

Camara pushed aside her bourbon, and wished she had just ordered a glass of water. The sting of the liquor no longer held any excitement for her. She smoothed back her long black ponytail, and eyed suspiciously the man sitting two tables away from her. He was dressed in a very nice black dinner jacket with matching slacks. He wore a dark blood-red dress shirt with the first two buttons undone, giving a sneak peak of the forest of black curls on his chest. Although he didn't seem to notice her, Camara definitely noticed him.

She crossed her legs at the knee, revealing a generous portion of her long dark chocolate legs that was cascaded in a red dress that matched the shirt of the man. She squinted her eyes in a not-so-seductive fashion, but it was enough to finally get the attention of the gentleman. Reconsidering her drink, she slid it back close to her and pretended to sip from the glass. She gave him a soft and slight smile that he quickly reciprocated.

The Glock that was pressed between her legs gave her a huge smile, as she was more than ready to yank it out and put two bullets into this smiling man's chest.

The man mistook her smile for her pleasure in his subtle flirtation. He made a move to come over to her table. He grabbed his drink and walked swiftly to Camara's table.

"May I?" he asked, and sat down without waiting on her to answer.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Alexis," she said sipping her drink.

"Such an exquisite name for an exquisite woman. Is that yours?" he lifted his eyebrows slightly.

Camara realized he was referring to her ponytail. A surge of anger rose in her, for his stereotype that all black women wore weave, and were incapable of having their own long hair. But on the flip side of her anger, she was amused, because it was indeed a weave ponytail.

"Yes, it is mine," she said softly. She sipped her drink again, but kept direct eye contact with him. He took that as an invitation, and before she knew it, his hand was under the table caressing the length of her lower thigh. She halted his hand from going any further. She wasn't ready to shoot him yet.

He grinned and chuckled softly, "Ah, you are playing hard to get?" he tipped his head slightly to the side.

"Nothing in this life worth having is easy to obtain, Señor," she responded.

"Ah, Bella, so true, so true," he removed his hand and lifted his glass to her before finishing off his drink.

"Another?" he lifted his glass in question to her.

“Sure,” she said finishing off hers as well. She slid her glass slowly across the table to him. He snapped his fingers and a waiter appeared. “Bring me two more,” he ordered to him. The young man nodded and walked away quickly.

“I told you my name, but you didn’t tell me yours,” Camara smiled seductively.

“I am Ronaldo Montalban,” he smiled back. “Ever heard of me?”

“Oh yes, I have,” she nodded.

He seemed surprised, but he chuckled it off, “Really? What have you heard?”

Camara sat back straight in her chair and licked her bottom lip. “I’ve heard that you have stolen over 20 million dollars from the United States government and served as a secret intelligence dealer with South American governments, selling military strategies and buying soldiers for the Argentinian militia,” she slowly pulled out her gun from between her legs and held it between them.

Ronaldo’s face melted in surprise and then turned sinisterly dark. “Who are you?” he said softly. Camara noticed he was sending signals to the men who sat at the bar across from them, by tapping the table twice. Before she answered, she raised her hand and unloaded two bullets into the two men. A few of the patrons were ducking under the tables, and Ronaldo was already out of his seat running to the back entrance for cover.

Camara stood with her eye pierced and shot him square in the shoulder. He went down, turned to scowl at her, and got up to run again. With a calm and finesse that only she possessed, she stood and walked over to him, then she unloaded a bullet through his back to the left side of his chest. She turned quickly to find two more men coming in with automated weapons aiming for her. She jumped over the bar and slid under it to find the bartender, who was deathly afraid.

She muttered something to him in Spanish, and he nodded. She patted him on the shoulder, but to her frustration, the scared bartender turned into a military foe. He grabbed her hand and twisted it behind her. She sighed and cocked him with the gun she still held in her other hand, and as he grabbed at her again, she slid across the floor behind him, while snatching off her ponytail, and wrapping it around his neck before giving him a quick choke, causing him to fall limp into unconsciousness on the floor. The bullets riddled the bar wall, and she crawled on her knees away from the gunfire. She slid off her red 4-inch stilettos, and held her gun firmly. Camara pressed herself firmly against the shelves that lined liquor and drinking glasses. She held her breath, and squinted her eyes, causing her ears to tune in to the sudden quiet on the other side of the bar wall.

She heard slow footsteps walking amidst the quiet.

“Montalban was a fool. He was always a sucker for the women,” an accented voice said.

Camara said nothing. She was trying to figure out who he was.

“But then again, you already knew that didn’t you?” He walked around toward the bar.

“Did you really think by killing him, you would get me?” He laughed.

“You understand how this works, Alexis, is it? Or is it Black Shadow?”

Camara gripped her gun harder. She knew who was in her company now – Alturo Gutiérrez; the head of the Argentinian militia G-unit.

