Just another day in the fields

by Simplelum

Summary

Jose lose everything he holds dear. Now only filled with anger and emptiness, can he learn to be more human again while he saved the world with Overwatch?

Notes

Hey guys, so this is my very first fan fic!!! I hope you guys enjoy!!!

For reference

** ** means sound like explosion

' ' represents a thought

" " with be used in verbal conversations

See the end of the work for more notes.
All was tranquil on the tropical island of Cuba. White beaches, warm waters, and cabanas around every corner, this was paradise. This was the home of Jose Miguel Cervantes, a 34 year old plantation worker. During the day he would work in the fields collecting tobacco, while taking some for himself. On his break he would have a drink of rum with a cigar while calling home to check up on his family. His family was his pride and joy. He loved them to death. He was married to a beautiful woman named Catalina Buenasvilla Cervantes for 16 years, and had three little children of his own. The eldest, Juan Luis, was 14 years old. Rosita Maria was the middle child at 11 years of age, a true sweetheart and daddy’s girl. The youngest was Jose Miguel or Little Jr, who was 10 years old and was always in trouble. After work, Jose would stop at a cabana on the way home for a quick drink. Once home, he would eat with his family and spend time with them. Jose’s life was perfect. Until… they... came...
He remembered the day the doctors brought into the light his baby girl. He was the first one to hold the small infant. His eyes teared up with joy as the baby cried in the man’s arms. He whispered “Do not cry mi Rosita, I will always be there to protect you”. As soon as those words left his mouth, little Rosita stopped crying. The room fell silent, and at that moment the baby opened her eyes to reveal a beautiful pair of brown eyes that gazed upon those of her father’s. Jose was lost for thoughts. He could not even hear when the doctors and his own wife called out to him, at that moment it was just him and his baby girl. Of course he did love his boys very much, but they grew closer to their mother and little Rosita was more attached to Jose.

It was like it was yesterday when he walked through the door of his house and was tackled by a little girl followed by her brothers. Jose would give Jr a piggyback ride as Rosita sat on his flexing arm as if it were a chair on one side and his eldest he carries in the other arm. As he greeted his wife, Jose brought down his kids and then got settled down to eat dinner. That was the day Juan talked about a girl he liked. Jose spent hours giving the boy advice that he would forget let alone use. Then he remembered the day he left. The day they came.

For a some time after it started, the omnic crisis stayed away from the tropical island. But the tranquil island was given a sucker punch as omnic sympathizers erected in secret an omnium on the island. The government was foolish to lend out its military to surrounding countries at war. A militia was formed and began to draft citizens into their ranks. When forces made it to Camaguey, they enlisted Jose into their ranks. As he packed a small duffle bag, Jose said his farewells to his family. He looked at little Rosita and said, “Mija, do not fret. I will go and fight to protect you and our family”. He kissed her on top of her head, then moved his attention to Jr. “Stay out of trouble small one and help around the house, ok mijo”. Tears swelled up in the boy’s eyes, he shook his head in agreement to his father’s wish. Jose addressed Juan Luis next. “Juan, you will be the man of the house while I am gone. Take care of them in my absence. And take this”, Jose handed his eldest son a knife. “It belonged to your great-grandfather, who passed it down to your grandfather, then to me. Now my son, I bestow it upon you. Take good care of it as you will take care of the family”. “You can count on me papi”, Juan replied to his father. Finally Jose looked at his beloved wife and said, “Amor, keep the kids safe. I will return as soon as I can.”, and kisses her before she has the chance to say something. This would be a quick kiss, but Jose did not know if he would ever return to his family again, so he poured as much passion as he could into the kiss. After their lips parted, he grabbed his whole family into his arms to give them one last hug. Little Rosita looks up from the hug and says, “Papí, when will w-”.

