

THE VOICE OF
A TEAR
#

~~FICTION NAME~~

~~WEST SR.~~



THE VOICE OF A TEAR:

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TOTAL CHAPTERS = ~~NINETY~~ (19)

TOTAL SCENES = NINETY (90)

TOTAL BOOKS = THREE (3)

DEDICATION

FOR MY DAUGHTER LA-KIERA !
YOU WILL FOREVER BE MY MOTIVATION.

THANK YOU

TO: Everyone who made this book possible. To every one who supported me in this endeavor. to everyone who helped me continue forward when I wanted to give up.

THANK YOU: TO THOSE WHO WERE MY INSPIRATION, AND THOSE WHO HAD CONTINUED FAITH IN ME.

THANK YOU: To the people that said that it wouldn't be possible for me to write a complete novel. those that lacked faith in me.

AND, LAST BUT NOT LEAST:

THANK YOU: TO THE PEOPLE WHO PUT UP WITH MY ACTIONS THROUGHOUT THIS BOOK WRITING ORDEAL.

TO NAME A FEW:

ANNETTE

MICHELLE

ALVIN

& FAMILY AND FRIENDS I.

INTRODUCTION

DEAR READER:

MY NAME IS MR. KEVIN WEST SR. , I AM A PRODUCT AND NATIVE OF NORTH PHILADELPHIA'S INNER CITY. WHICH IS NOT OFTEN A NICE ENVIRONMENT TO LIVE OR BE RAISED IN. BUT YOU HAVE TO MAKE DO.

I HAVE SEEN MY FAIR SHARE OF VIOLENCE, NEGATIVITY, PAIN, DEATH, GRIEF AND STRIFE. AS WELL AS HAPPINESS, JOY, BLISS, LOVE AND DETERMINATION.

WITH THAT SAID, THIS ENVIRONMENT HAS MADE ME MORE DETERMINED TO FIND A BETTER WAY, SO I LOOKED INWARDLY AND CHOSE THE PATH OF PUTTING MY IMAGINATION ON PAPER. ALLOWING MY VIOLENT PAST, CIRCUMSTANCES, AND SURROUNDINGS TO BECOME, WHAT I HOPE TO BE BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN A GREAT BOOK.

EVERY ONE SHEDS TEARS AT SOME POINT IN THEIR LIVES BE THEY HAPPY OR SAD. THOSE TEARS HAS THEIR OWN VOICE, SOME OF THOSE VOICES ARE INWARDLY, WISPERING LIKE AN ANGEL OR DEVIL RESTING UPON OUR SHOULDERS, OR, MORE VISUAL, ALLOWING ONLOOKERS TO NARRATE WHAT THEY PERCEIVE THEM TO BE AND MEAN FOR US.

WHEN COMING TO A FORK IN THE ROAD, SOME WILL MAKE THE RIGHT TURN AND SOME WILL MAKE THE WRONG TURN.

MAKING THE WRONG TURN, IS SOME THING THAT I AM EXTREMELY FAMILIAR WITH. AND ONCE AGAIN I HAD A CHOICE TO MAKE.

THIS BOOK REPRESENTS THAT FORK IN THE ROAD FOR ME, I FEEL THAT THIS IS THE RIGHT TURN FOR ME, AND THERE IS NO TURNING BACK! SO PLEASE KEEP IN MIND WHILE YOU TURN THESE PAGES AND DIVE DEEP INTO THIS WORLD THAT I HAVE CREATED, KNOW THAT YOU ARE MY INSPIRATION. KNOW THAT YOU "THE READER" ARE THE DRIVING FORCE THAT ALLOWS ME TO MANIPULATE MY PEN IN A LOQUACIOUS MANNER.

KNOW THAT ONCE COMPLETE, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE AS YOU WERE. YOU WILL NOW BECOME A PRODUCT AND NATIVE OF MY IMAGINATION.

AND, WHILE YOU TRAVERSE THESE PAGES, PLEASE ASK YOURSELF, WHAT TYPE OF VOICE DO YOUR TEARS HAVE? WHAT DO THEY SPEAK WHEN THEY TALK? OR, WHAT IS YOUR MODE OF EXPRESSION WHEN THEY FALL?

KNOW THAT I WONT ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING THAT I HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE MYSELF.

KNOW THAT THE VOICE OF MY TEARS WAS THAT OF A CRY FOR A BETTER LIFE THROUGH MY IMAGINATION AND PENMANSHIP AS I COMPOSED THIS JUMBLE OF WORDS INTO WHAT I HOPE TO BE A BOOK THAT YOU (THE READER) WILL PROMOTE AND SUPPORT; A BOOK THAT WILL BE THE AVENUE THAT GUIDES YOU INTO KNOWING AND UNDERSTANDING, THE VOICE OF YOUR OWN TEARS.

**KNOW THAT I AM THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE,
WITH APPRECIATION AND AN OPEN HEART.**

THE AUTHOR

MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

YOU WILL NEVER WITNESS ANOTHER PERSON
SHED A TEAR QUITE IN THIS FASHION !!!

YOU WILL NOT, BE ABLE TO STOP
TURNING PAGES, AND YOU WILL NOT, BE
ABLE TO PUT THIS BOOK DOWN ONCE YOU
OPEN IT!!!

YOU WILL NOT, SEE WHATS COMING
NEXT !!!

BUT, THE ONE THING, YOU WILL DO,
"YOU WILL", BECOME ADDICTED !!!!!

YOU WILL KEEP READING.....

AND..... YOU WILL,

SEARCH WITHIN FOR THE VOICE-

OF YOUR OWN TEARS .. !!!!!!!

THIS IS A PROMISE, THAT THIS AUTHOR WILL KEEP !!!!!!!!

THE AUTHOR: 

Prologue:

"Sir." I think.....

Did I ask for your comment?

No Sir. But.....

You have your orders, now carry them out! Now! "Yes Sir."
The man stated with a perplexed, defeated look on his face. He turned to the rest of his men, Ready your positions, the man state's we are to commence in sixty seconds.

As all positions were posted and the men readied, the head of the unit counted down silently. He raised his leather clad gloved hand at five, fingers splayed, and began to slowly lower the digits thumb first.....

Four.... Three.... Two.... One!

Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, he whispered with authority into the microphone connected to his earpiece, which was visually undetectable.

All windows and doors to the targeted property were breached, whispered shots rang out in an almost inaudible psst, psst, psst!

An older black man went down in the first barrage as he walked into the line of fire, rushing naively, on his way to see what caused the unaccustomed many crashing sounds, eager to protect his family, he never felt a thing.

Bullets tore at his head, neck, face, and chest simultaneously.

