

A man in a dark suit and white shirt is shown from the chest up, holding a handgun with both hands. He is firing the gun, and a bright orange muzzle flash is visible. The background is a dark city skyline at night with blue and white lights from buildings. The overall tone is dramatic and action-oriented.

Who would dare gun the drug lords down?

# KILLING DMITRI

Rory Laurence



*What will you do when you find a bag containing two million dollars, and you know it is the mob's missing money?*

# Killing Dmitri

by

Rory Laurence

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# **Killing Dmitri**

**A novel by Rory Laurence**

*Rory Laurence*

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## **Chapter 1**

It was cold and windy when thirty-eight year old Daniel McLean left the bus terminal just after midnight. He was in an angry mood as he walked the twelve miles back to thirty-eight Baker Street, and not a bus or a cab going his way. He kept thinking of Edward and how his young friend managed to get the two of them in trouble with the Russian mafia.

He had a feeling he was going to regret returning to Baker Street. He knew he should have boarded that bus and left Edward and his troubles far behind. But he was still a Marine and his conscience would not allow him to leave Edward at the mercy of the mob.

The former Officer in Special Forces arrived just as the sun came up. His anger had almost abated after the long walk.

“What does a man have to do to get a decent cup of coffee in this town?” Daniel asked when Edward met him at the gate.

“Smile, just smile,” an elated Edward said. He quickly led the way to the cottage behind the main house and switched the water boiler on.

“I’m glad you came back,” Edward said unable to hide his excitement. “You sounded so angry when you left last night.”

“What did you expect for getting me in trouble with the Russian mafia?” he asked angrily.

“You have no idea how sorry I am about that. I’ll make it up to you,” Edward said sounding as foolish as he looked. “Please, stay in the cottage for as long as you like.”

“I’ll see how things go from here,” Daniel said. “But I want the truth about the mob’s two million before we go any further otherwise I’m out of here.”

“I have the money,” he said without hesitation and tried to put a poker face on. The last thing he wanted now was for Daniel to walk away again.

“I knew all along that you have it,” Daniel said angrily. “I just wanted you to come clean with me so I know what I’m letting myself in for if I decide to stick around.”

“Honestly, I don’t know what made me take that bag,” Edward said. “But it looked exactly like mine.”

“Where did you find it?” Daniel asked.

The question caught Edward off-guard. He did not want to tell Daniel what happened that day two weeks ago when he went to his father’s house. If he told the truth he would give his game away. But he realized he had to trust Daniel.

“I might as well tell you the whole story,” Edward said, his voice quivering, “because you’ll find out sooner or later. I went to my parents’ home to ask for assistance after I was kicked off the Force. I didn’t know that my family was dealing in drugs. I was just a little kid when I ran away from home. But my old man wasn’t interested in my problem.

“He was scared. As far as he was concerned I had no business being there. Maybe he thought I was there to pay him back. Or he thought I was a hit man for a rival gang. He suddenly panicked. Then he pulled a gun out and tried to shoot me. But I got lucky and he went down. I knew my brothers would kill me when

they found out what happened when they arrived, so I had to take them out too. Oh Jesus, my life is really fucked up now.”

“That can’t be helped now,” Daniel said. “I don’t like running people’s families down but they were scum buckets, all of them. Your father made regular visits to the alley late at night. He got all his drugs from Uri. He drank Vodka and smoked marijuana with Uri’s hoods. I don’t even want to mention your two brothers. Now there were two bad bastards for you. They tormented and beat helpless old people up for fun. It makes me squirm when I think about it. Believe me you did society a favor getting rid of them.”

“If only I didn’t take the damn bag none of this would have happened,” Edward said looking sorry for him self. “I was a cop. I’ve been to crime scenes. I didn’t leave any evidence to implicate me in the killings. But now I have the money. The mob knows the money disappeared from my father’s house. I can’t spend it because it’ll give my game away. Everybody knows I lost my job and I don’t have an income. I can’t return it either. You know how they are. They’ll take it and kill me anyway. I also can’t hand it in to the cops, because it places me at the scene of the shooting.”