Jose was tacked to the ground by a fellow soldier as a rocket exploded right above their heads. Jose shook his head, realizing where he was. He was on the frontlines fighting omnics, about 12 miles about from his house. He was lost in thought again. Being back in Camaguey for the first time in two years has flooded memories into his head. Some of the other soldiers called it the thousand mile stare, where their mind wonders off to escape the gore of the battlefield. Jose tried to get the attention of his comrade who was still on top of him when he saw that the man was already dead. He pushed the corpse of the fallen soldier aside and whispered of a quick prayer before moving out. Jose’s squad was being pinned by two baston units and a tripod battle omnic. He moved from cover to cover, dodging fire from the hostile omnics. Luckily, he made it across just fine. When Jose made it to the rest of squad, his luck turned for the worse. Upon arrival, a scout rushed in proclaiming, “Comandante, omnic reinforcement coming from the west. About 30 basics bots accompanied by three
bastion units will arrive in about 45 minutes”. This news was toucher to Jose’s ears. ‘The battalion would pass right by the house!’ thought Jose, ‘I must go and protect them!’ With that Jose left, making a beeline to his home.

After running away for the shouting soldiers calling him back, Jose was three miles away from his family. He hoped that they did evacuate in time, but he knew that he was wrong when he saw the messenger, sent to evacuate the town, lying on the floor, with several bullet wounds and blood pooled around the man. Damned omnis. At that moment, Jose realized that he had dropped his rifle back at the encampment with the rest of the soldiers. He was only armed with a machete and his side arm, a snub nosed revolver. ‘I will have to make do with this’, he thought and continued on running through the lifeless streets that belonged to his home. Soon, Jose was able to see his house in the distance. Unfortunately he spotted an omnic scout as well. Out of desperation to protect and reunite with his family, Jose made a run towards the all too familiar wooden door he was so accustom to enter through. In his attempt, the omnic spotted him and calculated his destination. In hopes of stopping the man, the scout aimed a small rocket, originally meant for an armored vehicle, and fired it at the house. ‘Only a few more feet’ Jose thought. His hand reached out in anticipation to grab the doorknob when *BOOM*, the anti-vehicle rocket hit the house, knocking Jose back.

On the ground, Jose lifted his throbbing head to only see his house utterly destroyed. A brief moment of grief filled his soul as his hind thought of his family that perished right before him. Though it did not last long as he was soon fueled with rage. Jose instinctively took out the revolver and began firing at the scout. After missing two shot, whether it was because of his head injury or that he could not think straight, his third shot made its mark on the omnic’s optical sensor, leaving it blind. “Beeeeeeeeeep” screamed the omnic scout and it fell to the floor clutching its wound. Jose wanted to do more, but instead turned back to the ruins that were his home. He began to shift the rumble frantically, in hopes that someone survived. His hope began to diminish until he saw her. He had found his little Rosita! With a sense and urgency and joy, Jose moved the remains of his home aside to rescue his little girl. When he reached her, he saw that she was crawled up in a ball and was holding something. He took a knee and brought her into his arms. He could hear her crying. “Do not cry mi Rosita, I am here now. I am here to protect you.” The girl looked up and saw her father with the same brown eyes that matched her own. “PAPÍ!”, the girl manage to shout. She attempted to put her arms around her father, who she missed so very much, but revealed a large puncture wound in her abdomen. The rapid movement emitted pain from the wound forcing the girl to stop. “Do not worry mi Rosita, we will get you patched up.” Jose stated, trying to calm his daughter down. “No papí, there will be no time. Before you came I was already seeing a beautiful bright light and a saw abuelita too. She wanted me to go with her.”, Rosita paused and lifted her bloody hand and pointed to the space she had been lying at, “I had heard your squad would pass through here. So I was waiting to give you a late birthday present”. On the ground laid a crudely wrapped present shaped like a bottle, no doubt and bottle of his favorite rum. He attention was brought back to his daughter as she began to tremble. He took his hand and started to smooth her hair out in attempts to calm her down. He could feel the small pieces of debris tangled in the hair. The trembles stopped for a while be then slowly began again. Rosita looks up at her father, “Stay safe papí, ok. I love y-”. Rosita did not last long enough to finish her sentence. Her body went limp and her head fell back. Jose broke down and shed tears of sorrow at the lost of his little girl. After some time crying, he lied her back down and said a few prayer. Then he saw a hand poking out of the rumble. Jose rushed over to move the debris, but found that the hand was severed with no body near by. Realizing reality, he went back to pick up the gift and opened it, revealing a bottle of rum.

