

A man in a dark suit is seen from the back, looking out over a city skyline at night. The city lights are visible, with several tall buildings illuminated. The man's head and shoulder are in the foreground on the right side of the frame.

WHO IS
MALCOLM
BLACK?

MARCUS T. NAEF

Who Is Malcolm Black?

A Novel

By
Marcus T. Naef



Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

Copyright © 2012

All rights reserved – Marcus T. Naef

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the permission, in writing, from the publisher.

Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507

Houston, TX 77065

www.sbpra.com

ISBN 978-1-62516-686-9

Chapter One

Saturday 10:05 a.m. Northwest Maryland

THE LONELY DIRT road leads to a cozy-looking clapboard house badly in need of a fresh coat of paint. In great contrast to the quaint two-story family home in the woods with its white picket fence, there are ten men armed with semiautomatic guns stationed around it. Parked beside them are three black 4x4s, all facing toward the only road that leads back to civilization.

Luther Jones, a very tall black man, rubs his graying head. The Witness Protection Program has made him look a lot older than his forty-five years. Moving his family every few months hasn't helped. In a fresh white T-shirt and pair of red boxers, Luther Jones has been pacing back and forth for an hour now.

"Agent Johnson," he says as he sits down abruptly, "how much longer do we have to do this? It's been nearly eight years, moving every six months, and tearing my kids, not to mention my wife, away from anything that resembles a normal life."

Johnson turns to him and pulls in a puff of cherry-scented smoke from his pipe, releasing it in wispy tendrils around his balding head. His gray suit and red tie make him look like he belongs on Wall Street, not playing guard dog.

Luther rubs his head harder, visibly agitated, staring hard at the agent.

“This is no kind of life for my family. Every time we start up, you guys show up in the middle of the night, telling us that we’ve got ten minutes to get everything packed. Another guy was showing my picture around, asking about my wife and me. Seriously, how fucking long do we have to put up with this bullshit? We’ve been doing this to stay alive, but this sure as hell don’t seem like a life to me. I mean, how many times can this asshole fucking find us? We’ve been to Houston, Seattle, Denver, Cleveland, and then North Fort fucking Alabama. Come on, now! I can hardly remember who the hell I am anymore. I don’t think I know my wife’s real name. Hell, my three kids have more names than most fucking actors. Who are we? Can you even tell me that? Can you? Can you fucking tell who the hell I am anymore?” Luther is totally *irritated*.

Agent Johnson takes his pipe out of his mouth, sits up, and leans forward from the sofa.

“Fuck you, Luther,” he says with irritation. “I have been here every step of the way for you and your family. The government has spent more time and money on protecting your ass than anyone in the fucking history of the program. Every time I tell my boss that somebody spotted you or your family again, he has a goddamn heart attack and guess who he takes it out on?”

Luther stands and balls his fist.

Johnson looks into Luther’s eyes. “What you want to do, hmm? Hit me? You also having a lot of trouble remembering everything I’ve done for your ungrateful ass? And now you wanna swing on me?” Johnson says.

Luther’s wife, Rhoda, comes down the stairs, her light blue terry-cloth robe catching a bit of air, revealing a hint of her surprisingly firm breasts.

“STOP IT!” Her hair is tightly rolled up, and stress is plain on her face.

“Stop it!” Rhoda yells. “Just stop it! We’re always having the same fight when this happens, so just stop it. We’re on the same side; it’s everyone’s problem when they find us. The kids and me are tired of running, but it’s better than being DEAD, because that is what we will

be if he ever catches up to us. I don't care if we have to move to every city across fucking America. I just want my family to be together." Rhoda sits down on the stairs and starts to cry.

Luther and Agent Johnson sit back down on the sofa. No one says a word.

The first motion to break the silence is Luther rubbing his head. Agent Johnson puts his pipe back into his mouth, places his hand on Luther's knee, and whispers softly but firmly, "We have done this many times before and we will keep doing this until you are safe. Luther, you helped put away ten major players in the drug business in Miami; they are never going to stop looking for you, but we will never stop protecting you and your family."

Agent Johnson looks up at the noise of a 4x4 pulling up to the house. Three men and a woman wearing black pants and blue flight jackets get out of the white vehicle and walk to the house.

