

The Heart

Of An

Assassin

A Novel

Tony Bertot

The Heart of an Assassin

Tony Bertot

Copyright © 2009 by Tony Bertot.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the copyright owner.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

This book was printed in the United States of America.

Published by Tony Bertot

Library of Congress Control Number: 2009903220

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Discover other titles by Tony Bertot

Table of Contents

[Chapter1](#)-The Call

[Chapter2](#)-An Assassin`s Attorney and Accountant

[Chapter3](#)-The Giordano Family

[Chapter4](#)-The Costellino Family

[Chapter5](#)-The Arrival

[Chapter6](#)-Help From A Stranger

[Chapter7](#)-The Cleanup

[Chapter8](#)-A New neighbor

[Chapter9](#)-The Black Aces

[Chapter10](#)-An Assassin`s Plan

[Chapter11](#)-The Dinner Invite

[Chapter12](#)-The Good News

[Chapter13](#)-La Celebrazione

[Chapter14](#)-Giordano Family Acts

[Chapter15](#)-Las Ristorante

[Chapter16](#)-In Harm`s Way

[Chapter17](#)-A Family`s Sorrow

[Chapter18](#)-Uncle George

[Chapter19](#)-The Take Out

[Chapter20](#)-A Survivor

[Chapter21](#)-Good-bye, Bolnaldo Costellino

[Chapter22](#)-The Bitter Taste of Revenge

[Chapter23](#)-Twenty Years Later

[Chapter24](#)-The Task Force

[Chapter25](#)-An Unexpected Break

[Chapter26](#)-Tyler`s Return

[Chapter27](#)-The Assignment

[Chapter28](#)-Missing in Action

[Chapter29](#)-When Two Is Better Than One

[Chapter30](#)-A Blast From the Past

[Chapter31](#)-A Gruesome Discovery

[Chapter32](#)-Felicia Gets a Call
[Chapter33](#)-In Protective Custody
[Chapter34](#)-First Stop
[Chapter35](#)-Second Stop
[Chapter36](#)-Here One Day, Gone the Other
[Chapter37](#)-In Early News
[Chapter38](#)-The Giordano Family Meeting
[Chapter39](#)-OCTF Headquarters
[Chapter40](#)-A New Gunsmith in Town
[Chapter41](#)-A Change of Heart
[Chapter42](#)-A New Identity
[Chapter43](#)-Ravena New York
[Chapter44](#)-Giordano Family Mobilizes
[Chapter45](#)-Closing In
[Chapter46](#)-Up and Away
[Chapter47](#)-The Giordanos Meet
[Chapter48](#)-Adriana Romano
[Chapter49](#)-Nowhere to Hide
[Chapter50](#)-Final Preparation
[Chapter51](#)-A Shot Is Taken
[Chapter52](#)-The End of Life Commences with the Beginning of

Another

[Chapter53](#)-A Day of Reckoning
[Chapter54](#)-A New Beginning
[Chapter55](#)-A Blast from the Past

This book is dedicated to;

John Frenning

("I'll believe it when I see it")

John Kirwan

(Who I could bounce my ideas off of)

Sandy Smart

(Who encouraged me to publish)

Sylvia Bertot

(Whose support and love made this possible)

In memory of;

Luke Diebold

Helen (Bertot) Rother

Tom O'Donnel

The Call

July 2, 1964 (San Francisco)

It was a warm July morning as Shannon Murphy spread out the blanket on the beach running alongside San Francisco Bay. The soft, gray sand stretched north to the Golden Gate Bridge and to the south for several miles. Being a weekday, there were few people on the beach. Only the soft sounds of birds in the sky and the water hitting the beach filled the air.

Shannon had just put her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Jamie, down so that she could spread out the blanket and set up her lounge chair. Unbeknownst to her, Jamie had wandered off and was now next to the bay water. As Shannon laid the blanket down, she looked up. Not seeing Jamie, she turned around. As panic started to set in, she screamed, "Jamie, where are you?" She scanned the beach and then looked toward the water. There was Jamie, alongside the crest of the water some eighty-five feet away.

"No!" Shannon screamed and began to run toward Jamie as she saw her fall forward into the water.

A second after Jamie fell in, a stranger, who happened to be jogging by, grabbed the little one and carried her toward Shannon. It all happened so fast that her mind had not caught up with her beating heart until he placed Jamie in her arms. The stranger simply smiled and continued on his way. Jamie was crying, but was all right.

Shannon looked after the stranger, wanting to say something, but it was too late; he was gone.

Shannon thought, How strange, that smile on his face. No warmth, and disquieting in a way. Warmth or no warmth, God bless him.

