

Charlie Duffy:
A Second Hit Man Trilogy
(Books 4, 5 & 6)

By:
Roy Reichelt, Jr.

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Author's Note

Most of the time, when a story is told in 1st person by the main character, that is the only point of view you, as a reader, know; however, in this particular volume of my Charlie Duffy series, I am breaking with traditional 1st person story telling so you can hear from the other characters' points of view where it is necessary to progress the story. That way you won't be left scratching your head trying to figure out how one character was able to discover another. Don't worry, I won't leave you in the dark as to who's talking. It will be clearly labeled when there is a change of voice. I hope you enjoy.

~ Roy Reichelt, Jr.

Charlie Duffy:

A SECOND HIT MAN TRILOGY

PROLOGUE

Charlie Duffy

I walked into Chase Bank and waited in line at the teller's window until it was my turn to step up.

The woman smiled politely. "How can I help you today, sir?"

"I need to get into my safe deposit box," I replied.

"Sure. May I see your ID?"

I already had my driver's license in hand, as I knew she would ask for it, and handed it to her. Very seldom did I ever come into this bank, so no one knew me by sight. She looked at the picture, and then at me and smiled once more.

"If you will step over to the railing, Mr. Coulter, I'll grab my keys and meet you by the vault."

The name, John Coulter, my name at birth, was one I seldom used anymore, but it often came in handy. Charlie Duffy, my professional name, is mostly what I go by in certain circles. Namely – a hit man for the Torros, a major, New York City mafia, crime family.

The teller led me into the vault, we inserted our keys and I pulled out my large box and entered the private room to take care of my business. In the past, what I normally used my safe deposit box for was to keep a few thousand in ready cash, if needed, deeds to property I owned and a copy of my Will. But now, there was one other thing I stored which was something I've never done in my years of working for the Torro Family. I started keeping records of the hits I made for them. I figured keeping that type of information in a bank vault would be the most secure place for it. I didn't trust secret walls or safes hidden within a residence. They could be found too easily by an expert if a room was tossed.

I pulled an envelope from my jacket pocket, looked over the contents

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quickly to make sure I had everything, and then put it back into the envelope and placed it in the box. The document contained detailed information on every hit, from my first, to the most recent, I had carried out for the Torro family covering a time frame of over 20 years. If I ever again became a target of the Torro Family, and my death was a result of it, I wasn't going down alone.

Traditionally, I would burn everything after I made a hit and scatter the ashes. But last year, when I informed the Torro Family that I was planning to retire, they decided to permanently retire me. A contract was put out on me. The Family even had the nerve to enlist the services of the person *I* was training to take my place to do the deed. It was unfortunate that I had to kill Gloria. But it was either her or me. I didn't blame her for what she tried to do; after all, she was going to take on the roll as a hitwoman. It was her job.

Not long after that, I met Grace Savarese, Gloria's estranged, identical twin sister. Basically, to make a long story short, Grace assumed Gloria's identity, we teamed up and convinced the Torro Family to reinstate me, which they, to my relief did.

Now, I have a team consisting of two women; Gloria, and her significant other, Babs. Our operation runs as smooth as silk. My name may be Charlie, but those two women are no angels. They are two nymphomaniacs who have not only a passion for each other, but any man they want to, shall we say — tag team. Ever-so-often, I'm offered their particular brand of fun. Let's just say, if I died in bed from their attentions to me, there would definitely be a smile on my face. If one didn't know Gloria and Babs, they often came off as empty-headed bimbos, but they were anything but. They were mentally sharp, excellent markswomen and were completely loyal to me.

I returned the safe deposit box back to its niche in the vault and left the bank. The person, who shall remain nameless, who has the other key to my vault would know what to do with the information contained in the envelopes I've place there, if my death resulted from other than natural causes. If the Torro Family is smart, they will never try to take me out again. I left the bank and headed home to the two wild women who waited there for me.