He opened it and began to drink has loss and sorrows away, until he hear the injured omnic still screaming in pain. A drunken rage clouded his mind. He headed over to the omnic with his revolver in hand and shot the remainder of his bullets its head. Sparks flew as each bullet pierced through the alloy and destroying the internal workings of the omnic. Once out of bullets, Jose reloaded and shot
all six new rounds in the dead omnic’s head. Jose reloaded his gun as he walked away. His mind drifted into deep thought and he walk. ’What will happen now? Now that they are gone’. His mind was brought back when the sound of a tree fell in the distance. ’The omnic reinforcements are here’ thought Jose as he stuck his machete into the ground and sat with his revolver in his left hand and the bottle in his right, he waited for the oncoming slaughter that will ensue. ’Let them come. I am ready’. He did not fear death for he did not have anything to live for. His life was destroyed the moment the rocket killed his family.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. More influence from the Overwatch will be added more in further chapters. Thank you for your support and hang tight, the next chapter will be dropping soon.
the Drunken Battle

When the omnis arrived at the they found a lone man in a torn up olive green uniform. The moment of hesitation from the hostile troop was all Jose needed. He jumped from his rock switching the bottle for the machete. His speed gave Jose the advantage of the slow omnis. He swung his machete at full force towards the first one he encountered and decapitated the omnic. The three bastion units scattered, no doubt to find a strategic location to fight from. He alternated his attack by shooting the next two in the head. Sweat poured down from his face only to be collected in his large moustache. His muscles were trying to give out, but he would not let them. Jose relied more on his machete attacks rather that his revolver, so the problem of reloading would be delayed. After killing 17 basic bots, the remainder started to fired back. Most were missing and were committing friendly fire, one bot did manage to hit Jose in his torso.

Lucky for Jose, it was merely a flesh wound that stopped at the bone. Unfortunately that does not stop the excruciating pain that spread like wildfire began to cover his body. ‘Gotta keep on going. Gotta keep on going. Gotta keep on going’. Those were the only thoughts in Jose's mind at that moment. Six omnis were killed by friendly fire and another six by Jose. With one round in his revolver, he faced the last basic bot. As Jose ran to finish this omnic off, the machine lifted his arm aiming a small rocket.

Jose dove as the rocket was launched. Missing him, the rocket hit a nearby building. Lucky for Jose, a bastion unit was on the building. On top of the building, the bastion unit had set up his sentry mode there, when he fell into the collapsing building below him. As the omnic watched the building crumble, Jose got up and drove his machete into the omnic. The impaled omnic stood still and the machete sliced into his motor cables or the omnic’s spine. Unable to move, Jose brought the revolver to the head of the omnic and pulled the trigger. The lights from the omnic’s body faded out and was now only being supported by the impaled machete still in him. Jose brought up his foot and kicked the shell of the machine off of his machete. Exhausted, he returns to his sitting rock to begin drinking again. He sat down with a thump and proceeded to take a sip of rum when the two remaining bastion units started to fire at him.

Jose ran for cover, dodging the hail of bullets aimed at him. Behind the remains of a wall, he reloads his gun. His machete was back at the stone. His heart raced as the hail of bullet did not seem to stop. Jose peered out from behind his cover to see the locations of the two bastions. One bastion took cover behind a house and the other was behind the tree line. Jose thought for a moment to plan his next move. Bullets hitting the rumble around him launched pieces of the stones at Jose. The ricocheted pebbles stuck to his sweaty skin. ‘I'll move through the alleyways to catch the first bastion by surprise’. He grabbed a rock and chunked it to the right of him. The bastions took the destruction and Jose bolted left, making to the next house.

