

Vladimir Anderson



RIMANOA



СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

18+

Vladimir Anderson

Rimanoa

«АВТОР»

2023

Anderson V.

Rimanoa / V. Anderson — «Автор», 2023

Faust is the best hitman in the service of the Sicilian mafia "Cosa Nostra". While running a series of errands, he falls into a trap from which he miraculously manages to escape. And whoever tried to frame him may not be the only one threatening him as part of a criminal clan war. It appears to be the hunt for the Goat Nostra itself. *** This book is for those who are looking for temporary relief from the tedium of everyday life and are eager to dive into the world of a suspenseful crime thriller. The pages of this story have the power to stir your nerves and take you into a thrilling reality where bloody intrigue and brutality epitomize the confrontation between the mafia and justice. Follow Faust, the eternal wanderer, on his deadly pursuit and discover a world where truth and treachery intertwine in a dangerous game where every step can cost a life.

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Rimanoa

Prologue

His appearance is the last thing many people will see before they die.....



The dark figure reached the middle of the room and turned toward the bed, where a man in his thirties and a pretty girl dwelt in deep sleep.

The unknown man pointed a gun in their direction. He didn't want to take the girl away at all, and he shouldn't have: according to the latest data, the object was *alone* in the apartment.

But in fact, there was a stranger in the room. A stranger who could easily be a witness. The old thought of success stabbed into my head like an arrow, "No witnesses."

His finger pulled the trigger six times, and there was one less living thing in this world.

With a shriek, the girl instantly woke up, "Don't kill me, please. Don't kill me, I beg you... I want to live..."

She's so young and beautiful, she's got her whole life ahead of her. Why kill her?

She's not gonna tell us anything anyway.

"*No witnesses!!!*" – rumbled a terrible thunder in the killer's head.

"*Noooooo!*" – wailed the victim, noticing the bottomless abyss in the shooter's eyes.

The bullet flew into the forehead, tumbled in it for a couple of moments and, flying out of the back of the head, crashed into the wall along with pieces of skull and drops of blood ...

Change of plans

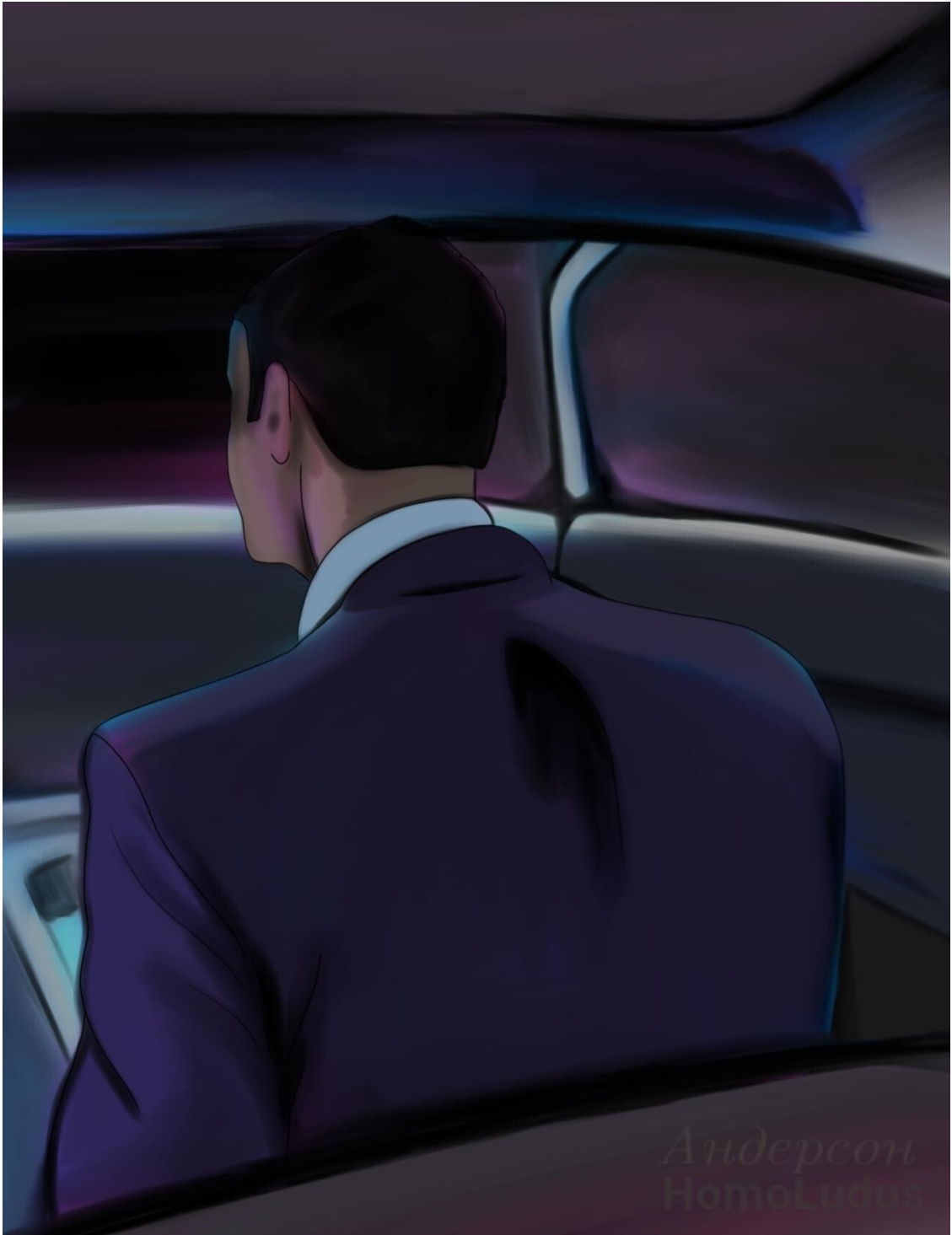
11:14 p.m. July 21.

