



MONEY-GRIP

2

A Novel By Divine G

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MONEY-GRIP 2 ®

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ISBN-10: 194076503X

ISBN-13: 978-1-940765-03-7

PDF Edition

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Paperback Edition published by Divine G Entertainment

Ebook PDF Edition published by Divine G Entertainment

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Cover Design & Photos by: Createspace

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Dedication

This novel is dedicated to the numerous family members, friends and associates who were very instrumental in helping me to get this sequel written, edited and published. The list of supporters is so huge and extensive, I am very apprehensive about attempting to mention names, because from past experience, if anyone is inadvertently left out and feels he or she should have been mentioned, it creates a lot of bad feelings. So, this time, I am taking the safe road by sending out a universal dedication to all those who played a part in the success of this novel, without itemizing each individual name. If you were there, by my side, had my back, and was supportive, then you are the person I am referring to when I send out this dedication. This novel is dedicated to you for being there when times got extremely rough, rocky and raw. Once again, thanks for all the support, love and understanding.

CHAPTER # 1

“Gently take his arms,” Doctor Kenneth Myers said to Willie as he held onto Rasheen’s legs. “And help me lift him on this table.”

The two heaved Rasheen upwards by his extremities and delicately laid his inert body on an Aluminum table covered with a sparkling white sheet that resembled a standard operating table.

With frantic urgency, Doctor Myers, with his face full of sandy brown hair, a pasty white complexion, and genuine scruffy like features, began to cut away Rasheen clothing in order to get a visual of the apparent bullet wound somewhere to the lower area of his mid-section. The blood was everywhere, he was unconscious, and it deeply alarmed Doctor Myers, because he had no extra blood on the premises, and Rasheen’s unconsciousness was a signal that he was in very grave danger.

Meanwhile, Willie stood by, watching while in a very nervous state. The smell of antiseptics and alcohol increased his agitation, because he equated these scents with pain and suffering, and hospitals; a place he hated. His fingers and toes were crossed, and the urge to scream at the Doctor to hurry up and tell him if Rasheen was still alive was very compelling, but he could see that the Doctor was

already moving at a pace that announced he was doing as best as he could. As though the Doctor was reading his mind, Willie saw Doctor Myers began hastily checking Rasheen's pulse.

"He's hanging on," Doctor Myers said out loud. "But his pulse is very weak one." He rushed over to the other side of the room to the oxygen tank and zipped it over towards Rasheen. Within seconds, the oxygen mask was clamped on Rasheen's face and the Doctor resumed his business. As he located the bullet wound, Doctor Myers told himself once again that he was going to stop gambling; if he could control that monkey on his back he could stop these illicit medical relationships. Thanks to his addiction to Sin City (Las Vegas), he was forced to agree to this arrangement, which enabled him to kill two birds with one stone (make some extra cash and clear up a gambling debt owed to Cee-more, a black gangster with strong ties to a South Central Los Angeles gang called the Rangers).

Willie nervously rocked his weight back and forth from one foot to the other, while his mixed ancestral features grew more terror-stricken with each tumbling moment; one second his Mexican attributes were pushing forth through his Irish traits, while his African American characteristics remained the most dominant of the others. The three ethnic elements formed a conglomeration of a

warped network of complete dread and despair and as the thought of not finding out where Rasheen stashed all that money took center stage in his mind, he couldn't help uttering a silent prayer.

Doctor Myers' gray eyes swiftly scrolled across Rasheen's naked body, searching for any additional bullet wounds as his latex gloved hands wiped away the blood from the wound at the base of his stomach; he saw this was going to be a very difficult procedure, because there was no doubt the bullet may have traveled and could now be anywhere in his body. Plus, with the loss of so much blood there were landmines at every turn of every corner.

Suddenly, a medium built black woman with golden brown skin and pretty huge eyes rushed into the makeshift operating room talking excitedly, "Kenneth, I thought we agreed to put a limit on how many of these—"

"Not now, Felicia, please."

As Felicia came up along side of her husband, examining Rasheen's wound, Willie had his hand ready to pull the 9-mm. The way she rudely and abruptly barged into the room almost unhinged him, and the first thing came to his mind was danger; he had immediately relaxed when he saw it was Doctor Myers' wife. She was dressed in a sky blue terry cloth robe, and matching night slippers. Willie instantly noticed the sister was carrying some serious junk in her

trunk, and he admired the doctor's good taste in a woman with a big booming backside. He smiled inwardly because he could never fully understand racially mixed marriages, even though he was the epitome of a racially mixed individual. He guessed it was because he had an unquenchable appetite for black women with big bodacious butts.

