

**BROTHERLY FEUDS**

**BY**

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# PROLOGUE

## TWO YEARS EARLIER...

“Yes, Sirs?” said Jose-Antonio Garcia to his bosses confidently.

“Do we have the money from the last raid yet?” asked Declan Maguire.

“No sir, I’m afraid not sir?” said Jose-Antonio starting to get worried.

“What do you, mean afraid not sir?” shouted back Scott Maguire angrily.

“We must have that money by the end of the week or else we will have to come and get it ourselves from Martin!”

“OK sir, I’ll tell him that sir”, said Jose-Antonio quickly as he hurried out of the room.

“That went well,” said Declan sarcastically. He reached out onto his desk and took up his phone. He set a reminder to call Martin Fotherhill on Wednesday and demand the money.

“We really have to get a way to have all our money counted and back to us in a day or two,” said Scott yawning. “It’s really taking too long to get the money back and, though I trust Martin to not take any of the money, when it’s on the other side of Ireland anybody could take it.”

The reason for having the money on the other side of Ireland was really quite simple. With Declan, Scott and Jose-Antonio in Dublin and Martin and his college Kenneth in Sligo the chances of the small gang being caught at once were very small. And if the groups needed to

meet up, they would meet up in... (You didn't really think I would tell you that now, did you?!) )

When the group was planning on robbing someone or doing something like that, the two sides would both do something so that if one got caught by the police there would be no chance of them proving they did it all.

The three people employed by Declan and Scott (Jose-Antonio, Kenneth and Martin) had all been in jail for long spells in different parts of the world. Jose-Antonio had been in jail in Spain for killing his Mum, Dad and Brother with a bomb. He had done this because he thought that his father was getting too involved

in his personal life. He had stayed in jail for ten months instead of ten years and had escaped by setting fire to the jail. He had found Declan and Scott a while after that when both of them had been trying to rob the same bank in Florence, Italy. They had decided to work together and had been successful from then on. Martin was American and had been in jail twice for trying to blow up President Bush. After that, Martin, who had planned both of his attempts on the president on a computer, had gone in search of work with a gang somewhere in Europe and had come across Declan, Scott and Jose –Antonio. So from then on Martin got good places to raid on the internet and Jose-Antonio, Scott and Declan did the raids. Then came the difficult part of sorting out the money. Each person got a

different share of the money, with Declan and Scott getting the most because they were the bosses.

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“The money has been delivered sirs,” said Jose-Antonio two days later.

“Finally,” exclaimed Declan and Scott together.

“I take it that the whole €3 million is still there?” said Declan.

“Yes sir. I expect my million by tomorrow,” said Jose-Antonio.

“You’re what!” shouted Declan and Scott.

“You expect to get a million when I myself am looking for two million!” said Declan angrily.

“What!” exclaimed Scott angrily “I’m the one who is getting the two million.”

“Fine then if you’re all going to be like this I’m not going to work with you anymore,” said Declan.

“I’m leaving and whoever wants to come with me can come!”

“I’m in with you then”, said Jose-Antonio. “And Kenneth will come with us too. Where are we going?”

“We are going as far away from my so called ‘brother’ and by that I mean we are going to Australia, the land down under!”

PART ONE  
IRELAND

## CHAPTER ONE

“OK we will have that sorted by the end of the week,” said Scott.

Scott was standing by Dun Laoghaire pier. He was wearing a long black coat with a suit underneath it. Beside him was Barry Gaffney his new right hand man. Barry wore a Manchester United tracksuit and Nike runners. He had a number one haircut and a gold earring in his left ear. He was six foot six and he was in demand as a bouncer all over the country. Scott had been on the phone to Martin who at the present time was in Donegal trying to see if he could persuade a man called Mark Sander to join their gang. Mark wanted the gang to give him access to all their offices all over the world in case he was ever on the run and he had to

find somewhere to hide. This was a big risk on the gang's part because if he left the gang and knew where all the offices were they would have to move from them again. They had needed to do this after Declan and the rest had left and nobody wanted to do that again. It had meant that for four months everybody had got to go to places all over the world to find new places to have offices.

“I think we will have to take the risk Barry,” said Scott. “We need more people in this gang so that we can do more raids in general. From what Martin has told me Mark can deal with people very quickly and not leave a trail after him. He would go very well in the gang.”

