

Charlie Duffy

Volume 3

A Hit Man's Grand Finale

**Book 7 - A Hitman's Revenge
&
Book 8 - Life After Death**

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Charlie Duffy: A Hit Man's Grand Finale Vol. 3

(Book 7 & 8)

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Book 7

A Hit Man's Revenge

CHAPTER 1

The Nightmare

I jolted awake from a restless sleep sitting upright in the bed. I was drenched in a cold sweat which seemed to be flowing non-stop from every pore in my body. It was that nightmare again. The same recurring nightmare I had every night since the incident several weeks earlier. I knew I needed professional help for my problem, but that would require me to truthfully discuss the incident with a psychiatrist; the one thing I could not do. I would just have to work it out on my own.

In my nightmare, I saw myself floating in the Gulf of Mexico, paralyzed both in movement and speech, listening to the piercing screams of my two female partners, Gloria, and Babs. “Charlie! Charlie!” they’d call. “Help us, Charlie! Where are you?” They had been locked in the main cabin of the burning yacht. The flames had not reached them yet, but a flowing stream of gasoline crept closer and closer to their cabin. Suddenly, the gasoline ignited engulfing the cabin in flames. The screams intensified then suddenly stopped when the flames ignited the gasoline tanks below decks, and the boat blew apart ending their misery. Then the boat slipped slowly and quietly beneath the dark green waters of the Gulf of Mexico. That is when I would awaken. The scenario in my dream was not exactly the way the incident happened, but it is close enough to the actual event to be creditable – the two girls were murdered, and their murder was completely unjustified.

After the incident, I had sworn an unchangeable promise, to exact revenge on the mob for the murders of Gloria and Babs and for the attempted murder of me. If I waited much longer, the Torro family would track me down and finish the job before I had a chance to act. This recurring

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nightmare was not helping. It was wearing me down both mentally and physically. I glanced at the clock on the nightstand, even though I did not need to, it was 3:30 a.m., the dead zone. The one reliable thing about the nightmare was that it reoccurred the same time every night; so regular, that I could almost set my watch by it.

I stripped off the wet sweat drenched pajamas I was wearing, took a warm shower and then walked over to the bar and poured myself a double Dewar's Scotch on the rocks. I carried the drink to my easy chair and sat in the darkness sipping the Scotch and replayed the events in my mind; something I had done every night since the dreams began. Tonight, was different, the time for dreaming and thinking was over, and it was now time for action. The delay was not my fault. I had to wait until I had completely recovered from mental and physical damage the murder attempt on my life had caused before I could take appropriate action. Now, fully healed, the first thing I had to do was to drop out of sight before the mob found me. Sitting there in the dark, I decided to rethink my memory of the actual incident and start developing a plan for my revenge.

CHAPTER 2

The Incident

The nightmare was close to what had occurred several weeks earlier. I had taken my little group of business associates on a yachting vacation from our home in Naples, Fl to Sarasota, Fl. We were celebrating both the successful completion of our latest series of hits, and my pending retirement; the cruise was my treat to the group. We planned to spend a week in the area sunning, swimming, dining, and letting the girls do some shopping at Saint Armand's Circle. There were four of us in the party, the girls, Gloria and Babs, the latest addition to our group, Brett Striker, and me, John Coulter alias Charlie Duffy.

To accommodate Brett, we had agreed the girls and I would cruise to Sarasota in my yacht. Brett, interested in buying a used jet ski in Sarasota, would drive up in the SUV and meet us there. If Brett did buy the Jet Ski, he would tow it back to Naples with the SUV. This seemed like a good idea since having the SUV in Sarasota would also provide us with ground transportation while we were anchored in Sarasota Bay.

Being an overly cautious guy, I was not completely satisfied with the background check I had received on Brett, the newest associate to join our group. The report had covered the past 20 years of his life but was a little too squeaky clean for my liking. I asked my investigator to expand the report back to cover Brett's last 30 years. I had to admit to myself that Brett had performed his recent assignments like a seasoned expert. I had no complaints about his work. The problem was that his past career, as an accounting auditor for the United States Air Force (USAF), did not train or qualify him for the type of work my group did. For an inexperienced man, his work was just too professional, and his spur of the moment

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decision making far exceeded what could be expected from a novice.

To be on the safe side, I had requested the private investigator I used for background checks, to trace him back another 10 years. The expanded report arrived by mail just as we were ready to depart Naples. Not having time to review the report then, I stowed it in my cabin to read once we arrived in Sarasota.

Ten hours later we were safely anchored in the Sarasota boat mooring field. We contacted Brett on his cell phone to find he had arrived and was waiting for us in the parking lot. The girls and I piled into the yacht's dingy and rowed ashore. There we met Brett, and we all walked together to Marina Jacks Restaurant for a delicious seafood dinner. After dinner we just lounged around the restaurant, did some heavy drinking, and listened to the piano player. We went back to the boat happy but a little tipsy and hit the sack, worn out from the day's activities.