The six-foot, lean jogger continued on his trek. His five mile run took him from the west side of San Francisco Bay, under the Golden Gate Bridge, to Lincoln Boulevard where he parked his car. He then drove back to his house on Oceanside Drive in Daly City, where he had a spectacular view of the Pacific Ocean. Here he was known to his neighbors and in the San Francisco area as Jack Ferrari, a successful real estate broker. However, to everyone else he was known as Nick Costello.

Upon entering the two-story house, one could see a clear view of the ocean through two windows that spanned almost the entire back wall. The room was furnished with a comfortable-looking sofa and a leather recliner, and against the wall was a brick fire place. To the right was an open kitchen with a polished marble island and to the left was the master bedroom. Behind the kitchen was a stairway leading up to other bedrooms, one of which was used as an office. The entire house was kept in a very neat and orderly manner. Some might call it the ideal bachelor pad. However, the stranger had never had a visitor, and it was the solitude and openness he enjoyed the most.

After showering, Nick made his daily scheduled calls to three of six different numbers in the United States. The first one was a Chicago number, the second was local, and the last was in New York City. There was no response from the first two numbers. However, the New York City number had been disconnected. This served as a message for him to call his contact in New York City for a job.

Within fifteen minutes Jack was out the door on his way to Cupertino, some forty miles away. He checked into the Cypress Hotel under the name of Nick Costello from Chicago. When he got to the front door of his room, he looked around to ensure no one was watching, put on some gloves, and entered the room. He walked over to the phone and made his phone call, which lasted

only two and half minutes, and then left without touching or disturbing anything else in the room.

Ten minutes later, he was on his way back to Daly City where he packed his bags and made a cursory check of the entire house, ensuring he left nothing to chance just in case he never returned. As was his custom, he called his lawyer and accountant, David Spencer, to advise him he would be leaving town for a couple of weeks, and asked him to take care of things while he was away. Before leaving for the airport, Jack went into his bedroom closet and closed the door behind him. Switching on the light, he moved the clothes hanging on the right to the left, exposing a safe. Opening the safe, he extracted three of the sixty-five thousand dollar sum. Next, he reached into his back pocket and took out his wallet, removing his driver`s license, social security card, and two credit cards. Then, he reached down and picked up a shoe lying on the floor of the closet and extracted a key hidden in its heel. Removing the shelf from the safe, he revealed a lock in the back panel of the safe. Using the key, he opened it and exposed six small stacks. Each stack contained a driver`s license, a social security card, two credit cards, and a couple of passports. He placed the items he removed from his wallet on the third stack and extracted an identical number of items from the fourth stack.

The stranger had entered the closet as Jack Ferrari and exited it as Tim Goldman.

An Assassin's Attorney and Accountant

David Spencer had known Jack Ferrari for over four years. Jack hired David to take care of his finances and to be his advisor on legal matters. Unknown to David, Jack had performed an extensive background check on him for almost two months before approaching him. Jack simply asked him to be both his attorney and accountant, feeling that the attorney-client confidentiality automatically extended to his accounting practices with him. Though not necessarily true, Jack felt it would be an issue that would be clearly challenged in the courts should the need arise. Not to mention the fact that he was not Jack Ferrari, another issue for deliberation. A simple ploy to cause confusion in order to buy time, with the hope that an opportunity to make an escape would present itself in the event of his capture.

Though David felt his client wasn't being truthful to him about his real name, it was not for him to question. The money proved to be very good, and he had no indication that Jack was into anything illegal. At least that is how he felt until one day last year when they met to have a couple of drinks at a local bar.

They were sitting at a table when a couple of rough-looking drunks walked into the bar and started giving everyone a hard time. Jack decided he didn't want any more to drink, and so they finished up and started for the door. As David passed one of the drunks, he accidentally bumped into him. The drunk turned and swung at David but missed him and, instead, almost hit Jack. Jack managed to step aside and let the man trip over his own feet, causing him to end up face down on the floor. He then pushed David along toward the door.

The second man, seeing what had happened, grabbed a bottle and swung it at Jack. Jack ducked and hit him with an upper cut that sent the man reeling upward, landing him on his back. The first drunk was on his feet again and charged at Jack. Jack turned and, using the weight of the charge, redirected the man toward a nearby wall. You could hear the thump outside as the drunks head put a dent in the hardwood. Jack bent down next to the other fallen drunk, looked him in the eye, and said something that until this day chilled David to the bone. Something about cutting his fingers off one by one and stuffing them down his throat. It wasn't what he said, but rather, how he said it.

