



# MONEY-GRIP

2

A Novel By Divine G

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## Also by Divine G

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## **MONEY-GRIP 2 ®**

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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!"

**CHAPTER # 3**

Willie sat scrutinizing Doctor Myers as he worked diligently on Rasheen while his wife handed him utensils when he asked for them. She was dressed in a light green, real doctor's outfit now, and that gorgeous ass of her was still the center of attraction. However, Willie's nervousness and anxiety was so revved up he had to take a seat and try to come up with a way to handle this situation. Something was definitely wrong with the Doctor's wife.

About five minutes ago, after she returned, Willie noticed she was acting very strange. Every time she thought she heard the door or the phone she nearly jumped out of her skin as if she was waiting for something big to happen. Normally, he knew he had to keep his habitual paranoia in check, because he had an uncanny knack for always allowing his mind to make things much bigger than they really were, and on several occasions he had embarrassed himself by overreacting hastily. But, this time, Willie was certain this was different. The way Felicia was acting it was clear that this bitch went out there and did something she wasn't supposed to do, and his survival instincts were telling him he had better hurry up and do something before it was too late.

Meanwhile, Felicia kept nervously cutting her eyes at Willie. He was making her very nervous; she was deeply terrified by the way he angrily snarled

at her. After she wiped up the blood that sprinkled on the table containing the surgical tools, she glanced at her watch for the hundredth time, wondering what the hell was taking so long! She hated when people dragged their damn feet at times like this, and it completely infuriated her because she had made it very clear that this was a life and death situation. She had literally drilled the fact that this was an emergency, so that it was clearly understood that swift action was absolutely warranted.

Doctor Myers looked up, saw his wife's worried facial expression and wondered what was she up to? Then, he refocused his attention back to the surgical wound. He was grateful he was able to find the bullet, and had to do a limited amount of cutting in order to remove it. By the way the bullet entered it appeared that it had nipped the bulletproof vest, which considerably slowed down the bullet's trajectory upon entry. This was just a theory, of course, but it was the only one he could think of to explain how the bullet managed to get tangled up in Rasheen's large intestines and stopped in this section of his body, instead traveling about while ricocheting off bones. Indeed, he saw Rasheen was very lucky, and now if he could convince Felicia into talking Regina into smuggling some blood from the hospital, he would be even luckier. He'd been constructing imaginary scenarios of what he could say to convince Felicia to assist with this

endeavor, but each time he would scratch out the newly conceived approach and construct another interior speech. Looking at Rasheen’s sluggish heartbeat, and therefore his gradually weakening blood pressure, it was evident that this speech regarding the retrieval of transfusion blood could no longer be put off.

Just as Doctor Myers was about to activate a dialogue with his wife, Willie went completely ballistic.

“I want y’all to put Rasheen’s cloths on!” Willie shouted while brandishing his 9-mm. “Whatever you up to Mrs. Myers that shit ain’t going down!”

Felicia stammered, “W--what--what are you—“

“You heard what I said!” Willie continued shouting.

Doctor Myers was sincerely galvanized with shock as his eyes grew wide and crazy looking; he held up his trembling hands and spoke with a soft, shaky voice. “W—Willie please p—put that g—gun away.”

“I said put his clothes on! We gettin’ the fuck out of here—“

There was a frantic knock on the front door, which nearly spun the room into total chaos as Willie recoiled, and the reaction became contagious as Doctor Myers and Felicia embraced each other in terror.



Aaron Wilson saw the Lakeside police vehicles scattered about the highway as he sat in the passenger seat of the slowly approaching four-door Ford Escort. Norman Qing was behind the wheel navigating the vehicle towards the apparent murder scene, and Eugene and Donald were in a blue Malibu trailing up the rear. Their Colombian assistants were instructed to remain at the mansion and to finish retrieving all the valuables, and once finished to meet them at the rendezvous location.

When the Escort came to a stop next to the Lakeside patrol vehicle flanking a strip of yellow crime scene tape, Aaron eased out the car, hoping Bob had his facts right. Norman walked along side of him while Eugene and Donald remained in the Malibu. Aaron and Norman eased under the waist high yellow tape and approached a white policeman who had three other uniformed officers buzzing around him like he was the man in charge. Despite the fact it was the crack of dawn and all four of these federal agents had been up all night long, engaged in a mission that was military in nature in view of the fact they had fired among them well over 2 thousand rounds of ammunition, they still looked sharp, clean, focused and ready for action.

Aaron's eyes were pulled to the three bodies lying sprawled out with white sheets covering them and long streams of blood that formulated into coagulated

pools of partially dried liquid. He looked further to his right and saw the two county homicide detectives looking down at a group of expended bullet casings, who were dressed in the same fashion as him and his fellow FBI agents. Aaron pulled his badge as he approached the boss man in uniform, since he was the closest, and displayed his badge while announcing. "FBI. I'm special agent Wilson. This is special agent, Qing."

"I'm Sgt. Kaplan," He looked the two up and down with a mixture of disdain and perplexity. "And what can I do for you G-men?"

Aaron smiled; he liked to be identified as a G-man, like Eliot Ness. "We have reason to believe the subject of a federal investigation may be one of these individuals within your crime scene."

"Yeah, the infamous Killer Kato has apparently been put to rest," Sgt Kaplan gestured towards the body furthest from the shoulder of the highway. "If you wanna see for yourself, you can be my guest." As he watched Aaron and Norman conduct their identification, he continued speaking. "With him all in the newspapers and on TV, with all that gangster rap madness, we ain't surprised you G-men been keeping an eye on this here fella. But, I must say it was unfortunate Ms. Crystal Walker had to join him," He gestured to the body a few feet from Killer Kato's. "And Lameek Smith was another surprise . . . ."