"Where are we going?" – Giuseppe asked me as the back door of the Skoda Fabia slammed shut.

"To the pay phone," I replied and thought. – One more incident like this and I'm going to be a total paranoid freak. No, seriously, I can't even walk into a regular bar anymore. Or maybe I'm just getting too old for this job..."

We drove down Wilsonova Street, turned left, stopped, and the chauffeur's upraised hand showed me a pay phone.

54 year old Garibaldi is our 4th level employee in Prague (under the supervision of Jean Carlo LaScoltz ("Ambassador" of the Family in the Czech Republic)). A long time ago he worked as a cab driver, but after accidentally saving the life of one of our higher-ups, he joined the organization, went where it was "quieter", and now he drives people like me around the city. From the point of view of work, he was perfect: he didn't know much, didn't want to know much, had no memory for faces and names... And what else does a good driver need but good driving with good knowledge of the city – nothing.



"Hello."

"This is Faust (my call signs in the underworld)." "You're in Prague?"

"Yes."

"When by the way did you pri..." "Weren't you warned I was here?" "No, why?"

Robert Emerson was talking to me, you could understand it not even by his poor pronunciation (he could hardly speak Italian), but by his "smart" head (no one really had to know that I was in the

Czech Republic), it's not clear how he got to Koza Nostra in the first place, perhaps because of an old friendship, though I doubt it – hell knows. "Yeah, nothing," I smiled into the phone.

"So. The Ambassador is sick..." "That's a real problem..."

"Yes. And we have a meeting..." "With who?"

"Some Morten..."

"Morten? The butcher who (with my dog job I managed to keep my sense of humor)?" "I don't know... Maybe..."

"So, what does he want?" "Meet..."

"That's it?"

"I don't know..."

"Ah..." the cell phone rang, "Okay, bye. "But..."

I hung up the phone, stepped out of the booth, and moved toward the car. "Hello."

"It's Richard."

Richard "Lionheart" (we all have weird nicknames) was sort of my personal dispatcher and his call was almost always a sign of a change of plans.

"What?"

"The ambassador is sick..." "That's news."

"He was supposed to meet with some goods carrier (felons talking on the phone sometimes resembles the chatter of toddlers in kindergarten)."

"Let me guess, he can't get out of bed and you want me to replace him..." "Yes."

"Where? In bed?" "No, at the meeting..."

Despite the fact that Richard had never killed anyone, he had no sense of humor at all. "Where do I have to go?"

"The ambassador will tell you himself. Everything." I turned my phone off.

"To the Ambassador, Jos."

"Whatever you say (he never argued, he just liked to ride)."

After getting a chance to sleep, I laid my head back on the seat and closed my eyes.

It's been a long time

11:41 p.m. July 21.

"Faust, stop snoozing. We're here."

I opened my eyes and saw the driver in front of me and Nerudova Street outside the window: this was where LaScolza lived. When I got out of the car and crossed the road, I pressed the bell. The door was opened by Jarno Galanzio (he didn't need a nickname), one of the landlord's ten bodyguards (he hadn't changed at all in the six years I hadn't seen him).



He was still as tall, muscular, with fire in his eyes. His most terrible disadvantage in the physical sense was a slight lethargy at those moments when the situation at the

"shooters" was heated to the limit and the shooting started. So he was the last to know about the fact that everything had gone wrong... But he opened fire with a frenzy. You should see it. A big "eagle" fires like a man possessed, screaming all over "Ivanovskaya" and never hits anyone: all the bullets seem to fly in the wrong direction on purpose. And it's not that he didn't want to hit and aimed too badly, it's just that during such "eruptions" of emotions and adrenaline, his hands shook

a lot, and consequently the weapon in these hands. In general, he is not a bad guy, but he takes his work too close to his heart and considers Koza-Nostra his direct family, probably because he has no family of his own. The organization simply pulled him out of the orphanage when he was seventeen and made him their "son".

He led me down a long corridor, stopped suddenly and pointed to a small door on the right: "The boss has moved in there for a while. I opened it and saw Jean Carlo lying on a disassembled sofa.

Usually a very formidable and strong-willed man without a single trace of insecurity in his voice, who always gave the right commands left and right, was now lying in bed almost helplessly. LaSkoltza knew how to find the right "warm" approach to each of his subordinates, so that he not only did a good job, but put his heart into it (possessing a wonderful talent – finding the "golden mean" between "carrot and stick"). He was very often directly involved in some cases, thus encouraging the guys. Three times the Ambassador was in critical condition after shootings, and each time, when his life seemed to be over, he had a second breath. Such people can be "waterboarded" for the rest of their lives, so the fact of his illness surprised me very much.

"Oh, I greet you Faust, come closer. – I entered, closed the door, and approached the sofa as requested. – That's it... well – he coughed, along with rusty wheezes and extraneous noises, it was clear to a fool (I emphasize, only to a fool) that it was pneumonia – at the hour of the meeting... you see... I can't, you see for yourself.... – he pointed to his throat – and you are the highest rank after me in all Bohemia at the moment – a smile spread on his face – yes... I remember myself the same way... Well, go... Cepino will explain everything – the cough was coming out of him.

