

# The Delgado Killings

Pages: 256

Publisher: MysteriousPress.com/Open Road (June 26, 2012)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

---

**[ [DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF](#) ]**

---

## **EARLY BIRD BOOKS**

### **FRESH EBOOK DEALS, DELIVERED DAILY**

LOVE TO READ?

LOVE GREAT SALES?

GET FANTASTIC DEALS ON BESTSELLING EBOOKS

DELIVERED TO YOUR INBOX EVERY DAY!

## **The Web's Creepiest Newsletter**

### **Delivered to Your Inbox**

Get chilling stories of

true crime, mystery, horror,

and the paranormal,

twice a week.

The Delgado Killings   Narc #4   Marc Olden

A MysteriousPress.com

Open Road Integrated Media

Ebook

For Dan, Joe Q, and Gar  
Contents

[Part I](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Part II](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Part III](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Part IV](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

Part I

Chapter 1

THEY WERE PLANNING TO kill nine people.

The man doing most of the talking was Raul Delgado, a fifty-two-year-old Cuban cocaine dealer grossing fifty million dollars a year, and sitting across from him was Victor Poland, a very special hit man, highly paid and specializing only in narcotic contract killings.

On this hot, muggy night in August, in New York City, the drug dealer and the contract killer sat on tan wooden folding chairs, the two of them alone in the empty, dusty basement of a small Spanish church on Manhattan's Upper West Side.

Eight of the people the two planned to kill were witnesses and informants in the United States government's case against Delgado, called Mr. D in the drug world.

A federal narcotics agent—John Bolt—was the ninth intended death.

"Two weeks from now, they go into court and I end up doing time," said Delgado, a small, slim man with tan skin, thick black moustache, and brown-tinted glasses. He wore an expensive white cotton summer suit, white silk shirt open at the neck, and two thin gold bracelets on each wrist. A gold medallion hung from his neck, and on each hand he wore two diamond rings set in gold.

He smelled of lime cologne and spoke English with a soft Spanish accent.

"They don't show and I 'walk.' Free. No jail." Suddenly Mr. D stopped talking.

He chewed his bottom lip with small white teeth, fighting the hot anger rising in him whenever he thought of the narc John Bolt, the man he wanted dead more than any of the others.

Victor Poland, the hit man, listened quietly, sucking on an empty, stubby black pipe and rubbing sweat from the back of his thick neck with a large red hand. He was forty-seven years old, muscular, and an ex-cop, 210 pounds and just under six feet tall. A square face topped by closely cropped gray hair made him look like a well-known television newscaster.

His cold blue eyes missed nothing. Poland knew the reason for Mr. D's sudden silence and why the spic now had veins popping out on his forehead as though somebody had just smashed his balls between two bricks.

There was more on Delgado's mind than just doing time in the joint, thought Poland. Sure, federal agents had a ninety-percent conviction rate on narcotics cases, and usually anybody they dragged into court ended up in the slammer.

And it was true that if those nine did not walk into Manhattan Federal Court in fourteen days, the government had no case and Mr. D would be free to keep on bringing cocaine up from South America, selling it to a public that couldn't seem to stop sniffing that nose candy.

Victor Poland bit down hard on the pipe stem, stretching his muscular arms wide on either side of his body, feeling the sweat roll down his back and thinking, my, my, Mr. D, just think of what you're not telling me.

Raul Delgado was one of the shrewdest and toughest narcotics dealers in America, big enough to bring his own cocaine into the country without any middleman. No Mafia, no tough black dealer as his source of supply. Mr. D was big enough to get his own cocaine in huge amounts, then send it out across the country.

And as Victor Poland and everyone on the street knew, Mr. D was also a homosexual.

He loved beautiful boys.

He liked them young and pretty, and if they were, he spent a lot of money on them, treating them like beautiful little princesses, often using them as couriers in his cocaine business.

As couriers, they carried money from city to city or collected it and brought it back to him. Occasionally they'd hand-carry coke or go along when a large shipment was being sent to a customer, see that the deal went down, then bring the money back to Mr. D.

Sometimes the pretty boys would travel outside of the country, making deposits in foreign numbered bank accounts or passing on instructions about delivery of drugs. Instructions, money, cocaine, whatever Mr. D wanted carried back and forth, his pretty-boy courier-lovers would do it. Fear, money, or love for Mr. D and all he could do for them kept his lovers loyal, with only an occasional exception.