We spent the next few days shopping, trying different restaurants and just having fun on the white sandy beach. It was not until the third day of our outing that I remembered the letter updating Brett's background. I retrieved it from my cabin and took it to the head, which I considered my personal library, where I could read it in private. From my standpoint, the new information revealed in the letter, could not have been worse.

Brett Striker turned out to be the legitimate son of Victoria Torro and Eric Striker, a German man she had taken up with and married in her youth. Brett was also the nephew of Victoria's brother, Vincent 'Handsome' Torro, head of the Manhattan Mafia Crime family I worked for. Rumor had it that Brett was destined to assume leadership of the crime family when Vince retired. This change of leadership would take place early next year when Vince retired and moved to Italy to live with his sister, Victoria. This meant there was only one reason for Brett to have infiltrated our group and kept his identity from us; he was there to

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kill us. Even though the girls were not with me during that period, they also had to be eliminated since they might have learned something of my past activities for the family from me. The elimination of all three of us would remove the only possible link of my thirty years of mob directed hits back to the Torro Crime Family. Once my little group was out of the way, the family could move ahead with their plans to expand their criminal empire, while at the same time, legitimizing other family businesses without having to worry about their murderous past coming back to haunt them. The report had left me no option but to take Brett out, and to do it as soon as possible.

After exiting the head, I found Brett sitting in the galley sipping a hot cup of coffee. I poured myself a cup and sat down across from him.

“Brett, we’re out of Scotch, and we need bread, eggs and milk for breakfast. I’m going to need the SUV to run into town and pick up the supplies we need.”

He tossed me his keys. “Sure, and it has a full gas tank.”

“Thanks. Don’t worry, I won’t be long. I know you wanted to check out the Jet Ski you’re interested in.”

“No, I plan to do that tomorrow.” He laughed. “Besides, running out of Scotch is unacceptable.”

“Okay, I guess I’d better get changed and on my way. Can I pick you up anything?”

“No, I’m set. Enjoy your outing.”

I climbed in the dingy and rowed myself to shore to pick up the supplies we needed. I also stopped at a few more places and picked up some additional items; a five gallon can of gasoline, explosives, and detonator. The latter items I had obtained from a local contact I had in the area. Returning to the parking lot, I parked the SUV in an out of the way spot and booby trapped the SUV with the explosives. The triggering device I set to go off one minute after the car door was opened and closed again. I also placed a note for Brett to read on the dashboard and carefully locked the SUV. Afterward, I loaded my groceries in the dingy and rowed back to the yacht.

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When I reached the yacht, I found Brett sitting on deck sunning. A few moments later, he was standing at the railing looking down at me. “Hey, Charlie you’ve been gone a lot longer than I thought you would be.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I got stuck in traffic.”

I passed my packages up to him, tied the dingy to the stern of the yacht, and started to climb aboard. Brett reached down to give me a hand and then tried to shove a needle into my neck. After a violent, but short scuffle, Brett got the better of me, and while holding me down, he injected me in the neck with some sort of paralyzing agent. Seconds later, my body went completely numb, and I lost all control. What was strange, while I had no control of my body or speech, my mind remained completely clear, and I understood everything Brett said.

As I laid motionless on the deck, Brett stood over me. “Charlie,” he said. “I know you can’t move, but you can hear and understand everything I’m saying. I thought you deserved an explanation of what is going on here before I help you slip into permanent retirement, though not quite the retirement you had in mind, I admit. I injected you with a drug which, while keeping your mind functioning normally, leaves you no control over your speech or body.”

Brett went on to explain he was the infamous European hit man known as the Falcon with a record of successful mob hits to rival my own. He used his squeaky-clean U.S. Air Force career as a cover for his mob related activities. He’d closed by saying, “I’ve become fond of you and the girls over these past several months. My mother, Victoria, talked Uncle Vince into issuing a contract to hit your entire team to protect the family. I was assigned that contract and have no choice but to carry it out. It’s not personal; it’s strictly business.”

I remember thinking, what a fucking idiot! What could be more personal than taking the lives of three individuals.

Brett told me the girls were already dead, and he planned to kill me by blowing up the yacht remotely after swimming ashore. Then, with a frown on his face, he told me again that he was sorry but had no option but to carry out his family’s orders. He hoped we would meet again in hell,

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and since I would be getting there first, I probably be one of the devil's trustees by then. He added he would really miss me and the girls.