"My, God, Kenneth," Felicia beamed after drawing her own medical conclusions after examining the apparent bullet injury, and this man's comatose state. She was a pediatric doctor and was currently going to medical school to become a surgical specialist, but bullet wounds were basic medical injuries that she'd long since been privy to. "Maybe, me---why don't we get this man to a hospital, or maybe even call the police. He's been shot!"

Doctor Myers nervously glanced over at Willie. "Easy, Willie," He saw Willie was already becoming very nervous and was about to reach for his weapon. "We're not calling any police around here. I promised no hospitals, and no police." He gave Felicia a stare down that could've killed a herd of buffalo. "Felicia, I made a commitment to this client, and instead of you distracting me, why don't you help out. Put those years of schooling to work. I need your help here."

Felicia drew closer to Rasheen's lifeless body and began checking his pulse. "This man is going to need a very lot of blood," The thought of this man dying in her home terrified her immensely. "Without a transfusion he's gonna die, Kenneth."

Doctor Myers felt his anger about to boil up like a pressure cooker on full blast. His wife had this remarkable way of saying and doing things that irritated his last nerve. Couldn't she see these men were dangerous and a part of the underworld? Why can't she see that mentioning death could get this guy riled up? Jesus! "Please, Felicia, I need you to—"

"Kenneth, I thought we agreed to talk about these freelance, off-the-books medical procedures." She said rhetorically as she allowed her professionally trained eyes to fall upon Rasheen's unconscious grill. Damn, that face looked very familiar, she realized as she leaned in closer as Doctor Myers worked expertly on the gut wound. Oh, my God! She suddenly remembered that face. She saw it on a bulletin board in the Post Office, on the Federal Wanted List. She remembered this man was wanted for a series of very serious crimes. Oh, my god, this is crazy, she thought as she pulled away from the observation, and forced herself not to begin pacing.

Felicia casually cut her eyes at Willie and for the first time she truly noticed this man's presence. It took moments for her expert eyes to conclude that he was in possession of a gun. In that instance it was as if a floodgate of hundreds of varying scenarios was slammed wide open and swamped her mind; none of these mental images depicted anything good, and her survival instincts kicked in instinctually. Her heart pounded as she decided she had to do something, but she had to make certain it was done in a way that wouldn't put her and Doctor Myers in harms way.

Felicia began adjusting the oxygen apparatus. "Looks like we're going to need some more sterilized utensils, local anesthesia and gauzes." She headed for the door. "I'll go get them. I'll be right back."

"Bring an IV kit as well," Doctor Myers said without looking up.

"Yeah, I gotcha," She said as she was about to step through the threshold, and looked back and saw Willie staring her down with a vicious screw face. Felicia pulled away from the staring match and slid out the room. When she was down the hall, she made a quick dip into the dinning room, and headed straight for the phone.

CHAPTER # 2

A shot rang out from the other side of the huge dance hall like room within Killer Kato's mansion; the bullet struck the wall several feet from Aaron Wilson just as he and his men entered, which caused them to frantically scramble and take cover while returning fire. The bombardment of bullets gnawed and chipped away at the expensive picture covered walls, gold trimmed furniture, and other exotic objects.

“Move that way!” Aaron shouted to Raul, a Colombian man dressed in a sleek brown suit, while pointing towards a spiral staircase. He turned and shouted to his partner, a fellow FBI agent. “Norman, that way!” He pointed in the other direction as he watched him, Eugene Lee and several Colombians follow his instructions moving in a crouched, low stepping fashion. The current plan was to box in this lone gunner, with intentions of capturing him alive.

About an hour ago, Aaron and his hit team had stormed this Lakeside ten million dollar compound owned by Colin Gibson, AKA Killer Kato and had literally mowed down anyone in their path. After noticing Killer Kato wasn't amongst the dead, and realizing his team that were supposed to enter from the back of the mansion had not responded to his attempts to contact them through their communication devices, Aaron revised his instructions to his team as he

said, “Don’t kill ‘em all! Capture at least one alive!” The thought of not knowing where to track Killer Kato, if he happened to slip pass his wrath, was unthinkable.

Aaron shouted over the sporadic gunfire, while crouching behind a wooden gold trimmed desk, “Cease fire! Stop shooting!” When the last of the gunfire ceased completely, Aaron shouted to the man hiding behind a statue of an American Eagle positioned in the middle of a pond sprinkling water from its wings down into an expensive marble pool, “Yo’ check this out my man. You’re out gunned, and you ain’t got enough bullets to last much longer. I’ll make you a deal. Come out with your hands up, we talk. You tell us what we wanna know, and you live to see another day. Believe me Homie, Killer Kato ain’t worth dying for, no matter how much that chump is paying.”

