

TWISTED

Book 1
Excerpt

RETRIBUTION

A black Buick Electra 225, its windows tinted limo black, sat parked around the corner on the access road facing Storora's apartment building.

Revenge on his mind.

Retribution in his heart, Carrillo El Duque Sanchez made sure he kept a low profile after parking the Chevy Impala. He made sure he parked just out of the way so that her PTL (Part Time Lover) Colonel Guachard wouldn't recognize him if for some reason, he Guarchard, suddenly decided to leave the apartment complex by taking the back entrance.

Appearing to be killing time, two men dressed impeccably well, in grey business suits, white shirt and black tie, were standing next to a black Crown vice parked on the access road just outside Storora's apartment complex. They were in the perfect spot, leaning against the driver's side of the Crown Vick killing time, if...that's what they were actually doing. They picked their current location for one reason...to lay low, stay hidden. While in their watch and wait posture, they noticed that the complex had mobile security patrols, patrolling the outer edges of the massive complex...ten minutes before and twenty minutes after the hour.

Moments later, a white pickup made a right turn off the main highway, whizzed past them and approached the security control panel. When the driver activated the security gate and entered the property, the two men followed close behind without being detected. Once inside the secure gate, they managed to move about the apartment grounds virtually undetected until two security guards, on foot patrol appeared from out of nowhere. In alert mode, now, they found themselves having to evade ground and mobile security.

And...they were running out of time.

The few stolen moments they shared seemed to help them forget about Carrillo El Duque Sanchez, but for Storora Conchita Gonzalez...it isn't easy forgetting the way things really are while trying to keep them the way they're supposed to be.

But, it was too late, now 'cause suddenly...she heard a loud noise!

Her head snapped up! *Somboddy comin' up da stairs...!*

Eyes wide, in stunned silence, she looked at Guachard who was already in full alert mode! His wits about him, he got dressed, walked into the living room, peered out the window in both directions looking for someone, anyone on the front porch...near the stairwell!

He saw...no one.

"Time to go, Guachard." Storora said, nervous.

He walked back to the center of the room, only to have her grab him by the wrist, walk him to the door, unfastened the chain.

Their luck and fortunes changed when Storora opened the door. Carrillo El Duque Sanchez was standing there...pearl handled ice pick in one hand, pearl handled nickel plated .45 in the other blocking any escape attempt!

Quick on her feet, Storora hid behind Guachard who would not be intimidated even as the sadistically, cruel Puerto Rican entered the apartment. A cold-blooded killer, Carrillo's trademark...intentionally wounding his adversaries then using the pearl handled razor to scalp then skin them, make them watch the whole process before stabbing them repeatedly, killing them graveyard dead with the ice pick.

Storora has seen him as El Duque during *Killing Time* but he wasn't at that stage yet.

Deliberately ignoring Guachard's courageously resolute ass, Storora stepped to Carrillo her arms open wide. "Carrillo, baby..." She said passionately. "Who chu love, sweetie?"

He looked at her, his eyes darting back and forth in a suspicious manner. They embraced, she kissed him passionately then...to Guachard she half turned, smiled and whispered. "I hope chu know...Carrillo gon' always be my main man."

Guachard shrugged, wiped his brow and that's when he saw them...two men standing in the living room...their reflection in the mirror above the mantel!

Seconds later, his chest exploded the force sending him back peddling into the bedroom where he collapsed on to the bed. Stunned, Carrillo reached for his beloved Storora but she had already turned right into the muzzle of a snub nose .38.

He looked up just in time to see the back of her head explode like cherry pie! Staying low, keeping out of sight, he cut his eyes to the bedroom! Guachard was lying on the floor, his body shaking non-stop like a fish out of water.

The two men weren't finished.

One of them walked over to where Storora was lying. He turned to his partner. "Make, make sure you do 'er from ear-to-ear." His partner said then handed him a pearl handled straight razor. When he was finished, he stood up, they walked into the bedroom where Guachard lay fighting for his life.

The afterimage of the bald one, shooting Guachard then killing Storora was still playing over and over in Carrillo's head. He could see the bald one, alone in the bedroom, standing over Guachard firing two rounds into chest, one in his head. As the smoke cleared, he saw them turn quickly, look toward the living room!

Oooooohhhh...shit! He cringed. *Dey lookin' for Carrillo El Duque Sanchez, now!*

Ready to take both of them on! Carrillo was in "El Duque Mode" ready to shoot, stab, slice and dice! But, they didn't come for him, the two men. Instead, they turned and walked into the bathroom.

And just like that, it was over.

With the senseless, unmerciful killings now over, Carrillo took one last look at his beloved Storora Conchita-Gonzalez...her brains splattered against the wall, the rest all over the floor, her throat cut.

His mission, now...survival.

Being as quiet as he could, Carrillo eased his way out of the apartment. Then...like a man possessed, he bolted from the apartment, scurried down the stairwell! Never looking back, he ran as fast as he could, slipping and sliding down the wet sidewalk on his way to the Impala! Once there, Carrillo opened the car door, climbed in. Staying low, still in alert mode, contemplating the deadly killer's next move, revenge now on his mind, he had no time to regroup, go back to even the score! His head on a swivel, he cut his eyes to the passenger mirror. The two men were leaving the murder scene walking casually toward the black sedans!

The one who did most of the shooting, the bald one, *Mister Slice and Dice*...stopped walking when the left passenger window of one of the sedans rolled down. A gloved hand protruded from the window motioning to him to come closer.

"Did you have to cut her throat...?" A male voice said from inside the sedan.

"I liked 'er but I didn't really love 'er! You know what I mean?"

“I tried to warn you she would never be a one-man woman.”

“She should have been mine, goddammit!”

“Your’s...? So, how can you like her but not love her...?”

“She knew how to get then keep my attention, telling me shit like...I was her forever lover.”

“You should have known better. She’s part Mexican, part Puerto Rican. She had wondering eyes. It’s in her nature to make any man instantly fall in love with her sexiness and abundance of confidence.”

“Yeah...”

“But, she had a dark side, too. You were just another lover to her, another conquest. Her heart was never yours.”

“I really thought that she would be forever mine.”

“But...cutting her throat...?”

“Forget ’er...! Two timing backstabber...gave as good as she got!”

“Changing, the subject...”

“Pleasezzz...this has me all “Twisted.”

“Ok, so...what’s up with the Puerto Rican?”

“What about that greasy bastard?”

“How is it that he managed to slip away?”

“We was gunning for him but he was a step ahead of us.”

“He won’t let what y’all did go. He will form an unlikely alliance to seek then have his revenge.”

There was silence.

The bald one turned and looked at his partner who quickly held up both hands. *Don’t hang, don’t hang that shit on me, man! I thought we were there to pop...to pop the Colonel. No-no noooo-body said a damn thang ’bout the girl an-an-and some chicken shit ass Puerto Rican, too.*

He pointed at his watch, cleared his throat. “We need, we need to go before the cops show up. Remember...the bureau can't be linked to this.”

“Sheeeiiiiittttt, jus' drop it...” The voice inside the black sedan said. "This is already gift wrapped. It will all be pinned on the Puerto Rican, eventually.”

And just like that, the window rolled up, the black sedans pulled away and disappeared into the night.