

Lucky Once

By:Velvet Rodriguez

Edited by: SkylarGunbun

T.W: for Violence and threats of sexual assault

They were returning to base in an Mi-17 helicopter. The region they had finished their patrol in had such poor roads, the only way to enter it was by foot or by air. And it was too far and too dangerous to walk the entire way back, so they took helicopters. Among them was Velvet, a Spanish red deer with emerald green eyes and short blonde hair and an old astra 44 in her holster, a former police revolver. No one knows why she has it but she's very possessive of it and very defensive if asked about it, and was visibly nervous.. Her orange fur standing on end as she held on for dear life. Despite her tense body language, she remained stone faced throughout.

"It was a good patrol though" *she thought*, "we had no encounters with insurgents, but that also means I can't die today. I cant die in a fucking helicopter crash." Gabriel, a Melanesian human with canine ears and eyes in a camo uniform, making him stand out among the troops who all had OD green uniforms. His sv-98 rifle sat at his side and he, always the observant type, was watching the treeline for any movement. Their ears and nose twitched, they couldn't hear anything over the damned rotors. Roberto, a European rabbit with a caterpillar mustache, was praying. Not 'cause he was scared; flying didn't scare him like it did velvet.That's just what he did. They say he wasn't always like this, that he changed after operation dragon noir, but he doesn't talk about that time in his life. He was the oldest of them, and bitter towards velvet because she was a captain at 23 despite him having served in the national guard for 7 years and only being Lieutenant. His shotgun rested in his lap, a semi auto called the aragon Jamie,

a native Austronesian human was just enjoying the view; being this high up reminded him of the mountains he grew up in. His head is usually in the clouds anyways, he was slightly older than velvet at 24 years old though you would assume she was the older of the two considering how they acted, he held his QBZ-03 tightly as his legs bounced.

Upon landing at base, Velvet took a deep breath, thankful to be back on solid ground. "OYE, Lucky!" she heard Jamie say. "No enemies today, you know what that means?" Velvet rolled her eyes

"yes yes, i know" she said as she handed him 20 Pesos. She should've known she would lose that bet, but she figured there was no way they wouldn't run into some kind of enemy activity in Nuestra Salvador, one of the most heavily contested provinces in the damn country. But of course, they must have all stayed home today, only because she bet there would be someone who would take a pot shot at them. "You know I still have those tapes, Outtake!" She shouts as Jamie walks away.

"Yeah, you and every other officer who owes me a 20, haha!" He says as he walks back to the barracks. Roberto just walks past Velvet, giving her the cold shoulder like usual. He resented her for being a captain at just 23 when he had been in the Guardia National for roughly 7 years and was only a lieutenant. Gabriel, on the other hand, was too excited to see his husband again to think about much else, leaving Velvet to return to her quarters...alone. it wasn't all bad, rank had its privileges and all that but the larger accommodations really only helped hammer home how alone she is. As she opened the front door, she was greeted by the familiar sight of her home, the national flag hanging on the wall and some family photos. Some dressers, a couch, a fridge and a shitty TV were all she had in terms of furniture. From her window, she could see the Titan Corps barracks. From outside, they looked just like any other barracks. But she knows what TC is; a bunch of filthy yankees, who think they know how to fight Paraiso's war better than Parisians do. The brass had some secret deal with them to keep their deployment here a secret from both major powers. The brass wouldn't say it, but she knew that

they were only there because command didn't trust her to actually lead her troops. Velvet was a propaganda piece, her mother was a legendary revolutionary and she guessed command hoped some of that good reputation would rub off on her. It didn't matter what she actually did, just her last name. She took her gear off and left her rifle by her bedside as she plopped down face first and just sighed into her pillow before passing out.

She was woken up before sunrise by the sounds of mortars and gun fire, nothing too out of the ordinary. She got up, grabbed her rifle and threw on her gear before running outside to see what was going on. It was just a harassment group, a small squad of FUND insurgents meant to deny them rest by launching mortars and firing at the base so everyone had to take up their defensive positions. Then they would run off into the jungles before they could effectively be counter attacked. Velvet could see the muzzle flashes in the treeline as she slapped her FA-24's charging handle and returned fire before shouting into her radio

"FIND THEIR POSTION AND CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE OR GET ONE OF OUR HELICOPTERS IN THE FUCKING AIR SO WE CAN TRACK THEM DOWN AFTER THEY RUN!" She runs behind one of the barracks for cover, continuing to return fire and running into Heckler Seidel, one of the TC mercs.