In the adjoining room his wife, a heavy set light skinned woman with greying hair was dealt the same fate, and as her body hit the floor, her thirteen year old daughter rushed in to aid her mother and froze as her eyes locked with those of a figure in

black as it hovered over her mother, clutching a really big gun with a red light streaming from the front of it like something she'd seen on an R-Rated movie she snuck to watch.

The little girl took a deep breath and yelled "mommmeeee," She never heard, nor felt the fatal shot that removed half of her face and head.....

Then, as it were fifteen seconds prior, all was silent.....

EPILOGUE

LUCO: stood on the balcony of his penthouse suite, over looking russia's capital, holding a drink in his hand. he was lucky to escape america with his **Life** still in tact. there was bandages everywhere and revenge was the only thing on his mind. robinson, is my army ready yet, luco questioned. almost sir. robinson answered.

gather all of the files and send in nadia, a.s.a.p. yes boss robinson said. and walked out of the room.

LUCO: took a sip of the strong contents within his glass and swore to himself, that he would kill this woman they call na'shay, if it was the last thing that he'd ever done on this earth.

THIS was a vow that he made to himself, and he didn't care how many people he got killed in the process !!

EVERYONE thought that he was dead, so now he had the element of surprise on his side!!!!

SHE cast the first stone, and soon he would be prepared to throw a couple boulders back.....

~~JUST WAIT.....!!!!!!~~

BOOK ONE

NA'SHAY.....

TEARS DO HAVE A VOICE OF THEIR OWN, AND
WHEN THEY SPEAK I EXTREMELY SUGGEST THAT YOU LISTEN.....

SO IT BEGINS....!!!!!!!

As he made his way to his destination, he turned his smile back on, which was a moot point, or fruitless action because the woman's eyes were closed, but yet, this made him smile even harder.

"Hey lil' momma," you cool baby? the man asked the prone woman as he slid in to sit beside her, her moan was slightly audible. He then placed his arm around the slender shoulders of the woman and gave her a little shake as he looked around the crowd to see if anyone was watching, they weren't, and this time her second moan was a little louder but still incomprehensible.

"You need some air lil' momma, he questioned?"

She cleared her throat just enough and responded with a whispered "yes," the man helped her up off the lounge chair and started making his way through the crowd with his right arm around her slim waist, he was busy looking over his shoulder trying to get a better glance at what appeared to be a very soft, supple, round ass encased in skin tight knee length black leather capri pants, but he was brought back to concentrating his attentions forward by her hesitation at realizing that they were going the wrong way, so she mumbled in a low voice, "wrong way" with a drunken slur.

The man brushes this off with ease, since it was his plan all along. It's cool lil' momma, it's too crowded to make it up front, plus it's too far, and the back is a hang out spot, the real V.I.P. where the shits happening!

The woman allowed herself to be led out back, knowing that this guy was full of shit, but she played along. Once they passed the rest room area, they made a small sharp left turn. There was a bouncer type standing guard at the back door zipping his zipper

She embraced the solitude, the silence and the distant clap of a night birds wings, as her mind drifted. She was unaware of the horns honking far below, unaware of the breeze, unaware of the rooftop, she was unaware of the street life and people going about their Friday night, she was void of the dying mans screams from earlier behind the night club, she was exempt from all things except..... The memories.....

Scene "Three"

Yes mother I'm fine, ..no, I'm not stressing, and yes I'm still coming. Please tell Destiny that I have something special for her and I love the locket she made for me. This is my favorite picture, and I bet she doesn't even know it. And oh yeah, tell dad I said I hope he's going to be wearing the apron I made for him.

Child, you know your father, if one of you girls gives him something, he'll wear it till it fells apart!

"They both laughed."

Remember when Destiny got him that smiley face tie with the purple and pink background, and you got him that Bill Cosby sweater? her mother asked.

"Oh yeah," the one with the grey slate colored patterns and orange trimming, "dag mom," I forgot all about that, Na'ehay quipped.

Not me child, he wore it the day after Christmas, you kids never knew the hell his friends put him through, her mother said with laughter in her voice. But he wore them every weekend just to see the smile on ye'lls faces. Personally I thought ya'll was laughing at him!

"Mom" stop that, don't say that, Na'shay cried out.

Shoot, her mom said, the tie was frayed at the edges and you might as well have given the sweater to your great grand mother if she were still alive, so she could have used the yarn to knit something else with it, like booties for my future grand kids. Don't let me start!

"Na'shay smiled to herself."

Mom you crazy! Na'shay said with a smile in her voice. And don't I know it, but I have two crazy girls to thank for that, now, what's your excuse? Her mother asked giggling.

I like your come back mom, anyway, I love you and I'll see you in about two hours.

Alright baby, I love you too, oh is Brian coming?

Nah, he's still in Germany, he'll make the next one, he promises.

Oh, alright baby, see you later.

Okay mom bye.

Bye sweetie.

Na'shay disconnected the call and walked into the bathroom to check the temperature on the steaming water in the tub. It was just the way she liked it. She peeled out of her robe and stood in front of the floor to ceiling mirror on the opposite wall of the step down jacuzzi-style tub naked and inspected her toned frame. She took the first four fingers of both of her hands and slowly massaged her right breast from the nipple to the base, then back to the nipple, she repeated the same process with her left breast.

A shudder ran through her body, it tingled from her toes to her clitoris, she closed her eyes and savored the sensations for

a few seconds, that, actually felt extremely longer.

She opened her eyes and gave herself the once over, and repeated the whole process once more.

Happy that there were no lumps in her breast that she could detect, which meant no sign of breast cancer. She figured, the person who invented this method was just using an excuse to touch on yourself, and smiled at the thought!

But in her mind she thought, "this man better hurry home because no check for breast cancer is suppose to feel that good."

She poured her favorite fragrance into the water and stepped into the waiting caress of which always felt to her body like liquid silk.....

Scene "Four"

Na'shay pulled up to her parents home in her spotless vintage 1950's Chevy Nova that should've been on a showroom floor. The very car her father hated. He thought it was to manly, but then again so were the most of her actions.

Na'shay didn't care, she loved the muscle, the power, this was her baby, it was the first thing she bought for herself after she graduated.

Her sister Destiny raced to the car before the brake lights were fully extinguished, being followed by a fluffy black cat that almost came to her eight year old knee caps.

"Na'shay wondered where they hid, to scope out the driveway."

Before she flexed the key all the way to the back to kill the engine, her sister had the drivers side door open with a

humorous smile upon her face. Na'shay loved her baby sister, and

in her eyes, despite the significant age difference, they were twins, but in her sisters eyes, they were triplets, because she always added her cat Sparkle to the bunch as one of the sisters.

Destiny always says, "she's all black so she's a siata," she loved that punch line. Mommy said you have something for me, "what is it, what is it, what is it?" Destiny asked while jumping up and down.