“I agree that he would fit in very well in this gang and

that we do need new people, but is it really worth giving away all of our hiding places to him instead of getting somebody else who doesn't want to find out all of them?"

"We need this guy in our gang Barry, but don't worry you will still be my second in command. I want you to go back to the office and get the records of where all of the places are. And I want it done quickly."

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Mark Sander was a very quiet man. He lived by himself in a mansion off the coast of Anagary and he had no intention of living with anyone either. He was in his early thirties and had raised enough money to settle down for the rest of his life and get a Ferrari every year. But Mark had raised all this money illegally and he was

very cautious that his past would catch up on him. He had killed everybody who he thought would know what he had done. To earn the money he had been an assassin to higher and had gone around Ireland doing that. This had made Mark a very up tight and lonely person.

This was why he wanted to have all the different places to hide in all over the world. He had absolutely no intention of giving the hiding places to anybody else because he trusted no one and even if he did work for Scott and his gang, he wouldn't trust them with anything that might go against him in the future.

So he had decided that he would meet up with the person who was working for Scott. He met him in a café called Samcraí which was a place that neither person had been before. When

Mark came to the café a man was already waiting at the agreed table number. He was wearing black suit and he was quite small. To Mark he looked sort of like a geek. Mark sat down at the table and ordered a latté. He waited for the man to talk first. When the man did speak he had a strong American accent. “Hi there, my name is Martin,” he said making sure not to sound too enthusiastic. “I understand that you are considering joining our gang. I have the papers here with me now which will give you all the information about our hideouts that you want. But I must warn you that when you join up to the gang and take the papers, you will be watched all the time.

If you even try to meet up with anybody outside the gang with the papers you will be

killed. Everybody who is in the gang is listened to all the time on the telephone by the bosses, so that is another way in which you won't have any freedom. I am sure that you have found ways to get around your bosses in other organizations but I can tell you now you will find that very hard in this gang.”

“That's fine by me Martin,” replied Mark.

“I like having a nice tight schedule and I don't mind being listened to. I hope we can be good work partners”.

“Are you agreeing to join then?” said Martin.

“Yes I am,” Mark replied.

## CHAPTER TWO

“He’s agreed to join sir,” said Martin on his iPhone to Scott.

“Yes!” shouted out Scott happily.

“I want you back in the office in Galway with Mark at lunchtime tomorrow. Then the fun will begin”.

Scott put down his phone. He had big plans for Mark and Martin together. If Martin worked on the places to raid and Mark did that then there could be raids going on both sides of Ireland at the same time. They couldn’t be traced to the same gang because they were so far apart and because Mark was a complete genius at covering any trail that he could have left on other raids. He himself would work on things with Barry and they were completely invincible

together. Things were shaping up very nicely for his little gang. If things kept on going this way they would have a way bigger gang by Christmas which would mean they could start going to more places in the world, doing bigger robberies, which would mean they would have more money to spend. They could spend it on whatever he liked or just keep it and have more money to give out to the different people in the gang. That was the one disadvantage of having a lot of people in gangs. After a certain amount of time people in the gang would want a bigger share of the money which would lead to problems. But Scott had this under control. He had made everybody agree to stay on the same percentage of the money when they came. After they had agreed to that they had each got a

tattoo of a fist with coins coming out of it to remind them that they had agreed to that basically in blood. Scott thought that if the men decided to leave the gang they wouldn't like to have a tattoo showing they had left another gang after they had had an agreement in blood.

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Mark and Martin were in Mark's flash 2008 Aston Martin on the way to Galway. It was absolutely freezing and the water for the wind screen wipers had frozen. The windows were getting dirty and there was nothing they could do about it.

“To be totally honest this car is really only made for showboating. We really need to stop this car

and get some water for the front wind screen,” said Martin.

“Fine then, but you are the one getting out of the car when we get to a petrol station.”

They continued on for a short while and then stopped in a petrol station. Martin got out and went inside to get some water.

As soon as he went into the station, a man with long black hair went in front of him and tried to knock him out. But even though Martin wasn't good at martial arts he was able to stop the guy.

“What do you want?” shouted Martin.

“We have guns and we want your car,” said the other guy.

“I wouldn't try that if I were you,” said Martin confidently.

