

# Getting What You Want

## Reed's Realm

**Reed knelt in front of Martin's still body, his hands hovering over his friend's back. He had trouble taking his eyes off the pool of blood spreading beside him.**

**"What have I done? Shit, this is my fault. I shouldn't have ever let us split up." Reed shook his head, then checked both directions to make sure Willings wasn't sneaking up on them. "I am so sorry, Martin. I'm so sorry," Reed said in a cracked voice as the tears started to well up in the corners of his eyes. Reed reached up and put his left hand over both of his eyes, letting his body slump down.**

**"You will be sorry if you let that piece of shit get away," Reed heard a strained voice say.**

**Reed jerked up and looked down at Martin, whose eyes were open.**

**"Martin!" Reed yelled as put his hands on his friend's back.**

**"That son of a bitch shot me with my own gun. Can you believe that?" Martin asked, fighting back the pain. "The Chief is gonna have my ass for this one."**

**Reed slowly turned him over to see that the blood had soaked through Martin's shirt and coat from his upper right shoulder. Reed took off his jacket and rolled it up as compact as possible. He then lifted Martin's coat far enough to slide the manufactured bandage on the wound. Martin's body trembled with a jolt of pain.**

**"Keep as much pressure on it as you can," Reed said. He picked up Martin's hand and put it on the wound.**

**"So what are you waiting for," Martin asked, out of breath. "Go get the get the son of a bitch."**

**"I'm not leaving you here unarmed. I'm getting you out of here," Reed said.**

**"No, man. Leave me here and go get him," Martin insisted. "I don't want you to lose this guy because I screwed up."**

**Reed reached into his back waistband and took out his backup gun from its holster and handed it to Martin. "If he comes back, take his head off."**

**Martin's face formed a half-smile. "Not a problem, but I don't think he's coming back. He took off when he heard your two shots," he said.**

**"Well, you can protect yourself just in case," Reed answered.**

**Martin took several deep breaths. "He didn't have a gun, and I never saw him coming until he was on top of me. You got to watch him. The bastard came out of nowhere. I got a few shots off and could have sworn that I drilled him." Martin's head fell back and he paused a moment. "He must be wearing a vest, because he didn't stop. We fought over my gun and I got shot. As I went down from the shot, I was able to pop the clip out," Martin said as he opened his hand holding the clip from his gun. "All he has is one shot in the barrel."**

**Feeling a fountain of anger well up inside him, Reed stood and looked down the hall. He had never wanted to catch anyone more in his life than he did Willings at this very moment. He nodded at Martin and turned to go after the suspect.**

**"Hey," Martin said stopping Reed in the same fashion that Reed had done earlier.**

**Reed turned and looked back at Martin. "Yeah," he returned.**

**"Get my gun back, okay," he said.**

**"I will," Reed said, nodding. He looked at his friend for only a moment longer before heading down the corridor.**

**Reed came to another corridor that connected the two hallways between cargo holds. Reed stopped and tried to determine which direction in which to go. He decided to take the pathway through right side of the ship. After only a few steps, he could see the next doorway. He looked into the next room as far as he could and didn't see anything. He knew that this could be another trap, but this time, he wasn't going to fall for it. As he came closer to the door, he once again moved his gun in front of his face and readied himself to fire.**

**Before he could make his move, Reed felt cold steel press against the back of his head.**

**"Move and you're a dead man," a voice said from behind him.**

**Reed knew that there was only one place that Willings could have come from. "You were in the storage hold after all," Reed said. "You're clever. I'll give you that."**

**“Drop your gun,” the man said.**

**Reed slowly moved his gun away from his body to the side, letting it hang from the index finger of his right hand.**

**“Toss it,” the man behind him ordered.**

**Reed complied by throwing the gun into the hall in front of him. The shadows in the hall prevented him from seeing exactly where it landed.**