"Get well," I replied and thought, "If only you were still sick."

Found the man

11:44 p.m. July 21.

I was led to the end room of the corridor, where Cepino, who had a short mustache and narrow sideburns, was located. It was the first time I'd seen this guy, but I knew at once that he was no genius. I could see nothing interesting in his face. It seemed too trivial, even with the extra vegetation. The eyes are just empty and seemingly monochromatic (black circle on a white background). The forehead was too narrow, and if you could tell the weight of brains by it, anyone would say: "About 200 grams."

"Vice-boss," – quipped our young man. "What?"

"Now that's what you should be called..." "Call me Faust and don't call me Faust." "Whatever you say..."

"The brake lights don't work?"

"Yes, yes... Whatever you say... Anyway, there's a meeting with Koschei the Immortal..."

"You didn't get anything mixed up, did you?" "No."

"Are you sure?" "Yes."

"So *who's the* meeting with?" "With Koschei."

"Alright, *Serpent Gorynych*, you better tell me who he is and why we should mess with him?"

"He's the new head of the local mafia..."

"You must be the first to answer my first question." "His name is Koschey..."

"Cool. Someone tell me, are there any other smart people inducted here?"

Galanzio, standing behind me raised his voice, "No one else knows the situation except the Ambassador and Cepino, sorry."

"Nothing, Jarno, it's not your fault... So, Gorynych, tell me, what's his first and last name?"

"José Mortain." "A Frenchman?" "Yes."

"Have you looked at the dossier?" "No."

"Then what makes you think he's a he?" "Well... Last name and first name..."

"And my name is Faust, that I am a German?" "Ah, don't you think so?"

"Your next task will be a dossier." "Will do."

"Next. What does he want?" "Wants to talk..."

"I realize it's not to go to the bathhouse. What does he want?" "Talk..."

"Yeah, about what, your three-headed head." "About the case."

"Which one?" "Obviously important."

"Uh, how about a little more specific?" "I don't get it."

"Do *you* know what this is about?" "No. He just wanted to meet..." "He doesn't have a cell phone?" "He doesn't trust him."

"Have you, what, already tried it?". "I don't, the boss does."

"Well, okay I'll try it too. Isn't he a 'lefty' by any chance?" "What do you mean?"

"I *mean*, isn't he a policeman?" "Apparently not. The source is reliable." "Which one?"

"Police Connections."

"I see. That's probably what you said, '*Isn't he a cop?*'" "I don't know? *I* wasn't the one who asked."

"I see. His phone number?" "253-43-58"

"Where's the phone? (You can call anywhere from here, this is the Koza Nostra embassy, no one sends a letter here without authorization)"

"Over there," Galanzio pointed to a desk in the corner. I took a few steps toward it, picked up the phone, and dialed the right number. I heard a ringing bass: "Yes." "This is who you wanted to meet."

"One minute."

Came the wheeze of a man as old as they live, "This is José Mortain on the line..." "The meeting's canceled."

"Why?"

"What did you want us to do?" "Talk..."

"You have that opportunity now." "Can't do it over the phone." "Your Difficulties."

"But it's really serious." "Appreciate in money." "Thirty million." "Which ones?"

"Euro".

"What kind of occupation?" "Contraband."

"What do you mean, we don't do that sort of thing, it's against the law (either he really is a cop and wanted to catch me in a "clean confession over the phone" or he's a *headless* horseman).

"But..."

I hung up the phone and called back (actually, I could, like LaSkoltza, forget the whole thing, but he had already passed it to me (but I have no one to pass it on to here), and

then they might inadvertently ask me: "Faust, and why the hell did you refuse the "easy" 15 million? And what will I answer: "The mood was bad..." or something even worse.

In short, no matter how it's done, but I'm not going to be patted on the head for refusing). The hoarse one.

"Hello?"

"Meeting July 22 at four o'clock." "It's late."

"Explain."

"Can't on the phone." "Your Difficulties."

"The goods are already in place. We need protection, and you're the only ones we can trust here."

"What makes you think that?" "Your reputation..."

"Our reputation is worth 50 percent." "But that's robbery, isn't it?!" "Goodbye, then..."

"Wait!"

"What?"

"45%".

"We don't bargain, goodbye..." "Okay, okay, come on over..." "Where to?"

"You know that."

"It wouldn't hurt to refresh your memory." "Petrská ul. 7".

"He's all yours?" "Temporarily rented." "When would that suit you?" "On the hour."

"I'm doing you a favor." "Thank you..."

"You do realize that if even a small part of what you said is not true, someone is going to get hurt badly."

"Yes."

I hung up the phone and decided to get some more sleep before fifteen minutes past one so I wouldn't fall asleep at an inopportune moment in the meeting. When I woke up, the brief dossier was already ready: Jose Morten was born in 1971 (you can't tell by the voice, although my husky baritone in my fifteen everyone accepted as in thirty) in the city of Kladno, near Prague, moved with his family to the capital six years later, studied medicine, but after graduation became the personal doctor of the local mafia, slowly rose through the ranks, starting to carry out torture with enemies of the organization and finally seized power in his own hands in 2002. Appearance (a nice picture was

attached, with a BMW and several eagles nearby): tall, sturdy, brunette, square-shaped face. Special data: hates Jews. Methods: thinks everything is good, so he is unpredictable. Count: according to our calculations, six murders with firearms, edged weapons, explosives, poisonous and narcotic substances, as well as electroshock (so much for "he thinks all methods are good"; a real amateur; one thing is clear – he is not a plant agent).