Hold up short stuff, I don't get a hi sis or nothing hun? Na'shay asked her little sister who was still jumping up and down with excitement, while Sparkle just looked from one to the other, wondering when is she going to be allowed to jump in one of their arms to be held and rubbed on. The cat licked her lips and produced a light yawn at the thought.

"Sorryyyy" Destiny moaned, "Hi sis," now what is it, what is it, what is it?

Alright-alright, close your eyes, Destiny did so, you to Sparkle, Na'shay ordered, the cat just yawned and blinked lazily. Na'shay smiled as she pulled the small plastic bag from her purse with the jewelry store logo emblazoned all over it.

Okay, open your eyes, Destiny did so, oh yeah, you to Sparkle, which who's were already opened, Na'shay said while still smiling and handing the bag to her little sister, at the same time watching Sparkle watching them with an inquisitive eye.

"Only if cats could talk Na'shay thought."

"Oh wowww, Destiny exclaimed, after she took the lid off of the small jewelry box, enclosed were a necklace with the words "Destinies Sparkle" as a charm, and what appeared to be a bracelet made exactly the same way.

With both gifts secure, Na'shay grabbed her purse from beside her and stood up asking where's mom and dad? Out back Destiny yelled, come on 'Shay, as she ran through the side yard, trailed by Sparkle, to show her mother their gifts.

Na'shay shook her head as she smiled and took the same path as her sister to the back of the house, where she encountered her family, doing what they loved to do.

Her mother sat beside the huge swimming pool in a cushioned deck chair that she had imported from Rome, now with Sparkle on her lap while she appraised both her daughters and the cats neck wear.

As she noticed Na'shay, she looked at her oldest child and said, you are going to spoil these two! Na'shay smiled and before she was able to say anything, her father turned around from the grill after applying gobs of barbeque sauce on everything, and said "it's too late for that," while chuckling good naturedly, wearing an apron that said, "It taste better in the dark," with a picture of a silhouette of a vampire biting the neck of the shadow of a woman in a chef's hat..... Then na'shay's phone

rang.....

Scene "Five"

Na'shay blinked back to the here and now, she was unaware of

pulled into the parking lot of the Nashemny Inn Motel located directly across the street from where she allowed the darkness to conceal her identity.

Na'shay watched as the driver and the passenger exited the van, she followed closely as they traversed the twenty or so stairs to the second tier of the motels rental rooms, she watched as they stopped for a brief second in front of room number seventeen and flirted with the four intoxicated women who flirted with them.

The driver looked annoyed as he pushed past his partner who was now swapping phone numbers with one of the women. The driver whispered something to the other guy as he passed by him, but from the angle his body was turned Na'shay was not able to read his lips, but whatever it was appeared to have been important because his partner snapped to attention and quickly turned from the woman and followed close behind the driver.

Na'shay watched as the two men approached the door of the last room which was number twenty-two, and the driver tapped once.

Immediately the door opened, she noticed that the guy who opened the door was the bouncer type, who manned the back door of

the club she had her first encounter earlier.

Before Na'shay had the opportunity to see further into the room the door was closed.

she sat perplexed for a moment, hoping she wouldn't be recognized by the bouncer type before she was able to do what needed to be done.

And, without even realizing it, a plan had already formulated itself in her head and she smiled as she lowered the binoculars to her lap and reached for the latch on the glove compartment.

She removed a wallet sized make-up compact kit, then turned towards the passenger seat and removed two scrunchy hair ties from the nap-sack that sat crouched in the seat.

Na'shay quickly applied a couple different hues to her cheeks, jaw line, and forehead. she added eyeliner very thick to the top and bottom of both eyes, then, changed lip stick color from her usual midnight black to a bright pink.

She checked the compacts mirror and rear view mirror once she was done, and was proud of the job. her freckles were covered plus her over all appearance was different. she now resembled a slutty white woman, just the look she was aiming for.

Na'shay placed th binoculars back into the case on the back seat, then removed the twin fifty caliber desert eagle haNd guns that she loved oh so much. she sat both weapons in her lap and pulled on her leather riding gloves.

Na'shay picked up one of the weapons, hit the thumb switch to release the clip, she inspected the contents to make sure the ammunition was sufficient, once reassured so, she sat the clip to

the side and cooked back the loading breeches and left her

As Na'shay made her way towards the stairs that led to the second tier, a police cruiser pulled into the parking lot. Her pulse sped up as her heart rate quickened, she risked a glance at the officer as she smoothly changed directions as if she'd forgotten something at the registration office. The cop was all smiles.

Na'shay knew he was on patrol and out searching for more than crooks, more like searching for a quick piece or a cheap thrill on a late night by the cheesy grin on his pale fat face as he winked at her, but she feigned to ignore him as she kept walking, and he kept driving sensing it was a failed attempt, right back out of the parking lot. Hopefully in search somewhere else.

She knew she had to hurry.

Na'shay switched directions again and made it safely to the top of the stairs when the door of room seventeen opened. A tall white ~~guy with red~~ hair and a plaid shirt stumbled out with a drink in his hand, Na'shay ducked into the doorway of room number eleven, as a woman's voice yelled out after him, "you better come back" with a drunken slur, laughing, and the light that spilled across the walkway disappeared as she shut the door, once the red haired guy lifted his drink drunkenly in acknowledgment.

Na'shay had her back pressed against the doorway of room number eleven at the very top of the steps. The red haired guy was so out of it he didn't even notice her. He stumbled past singing to his self and laughing at his own fuck-ups.

Na'shay stayed where she was until he reached the bottom landing and turned out of sight towards the rooms directly underneath her. She then made a quick but calculated dash towards

BOOK TWO

NICHOLAS HAMILTON.....(DICK)

EVERYONE HAS ANGELS, BUT, PEOPLE SELDOM KNOW
THAT THEY ARE THERE!

MOST WILL NOT KNOW THE SACRIFICE, OR THE LENGTHS
THAT THEY WILL FORE'GO TO SAVE US, AND OUR SOULS....

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION.....!!!!!!!

Damn....Luco says puzzled, then continues calmly, Robinson, I want answers, and I mean like last week, now, process the secure link and make sure I am not bothered, unless of course, you have answers.

"Yes Sir," right away Sir, Robinson utters quickly as he shuffles towards the door, once out of the room, out of harm's way, and the door closed behind him, he finally feels safe from the reprimands. He takes a deep breath, five minutes later he was still gathering himself, one side of his face lightly pulsating, but yet, confidence returning to its regular state, then, he hears his name being yelled again by his boss.

Knowing that he didn't want to be bothered, and he was just connected to the secure line, plus knowing with whom he was speaking. Robinson knew that this couldn't be good for anybody, especially him.