BOOK 4
A Case of Mistaken Identity

CHAPTER 1

New Contracts Issued

Charlie Duffy

I sat on the lanai of my Naples, Florida home waiting for Gloria and Babs to get their lazy asses out of bed and come down to breakfast. Our little three-person group, consisting of me, Charlie Duffy, Gloria and Babs, had been working together for several months now. Today our efforts would be tested. I had received orders to conduct two simultaneous and unrelated contract hits. As a result, we would have to split the group in two to carry out the operations.

It was a typical Florida morning, with clear blue, cloudless skies and a warm gentle breeze coming off the Gulf of Mexico. I glanced at the temperature gauge on the lanai wall — it read 79 degrees — you couldn't ask for a better day than this. Still, I was starting to get a little antsy waiting for the girls, when Gloria, still wearing her sheer, shorty PJ's, came onto the Lanai. She helped herself to a cup of coffee and sat at the table across from me.

"Sorry we're so late coming down to breakfast," she said. "But we partied into the wee hours this morning — I'm a little hung-over, but it was fun."

"That's okay. Glad to see you enjoying yourselves. Where is Babs, by the way?"

"Oh, I expect she's still in the shower, but she'll be down in a few minutes. What's up? You seem to have something on your mind."

"I do, but to save time, I'd rather not discuss it until Babs comes down."

"Ok, you're still the boss man." She resumed sipping her hot coffee.

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Just then, Babs came onto the lanai moving at a snail's pace. From the look of her, she must have drunk twice as much as Gloria had last night. But I didn't pursue it as I didn't want to chance upsetting two bisexual women and having them get their dander up at me.

"Good morning, Charlie," Babs said, with a smile on her face, making a bee-line straight for the coffee pot. She was obviously hung-over. It brought a big smile to my face which I quickly hid with my hand.

"Good morning, Babs," I said. "Welcome to this perfect Florida day. We need to have a business meeting today. Would you rather we have it now or wait until we finish breakfast?"

"Oh Christ," Babs said. "Let's wait until after I've had some coffee and something to eat. I wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything until then." But then she turned to me with a little grin on her face and a slight twinkle in her bloodshot eyes. "Did we get a new contract?"

"No, we received two new contracts. They have to be worked on simultaneously, so we'll all be put to work." Both girls nodded their heads and sipped on their coffees. "Go ahead. You ladies have your breakfast. I've already had mine; then we'll discuss the contracts." With that, I leaned back in my chair and dozed while the girls ate.

I was dead asleep when I felt someone shaking my shoulder and shouting in my ear.

"Okay, Rip VanWinkle," said Gloria. "Wake your dead ass up and give us the lowdown."

I shook the fuzz from my brain and thought, *My God, my age is really catching up to me.* I forced myself up from the chair, walked to the coffee pot and poured myself a fresh cup of joe. I turned to the girls who look all ears. "As I said, we have two contracts. The first is a hit in New York City, and I'll handle that one. One of the mob captain's soldiers got drunk and beat the shit out of him. In fact, he beat him so badly that he'll be in the hospital for six weeks. The penalty for attacking a made-man without approval, which the captain was, is death. The council approved the hit but wants it taken care before the boss gets out of the hospital. The guilty soldier was well-liked by the rest of the family, and the council feels that if an outside source takes care of it, it will avoid a possible internal family

war. It should be a simple hit.”

“Why are you doing that hit, Charlie, and not Babs or me?”

“For the simple fact, that the hit will take place in New York City; Joe Socks’ territory. Your deceased twin took him out. I don’t want to take the chance that one of his friends might think you are the original Gloria and seek revenge on you.

“Is that the only reason?” Gloria asked.

“No, it isn’t. In case you’ve forgotten, when the Torro family, namely Vince, hired us back, you committed to dinner and night of fun and games with him. You may not remember, but I assure you, he hasn’t.