"So," I barked, gathering six men (Galanzio, Cepino, Garibaldi, Gento, Reynato, Penzalla (the last three also bodyguards)) around me in a small hall, "gentlemen, we have an unpredictable man to deal with (it's always best to re-insure the morale of your men against shocks), so arm yourselves to the fullest, we'll go in three cars. Which ones do you have?" Replied Galanzio, "Two Skoda's and the boss's Mercedes."

"Alright, first group: me, Galanzio, Garibaldi, second: Cepino and Reynato, third: Gento and Penzalla, all will ride the Skoda."

"Nah, well, we kinda only have two of them," Cepino objected. "And Garibaldi's car."

"Ah, yes."

"So, your *next* assignment is to not ask stupid questions. Does everyone know where to go?"

"Yes," replied all but Garibaldi. "Where to?" – I asked Cepino. "D. 7 on Petrska Street."

"You're a fast learner!!! – At the moment of my speech, the mustachioed man vigorously tapped his fists, reminding me of King Kong – "We leave in 13 minutes.

Under the cover of night.

0:55 July 22.

"What exactly do you want?" – I asked Morten, standing ten meters ahead of the car, after the whole Skoda group, having passed the red gate of the garage d. 7 on Petrška Street, drove onto its yellow sand with clean tires. "Escort those trucks over there to d. 3 on Jeremenkova Street," he pointed to three KAMAZs, two of them with two people in each, the third with only one (obviously the second seat was for the main smuggler himself). "Let's go in three groups on different roads," I commanded.

We drove a little behind the "Russian light tank" along Petrška Street, then Truhlarska, turned off at Rybna, Hybernska, Rytirska. My cell phone rang.

"Hello."

"It's Richard." "Well, what else?"

"We have another important case..."

"Hey, I need a vacation too, send someone else."

"No one else can handle it, it takes an experienced person..." "There are no irreplaceable people."

"Maybe, but we haven't found anyone."

"First, tell me, what do you want?"

"Some work needs to be done in the city of Brno..." "Which one?"

"Teach one guy some tricks..." "Take him to the circus."

"I mean it..." "Me too."

"We'll pay 500,000 thousand..." "How long is this job designed for?" "5 Days..."

"Don't tell me that's where I'm supposed to arrive at five o'clock tomorrow night..." "No, five o'clock in the morning."

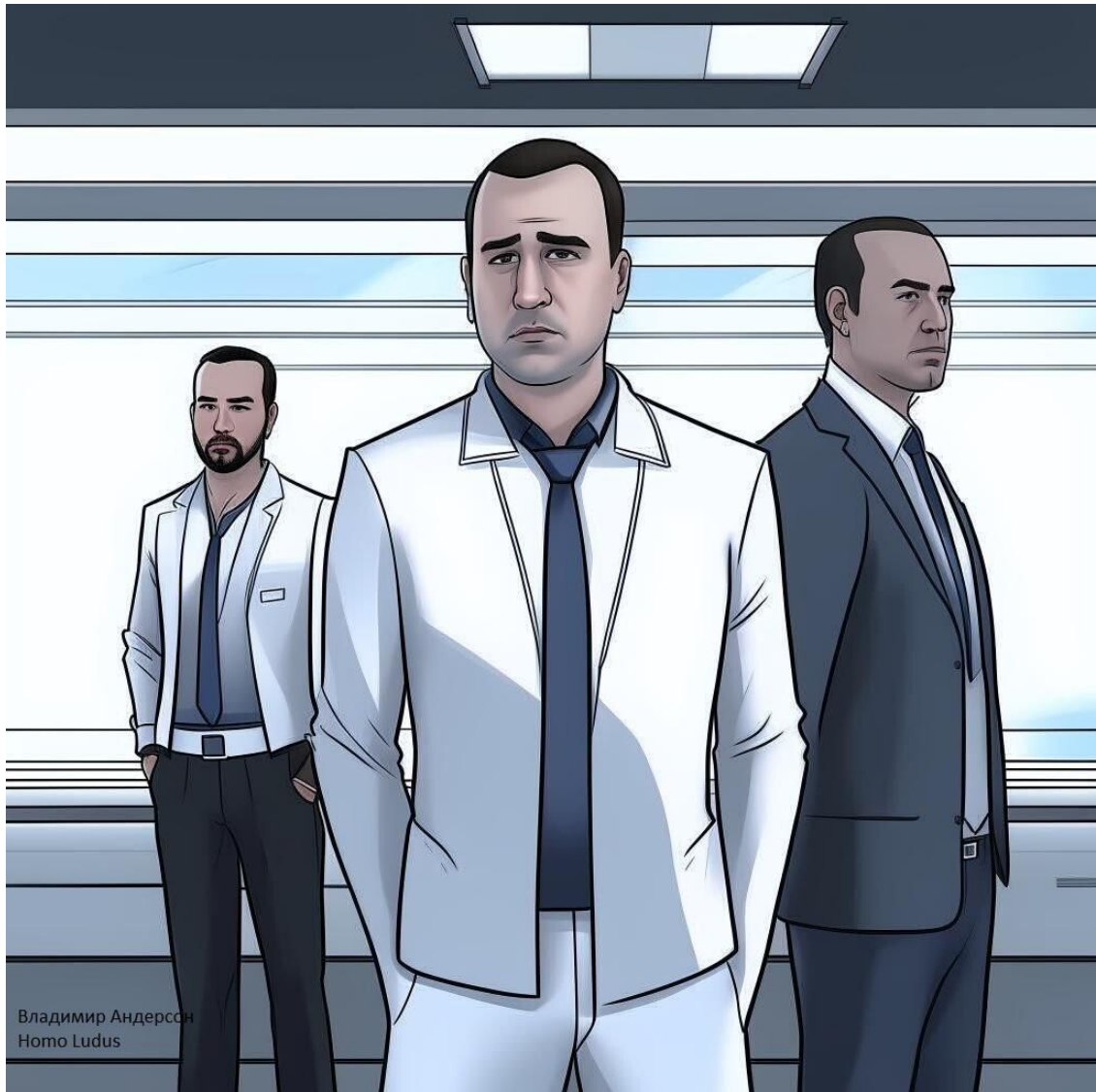
"There *you go*..." "Yes."

