri jumped in and dropped his duffle bag beside Freddy's before turning to wave Tony onwards "Hurry!" he shouted before aiming at something or someone behind Tony and firing off a short burst, the bullets zipping past Tony's side as he jogged as fast as he could with the weight of Carl on his shoulders.

Dimitri pulled Carl and Tony inside before pulling John's duffle bags into the van beside him as Arnold and Jeremiah turned to fire into the bank where the remaining members of the second SWAT team were taking up positions. Tony belted Carl into one of the minivan's back seats, pressing his hand to the wound which, despite being plugged with the balaclava, was still bleeding heavily "Come on kid, home stretch" He said, using his other hand to tilt Carl's head upwards and winced slightly as he saw how pale the young cat had become.

"Did we get the money?" Carl murmured as he opened his eyes slightly and looked at Tony.

"Yeah, we got the money." He said trying to sound confident, thankful that Carl couldn't see how worried he looked behind the balaclava.

The minivan's engine roared into life as Freddy swore in relief "Van's started, come on!" He shouted, revving the engine.

Arnold and Jeremiah continued to fire off shots as they moved towards the van's side door and being yanked backwards inside by Dimitri before he slammed the door shut, just as a hail of bullets thudded and cracked into it.

"Oi! Rambo! Get your ass in, we're leavin'!" Jeremiah shouted as he pounded his hand against the window that John was standing in front of, seemingly oblivious to him as he continued to fire at the police line, bullet casings littering the ground before the now spent ammunition box dropped to the ground beside him as he began to load a fresh one.

It wasn't until Freddy began to move the minivan that John rushed to the front passenger door and yanked it open. As soon as John was inside, Freddy floored the accelerator, not even waiting for the bear to put his seatbelt on as he aimed the front of the minivan at the bullet ridden police cars, aiming for a small space between the fronts of two of them. The minivan sped towards the two police cars,

those that still could quickly scrambled to get out of the way as it bulled through the line and sent the two now thoroughly demolished police cars spinning.

The remaining police began to fire at the speeding van, their bullets thudding into its backdoor as it sped away from them, quickly being pursued by the few still functional patrol cars. The minivan swerved and skidded as Freddy turned it sharply down side streets to try and lose them, the side of the van scrapping along the front of several stores before shooting off again as Freddy kept the accelerator and ended up taking a turn too fast ''She handles like shit at speed!'' He shouted annoyed at Tony as he gritted his teeth and slammed the front of van into a patrol car that had managed to cut them off, bowling it onto its side as they barrelled through.

''Yeah, but notice how we're not bloody dead! She's built for toughness and speed, not agility!'' Tony shouted back as he ripped his balaclava off and used it to replace the Carl's one under his vest, his fur damp with sweat after wearing it for so long ''Come on, Carl. Stay awake or I'll make sure you don't get your share.'' He said sternly and gave Carl's whiskers a sharp tug which caused Carl to let out a subdued mewl, his eyes remaining half closed.

The van sped through the city streets as Freddy continued trying to lose the pursuing police, skidding down side streets and scrapping down tight alleyways as He avoided cordoned off streets and spike traps, more patrol cars joining the chase.

''Where in the hell are we going!? '' Arnold shouted and thumped the back of Freddy's seat as he wrenched the steering wheel to the side and swerved around a patrol car as it sped out from an alleyway before two more patrol cars rammed into the side of it ''They're gonna box us in!''

''I'm getting us out of the city!'' Freddy growled back at him, the van shaking as it crashed through a police cordon. ''This isn't the way we were supposed to go!'' Arnold leaned forward and pushed his head between Freddy and Johns', to watch the road in front of them.

''You think I don't bloody well know that?!'' Freddy snarled as he roughly shoved Arnold's head back with one hand, keeping his other hand on the steering wheel as he tried to avoid hitting cars now that they were outside the police cordon. ''Tony, tell who ever it is we're supposed to meet that we're gonna have to meet them somewhere else, I can't get us to the drop off'' He said, glancing back Tony through the rear view mirror.