"Hallo." he says, like he just ran into an old friend at the bar.

"hey" she replies, as a bullet strikes the wall next to them. She briefly peeks from her cover to return fire. As she goes back behind the wall, Heckler peers out to fire as Velvet barks orders into the radio, "HOW MUCH LONGER TILL WE HAVE AIR SUPPORT!?"

"5 MINUTES 'TIL WE'RE IN THE AIR, CAPTAIN!". As she yells at the crew, the harassment squad starts withdrawing, noticeably pissing Velvet off.

"HURRY UP, I'M NOT LETTING THEM GET AWAY WITH DOING THIS AGAIN!" She says as she peeks out from behind cover, shooting one of the attackers in the leg as they ran. "Hope that slows them down" she says, as her radio crackles to life.

"HELO IS READY"

“ALRIGHT” She turns to her men and shouts: “TIME FOR THESE YANKS TO EARN THEIR PAY AND FOR US TO SHOW THEM HOW TO REALLY FIGHT! ROBERTO, GABRIEL, JAMIE, HECKLER, KRIS, RYAN, YOUR ALL WITH ME, THE REST OF YOU, PURSUE ON FOOT”. She jumps into the helicopter, followed by the men she ordered to come with her, who hop in behind her. The helicopter takes off and begins its pursuit.

After about an hour of searching, the pilot decides to pipe up.

“Listen captain, they're gone. It was a small squad, they didn't inflict any casualties, i dont think this is worth it. I say we just let them go”. Velvet's eyes twitched at the thought of letting them go. If she did that, that means she shows those yanks that the government was right to send them to babysit her. That she couldn't handle her sector, her own base, her own affairs.

“Did I ask for your opinion, comrade?” she hissed, just barely holding back her rage, “No? Then keep your mouth shut and just follow your fucking orders. We're looking for these vermin 'til we either find what hole they dug themselves or we run out of fuel, and we still got at least another hour in the sky, SO KEEP FUCKING LOOKING!” the pilot lets out a sigh of disapproval.

“Si, captain.” He replies, defeated.

“Gabriel, you see anything?” She barks over the radio

“Nada, capitian” he says.

“FUCK!” she yells. After about another half hour, she finally gives in and gives the command to return to base, seething with fury at her failure.

“Alright, first thing in the morning, gather everyone. We're gonna do a proper gridsweep, we'll search the entire damn Island to find where they're operating out of if we have too” she says to Roberto and Garrison, her second in command and the “Boss” of Titan Corps forces in

Paraiso, a human from Louisiana, definitely pushing his 50s.

“Ma’am, with all due respect, I don’t think your thinkin’ clearly, you’re letting your anger guide your choices” he says in his thick southern drawl .

Velvet snaps at him, her nostrils flared.

“Did I ask for your opinion?” She struggled to contain her rage. “No? Then shut up and follow orders, or do they not teach you how to do that in the US anymore?”

Garrison sighs, “My apologies, but I didn’t ask for your permission in the first place. Anger clouds judgement. And right now, you look a bit angry. ”

“That’s the problem with you yanks, you march into other peoples countries, dick in hand, thinking you can fix the problems that you most likely caused, better than the people that have been dealing with them for decades!”

“Normally I’d agree. However, this isn’t a situation of us invading y’all for your oil or whatever. Your government hired us to help fix your problem, and we’re doing just that.”

“You know what!? This isn’t worth it, we’ll talk tomorrow morning” she hisses as she storms off to get a little bit of sleep before tomorrow’s operation.

Early the next morning Velvet rose to begin her last minute preparations before her men gathered for morning formation, the national anthem blaring over the loud speakers.

“And as a sun o’new arises, let us comrades sing, forever forward, Hasta victoria!”
As the last note fades, Velvet pulls out a cigarette and puts it in her mouth before lighting it and taking a drag.

“Alright comrades, this should be a simple operation. Search and destroy, dig out a FUND base. But I will not lie to you. Just because this mission is simple, do not expect it to be easy. Our enemy will fight ruthlessly, and will be well dug in, and traps will be everywhere. But it’s nothing we haven’t trained for. HASTA VICTORIA!”

The men chant in response:

“VICTORIA”

“VICTORIA”

“VICTORIA”

“We move out in 1 hour, DISSMISSED!”