Aaron stared at Killer Kato's virtually missing face as the Sergeant continued proffering his unsolicited views; he then scanned the numerous body shots. If it weren't for the shape and contours of his forehead, and body features, he would've had difficulty making a positive ID, in light of the fact the head wound was really quite gruesome. As the surge of relief heightened, so did the confusion regarding who did the deed. The ten million dollar question was who not only killed the infamous Killer Kato, but also snuffed out his top rapper, and a close aid, all in one sweep. He rose to his feet and saw Norman was conducting a crime scene breakdown. He moved over to Lameek's body and his rage percolated to life when he laid eyes on his corpse. He was now second-guessing his decision to kidnap this little fuck, because this one course of action caused so much bullshit! He sighed angrily as the dreaded realization that his three friends and fellow agents were lying dead in an empty lot in Victorville as a result of this faulty decision, and he might be out of a job or might even end up in prison once the smoke cleared. He still couldn't believe Killer Kato had stepped to him over this clown ass motherfucker, and it was apparent he'd misread Killer. Even though he knew nothing of Killer Kato's being Lameek's father, he was certain there was something he obviously was not privy to, and whatever the issue was, it

was something strong enough to make Killer Kato put himself and his career on the line.

“There was apparently another shooter,” Norman said to no one in particular as he closely scrutinized all the evidence in the immediate vicinity.

Aaron looked about the area and said, “And whoever it was,” He saw the droplets of blood next to the eight empty shell casings, “was shot and drove away in a vehicle.” He had followed the blood droplets and saw them suddenly stopped, which meant the bleeder got in a vehicle and drove away. In any event, it was apparent they didn’t walk to this secluded area.

“That’s right,” Sgt. Kaplan confirmed. “Based on the layout, it was a shoot out, but the odd thing is it looks like Lameek either shot himself, or was tussling with someone in an attempt to either get hold of or to get away from the weapon right there.” He pointed at the gun near Killer Kato. “But it appears he was shot somehow during the struggle.”

Aaron saw the automatic weapon lying in between Killer Kato and Lameek, and the acid in his stomach, and that little voice in his head was telling him this fiasco was probably the work of Rasheen Smith. He’d recently found out through Bob that Killer Kato was believed to have killed Barbara Smith (Rasheen and Lameek’s mother), and Rasheen also had a bone to pick with Killer



because he was the root of the prison sentence he caught, and not only abandoned him, but had also stole his childhood sweetheart, Crystal Walker, who he saw was also among the dead. But, how did he let his baby brother get killed in this incident? This particular puzzle really disturbed him most, because Rasheen had went through great lengths to rescue Lameek when he and his men had kidnapped him, and it made no sense for Rasheen to allow him to end up dead. He looked around at the crime scene again with hopes that it would proffer a clear answer to this current inquiry, but no answers materialized.

Aaron shook his head with a lethal blend of fury, confusion, and impatience converging into a gigantic ball of negatively charged emotions. And how did he slip in and get to Killer before he did? It wasn't that he gave a shit who killed Colin Gibson, it was just the mere fact this slick ass nigga was able to do it right under his nose was what disturbed him. He turned, locked eyes with the boss cop and said, "I'm certain you gentlemen have all the hospitals on alert for anyone entering with a bullet wound?"

"Of course," Sgt. Kaplan's tone resonated with clear indignation. "It's standard procedure under the circumstance."

There was a brief moment of intense silence.

Aaron gave Sgt. Kaplan a facial gesture, which announced he was waiting to hear the rest. When nothing else followed, he said, “So you’re saying none of the local hospitals received any such admittance?”

“They haven’t informed us of anything yet, but it’s still too earlier to lock into anything. According to the coroner these bodies haven’t been dead more than three hours.”

As Aaron allowed his eyes to continue absorbing the crime scene, he heard Sgt. Kaplan’s communication device come to life and saw him pull it from his utility belt.

“Yeah, talk to me,” Sgt Kaplan said into the walkie-talkie.

A static-laced male voice crackled through the device. “This is dispatcher calling to inform you of a transmission regarding a sighting of an injured man, exiting a limousine. Requesting permission on how to proceed.”

“Send Charlie over in sector six; tell him go check it out and report directly to me.” Sgt. Kaplan said as he noticed the federal agents eavesdropping on his conversation.

“Roger that.” The voice said. “Over and out.”

Sgt. Kaplan placed the walkie-talkie back in its slot and said, “If there’s anything specific you need, I’ll be over here.” He gestured as he moved towards

the coroner's van. "However, if you have any suggestions on how we should handle the mass media circus that's coming shortly, we'll be happy to hear your advice."

"Spin it however you please," Aaron said as he gave Norman a head gesture to stay put as he headed towards the car. He needed to contact Bob and see what was up with this sighting the sergeant just mentioned before he rushed off on a goose chase. After entering the car, and talking with Bob for two minutes, he realized this was more than worth pursuing; it was a sure shot jackpot, since he could now also get rid of Rasheen. He eased out of the car and waved to Norman, who strutted towards the car.

When Norman got behind the wheel and started the car, Aaron said, "I think we found Rasheen. Once we're a considerable distance away from here, I need you to get hot footed on that gas pedal; it would be real nice if we could intercept that patrol car they're sending to check out this lead . . ."