Tony told Dimitri to take his place keeping pressure on Carl's wound, the otter simply nodding before pressing his hand on the wound, before moving to the front of the minivan and crouching between the two seats as he ripped off his blood stained gloves and pulled out the throw-away phone from inside his vest ''I'll tell them to meet us at the old warehouse near the river, the one that got raided a few months back.'' He waited as Freddy nodded to show that he knew where to go, before selecting the only number saved on the phone and typing out a text.

''Can't get to drop off. Meet at raided warehouse by river. Bring Doc!''

He anxiously watched out through the front window as Freddy steered the minivan through traffic as he drove towards the highway that would take them out of the city, the sound of honking horns mixing with the sirens of the pursuing police cars still behind them.

After a few seconds he felt the phone vibrate in his hand as it received a text, he

quickly looked down at the phone's screen and saw the one word reply.

'Ok.'

'We good?' John asked as he craned his neck, trying to see the phone in Tony's hand.

'Yeah we are. Freddy, lose the police before we get there.' Tony tapped the side of Freddy's head with the phone before putting it back in his vest and moving to the back of the minivan as Freddy spoke.

'I know just how to do it.' He said, gripping the steering wheel tighter as he drove onto the mostly clear highway and floored the accelerator again 'you guys might want to get your guns ready though...just in case'

'In case what?' Arnold questioned as he checked his gun, making sure it was loaded and ready to fire, his brother and John quickly doing the same as Tony kneeled in front of Carl and Dimitri.

'How is he?' Tony asked flatly, nodding towards Carl as Dimitri pulled off his balaclava and stuffed it inside Carl's vest with Tony's.

'Worse,' The otter said, his voice emotionless as he gently pulled one of Carl's eyelids open and watched his pupils dilate 'But alive still.' Tony patted the side of Carl's muzzle 'The Doc is on his way kid, hold on.' He said, but the only response he got was Carl's whiskers flicking slightly as he patted them.

'Will he make it, boss?' Jeremiah asked worriedly, leaning back in his chair to see before being pulled back by his brother.

'Of course he will. Didn't you hear, the Doc is gonna be there at the drop off, he'll look after him.' Arnold said but they both knew the cat's chances were becoming slimmer and slimmer.

Everyone suddenly looked towards the front of the minivan as it swerved off the highway and into a small satellite town 'you're gonna get us killed!' John shouted in shock as he looked around at the passing buildings that surrounded them. Nearly all of the buildings were in various states of disrepair with many of them showing signs of violence with either their windows smashed or their fronts being peppered with bullet holes. Graffitied in plain sight and random intervals were large white grinning skulls with spirals for eyes.

'You drove us into Crazy territory?!' Tony glared at Freddy before looking out at group of people who were lounging on a street corner, some of who were openly carrying various weapons. 'I'd rather get arrested than caught here!' He hastily grabbed Dimitri's P90 and made sure it was loaded before motioning for him to keep looking after Carl.

'I know what I'm doing!' Freddy said as he tapped the rear-view mirror with one hand, his other hand still clenching the steering wheel. Tony looked through the back window where already he could see the first of the pursuing police cars driving into the town, the moment when the first car came into view of the lounging groups the streets suddenly came alive with shouting as those carrying firearms began waving and pointing them at the police car while others ran into the surrounding buildings and came back out after a few seconds, being followed by more armed gang members.

The first patrol car screeched to a halt as those behind it skidded to a stop

either side of it as the gang members began shouting insults at them.

“The Crazy won’t come after us when they know there’s cops in their territory” Freddy explained before jabbing his thumb towards John and Tony “especially since they don’t know about you two or those bags of cash.” He said with a chuckle before hurriedly turning the minivan down a side street as the two groups behind them began firing at each other.

They continued to speed through the streets of the town as more gang members in trucks raced past them towards the sound of the shootout and fired into the air, as they drove they noticed that people were looking at them from some of the houses “They know we are not one of them.” Dimitri said watching as one of them ran outside and brought a phone up to his ear.