"All right, it's a deal."

We were passing Spalena Street when I turned off the phone, we got onto Reslova, Rasinovo, finally we reached Podolske highway and, having passed it more than halfway, we turned onto Jeremenkova Street. "The KAMAZ stopped at the next red gate, Giuseppe a little farther on. Morten got out of the "tank", approached the gate and knocked, which made the latter open with an unknown hand. The smuggler said something, and then the barrier moved away, the KAMAZ moved inside, the Skoda too. We found ourselves in the same garage as on Petrška Street. As we went along, it became clear that the people standing in front of the KAMAZ were the buyers (three fat men in white suits) and their bodyguards (three big men in black near each of them).

The room could hold a total of six long-haul vehicles. At the end stood a couple of containers. On the sides were large crates, canisters, cylinders, and the like. There were two more men looming at the gate (one of them had opened whatever it was he was looming at in the past).

Me and Jarno climbed to the surface, Morten went inside, and the fat guys went to the truck to inspect the cargo.



"Well, show me," the fattest, and obviously the main fat man, "what you've got. Morten jumped up and opened the doors, "Here, look," and behind them was a pile of wooden crates, mostly used for gas masks or "plastic ice cream scoops" (as I sometimes call things that are not needed in the business). The white blazer waved his hand to the black, and the two (let's designate them #1 and #2) hissed, reached in, and opened the first one they found. It was overloaded with grenade launchers.....

Satisfied with the result

1:40 a.m. July 22.

"Uh-huh... okay..." the right-handed shopper steadied himself as he looked at the weapon, "Where's it from?"

"Poland, Yugoslavia, even Russia, by the way, Russian guns are more expensive. – The seller praised his goods with evident pleasure, "First of all, they are better and, secondly, they are harder to get".

"When will the rest arrive?" "Any minute now."

"My time is worth a lot."

"We arrived ahead of schedule." "Okay, you can examine the board."

Nos. 3 and 4 went to the containers and opened them more than to the limit. Fresh European Union currency was revealed.

"It's all thirty million here."



Morten was on the spot in a bullet, "hugged" the entire pile of the first container he found, grabbed a wad of bills, flipped through them, sniffed, took out the money, checked it for light, sniffed again, and put it back.

There was a knock on the gate – a second party with an escort had arrived. The guard repeated his procedure. It turned out to be Gento's crew, Penzal's. They too climbed out of the car, and their ward vehicle was also opened and the contents examined. The bosses were inspecting the merchandise, seeming to take some pleasure in it. The next five minutes passed at this pace, and I realized that something had happened to Cepino, so I turned to Galanzio almost in a whisper, "Hey, Jarno, does Cepino have a cell phone?"

"Yes."

"Number."

"954-7848".

I poked at the receiver and heard a familiar voice say, "Yes." "It's Faust, why aren't you there yet?"

"I don't know, the KAMAZ is going the wrong way." "Where are you?"

"On Ostrovskeho St "

"Wait."

I leaned over to Garibaldi and asked: "Joz, where is Ostrovskeho St.? How far is it from here?"

"On the other side of the Vltava River. "

I whispered into my cell phone, "What the hell are you doing there?! Quickly catch up with the driver and set his mind right, does he know where to go or not?"

"Said he did "

"I don't care if he gurgled, the load has to be here, not across town!" "Okay now we'll do it."

"Fly!!!!"

I slammed the phone down. What kind of people, they can't do anything humanly I wonder where they got this fool from? We have trade going on in full swing here, and he's driving around behind a truck, saying he was told only to guard it And why do I always have to work with such people, I should raise my salary.

If I had worked like that in my twenty-five, I wouldn't have lived to be twenty-six.....

I remembered how I was driving around Syracuse here and there, looking for some car, wanted by the police along with others like me, and still did not find, remembered how I guarded the boss, remembered that I am already forty-seven and that my son is now sitting at home with a nightmarish disease ...

Suddenly I noticed the hands of the Nos. reaching under their jackets, saw their faces and the glare in their eyes. Those glares are the first thing that give people away before they want to whack someone. The second thing is what they want to turn it in with.

I grabbed a Kedr (Yevgeny Dragunov's design; being in the "embassy" I had replaced the pistol with a submachine gun), which had the safety off and was set on automatic firing mode, pulled it out and opened fire. The firing began...