“Nevertheless, taking the bag was probably the smartest thing you ever did,” Daniel said. “You should have disappeared into the sunset and enjoyed your life. Nobody knew you had it. But then you walk into the alley like a hobo who found a purse with money in it and start handing out cash to the homeless people. What is wrong with you? What were you thinking? A broke ex cop flashing thousands around for all to see!?”

A few hundred, Edward muttered to him self.

“I was just trying to do some good,” he said.

“Nobody can knock that,” Daniel said, “but you didn’t think of the consequences, did you?”

“What can I say. I *didn’t* think of the consequences but it’s done,” Edward said looking a little sorry for him self.

“Then you tell Uri your uncle made off with their money,” Daniel said.

“What did you think telling him I know the uncle?”

Edward shrugged. He was not proud of what he had done. But it is done and there was nothing he could do about it now.

“Hell I’m sorry about that,” Edward said trying to avoid Daniel’s eyes. “I never thought they would beat you up. I was just trying to cover my tracks.”

“Do you even have an uncle?” Daniel asked.

“No!” Edward said.

“If they find out you lied about the uncle Uri will know you lied because you have the money. Then you and Andrea had better be very far from here because they won’t give up until they get their two million back.”

Edward shrugged. He was not too concerned at this time. He thought he had the situation under control regardless of what Daniel thought. There was no evidence to link him to the shooting at his parents’ home, and he had covered his tracks with the mob as far as he was concerned. They were looking for a non-existent uncle and there was no crisis.

“Where is the money now?” Daniel asked.



“In a safe deposit box at the bank,” Edward said.

“Good,” Daniel said. “Leave it there for now.”

“What happens now?” Edward asked.

“Uri has your Captain Delaney in his pocket,” Daniel said. “The Captain will use all the resources of the department to find out if there is an uncle. That can happen at any moment. Then they’ll track your movements by satellite imagery and on the city’s surveillance cameras or your cell phone and your bank transactions. You can’t get away so easily in today’s world.”

“All that for two million dollars I don’t want and I can’t return even if I wanted to!” Edward said skeptically.

“Two million or two hundred,” Daniel said. “It’s a funny thing with criminals. They steal and rob and kill at will and without a conscience. But when you steal from them you commit the unforgivable sin. He kicked Charlie Smith to death for withholding one hundred.”

“In other words I’m a dead man if they find out there is no uncle. What should I do?” Edward asked.

“You’ve gone and involved me in your problems Edward,” Daniel said. “I hate you for that. I also have a life. I should have taken that bus. But it’s done now, so we have to make the best of it.”

Daniel was angry but he was a forgiving person. He knew how laid back and naïve Edward was but he knew he had to accept him the way he was and plan accordingly.

“They’ll find you too,” Edward said.

“They don’t know who I am or what I look like now,” Daniel said. “All they knew was a homeless man in tattered clothes with long hair and a wild beard.”

Thirty-eight year old Daniel was a tall man with dark brown eyes and black hair. He had a clean-cut face with a strong jaw line but at this moment his eyes were swollen and blue, and a knuckle-duster had cut deep in to his lower lip. The once well-built Karate first Dan was almost a skeleton of his former self now. Eating irregularly through the years in the alley, and then not having enough much of the time had taken its toll.

“What do I do then? Must I leave town or something?” Edward asked.

“You’ll have to unless you want to take the whole Russian Mafia on. And since that isn’t possible you have few options,” Daniel said. “You and Andrea will have to leave the country because they’ll find you wherever you hide. You’ll need a new identity and travel documents. But you need time to get organized. We’ll have to stop them for a while until that can be done. I might be wrong but right now there is no other way.”

“How do you stop the mob?” Edward asked both surprised and amused at the idea.

“To start with I know people who can organize a new identity and at the same time erase all information relating to Edward Jones,” Daniel said. “That means nobody will ever know what happened to you or where you went.”

The former police officer had only known Daniel as a homeless person living in the alley. He had no idea what the man was about. But he went along for the ride.