**“Now turn around slowly,” the voice said.**

**Reed complied, turning in slow motion to see that the barrel of Martin’s gun was being held at his face by the man for whom he had been searching.**

**“David Willings,” Reed said.**

**“That person no longer exists,” the suspect said. “He died a long time ago. Willings’ dark hair hung limp on his head and looked like it could use a good wash. His equally dark eyes were wild.**

**“Well, then I must be looking at a ghost, or seeing shit. Which is it?” Reed asked.**

**“You’re bein’ awfully funny for somebody that’s about to die,” he returned.**

**“If you wanted me dead, I doubt I’d be breathing,” Reed said. “Just pull the trigger if you’re going to.”**

**“All in good time,” the murderer said, his lip curled in a snarl. “But first I need to know what you know about me,” Willings stated.**

**Reed stared into Willings’ cold and emotionless eyes. At first thought, he didn’t want to tell him anything, but the officer decided that he might be able to buy more time and look for an opening to attack.**

**“Oh, you don’t want to talk?” Willings said with a smirk. “Are you mad because I killed your partner?”**

**Reed’s anger toward him in that moment turned into a fierce hatred. He could feel his body tense as the pressure to act built and built. He fought his own instincts to control the urge, which increased with every second that passed.**

**“I can see you shaking. Don’t worry, you’ll be joining your friend soon enough,” Willings said. “Now tell me what you know?”**

**Reed drew a long breath in through his nose. He could barely open his clenched teeth to speak, but he somehow found the power to do so. "I know three things about you," Reed finally spoke.**

**"One is that you killed Peter Kerigan, and two is that you killed Jonathon Simmons," Reed spat.**

**Before he could continue, Willings' laughter interrupted him.**

**"You give me more credit than I earned," Willings said. "Don't get me wrong, I killed a bunch of people, but I didn't kill Peter Kerrigan. As for Jo-Jo, that little street bastard had been living on enough borrowed time to have lived ten lifetimes."**

**While Willings ranted, Reed took the time to examine the room. On the opposite side was another corridor. Just passed the doorway, he could see a tool box fixed against the wall. Leaning up against it was a pipe wrench that was at least thirty inches long. Reed began turning over ways he could use it in his head.**

**"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Detective. I cut you off. You got something else on you're little list," Willings said in an emotionless tone. In his mind Reed's fate was sealed when he stepped onto the ship.**

**Reed's fingers twitched and his skin began to tingle. "It is simple," Reed spoke before pausing and looking down at the floor. Reed paused for a moment, taking in another breath before looking back up at Willings. This time it was Reed who smiled.**

**"Well, the third thing I know about you is that as of this moment, your killing days are over," Reed said as he lunged forward, letting all his pent up anger explode with the strength of a hundred men.**

**Willings' eyes went wide as the officer hurtled toward him. Reed hit him like a linebacker, driving his shoulder into Willings' chest. As they move backward, Reed circled his arms around Willings' waste, lifting his feet off the floor with all his strength. Reed pushed him straight back and into the wall of the corridor behind him. As they hit the wall, the gun that Willings was holding let out one shot that barely missed Reed's head, ripping into the cargo hold wall.**

**Willings cursed and tried to wrestle the gun from between them and into a position for better use. The smaller man shoved Reed with unnatural force. Reed slammed back against the tool box, his body bending around the old metal with a booming thud. He collapsed onto the floor, his back against the container. With pain wracking his body, but luck on his side, his hand found the handle of the pipe wrench he'd spied minutes before.**

**Willings sauntered to him, a grim smile on his lips, and stood over Reed not seeing that the officer had a firm grip on the wrench's handle.**

**Willings pointed the gun at Reed's head. Reed held his breath as he watched Willings' smile widen and his lips part to ask, "Any last words, pig?"**

**Reed smiled back at him. "Yeah, I do. Surprise, mother fucker!"**

**Willings pulled the trigger and only heard a click. His face twisting into a snarl, he turned the gun over and saw that the clip was no longer in place.**

