

The hooded silhouette handed Dmitri the file, leaving immediately, just as gracefully as he had arrived. He could have been hovering, it was so smooth. Dmitri had no idea whose name and face would be plastered over the paper that he was holding though he knew that this man was important. The thick wad of notes that the ghost had slipped in Dmitri's pocket was testament to the high profile of the person. The target.

Dmitri headed home via the subway. The phosphorescent lights burned through his squinting eyes. The worst thing was the smell. Boy was it disgusting. A greasy tramp was splayed across the padded seats opposite, fast asleep. Dmitri was tempted to toss him out of the doors at the next stop. He resisted, just. The tramp smelt of liquor, tobacco and shattered dreams, though Dmitri told himself that he had no care for such a person. Why should he? Dmitri tried with all his willpower to resist the urge to sympathise with this man. The training had attempted to beat any sentiment into a bloody submission though one can never completely rebuke their reptilian instincts. He left £1 on the tramps forehead. He didn't want to be too nice. Sympathy is a weakness that would only inhibit his efficiency in the current profession that he was undertaking. He departed from the carriage with a heavy step down, checking himself; left, then right. It was a habit that he had gotten used to. He strutted toward the exit gates and slipped his ticket through the machine and squeezed through the flaps. Dmitri was a big man: 6ft5 and he weighed around 280 pounds. People would have to be very stupid to even begin to think about crossing him. Though his spectacularly muscular physique couldn't hide one thing. The

thing that he was most afraid of. The thing that he resented the most about himself. His heart. It didn't belong to a killer. It was a kind heart. And it was his greatest threat. The only thing that could come between the bullet and the recipient.

As soon as Dmitri had reached his shabby north London flat, he slumped on the sofa and flicked through programs on the television that he did not want to watch. He turned it off and placed the file on the table, caressing the smooth waxed surface of the card, being ever so gentle with it. He could not mess this up. His life would be brutally terminated by the bosses that he knew not of and heard not of. Shadowy creatures who lurked in the high heavens of society, when they belonged in hell. For Dmitri, it was easier to die trying to make a Hit than for the target to be killed by him. This was because of The Weakness. Dmitri wasn't in the game because he wanted to be, he had no choice. He was kicked out of school at 13 - couldn't deal with authority and was a constant pain in the arse and he had nothing better to do. But those days are gone and the memory has since faded. And they pay is pretty amazing. Dmitri gets over £20k on average per hit (for example a work colleague or alienated relative), and for the big ones (Parliamentary figures or famous people) he gets over £100k. Per hit. Next to the file on the coffee table, he placed the clump of notes and started to count them. It took a while, as there were so many though he started to get suspicious when the numbers soared passed £170,000 so he started again. But he was right all along. £230,000 in total. His mind was whirring... guessing who it could be. This would probably be the biggest hit of his life as it was certainly the largest pay that he had ever received. That being said, this meant that it was a far higher risk operation for Dmitri, and

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