

The Bartender chuckled. “We got us a comedian fellas. Show mister funny man what we mean about fucked up.”

Ben was tired of waiting. The goon at the door stood with his back turned. At about six-five, Ben had no problem apprehending the six-foot-five goon. He grabbed the man by the neck. A sickening crack followed as he went down like a puppet with loose strings.

“What the fuck?” said the bartender getting moon-eyed when he saw what had happened. He reached under the bar grabbing a sawed-off shotgun.

Ben dropped to a knee using the dead man as a shield. Everything from that point went on in slow motion. Ben got to see Mercury go to work and from what he saw he knew the man possessed special skills.

Mercury gave a side-kick to Goon One's shin scraping down with his heel to a foot stamp causing Goon One great pain. The bartender turned his attention to Mercury, but didn't fire trying to avoid shooting his own man. Mercury took advantage and figuring they all carried firearms, reached inside the man's coat, and pulled out a Glock.