**"Well, son of a—"**

**Reed didn't allow the man to finish the sentence. Reed swung the wrench with all his strength, side swiping the tool across Willings' right temple. The man staggered backward while the sound of crunching bone reverberated off the walls. Reed jumped to his feet and swung again as if he were Sammy Sosa going for the fences. The wrench connected with the suspect's face and sent him flying off his feet and hitting the steel flooring like a ton of wet bricks. He slid to rest with his face crushed against the wall.**

**Reed glared at the suspect knowing that no man would be getting up from a blow like that. He walked over and leaned down to turn Willings motionless body over to his back. As Reed took a hold of his shirt, Willings spun around and followed up with a fist that connected sharp to Reed's jaw.**

**Reed crumbled to the floor again, his mind not able to comprehend how Willings was not unconscious. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Willings pop up as if he were fresh as a daisy. He walked over to Reed and grabbed him around the neck with both hands. The man pulled Reed to his feet, then up farther in the air, suspending his shoes above the floor. Blood flowed freely from Reed's mouth and nose, and he could feel his head turning red as he airway became obstructed.**

**Willings looked at Reed and smiled, showing a small trickle of blood that was leaking out of his mouth from the wrench shot. "Haven't you figured this out yet?" Willings asked as he spit out a mouth full of blood out onto the front of Reed's shirt.**

**"You can't kill me," Willings said. He reached down with powerful arms and tossed Reed across the main hall way. The officer's limp body came to rest in front of the hull door.**

**Reed shook his head. He wasn't sure what parts of his body might be injured because everything seemed to hurt at once. He didn't think he'd hit his head, but his ears were ringing and he wasn't sure his vision was clear.**

**“Lot’s of people have tried to take me out like you’re trying to do now, and in the end, as you can see, I’m still here and they’re worm food,” Willings said as he moved his hands down his body as if to be showcasing himself.**

**Reed stumbled to his feet and tried to straighten up as much as possible. He was able to stand with confidence after a moment of uncertainty. It was then his turn to spit blood, and he did so by returning the favor to Willings’ shirt. With a smirk, Reed watched the blood splatter.**

**“You hit like a little bitch,” Reed said as he attempted to wipe some of the blood from his face.**

**Willings’ eyes narrowed and he moved toward the officer. Willings through up a hand nonchalantly, deflecting Reed’s attempt to hit him. There was nothing the officer could do as the suspect hit Reed with shot after shot. His face, stomach, and chest took several punches from the man’s lightening fast hands. Willings finally connected with a devastating punch that sent Reed flying to the opposite side of the small room. As Reed concentrated his body up once more to his feet, he ignored Willings, who stood still laughing softly to himself. Reed shifted his weight to his hands and felt something tap the outside of his right palm. He looked down and saw his 9 mm that he had lost earlier. While still moving as if to get up, Reed moved over the gun and gripped it in his hand.**

**“I’ll give it to you,” Willings said as he began moving toward Reed again. “You put up a good fight. Best one I have had in a while. I kind of hate to kill you, but that can’t be helped. Maybe things will be different in the next life.”**

**Wasting no more time, Reed rose up and took aim at the suspect, firing off a shot. The sound bounced off the walls like thunder. Willings stopped in mid-step as the bullet hit him in the upper thigh. Blood and flesh bubbled from the wound immediately and splattered on the floor in front of him.**

**Willings reached down and placed his hand over his wound. Instead of falling, Willings just frowned and shook his head at Reed, stood up straight, and started to move forward again.**

**“It’s like I said, you can’t kill me,” Willings stated again, his speech even and controlled.**

**Reed could not believe that the man was still coming. It was the first time in his life that he felt his life to be in real danger. Willings should have still been unconscious from the head shot, and unable to walk from the bullet wound. Reed knew that he needed Willings alive, but he was beginning to think that this was a fight that he was not going to win.**

