

He smiled a sly smile that was more like a smirk, thinking to himself that they always forget to watch the shadows. Here he was facing down three people who thought they had the upper hand, which might be true if he were the better man. They thought they were out of his striking distance and armed with their automatics leveled at him.

“Any last words” asked their leader, a grim man with a price on his head for all the crap his peddled, with a smirk on his face believing in his superiority. Of course he would dialogue like a prick to rub in his victory.

“I ain’t no hero” was his reply as he shot forward, the muscles that had been trained since he was six responded with the slightest provocation as he snatch the gun from the leader’s hand with his left and his throat with his right. He tried to scream for his men to help, but one was already dead. Attacked from the shadows by the hidden ally, one henchman fell in a single blow and the other was busy with his assailant. “You should know that wolves are never truly alone” he said before he clenched his fist crushing the man’s windpipe with a sickening gurgle continuing on to finishing him off with a twist and a snap. He then released his grip and his limp body fell the ground.

The other henchman fell soon after and his friend stood there and looked at him. He stared back in the dimly lit space, slightly frustrated that his friend had taken so long. “He had a ‘sniper team’ I had to take out” his friend said with air quotation marks knowing he needed an explanation.

“Good thing they’re always stupid and feel the need to try to quip.”