“What, is a magical superhero going to pop out of the door of the car if we try to get into it?!” laughed the first guy.

“No but I am,” said Mark and shot the two guys in the chest.

They were on the ground and looked as if they were dead until one of the guys tried to fire his gun from the ground. Mark shot him again to make sure he really was dead.

“How did you know that I was in trouble?” asked Martin.

“I have superpowers,” replied Mark.

“No seriously, I needed to go to the toilet and went in to join you here to ask you if there was one here. I always bring a gun with me at all times just in case there is an emergency.”

“Well your timing is just brilliant,” said Martin shakily because he was still getting over the shock of nearly being killed. He was also amazed at how easily Mark had killed the two men. He was beginning to wonder if the boss had made the right decision to hire this guy.

## **CHAPTER THREE**

Barry was in town. It was eight o' clock and because it was Christmas time, it was already dark. The Christmas lights were turned on so Barry was starting to feel in the Christmas mood. And there was nothing that Barry would like to do more than relax now that he had made a success of the boss's new task for him. He had gone into one of the most expensive suit makers in town, held a gun to the manager's face and told him that if he put on alarm then he would kill him. Then he said that he wanted the manager to give him enough suits to last seven people a whole year. The manager had hastily agreed to that and then to the other thing. Barry had then left the place knowing that within a

couple of days the packages would be sent to one of their Cork offices.

Barry walked along Stephen's Green and looked at all the people Christmas shopping. He wondered how many of them would go home and find that after Christmas they couldn't afford all those things. Many of those people who were so happy now would be unhappy after Christmas because they would be out of jobs. But that was the good thing about being in a gang. Even if there was a recession you wouldn't get hit with it, provided you planned out all of the raids you did carefully. Barry had only once before been hit with something like what was going on at the moment. He had been in another gang and it had been just after Christmas that the boss in the gang had tried to

organize a big raid and then found out that some of the places were out of business after they had spent a good bit of money setting up the raid. But this time Barry was confident that Scott would be clever with the raids he did. The type of raid that he had done today wouldn't be happening too much after Christmas and that was why Scott was covering a lot of business around Ireland sooner rather than later.

Barry had no family to share his Christmas with so there was no chance of him being caught out having to pay large amounts money on Christmas presents. Barry had killed his Dad after he had tried to turn him over to the police when he was only sixteen for killing a man on the street. Then Barry had gone to Brazil and worked as a bouncer there. He worked there for

three years and the only time he had come back was to kill the rest of his family. But when you are away from your home land for a long time you get very lonely and though Barry would never admit it that that was the reason he had come back. He had changed his second name from O'Shea to Gaffney and had gone to one of the leading specialists in the world of plastic surgery and had got the shape of his face changed and then got his ear pierced. He had come back to Ireland looking totally different and he hadn't told anybody who he really was. He had then worked in Kerry getting illegal shipping from France and Spain. He had thrived in that business because every time any body had come with goods from one of those countries looking for money, he would have

killed them and then taken the goods from the ship. The only down side for Barry with that business was that he had not been getting a lot of pay from it and that was what mattered most to Barry. So he had decided to go abroad again to Paris. He worked in the Harry Winston jewellery store on an inside job with three other men. They got to know the store for a few years then dressed up as women and went into the shop. While two of the men put all of the workers at gunpoint and told them if they didn't co-operate they would be killed, Barry and another man called Lois totally cleared out the store of all its jewellery and put it into bags. They then ran away. The group of them split the stuff up. When the jewellers counted up all the things they had lost it amounted to an enormous

amount of €80 million which meant that each person out of the raiders got 20 million euros worth. After that Barry had gone back to Ireland with the intention that he would work as a bouncer if he was going to work at all. But then Scott signed him up and there he was. He was having a very good life.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Mark and Martin were in the office in Galway. After having their rather disturbing attack on them on the way, they had got enough provisions to make sure that they didn't have to stop again. The office in Galway was very nice. I wasn't too flashy because people would have started thinking that there was something unusual going on if it had been. But there were things like big drinks machines and other vending machines. They all had the latest computers and mobile phones. When they joined the gang they gave a lot of their money to Scott and he used that then to buy the latest technology for them.

“Do you like this office?” inquired Martin.

“Yes it’s very well chosen for our use. Do we have good access to places in town?” asked Mark.