“But how *do* you stop the mob?” Edward insisted.

“We disrupt their organization for a while until you’re out of the country,” Daniel said.

“How do we do that?” Edward asked skeptically.

“Eliminate Uri,” Daniel said. “That’ll sew enough confusion amongst them to take their minds off you and Andrea for a while.”

“Now you’re being ridiculous,” Edward said.

“If you want to be small-minded about it,” Daniel said, “be my guest. Sit and wait and take what comes.”

“You can’t just shoot people unless your life is threatened and you act in self-defense,” Edward said. “You’re not in Law Enforcement. It doesn’t matter that he’s a criminal. You’ll go to prison for it if they catch you.”

“In my book drug dealers are enemy combatants,” Daniel said. “That makes them fair game.”

“How do you figure that?” Edward asked. “Why are they enemy combatants?”

“How else do you describe people who are at war with our nation? They’re going all out to destroy our values and our way of life. They obviously want to bring the country down. If they can get it right everyone will become a

drug addict to feed their greed. They don't have a conscience. They want every child to grow up in a culture of substance abuse to expand their market."

"So now you're talking rogue justice!?" Edward said taken aback.

"Whatever," Daniel said. "It's the only way I know and it works for me."

"I don't know," Edward said trying to humor Daniel. "You might start a gang war."

"I wish," Daniel said.

"With Uri out of the way someone will step up immediately, so what have you achieved?" Edward asked.

"The new boss will have his own problems and priorities," Daniel said.

"Unfortunately Uri has two mean ugly brothers. Dmitri and Ivanovich are as ugly as they come and they'll know his secrets. But with him gone it'll take them a while to reorganize. They'll be immobilized until they bury him. That's the only window you have to make a clean getaway before they come after you."

"You are definitely crazy," Edward said. "How do you get in there with all the hoods standing around the alley?"

"Nobody is beyond the bullet," Daniel said. "Nobody is on his guard twenty four hours every day of his life. People become overconfident and careless. You hit him when and where he least expects it. The element of surprise works every time."

"I don't know," Edward said. It made sense but he knew he was not the type for an adventure of that nature and he still did not know if Daniel was serious.

“As I said it’ll take their attention off you for a while if I can do it,” Daniel said. “Believe me it’s not as difficult as it sounds. You know the street better than me. You’ve walked the beat around that alley for years now. But I know all his moves. He surrounds himself with the biggest dumbest bozos in the universe. He sits there same place, same time, every Tuesday and Friday, then some days in between as well. He walks around like a king expecting everyone to bow down before him. His guards stand around complacently and very sure of themselves because nobody would ever dare harm their king.”

“I couldn’t do something like that,” Edward said.

“Do what?” Daniel asked.

“Kill the king,” he said.

“I can,” Daniel said. “And it’ll give me so much pleasure seeing the bastard suffer the way he made me and so many others suffer. You have no idea what that animal did to people down on their luck who were just trying to survive.”

“You’re not having me on, are you?” Edward asked.

“I’m deadly serious,” Daniel said. “I owe him big time. Besides, when the penny drops about your uncle he’ll know we both lied and he’ll come after me too if he can identify me. And believe me that might not be long now. If I can pull it off we’re both home and free for a while at least. I’ll have to plan it perfectly otherwise, anyway, you know what I mean.”

“I don’t know if I can do it,” Edward said, suddenly realizing that Daniel was indeed very serious. Being party to an assassination was not in his book, but

the more they talked the more he realized that there was no other way to escape the wrath of the mob if they found out about the uncle. No matter where they went the mob would find them sooner or later, unless he did get a new identity and his own records had been expunged. It sounded so involved he was beginning to think he should give the whole idea up and take what comes. But he knew that would not be fair on Andrea. He squirmed. That was not something he had planned on.

“Don’t worry about it. I don’t think it’s wise to involve you in what I have in mind,” Daniel said.

“You will,” Edward said adamantly. He was still not sure where it was going, but he knew the right thing would be to stand by Daniel if it were the answer to his predicament.