“I know, I know.” Freddy said, trying to keep his voice level as he glanced at rear-view mirror and saw several people beginning to sprint after them “We’re nearly out of town!” He flinched as someone threw a brick at the windscreen, small cracks snaking out from where it had hit.

“Just keep driving and get us out of here!” Tony snarled as he moved to between Arnold and Jeremiah, still holding Dimitri’s P90 “you three, get ready in case we need to shoot our way out.” He watched out through the windscreen, his tail flicking slowly as Arnold and Jeremiah grabbed the door handles of the side doors, ready to pull them open so that they could shoot out if needed.

The minivan continued to be pelted by objects as they drove on, the windows and sides becoming even more scratched and cracked as the objects bounced off. As they turned the corner onto the street that lead out of the town they were met with the sight of roughly twenty people crowding the end of the street, they were nearly all armed with either AK’s or M4s with a few carrying machetes and axes. The fox at the head of the group swaggered forward with a lopsided grin of confidence as he levelled his AK towards minivan and squeezed the trigger, the gun jumping around in his dirty hands as the bullets smacked in the minivan’s windscreen directly in front of Freddy and cracking it heavily as he yelped and instinctively let go of the steering wheel and used his arms to shield his head. Tony quickly grabbed the steering wheel with one hand as he let go of the P90, his other hand pressing down on Freddy’s leg to keep the accelerator floored. He kept the minivan heading straight for the group, aiming the front directly at the fox.

“Think they’re gonna move?” John asked as Tony kept his eyes locked on the fox that was still standing in the centre of the road and snarled at Freddy as he went to put his hands back on the steering wheel.

“Their choice, they move they live, they don’t and they don’t.” Tony replied grimly as he watched the group begin to scatter out of the way, pushing and throwing each other out of the way as they rushed to get out of the way of the minivan.

The fox at the head of the group stayed rooted to the spot, seemingly unaware that his bullets hadn’t done anything to stop or slow the minivan until it was too late. Tony watched the reality finally dawn on the foxes face just before there was a several thuds and the minivan shook as it rammed through and over those who hadn’t gotten out of the way in time.

Tony kept his hands on the steering wheel and Freddy’s leg until they were clear of the town and he was sure that they weren’t being followed. As soon as they were clear of the town he grabbed Freddy’s hand and shoved it onto the steering wheel as he move his hand away from his leg and sat down on one of the duffle bags “How long will it take to get to the drop off, without going on the motorway?” He

asked, resting his head against the back of John's seat.

Freddy thought for a moment or two before answering 'Um around, ten or fifteen minutes give or take.' He said, having to lean down slightly to see where he was going due to the cracks on the windscreen.

Tony reached up and patted Freddy's shoulder 'See if you can shave some time off that' He said before chuckling tiredly 'I want to go home and have a shower.' He said with a tired chuckle as ran his fingers through his still sweat dampened headfur.

'Speak for yourself. I feel like I'm in a sauna wearing this shit!' John laughed as he pulled off his balaclava and threw it on the dashboard, his headfur dripping sweat.

The twin hares laughed with his as they both pulled off their balaclavas and massaged their ears, or ear in Jeremiah's case, back into life before high-fiving each other as Jeremiah pulled a duffle bag up onto his lap 'How much did we get?' Jeremiah wondered aloud as he unzipped the bag and shoved his hand inside, pulling out a few stacks and grinning as he riffled through them before tossing one of them over the back of John's chair and into his lap 'Have you ever seen this much cash?' He laughed as he threw one at Tony, who caught it and smiled slightly as he turned it over it his hand.

'A lot more than this but I can't tell you where.' He said with a chuckle, winking at Jeremiah 'you've seen it haven't you, John?' He asked, using the stack of notes to hit John's shoulder as the bear used the stack that Jeremiah had thrown to fan himself

'Oh yeah, I have. This lot is pennies compared to it.'