“Yes,” replied Martin. “We can go to any place in town within a half an hour. When we started to rent out this place we made sure that we were near to a labyrinth of back alleys that we could use.”

“Then when will we be actually doing something?” asked Mark.

“I’m not sure but I know that the boss is thinking of having a big raid in another part of the world entirely. He doesn’t tell us much about these things but I overheard him talking last night. He said something about a big raiding opportunity in a place which would be something more of a holiday than what anybody

had ever done in the history of this gang. That's saying something as well because Scott took this gang from his Dad after he died."

"Did he say anything about when he was planning to have this raid?"

"No but I was under the impression that it would be after Christmas. He really wants to get away from this recession thing".

**PART TWO**

**AUSTRALIA**

## CHAPTER FIVE

Declan looked out on his back garden and smiled. He was sitting in a deck chair with a glass of Dom Perignon in his hand. He picked up his mobile phone and called Kenneth. “I want you at my house in twenty minutes,” he said and then hung up. Declan got up from the deck chair and went into his house. He loved his house. It was situated in Wollongong. His estate was Cordeaux Heights. Since moving to Australia he had been very successful. The timing of his move had been brilliant, seeing that there had been an economic boom just as

they had come. Declan had got another two people to join him as well. Getting places to steal from was easier than in Ireland. Everybody was more open so, for professionals like the people in his gang it was very easy for them to get into houses and other buildings. His gang hadn't yet made a big rivalry with any other gang but since their operations were getting more wide spread they weren't expecting it to last. The lifestyle there was far more luxurious. Most Friday evenings the gang would go surfing together on North Beach and would then go out for dinner. There were some really nice restaurants around where they lived as well. There was also a golf course, a football ground and a basketball arena near them. Kenneth and Jose- Antonio lived around fifteen minutes

away from Declan in different directions and Miles (a man in his twenties from Canberra who had joined the gang last year) lived with his friend Simon (who was also in the gang) in Melbourne. Declan was also looking into getting some informants in Europe and in America.

Declan heard his doorbell ring and pressed down on the button on the wall beside him. “Come in Kenneth,” he said lazily. One of the first things he had installed in his house was the door buttons. There were now two in each room in his house allowing him to stay in that certain room and not go down stairs to answer the door. There were many systems like this in the gang’s different houses allowing them a little luxury when they were in their houses. Declan was of

the view that if they were at home they were not supposed to have to do work because work was done outside the house.

Kenneth entered the room. “Yes sir.”

“How is your work going on locating people in America and Europe?” asked Declan.

“I have good news on the American front sir. We have located and made contact with four people in different parts of America who are geniuses at overseas work. I will have a web interview for each of the Americans set up for you by the end of the week.”

“And how is the progress on the European front,” he said, secretly admiring the work that had been done.

“Only bad news at the moment on that sir,” said Kenneth anxiously. “It seems that your brother

has been busy locating people not really for his gang but paying them not to join our gang. He also got a system set up to know if we called anybody that he had contacted so now he knows that we are on the lookout for new people. Of course, he doesn't know how many other people we have here. But we are going to have to be a little more subtle about the way we try to contact people from now on."

"How long do you think it will be before we will have at least two people working from abroad in Europe for us?"

"I don't know sir. It's hard to say at the moment, but I think that we will be a bit quicker getting people from Europe to join us as they will not want the same sort of privileges as the

Americans wanted with the economic crisis there.”

“Ok then,” said Declan calmly but with a lot of force. “I want the people in by next week at the latest.”

Kenneth knew he had lost the battle. He had hoped coming into the house that he would have secured an extra two weeks to get the people in but as he had only got a week that meant that instead of going away at the weekend with his family he was going to have to work instead.

“Ok sir, I’ll have them for you in that time then,” he said and left.

## **CHAPTER SIX**

Miles was in his ‘office’ in Melbourne. The reason that I put office like this is that you

couldn't really say that it was an office. True it was the place where he worked, but this room was nothing like a normal office. The room had triple-glazed windows, five hidden cameras and two hidden machine guns on the roof, which Miles could activate on his phone. To get into the office, Miles had to scan his eyes, tongue and hand into a machine. The only other person who could get into his office was Simon and if anybody else tried to get into the room the person would be shot by one of the machine guns out in the hall.