"Luther, Rhoda, these agents are here for added protection both inside of the house and to walk around the grounds. Nothing but the best for my witnesses," Johnson says with concern in his voice. He gets up from the sofa and opens the door.

"The three of you get your gear on and start walking the outside of the house; I don't want anyone to get within a hundred yards of this place. Ms. Turner, you go upstairs," Johnson says.

"That's Agent Turner, sir," replies the offended agent. "Agent, I think that I have earned the right to be called agent just like the rest of the men, sir," She just wants to shoot someone every time she is talked to like some girl they didn't want to play with in their private club; as she walks away she holds her tongue. He father told her that you have to kiss ass before you can kick it. Agent Johnson thinks to himself, *I can't win, and you treat them like women because they don't want to be treated like just one of the guys. You can't treat them like one of the guys because she's a woman and she just can't understand what it's like to be a man. So I'm screwed any way I do this.*

"Well, Agent Turner, you go upstairs and watch the three kids while their mother gets herself together," Johnson says.

“Yes, sir! Right away, sir!” the others say all together.

“I’ve a bad feeling about this time; if only they could have sent me some more men,” Johnson mutters to himself.

Agent Turner walks into the house. As she passes by Luther and Rhoda, she raises her hand in greeting, but they don’t even look at her. She goes upstairs.

“I go through all that training to become a babysitter again; I feel like I’m ten years old for the love of Christ,” she mutters aloud.

Turner looks to the left and then to the right and runs her hand through her short, well-groomed black hair, wondering where to find the kids, since all the doors are closed. When she listens she hears muffled voices coming from down the hall. She reaches toward the doorknob and knocks lightly, then opens the door. Inside are two boys dressed in white underpants and T-shirts, on the floor watching television. A baby lolls on the bed.

“Hi guys, my name is Jane. I am here to watch you while your mother is downstairs talking to my boss. What are your names?” asks Turner.

The oldest boy turns around and says with a big smile, “My name is Luther Jones the Second, because my daddy is the first,” and then he points to his little brother. “That’s Shaw, and the baby is Lisa, she is only six months old,” he says.

“So how old are you and Shaw?” asks Turner.

“I’m nine and Shaw is seven,” Luther II answers.

“Shut up! *Batman* is back on,” demands Shaw.

Agent Turner takes a seat on the bed. “*I’m ten years old again babysitting...but I have a gun now.*”

Five hundred yards away from the house, in the deep woods, lies Mr. Mills behind a log. He is dressed in armed forces-issue camouflage, and his face is covered with black and green paint. He holds a pair of binoculars in his right hand and a phone in his left. Behind him is another man wearing all black, his face covered with a black ski mask. This man kneels down next to a small satellite dish that points toward the southeast.

Four thousand miles away, on an island called Turks, is a large wood-paneled office. Inside this office there are no plants or works of

art. Just a brown leather sofa and a large black oak desk, and on the wall in the center of the office room are twenty small, neatly installed television screens. Only ten of the televisions are operating; each displays a different view of the white two-story house in woods. At the large black oak desk sits Malcolm Black, a handsome, smooth brown-skinned man, with a bald head and brilliant hazel eyes that are more green than gold. Malcolm sits back in his large leather chair and stares intensely at the television screens; he waits silently.

Today of all days, Mr. Black is wearing an all white suit, instead of his normal black. He puts his finger on the intercom.

“Mrs. Paul, I want no one to interrupt me for the next three hours; is that clear?” Malcolm commands.

Mrs. Paul is a petite, very light-skinned black woman with oversized breasts, and a youthful body and face for a woman who is about to turn forty-five. Her honey-brown silk suit looks expensive but was bought at one of the many bargain basement sales she frequents on her trips to the United States.

“Yes, sir, no one will bother you for the next three hours, sir,” she answers.

“Thank you, Mrs. Paul,” Malcolm says.

She looks at two large black men wearing white suits and black sunglasses, who stand silently outside Mr. Black’s office doors.

“No one is to disturb Mr. Black for the next three hours, is that clear?” Mrs. Paul says.

Both men look at her and nod their heads.

Inside, Malcolm looks into the television sets.

