

Chapter 19

Several years have past and business has been good. Dee and Edward never started a legitimate side of their business.

They did have a phone system with intercom installed. Now the apartment, office, and warehouse can all communicate with each other.

Because their office, warehouse and apartment is in a seedy area of Kansas City, Edward insists a loaded gun stays attached to the underside of the center drawer.

Frank, the normal beat cop informed Dee and Edward, several of the other nearby businesses (which are mostly massage parlors and pawn shops) have been shaken down for protection money.

It's a late Saturday morning and because there was no business last night, Dee is downstairs in the office making false entries in the books. Edward is upstairs making fresh coffee. He plans on bringing his wife some fresh brew.

The street entry door opens directly into the office. They normally keep the door locked because this is not a public business. Today, she left it unlocked after entering for Edward to bring the coffee.

While sitting at the desk, the door opens. Because the hand is not white, Dee presses and locks down the intercom to the apartment button. Loudly; "There is nothing here for you. This is a private business. We are not for hire. Get out."

Edward hears Dee and then hears; "Hey calm down sis-ta. Every time we came by, this place is closed. You need our protection. We're gonna get twenty dollars a week from you."

He hears another voice; "Now because your a lite skinned sis-ta, we can take some of our fee in trade. You can do both of us and that will make up for not being here last week."

"And if I don't?"

"Me and Tyrone are gonna take you anyway. So what's the difference if you get it from your husband or from us? We're all black, so who cares? We don't."

"We'll take your rings too. Those will be payment for not being open when we came by before."

"And what about the third guy behind you? What does he want?"

"Well I'm sure you can take care of all three of us at once. Or we can take turns."

Seeing a silhouette in the painted glass door, she knows it's Edward.

Holding her left hand forward; "Do you really want my wedding ring and band?"

The punks are smiling while staring at her rings.

Loudly; "They're really special. Come closer to take a better look."

Stupid lowers his gun and does what she asks. In a flash, Dee's right hand rises from under the desk. Boom! She shot asshole #1 in the face.

The door flies open; A moment later, Edward is removing the knife from the base of asshole #2's head. He's lying on the floor. Asshole #3 is standing with his hands above his head looking as Edward is shutting the door behind him.

Dee walks over; "So you and your friends were going to rob and rape me? Keep your fu**ing hands up!"

"I wasn't gonna do nothing to you. I just came alone with Jyrone. You can just let me go. I ain't seen a damn thing."

The guy she shot in the face is lying on the floor lets out a moan.

Dee asks; "Is he Jyrone?"

"Yeah. That's Devon's brother. You killed him dead mister. Are you gonna get Jyrone some help?"

Dee smiles as she looks down. Boom! The moaning stopped.

"Damn. Jyrone looks like he has a third eye. ... There's too assholes that will never rape anyone."

"I didn't come her to rape you lady. I only came for some money. Please let me go."

She walks to where she's almost touching the perpetrator, and while face to face, smiles; "You picked the wrong woman to fu** with."

"You gotta believe me. I gotta wife and " he never finished his plea.

With the gun at his abdomen, pointing downward, she fires a single shot into asshole's manhood. He drops screaming and holding his crotch.

Still smiling; "Are there any more members of your gang?"

While he's moaning and wiggling in pain, she asks again; "Are there any more of your gang?"

His eyes open; "You bitch! You shot me!"

He's lying on his back, hands holding his crotch, moaning and squirming in pain.

"Answer me!"

"Fu** you!"

She steps on his hands, pushing them into his severely wounded crotch. His eyes almost pop out of his head from the increased pain. His screaming is almost deafening."

"Answer me! Are there any others in your gang?"

While screaming in pain; “Get me a doctor! Oh god this hurts. You gotta help me.”

“No I'm not going to kill you. I'm going to let you bleed out.”

Looking to Edward; “How long do you think he has before he bleeds to death without help?”

“Oh maybe twenty or thirty minutes of the worst pain he will ever experience. Since he won't talk, bring me a pair of pliers. I'll pull out one tooth at a time until he talks.”

Idiot screams; “There's no one else. Just us three. Please call me a doctor.”

Edward turns to his wife; “There's already enough of a mess here to clean up from these three assholes.”

Edward pulls out the thirty two he has in his pocket. Bang bang. Stupid expired from two high velocity lead penetrations to his skull.

Edward looks to his wife; “Do you feel better now?”

Without a word, she walks over and shoots each of the other deceased bodies in the crotch. One shot each.

“Now I feel better.”

“I'll call the crew. We're going to need help with the clean up and disposal. I'll also call Herbert and let him know he has three more cash customers coming.”

While Edward is on the phone, Dee is searching and removing all personal belongings from the bodies. Moments later, there's a knock on the door.

They have to pull one of the bodies out of the way to get the door open.

They hear a familiar voice; “Dee? Eddy? Are you two okay? Open the door so I can see and be sure both of you are okay.”