Gloria cocked her head in thought. “Oh, yeah. I did, didn’t I?”

“Vince’s problem,” I said, “Is he thinks with what he’s got hanging between his legs, not his brain. If you’re in New York City, he’ll be on you like syrup on pancakes.”

Bab’s chuckled. “I like that, Charlie. Did you think that up all by yourself?”

“Yeah, I did. I’m glad I amuse you.” I rolled my eyes. “Now can we continue? As I was saying, that kind of action could interfere with the hit, and believe me, our team will get the blame if it goes wrong. It’s smart to avoid the possibility of that happening. Besides, I think the second contract can be handled better by a woman than a man.”

“Anything else?” Gloria asked.

“Yes, there’s more you should know. Vince is the front man for the Torro Family, not the brains behind it. His older sister, Victoria, is in complete charge and makes all major decisions. Do you remember when we were waiting for Vince to contact us after we were rehired?

Gloria nodded. “Yeah, what of it?”

“You commented at the time that I seemed to be getting antsy waiting. I avoided answering you concern then, but I’ll answer it now. Vince was waiting for Victoria’s blessing. If she hadn’t agreed, we’d both be dead.”

Gloria glared at me. “It’s a little late, but thanks for telling me. How come I’ve never heard of Victoria before this?”

“Because she stays in the background and lets Vince front for the family. She was married to a non-Italian which upset her father. The union

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produced a son. Her husband died of a blood infection shortly after the baby was born. The child dropped out of sight about 30 years ago and hasn't been heard of since. My guess is that he died back then. Since that time, Victoria has devoted herself to the family business. She's tough, ruthless and doesn't hesitate on making the hard decisions — including issuing kill contracts. My advice is to avoid any contact with her, if at all possible.”

Bab's nudged Gloria slightly. “Sounds like our kind of woman.”

“Trust me,” I replied seriously, “she isn't.”

“Geez, Charlie,” said Babs. “I was just kidding. Don't get so testy.”

Gloria rolled her eyes. “Now tell me about my hit.”

“According to the info I received, it seems like a couple of Torro Family members who handled the accounting and financial affairs absconded with a shitload of family money.”

“How much?” Gloria asked.

“Don't know. It was a lot of cash and bearer bonds is what I was informed. The thieves, a man and a woman, had the complete trust and respect of the family with access to all records and accounts. The robbery was committed over the three-day, Fourth of July weekend and the two departed for places unknown. The family wants them taken out to ensure no other family members get similar bright ideas. Of course, they would also like as much of the money and other valuables taken returned.”

“What are they paying for the job and what information do I have to work with?” Gloria asked.

“Very little info. They provided us descriptions of the thieves, but no photos. It's safe to conclude the perps have disguised themselves and don't resemble their descriptions now. To complicate things, there are several other mob search teams besides the Torro's looking for the pair.”

“Well shit, Charlie,” Gloria grumbled. “Where would I start to look for them?”

“My info suggests that your best bet would be the Las Vegas area. I'm told they spent quite a bit of time there and made a lot of friends. These friends could aid them with their getaway plans. Remember, Las Vegas is only a reasonable guess. We're not sure of anything. They also

handled drug purchases for the Torro Family with the South American drug cartels, and it's believed they have influential contacts there as well. In fact, that's where they might be headed."

"That's not much to go on," said Gloria. "What am I supposed to do? Nose around and see if I can turn up anything?"

"Exactly! You know the drill. Check the local papers for unusual events; keep an eye out for big spenders, etc. Question the bellhops and valets to see if anyone else is asking questions. Remember, the other teams will be conducting similar searches. So be careful, they might think you're the women involved and pick you up. That wouldn't be a pleasant experience."

"Do we get paid if we don't find them?" Gloria asked. "We've never had this type of situation before."