“This is the place, Mr. Mills,” he says. His voice is communicated effortlessly across the world to Mr. Mills’ headphones.

“Are you sure this is the place, sir?” asks Mr. Mills.

“No, Mr. Mills. I think thirteen men with machine guns are guarding a house in the middle of Maryland and yet it’s not where they are keeping my dear friend Mr. Jones,” Malcolm replies in his smart-ass, know-it-all way. “I don’t pay you to question me; I pay you to kill people. Is that clear, Mr. Mills?” commands Malcolm.

“Yes, sir,” answers Mr. Mills.

“Are these men aware that they will be killing fifteen government

agents and two government witnesses and that the children are not to be harmed? Are these men ready for this assignment?” asks Malcolm.

“Sir, your orders are always to kill everyone in the area. Why the change, sir?” asks Mr. Mills.

In a calm voice Malcolm answers, “I woke up this morning and promised God that if he would lead me to Luther Jones and that wonderful woman he calls a wife that I would spare his children. So I got dressed in all white and came to the office late for the first time in years.”

“God rewarded me with the news that you have found my dear friends. I get you to kill my former friend and fifteen U.S. government agents. So the deal I made with God stands. Are your men willing to do the job I have given them?” Malcolm asks again.

“When I told them that we have a job that pays a million dollars apiece and we get to kill U.S. agents and two government witnesses, they all jumped for joy, sir,” Mr. Mills answers with a smile in his voice.

“That is very good, Mr. Mills. I want you to position them and inform them that they are to follow my orders with no questions. Is that clear?” commands Malcolm.

“They are being positioned sir...all are wearing full body armor and armed with M16s with armor-piercing rounds. We have locks on all the targets and we’re waiting for your orders, sir. As I told you, they are very happy about this assignment. By the way, sir, per your request, when this assignment is completed I will be on a private plane to some country that I have never heard of for the rest of my life. I just wondered if I could finally have the name of the man that I have been working for these last five years, sir?” asks Mr. Mills.

Malcolm ignores the question. “Have your men maintain radio silence; the only voice they will hear is mine, giving them the orders to kill,” he says in a commanding voice.

Mr. Mills turns around and looks at the man standing behind him, a man called Number One.

“That man knows when I take a shit, which girl I am fucking, and when I am fucking them. He knows the name of my favorite baseball team. Where I eat dinner every fucking day ...he knows everything about me since I left Macon, Georgia, twenty-five years ago. I don’t

even know his fucking name. Fuck it,” Mr. Mills says to himself.

“He is going to put us into early retirement, where my job is to snap my fingers so that my drinks get to me on time. On his orders, we go in twenty minutes,” Mr. Mills says.

“Joe, this is the last job we are ever going to do so let’s make it the best job we have ever done. If you all stop talking and we get into position we can get this job over with,” Number One replies. “You need to get your head out of your ass about this. He pays us... we kill people; we do this job, the money is waiting for us when we’re finished. That’s all I give a fuck about. Okay, Mr. Mills?”

“Move the fuck out slowly; I don’t want these bastards to know what hit them,” Mr. Mills says.

Mr. Black looks at all the television sets waiting; he taps two middle fingers on the desk with an uneasy rhythm. “If everyone hears me, give me thumbs up,” commands Malcolm.

One by one the ten men’s thumbs appear on the television screens.

“Number One, you hit the two men on the road then move onto the patio to the back door,” Malcolm commands. “Little Luther always loved to watch his Saturday morning cartoons. I am sure that he will have his little brother watching also and the baby can’t walk yet. So they are probably all upstairs.”

“Number Five, take out the guard at the northeast corner of the house, then move to the front door and await my orders to move in. Everyone else takes out the man in front of you and brings their bodies inside the house. All clothes and jewelry are to be removed. The agent upstairs, don’t forget about her, is to be killed, not played with. This is just like sex; get in, bust your nut, and get out. Are we clear?” Malcolm asks.

All the television screens show men giving the thumbs up.

“On my mark, I want two heart shots, then get in close and finish with a shot to the head. On the count of three...one, two, three!” Malcolm orders.

