



THE T'N'T :

Prologue

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Creation



Chapter 2: The Chinatown War

TOM'S VILLA,
8 YEARS AGO,

Setting: A living room, with a slider door leading to the veranda near a T.V. table, with a 32" T.V. on it, a lavish look sparked in every corner with the royal white paint, plants, coffee table, sofa and Tom watching news.

Reporter: "Over the course of a few days, the kidnapping cases have seemingly increased, with no

signs of the kidnapper having any demands.

A truck had yesterday been tracked transporting large ice containers to an abandoned butchering place; the police have been suspicious about a linkage between the two cases.”

Tom was a part of the U.I.P.D., investigating this case, but never able to catch the kidnapper, he was sharp minded, fast, and had everything in place for the cops arrived.

Tom and Tim had failed multiple chases, but were able to recognize his figure.

Officer (Walkie-Talkie): “A man has been reported to be roaming in Chinatown, resembling the figure of the kidnapper. Officer Tom please report.”

I was the most skilled officer, even after failing to catch this person for like a million times, I think I finally will catch this bastard today, I put on my Jeans, a casual shirt and sunglasses on, having a Max look on me, only younger. I

**loaded my Glock, with an addition
of silencer and called Tim to be
there as well.**

**CHINATOWN,
A WHILE AFTER,
8 YEARS AGO,**

**Setting: A street bustling with
the Chinese people, filled with
the sights and sounds of
traditional Chinese culture. The
streets lined with red and gold**

lanterns and the air thick with the scent of savory food from the street vendors. The storefronts were adorned with intricate dragon designs and Chinese characters and the buildings had a crowd together, each one towering over the narrow streets.

Upon Arrival, I found out that the U.I.P.-Chinese were celebrating some sort of festival. It is going to be hard to find him. He got a good short height advantage in between the Chinese to hide, but I wasn't letting him out of here.

I met Tim in an Alley.

Tim: “Yo, man, this place is packed with lookalikes. Let’s hope our guy ain’t blending in too well with the locals. We need to wrap this up quick.”

Tom: “Oh, is the missus waiting back at home?”

Tim: “Haha, so funny Tom.”

I was about tell Tim a plan when we heard a scream nearby, we ran to it.

Setting: An isolated portion of Chinatown, far from the festive sites and people.

Characters: *Old man:* An Asian man of 65, with loose skin and wrinkled face, a few white hairs on head, very weak body.

Kidnapper: A healthy man with a black balaclava on his face on his round face, not too short nor too tall.

An old man had been tripped off by a stone, begging to the man standing in front of him, possibly asking him to let him go unharmed, that man was in deep thoughts.

Tim: “Man, this guy we looking for!”

Tom: “Do you seriously think an old man like him, whose legs can’t take the weight of his own body did be able to kidnap, strong young people?”

Tim: “I am not talking about the old man, that man he’s afraid of,

the one in the deep thinking. He matches that kidnapper.”

He was right, and I didn’t leave a chance to bust him. I came out of my cover, pointing a gun to the thinking man.

Tom: “It’s U.I.R.D. freeze”

And he didn’t leave a chance of sprinting away.

Tim: “What in the name of the holy mothers were you even thinking, pulling out this stupid move?? This is real life tommy boy not a Puollywood film.”

True, I didn't think it through, but now was no time to think but chase him to the fullest of our energies. Chinatown never allowed any vehicles to be in the area, so I hope I had stamina enough to at least chase a man, before he runs off in a jacked car. As I closed in, I realized I couldn't match his speed. I started shooting, and Tim joined in. Fortunately, one bullet found its mark, hitting his leg with precision. Blood sprayed from the man in the black suit, splashing out as the bullet tore through his

pants and leg muscles, causing him to lose his balance. I came closer to him, and as soon as I touched him, to look at his face, he covered himself in a mask the Chinese were wearing, and out came a dagger from his coat, in his hands he held it tightly. I pushed him away, only to get scratched in the hand, I was holding the pistol.

He sure had guts, bigger than me, to hold me at the trigger of my own gun.

Tim shot his hand down. I kicked him, he was flexible, retraced his path while running the dagger across my leg.

I kicked his neck and threw a blow on his face, out came a couple of teeth.

He was smart not strong.

While he was still getting his head back straight, I gave him a headbutt, and kicked the back of his head, then another blow on his face it came up back to its original position.

So hard that he cracked his neck.

**I removed the mask, that poor
bastard turned out to be the
butcher. He sure was bankrupt, no
questioning.**

**It didn't take a genius to find out
why he kidnapped people and had
no demands, he was doing organ
trafficking.**

**Such a crazy bastard, so much
money sick, to ruin the houses of
others, he sure didn't deserve to
live in here.**

Characters: *Albert:* A Canadian man, 5'9, skinny, 54, Hairline going in a V-shape, with a light-brown haired Goatee.

Millie: A slick European girl, 31, light brown-eyed and long silky hair with a sharp figure.

The U.I.P.D. units arrived, there seemed to be a new officer, not like the others, much more... Slicker, even to melt the sun in the summers, her uniform going tight on her body, she removed her sunglasses, those glittery light

brown eyes, swallowed me within them, she had a decent walk style, that I noticed as she walked.... Closer toward me! But deputy chief followed her. Deputy Chief Albert, introduced me to her.

Albert: “Millie meet the most skillful duo of our unit, Tommy Martin and Timothy Anderson. The core of our U.I.P.D. unit, the married guys I told you about, anyways, Tom, Tim, this is Millie Weber, the newbie (*whispering*) and possibly the hottest in our unit.”

What a lascivious boss I had! 48, married, yet having guts enough to call a skilled young bachelor in his unit a happily married one.

Millie: “Hello Mister Tommy Martin, I’d be working under you, I hope we get to know each other better.”

Tom: “Nice to meet you, Millie Weber. I'm looking forward to... collaborating with you. *(in a flirtish manner)*”

There couldn’t have been possibly much worse flirting skills than me.
But she got a hint, I guess.

Millie: “I see someone getting all lustful, but don’t forget, someone true heartedly loves you at home.”

Her words showed me, she was a girl with morals, knew the right and wrong.

Tom: “I’m not the married one.”

Millie: “So your boss was lying? It’s ok, it’s hard to resist a girl like me but don’t lie.”

Tom: “Our boss is the most perverted one, 48 and married, while story telling us young bachelors, as the ones with a

family, what did he tell you about his married life? A simple old aged bachelor?"

Millie: "Oh, I see, quite a playful boss you got there."

She gave out a smile, so thin, it was enough to make saint fall for her.

Tom: "Um, hey, Millie... I mean, Miss Weber... Would you... uh... maybe want to grab a coffee or something later? If you're not busy, that is."

Millie: “I was expecting something decent from a skilled young bachelor like you, anyways sure.”

I was happy and smiling with a blush, when I finally noticed Tim was nearby, and had an evil friend grin on his face, nodding it, while squinting his eyes. I guess he got what I was into.

I totally forgot there was a whole team around me, thankfully the chief was gone.