Then Brett had put a life vest on me, carried me up to the flying bridge and sat me in the Captain's chair. While I could not see much, I knew he was completing the final touches of his plan, whatever they were. With his final activities finished, he slipped quietly over the side and swam to shore. Another smart move, by swimming ashore; the dingy would remain trailing behind the yacht as it would be under a normal departure from the area. The professional planner in me had to admit it had been a brilliant plan. Unfortunately, all I been able to do was to sit there, facing certain death, and wait for the blast to come. I had considered myself a dead man. I assumed, once on shore, he would walk to the SUV, maybe change clothes, remove the remote-control triggering device from his bag, and press the switch. Then I heard the yacht engine turn over and start, that was the last thing I heard until I found myself floating in Sarasota Bay. “

The reason I can relay this is that, surprisingly, the explosion did not kill me as he had planned. Since Brett had failed to hook up my seat belt, the blast just blew me overboard. Except for cuts and bruises, the only injury I sustained was when I hit my head on the railing before falling into the water. The life jacket Brett had put on me kept me from drowning. With the drug he injected in me, all I could do was float helplessly. From my vantage point, I could see both the yacht burning in the water and the SUV on fire in the parking lot. It was wired to blow a minute after he opened the SUV door and climbed in. I could not be sure, but I hoped everything worked as planned and Brett was dead and his body was burning on shore. I vowed once again, there and then, that if somehow, I came out of this alive, I wouldn't rest until I extracted my revenge on the Torro family for the murder of the girls and the near murder of me. My only satisfaction was that I believed Brett had already paid with his life. I floated around Sarasota Bay for some 12 hours before being rescued by a family in a small boat on a weekend outing.

CHAPTER 3

John Coulter Alias Charlie Duffy

My real name is John Coulter; I am in my mid-seventies, have dark blue eyes, am 5-foot, 7-inches tall, weight, 155 pounds soaking wet, and still have a full head of snow-white hair. I am of Irish descent, have a great gift of gab and make friends easily and enjoy a drink now and then — mostly now. I am an honor graduate of Yale and read, write, and speak four languages fluently. I am also independently wealthy having been left several million dollars by my late father, a retired oil company executive, when he died twenty years earlier. Since that time, with the assistance of a shrewd financial advisor/ Lawyer, and a lot of luck, the inheritance has tripled in size.

I also own a large waterfront home and, a 36-foot yacht in Naples, Fl. The yacht was the one that had been blown to bits and sunk a few weeks earlier in Sarasota, Florida. Both the house and yacht had also been left to me by my late father.

When not otherwise engaged, I spend my free time working with the underprivileged and local charities in the Naples area. Of course, being rich and willing to contribute generously, of both my time and money to worthwhile social causes keeps me fully occupied. That is the public side of my life, but there is a darker side.

I live my other life using the alias, Charlie Duffy. There is no easy way to describe this life other than to do it bluntly. I am a hit man for the Mafia and have been for the past 30 years. I work directly for the Mafia Leadership Council, which is made up of five MAFIA Families in New York and New Jersey. I receive and take my orders directly from Vincent ‘Handsome’ Torro, the boss of bosses, of the largest and most powerful

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of those Families. The Torro Family controls the borough of Manhattan in New York City.

I got into this business when I became bored living the rich and privileged lifestyle my father's money afforded me. I will not go into the detail of how I became involved with the mob, suffice to say I got into it and stayed in it voluntarily. Over the ensuing years, I tried to do a self analysis of why a normal wealthy guy would choose this lifestyle, but I gave up trying to reach a satisfactory answer long ago. Let me just say I liked living on the edge, experiencing life and death situations. It is only during those times that every fiber of my whole being truly feel alive. I did not need the considerable monies I earned from this endeavor to live on. I kept the income I earned untouched in offshore bank accounts in the Cayman Islands, but the largest part of my ill-gotten funds wound up in an unnumbered bank account in Switzerland.

Most people would wonder how an intelligent, wealthy, and nice guy like me could go around killing people and live with myself afterwards. But think about it this way. Most of the violent, Mafia killings are not against the innocent public, but against other mob members. The same raw instincts which drew them to a life of crime also causes them to question the position they hold in the mob or with the share of the loot they receive from their crimes. This leads to internal strife and plots against each other hoping to improve their standing in the mob hierarchy or outright stealing from the mob itself. The usual way they steal is called skimming. They simply report they made less money from their illegal activities than they actual did and pocket the difference. When they get caught, I am called in; I correct and eliminate the problem in a permanent manner without involving the mob bosses in the final solution.

In my own mind, I am convinced my work benefits both to the mob and society. The mob gains, as I swiftly resolve their problems for them. Society gains, because sooner or later, these same individuals would be caught for their criminal activities. When caught they must be tried and convicted by the State or Federal Court Systems. My actions save society the expense of costly trials followed by years of appeals before justice can be served. While waiting the appeals, the criminals are back out on

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the street continuing their evil ways. I act as an expediter for both sides, speeding up the process and saving them both monies.

Now, with the death of the girls and the unsuccessful attempt on my life, I promised to revenge them by killing Brett and the rest of the Torro family. I contemplated and thought back on how all this had gotten started. The only conclusion I could come up with was that I had started it myself, a year or so ago, when I approached the mob and said I wanted to retire. Being in my mid-seventies, I was getting too old for this sort of work and thought it was time to retire and live the rest of my life in peace.