The troops dispersed throughout the base to make preparations before the operation, leaving Velvet to make her last minute organizations and preparations. After a few minutes, Heckler comes in to her planning room”

“May I ask... .could you expand on the plans for these operations?”

She rolls her eyes before speaking like she's explaining it to a day 1 recruit

“Well it's simple, we follow this route up till about here in trucks. Then we will dismount here, leaving a contingent to guard our rides outta there. Intel says there should be a base right about here, 15 klicks northeast of the trail's end. We take it on foot, in the hopes of getting the drop on them. If not, we got 2 Mi-28 gunships for airsupport if things get too hairy. All in all, we got about 50 of my troops and 25 of yourmercs.” You could have sworn she was a snake with all the venom she put into the word “merc.”

“And if intel is right, they have quite a stockpile of stuff there. Guns, narcotics, money, stolen gold, hell some even rumor that they got some of that nazi gold the yanks got there” she says with a dry chuckle, before drawing some lines on her map to mark out the route they plan to take, before copying the lines to another map and handing it to Heckler “Here, show this to your goons.” She says before dismissing him and returning to her last minute planning.

As the hour finally passed, Velvet and her troops finished getting ready and started loading into their Ural-4320 trucks. “Alright, now don't make me look too bad, the yanks are watching.” She says in a playful, joking tone, trying to keep morale up as they set out. The trucks rumble as they drive over the broken, uneven, muddy dirt road.

“A big storm is coming, so hopefully we can get this done before it starts downpouring”
The sound of thunder rings out. “.....Fuck”

A brief moment of silence comes over the truck, before Velvet decides to speak up, “.....So Gabriel, how's the family?”

“Its going great, things are looking good. We might be able to adopt a child soon.”

“Really? That's great” she says with a smile “Well now I gotta bring you home alive, your husband would kill me if I let you die.” She continues, letting out a slight chuckle.
Gabriel laughs back, Roberto shoots both of them a dirty look but quickly looks back at his rosary beads, running them through his fingers as his nostrils flare subtly and his rabbit ears twitch.

Velvet turns her attention to Jamie “Jamie, JAMIE look at me, no showing off, okay? This is a serious operation, I don't need you trying to do some fancy action movie bullshit. I've seen how that ends, and funny as that is, it will get someone killed if you do that shit, okay?”

Jamie, eyes darting around as his leg bounced up and down, replied oafishly,

“Yeah, yeah, no problem capitian”

“Why do I even bother with you, Jamie.” She says, with a frustrated sigh.
Meanwhile in the TC truck..

There was no sound, but the rumble of the road. Some men watched the tropic backdrop pass them by. The others glanced at their equipment, ensuring their weapons were ready for battle. Marshal, an older light grey wolf, looked over the slightly unfamiliar Paraisan equipment he's been given. He's been training with it ever since he got his hands on it, trying to put himself in the boots of the recruits who have to rely on this every day. Adam Crosby, better known as “Tango 3” by his colleagues, was a caucasian human, and a long time member of the private sector. He found himself with a Paraisan shotgun, and several pouches full of slugs and double aught buck. He was content with this weapon. A no frills self loader, just as he likes it. Jacob, a rather athletic grey wolf, tried to give himself as much space as he could manage in this rather

sardine-packed truck. Garrison held a lighter up to his face as he lit up a Paraisan cigar, uttering words of approval. Heckler inspected the FA24 issued to him. Courtesy of his prior military service in the Bundeswehr, he easily recognized the rifle to be a derivative of the G3 he occasionally came across in service. Kris, an arctic fox, hadn't moved one bit since she had sat down. Her intense gaze focused on the passing outdoors. She was lost in thought. Calculating the distance they've traveled since they left. The variances in speed. Mentally ensuring they're following the planned route. Keeping an eye out for muddy patches she can dive for, in order to blend into the environment. And Ryan, a black furred canine, decided to chirp up, breaking the silence.

"So....about our new.....Boss i think is the right term"

All the merc's eyes turn towards the young canine, with the exception of Kris.

"What about her?"

Replied Marshal. "She's well... y'know, a bit hot headed? full of herself? Emotional?"

Before Marshal could tear ryan a new asshole, Garrison spoke up

"I would be too"

He removed the cigar from his mouth. "I mean, this country has been at war in some form since world war 2. Its honestly impressive the people of this country are as well put together as they are, her included." He taps his cigar and steps out the ashes. "Besdies, she wouldn't still be alive if she was completely incompetent."

