

“Obscene, what this is, since you asked.”

Crisp, female sound responds to an question from behind the white, artistically painted faceguard attached to angel like figure in similarly painted armored suit landing on a mountain side, flaring off guidance thrusters in small pin-pricks of heat bloom, ending in an elegant touchdown, barely disturbing the sands and small rocks in the early morning light.

Thousands of miles away noone replied on the comment, atleast, audibly.

“If, we must end a life of someone so... monstrous and so clearly a figurehead of opposing forces, at least there should be a spit in the eyes or a clear declaration of intent. A flag planted on the corpse, if you will.”

Small sliver of black zooms past low with hum, clearing the mountain top with barely a feet to spare to the skies of the sleeping city waiting past in the valley.

“Being this clinical with ending a life, it isn’t about survival or fighting a war anymore.”

In much more un-elegant landing an army-beige cylinder slams down a bit higher on the mountain side, barely burying itself with a loud crunch.

“It’s about removing an irritation, infection. That’s not something that should be considered a moral way to end someone without informed consent.”

Cylinder slides awkwardly downwards few feet before tilting to halt against the loose rubble.

“I’d just rather walk down there, stick something sharp in his side and watch him bleed to death while telling him why he dies an ugly death, possibly making a youtube video about it.”

Angel like figure pushes a touchpad on her shoulder and the wings fold themselves to one side and tilt to the side, forming something not unlike a large quiver on the back while walking towards the cylinder.

“This is a mercy and a gift, not an brutality laid on an enemy because it was just retribution.”

The speaker places both hands on the cylinder and flips the container right side up and flips the latches to open it.

“So, yeah, I feel morally in the wrong here because this is not morally objectionable enough.”

Speaker raises the content of the cylinder, a similar army-beige construct as the container with more boxy shape to her shoulder in direction marked while fidgeting for the perfect position and pulls the lever marked to be pulled on the side downwards.

"I mean sure, I get it, you wanna kill the guy because he represents forces working against you and he's going about it by killing people and he's immoral fuck who deserves to die. That I do get."

Construct folds open to three times the length to something surprisingly elegant and airy to be painted so plainly and attaches to the hardpoints on the painted armor suit and the quiver

"Oh boy do I get it. I applaud you for being so human about it."

Speaker starts to walk towards the mountaintop for a view of the city while searching for a comfortable position for the construct resting on the shoulder and fidgeting with the control mechanism extending from the quiver and covering the right hand.

"It isn't about the act itself, it's about the clinical, no bullshit, *rational* approach you take to something that is supposedly traditional good old fashioned revenge."

Speaker stops on a flat, rocky surface and kneels to brace.

With an audible click construct and right arm of the speaker synch in movement and start pointing at the general direction of the city looming past the valley.

"A good rage fuelled stabbing, you know where you stand on the relation on the guy who did it and what he is imaginably going to do to you if you do stuff like the guy who got stabbed did. Hum."

A timer that is ticking on the heads up display is counting down leisurely towards zero.

*~Strike 1, we have the overwatch drone, feed good but grainy, TACCOM requests clearer picture if possible for record.*

A voice comments inside the helmet with carefully methodical, flat voice.

"Let me push you some more bit rate on that. So, yes obscene is a good word for it. I mean we are recording this, for heaven's sake, but no-one is actually going to see the footage from this, heavens no, that would make us look like barbarians for glorifying the act."

Speaker braces the construct, a weapon, with left hand and taps the panel on the side few times, correcting the sync alignment a few degrees.

“When in fact, we should be glorifying it and making sure everyone else knows we glorify it. You know, be up front about being murderous sons of bitches who are going to take revenge if we are wronged.”

Underside of the weapon barrel starts to eject heat, adding a hazy, surreal component to the cool, early morning mountainside and the armor suit now copying the shades of the rubble and loose rocks surrounding it as the camouflage adapts.

“Ready to implement in fifteen command. And in my opinion this clinical, hush-hush approach to termination of a human life leaves too much to question, there’s no clear cause-effect relationship that would, you know, leave evidence you can look at and go; *“Oh, I better not do that then”*, to the outside observer.”

Suit and the weapon are now barely indistinguishable from the mountaintop if it weren’t for the heat bloom effect that the rest of the ridge is starting to match as the rising sun is heating up the rest of it.