**Reed leveled the gun at his attacker. Willings moved in faster than should have been possible, but Reed was able to get another shot off. It hit Willings square in the chest. Again, Willings stopped, but did not fall. Not taking time to ponder the development, Reed pulled the trigger in rapid succession and shot Willings six more times in the chest. Each shot staggered him backwards, but was not powerful enough to get the man off his feet.**

**Willings leaned against the far wall, his hand on his chest. Blood poured over his fingers and he was finally breathing heavily. The multiple shots had taken effect, but there was no reason that Willings should still be alive.**

**Reed pulled the trigger again, but his clip was out, and a hollow click rang throughout the chamber. Willings glared at him, and Reed thought he'd have to fight the man off again. Instead, the murderer ducked through the nearby doorway and around the corner out of sight. Reed popped the clip out of his gun and tried to steady his hand to find his extra clip.**

**Reed's bleeding body was still shrieking with pain. Locating the extra bullets, he slapped the clip in place and cocked the first bullet into the chamber. He wanted to do nothing but sit there and recover at least to the point of comprehension, but he knew that he could not let Willings slip away. He drew enough strength to make it to his feet and started to follow the blood trail down the hallway. The feeling of Willings getting away started to wave over his body more and more, unlocking the extra kick of adrenaline that he needed to start moving faster to catch his prey.**

**The blood trail led him to the other spiraling stair case at the bow of the ship. Reed scaled the steps as fast as his tired and battered body would allow, busting through the door at the top, his gun leading his way. Reed surveyed the room in which he emerged, realizing that he was in the helm of the ship. He didn't see any signs of Willings as he made his way to the exit that led out to the deck of the ship.**

**Reed stopped after two steps on the deck. He blinked his eyes several times to assure himself that he wasn't seeing things. Willings' body was sprawled across the surface and a figure in the darkness leaned over the still form.**

**"Freeze," Reed yelled as he took aim at the new player in this drama.**

**The silhouette of darkness didn't move. Reed took a step towards the person. The figure sprang to its feet and bolted toward the rail of the ship. Reed couldn't make out any distinguishing features. Reed tried to summon the energy to move, but knew he'd never be able to catch the person in his present condition.**

**“Stop or I’ll shoot,” Reed yelled. The dark figure reached the railing of the boat and lunged over the side and out of sight. Reed rushed to the railing and took aim with his gun over the side of the ship, his eyes scanning the vast space below. The calm waters of the Mississippi River were the only thing that he found. Not one splash or one extra ripple could be heard or seen. Whoever was on the ship had just disappeared into thin air.**

**Reed’s legs were trembling and could no longer hold up his body weight. Every drop of adrenaline seemed to empty from his muscles and he found himself collapsing down onto the deck of the ship. As the pain intensified throughout his body, the blood continued to flow from his nose and mouth, Reed turned and leaned his back onto the side of the ship. He slowly reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone, flipping it open, dialing 911, and hitting the speaker button so that he would not have to bring the phone to his ear.**

**“911, what is your emergency?” a female voice radiated out into the thick night air.**

**“This is Detective Reed Hackman. I’m at the Port of New Orleans at the Port Dock. I have an officer down and one hostile dead. I need immediate back up and a medical unit to my location,” Reed said, feeling as if he had spent his last bit of energy holding up the phone and speaking, and that he might pass out at any moment.**

**“Please stay on the line,” the operator said before leaving the line to call all available units to the Port Dock.**

**Reed dropped his arm to his side, letting his phone slip out of his hand and onto the deck of the ship.**

**“Help is on its way, Detective,” Reed heard the operator say as if from a tunnel.**

**Reed allowed his head to rest against the railing behind him as he looked once more over to the motionless body of David Willings. Reed drew in a deep breath as he tried to relax, knowing that help was almost there. Multiple sirens sang out in the distance, getting louder and louder.**