Simon was away in Canberra at the moment gunning out a rival gang. There had been several times where the gangs had clashed while trying to get at each other. Simon was trying to take them by surprise by coming in by himself

with documents suggesting that he was going on business to Canberra. This gang had already killed a new recruit called Lorcan who had been on his first mission for Declan at that time. The gang wasn't one for the gun death either. Declan was more than happy to use weapons that would kill opposition gangs from long distances but this other gang ,who was named The Aussie Integrators, would take days to kill people if they thought that they could get enjoyment out of it.

Miles sighed. He was hoping that Simon wouldn't get killed on this mission. If he did that would put their plans back for going public with their world domination project. Simon really was a massive influence on the whole gang wherever they were.

Miles was not presented with too many challenges with the gang.

At the moment he was working on hacking into the world police data server to delete any information on any members of the gang that was coming up. He was also using the opportunity to help the recruiting process which they were using.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Simon was walking along the streets in Canberra. He was following one of the members of 'The Aussie Interrogators' who was currently second in command. Simon had already been to the gang's safe house in Canberra and had collected two hand guns and such a small knife that people didn't even know if they were stabbed until they were just about to die. He had also acquired a bike which would help him get around Canberra quicker. The man whom he was following was a very careful man. He normally had a driver to bring him around Canberra (who was changed every week), but today he was going to a meeting in the headquarters of one of the world's biggest organizations so only he was allowed anywhere

near the building. Simon knew the whereabouts of the meeting. He was planning on moving in for his attack around five minutes away from the building.

The man whom he was following was called Jerry Commons. Jerry took his job very seriously. He had been in the gang now for two years and he was planning on being there for at least two more. Not to say that his job was not without its downsides. He was given a task every month by the director (Mr.Gavin) and if he did not get the task done in the month he would be demoted. Luckily for him he had never met the deadline without having completed the objective. Jerry knew that he could be followed at any time. He thought it was very unlikely that anybody would chose to

go after him, but he always had a hand gun with him at all times. He also had a very good second sense that usually gave him a feeling that somebody was following him. Today was one such time.

He turned around. "Stop right there Simon," he said to thin air.

"I have a gun and I know how to use it."

Jerry looked again. There didn't seem to be anybody there. It had been a long shot suggesting that Simon was the one who was behind him. But he had a feeling that he was right.

The way that he had been followed was a technique that had only been practised in a top secret association called the Ni Blunderers in the years before Jerry had joined the other gang.

Simon had trained in this gang before he had joined Declan's gang.

Suddenly there was a movement behind Jerry. He looked around. There didn't seem to be anything there. He peered closer into the space in front of him. Then there was a movement on his other side. This time Jerry stood his ground. He thought he was being clever. But this was exactly what Simon wanted. He had ran over the other side the first time, but the second time he had thrown a body of one of the people that he had killed earlier. Now he was in a prime position to kill Jerry. He took out his gun.

"Hold it there Mr. Commons "he said holding the gun up to Jerry's head.

"Oh hello Simon," replied Jerry knowing he was caught but tried to take out his gun out of

his pocket. Simon saw this movement and acted. First he put the small knife in Jerry's heart and then just to make sure he shot the gun. Nothing happened.

He looked at the gun. Then he saw what was wrong. There was no cartridge in the gun. He laughed.

“Just as well I have this as back up,” he said and took up Jerry's gun. Then he shot Jerry in the head.