I took out three of them at once (the right boss and two of his #'s). On our side we shot Morten, Penzall and the trucker (he just didn't have a chance -- the cab of the truck was in front of the middle fat guy with his Nos. who had been standing there since I saw

them), Garibaldi was wounded in the shoulder, as I found out later, I was not hit (all the time I was there I was covered by the back door of the Skoda), Jarno, despite his sluggishness, survived and, following my example, opened the door nearest to him and started shooting, blasting away even more fiercely than before.

I hid with my head behind the door to at least cool down the ardor of those who were shooting at me, then I came out with a new machine-gun burst – this time only two "black" corpses (people had time to scatter), again "got behind the rock" and heard that the glass on the door shattered into pieces (this event surprised me a little, because I was absolutely sure that it was bulletproof).

Suddenly a thought pierced me like an arrow: two more men behind me. I turned around lightning fast, but saw only two corpses in their own pools of blood. I could tell from the amount of red substance that they had been killed seconds ago, that is, almost at the time of the "start" of the firefight.

"Wait. – One thing struck me about this case," The guards were killed at the beginning, or possibly before the beginning, that would explain the fact that the #'s reacted in sync..."

The bullet hit the foot of my left leg: my body started to roll to the left (away from the car), but I managed to catch the wounded part and put my knee in its place. This brought me to my senses, because, jumping out and shooting from behind the door with a brutal murderous scream, I ran out the last three "competitors" (one fat guy and two #'s). The battle was over...

It's not clear to everyone

1:48 a.m. July 22.

I stepped away from the door, looked at her (shot up in a flash) and shouted: "Who among us is still alive?" Gento and Garibaldi answered.

I waddled over to Jarno – forehead shot through (obviously shot from a Yugoslavian "monster" "Zastava" (a six-shot revolver, if you can call it that)), Morten – three holes in his torso (he didn't even have time to move), KAMAZ driver – head, neck, shoulders (hands on the wheel), Penzalla – torso, arms, legs, in a word, got the most (hand with a gun pointed towards the garage door).

"So. – I stretched out, turning to Gento – Who's been slaughtering the gatekeepers?" "Penzalla..." – he replied.

"Jos, you saw Penzalla shooting at the guards at the gate."

"I didn't see anything, I hid here in the car... You know... I'm just a chauffeur..." "Nothing, nothing..." I reassured Garibaldi and continued with Gento, "And why should I believe you? Maybe you couldn't stand it yourself and then blamed it on Penzalla." "See for yourself the position he's in... The hand with the gun is pointing toward the gate..."

"Who knows, maybe you were the one who put him in that position while I was walking around inspecting dead bodies."

"Yeah, no, he laid down like that right away..." "We'll figure it out..."

I decided to use the famous check tactic: I turned around, took one step, then did a 180-degree flip with my weapon in my hand (in this case a Russian Kedr). Gento managed to get the gun, but not to point it at me, most likely he wanted to finish me off, after Garibaldi, and tell Cepino that it happened during the firefight (it's not hard to convince Cepino of this, and after all the corpses will be removed and neither our best specialist Francesco Scarabelli, nor our colleague from the Yakuza Ishiro Yamomoto will be able to find out what really happened).

"Drop the gun!" – I yelled.

"Come on, I just wanted to clean it..." "Drop it!!!!"

He didn't though put the firearm down on the sand.

"Turn around. Hands behind your head," my voice came back to normal. "You've got it all wrong."

He obeyed the order, and I sprang up and slapped the handle on his head, just as there was a knock on the gate: Cepino had arrived at last.

"Jos, open up, ah... I'm getting tired of limping."

Garibaldi, holding his shoulder, repeated the dead man's procedure. "Hey... Uh... Guys, what happened here?"

"Don't you see, the price didn't add up."

I pulled out my cell phone and dialed a number: "Richard, this is Faust, send the guys to 3 Jeremenkova Street, we need to clean up the trash."

"Will do."

I looked around and, not seeing someone, I said to Cepino, "Where's the KAMAZ driver?"

"You said to set his mind right..." "What, did you kill him or something?" "Yeah..."

"Idiot!!! I told you to fix his brains, not knock him out!!!" "Didn't they right themselves?"

"Where did you put the bodies?!" "Put it in the KAMAZ, by the crates."

"One more prank like that and you'll be dealing with Rimanoa."

Rimanoa was the "executioner" in the family, he was only seen once (except for the boss and those who sometimes took the condemned to him, but all criminals above the second rank knew his

name; he is our symbol of invincibility, and if we had a flag, I have no doubt that with the boss in the middle and his right hand Roberta Tobia on the right, Rimanoa would be on the left (there are 7 ranks in total: 1 – simple bouncers, badasses and security guards (such as Jarno Galanzio); 2 – already experienced thugs (the so-called "bros": Gento, Penzalla); 3 – thug commanders (sort of like officers: Cepino (although this man, generally speaking, should be rank zero, i.e. corpse); 4 – liaisons and excellent chauffeurs (Lionheart and Garibaldi); 5 – - professional killers

(killers), as well as people engaged in private affairs and assignments ("managers"), all this – the highest officers (this is me, and I used to be a killer, now – manager); 6 – "ambassadors", advisors to the boss and "viceroys" (LaSkoltza); 7 – the boss himself) . Cepino fell silent.

Let's start a new one

10: 34 Aug. 15.