“I’ll think about it,” Daniel said.

“If we’re going to do it, it has to happen soon,” Edward said. “The sitting and waiting is driving me crazy. Andrea wants to go to Hawaii for a couple of weeks. I don’t have the heart to tell her that it’s not on, and that she’ll have to leave her home for good right now.”

“It’ll happen very soon, but I honestly can’t involve you in this Edward,” Daniel said.

“It’s my life. I won’t sit back,” Edward said.

“Trust me on this one,” Daniel said. “I know what I’m doing. It’s what I was trained for. Besides I have nothing to lose. My life ended the day a crazed

drug addict wiped my family out with his truck. God how I loathe drug dealers! Nothing is sacred to them. Crime and misery follows everywhere they go.”

“Jesus, who are you? What are you?” Edward asked.

“It’s not important,” Daniel said in a tone of voice that made it very clear he was not interested in discussing the subject.

“I’m sorry to hear about your family. But it’s not your responsibility alone,” Edward said, suddenly committed. “You don’t owe me anything. The few dollars I gave you won’t buy much nowadays.”

“I’m not doing it for you,” Daniel said.

“Why then?” Edward asked.

“For Andrea,” he said. “You don’t seem to realize that you’ve involved her too. She has everything to lose. That apart she obviously loves you very much.”

“You don’t strike me as the sentimental type,” Edward said.

“You stay here and look after her if I’m to do it,” Daniel said.

“I do love her,” Edward said. “She’s my reason for living now.”

“Then do the sensible thing,” Daniel said.

“I don’t know why she loves me so much,” Edward said. “I haven’t quite figured it out yet. I’m a lot younger than her. She’s a classy lady and I’m way below her social standing. Maybe she was just desperate for someone to love and care for, and I happened to be in the right place at the right time. Maybe it’s the mother instinct and she thinks she needs to protect me. Or maybe she was just

lonely for too long. It scares me sometimes because I didn't think anybody can love that much."

"Maybe it's because you're kind and because you care that makes her feel safe with you," Daniel said. "You don't have to make excuses or put your self down. Besides you're a good-looking fella."

Edward shrugged.

He was a tall handsome man with curly black hair and big blue eyes. He had a great smile, but Daniel had not seen it in a while.

"Smile and be grateful," Daniel said. "Stay by her side and look after her. She's an easy target. They'll probably try and kidnap her to get at you."

"Oh Jesus," Edward said. And this was the moment the reality of the situation got through to him.

"You'll have to be wide awake from now on," Daniel said.

"You can bank on that. But I was just wondering what's in it for you?" Edward asked.

"I made myself a promise that I would pay the bastard back one day for killing two friends of mine, as well as a few helpless old men who couldn't defend themselves," Daniel said. "Just look at my face. See what they did to me? It's entirely your fault, telling them I knew the uncle that never existed. And they almost broke my leg. I'm still limping. Anyway it's now or never. When it's over and done with I'm out of here. I have to get myself a life again."

"You had friends?" Edward jested to change the subject.



“I still have two others I left behind in the alley,” Daniel said. “Makes you jealous hey? I only hope the bastards don’t think Garrett and McQueen were involved if I take Uri down.”

“I’m still going,” Edward said ignoring the remark. “We’re in this thing together.”

“You stay here and protect Andrea in case something happens to me,” Daniel reiterated. “As I said, I’m trained for this. You’ll just get in my way. Don’t be a damned fool.”

“Yes, but you’re not even fit,” Edward said.

“I’m fit enough,” Daniel said. “My leg’s much better.”

“You need me and my bike and my fire power unless you’re going to run into town and quickly break their necks and casually sprint back here.”

“Funny man you are sometimes, Edward,” Daniel said.

“So what happens now?” Edward asked.

“Okay, let’s do it,” Daniel said. “I’m going to need a few things from one of those novelty stores. God, it’s already Thursday. I never knew what day it was in that damn alley. It didn’t matter either. Anyway that leaves us very little time to plan things. Friday is always the best day to find Uri. That means tomorrow morning. It has to be tomorrow otherwise you could be running out of time. We’ll have to get everything together by this afternoon.”