"Yes, and fairly well. Vince sent us 15 grand for expenses, with more in reserve, if we need it. If we find and take care of the thieves, there's an extra 100 grand coming our way. Even if we don't, we get \$25,000 for our efforts. In either case, we get to keep any expense money left over.

"Hot damn, that's a payday," Babs exclaimed.

"My kind of money," Gloria added.

"Damn straight," I replied. "You're on your own on this one, Gloria. Just snoop around and do the best you can. In my opinion, with as little as we have to go on, you'll be as effective working alone as the three of us working together would be. Just do your best and keep us posted."

"Hey, guys," said Babs. "What the hell am I in this operation — Swiss cheese? What's my role while you and Gloria are out where the action is? Do I just sit on my pretty ass here in Florida?"

I grinned. "Actually, Babs, you do have a cute ass, and yes, you're going to sit on it here in Florida. You're to be our controller."

Babs frowned. "What the hell does that entail?"

"Well, you're going to have to stay here and stick close to the telephone. Every night at seven, I'll call you and give you a complete report of my daily activities. You'll have to take them down in shorthand, which I know you're proficient in. Taking into account the three-hour time difference between here and Las Vegas, Gloria will call you at eleven

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o'clock her time, an hour later, and give you a report of her activities. You brief her on my report, then call me back and read me her report."

"Well, that sucks. I'd rather be in the field. Any other functions I have to perform?" Bab's added.

"You'll also be responsible for all logistical support. I'm talking about money, documents, weapons, legal assistance or anything else we might need. While I don't think Gloria will be able to assist me with my New York hit, it's possible that I may pick up some information about the robbery that may be helpful to her. Babs, your function is just as important as the actual hits. We're dealing with a lot of unknowns here. Any other questions?"

"Just one," Babs said. "When does all this start?"

"Right now. While Gloria and I are packing, you make us airline reservations on the first planes out and book us first class hotel reservations using our assumed names. Once in place, we can move or make other arrangements as needed. Also, arrange for delivery of .22 caliber magnum pistols and ammo to both locations to coincide with our expected arrival. As close as they're checking passengers and luggage on the airlines these days, I don't want to chance being caught with weapons. Both of us will also need cash expense money to take with us. Get \$10,000 for Gloria and \$5,000 for me. If we need more, you'll have to wire it to us. Any more questions?"

They both shook their heads no. With everything being said, we each went our separate ways. A day which started out quietly, suddenly became a hurricane of activity. Everyone dashing around, completing their assigned tasks.

A week had passed, and I returned to Florida, my mission successfully completed. That evening Gloria called. Babs and I took the call together.

"Hey, Charlie, your back," said Gloria. "How did it go?"

"Piece of cake. No need to even discuss it. However, I do have some new information that might help you."

"Great! I need a little shot in the arm. I can use all the help I can get.

I'm getting precisely no-where out here."

"Well, here's your boost. I was able to learn the names of one of the other hit teams out looking for the thieves. Their first names are Sam, who's the boss, and his partner, Tony. I was unable to find out the last names, but I did get a picture of them. I'll fax it to you as soon as we complete this call. The picture isn't very good, but it might help a little. They have been searching for the thieves since the robbery was discovered, and they may have better leads than those provided you. Now you have four people to look for which improves your odds of finding a lead."

"Thanks, Charlie, I needed a new start just about now. Send me the pictures so I can get back to work."

"They'll be on their way in ten minutes. Look, if you need me to come out there – well I'm free now."

"No need," Gloria replied. "I'll keep an eye out for Sam and Tony. They'll probably be my best bet on finding the two thieves. I'm telling you — wherever those two bastards are hiding, they're sticking close to home. I'll start tracking these new leads right away. I'll check in with you tomorrow, same time and place."

Babs and I laughed slightly at Gloria's complete frustration. "I'll talk at you later and watch your ass. I'll keep an eye on Babs' ass for you."

Gloria laughed. "Asshole. You better keep your distance. Babs will have plenty of work for her ass when I get back."