

Blood on Her Hands

by Mathew Paust

“I knew your layout. Clyde had no idea what you looked like. I convinced him I did. My op came out of the house. I said, ‘Here he is.’ I rolled down the window and yelled, ‘Mr. Stone!’ When he got to the window I handed him the twenty-two and leaned back...futt fut. Those new suppressors are great. One in the eye, one in the temple. DPX projectiles. Open up inside. Only blood I got on me was pulling him over onto my seat when I got out. My op was gone when I turned around. Had just enough time to get in the house, wipe the blood off, and turn the oven on before you and the cops got there. And you know the rest.”

“Okay, but why Leicester? Why all the killings? What’s it all about?”

“To try to get your client to talk. He knows something they want. The same old story, but with a twist.”

“Really. And you say they’re protecting him?”

[link to entire chapter in Author's Note]