In the end I was taken to the doctor, the corpses were cleaned up, Gento was dealt with (what became of him is of absolutely no interest to me) and now I have to deal with the case for which I am to receive an additional five hundred thousand euros.

It turned out to be that a very rich daddy wanted to train his little boy in the skills of murder and all that went with it.

"First of all, – I said, when I arrived the next day in Brno at our big training center and saw this very student (a tall thin twenty-year-old guy with a "dirty" head, dressed in a nice expensive suit and holding an AKM over his shoulder; his eyes were empty, his brain, probably, too; in a word – a mediocrity) – I'm not going to teach you all the skills, you understand that right away. – I yawned – Secondly, the strength of a professional is not in his weapon, but in the ability to think quickly and correctly. – My voice rose sharply – So, put that thing on the floor!"

There was no one else in the room besides us, so even if he was a complete dimwit, could have realized I was saying that to him.

"Are you talking to me?" – he interjected. "Yes."

He threw the Kalashnikov with a tremendous crack about ten meters to his right. "Pick it up."

"You're giving it to me again?"

"Everything I'm about to say will be directed specifically to you, okay?" "Yes."

He raised the machine gun. "Put it down."

This time the AKM flew to the left and much farther away. "Pick it up."

After twenty attempts to understand that guns shouldn't be handled like that, I couldn't take it anymore: "Why don't you finally realize that you can't throw such things left and right!"

"Can only go back and forth or what?"

Now I understand why this job is worth 500,000,000 Euros in monetary terms. "He can't be thrown at all."

"I see."

"It has to be gently, affectionately, carefully placed." "I see."

"Demonstrate to me how it should be done."

He threw the object at his feet with such a dope that it messed up the floor. "And that's called putting it down?"

"He's lying..."

I moved closer, picked up the barrel and put it back down so quietly that I didn't even hear anything myself.

"That's the way it should be done." "I see."

He picked up the gun and tossed it back a little easier than last time, and I thought about the visible progress.

"Okay this exam you passed with a positive grade (I meant greater than zero), now let's see how you shoot... – I pointed to the leftmost target at the other end of the forty meter hall – Shoot."

He didn't get into any kind of stance, he just took the shot, one-handed. I was petrified: he hit the bull's-eye.

"Not bad, not bad. Now try lying down."

The apprentice did the same thing and hit the same spot, again shooting with only one hand – obvious talent was evident.

"Are you going to shoot with two hands after all?" "I'm more comfortable..."

"Try it though."

The sniper leaned his other hand against the barrel, which made the latter shake with such force that the bullet hit the "milk". It was clear that either he had only fired a pistol before, or there was something wrong with his hand.

"What's your name, kid?" "Michael Williams."

"Two, never tell me your name." "I see."

"Third, you must have at least five other names instead of your real name." "I see."

"Come up with some." "Michael Williams." "It has to be different." "I see."

"So that not even the initials match." "Uh..."

"Since you can't come up with one yourself, I'll come up with one." "I see."

"Your name is Amanda Last." "I see."

"Do you agree?" "Completely."

"Fourth, it has to match your gender."

"I see."

"So what?"

"It doesn't fit."

"That's right. You'll be James Last." "Good."

"So, James – I had already braced myself for another wave of misunderstandings, but nothing like this – Fifth, you need to stand out from the crowd as little as possible." "I see."

"So, what does that mean."

"I have to hide behind someone all the time..."

"No. If it's hot, you – walk in light clothes, if it's cold – in warm clothes, your gait is loose, your stride is not too big or small, you don't make eye contact or turn your head often and sharply. Things like that."

"I see."

"Sixth, you shouldn't drive around in a Ferrari either, but you should drive less. Use public transportation more often, and best of all, walk, that's for sure."

I remembered walking twenty kilometers once for safety reasons. "So, show me how to walk."

He strode through the hall as if he had been kicked out of the institute twenty minutes ago and was now facing the army.

"Now you walked too slowly, dragging your feet and hanging your head, and that always attracts some attention. You should walk freely, as if you were going for bread and nothing else interested you."

"I see." "Try again."

This time his gait meant that the chief was not in the mood today. "To hell with the gait," I thought.

"Okay, seventh, you need to be completely healthy, lest another firefight reveal you have a broken leg in four places."

"I see."

"That's why you should have your own personal doctor who can treat almost anything. I say practically, because you won't need a gynecologist."

"I see."

"This very doctor should not know who you are, what your name is, should always be available, he should only know your 'upper shell'."

"I see."

"Do you know what an 'upper shell' is?" "No."

"It's your body and fake first names, last names, IDs, etc." "I see."

As the little fellow was not thinking clearly, I added: "Keep in mind that the doctor only has to know one name."

"I see."

"So what name are you going to tell him?" "Michael Williams."

"I said only falsity." "I see."

"So tell him James Last." "I see."

"Speaking of which, you can't get hung up on the same phrases." "I see."

"What are you doing?" "What?"

"You say it all the time – understandable, understandable, understandable." "I see."

"Here we go again... Say 'okay', 'clear', 'yes' and your favorite 'understandable' in a variety of ways."

"I see."

"As of this minute." "I see."

The guy had already realized something with his "understandable". "Yeah and, what's wrong with your arm?"

"No big deal..."

"Here, you take care of this nonsense with our 'local' doctor, and then we'll continue training. Call me when you've sorted out your affairs, ask for "Pierce Brosman" (our man, who does various "miracles" and is at that moment in Brno in that very training center, and therefore knows my cell phone number).