Back to the wall, he began to regain his breathing and rested for a bit. He remembered the neighborhood pretty well, for being absent for two years, and sneaked his way around the houses. When his rounded to the house sheltering the bastion, his eyes spotted a bottle of liquor on the ground before him. He wanted to take a sip, but instead the gears in his mind began to spin. After a
moment, Jose ripped a piece of his sock off and stuffed it in the mouth of the bottle. As soon as it was fitted into place, he took his cigar torch and lit the rag on fire. With the cruelty made molotov in his hand, Jose throw it at the back side of the bastion unit. Upon detecting the projectile, the bastion exited his sentry mode in an attempt to run from the radius of the bottle. Unfortunately, he was too slow and in mid transmission, the bastion was struck by the bottle. The omnic screeched in pain as the liquor clung to the circuitry and proceed to burn through the black rubber insulation protecting the wiring. Jose hid behind cover waiting for the omnic in anguish to perish. The air filled with the smell of melted rubber, burning Jose’s covered nose. His muscles released pinned up tension from his tiresome body as the screeches from the charred omnic died away. Jose enjoyed his small break until his wound began to shoot pain once again. Jose took off his tattered olive green military shirt and began to tear strips of cloth from it. He used one of the pieces to to wrap up the wound in a makeshift bandage. With one more bastion unit to go, Jose knew there was no time to spare.

Jose snuck behind a few houses to avoid detection, when he spotted a pen of domesticated boars. He remembered that one of his neighbors wanted to do this in order to keep them as pets. ‘Guess he finally did it’, Jose thought to himself, ‘if the omnic has too many target, then it would been too busy to notice me go through’. He opened the pen to release the boars in the direction of the bastion, “sorry Jorge”, was all he could mutter. As the boars got closer, the omnic began to fire. As soon as the first shot rang out, the boars scattered around the bastion. The omnic tried to scan the targets, but his optical sensor was overwhelmed and left the omnic confused. In his confusion, the bastin turned into his recon mode. Jose has used this diversion to his advantage.

He grabbed a large rock, snuck behind the bastion and shoved the rock into the cylinder of the turret. The bastion detected the blockage in the gun and turned around. Jose shot the omnic as he turned around. The shot missed the omnic’s head and hit a wire at the base of the neck. The bastion fired a burst of bullets into Jose. Disregarding the stinging pain, Jose pointed his gun closer to the weapon and fired two shots disabling it for the omnic to use again. ‘ERROR’ signs popping up on the screen, the bastion resorted to melee attacks. The omnic located the weakened areas on Jose’s body and attempted to hit the man there. Jose was fast than the omnic, dodging the punches thrown by the machine. Both combatants fought with no avail until Jose needed to catch a quick breath, allowing the bastion to slam his gun into the bullet wounds. Jose staggered back. Pain engulfed his mind. The bastion charged at Jose to continue the attack. Jose, staggering, saw the bastion rushing at him. Jose acted out of instinct and fired the remaining three bullets from his revolver. All three shots found their mark on the omnic’s head. The bastion fell to the ground with a thud. Jose released a sigh of relief before collapsing on his knees. His eyes flickered as did his mind. The last image Jose saw before passing out was his military squad turning the corner of a house in ruin, running towards him.
A ray of light pierced through a pitch black area. The light grew and grew in size and intensity. Soon the blinding light stung before a tan tarp focused into sight. Jose regained conscious and immediately began to survey his surroundings. All he could tell was that his was in a tent with some supplies. Pain stopped him from continuing his search. He let out a grunt of pain and agony. Within a second, a man in an olive uniform barged into the tent. “Jose! You’re alive!”, shouted the man as he rushed over to the injured man. Jose studied the man’s face. Then he remembered who he was. “Ruben!” cried Jose. Ruben Garcia was Jose’s closest friend in his squad. They have seen countless battles and saved each others live a few times.