Tony laughed along with Arnold at the look on Jeremiah's face as he heard John's words, his mouth open as he stared in amazement at the back of John's chair '...pennies..? wow' Tony smiled more and rested against John's chair, stretching out his legs and pressing them against the side door as he reached into the duffle bag on Jeremiah's lap and pulled out two more stacks, using the three of them to fan himself.

His eyes slowly roamed around the inside of the minivan as he relaxed and fanned himself, listening to the hum of the minivan's engine and the conversation of the twin hares. His eyes slowly roamed towards the back of the minivan and he saw Dimitri crouching beside Carl's legs and looking directly at him, his face still impassive as he slowly shook his head.

The stacks of notes slowly fell from Tony's hands as he realised what the otter meant, his tiredness and the pain in his shoulder coming back to hit him all at once as the smile vanished from his face '...no..'

Several minutes later - Raided warehouse - the drop off

The rest of the journey was spent in relative silence after the rest of the group learnt that Carl had died. Jeremiah had slowly gathered up the stacks of notes and put them back into the duffle bag before Dimitri stacked all of the duffle bags onto the two seats beside Carl's body, leaving him and Tony sitting the rest of the journey with their backs against the side doors.

'Here we are' Freddy said quietly, reaching back to get Tony's attention by gently tapping his knee.

Tony slowly pulled himself up so that he could see out of the cracked and scratched windscreen. He slowly surveyed the area in front of them as he placed a hand on Freddy's shoulder. They were pulling into a large parking lot in front of a dirty, graffiti strewn warehouse, which empty except for them and a few stripped and burnt out cars.

''Aren't they supposed to be here?'' Arnold asked slowly as he looked around the parking lot before Tony pointed to the side of the warehouse.

''Head around the back, they'll be there. Out of sight from the road'' He explained hoarsely, lightly drumming his fingers on Freddy's shoulder as he steered the minivan towards the side of the warehouse, driving over rubbish and broken glass as they passed what looked a burnt out police car.

As they drove down the side of the warehouse, they caught a glimpse inside through a door that had been smashed open. The inside of the warehouse was bare and unlike the outside, was completely devoid of graffiti, but showed signs that a shoot-out had happened and other signs showing that someone had tried to burn it down.

When they turned the corner they saw an old battered looking black 4x4 Land rover with a masked person sitting on the hood of it and a second unmasked person pacing beside it. As soon as the masked person saw them they seemed to say something to the other, who turned around and looked at the approaching minivan before rushing to the boot of the land rover as the masked person hopped off the hood and beckoned the minivan towards them.

Freddy pulled up beside the 4x4 as the second person came rushing back from the rear of the 4x4 carrying a backpack. The masked person jogged to the side door that Tony had been sitting against and pulled it open just as Tony was about to. He was a male human and a few inches shorter than Tony, he was wearing dark blue jeans and a black shirt, and the mask covering his face was a black hockey mask ''You guys must've driven through hell'' He remark, rubbing his gloved hand along one of the many scratches running down the minivan's side as Tony pushed out past him, looking at the second person as she rushed towards him, her tail swishing anxiously behind her.

Her name was Holly Young or normally called by her nickname 'Doc' Young, she was a thirty year old stoat and was roughly the same height as Carl had been. She was wearing her usual red jumper with an open white lab coat over it and faded blue jeans. She slowed to a halt as Tony shook his head and placed a hand against her chest to stop her ''Too late huh?'' She asked, sounding like she had said this far too many times before ''who was it?''

''Carl, the young one'' Tony said quietly, his voice hoarse and dry ''Have you got any water in that bag?'' He asked nodding towards the backpack she was carrying as the masked person helped to unload the duffle bags from the minivan, completely indifferent to the Carl's body.