Immediately he started to perspire, even before he stood up.

Scene "Two"

"Brurp-brurp-brurp," hello, office of- put me through Luco says cutting the female voice off in mid sentence on the other end of the line. "Please hold" the secretary responds, remaining professional, but, with a trace of malice in her voice as she presses the hold button down, instantly recognizing Luco's voice.

The secretary quickly hits the intercom button, knowing the magnitude of the situation, to let her boss know that she has Luco on hold.

"Four," you have no motherfucking choice or, say so in this matter.

Now, where do I direct my boys, Luco's boss questions. Is it the usual place.

Yes, Luco says in a very low voice, feeling a little disrespected by how he was being spoken to, and when he was about to continue his dialog, he realizes there's only a dial tone on the other end.

Luco throws the phone receiver, out of anger and frustration, across the room, but the cord catches as it reaches its limit and snaps back, damn near hitting him as it knocks the items that he just placed on his desk this way and that way.

This just adds to his anger. He's extremely pissed off to the point where his whole face and neck turns red.

Luco screams, "Richardddd"!

Scene "Three"

Na'shay lays on the rooftop of the Irish pub once again, located directly across the street from Club "Erogenous Zones," with her elbows at the edge and her beloved Diamond St. 25 binoculars glued to her face.

She watches the clubs coming's and going's, and, as usual the line was a couple of blocks long. This was definitely a popular spot, she thought as she scanned the patrons.

The men were out in droves, in the most expensive clothes you could find, shoes and jewelry to match.

It looked to Na'shay as if everyone was glowing, due to the

in various positions around the room.

"What A scene" she thought, as she looked about before she allowed the door to swing shut and left without A trace of ever being there!!!!

"SCENE THREE"

Everyone sat around the huge thirty seat, oval mohogany table waiting on Luco to make his appearance, It wasn't like him to keep anyone waiting, his military experience and back-round kept him excruciatingly punctual, It was like one of his pet peeves, just like his o.c.d. tendencies.

The table was littered with numerous things; ashtrays, which held cigarette-butts smoked down to the filter, with others half smoked still smoldering while the owner had A fresh one tucked between his fingers.

There were liquor bottles and decanters beside open packs of newports and marlboro reds, There were goblets and crystal glasses with only liquid residue remaining.

A few of the guys were un-characteristicly chain smoking, back to back cigarettes out of fear of what was to come, or of the unknown, because Luco's wrath was well known in the underground circuit as well as above.

And, Luco never called surprise meetings, He pride himself on order, so this was something to be worried about, for those in the know Plus, the alcohol, (deemed liquid courage) , Wasn't working to quell said fear.

There were cell phones, empty match books, dead and fresh lighters threw about haphazardly as well.

the back of the tier. She stopped at room number twenty and took a few seconds to gather herself.

She looked around, and checked her surroundings, she noticed a used styrofoam cup on the empty walkway in front of the door of room number eighteen, quickly realizing it would be great in her scheme, she ducked back and retrieved it, then hurried towards the last room.

Number Twenty-two...

Once she got there, Na'shay took a cautious glance of the parking lot, room doors and the reception office. She was alone, "time to make her move" she thought, and took two deep breath as she tried to over hear the hushed tones of conversation on the other side of the door.

Na'shay tapped once lightly as she'd seen done by the driver of the metallic green van moments ago, that felt like ages. The quiet murmur behind the door went silent, and was opened by a big burly white guy with no neck, due to his muscular stature, the head of a bulldog on steroids and the body of a grizzly bear.

He easily blocked her vision into the room as his shoulders graced both sides of the door frame.

He smiled at the sight of her, turning slightly sideways and stated, "look what we have here fella's," Na'shay jumped right into the verbal exchange while analyzing who and where everyone was located.

"Get rid of her," she heard from the back of the room with authority.

"Hey big guy," she began, me and my girls down the way, in seventeen need some more man meat to enjoy for the night, (she heard someone yell, I told you! in the distance). I mean, she

continued, if ya'll are game, winking at the guy she saw exchanging numbers with one of the real women that were lodged in room seventeen.

Na'shay counted six men, most were smiling at the thought of her being drunk and willing, wondering who was going to be the lucky one, or were they all gong to get lucky. It would definitely be a welcomed break in the monotony.

Na'shay leaned her right shoulder against the right side of the door's frame being as though the door swung inward to her left and the huge man was standing there.

"Hey," if you guys are stingy and want to keep me to yourselves, I'm all for that, she said with a seductive smile, while sizing up everyone's position. She kept the dialog going while the delightful scene of killing all of them played in her head like a Tarrentino movie.

Na'shay leaned forward a little, so the guys could eyeball her ample cleavage, she let the styrofoam cup slip from her fingers and fall to the floor. "Oops," she said slurring a little, oh, it's empty, I guess I need another drink.

"Aawwww," the huge guy at the door said, teasing Na'shay as he turned his head to the left to look at his croonies.

Na'shay feigned as if to retrieve her cup, but within the span of time that it took to blink, a lightning bolt of thoughts shot through the electrical impulses of her brain and the reflexes of the nerve endings within her right and left arm spasmed and the five digits at the end of both arms were

Robinson, noticing Luco's tardiness, got to his feet and made his way across the immense room towards A beautifully hand carved white oak door that connected off to the far side, which was this rooms entrance to Luco's main office. "All eye's were on him".

Robinson tapped lightly, There was no sound of acknowledgement, so he tapped A little louder, Still no sound, So he took it upon himself to nudge the door slightly open and peered in, after he twisted the knob and found it to be un-locked.

Carefully And steady, making sure not to look back at the other men to possibly forewarn them of an impending problem if there were one. They were already nervous as it is. But, He really had to fight the urge, Because his own fear was inundated.

Robinson entered on shaky legs after noticing Luco seated behind his massive oak desk, which usually was void of anything, except Luco's large hands folded together in steeple fashion when he's in deep thought.

This time there was A manilla envelope atop his desk instead and Robinson noticed for the first time the ashen look on Luco's face. Which was new, Luco never revealed anything, to Robinson, Luco had the best poker face in the world.

Robinson looked back and forth from the envelope to Luco, Luco to the envelope, But yet Luco said nothing.

Robinson cleared his throat, "not to get Luco's attention, because despite his boss not looking up from his desk to acknowledge him, He knew he was there" But, to make sure that what actually came out was his voice, because his fear had him choked up.

Everybody is here boss, waiting in the other room, Robinson

said. Luco looked up and locked eye's with Robinson and slid the envelope across the desk' top towards him and said "not-everybody!" with subdued anger and pain in his voice.

