

Wolf

Author *Daniel Dawson*

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Blurb

A dirty cop. A city that wants him gone. Peck's not afraid of the trap - they should be afraid of the wolf who walks into it.

Tags

- Noir Fiction
- Flash Fiction
- Crime Fiction
- Hardboiled
- Thriller



I moved through side yards like this was my neighborhood.
The random trash and abandoned properties felt like home.
Rain kept the regular folks inside—where it was safe.

A quick glance behind revealed two figures closing in.
Armed and dangerous no doubt.
By now, everyone knew I wasn't to be played with.

Leave enough bodies and they quit laughing at your name.
Growing up with the last name Peck wasn't easy.
But who the hell wants easy. Feared means more.

All ruled good shoots; but, the brass didn't mind me stacking bodies.
The city was going downhill and they needed someone to put the brakes on.
A half dozen dealers was a good start.

It didn't go unnoticed.
These clowns were the latest batch of fools sent to test me.
Not a great idea. Most likely their last bad decision.

Shoulder opened an old farmhouse.
Pulled a 3D printed mini claymore out of my sling bag.
Four rounds of double-ot buck. More than a bad day.
Knelt and placed it behind the cracked door.
Duct-taped it into position and set the front trigger.
Kick this door and it kicks back.

Peck: "Dispatch, I have two hostiles making a move."

A long pause. Too long.

Dispatch: "Take your medicine."

I laughed—short, sharp. The kind you give a bad joke.
The force was dirty. Surprised? Not even a little.

Peck: "It is going to take more than two."

Dispatch: "Then die tired."

Made my way up the stairs. Peered out.
Through the rain, multiple cars unloaded.
Weapons out, not even trying to hide it.

Pulled a collapsed AR-15 from the bag.
Folded the tube, slid in 125-grain black tips.
Overloaded 300 blackout.
The bolt slammed home like a promise.

They thought I was a cop who liked to kill.
That statement stands next to the truth at a funeral.

Truth is: I am a killer who hides behind a badge.

Scared. Nope.

Excited for what comes next.

Built for violence.

The device exploded. Men screamed.

I turned to the stairs and drew a line with gunfire through the wall.

The binary trigger giving cadence like a jackhammer.

The wall shredded. More screams and panic.

Peck: "Still waiting on that medicine."

Static. Silence.

Nothing to say, tough guy.

My grin wide.

Me cornered?

A wolf isn't afraid when surrounded by rabbits.

Exited out the front and swept in behind the chaos.

Shots from the edge of the house were too easy.

Eight men dead. Still under estimated.

Peck: "Tell your boss, there is no cure for my sickness."

Silence answered.

No shame. No guilt.

A wolf doesn't apologize.