

The Perfect Shot

By Shawn Carter

My finger rested on the trigger as I stared down my rifle's scope. The weather was clear, only a light breeze, and the night sky was starry. If it were any other situation, I'd be sitting on a balcony somewhere sipping on some cheap caffeinated beverage and observing the crowds. Instead, here I laid on my stomach and watched as a judge drank something. I couldn't quite see what it was. My target sat on his bed with half unbuttoned shirt and part of his belt unclipped. He was waiting for someone. My money was either his mistress or a hooker. I had it on competent authority his wife was back at his home state. My client had paid me extra to leave no witnesses. Apart of me felt terrible for the woman who was about to enter the room. I guess every career choice had its downsides? At the corner of my scope, I see part of the door swing open.

A woman strolled in with an oversized trench coat. The judge pulled out a large stack of dollar bills. Hooker it was. After receiving the cash, the woman's coat fell to the ground. She left little to the imagination. As she started to caress the judge, I lined up the shot and slowed my breathing. I didn't desire to waste two bullets, so I waited for the two lovebirds to face one another. My crosshairs were planted at the back of the judge's head. The two go for a kiss. "Sorry about this, " I whisper and hold my breath. My finger pulls the trigger. I exhaled. A soft thump followed.

The judge's head fell between the hooker's chest as her head shot back. Some blood splats onto the wall. They both crumble to the ground. None of them realize what had transpired. The best kind of kill. I don't rush to put away my rifle away. The authorities won't find out until the morning when the busboy arrived with the judge's breakfast. But I also don't lollygag, nothing can be put to chance. The last of the pieces are placed into my inconspicuous suitcase. I scan my perch for anything I left behind as I pat my pocket for the empty shell casing. I feel it and see nothing. With a shrug, I head down to the street. I activate my phone and send "done" to my client. I switch it off. It doesn't matter to me if they reply or not. I just care about the money.

As I go reach the exit, I notice how crowded the streets are. Nobody here knew that a powerful anti-grey judge and a hooker had just been snuffed out. They'll find out of course in the morning. I couldn't wait to hear what the talking heads speculated about and what the news wrote about. A smile forms on my face as I remove my mask. The world became grey a blur, and the people are replaced by sound waves. So many unique sounds. Each one had a story to tell. Without a second thought, I melt into the sound waves of the crowd and disappear.