No questions followed.

Let's go back to our old ways

What's old is what's not new, and what's not new is this – the assignment to find out from a certain Bill Garrison (code name – "tourist") where Joseph Gutgold is (that was the order, nothing to be done). I'd already received an advance of \$500,000 in jewelry at the Hello Bar. "with a shabby reputation."

This case requires seven men (me, two of my family, and four mercenaries): Frank Polazzi (41 years old, worked with me for twelve years and has the nickname Marlboro, and he got it because he keeps a cigarette of this brand in his mouth all the time (except for very important operations), and rarely when he smokes it; knows how to control himself, is an excellent marksman – in some ways we are similar to him), Carlo Salvatore (34 years old, worked with me for seven years, nickname – Shock, for his instant understanding of what is going on and instant (although, unfortunately, not always the best) suggestion of a simple and quick way out of the situation), Emilien Rozh (31 years old, a good doctor and a safecracker, a very rare combination; a very sociable and pleasant-looking man; talks about anything (not counting his work as a

"bear hunter") and with anyone; likes to drink), Danila and Konstantin Bulatov (27 and 24 years old, two former thugs from the GRU special forces, I know many good Russians, but these two for some reason did not come out in public, however, everywhere there are exceptions; the main entertainment for them is to shoot and fight (especially the second); another anti-national trait is excessively low consumption of vodka and alcohol in general), Michael Luttvets (36 years old, former special forces of the Bundeswehr, now "Ghost"; the complete opposite of Rozh – doesn't like to talk almost on the level of principles; a loner; probably, that's why he has the gift of moving quietly and stealthily, which is why he earned himself such a strange nickname, having killed 15 enemy soldiers quietly during one secret mission, thus making the task easier for everyone else, roughly speaking, by half).

Target location information: three-story villa in the thick of taiga forests; 100 kilometers to the nearest town; Washington State, USA.



Notes: (this time there was no photo, only a verbal portrait) fat, broad-shouldered, brown eyes, dented nose, thin lips, a small scar on the forehead.

In 10 kilometers from the cabin we needed there was an abandoned town of miners, where you could come by car (in the same way we expected to leave).

"B" day.

7:06 a.m. Aug. 16.

The "five-minute stopover" was a one-story house with one front door and six windows. It was typical for such a place: two rooms, a kitchen, and a toilet (no furniture, and the only indication of a bathroom and toilet was a small unbroken patch of ceramic against the door). I climbed into the latrine to contact the Syracuse base (two people).

No sooner had I opened my laptop than the jamming sounded. Since only Ghost had a jammer out of the whole group, I had to radio to him: "Mih, what else is there?"

"It's okay two less..." "Two what?"

"By enemies..."

"What enemies, warrior? Are you sure they're not just passersby?" "I'm sure they have machine guns."

"Okay, well, over and out." The battle has begun...

I pushed the door open and saw a machine gunner running fifty meters outside the window. I noticed him, he noticed me, which prompted me to "dive" into the depths of the toilet. After shattering the proof of the existence of the latrine. Having honored the memory of the tile with two seconds of inactivity, I stuck out the muzzle of the automatic rifle (this time it was a Russian NA (Nikonov's Abakan automatic rifle with a magazine for 60 cartridges; the most successful caliber – 5.45, superfast rate of fire – 2000 v/min., almost record initial velocity of 950 m/sec., low recoil due to the unique system of recoil, low recoil due to a unique system of barrel recoil during firing, as well as a special mode of firing two cartridges (the sound merges into one) and high accuracy, in short, not a machine gun, but a fairy tale – a weapon of the twenty-first century) and pulled the trigger, then climbed out of the now worthless room and saw the same "hero", but with five holes in the chest. "I'm getting old," I thought, as I fired six shots and only hit five. There was no one else visible outside the window, and the shots, as if on cue, stopped messing up my hearing.

"Don't move for exactly two minutes," I said into the radio. Two minutes passed, there were no rustles, the ceramics and glass were gone, and there was a pile of corpses outside the windows.

"Alright, we go in groups to the forest at three minute intervals (the groups had long ago been arranged in order and composition: #1 – Me and Polazzi, #2 Salvatore and Rozh, #3 – Bulatovs, and finally #4 – 'Ghost'; actually it would be more appropriate to combine Lüttvec with Rozh, since the commander that I am usually isn't in any pair, but the German is used to working alone).

I won't drag on: everyone made it to the woods, but Michael was a little late: "What took you so long? Did you forget your watch at home?"

"In that situation, there was only one way not to waste time..." "Like what?"

"Lay down your weapons." "Why didn't you fold it?"

"Hehe, you're kidding, commander."

"Well, okay, we don't have a long way to go at 9.5 kilometers, uh, by the way, did anyone bring spray with them?"

"I've got it, Commander," Emilien echoed.

"And I've noticed it works wonderfully," Danila confirmed and clapped the Frenchman on the shoulder, squashing the insect.

"I don't get it..."

"A mosquito. – Bulatov showed the parasite, pulling a vial out of his back pocket, "This one will help much better.

The collapse of a three-story empire

8:46 a.m. Aug. 16.

Surprisingly enough, we made it to the walls and, after climbing over the fence, to the doors of the mansion without adventure (there were two doors, one had #1 and #2, the other had the rest).

The instruments of attack played – I kicked the door off to I don't know what mother, we flew in like butterflies, shrieking and knocking over everyone and everything in our path.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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