Edward opens the door slightly and sees the neighborhood beat cop; “Are you alone Frank?”

“Yeah, I'm alone today. Someone called in saying they heard gunshots. They though the shots were coming from in here. I radioed in it's probably kids with fireworks. If I need back up, I'll call in.”

“Smart move Frank.”

“Eddy; is Dee alright? Is she here? I can't see her with the door only slightly open.”

Edward fully opens the door. Frank looks to see Dee smiling with a gun in her right hand and waving with her left she's okay.

“Hi Dee. Good to see you're okay.”

“I'm fine Frank.”

“So Ed, I've been meaning to remind you about three black thugs trying to extort protection money from some of your neighbors.”

Frank looks at the floor and sees the three bodies; “I take it the extortion problem is solved?”

“Yeah, it's been taken care of.”

“That's good. I like my beat because it's usually quiet. I'll let the precinct know the noise people thought were gunshots were some kids with fire works shooting them off behind some of the buildings.”

“Thank you Frank. I knew you would know take care of everything.”

Dee has set the gun on her desk and now joins Edward; “How is your wife enjoying her pearl necklace you won at the raffle?”

“Oh she loves it. She was really surprised when I told her I won it in a neighborhood raffle. Then I told her to see what else is in the box the pearls came in. You should have seen here eyes were wide open when see seen that hundred dollar bill all folded up inside. That was a real surprise.”

“We couldn't think of a better person than you to win our raffle Frank. It's a good thing you had the only ticket.”

She looks like something's wrong; “Give me your hat. There seems to be a spot on it. I'll take care of it.”

He takes off his patrolman's hat and hands it to Dee. She puts five folded \$20 bills in the inside band and hands it back.

“Your hat should feel much better now. The next time your completely alone, check out my cleaning of the inside band.”

“Thank you. Goodbye Dee, Eddy. Both of you have a wonderful day.”

“Bye Frank. Be safe.”

10 minutes later, Bruno, Anna and Larry arrive to clean up the mess. Edward gives each one of them \$100 per body for the 'special' clean up and the keys to the truck.

While the cleanup is proceeding, Edward takes Dee upstairs. They sit at the kitchen table, saying nothing. She's looking at him with a dead stare.

He asks; “Are you okay?”

Dee's face turns from the dead stare to one of profound sadness. With a quiver in her voice; “I've never killed anyone before. Oh my god. How can I be so angry that I could do such a thing?”

“You did what you had to do. Just leave it alone.”

Her face starts contorting. She's going to vomit!

Edward quickly escorts his wife to the bathroom, raises the toilet lid just as her breakfast is exiting.

Holding her the entire time, he uses his other hand to grab a wash rag, wet it in the sink and starts cleaning her mouth and face.

A few minutes later, back in the kitchen; “Thank you. That came on so fast, I don't know what to say other than thank you.”

“I'm so sorry you had to be in a position to do what you did. But it's done and over. I hope nothing like that ever happens again.”

“Oh Eddy, I feel like my soul went to a dark place and enjoyed being there. Is that what it was like for you?”

He exhales a long deep breath first, then; “Yes. I threw-up on the first one. When I seen what the Japs did to our guys, it became easier and easier. Then I'm ashamed to say, I enjoyed it. I think I became addicted to the revenge.”

“How do you live with it?”

“I pushed those memories onto a dark corner room, shut and locked the door.”

“How did you do that? I need to know so I can do the same.”

“I fell in love with a woman by the name of Dee Barbara Mullins. My love for her occupies my mind so much, little else can get in the way of our lives. I can only say, this trauma will pass in time.”

At that moment, the intercom buzzes; “We're all loaded and ready to go down here. Should we go alone or do you two want to come with?”

Dee presses the intercom button; “We'll be down in a minute.”

When Dee lets go of the intercom button, she gives Edward a strong hug telling him; “Be my strength while you guide my soul.”

“I wouldn't expect it any other way. We are one together.”

They went downstairs. Before everyone entered the truck, Dee has something to say.

“The three assholes in the back of the truck wanted to rob and rape me. Edward killed the one with the knife wound to the back of the head. The one missing his face, I shot twice.

I also did the one who was shot in the crotch. Eddy shot him in the head. Now that everyone knows who did what, I never want to discuss any of this or any part of this ever again.”

Larry in his wisdom; “Anna, you drive. Bruno, you sit up front with her. Dee, you sit back with me and Ed. Let's go.”

At the funeral parlor, Herbert notices his niece is abnormally quiet and cagey. He's about to say something when Edward approaches. He takes Herb into the office and tells him what happened.

When they exit, Herb goes to Dee; "If you ever want to talk, you know my number and you know where I live."

She smiles; "This is all so new, I haven't had the time to let it sink in. Eddy has been a great help so far. Please tell Uncle Harold for me. I don't want to get him upset and have him calling me. You know how he gets at bad news. And this is really bad news."

"I'll tell my brother and I'll also tell him to leave you alone. You're dealing with this with Edward in your own ways."