Victor Poland smirked, watching Delgado's face with its rigid jaw and brown eyes staring at something far away. So Mr. D had figured that love would stop his courier pretty boys from betraying him, that it was better to trust a bed partner than it was to trust an ambitious, greedy lieutenant who might sell him out to the law so they could sit in his chair while he sat in a cell.

Poland wrinkled up his nose at the heavy smell of Delgado's lime cologne, thinking this spic smells like a goddamn whore but what can you expect from a guy who'd rather jump on a pretty boy than a woman.

A pretty boy. That was the reason for Delgado's sudden silence, for his faraway look, for the rage burning within him, for his hatred of John Bolt.

Poland ran both hands over his gray hair, feeling the dampness and thinking Delgado was right, that meeting each other in a church was a smart idea. If the narcs were tailing Delgado, they couldn't get too close without a high-priced lawyer yelling harassment, and who the hell would think of wire-tapping a church? Yeah, you ain't so dumb, you greasy queen.

All Poland had to do was let Delgado leave first and stay put himself until he was absolutely sure no one was tailing him. That would be easy. A man, any man, had the right to go to church, didn't he?

Still thinking about your little pretty boy, ain't you, Mr. D? thought Poland. The boy was Rafael Pena, seventeen years old, with green eyes, long lashes, and a face like an Italian actress.

That was the boy Delgado had loved more than any of the others, the one he had seemed to settle on, the one he loved more than many men loved a woman. Beautiful, beautiful Rafael. Rafael la bonita. Rafael the beautiful.

Some story, thought Poland, wiping pearls of sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. This narc Bolt kills Rafael, and Mr. D flips out over it, like they was married or something; I mean, the dealer man takes it goddamn hard.

Yeah, Delgado's pissed about eight witnesses and informants betraying him, helping the government send him to jail for a lot of years. Naturally he wants them dead.

But not as bad as he wants John Bolt dead for killing Rafael.

Takes all kinds, thought Poland. Different strokes for different folks. Delgado wants to kill to save his ass, but he also wants a guy wasted for love; I mean, what the hell else can you call it? Love, revenge, a pretty little boy, and a dead narc. Fucking strange world, thought Poland, and he grinned.

The Delgado contract. It was his biggest yet.

The Cuban blinked, opened his eyes wide, then focused them on Poland, who noticed Mr. D wasn't sweating much at all. Maybe he's used to this kind of weather, coming from Cuba, where it must get hot as hell.

"You're grinning, Mr. Poland."

The hit man took the stubby pipe from his thin lips. "Just thinking, Mr. Delgado, about us meeting in a place like this. ..." He waved his arm wide, taking in the empty church basement.

"Yes, I know. This is one place no agent would dare follow me. They must be very careful before the trial. They want me quite badly."

I bet they do, thought the hit man.

Delgado continued. "They want to make sure I do not jump bail. A quarter of a million dollars. This is a lot of money, yes?" He looked down at his manicured fingernails, then gently touched the thin gold bracelets on both wrists. When he looked up at Victor Poland, Delgado seemed to change. He wasn't just a small, heavily cologned man wearing gold bracelets and thinking of dead pretty boys. He spoke firmly, directly, with a hardness Poland didn't think had been there until now. The hit man stopped grinning.

"Understand something, amigo. I know this is a tough contract, a hard contract. Time is tight, but you, my friend, are supposed to be the best."

Poland nodded, saying nothing, his eyes on the dealer's face.

"I cannot give you more time," said Delgado. "I've used up all my legal postponements, and it's taken me this long to get all the names. I got the last one this morning."

Poland, his face attentive, his eyes never off Delgado's tan face, said, "You got somebody?" He was asking if the dealer had anyone inside the courts or law enforcement giving him secret information.

"Yes. I've got people inside. That's how I know who we must go after. It has cost me a great deal of money, more than you would believe, to find this out. I do not think you need to know these particular names."

"I don't. You're right about that. I just need to know how reliable their information is."

"Very reliable. It had better be, believe me when I tell you, friend. My information is the best money can buy. I am a very careful man, you must know that." He reached inside his white jacket, took out a thin white envelope, and handed it to Poland.

"There is one name on this page," said Delgado, "the last name. It is circled in red. There is a telephone number beside that name. You are to call it every day, anytime you choose. This name is someone in my organization, and he will tell you as much as he knows of the personal habits of

these people. If there are changes, he will have those too. This is the best I can do to keep you up-to-date. Do not worry about this telephone. It is a public phone booth. If you prefer, he can call you. You and this man can make your own arrangements.”

Even the envelope reeks of whore’s juice, thought the hit man, as he opened it and stared at names and addresses typed on a plain piece of white paper.