Ryan pipes up again

"So she just a little incompetent"

Garrison sighed.

"Shes... got a bit of a short fuse, and she's stubborn as a mule. But she's got a good heart. I just hope her head can match it before she gets good men killed."

The trucks come to a stop at a small clearing on a hill, surrounded by dense forest on almost all sides except the route they took in.

“Alright, EVERYONE OUT!” Velvet shouts from her truck as rain starts dribbling down. The soldiers jump out of the trucks, their boots splatting in the mud, still wet from rain earlier that week.

Velvet lights up a cigarette before barking more orders, “Alright, we got a long march ahead so lets get moving before it starts coming down any harder.” She starts moving forward with her troops in tow, and TC even further behind them. The air was hot and humid, even with the wind from the coming storm, it was still almost unbearably hot

As they marched up the path, the rain only got more intense. “Fuck’s sake.” She hissed, “Alright, lets try and pick up the pace, I don’t want to get any more wet than I absolutely have to. SO MOVE YOUR TAILS, MOTHERFUCKERS!” She shouts, her voice echoing through the forest as she lights another cigarette, thankful that her hat was wide enough to keep the rain off her cigarette.

Tango 3 speaks from the back of the line, “Hey, put that out, Velvet. You’re making us stick out like a sore thumb here.”

Velvet rolls her eyes and flares her nostrils, but throws the cigarette to the ground and stomps it out. Cursing him out under her breath as they keep marching forward.

After several hours of marching, they begin to close in on the FUND base and start seeing evidence of their patrols in the region.

Velvet and her men prepare for combat as they can hear the sounds of the FUND base, the laughter and drinking, they must be celebrating something. They can see them from the top of the hill they’re on, seeing that it is indeed a fairly large base.

Velvet quietly says “Alright, Dubois, Ramirez, you take your teams and set up your mortars. Argoud, Hernandez, Duvallie, find some high positions and get ready to shoot anyone who looks high ranking or tries to take command. Vedela, Bayani, set up your MGs on that cliff side, and get ready to rain fire on them, everyone else come with me.” As she starts walking her men

into position. Getting ready to attack, one the mortars and machine guns start setting up their firing positions.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH"

Roberto pushed forward towards the position shooting a wounded insurgent in the head, before double tapping the other one just to be sure.

“Fucking amateurs”

“.....Guess we dont need to cover him....asshole”

“Ja.”

“Alright, im moving forward. COVER ME!” she shouts as she taps his shoulder, before moving from cover as Heckler lays down suppressive fire. She takes cover behind a rock occupied by the corpses of 2 insurgents. She can feel one of their corpses staring at her, the eyes still not fully drained of life yet. Despite there being nothing behind them, she could still swear they were looking at her, judging her, a pit forming in her chest. He was a person, an enemy, but still a person. She couldn't take the body looking at her anymore. She kicked the body over.

“Fuck’s sake” she hissed under her breath, before engaging the last of the retreating insurgents. She managed to shoot one of them in the back, wounding them.

“AHHHHH, FUCK!” He screams in English, before falling to the ground in agony. Their grunts and wails become background noise as GN soldiers drive off the last of the insurgents.

“ALRIGHT! LETS SWEEP THE CAMP! BE CAREFUL, THEY PROBABLY LEFT TRAPS AND A FEW OF THE COULD STILL BE SITTING AROUND!” Velvet barks as she walks over to the wounded man. She kicks his rifle away and kneels down next to him, taking the pistol out of his holster before pinning him down by the throat

“Well, well, well, look what we got here. A yankee in the wild. I wonder, are you CIA or a merc.”

“I dont know what your talking about”

“Wrong answer” she sticks her thumb in his bullet hole and wiggles it around a bit

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

“Damn, can’t find the bullet, what a shame” she says, chuckling ominously.

“AHHHHHHH, OKAY OKAY I’M A PRIVATE CONTRACTOR, FUCK!” he screams, thrashing as Velvet holds him down

“See, was that so hard, now we’re gonna take you back to base and hold you ‘til the intel services get their hands on you. Then you’re gonna be passed around like a steak to a pack of dogs, understand?”

He nods, still gasping and grunting in pain, his teeth tightly gritted together .

“Good” She takes her thumb out and shouts for two of her men to keep him alive and prep him for transport, before beginning to pick through battle field for intel and loot. She carefully opens a shack door, after making sure there's no tripwire.