“Okay,” Edward said.

“As I said, you’ll need a passport and a completely new identity. I know someone who can get them for you. It won’t come cheap but he can delete all

your personal data and create a new Edward Jones under another name. This way there'll be no way of tracing you or your movements. We'll get your passport photos while we're at the mall then I'll start the ball rolling."

"How do you know all these people?" Edward asked looking perplexed.

"But let's get something straight," Daniel said ignoring the question.

"Don't try and be a hero. If you want to get involved you obey my orders without question or hesitation. Is that clear?"

"I can do that," Edward said looking at the new gold Rolex that he had acquired with the mob's money. "It's almost eight o'clock. We still have the whole day ahead of us. What are we waiting for, let's get dressed and go to the Mall."

Daniel put his arm around Edward's shoulder and hugged him hard.

Nobody had ever done that and Edward almost came to tears.

"Let's do it partner," Daniel said.

"What about all those surveillance cameras along the street by the alley?"

Edward asked, his voice quivering for just an instant.

"They don't work around the alley," Daniel said. "Your Captain Delaney has them turned off to protect his mate Uri."

"No shit hey," Edward said. "I never knew that."

"Good morning boys," Andrea said, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

The slender young blond with bright blue eyes was smiling that captivating smile that made everybody stop and look.

“And a very good morning to you too,” Daniel said getting up from the sofa.

“Breakfast is ready,” she said.

“Thanks sweetheart,” Edward said. “Let’s eat. We have a full day ahead of us.”

“Better let me have a look at your face again,” Andrea said. “Those wounds can turn nasty if you don’t take care of them.”

“They’re okay now,” Daniel protested.

“We’ll clean them once more with a strong antiseptic,” Andrea said firmly, and that was that.

They followed her to the main house. They were in a hurry to get going and rushed through their meals.

Twenty minutes later they returned to the cottage where Edward opened the secret compartment in the base of his bed. He removed the brown leather bag and took his weaponry out.

Daniel had already seen the array of weapons the day before when Edward first brought him to the cottage after he left the alley. He also treasured guns and once more stared lovingly at the weapons.

“Jesus, where do you get these things?” Daniel asked looking at the collection of semi-automatic handguns. Then he picked the Colt forty-four up and just got the feel of it for a moment.

“What do you want for tomorrow?” Edward asked ignoring the question.

“This one,” Daniel said taking the Browning thirteen shot with silencer attached.

“That’s my favorite too,” Edward said. “It belonged to my father.”

“I’ll hang on to it for now,” Daniel said taking the shoulder holster, and quickly strapped it on.

Twenty minutes later they left for the Mall in Andrea’s late husband’s Porsche. They were dressed smartly in Edward’s best suits, all paid for by the mob, and both looked the gentleman. It was time to play a little before they went after Uri Kasparov. It might be the last time they do, Daniel thought as they drove away.

He knew how unfit he was and wondered if he would be up to the task.

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Friday morning. Daniel was busy with his third mug of bitter black coffee when Edward arrived in the cottage. Everything had been organized the night before. At ten minutes after seven, with the bowler hat and blond wig in the backpack, their other disguises in place, they were ready to leave.

It was a fine sunny morning contrary to Daniel’s expectations of the previous night, although dark clouds above the horizon were slowly drifting in.

Daniel wore a dark grey pinstripe suit with white shirt and red striped tie. His black shoes were shining, and the thick black moustache securely pasted on his upper lip. The dark grey bowler hat was carefully placed inside Edward’s backpack on top of the spare magazines and a few more rounds of ammunition. With the attaché case in his hand, the Browning with the silencer neatly tucked

away in the shoulder holster under his left arm, he waited for Edward to start the engine.

Edward wore khaki short pants and his favorite black windbreaker over the khaki shirt with the Uzi slung around his neck, and hiking boots with thick socks sagging down just above the boots completed the picture. His Browning pistol stuck in his belt, he mounted the Kawasaki and started the engine. With his backpack on Daniel's back they rode away.