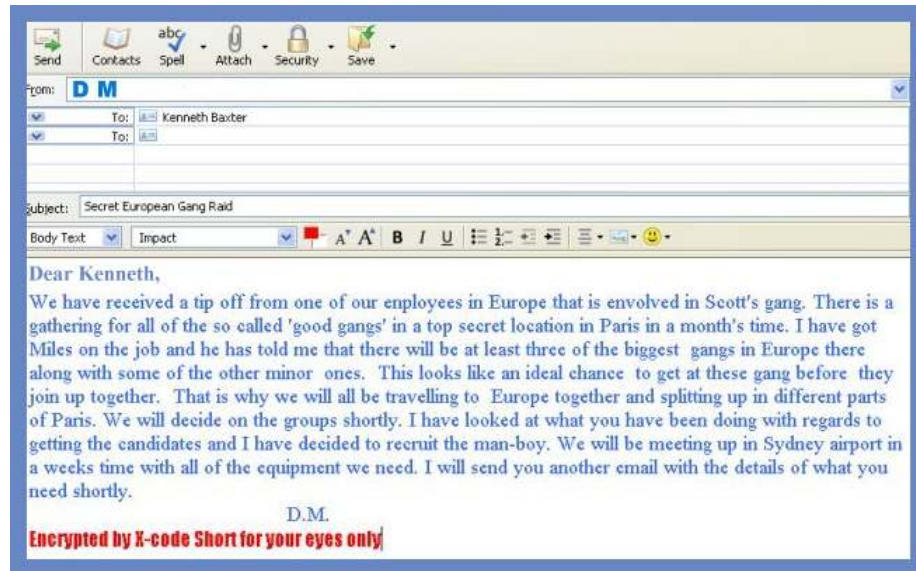
## CHAPTER EIGHT

Kenneth was hunched over his computer. He had hacked into the European police service and was trying to find suitable candidates for the gang. So far, he had found another hacker who had hacked into all of the police services and changed the information to suit himself, then he had a woman (which was unusual for gangs and would help them get into different places) who was a master of disguise and had mastered the two-minute change. This meant that if she was being chased she could go down a lane, change and then come out the other side as someone else. These two would most likely get into the gang anyway.

But Kenneth also had two other candidates. Only one of them could get through though. The first of these two was a very small man. He had no facial hair so he could pass as a boy around twelve years of age. He was also an expert on machine guns.

The other candidate was a German who had been a huge supporter of Hitler when he had been around, so she knew a lot about taking over countries. It would be dangerous to have somebody in the gang with such big ambitions but that might help them as well. Suddenly, an email icon popped up on the bottom of his screen. He exited out of the police service and went into his emails. The email he had got was from the boss. Kenneth took a quick intake of

breath when he looked at it. This was what it said,



## **PART THREE**

### **PARIS**

## CHAPTER NINE

Miles was in Northern Paris. He was waiting in a café for Simon to come. They had arranged for him to come in at ten past three at the front door. He was going to sit down at one of the tables beside Miles and order a medium latte. Miles would then leave out of the back door, closely followed by Simon ten minutes later. Miles had flown into Paris three days earlier on instructions to try to pick out the main getaway routes from all the main tourist attractions. He had then had to find the roads that wouldn't get big traffic jams and the trains that didn't get packed. All this information was vital for getting at the other gangs. Simon's job was to set up computer bugs in all the possible locations for the gathering of all the gangs. This

wasn't going to be easy because the gangs had spies in Paris looking for people that might be trying to gate-crash the meeting, and if they did think anything was suspicious they would move the meeting to an entirely different location in a couple of months. Declan had decided that this was definitely not an option so he had told everybody that he wouldn't be going. Jose-Antonio was a big loss though. The gang had decided that they would hire another one of Kenneth's possible people to take his place. Even though it had never been done before in their gang, they were going to hire the women. Her name was Lorna Fitzharris. Also, they were going to hire one other out of the group in the next three days. Declan was still going to be in on the action though. He and Jose-Antonio were

going to try and take advantage of the fact that the gangs would be out of their own countries and get at their bases.

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Scott and Barry were getting ready to leave for Paris. They had packed their bags the previous night because their flight was at five o'clock in the morning which meant they had to be up at two o'clock to get driven to the airport. Both of them had taken extra special measures to make sure that their bags wouldn't be searched for any goods. If they did they would find, (in each bag)

- Two machine guns broken up into several pieces
- Four cans of pepper spray

- Two different passports
- A bullet proof vest
- Several stun grenades
- A lead pipe

There would obviously be normal clothes as well as all of these things, with other equipment that any normal tourist would bring to Paris. All the gangs were taking extreme measures to make sure that they would not be overpowered when they weren't on home soil. There was several police in the police department in places all over Paris that were working for the different gangs so that if anything did happen when they were over there, the police wouldn't make a big deal of it. There were also people involved in the media and other professions to give them

help if it was needed. Scott had convinced the other gangs that Paris was the perfect place to have a big meeting like this.

“With the amount of places that you could hide or get lost in it would be perfect for a big chase, if that did happen. Also the metro, train and bus links make it very easy to get around a city of this magnitude,” he had said to the other bosses when they had been having a conversation together.