Without skipping a beat, Jack got up and continued to push David toward the door. Within a few seconds they were outside, leaving a cheering crowd of onlookers behind them.

"Man, you are pretty fast on your feet," David remarked.

"Got to be, if you want to sell real estate in this country," he responded. David stared at his client and busted out laughing.

"What the hell kind a real estate do you sell, anyway? Never mind, it ain't none of my business," David said, deciding it would be best he didn't know. Then he went on home.

"Goodnight, David, get home safe," Jack said.

The Giordano Family

June 23, 1964 (New York)

Approximately a week earlier, Felicia Giordano advised her father, Fazio Giordano, that if they wanted to survive this war they were in, they would have to take out Bolnaldo, the head of the Costellino family. The Giordanos had been at war with the Costellino family for more than three months over control of the various racketeering enterprises they shared.

"Are you out of your mind, Feli?" he barked at her.

"Pop, Feli is right. We got to hit them hard. They outnumber us three to one. We need to show them we mean business," added Fabio.

Along with Fazio and his daughter, Felicia, were his son, Fabio, and his top lieutenants, Leo Russo, John De Luca, and Erin Romano. The Giordano family was into prostitution, drugs, extortion, and liquor. Fabio handled the organization's political contacts by either bribery or extortion of city officials. They originally started in Queens and, over a short period, expanded into Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Long Island. Though much smaller than the Costellino family, they operated a lot more efficiently and had ties to one of the biggest crime families out of San Francisco. Unlike the Costellino family, they could bring in estraneos (outsiders) to deal with uncomfortable situations. Much like Felicia was suggesting.

After some thought, Fazio realized that they were right; it was time to send the Costellino family a strong message. Turning to Felicia, he ordered that she bring in an outsider to deal with the situation. Felicia nodded and left for Long Island.

Felicia, a twenty-seven-year-old, very attractive redhead, stood five foot six, and would give a model a run for her money. She was a Harvard graduate who majored in criminology. Her

ability to defuse a situation when warranted, and to act without any conscience, made her dangerous. Her reputation was quickly established among the family when she had the son of a politician kidnapped and then returned unharmed. She had no remorse, was calculating, and quite good as an advisor to her father. She was responsible for placing two of her most loyal soldiers in the Costellino family; a risky feat that took almost a year to fulfill. Rumor was that she would take the reins when her father stepped aside.

Felicia had never met Nick Costello, but his reputation for completing his assignments was what legends were made of. Some called him a ghost or phantom. Some said he could take out a man in a crowded room without anyone realizing what had happened until it was too late. Others said he had been a commando or Green Beret in Vietnam. In any case, she had heard he had never failed in any of his assignments, and that was what she needed; an outsider who could not be traced back to them.

The instructions for contacting Nick were quite simple. Have the NYC number provided to them disconnected, and he would call their vacation home in the Hamptons within twenty-four hours. If they did not receive a call within that time period, it would mean that Nick was currently unavailable.

Felicia, using her contacts in the Costellino family, needed to know the whereabouts of Bolnaldo over the next few days, information she would provide to Nick. A few days later, she made the call and waited.

When Nick called, he advised her to look in the book titled *Mississippi River*, located in the library in the Hampton home. There she would find instructions on where to leave the information.

Felicia was taken aback. When did he put the instructions in the book? How cunning. Who is this man?

The instructions left were detailed in that they covered everything from making sure she wore gloves when handling any of the papers, to using copiers that were in public places (which did not contain any cameras), rather than in private. In anticipation that the information might fall into the wrong hands, Nick requested that the data consist of only Bolnaldo's name, written backward, leaving out the first letter of each name, the locations he frequented, and nothing more. Specific instructions noted that no time or dates were to be provided. Cancellation of the orders would require the disconnection of the second NYC number within ten days of the initial contact and would cost them 25 percent of the original cost of \$100,000. Payment would be made upon completion of the job and instructions of where to make the payment would be forthcoming. Any failure to meet their obligation would be deemed as disrespectful, resulting in them, and possibly any associates, becoming his next mark.

The instructions went on to direct her to make six copies of the information she was providing and to leave them in six different locations, including one in the Hampton home. After ten days, she was to return to these locations and remove any remaining copies and destroy them.

With no reservation, Felicia put into motion the steps that would eliminate Bolnaldo Costellino as she had been instructed to. She put on gloves and took a piece of paper, and using her left hand instead of her right, wrote *Mr. Odlanlo Onilletso* on it. She also wrote the first three letters of three restaurants on Mulberry Street in New York City.