Half an hour later they parked the motor cycle around the corner from the alley where Daniel had lived more than four years. They quickly removed a few articles from the backpack and forced the two riding helmets inside.

They stood quietly for a moment and looked around to make sure they were not drawing too much attention. Then Daniel carefully straightened the slightly dented bowler hat and tried it on. At the same time Edward pulled the tight fitting curly blond wig over his head.

“Right,” Daniel said, “you know exactly what to do but let's say it one more time to make sure. You cross over to the other side then walk to the pedestrian crossing half way up the block. Cross over at the traffic light and come back to this side. Wait until you see me. Don't get confused with who is doing what because there are a lot of people on that sidewalk. Keep to the kerb as near to the street as possible so I don't have to search the whole sidewalk to see where you are. When I'm ready I'll raise my hat and pretend I'm waving to a friend. Then judge my distance very carefully so that we arrive at the alley at the same moment. Got that?”

“I’m cool,” Edward said.

“Uri’s car will be parked at the first parking meter from my side as usual, the other car at the meter past the alley from where you’ll be approaching. God, you’ve walked this stretch for more than six years, you should know every inch of it.”

“I do,” Edward said calmly.

“Here’s what will happen,” Daniel said. “I’ll do all the shooting that has to be done so that there’s no confusion between us. You’ll back me up in case I have their numbers wrong but I don’t think I do. Apart from his driver there are never more than four soldiers around. Got that?”

“I’m cool,” Edward said.

“Just take a few deep breaths and concentrate on your breathing to keep you calm as you go. Are you ready partner?”

“Let’s do it,” Edward said.

“I’ll stop and wait at the newspaper stand just before the alley in case I get there before you,” Daniel said. “You should be right next to the hot dog stand on the other side of the alley at that moment. Watch my every move if you can because, as I said, there are already a lot of people around and it’s easy to get confused. When I’m done keep walking and meet me back here at your bike.”

“I’m ready,” Edward said becoming more excited with every passing moment.

The corner where they were standing was no more than a hundred yards from the alley. They could see the black sedans already in place just as Daniel expected they would be.

“If I don’t make it,” Daniel said, “don’t try and be a hero. I told you this before. Walk on and go home. Is that clear?”

“Clear as mud,” Edward said.

They shook hands and embraced for just a second before Edward hurried across the busy street filled with peak period traffic. Edward was making good ground and after crossing the street he returned at the pedestrian traffic light and waited for Daniel’s signal.

Daniel waited a little nervously for Edward to get into position next to the kerb. Then he saw him and raised his hat. He waved it a few times above the heads of the people about him. When Edward spotted the hat he played the tired hiker and sauntered slowly down to the alley. He had to dodge early morning pedestrian traffic in their mad scramble to get to work, and at the same time keep an eye on the bowler hat.

Then Daniel’s slow walk began, trying his hardest to emulate an English gentleman, although the act was not necessary because the effect was lost in the crowd. But he tried, walking proudly with the attaché case, his head up, although the lingering pain in his leg still affected his stride a little.

Edward was trembling, but he was confident as well as a good shot. He knew his life depended on what they would achieve there this lovely morning.

Minutes later he stopped next to the hot dog stand and watched as Daniel acquired a newspaper.

After placing the attaché case out of sight just under the news stand, Daniel opened the paper and folded it again. He discreetly took the Browning, with its custom made silencer and placed it inside the folded news paper then waited.

A moment later he walked slowly toward the alley, newspaper in his left hand and clasping the Browning. His right hand was inside the fold of the paper, his finger on the trigger. He was waiting for a gap in the pedestrian flow so that there would be no people at the moment he had to deal with the soldier on the corner of the alley. It would give him mere seconds but that was what he was trained for and he knew he could do it.

The element of surprise is a priceless thing and now also it was the factor that would make the difference between success and failure. Daniel knew only too well how trusting and set in their ways people were, and few expected death to come with a warning or fanfare.