## CHAPTER TEN

Kenneth and the man-boy (whose name was Steve Beckerman) had landed in Bern, Switzerland at two o'clock in the evening the previous day. The gang had decided in Sydney that they needed to have two or three people coming in from outside Paris on the day. Kenneth could act like Steve's dad on a holiday. If the airport security control people checked Kenneth's bag (which was very likely) they wouldn't find anything suspicious. However, if they had checked Steve's bag they would be in big trouble. He had all the equipment for both of them in his bag. If it had come to that, Kenneth and Steve had been told to leg it out of the airport with their bags. Thankfully, that hadn't happened. Both of them had got through

without any trouble. Well, apart from when Steve was refused his coffee from the waiter. Steve had then asked him to come a little closer to him and when he was close enough for him to whisper in his ear, Steve said in a nice calm voice “I have a knife in my pocket so you better go and get me my coffee. And by the way, if you tell anybody that I have a knife you will be waking up in a big mess. Actually, you won’t be waking up at all.”

The man had hurried back and got the coffee quickly after that (wouldn’t you?) When they arrived in Bern they had got a car for the day that they would be there to try to act like tourists. They had rented the car from Hertz. Little did Hertz know that the two people who had rented the car didn’t exist, and the car

would never be brought back to the centre. Steve and Kenneth were going to drive to France. It wasn't too long a drive, so they wouldn't be too tired out when they got to Paris. Steve was going to be getting out when they arrived in Paris. He would wander around in Paris pretending that he was the son of different people. He was so skilled in this that the people who he was pretending to be the son of wouldn't even know. By doing this he would be able to get near any place where they could meet. Kenneth was going to drive around Paris looking at the possible places and if he saw anybody that was rumoured to be working for any of the gangs, he would ring Steve. If Kenneth didn't see anybody they were going to

meet up in a café. The location of the café was still to be decided.

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Martin and Mark were already in Paris. They were staying in the hotel called Residence Maxim's. The hotel was located on the Avenue de Marginy. This meant that they were close to the place where the meeting was. Only the four representatives of each gang had been told where the place was. This meant that there was less chance that other gangs would find out where it was.

The hotel itself was very nice. They had got a room each. In both rooms there was a big double poster bed, a 42 inch plasma screen TV with HD. There was also a kitchen, en suite and living area. The hotel was one of the top rated in

Paris and it was rumoured that the penthouses cost over €1 million a night.

Mark and Martin were sitting down at a café. They were talking to each other.

“I just got a call from Scott. They have decided where the meeting is going to be. We will be going in at twelve o’clock in two’s. The meeting will start at twelve-fifteen. Scott is going to arrive at ten past. This way the people in the place won’t suspect that anything is afoot. Scott is confident that everything is going to be ok,” said Martin.

“Does he need us to bring anything with us?” asked Mark.

“No. If there is any trouble there will be weapons there for us to use.”

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Mark woke up at ten o'clock the following morning. He got ready and went and got breakfast. Martin was already down there, so they talked for a while before getting ready to go. When they were ready, they started to walk down to the café where they had been told to go. When they arrived, they went to the back of the café, where the toilets were. Martin pulled a card from his pocket and scanned it against a part of the toilet. A door opened at the back of the toilet and the two of them went in. On the other side of the door was a really big room which had a massive table in the middle. There were sixteen seats laid out. While Martin and Mark had been looking around, another group of people had arrived through a different door.

One of the men was wearing a big sombrero and was dressed in shorts, a t-shirt and flip-flops. The man's name was Bernard Roddellga. He said loudly to Mark and Martin, "Who are you?" "We are representatives for Scott's gang. He's going to be coming now," said Martin back.

"Ok. I'm going to sit down at the table then. Do you know do they have coffee here?"

"I don't know. I'll see if Scott knows when he comes."

Scott arrived soon after. He talked to Mr. Roddellga for a while before sitting down with Barry. Martin and Mark sat down on the other side of the table. The other people came in the next twenty minutes. When everybody was seated Scott started talking about the gathering

of the gangs and how it was brilliant that they could do something like it. Then the leader of another gang started talking. His name was Bastien Fritz. He was the leader of a German gang. Bastien was tall and he wore a tightly fitted suit. His German accent was really strong when he spoke.