“What happened Ruben? All I remember was seeing the squad running then nothing” asked Jose. Ruben pulled up a chair and placed his hand on Jose’s shoulder, “you passed out amigo. The blood loss and pain got to you before we could. When we reached you, we ordered an immediate evacuation to take you to get some better medical attention than the field medic. When we got you to the commanding base, doctors rushed to get the bullets out of you and close up the wounds before an infection took root. You were still unconscious after the surgery. You have been here in the recovery ward ever since”, “For how long have I lied on this cot?”, questioned Jose. “Two and a half weeks Jose”, replied Ruben, “But do not fret amigo. A week ago the international fighters called Overwatch responded to our request of aid. They arrived three days ago. Though small, this battalion knows how to get the job done right. Their sniper actually doubles as their medic, she had requested to examine your wounds when you woke up.” “Then sent her in amigo”, Jose said with chuckling, “Lets see what she can do. Also, could you get me some rum”.

Ruben joined Jose’s laughter. After that, Ruben got up and left to find the overwatch sniper. Jose just lied on his cot, running his finger along the bandage over his wound, wondering, what was the world gonna throw at him next. After a bit of pondering, Jose heard two sets of footsteps outside the tent. The first to enter was a tan woman in a blue uniform and a tattoo under the right eye. Her eyes has a stern look to them like she meant business, though her mouth wore a thin smile giving her a different look. She carried a rifle on her back and a small case in her hand. Jose expected Ruben to follow behind her, but instead a large towering figure entered the tent. He looked much older than his partner, having white hair on his head and face. His right eye was pure white surrounded by a scar. The duo walked towards Jose. The women spoke first, “Greetings. I am Captain Amari, Second in command of Overwatch and this is Lieutenant Wilhelm. Upon arriving, we were told of you heroic feat. Defending a city from an omnic battalion is on its own difficult enough. But doing so on your own? You must have been a mad man. You got gut soldier. Hopefully still in you. Let’s take a look at those wounds.” As Capt Amari moved to Jose’s side and began to see his injuries, Lt Wilhelm stood at the foot of the cot. “Please, no need for formalities my friend. Just call me Reinhardt.” Jose looked at the man “Sure. Name’s Jose.” Reinhardt smiled at his new friend as Amari rolled her eye. Then she shook her head. “Jose”, she said “ this does not look good.” “What do you mean?” Replied Jose with a face of worry. Capt Amari lifted her face to see the worrisome face of the survivor. “Does this hurt?” she asked as she applied pressure to the wound. Jose replied, “No. No pain!”, he was relieved. “That means I am all healed up right?”. With a grim face, Capt Amari answered, “No. Far from being healed”. She removed the bandage to reveal Jose’s wound had turned green. “Your wound has been infected with gangrene. I’m sorry.”

The room fell silent, Jose was taken back at the news. After some time to process the news, Jose asked, “Does that mean I will die?” “With real proper medical attention, no. You will be fine. I will take to Strike Commander Morrison about an evac to get some real treatment instead on just resting on your death cot”. With that, Capt Amari left the tent leaving behind the case she brought with her,
yet Reinhardt stayed. After a brief moment of silence, Reinhardt moved to Jose’s side. Jose turned his head toward the man, “The soldier who informed you that I am awake. Where is he?”