“Lets see what they got here?” she says as she starts picking through an old beat up desk, finding a bottle of aged French brandy in one of the draws.

“.....well,well,well, that's going in the private stash” she chuckles as she puts it in her backpack before rifling through the rest of the shack, finding nothing else of note before moving on to another shack. Opening the door there, and finding nothing,her radio crackles to life

“Comrade, we found one of their storage depots”

“Alright keep it how it is, let me give it a look, see what we take and see what we burn” she replies as she jogs over to the shack, a noticeably large shack, the fact that it wasn't mortared was a miracle.

“Holy shit, i think we hit the mother load “ she says as she looks around the building, guns, grenades, ammo, drugs both for sale and for use, and all other kinds of valuables. She wanders through the building, noticing a small cloth sack “Well what are you?” she whispers to herself before grabbing the sack, feeling the surprising weight for its size and what felt like rocks inside of it, opening it and seeing several valuable gems, including a black opal “hey roberto,

catch” she says as she tosses it too him “make sure that ends up with supply office, mommas getting our unit some new toys” she says with a slight chuckle.

“what’s got y’all so caught up on these Gems? I thought communism was all about like... practical stuff and planned economies or whatever” chimes in ryan, much to the irritation of his fellow mercs

“Yeah well, you know what they say, no plan survives contact with the enemy, so we need to improvise, especially when we need to pay people like you” Velvet hisses as she walks up to Ryan to stare him down

“C’mon now, kid was just asking questions, no need to get like that” garrison says as he steps between the 2 of them, his voice friendly but his eyes were that of disappointed father getting ready to break up 2 fighting siblings

“I guess there's no harm in asking questions” she hisses through gritted teeth, before going back to looking through the shack, a crude shack, made of plywood with nails sticking out of the wood “hey get in here and help look for any thing else of value, cause once were done here, we’re putting this whole place to the torch “ she shouts as her troops start pulling the building apart looking for more valuables, and grabbing the fuel from the store depot to set the whole base on fire “COME ON! PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!” she screams as they turn they place upside down

“Just more equipment and narcotics comrade” one of her men replies “nothing else we can take”

“Fuck, alright lets get this place ready to burn” She screams as she grabs a jerry can and starts splashing gasoline all over the store room as her men start soaking other buildings in gas “Stand back, when we light this baby up, she gonna make a big fucking boom” she says with a slight laugh as she keeps soaking the building with gas leaving a trail as she backs out, gesturing for everyone to back up “Alright, who's ready for some fireworks?” she says to no one in particular before striking a match and igniting the gas “ALRIGHT, GET TO COVER” she

screams before jumping behind a rock and covering her ears as everyone take cover behind something or other

“...BOOM” the shack explodes several minutes later, the ammo cooking off spraying rounds every which way, several rounds whizzing over everyone's head, the ammo dump popping and exploding like an independence day fireworks show “FUCK, I SHOULD HAVE HAD JAMIE LIGHT THAT SHIT” she says while giggle as bullets snap and crack over her head, slowly the bullets stop firing “fuck, alright, i think thats all of them” one last bullet pops of, make everyone flinch “okay, now its all of them...Alright, lets get moving i think they got the message about what happens when you fuck with the Gaurdia national haha.....where the fuck are those idiots i left with the prisoner” shes says, turning back too look around “ah fucking morons she says as turns back

“Hey, the hell you going?” shouts tango 3

“Going to find those 2 idiots i trusted our prisoner with” she shouts back

“I’ll come with you”

“The fuck you are! I can handle myself!”

“Alright, but if you get killed, it’ll be your own damn fault”he turns to marshals and says something to him

velvet storms off into bushes cursing tango out “mother fucker thinks he cans question me, thinks hes better than me, stupid fucking yank” she storms deeper into the forest cursing near constantly before suddenly “THUD” she is knocked to the ground, her glasses flying off her face, landing on the mud before being stomped by a pair of boots on an unknown figure “well,well ,well look who decided to stop in and say howdy, and such a purty lil thang too” the unknown voice says, before kicking her in the face and everything spins before going black

“HEY,WAKE UP ESPECE DE CONASSE!” a different voice shouts as they throw water in her face, her vision slowly coming too, but still blurry as she remembers what happened “LOOK AT ME!”

“Oh calm down frenchie, dont you euros know anything about manners or how to treat a guest?”

