

The Eliminator

by Thomas Hunt

The old man hung up the phone. "That was security. They're on their way up. You got past my secretary, but you'll never get past them."

"Now, Benny-Boy, you aren't glad to see me?" The tall man said with a coy smile on his face. "I would've thought you'd have a whole spread for me, like I was the President of the United States on a god-damned official visit."

Visibly shaken, the old man wiped his sweaty bald head with his handkerchief. "Why, you're right. You're the ummm, Mr. the Eliminator is it? Please have a seat." The old man sat down and pressed the intercom button, "Grace, could we get some coffee in here. Cream?"

"No. I take it black." The man in the black leather jacket said, putting his staff down on the desk and taking a seat.

"Oh yes, of course. Now what can I do for you?"

"I'm hear to talk about what you did and to lay judgment."

"Uhhh, what I did? I didn't do anything."

"Wrong answer Benny, now try again before I get

impatient."

"I do? I'm the CEO of this company."

"You're getting closer there Ben, but you're not quite there yet. Open up. It's not everyday a man gets a chance to confess their sins."

"Sins? I, uhhhh, I didn't do anything. I just tried... I tried to turn a profit. What's wrong with that?"

"Everything." The Eliminator said, rising from his chair and bearing down on Benny-Boy like an avenging angel. "You sold no product of benefit. You lied. You cheated. And you stole. Hundreds of thousands of people will have no retirement thanks to your greed, Benny. Thanks to your greed. Now tell me, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." The old man said as he dropped his handkerchief on the desk and tears began to well up in his eyes. "Please don't kill me, gimme another chance, please. I'll do you anything."

The Eliminator pulled a gun from inside his jacket, and emptied the clip into Benny-Boy's bald head. "Sorry Benny, I'm not into forgiveness."

"Eliminator," an amplified voice said, "come out with your hands up and you will not be hurt."

The Eliminator grabbed his staff and left Benny's office. The security guards were waiting. They had formed

a half circle, and it was now focused on the Eliminator.

"Drop the staff." The man with the bullhorn said.

"You boys like living on this earth?"

"Drop the fucking staff, or we will open fire."

"Obviously, you don't." The Eliminator threw the staff to the ground, but it bounced back into his hand and became a sword. The Eliminator sliced through the impudent man and before another word could be uttered, the security guards were already dead.

"Cakewalk. Bloody typical." The Eliminator said, as he tapped his sword upon the ground and it turned back into a staff. As he walked toward the door, pools of blood formed behind him, as though he had been gravely wounded and was now leaking.

He exited the building and shielded his eyes from the bright sunshine. Maggie stood waiting for him by the car, a hot rod with the engine still running and both doors open.

"Hey Eliminator," she said, "you're bleeding."

"I'm what?" The Eliminator said, looking down at his hands where blood was flowing from quarter-sized wounds on his palms. "Jesus-fucking-Christ, I hate it when that happens." He said, wiping his hands on his coat, and getting into the car.

"How many more we got today?" Maggie said.

"Just two. Papa Bear and Baby Bear."

"Alright." Maggie said, her dark eyes sparkling under her sunglasses.

"Hit it Maggie. And as the man said, Let's Roll."