Five years after being discharged from the military, it made him feel he was back in the saddle again, and he loved it. But he was also the best at what he did and now it all happened so quickly.

His luck was in. The back door of the huge Mercedes Benz stood wide open and he could see Uri sitting on the back seat reading the morning paper while sucking on a thick cigar.



*Killing Dmitri*

He kept the Browning hidden in the fold of the newspaper and without much trouble shot Uri through the head before turning the Browning on the chauffeur. In almost a single action he took out the soldier leaning against the back of the car ahead before the man realized what was happening.

The gap was there and the lookout man standing on the corner of the alley noticed nothing out of the ordinary until his friend dropped. But then it was too late and he died for it. A fifth man unexpectedly appeared out of nowhere and drew his pistol but Daniel had seen him and pulled the trigger.

There was no noise, nothing to draw the attention of passers by, just a clumsy fool falling down next to the car and another dropping on the corner. It had been a good time of day with people totally preoccupied with getting to work, not at all interested in what happened next to them.

He turned and walked back to the news stand, returning the Browning to its holster as he went, picked the attaché case up and casually walked on. His ears were cocked for any unusual clamor, but there was none. The city had become a place where no one cared if someone got mugged or dropped dead right next to them. And today that was a good thing for the two men who hoped for just that.

Edward continued his hike past the two cars, looking neither left nor right. He was still a little shaky, and fearing that Dave, his former colleague, could show up at any moment as he made his way to the Kawasaki. In the short time since they left the Kawasaki the clouds had rolled in, and were gathering overhead, but it did not matter to Edward. He loved the rain and wished it would come down soon.

The two men arrived at the Kawasaki almost simultaneously. Edward removed the safety helmets from the backpack and placed the bowler hat inside. Without a word he started the engine and seconds later they rode away.

“Let’s go to the park,” Daniel shouted in Edward’s ear.

Edward shook his head and continued home. Fifteen minutes later he stopped in the carport next to the cottage and they removed their helmets.

“God, this is powerful glue,” Daniel said ripping the moustache off and taking the stubble along with it. “Don’t forget your wig.”

A moment later they walked inside and quickly changed their clothes. Not long afterwards coffee was ready and they sat down calmly at the breakfast bar as if they had been home all day.

“You’re a ruthless bastard mister McLean,” Edward said.

“Trust me it had to be that way, but we can relax now. It’s over for the moment,” he said.

“From your mouth to God’s ear,” Edward said getting up to switch the television on and tuned to KNBC just in time to catch the tail end of the newscast.

“The cold blooded killing of Uri Kasparov, a well known Mafia boss and drug lord, has sent shock waves through the city this morning amid fears of another outbreak of gang warfare in the city streets. A police spokesman has expressed his surprise at the audacity of those responsible, and promised swift action. Anyone with information is requested to come forward and assist the police in putting an end to this type of lawlessness. This is Harold Blake reporting for KNBC.”

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Edward's relief was immeasurable. He was still trembling slightly but the weight was off his shoulders and it put him in a totally different frame of mind.

"Relax," Daniel said and slapped him behind the shoulder. "It's over. He'll never hurt anybody again."

"He won't, will he?" Edward said and smiled. "I hope nobody else comes to the idea that I have the money!"

"Don't forget his brothers," Daniel said putting his arm around Edward's shoulder and hugging him. "Remember, we just bought you and Andrea enough time to complete your plans and get you safely away from here. When they bury Uri they'll start thinking about the money again. Then the two of you had better be far from here. Savvy?"

"Good morning boys. I see you made the news this morning?" Andrea jested when she unexpectedly appeared in the doorway of the cottage.

The two men suddenly had poker faces when they looked at her, but they kept their heads.

"Who us?" they asked simultaneously.

They laughed and followed Andrea to the main house for breakfast.

*Killing Dmitri*





*What will you do when you find a bag containing two million dollars, and you know it is the mob's missing money?*

# Killing Dmitri

by

Rory Laurence

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