“Zis is a great time for ze gangs. Ven ve are in trouble, ve can luk out vor each other. Do ve all agree zat ve vill do zis?”

Everybody said yes. Then different people started talking to each other. This had been planned so that everybody could be used to each other and the sound of their voices so that if they were to meet up again they could recognise each other.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Steve and Kenneth hadn't found anywhere that they thought was going to be the meeting place. They had arranged to meet in a café near the Avenue de Marginy. When Kenneth came into the café there was somebody coming in as well. The other person came in and went straight for the bathrooms. While Kenneth had his coffee Steve arrived. He said to Kenneth "Try the bathrooms now!"

There was an urgency in Steve's voice that made Kenneth very quick to get up and go to the toilet. Steve went with him, and when they got inside the bathroom, Steve pulled a small card out of his pocket and read what it said out "Entry to the room. Swipe card against toilet and wait for doors to open." Steve was basically

jumping up and down by this time. After a while, they decided that they were going to call Miles and Simon with Lorna over to the café. This was because they had found out that the numbers were very big of the gangs. After about ten minutes, Miles, Simon and Lorna arrived. Steve scanned the card and while the door opened they all made sure that they had their guns ready to fire. Meanwhile, Kenneth put Declan's master plan into action. He texted the two double agents who were in the room. They had been told to only make contact with them if they were in a very good position and it wouldn't matter if other people saw the two agents looking at their phones because it would be too late.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Mark felt a vibration in his pocket. He took out his phone and saw the message ‘Commence plan A. You know who you’re associate is. We will be there in 60 seconds.’

Mark looked around the room and saw the man named Sean Gilroy who worked for Clint Rodgers’ American gang look back at him. They made eye contact and then simultaneously took out their guns. “Ok everybody, put you’re hands in the air now. Or actually don’t. That would make it too easy for me to kill all of you,” said Sean in his very strong American accent. Then he started to shoot blindly at people with Mark, making sure not to hit Scott, who was going to be taken back to Declan soon. Declan was going to be arriving in Paris shortly.

While Mark and Sean were shooting, Kenneth, Lorna, Steve, Miles and Simon had all come in. Kenneth and Miles had gone over to Scott and started get him ready to take away. They had hit him with a tranquiliser gun so they he couldn't struggle. Some of the other gang leaders had brought guns and had started shooting back at Declan's gang. Steve had been hit and was lying on the ground surrounded in a pool of his own blood. Nobody bothered to go over to him because they knew that he was already dead. Simon had been attacked from behind by a guy and had a knife sticking out of his arm and a bullet in his leg. To make matters worse he had been hit in the head by somebody's gun so he was likely to have suffered brain damage as

well. There was some more shooting for a few more minutes and then it stopped.

Martin looked around. He hadn't suffered any injuries and apart from Steve and Simon, nobody else had on their side. The rest of the people who had been in other gangs were all dead, and Scott was ready to be taken away. All in all, it looked like they had done very well out of it. Martin took out his phone and called Declan. He said two words to him "It's done," and then hung up.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Scott woke up in an unfamiliar room. His vision was a bit blurred and he felt terrible. When his vision returned, he looked around. He saw something that made him feel even sicker.

His brother Declan was in a chair in front of him holding a knife. To make the vision worse, he was smiling.

“Hello there brother,” he said. “Are you feeling good?”

“The best I’ve ever felt,” replied Scott angrily.

“I’ve been waiting for this moment ever since I left you that day,” said Declan. “I’ve been thinking mostly about how I’m going to kill you, and I’ve come up with a very nice slow plan. I will cut off parts of your body one by one

until every single part of your body is separated.  
Do you like my idea?"

Scott didn't like the idea but he didn't have time to tell him as two gunshots were fired into the room. They both met their targets.

"That's what you get for being a pair of selfish gang leaders. You have done all the work I needed to do for me and now I have control over all the gangs in the world! I will have nobody working for me, because in this life you should trust nobody. That is my motto. It was my master plan that has succeeded out of all this and I did it by using other people. I didn't kill anybody myself because most of it was done by other people and even the killings of Scott and Declan were done by Martin's hand, even if I made his finger pull the trigger. From now on

the world will know that it is me, Jose-Antonio,  
who is the ruler of all the world's gangs!"

**THE END**