Robinson grasped the envelope wondering why that response, with all that could have been said, flipped it open and took out it's contents without saying A word. There was A photo copied newspaper article, which he read with A horror stricken look upon his face.

He couldn't help but notice the date once he finished the article. "Yesterday,damn", he thought. He let it flutter back on to the desk top and picked up A second post card sized paper, The reverse was blank, He flipped it over, It was A deep blood red with three words written in neat script in the center of it which read, "I'm getting close!" with A smiley face and A tear drop behind it !

Robinson's face grew paler than it already was, because deep down inside, He knew that he knew what this was about, or had A strong idea, but he wouldn't voice it until he was actually sure. It was best to be one hundred percent when it came to dealing with Luco.

But, that wasn't the end of it,There was also A white envelope along with the package. Robinson shook the envelope and A couple of glossy photographs fell to the table. He then picked them up and glanced at them, not sure exactly what he was seeing until he looked closer, which he wished he didn't do, because everything that he ate today was now in his throat!!

Robinson dropped the photo's, covered his mouth and dashed into Luco's private lavatory and kicked the door closed behind him.

When Robinson returned to Luco's office, everything was back in the original envelope. How are you going to tell the big man? Robinson questions. He already knows, Luco responds.

Come on, lets get out here for this meeting to commence, Luco orders, and carry that envelope also, (Robinson hurried- and grabbed the envelope off of the desk) Plus, keep your face neutral, I'm not telling them about that, Luco nods at the envelope now in Robinsons hand, Until the end, I want to see what they know first.

"Yes Sir.Boss", Robinson said as they walked through the door into the adjoining conference room.

Luco immediately notices the disarray that the table top is in, something inside of him ticks, but, he forces himself to ignore it, due to the more pressing issues at hand. He also knew that he would come back after the cleaning lady had left to add his own finishing touces to the room.

But, It didn't go unnoticed to him how fast the guys tried to make it appear neater than it was as their eye's were trained on him and his expression!

"LISTEN UP"! Luco yells in his booming voice. It echo's off the walls of the sound proofed room. everyone froze, all chatter ended, The moment they've all been sweating about was here.

Everyone's mind wondering, Their silent questions hoping to be answered, While at the same time hopeful, that it was no wrong doing on their part, no one wanted to feel the wrath of Luco !!!!

"Luco starts", You guys already know what's been going on, You've already been briefed, plus that is why you were sent to me, It's been real, but men, It's getting worse, and what I

need to know like yesterday is, who is behind this, The killing of our brethren, and what the fuck we are really up against !

Do anyone of you have any idea who is behind this? -----

-----No one said anything, not even Robinson, So Luco continued

I want who ever is behind this, DEAD! And, I mean now ! I need answers, no, we need answers A.S.A.P !, And no matter who it is, no matter how many, we will win this fight!

I WANT THE "HEAD" OF THE HEAD PERSON ON MY DESK ! LITERALLY!

We are losing people left and right, and I have love for each and every last one of you, genuinely! no one is expendable!

I may not show it, but I do, we've known each other for A lot of years, and if we don't get to the bottom of this now, anyone can be next. I don't know about you guys families, But I know mine ain't ready to recieve those kind of flowers, And I don't want them! Everyone sat stone faced knowing what he said wasn't A joke.

"AM I MAKING MYSELF CLEAR, HE QUESTIONED?"!

"Yes Boss"! They all shouted in chorus.

Robinson, set the projector. Luco ordered. Robinson jumped to his feet and disappeared, while Luco continued to speak.

"Leo", I need you on this, Luco say's while locking eye's with Leo, who he's worked with off and on for the past fifteen to twenty years.

I'm ready boss, I'm already on it. I have my team scouring the city for answers as we speak, I have someone on every corner, in every circle, in every part of this town, don't worry! Leo assures him, We'll get him!

"Alright Leo" , Thanks Luco say's as he continues, "Dubray" I need you to pull everyone else on our staff together, This shit

is getting out of hand and we don't even know what the hell is going on! Dubray just nods, But, He doesn't do much talking anyway, and Luco understood.

I haven't been getting any sleep, so neither will none of you, as of now, we're all on extended over time!

The rest of you, "watch your asses, and watch each others backs! Now, prepare yourselves, this isn't pretty. Luco say's as confused looks hit every face at the table, and as if on cue, Robinson poke's his head out of the closeted space where the projector is set up, and yells, "Ready Boss"! (and just as Leo was wondering where his buddy Starks was) "Show 'em Robinson, Luco yells!!

SCENE FOUR

Na'shay sat across from the building she was secretly watching, In A small area designed for comfort and relaxation for the stock brokers and many business types that over crowded the area.

It was equipped with marble and stone benches, lush grass plus intricate cut shrubbery and beautiful statues of assorted designs, from huge chess pieces to water fountains.

Pretending to read the folded newspaper in her left hand while siping the cinnamon latte that she held in her right hand.

She was casually dressed in A light grey pin-striped business suit. The skirt hung three inches above her ankles, loose fit, Her shoes were stylish, low-heeled. The suits jacket was snug, But, customized to hide her weapons as all her attire was as of late.

Na'shay also donned make up for this occasion, neutral

lip-stick, A dark terra cotta blush to deminish her features and camouflage her freckles, eye liner, and A faux beauty mark at the top corner above her lip on the right side, All encased in the shadow thrown by the black wig that fit her face perfectly. The added touch of her lap-top carrying case was perfect as well.

She also had on dark brown contact lenses and an expensive pair of wire frame glasses.

Na'shay looked the part of A business woman on A liesure break. She eyeballed the building, not knowing exactly who she was looking for, or who may show up.

She knew the name: "LUCO" ,only. To whom she sent the photo's of Starks' mangled body earlier. But, the floor, His office or what ever space he occupied was unknown.....(for now).

She watched as the mail carrier who delivered her package departed, Now all she had to do was wait!

At this point she was moving purely off of womens intuition, instinct, or sixth sense, if you were one who equated that to the human mind.

Na'shay watched the comings and goings of the people milling about. Most were men, Who were attired in expensive tailored suits. Others wore off the rack merchandise, while still others mixed and matched their wear, expensive sports coats and suit jackets with cheap off the rack or over the counter bottoms, Etcetera.

But, All of them carried some type of brief case or satchel, Probably carrying someone's future in A bag, Be it negative or possitive, Na'shay guessed the negative, But then again, She was in the process of dishing out negativity! Who was she to judge ?

The women were mainly attired like herself. Except, some wore tight fitting pant suits, either mens tailored to fit A woman, or womens designed to resemble A mans.

Most of them had brief cases also, and stylish hand bags accompanied those, while others only carried lap-top carrying cases. But, All seemed to be in A hurry, as if they were on busy "Wall Street" in New York City during the uprise of A NASDAQ or NYSE explosion.