“There was talk about another wave of omnis coming from the north. They sent a few scouts to verify the information. Your friend Ruben, he was sent on the mission. When he found Capt Amari and me, he handed me this alongside the news”, Reinhardt pulled out a knife in a leather sheath decorated with three gems, a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl, located at the bottom of the hilt that was shaped in the head of an eagle, “He told me to give it to you. He said that you might find some comfort in it”. “Thank you Reinhardt”, Jose took the knife and removed it from the sheath. The blade was still in good condition. Along the blade was a phrase, ‘Patria o Muerte’ (Homeland or Death). “Where did he find this knife?” asked Jose. “In a destroyed house. That is all he told me. Are you familiar with this blade?” replied Reinhardt. Jose looked up from the blade, and face Reinhardt, “This knife is a family heirloom, an heirloom that goes back generations. This knife has gone through many hands in the Cervantes family. About two years ago, was the last time I had seen this knife along with my family. I guess it is still mine to carry. I do hope my family is resting peacefully right now.” Reinhardt placed his enormous hand on Jose’s shoulder, “Do not worry my friend, I am sure they are in a safe place and are resting peacefully.” “I hope so too.”

Capt. Amari entered a white tent with orange highlights and headed for the table along the side of the tent with a slim computer screen attached to it. Upon reaching the table, the screen lit up and emitted a voice. “Welcome back Capt. Amari. How may I be of assistants?”. “Athena, I need you to call Strike Commander Morrison for me, if you could” asked Amari. “Right away,” responded Athena before making contact with S.C. Morrison. A loading screen appeared before being replaced by the face of a man with blond hair and a stern face. “Capt Amari,” Spoke the man, “Any news to report”.

“Yes Strike Commander. The soldier who held off the omnic battalion, his wounds are worse than we expected. These so-called doctors down here did not clean the wound. Gangrene has set inside the wound. He needs to see Dr. Ziegler as soon as possible. Can you send someone to retrieve him?” Morrison took a moment to think, “I talk to Reyes about transport. I’ll get back to about it. Anything else to report?” “Yes Strike Commander,” answered Amari, “There seems to be omnic movement to the north. Scouts have been sent to verify the information.” “Excellent,” replied Morrison, “Sent an additional two groups of scouts northwest and northeast to avoid a flanking ambush.” Amari nodded her head in understandment. The two saluted until the computer screen replaced Commander Morrison’s face with a black screen. Capt. Amari stood there a moment before exited the tent to find Comandante Recendez.

The comandante greeted the Overwatch Captain as she approached him. “Greeting Captain Amari,” he bellowed, “To what do I owe the pleasure of visit?” Amari slightly tilted her head to return the greeting before speaking. “I have spoken to my to my commander. He has ordered me to send out two additional groups of scout on both flanks of the first group to minimize the chance of a flanking attack. I request that you assemble some men to-” “Request denied Captain.” Baffled, Amari response, “Why deny the request Comandante? We have to know if and what we are up against.” The comandante replied’ “Your request goes against orders given to me personally by the general of the militia. We have the minimal amount of men to secure the city. We barely had enough for the first group. But two more? It would leave the city poor defended. This city must not fall to the omnis. And I won’t let that happen on my watch. I am sorry captain. But my hands are tied.” Before Amari could answer, someone began to scream. Both military leaders ran to the source of the horrid screeching.

They located the screaming to the infirmary. When entering, Amari saw Reinhardt standing to the side wearing a worrisome face. She looked over to see what appeared to be 3 medics standing
around Jose. “What happened here?” asked the comandante before Amari had the chance to. One of the medics looked up, “his wound is getting worse. His body is not putting up a good enough fight to heal itself. There is a good chance we will lose him.” “Not while I am here,” proclaimed Amari. She reached for her case, luckily still in the same spot as before, and moved over to Jose. Upon opening it, she retrieved a syringe filled with a blue liquid. Another medic looked at Amari, “What is that and what do you plan to do with it?” “Is it not obvious?,” Amari replies as she injects the liquid into the injured man, “This will help stabilize him and help combat the infection for a short while. Hopefully until he can see some real medical attention.” The yelling has died down and Jose seemed to be resting.

The medics checked his vitals. Everything reported fine, and they took their leave followed by Comandante Recendez. Capt. Amari took a seat next to Reinhardt. “Do you think he will make it Ana?”, asked Reinhardt. “I do hope so. That was my only dose of the new nano-booster to use.” Mutter Ana as she dozed off into a nap on Reinhardt’s shoulder. Reinhardt was able to reach a folded blanket and placed it over Ana and proceeded to rest along side her.