Harry O cowered behind the marble water statue, trembling with his two 9 millimeters ready to continue spitting flames. He couldn’t believe these cats vamped the mansion, bodying shit like maniac storm troopers. Killer Kato had told them to be on point if anyone tried to step to them, but he didn’t say it would be Aaron and his mob of dirty federal agents and that they had come here with full intentions of killing every god damn thing moving. On two occasions two of his homies, GQ and Farlow, tried to give up, and came out with their hands up, and Aaron straight out murdered them in cold blood. Now he was trying to play

him!?! Fuck that shit! In that moment he decided to go out with a bang. Harry O patted the back pockets of his baggy Guess jeans to make sure the two extra clips were still there, psyched himself into believing the extra 32 bullets would miraculously get him out of this jam, and sprung to his feet with both biscuits blazing, answering Aaron's proposition with the most effective universal language known to the human race.

Twenty minutes later, after a massive exchange of gunfire, Harry O fired his last shot, while clutching his side from the stray bullet that struck him. Moments later when he saw Aaron easing towards him with his weapon trained in standard law enforcement fashion, he continued pulling the trigger of his empty weapon, dreading what was coming next.

Aaron kicked the gun out of Harry O's hand as the others converged on the defeated lone gunner like army ants swarming towards an intruder that entered their nest.

Aaron looked at his watch and realized he'd wasted far too much time on this one individual. He yelled to Capone, a medium built Colombian man with chinky eyes and an evil looking scar on his right cheek, "Finish checking every inch of this place."

As Capone rushed towards the entrance with eight other Colombians following him, Aaron said to Norman Qing, Donald Mooney, and Eugene Lee (the remainder of what was left of his precious Rainbow squad). “I guess we can start searching for any cash on hands, jewels or anything else of value; ain’t no sense is walking away from this empty handed.”

“That sounds like music to my ears,” Norman said and rushed towards the spiral staircase as Donald and Eugene followed in his footsteps.

Aaron stared down at the lone gunner and said with a devious smirk, “My man, you better hope like hell we find your boss, or you better be able to tell us how to find him. Cause shit is gonna get real ugly up in here, if you suffering from a case of the mums.”

Aaron glanced at his watch again, realizing Bob was doing a dam good job at holding back the local police this long. He was expecting a call on his cell phone at least a half hour ago. Aaron pulled up a chair and rested his exhaustion-ridden body. As he waited for his men to return, while Harry O laid sighing in pain and looking scared, all the drama of this one crazy, vicious, and hectic night crashed down upon him. He lost three close friends, fellow federal agents, all because Killer Kato thought he could bite off more than he could chew and get away with it. But the true root of this entire goddamn calamity was that son of a

bitch, Rasheen Smith! The noxious blend of various emotions engulfing his mind was making him tremble with something even he didn't understand. The hell he now had to go through to explain how this catastrophe happened brought on an icy cold wave of sheer horror that was already immobilizing him. He quickly shook loose of these crippling thoughts, since right now he had to handle the business at hand with an uninhibited mindset.

As Aaron shifted in his seat and stared down at Harry O, Raul returned and said breathing hard, "Capone said it looks like he got away; out the back. Our whole crew was cut down back there. We snatched up a woman, but she says she don't know nothin' cause she's the maid."

Aaron stared into the eyes of Harry O, and spoke as he rose from the chair. "Here's the part where you can save yourself a whole—"

"I don't know where that motherfucker's at!" Harry O's venomous response was unadulterated and clear. "I ain't that nigga's baby-sitter! And for the record, motherfucker!" His voice became even more venomous. "I ain't no rat bastard, chief!"

Aaron allowed the wicked grin to slowly crawl across his face as he took aim and fired a shot into Harry O's left kneecap.

"AHHHHH"

Harry O's scream nearly shattered the glass ornaments dangling from the chandelier hanging overhead.

Aaron spoke in a genuinely sadistic manner. "Oh, don't start crying like a little bitch now! You's thug ass nigga ain't yah!" He fired another shot; this time the fiery hot lead ripped into Harry O's right ankle.

"AHHHHH"

Harry O screamed even louder this time.

Suddenly, Aaron's cell phone buzzed, and he reached for it as he moved swiftly towards the other side of the room away from the screaming man. He flipped open the wireless phone built to military specs and said, "What's up." It was Bob and he was speaking excitedly. As the conversation progressed so did Aaron's excitement. When Bob finished explaining the new developments, a smile had successfully wiggled its way onto Aaron's grill, and he was now anxious to get out of this mansion and to the place where Bob guaranteed him there would be a brilliant surprise.

Aaron disconnected the call and began barking off commands with military seriousness and precision. "Pack it up! We out! We outta here right now!" He said to Raul, the man in the brown suit. "Go tell everybody to meet out front, pronto!"

End of Chapter 2

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