You ain’t all that careful, señor, thought Victor Poland. The narcs have a rope around your neck and they’re yanking it tight, and you need me to cut it off. How careful can you be? Well, it’s going to cost you plenty.

“Money,” he said. The Delgado contract was just what he needed right now. He owed some people, and they weren’t the kind to wait too long for payment.

“First, I pick up your paper like we agreed,” said Delgado. Poland owed \$15,000 in gambling IOU’s and \$12,500 in IOU’s to loan sharks. That was the hit man’s one big vice, trying to beat the odds. Other than that, he was extremely careful and cautious about everything. But gambling was his “jones,” his habit, the monkey that clung to his back and wouldn’t let go.

“I do that immediately,” said the dealer. “I want you to have nothing on your mind except your job.”

Poland smiled, nodding his head once.

“Now, I think we spoke about fifty-thousand-dollars more to you, plus a fifty-thousand-dollar line of credit at a Puerto Rico casino,” said Delgado.

“Right.”

“You will get the fifty thousand cash in advance, as you asked. I think this is how your business operates, am I right?”

Poland nodded. He always collected the money in advance. It saved a lot of trouble, people changing their minds or backing down or not paying him when the contract had been fulfilled, making it necessary for him to do another killing, this one for free. With payment in advance, people could change their minds or do anything, it didn’t matter a rat’s ass to him.

“Now, as for the line of credit in the casino,” said Delgado. “I must ask you not to use it until you have finished your contract for me. Again, it is a question of having nothing else on your mind, and frankly, two weeks is not that much time.”

“No problem there, Mr. Delgado. Nothing interferes with my work.” It was true. Victor Poland specialized in drug hits, working for dealers who had been ripped off, burned in bad deals, cheated out of money or drugs, or who wished to move up in the narcotics business and who could afford to hire somebody else to do the killing. Somebody who knew what he was doing and who did it well. Like Victor Poland.

Poland always insisted on at least one face-to-face meeting with his client, no matter how important the man was. It avoided misunderstandings.

By limiting himself to drug-world killings, he stayed in a field he knew well, with people he knew or knew of, with rules and methods of operation he understood, with people who had reasons for killing that he would always understand.

The twentieth century was the age of the specialist, and Victor Poland was one of the most accomplished specialists doing business anywhere in America.

"We haven't talked about expenses," he said.

"No, we haven't," said Delgado. "How much will that be?"

Poland pursed his thin lips. "Sixty." He meant sixty thousand dollars. "I'm using some people on this one. Got to. No time, and there might be some traveling involved, plus, like it says here on the paper, there's more than just a couple of people you want blown away. Yeah, sixty will cover it." He was thinking of four men, ten thousand dollars each, with twenty going for whatever they needed to work with.

He never exaggerated his expenses, nor did he try to cheat anyone. Like any businessman, his reputation got him business, and even in the world of crime and violence, there had to be some guidelines. Not many, but some.

"Fair enough." Delgado had heard of Poland, as had other people in the drug world. "You will get started immediately, my friend?"

"Count on it." Poland stood up, his muscular body towering over the small Cuban. "Guess that 'bout does it, Mr. Delgado. The money—"

"It will be sent to you sometime tonight, where you asked, advance and expenses."

"No sense in carrying that much money around with you. Unnecessary risk."

Delgado smiled. Poland was indeed a careful man, like he had been told. Just the kind of man he needed right now. Needed very badly. With his own organization being watched by agents and cops, it would be hard for his men to fulfill such a contract.

No, Mr. Poland would do quite well. In the past, he had done quite well for others in the narcotics world, others who had problems that could be solved only by someone else's sudden death.

"I shall leave here the way I came in," said Delgado, rising, then smoothing out his perfectly pressed white pants. "My car is out front. ..."

"I'll wait here for a while and work on this." A large hand patted his breast pocket, feeling the envelope. "I can go out the same way I came in, too. The back way. By the time I leave, there won't be anybody around 'cept junkies and muggers." He smiled when he said it.

There was something about Poland that made people walk easy around him, and only the most strung-out junkie in this neighborhood, desperate for a nickel bag to shove in his veins, would have thought of ripping him off.

Killing wasn't an impulse with Victor Poland, it was a business, a trade he worked at.

That's why he was good at it.

"I see no reason for us to meet again," said Raul Delgado.

Victor Poland nodded his head once, putting the empty pipe back between his teeth. He looked at the dark dampness under the armpits of his short-sleeved blue shirt, then glanced over at

Delgado. The spic wasn't sweating at all.