No one paid Na'shay any attention, as she'd hoped for.

There were A couple other people in the sitting area as well, But, They were engrossed within their own business, on lap-tops or smart phones typing away, probably texting for trade secrets, googling in preperation for an upcoming rise or fall, on face book bragging about A new position, or surfing the web for the latest stock increases. Something Na'shay knew she would never get into.

Na'shay knew that the woman that was about three feet away from where she sat, was preparing some type of Litigating arguement, because the woman re-read it as she typed away, mumbling to herself. But the hearing aide sized earbud that

Na'shay had firmly affixed into her right ear enhanced her hearing ten-fold and no one was the wiser.

She figured it was time to get A little closer to the building, She grabbed the empty lap-top carrying case that sat beside her on the bench, opened it and casually tucked the folded newspaper inside, zippered it closed and threw the strap over her shoulder as she stood.

She discarded the coffee cup into the nearest trash recepticle marked recycle with the conventional symbol of arrows,

and fell in step with the rest of the crowd preparing to cross at the light.

Once on the other side of the street, The same side as the building, Na'shay stopped at the closest news stand and asked for A business weekly magazine. After it was handed to her by the Arabic looking sales man, She started thumbing through it as she casually watched the entrance to the office building that was now only A couple feet away from where she now stood.

But it was not the entrance to the office building that held her attention, It was something about the cars parked at the curb that didn't quite sit well with her.

They weren't familiar, but it was something, she could feel it in her gut. "come on Shay, think", She coached herself, Damn, what is it, She wispered, She continued to try to piece it together in her brain, fighting with herself, She looked around, then without even thinking about it, She focused her attention on A female meter-maid officer who was in the process of writing parking tickets.

Na'shay continued to watch her as she served just about every vehicle parked on this side of the street, Na'shay let her eye's rivet back and forth between the entrance and the meter-maid, She still couldn't grasp what the feeling was until she looked up and noticed the pole that held A sign that read No-Parking, from the hours of 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and glanced at her watch and noted that it was almost noon, But, what made her brain click in realization was when the meter-maid officer bypassed the three sedans with tinted windows parked closest to the entrance.

That was A no-no, in Philadelphia, the home of the

syndicated television show "Parking Wars", Red flags bullied her brain like an over-weight fat kid does weaker children at lunch time in elementary schools in poverished neighborhoods across the globe !

Na'shay walked towards the meter-maid and noticed that all three sedans' license plates were from New York, And, was also equipped with Diplomatic Imunity stickers, as were the symbol on the back windows.

Na'shay figured that, that was the reason for the bypassage.

She walked towards one of the vehicles and acted as if she were going to open the door, pointing what she hoped would appear to be A remote starter as she headed in it's direction, But, stopped short to chat -up the meter-maid.

"Oh my, I didn't get A ticket did I?", she questioned the officer in A perky business like tone. "no honey", replied the officer as she pointed at the Diplomatic insignia in the window. One of these yours?, the officer questioned as she looked at her clip-board. Yes, Na'shy answered, It's A company car, and I can't afford any more tickets. This would have been my thirđ this week on three different cars and my boss doesn't like spending money, she quickly added (to avert her attention from the clip-board) "If you know what I mean with A girlish wink at the officer."

Yeah, tell me about it honey, My boss is the same way, He says we should know better, being Parking Authority and all, replied the officer with A wink of her own.

"Oh shux", I left my breif case up stairs Na'shy said with mock panic in her voice, thanks for not giving "Us" A ticket, Na'shy says as she bids the officer A fair well and

turned and briskly walked towards the front door of the office building giving the officer A wave as she went. The officer smiled, waved back and continued on with her work.

Na'shay entered the building and immediately cursed herself under her breath, Her heart rate sped up A little as she noticed the number of surveillance camera's within the lobby.

Na'shay felt confident in her disguise so she brushed it off and quickly but smoothly walked to the front desk, Where A heavy set black woman with caked on make-up, sat reading A copy of glamour magazine.

The woman behind the desk lowered the magazine and donned A radiant smile as she noticed Na'shay approach her desk.

"Yes, may I help you ma'am?", The heavy set woman questioned in A voice that did not match her girth.

Thinking quick, Na'shay asked, "can you please tell me what floor Jacob and Reinhardt associates are on." matching the business like tone. "One moment please", The heavy set woman replied as she typed into her wireless keyboard and scanned the screen.

Na'shay looked around the spacious lobby as she waited, And as the heavy set woman was saying "sorry ma'am their office is in the building next door, to our left, Na'shay noticed some of the men that she saw A couple of days ago, get out of the hummer vehicles at club "Erogenous-Zone", step off of one of the many elevators, and A couple others attired the same, followed as they stepped off of another neighboring elevator after it's doors slid open.

Na'shay was saying thank you to the woman as she prepared to leave.

Na'shays, pulse quickened even more as she turned on her heels. She focused her attention on her earpiece and listened to the men as they spoke in hushed tones amongst each other.

She heard one of them say, "man we really gots to do something fast, Luco's on the brink of explotion, and I want no parts of that !!!!!"

Leo, you better check into that intel like now !! And find out who these people are, and what the hell is going on!!

Na'shay darted from the building as if in A rush like everyone else rushing from the building, and headed for her car.

SCENE "FIVE"

Na'shay made it to her vehicle in time to watch the men load into theirs, The one that had the aura of A leader climbed behind the wheel of the last car alone.

Na'shay angled her rear view mirror for A better look and slumped down further in her seat as the first couple of cars passed her by, loaded with at least four men in each.

She also realized that the last guy that her attention was focused on, was also one of the three men that exited the first hummer infront of the club the other night.

One third of the trio already felt the wrath of her vengeance, and from the imput she extracted from him, The man she had her eye's on through the rear view mirror had to be Leo. His name was mentioned in the lobby of the office building but she was unable to look in that direction, due to making A hasty retreat.

He had an arrogant swagger about him, and the air of A

retired general from some over seas country.

For Na'shay, Things were moving at A quicker pace than she anticipated, But, still she was pleased.

As the guy (presumably Leo) sat at the curb, Na'shay removed the listening device from her ear and hurriedly lifted her butt off of the seat, gripped the top of her skirt and twisted the waist line until the zipper that ran the length of the skirt was directly in front of her, in easy reach.

Na'shay deaftly unzipped and removed the skirt, leaving A pair of spandex stretch pants in it's place. They were conveniently pulled to her knee's, She never took her eye's off of her "now target", She removed her shoe's and tossed them onto the floor of the passenger side, next, She removed the suit jacket and tossed that onto the back seat along with the discarded skirt, then grabbed her black-on-black Air Nike-Shock jogging sneakers.