Frenchie punches her in the guts before walking away

“Nice to meet you too asshole” velvet says in heavily accented french frenchies nostrils flare up, but he keeps walking away as the canine esc figure gets up and walks up to her

“Howdy deer, now i hope you can forgive my companions lack of manners, you know how the french can be” he says with a slight chuckle “the names john but every one just calls me wayne, sorry about your predicament” he says,gesturing to her well, being tied to a tree, him getting close to her,his hand softly brushing on her cheek, velvet snaps away “Whoah, easy there, no need to struggle sweetheart, you aint going anywhere” he says as he grabs her face, his claws digging into her skin a little, his voice still calm but with a hint of fury behind it now, a grin creeping across his face as he leans in close to her, whispering into her ear “though, will admit, i do like it when they struggle a bit, make it more.....satisfying”

“Get your fucking hands off me”

“I don't think you fully aware of the position you're in sweetheart, you shot a very good buddy of mine, and i think its only fair i get some shots at you too hehehhehe” he says tightening his grip on her face even more, to the point where his claws start drawing blood Velvet grunts in pain before he lets go and licks the blood off his finger “T-that's all you got? my drill instructor put me through worse during basic!” he leans in and whispers “Yes please, keep that strong brave girl demeanor up, makes it feel so much better to have you on the end of my dick with tears in your eyes hahahahaahahahaha” he

cackles before another voice speaks up, a woman's voice "just remember to interrogate them before having your fun with them wayne"

"Oh come one when i have i ever not"

silence

"Okay fine, you no fun atare, you know that"

" Well for give me for trying to do my jo-" a phone rings "one second"

in japanese

"Really? That's great to hear! You say a good chance of a full recovery? Can I speak to them?..... Hi dad, its great to hear your voice again...i know,i know, you need to stop working so hard, your heart cant take it any more....i know but...yes dad, just try to recover, okay? Love you, I'll try to come visit when I can."

velvet knew a little japanese, not enough to hold a conversation but enough to know she was talking to an authority figure of some kind and she got some good news, but thats about all she could figure out

wayne inspects velvets revolver "hmmm, spanish clone of an american classic, guess it is true what they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flatter mediocrity can achieve hehehehehe" He points it at her knee

click

"Hmmmm?"

Click,Click,Click. He checks if it is loaded before trying again. Click

"Well this is what i get for trusting a European piece of junk" he tosses it to the side, before punching her in the gut "shame i got the drop on you, would have loved to see the look on your face when that piece of shit failed on you. Now what do you know?"

Silence

"Guess that's too vague for someone like you, hmmm where's the next set of patrols going, maybe we can get the drop on them and get some stuff from them" he says as he

caresses her thigh and licks her neck

BANG. A gun shot rings out

"Well looks like your rescue team arrived sooner than we thought" he says, grabbing his rifle as he steps away from her "You got lucky today, but just remember, you need to get lucky like this every time, I just need to get lucky once!" he fondles his crotch tauntingly before returning fire and retreating with his men

"I found her!" Shouts a familiar voice

"Fuck what did the do to you?" says a familiar sounding blur....Jacob reily, a grey wolf, weird guy, hates being touched

"Nothing I couldn't handle... can you cut me lose, and find my bag, i should have a spare pair of glasses there"

some rustling a searching and suddenly she could see again "oh thank fuck, i had no idea who any one was hehehehe" she laugh, but it was much meeker than usual

tango cuts her down "just remember, i only saved cause i cant say i told you so too a corps"

"Yeah..."

"You okay" asks Jacob

"Yeah I'm fine, now where did that prick toss my revolver?" she says as she rubs her wrist before spotting it on the ground in some nearby bushes

"There it is" she says as she walks over and put it in her holster

"Damn comrade, you gonna keep this all to yourself? Not very communist of you" shouts tango 3 holding the brandy she had stolen for herself

"Fine i guess i can share" she says, rolling her eyes as she picks up the rest of her stuff and lights up a ciggarette..... The rest of the walk back was a blur, a collection of are you okay, is everything alright as she ran into her friends and comrades and got in the truck, she might have said something on the way back she couldn't really remember, she got her revolver checked out by the armorer, said it was something to do with faulty primer or something, she

walks back to her home on base insisting shes fine..then the door slams shut and shes alone with her thoughts, she could feel her heart beat, feel her chest tighten,her legs grow weak as she collapses to the floor buries her face in her hands and cries, cries like she hadn't in a very long time before finally passing out.