*~Strike 1, HUMINT confirms, target is mobile, on schedule in vehicular transport as predicted, parameters hold.*

“Confirmed command, you should have better picture on the overwatch now. But without me, you would be shit out of options and would have to basically nuke the city to get to the guy.”

Sun is starting to shine on the city on the valley floor and one by one automatic systems turn off the neon and the street lamps that lighted the night.

Slight thumb movement slides the rear of the weapon backwards and slots a silver cylinder into place and closes up again in one fluid action, a ring moves on the construct to the tip of the barrel and flips out a four star clover shape as an compensator.

“Guess that makes me a hypocrite weapon. And the moral, sane choice at the same time.”

Speaker focuses absent mindedly on the drone cameras in the edge of her vision, three cars in formation, like something out of a hollywood movie slowly making their way thru the non-descript cement and plastic city towards the destination while toying with the weapon controls and different settings for the HUD.

“So you want me to make this how clinical command? I can make it a hospital surgical theatre or dirty nuke with all the collateral associated and anything in between. Since you wanted untraceable but did not define the optimal outcome and this was kinda a rush job. Guess customer service now includes the toppings too.”

Short silence commands the airwaves while the convoy worms their way towards the destination.

*~Preferable car bomb but avoiding collateral Strike 1. As long as impact looks like a car bomb on the evening news it's solid gold for us. Nothing extra and no signature marks.*

Few nudges on the HUD mark the changes to the weapon and impact profile outwardly affecting nothing.

"I think there's a joke about people who buy 20 dollar cheese pizzas command. Car Bomb, hold the toppings, coming right up."

Convoy turns the last corner to front of a steel and glass office building on the drone camera and orderly slows to an halt at the exact mid point and bodyguards and drivers pile out with barely concealed weapons, few even brandishing them openly, the passenger not leaving the vehicle until the area between the building and the car is secured to the content of the obviously professional men fanning about.

There's a buzz on the communications bead in as command confirms who is and who is not on the scene that the armored figure largely ignores, even though more than few names ring a bell to her from the most wanted lists around the world from various agencies.

"So, am I getting a cut on the bounties too or is this solid payment?"

She shoots into the airwaves idly wondering approximate 8 figure the market value of the video feed from the weapon scope.

*~uuh, that's probable Strike 1, I can't comment on it.*

Door on the escorted car opens and the passenger steps out denoted by weighty silence as thousands of miles away men and women and computers intently try to determine if this is indeed the target.

*Strike 1, Confirmed, Primary in AO, execute, repeat, execute.*

There's barely any kickback and weapon displays barely any significant outward appearance of operation beyond the bass boom \*whoomp\* that more reverberates than is audible.

Middle car engine block detonates into shrapnel and firebloom without appearing to suffer from a weapon hit, for all appearances to the drone camera and the silent, anonymous observers, it was an car bomb that cracks the morning silence on the empty street.

Impact knocks everyone in few hundred feet to their knees or straight to the ground.

Glass facade of the office building shatters to create a deadly rain on top of the street below.

Passenger is thrown backwards and towards the building, closer to the rear convoy car, his arm

clearly flying off, unlucky driver is vaporized, few others are also instantly killed by the flying debris.

Few moments pass and people scramble to their feet and try to make it to cover or towards the passenger.

Weapon discharges the second time and rabbit that was startled by the first discharge makes run for it.

First convoy car's gas tank seems to explode adding it's fiery contents to the scene and those stupid enough to have been still near it, or unfortunate enough to not have made away are lit as human torches.

Security guards from the office building are now responding by running towards the wreck and dumbstruck few passersby are finally starting to run away as the shock sets in.

Passenger twitches on the ground, gasping for the non-existent arm and security guards are nearly halfway to him when last car detonates, engine block going off again in firebloom and pressure wave and shrapnel finally mulching the passenger, ending his agony and knocking the few survivors to the ground, security guards being thrown back by their proximity.

Rear of the weapon recoils backwards and a cylinder ejects in a metallic tinkle sound from it's cradle, bouncing few times from the solid rock, before resting to sizzle few feet backwards on the ground. Front of the weapon clicks open and panels expands outwards in slow motion to release a cloud of steam with a loud hiss.

"Then again, who said car bombs are clinical and clean. Goddamn that went messy, makes me feel all good about this in the end. Primary target vaporized, 15 confirmed dead, no civilians. Rest is for you to pick up from the local hospitals if you want to command. Strike 1, over. RTB."