Suddenly the air in the woods fills with the sounds of gunfire, and Mr. Black’s office televisions reveal pictures of ten dead U.S. government agents as they hit the ground.

Number One kills the two men guarding the road and then moves towards the back door, when an agent comes off the patio firing at him. The agent's bullets hit the man in black but they do not break through to his flesh.

Number Two finishes the man on the patio. Number Two then fires three shots at an agent, hitting him center mass. Number Two starts to move toward the house while Number One reaches the wall next to the back door and looks to see if any agents are still alive.

Black's men shout that all sides are clear.

Inside the house, Agent Johnson and Luther are on the floor in front of the sofa.

"Is anyone alive? Can anyone hear me? Fuck me! They found us. Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!" Agent Johnson cries out.

"Johnson, give me a gun! Give me a fucking gun now!" Luther demands.

Agent Johnson pulls a gun from his leg and hands it to Luther. Rhoda runs up the stairs and heads toward her kids. Rhoda bursts through the door to her children's room, where she sees Agent Turner in front of her kids with a gun pointed at her; Rhoda hits the floor.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Rhoda cries out.

"What's going on?" Agent Turner shouts.

Rhoda claws past Agent Turner and hugs Luther and Shaw as hard as she can. The baby, who has been soundly asleep all morning, now screams. Rhoda lets go of the boys and picks up her daughter, then sits down again on the floor next to the boys. "We are going to be all right! Agent Turner is going to make sure nobody hurts us, you hear? Mommy loves you, and I am not going to let anyone hurt my babies, you hear me? No one is going to hurt my babies!" cries Rhoda. She hugs all three as hard as she can. Rhoda knows that there is no way to protect her babies from what is going to happen to them; she just wants them to know that she loves them.

"MOMMY LOVES YOU! MOMMY LOVES YOU!" she yells.

Downstairs, Luther and Agent Johnson get ready for the men who are about to kill them.

"I am sorry, Luther, for yelling at you and I am sorry for not getting more agents to protect your family," Johnson says.

“YOU MOTHERFUCKERS WANT LUTHER JONES? COME AND GET LUTHER JONES! I AM HERE, MOTHERFUCKERS!” Luther yells out.

The house rattles with the sound of doors being kicked in. Luther and Agent Johnson stand up and point their guns toward the sound. Gunfire from the back and front doors bursts through the house. Agent Johnson falls back with the first bullet. The second hits Luther’s leg. Then he is overcome by the pain of three bullets in his chest, but he’s still breathing.

“It can’t end like this; I was the baddest motherfucker in Miami!” he chokes out.

The next thing Luther feels is a boot on the hand. When he looks up, a man wearing all black reaches down and takes the gun from his hand.

“FINISH ME, MOTHERFUCKER, FUCK YOU!” Luther yells out with no fear.

Three more men bring the bodies from the field into the house, and more bodies from the back door.

“One, Five, go up and finish the bitches upstairs. Remember, the kids are not to be harmed. Go!” Mr. Mills orders.

One and Five start up the stairs.

“Freeze! Put down your guns,” Agent Turner yells out.

“JUST SHOOT THE MOTHERFUCKER, YOU DUMB BITCH!” Rhoda cries.

Agent Turner shoots five rounds at the staircase. As Number One crawls slowly upstairs, he shoots and hits Agent Turner three times in her chest, and her gun goes off, firing into the roof. Rhoda, while still holding her baby, reaches for the gun, but One and Five have reached the room before she can pull the gun from Agent Turner’s bloody hand. One points his assault rifle at her head and pulls the trigger; the blood from her body covers the wooden floor.

One takes the baby from her mother’s arms. Five takes the hands of both boys and pulls them downstairs.

“Mommy! Mommy!” the boys cry out.

“Hey, Number One, are you going to kill every woman in the world because you got dumped?” Five says.

“Fuck you. Just fuck you, I am over that bitch!” One scowls.

“One and Five take the little bastards to one of the cars outside and leave them there.”

“Are all personal IDs, watches, and jewelry removed?” Mr. Mills shouts. The men give him the thumbs up as they move the bodies inside the house.

“Good. Now for Mr. Jones,” Mr. Mills says.