She then placed the paper in an envelope and repeated this process five times. Then, calling in one of her trusted soldiers, she gave him two of the locations he was to drop off the envelope at. Half an hour later, she called another soldier

to drop off the other two. Lastly, she placed the final envelope in the book from which she extracted the instructions.

Felicia was now concerned about herself and her father's welfare. This man could come in at any time and take them out. Was he for the highest bidder, or would he be loyal to her and her family? These thoughts began to run through her head. After thinking things through, she started to make plans of her own to eliminate Nick as a future threat.

The Costellino Family

June 22, 1964 (New York)

Bolnaldo pointed his finger at his son, Tony, face red with anger. "You! You can't let outsiders come in and simply walk all over us," he sputtered, referring to an incident where some soldiers of the Giordano family showed up at one of their bars and started a fight. Tony was caught in the middle of it and suffered a black eye. The intruders walked away, laughing out loud and mocking some of the members of the Costellino family.

"Dad, they aren't. They're just trying to provoke us. They haven't tried to cross over to any of our locations. I am only saying that we need to be vigilant. That we need to send them a message by hitting some of the locations closer to them. In their own backyard," Tony finished.

"No, no," interjected Clemente Marino, one of Bolnaldo's advisors. "I say we call in some guns from Chicago before they do."

"Hey, Junior, what do you think?" asked the senior Bolnaldo to his son.

Junior, the youngest of Bolnaldo's sons, who stood about five foot seven and weighed about 175 pounds, was known for being fair-minded and logical. "I think we should go after their top lieutenants and stop wasting time hitting their joints. Hit Leo Russo, Erin Romano, or Fabio Giordano. That is what we should do. Hey, Tony what about Fazio's daughter, Felicia? Everybody knows old man Fazio ain't got nothing upstairs, and he don't shit without checking with her. She's the one we should go after," Junior added.

"You're right. Felicia is the real issue," Tony responded.

"Let's go after her," Malco Lombardi interjected.

"You guys gone nuts? You go after her and you might as well sign your own death certificates. Unless we take out her old man and Fabio first, we don't have a chance in hell of getting away with it. In fact, the entire top tier of their organization would have to be eliminated before we can breathe easier," remarked Bolnaldo.

Like the Giordano family, the Costellino family was into prostitution, drugs, and the numbers rackets. They operated solely in Manhattan and the Bronx and were looking to expand into Giordano territory. They numbered over two hundred, but were not as efficiently managed as the Giordano family.

They sat there quietly for a good five minutes, contemplating what they were planning.

"What about their ties to the San Francisco family?" asked Clemente.

"Don't think they would be a problem as long as we do a thorough job," responded Tony.

After a few minutes, Bolnaldo slammed his open hand on the desk, getting everyone's attention. "This needs to be done. I want Tony and Clemente to come up with a plan on how to wipe out the whole fuckin' family. Just like in one of those old-time movies when you take out the bad guys while they're pissing in the john. Malco, you and Junior find out exactly where in Long Island they live, get the plans to their home. Lastly, this cannot go out of this room. No one needs to know what we are planning. Understood?" Bolnaldo asked, staring at each one of them. They all nodded. They all understood. Then he added, "Tony, call Chicago and tell them we need some muscle; about five good men."

The Arrival

July 6, 1964 (Pennsylvania)

Four days later Nick, now going by the name of Tim Goldman, arrived at Lehigh International Airport, and rented a car for a one-way trip to Newark, New Jersey, where he would drop it off. Tim always travelled light, carrying only a duffel bag with enough clothes for a few days and a camera strapped around his neck. He wore a light, black jacket over a dark blue shirt, dungarees, and sneakers.

Before dropping the car off, he phoned ahead to an old military acquaintance about purchasing some merchandise for his business. Parking the car out of sight of the store on Pacific Street and Vesey, he entered.

"Hello, Jay," he greeted the man behind the counter of the gun store.

"It's been a long time, Theo," Jay Messina replied. They both embraced each other. Jay knew Nick by his real name and by no other.

"I got the product you requested in the back. Hold on while I put the „Closed“ sign on the door," Jay said. Nick purposely arrived at 5:00 p.m. so that it wouldn't be suspicious if the store was closed. Nick was very meticulous about his planning.

Jay took him in the back where, behind a makeshift wall, he had his inventory of weapons. There were all types of rifles and guns. A .38 Super Automatic with a silencer attached caught Nick's eye.

"Don't see that too often," Jay said. "It holds nine rounds, and it's known to be quite accurate."

"Depends on who's firing," responded Nick.

Jay laughed and said, "Guess it does."

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