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Morrison grabbed a folder and left his office after ending the call with Ana. He had to walk to the other side of the headquarter to talk with Reyes. For safety measurements, communication was severed between the main Overwatch facility and the Blackwatch branch. Morrison didn’t mind the walk. Truth be told, he hated the days where he was stuck in his office all day. Little trips like this brighten Morrison’s otherwise dull day. Morrison stopped by the medical bay looking for Dr. Ziegler. The beds were empty, which meant that no soldiers were injured. A good thing in Morrison’s book. He found the doctor in her office with the door open. He knocked on the door frame. At the sound of the knock, the doctor jump frightened. “Mien gott Commander. You should not sneak up on people like that.” Scolded Dr. Ziegler. “Well pardon my intrusion but I need you to join a medical evac for a soldier with a sever case of gangrene in his torso.”, replied Morrison. Leaving no opportunity for Dr. Ziegler to ask an questions. Morrison turned around, heading for the exit. Ziegler grabbed her travel med kit and her staff. She followed Morrison silently until they passed the hanger, continuing to walk on ahead. “Commander, I know transportation is not my field of expertise, but don’t we need a dropship or plane for the trip?” Ziegler questioned. The only thing Morrison replied was, “We are getting the rest of the crew.”

After a while, they both arrived at entrance to the Blackwatch wing. Ziegler asked, “Why is the crew from the Blackwatch? Why can’t the regular soldier be the crew?” Morrison just slid his clearance card without answering Dr. Ziegler’s Questions. The door popped open and Morrison entered followed by Ziegler hesitantly. Ziegler had never been inside of the Blackwatch branch due to her fear of the men who work there. The men, who have questionable and horrific pasts and will kill just for the fun of it, as far as she has been told. A short walk and the duo ran into a tan man wearing torn and burnt black clothing and a black beanie, smoke still being emitted. “Jack Morrison and Angela Ziegler! What a pleasant surprize! What brings you two over here in the Blackwatch department? It’s not a mission obviously. Our last one went so well, I thought the boys and I earned ourselves some time off. So did you come here to chat?”, greeted the man. Jack replied, “You are in such a good mood. You must be ready for another mission Gabe.” Jack and Gabe both laughed as Angela stood there in fear of her surrounding. “Nah, all jokes aside, I do have a mission for you and the boys. First one is in this folder.,” says Jack as he hands over the folder to Gabe, “ The second one is a med evc. Thats where you come in Doctor.” Motioning Angela to come closer and to pay closer attention. “There is a soldier on the island of Cuba that needs an immediate evacuation. By the time you get there, it would be nightfall. I don’t want any casualties. Gabe, How fast can you have a team assembled?” “Already have one prepared Jack. To be honest, I felt like today would be a busy day, but an overnighter, ya owe the boys so serious RnR time when we come back.” Answers Gabe. Jack Continues, “Good. Then I’ll leave you two to it. Good luck.” Gabe scoffed, “as if we need it, farm
Laughing, “Alright let’s go doc.” The two walk through the wing, entering a secret hangar, where four men are playing cards. Gabe bellows, “Ok men, fall in. We got two missions to do and no time to spare.” The men get up from the table with bewildered looks. “This here is Dr. Ziegler. She will be aiding us on the first mission, a medical evacuation. Pack your tropic shirts and coconut cups boys cuz we are heading to Cuba. Once there I will fill you in on the second mission while Dr. Ziegler attends to the soldier. Ok, Let’s load up and move out.” All six left in a small sleek jet heading south for the Cuban commanding base.

End Notes

Thank you for reading. I know this is a short prolong, the chapters will be longer and will be uploaded shortly. And dont forget to give kudos to keep me encouraged to keep this story going!!! And don't forget to subscribe!

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