They pull off Jones’ clothes until he’s naked, and take his chain and watch; he knows he’s about to die, but he’s not going to show that he’s scared shitless right now.

Mr. Black speaks. “Mr. Mills, do you have the item?” he asks.

“Yes, sir,” says Mr. Mills.

“Good,” says Mr. Black. “I want to see my friend’s face for the last time.”

Mr. Mills takes from his pocket a small TV with a built-in camera and points it into the face of Luther Jones, who is shaking from the shock and the blood loss. He didn’t hear his kids scream on the way past him because the last moments of his life have arrived.

Mr. Mills places his hand behind Luther’s head and raises it to see the level of the TV screen. Mr. Black’s face appears on the screen.

“You?” cries Luther hoarsely. “I’ll be killed by you; you were the biggest pussy I ever knew.”

“Well, Luther, you’re the one on the floor naked about to die. Didn’t you say that only a pussy talks to the police? That you would sooner go to hell before you would talk to the po po. That is what you told everyone whenever you heard about someone making deals with the police. Well, Luther, goodbye. Don’t worry about the kids. They will live in the best foster home the government can provide. Mr. Mills, burn all the bodies and leave my friend to burn alive,” Mr. Black chuckles.

“Yes sir,” says Mills obediently. Then he turns to the men. “Come on, we don’t have all day here; move your asses!” orders Mr. Mills.

The men go about stripping the bodies of all clothes—jewelry, anything that would give them an ID. The wooden floor is littered with nude, lifeless corpses piled on top of each other. Luther is still breathing, barely.

“Put their clothes on top and pour that gasoline on them!” Mr. Mills shouts.

The men place the clothes on the bodies and pour gasoline on top; they use the gasoline to make a path outside. Mr. Mills throws a match onto the gasoline, with the fire leading to the bodies inside.

Mr. Mills turns to Number One. “We’ll take the police cars. Where are the kids?” he asks.

“They’re in the last four by four,” One says.

Mr. Mills pulls out his cell phone from his jacket pocket; he dials 911 and opens the truck door.

Mr. Mills hands the phone to the oldest boy. “Hey kid, tell them what happened to your mommy, daddy, and all those bad men who work for the government,” Mills says.

“They killed Mommy, Daddy, and all the people around the house. The house is burning, and they killed Mommy,” Luther II speaks frantically into the phone. “The house is burning. We are by the house that is burning.”

The dispatcher is female and she responds like any mother would.

“Just wait a minute; I’ll get the police over there as soon as possible.”

Luther II watches as the three black 4x4s drive past him. Shaw and Lisa are crying, so he drops the phone and hugs his brother and cries with him. He can hear the lady on the phone trying to talk to them but he can’t stop crying.

Mr. Mills and company drive for more than an hour. He has wiped the paint off his face. For the last hour all he has seen are trees and more trees; then a white and tan jet lands just to the right of him behind the trees.

“Turn right up here. We’re free and rich, boys,” Mr. Mills shouts.

The 4x4s make the first right they see, which leads to a dirt road and a runway. A man in a green flight suit waves them in. The men jump out of the 4x4s and run into the plane. The doors close quickly behind them. The plane wastes little time taking off.

Inside the plane Mr. Mills hands each of his men a bag with a

number on it. He hands the men in the cockpit a bag each, as well.

“The bags have one million dollars inside. In seven hours we will be in a different country, where the U.S. government will never touch us. All of our people are fine, with not a scratch on them, and money in hand. What a fucking day! Hooray!” Mr. Mills tells them.

The plane fills with the men’s whooping with joy.

“I told you that I would lead you to the Promised Land and a shitload of cash. Welcome, gentlemen,” says Mr. Mills.

Malcolm Black smiles. He knows the plane has taken off, and his revenge on Luther and Rhoda Jones has ended; there is no one to tell the government about this. Mr. Black will never tell anyone about today. Malcolm will just plan what to do tomorrow. For now, he just sits back and smiles.

Buy the B&N ePub version at:-

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/who-is-malcolm-black-marcus-t-naef/1113116153?ean=2940016359557>

Buy the Kindle version at:-

<http://www.amazon.com/Who-Is-Malcolm-Black-ebook/dp/B00BYG43MA/>