''No, but there's a few bottles in the back'' She pointed to the 4x4 before gently patting Tony's shoulder and taking his hand off her chest ''I have to look at him.'' She said solemnly before walking past him and smiling sympathetically at Arnold as he got out of the minivan and moved out of her way. Tony watched her for a second or two as she pulled on a pair of gloves before he grabbed the duffel bag from out of Arnold's hands and began carrying it towards the back of the 4x4. He and the rest of the group carried the six duffel bags to the back of the 4x4 and left Holly to her work.

The first thing that Tony saw when the back door was pulled open were four large bottles of water and he threw his duffle bag into the 4x4 and grabbed one, gulping down a few mouthfuls of water before passing the bottle to John as the masked man hurriedly leant into the back and pulled two cans of gasoline out before one of the duffle bags could land on them.

“Hey Maskey, where’s our clothes?” Jeremiah asked before taking a mouthful of water and spitting it on the ground.

“Blue gym bag, front passenger seat” The man said, nodding towards front of the car before turning to Tony “You, I want a word.” He said, using one of the cans to beckon Tony over to him as he walked a small distance away from the rest of the group.

Tony reluctantly followed him over “what is it?” He asked as he stood in front to the masked man.

“First of all, I counted six bags in total, there’s supposed to be seven – eight of them. What happened to the others?” He asked accusingly, his head tilted to the side as he looked up at Tony.

“The job went south, Carl got shot” Tony explained drily, pointing at the minivan “we had to leave, those bags were empty so they were left behind!” He already knew was going to be said next.

“You should have left him behind then!” The masked man hissed as he gestured towards the minivan with one of the cans “Now, we gotta take care of a body, you should’ve left it for the police!”

“He was still alive then and had a chance!” Tony snarled angrily and loudly, grabbing the front of the man’s shirt as he bared his teeth, the throbbing pain in his shoulder not helping his temper “I don’t leave people behind!”

“Well then you know what we have to do” The man said, letting go of one of the cans and grabbing Tony’s wrist to support himself “Cause you know exactly what the boss’ll do if we bring a stiff back with us!”

“Yeah, I know” Tony admitted and pushed the man away from him as he let go of his shirt and grabbed the can off of the ground before walking back to the group as they began getting changed back into their normal street clothes.

They spent the next few minutes getting out of their gear and drying the sweat off themselves before putting on their normal clothes, again this time John took the longest after deciding to pour half of one of the bottles all over his stiff and bruised body to cool off after wearing all of the armour, which was now piled up on the ground along with everything else that had been worn while at the bank.

“What are we gonna do about Carl?” Freddy asked as Holly came back from the minivan, taking off her gloves and adding them to the pile.

“There wouldn’t have been anything I could have done, definitely not here anyway. Sorry Tony” She said sadly, patting Tony’s shoulder again as she placed her backpack next to the duffle bags before getting into the 4x4.

Tony sighed quietly before looking at Freddy “Same thing we’ve got to do with all this stuff” He explained, kicking a stone towards the pile as he shook the gas can “Don’t have time to bury him, we can’t bring him with us and we definitely can’t leave him as he is, he’s got our finger prints on him.”

“We better get on with it then” John said, picking up two of the bullet proof

vests and carrying them over to the minivan, the rest of the group soon taking up his lead.

It didn't take them long to move the pile into the minivan as most of the stuff was just thrown into the centre or front of it, the only things that weren't throw were the guns which had been hidden under a false side panel in the 4x4 along with any electronics, and Carl's clothes which Jeremiah had neatly folded and placed next to his body. Tony and the masked man quickly got to work dousing the inside and outside of the minivan with gasoline as the rest of the group got into the 4x4, quickly throwing the two cans inside as well before the masked man held out a book of matches towards Tony.

''You led the job, only fair I think that you should be the one to light it'' He said, pressing the matches into Tony's hand before going and getting into the 4x4's driver's seat and starting the engine.

Tony ignited one of the matches and used it to set fire to the rest of them before throwing it into the minivan, turning away from it as the gasoline was set on fire. He climbed into the back of the 4x4 next to John, Dimitri and the duffle bags, before closing the door as they began to drive away.