Na'shay watched as the man reached for the ignition to start his car. His left blinker lights shone, Na'shay had to hurry, She was starting to sweat in the hot car, but, decided to leave on the wig and retrieved the hooded sweat shirt that lay across the passenger seat next to where she sat the empty lap top case, save for the folded news paper.

Once that was donned, She started her vehicle as well.

Na'shay looked around, with A sweeping glance, to make sure she wasn't being watched, because she had that feeling again. but no one even gave her car A side ways glance. She guessed A lot of people changed in their cars, between meetings or what ever. so this probably wasn't out of the ordinary.

She then allowed her eye's to rivet back to the rear view

mirror as the mans car was pulling from the curb. Na'shay casually pulled on her leather gloves and pulled from the curb as well.

Na'shay followed his car as inconspicuous as possible as he made one stop after another, where the correct timing was not available, but Na'shay loved persistence, so, she waited and watched, knowing the perfect time would present it's self.

This time he left A nicely manicured row-house that he was in for about fourty-five minutes, She allowed him to get several car lengths before she herself merged with the traffic.

Another twenty minutes later, The guy she was pretty sure was the one they reffered to as Leo, pulled over once again, but, this time it wasn't in front of A house or building, instead he pulled up in front of A vacant lot full of dead leaves brown grass and weeds, in A seedy part of the city.

She was so engrossed in tailgating him, that she wasn't even aware of crossing the invisible border from nice, to not-so-nice section of the city.

Na'shay actually allowed herself to wonder what A Russian henchmen with Diplomatic plates was doing in this part of town.

Probably heading to the house of one of the eazy, loose, women that frequented this neighborhood, as other business types' have done, and was persecuted for, in the past. She thought to herself.

As she cruised pass slowly, she noticed that he was urinating on the side of the building with his car still running.

Na'shay quickly paralel parked between two run down cars and cut the engine of her vehicle, and stealthly crept in his

direction. She also noted that the street they were on were rarely traversed.

The guy seemed to be enjoying himself, head back, eyes closed and a satisfying look on his face.

Na'shay looked around and made sure that they were alone, and reached inside of her hooded sweat jacket and produced one of her weapons, she moved cat like until she was directly behind the man, who was oblivious to her presence.

She raised her weapon, contemplating if she should just go ahead and pull the trigger and dispose of him as fast as possible, but immediately canceled that thought and hit him in the back of his head where his visual cortex was located, with extreme, but calculated force, and watched as his body crumpled, first to his knees, then face first to meet the concrete.

Na'shay looked around one again, still satisfied of their aloneness and swiftly drug him deeper into the lot, made sure he would not stir, and dashed to cut his car off then made her way to her own car to retrieve the necessary materials for this particular job as smoothly as possible.

This guy would be dealt the same fate as the rest, if you were one inclined to believe in destiny, then he was destined to die a painful death by the hands of a beautiful woman!

Na'shay never in a million years would have planned on becoming a part of the iniquity, but now, she was, iniquity, in every sense of the word, and she couldn't help but think, "there's nothing more wrathful than a woman scorned and there's nothing more dangerous than an enemy with nothing to lose," and she had already lost everything.

So, there was a real problem on someone's hands and she couldn't wait to show and prove! So she started with the pawns, ("as if playing a deadly game of chess") such as the one that lay at her feet.

Na'ehay applied multiple torturous tactics to the man, one after another, but this time she took her time, learning from an earlier episode.

The hog-tie quelled his attempts to scream, and at one point she figured he wouldn't budge, on the release of information. But the pivotal point was when he woke and she started performing an autopsy style "y" incision in his chest while he was still conscious, "he broke," she read it through his eyes.

Once she removed the gag from his mouth, he began to talk, he gave up sparse information that she already knew, before he passed out for the fifth time.

Na'ehay knew that sooner or later, they would uncover her identity, but she didn't care, she was prepared for that, and in the event of her death, that death would be welcomed by her.

Despite the fact that their lack of knowledge of her identity was in her favor, and despite the fact that, the element of surprise was on her side, if they were able to achieve, "the what now seemed impossible feat" of tracking her down and killing her, they would be doing her a favor, because to her, death would be like a family reunion.

She would be reunited with those that she loves, those that were taken from her, those that she missed dearly, her parents, her sister, and her husband! If there was such a thing as the

afterlife, that some claimed to have witnessed!

The thrilling part about the whole afterlife situation, was her thought process. If there were an afterlife, and in that afterlife she were to run into those that she killed in this life, if it was possible, she would gladly kill them again in the after!

This guy was the notorious Lao, she had confirmed that through her own means. But, at the moment he weren't so notorious. It was more on the lines of pitiful.

Leo's eyes snapped back open as he struggled to catch his breath. He could have easily thought that he was in his bed at home sleeping, because he was dead tired before his capture. No sleep, no rest, constant movement in search of those responsible for killing of his comrades, and now all that was in vain, because he himself was in the hands of who was responsible.

And he now remembered that he was flat on his back in the middle of an enormous abandoned lot, surrounded by dead grass three feet tall, trash, and broken household appliances, (washer, dryer, etc.). In between two desolate buildings that has seen better days, and the irony of that, is that his piss gratified one of the buildings outer walls.

His right arm in a handcuff that was connected to a thick link chain "usually used for heavy cargo" that was stretched taut, wrapped around a pole about five feet away, and the same was for his left arm pointed in the opposite direction. All because he got caught slipping, not on point, and his back to the street, pissing in a lot when he just left a house with a working toilet.

She was good he thought, real good, he didn't even sense her behind him, and it was a time, he used to pride himself on those types of instincts!

Leo tried several times to shake himself free but to no avail, in the position he was in, he looked as if he was mimicking Jesus and the famed crucifixion, except, he was lain horizontally instead.

And the woman that was in his dreams a few seconds ago, doing all sorts of things to him, painful things, which he silently begged the Lord to either end or welcome him with open arms, now, sat on his sliced open chest, cross legged resembling the look of an evil yoga instructor.

She looked down upon him with the wickedest look in someone's eyes he's ever seen, and he's seen possibly millions of them throughout multiple wars, hostile take overs, merc missions, and the capture of an uncountable amount of prisoners of war for the Russian Army, and none matched what he witnessed in hers!

Behind obvious contacts, they were the color of black slate or burning oil, with a red tinge, and for the first time in his life, he knew what "real" fear felt like!

Leo tried to blink her away, as one would with the aftermath of a bad dream, but once he realized that that would not be the case, he fought with himself to not beg for his life, go out like a soldier, but he couldn't help his self as visions of his life flashed before his watery eyes.