"One thing, Mr. Delgado. If I ice, say, just two people, and the rest back off, get scared or cut out, like they get uptight and refuse to testify, far as I'm concerned, I've done the entire job. That means full fee. I collect the whole payoff we agreed on."

Delgado was silent, thinking, his eyes staring down at the floor. Then he looked up at Victor Poland.

"As long as I 'walk,' Mr. Poland, that's all I'm concerned with. If you can see that this happens merely by killing two people, and frightening the rest, our contract has been fulfilled. I am paying you for an empty courtroom. How this is done is your business."

Poland grinned. "Good-bye, Mr. D."

Raul Delgado nodded politely, bowing once like the Cuban aristocrat he had been until booted out by Fidel Castro over ten years ago. His business with this large, sweaty animal had been concluded, and there was no need to stay here and continue smelling him and this place.

He turned and walked toward the stairs.

Victor Poland reached down to his own crotch, pulling his pants out and away from him where they had become stuck with the heat. He grinned and shook his head as Delgado walked up the stairs. Spic still wasn't sweating.

He wished he had a bucket of cold beer, but he couldn't decide whether he would drink it or pour it over his head.

He moved closer to the one dim yellow bulb hanging from the ceiling and took the envelope from his pocket. \*

---

## **To escape jail, a pusher takes out a contract on everyone in Bolt's department**

The Delgado cocaine operation is more than a business. It's an empire, supplied by a direct line to the coca plants of South America. Delgado's soldiers are not common hoods, but a cadre of teenage boys chosen for their loyalty and beauty. But now one of his lovers has failed him, allowing crack narcotics agent John Bolt to build a case against the kingpin. Delgado will handle his legal defense the same way he rules his evil empire: with murder.

There are nine names on the list Delgado gives the killer. Eight are witnesses against him, whose deaths will assure Delgado's freedom. The ninth is Bolt's, who will die for turning Delgado's boy. But Bolt serves justice as ruthlessly as Delgado serves evil, and the dealer will find this narc has a kill list of his own. Â

---

Cartel Hitmen Stories - Available now at AbeBooks.co.uk - ISBN: 9780352398901 - Star Books - Book Condition: Acceptable - Used - Acceptable. Ex-library with wear and barcode Death Row Movie 2018 - But his hands are full with a string of murders - drug dealers are going down like flies. And besides, Ana is out for vengeance, and police methods take too long. Johnny Delgado Private Detective - Google Books - Jake Delgado "hard-drinking, maverick private investigator" is finally 1962, battling the diabolical and deranged kidnapper that had already killed three local Islamic State claims first presence in Mozambique, but police - Business people have become a target of both insurgents and the police in Cabo Delgado. The car of local businessman John Loca was Ethics for A-Level - Chapter 12. Simulated Killing - Open Book - Killed to Death Raul Delgado And Tommy Tusong Mike (Raul Delgado) has emerged from his house of books to try to figure out the case. The Delgado Killings eBook: Marc Olden - Amazon.com - To escape jail, a pusher takes out a contract on everyone in Bolt's department. The Delgado cocaine operation is more than a business. It's an empire, supplied Johnny Delgado Private Detective - Google Books - Though Cabo Delgado, the province where ASWJ operates, militants thought to be associated with ASWJ killed a dozen people and set 40 Brenda Delgado, alleged mastermind of Dallas dentist murder - PJ Our Way How Ignoring Crime, Accident Data Caused Three Deaths in - Edith Delgado holds back tears as she expresses remorse during a The collision caused the deaths of Tonga's Prince Tu'ipelehake, 54; With Darkness on the Edge of Town, the Stranger Things - Jacob Delgado was 19 when he was shot and killed on Broad Street in Providence, RI. He was an artist and employee at the AS220 Broad Famous Cartel Hitmen - There were also three boys killed in nearby Rosedale, MS, whose killer and mutilator was never caught. Rosedale is Oscar Delgado-Perez, 26, of Gaithersburg, was. Book a Tarot Card Reader in the Rosedale, MS area for your next event.

---

## Relevant Books

---

[\[ DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Download book Postcards from Havana epub, pdf

---

[\[ DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Apple of His Eye free epub

---

[\[ DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Conservation Across Borders: Biodiversity in an Interdependent World pdf

---

[ DOWNLOAD ]

- Exploring Alaska's Kenai Fjords epub online

---

[\[ DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Pdf, Epub Muzzle Flash: Olesia Anderson #3 pdf online

---