"Damn" he thought, I'm going out like a coward, "fuck it" nobody would know, he thought on the inside, but on the outside

it went, : "please, please, please" just give me some time, don't kill me please! Please let me live, I'll get you the information.

What he didn't understand was that he was already dead in her eyes even before this encounter.

His voice came out ragged and shallow, please Ma. who-ever you are, I have a wife and kids, a family, please.....

Ma'shay smiled a sad smile at the word family, which his cohorts had taken from her, "Shut Up!" It's too late to beg now, she spit back at him. (He had used the wrong word, but it really didn't matter, his fate was already sealed). I tried to practice the patience that I really lack, and what little I did possess has been worn thin. You had your chance, but since I'm in a given mood, I'll allow you,.... She paused for a brief moment... To make the necessary speech or prayer to make nice with your creator, your time here amongst the living is over, you have ten seconds! But out of spite she started at.....five, four....

Quickly Leo closed his eyes and whispered "Ni Chusoi Dios Aei Eniptouei" (the dice of God are always loaded) barely audible to himself, and his eyes shot back open immediately when she leaned in and whispered his same words back into his ear, except Dios was now replaced by Diablo.

"Who are you?" Leo questioned breathlessly, as his life leaked from his body like an inflated bicycle's innertube with multiple punctures.

Ma'shay kissed his forehead. As the realization set into his brain that this was to resemble the kiss of death, before he was able to scream, she pushed the ice pick (that he never saw)

through his right ear piercing his brain. His body spasmed twice, then he lay prone, lifeless!

"Not only are the dice of God always loaded, so are the Devils!" She whispered and smiled as she faded into the shadows that formed in the time it took for her to play God once again.

"Well, the taking of life part, because she had no kids."

Scene "Six"

The men dressed in black camo stood staring at the blood splatter, which resembled a Hirschfeldt Ink Blot Test, and be it a coincidence or not, a couple of the men were able to recognize what appeared to be the image of a devil or devilish mask, within the blood like a bad omen. And they all saw the same image, so if what they thought they saw was authentic, either way, the shivers were in abundance.

The curtain of night descended upon them as they barreled down the alleyway in search of the mysterious target that fled in this direction. But little did they know, Na'shay was posted up in a doorway a couple feet ahead of them screwing a suppressor on to the front of one of her weapons, preparing to unload half of a thirty-two shot magazine into them.

She did not waste ammunition, so every bullet would hit home.

As Na'shay slowly lifted her weapon in preparation to fire, she readied herself, then suddenly, the many foot steps that were approaching stopped, and she could now hear the difference in the foot falls tone, they were actually retreating, which left Na'shay confused.

Na'shay nervously risked a glance around the doorways frame and hastily counted the five backs, of what appeared to be men in heavy dark colored camo, that were meticulously making their way back up the alleyway from the direction they came.

Na'shay hurriedly checked the other direction before she slid from her hiding place, or shall I say vantage point, still confused as to why the retreatment, but still cautious she kept her silenced weapon at the ready.

As she exited what was thought to be an alleyway, she noticed that it was actually St. Paul Street, which was right off the cross of 17th and Bristol, she made a right turn towards Rowan walkway and then another right turn up that street.

Na'shay moved cautiously but calmly, as if this was her every day normal, constantly checking her surroundings as she made her way down the dark street, she paused at the tombstone planted in the middle of the street which enabled traffic to enter or exit, but she had to at least wonder, why plant a tombstone in the middle of an inner city street.

The irony of it, was there is no cemetery in a five mile square radius, but pain, death, hurt and heartache, were the main populace, like this dead body she left slumped against this very tombstone.

Na'shay quickly checked his pockets, found nothing, confiscated his weapon and rapidly departed through 16th Street back tracking to retrieve her vehicle parked on near-by Hicks Street.

She knew she had to hurry, because she didn't know the location of the other five men, but their intentions were clear and police sirens were fast approaching.

Na'shay surveilled the intersection of Bristol and 16th, the coast was clear, she navigated as if militarily trained across Bristol towards Marcus Foster Football Field. The police sirens drew even closer with every ticking second, and by the sound of it, there were many. But since she was attired in dark clothing, she was one with the night, virtually invisible to the naked eye, as she maneuvered the shadows.

Once clear of the intersection, she made a quick and stealthy left onto Rufner Street, passing a couple handlume on her way, standing on the corner of Sydneyham Street. She ignored their cat calls of come here "ma's," Damn baby's, and slow down sweethearts.

Unknown to whom they were speaking, and her abilities at being a cold blooded murderer, which she herself just began coming to terms with. Na'shay kept walking, tunnel vision focused, and made her way to her vehicle which was safely tucked away, parked on the next dark street over, Hicks Street.

Na'shay pressed one of the buttons on her small portable hand held keypad to unlock her car doors and deactivate the cars alarm system before she fully entered the block. A few feet away from the car, she pressed a second button to remote start the vehicle, once safely behind the wheel she felt extremely comfortable, she relaxed even more with taking a deep breath, knowing that if the police arrived in attempt to apprehending her, she would never be caught in her customized automobile.

she was just that nice, and extremely skilled when it came to a fine machine. They had some what of a better chance with her outside of the car, but then again, that ain't even that plausible!

Na'shay thought to herself, another one down as she pulled away from the curb slowly and made her way towards the opposite corner from the way that she came, which in full circle, was Hicke and Bristol Streets. Once there, she waved at the crowd of men standing in front of the Chinese store located on the corner as she made a right turn, giving the appearance of this action being the every day normal, as she drove past a police cruiser traveling in her direction, knowing that it was headed to the murder scene she left at the ironic tombstone, to clean up her dirty work.

CHAPTER FIVE

"SCENE ONE"

Na'shay sat in her condo, in A spacious room designated for her artistic talents that no one really knew she possessed.

One of the many lighting lamps that she had strategically placed about the room burned at the nape of her neck as she sat at her floor mounted easel staring blankly at the twenty five by twenty five inch rough slab of canvas that adorned it.

What graced the front of the canvas, were the middle stages of A Portrait. There were three complete faces and the out lined silhouette of A forth.

Those undone brush strokes, and that undone face in the midst of the rest, is what enhanced the steady stream of tears that flowed over her cheeks and permeated the lower portion of her face.

Na'shay tried with all her might to fight the tear fall as she reached for her number eight fan brush, But, The continuation of tear flow had no signs of slowing down or coming to A halt.

As she looked into the eyes of her family members that she'd painted over the past year, Her mind began to drift.

She pictured the first guys body that she tortured behind the club, His mangled torso, His bloody swollen face, The way he hung up-side down from the light pole, dripping blood and brain matter.

She remembered the re-coil from her weapon, The soft hias of the surpressor, and the beautiful glow the tip of it produced upon rapid fire.