

THE FORRESTER GIRLS

By Floyd Larck

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December 2016 – Book is undergoing a complete rewrite!

Rita Collins

She saw the Ambassador Apartments on her left as she turned onto Broadway. There sat the dump with a ninety-nine cent store on one side of it and a paint store on the other. If the inside of the Ambassador was as lousy as the outside then it qualifies as a real dump. The weather wasn't helping matters with several inches of snow already on the ground and more falling minute by minute. She found a parking place across the street and quickly pulled into it knowing what she did about New York drivers. As she hurried across the street to get out of the cold, she realized how much her shoes were hurting her feet. She stopped momentarily in front of the apartment building and looked up at it as if being closer to it would make it more attractive. It did not.

Inside the apartment building was a foyer with a ceiling going up to the fifth floor with each floor having a banister overlooking the foyer and the filthy windows making up the front wall of the apartment building. The Ambassador Apartments must have had a glorious start but wasn't doing too well at the end here. Along one wall there was a row of mailboxes inset into the wall so she walked over to see if the contact information she had been given was correct. There on the mail box almost at the end of the row was what she was looking for. Apartment 214 - R. Jaworski so she

looked for the stairs as she had an aversion for elevators. If she ever thought the Ambassador Apartments had anything going for it then it surely was not the stairs because they defined the word filthy.

Opening the door slowly she looked to where she was in conjunction with apartment 214 which was to her right according to the hallway signs. One door she passed had kids screaming at the top of their lungs, the next had some ungodly hip hop music blaring and the next was one with the television blasting and that was apartment 214. She straightened her clothing to make sure she was presentable and then she knocked on the worn door with '#214' on it.

The knock on the door woke the man out of his drunken stupor and he rolled out of bed staggering to the door. The television was blaring with some singing and dancing show on it and he hit the off button as he walked by it. 'God I need a drink', he thought to himself. Looking through the peephole he saw a rather attractive female outside his door which didn't happen too often to him. He tried slicking down his hair to make his best impression on the woman. He pulled the door open more to stare at the woman than to ask her who she was looking for. "How ya doin' babe, wanna come inside and party?" His slurred speech was simply sweeping her off her feet.

She stepped inside and you could almost see him sober up as she wasn't nearly as good looking up close as she was through the peephole. In fact he wasn't all that sure that she was even female with the way she was dressed.

"Ralph Jaworski?" she asked.

"Yeah, so wha'? Who the one askin'?" The drunken fool could hardly stand and had to brace himself with the door.

"Remember, Rita?" she asked.

"Rita, Rita, Rita. Nope, no Rita. Rita, sweet Rita, I love ay my pretty Rita. 'Spose I do. What of it?" She could swear his bloodshot leering eyes were crossed as he tried to focus on her standing in front of him.

With that she pulled and aimed her silenced .22 caliber at Mr. Ralph Jaworski's forehead and pulled the trigger twice on the Smith & Wesson 22A. One shot to kill him and one shot for insurance.

Ralph Jaworski was quite literally dead on his feet and slumped to his knees as the shooter coolly unscrewed the silencer so that it and the 22A would fit into her pockets. She took her foot and pushed 'Ralphie' off his knees where he had slumped. Once he was flat on his back she pulled the paper out of her purse and slapped it on his chest. She stepped to the door of the second floor apartment and looked around before stepping out into the hall on her way to the stairwell. She

walked right past the elevator noticing that it was up on the fifth floor, no matter because she stays out of elevators as a precaution because so many of them have security cameras installed.

She'd already left the second floor when one of the dead man's neighbors walked by on her way to the laundry room. The middle-aged woman saw the open door and glanced inside as she was passing by dropping her clothes basket in the process as she put her hands over her mouth to stifle the scream. The man known as 'Mr. J', lay on the floor with not one but two bullet holes in his forehead. His eyes were still open and a pool of blood had formed under his head from the two new openings in his forehead. On his chest was a bright pink sheet of paper with some computer generated printing on it in rather large letters:

"I raped Rita Collins but didn't get away with it!"

By now other neighbors had joined the hysterical neighbor trying to calm her down. At least one of them had the presence of mind to dial 911 but everyone already knew 'Mr. J' was gone. No one was going to survive two shots to the forehead at close range. Some of the neighbors moved about the floor trying to see if there were any strangers still on the floor but there was no one else around. Whoever had shot 'Mr. J' just vanished into thin air like a ghost.

She thought she heard one of the neighbor's scream as she was opening the main doors on her way out of the ghetto apartment building. A slight smile came to her face as it always did when her assignments went well. She walked down the stairs onto the sidewalk and turned towards her car. The wind was driving the snow and it stung her face. She welcomed the snow as it covered her getaway with visibility being limited by the wind and snow. Once inside her rental car she pulled off the blonde wig, the fake eyelashes and the cotton she had put into the sides of her mouth to deform her face. She reached down and pulled of the size eight male tennis shoes she wore to hide the fact that her tiny size five would easily reveal that she was both female and small framed. She tousled her hair to get it back into place while she was searching the directory of her BlackBerry. Once she found it she sent a text to the number:

"im home"

Within minutes her BlackBerry let her know a new text had arrived.

"gray dog bus lkr 318"

She pulled the rental car into gear and signaled before pulling out into traffic, the last thing she needed was to be pulled over by NYPD for a minor traffic citation. Navigating the traffic in New York was like walking upstream into a group of high-schoolers as they leave school for summer vacation. Somewhere she had seen a bumper sticker about how New Yorkers drive with one hand on the horn and the other out the window, flipping everyone off and now she understood

it. Soon enough she was pulling into the Greyhound parking lot and got out of the rental without the overcoat on that she had worn to the apartment building earlier. She walked past some leering panhandlers into the front doors of the bus station and looked for the customer service counter which so happened to be clear across the lobby. She never liked being in public venues because of the issue with security cameras that are everywhere nowadays.

The rather bored clerk gave her the key to locker 318 after which she walked over to the wall of lockers and traced down the one she was looking for. The key had to be jiggled before the door would open but she had to be careful not to attract any attention so she took the key out and tried it again. This time the door opened rather easily revealing the insulated lunch bag inside. Before she took the lunch bag out of the locker she unzipped it and glanced inside and there under the ham and cheese sandwich was the half-inch thick stack of bills she was looking for. Thumbing through it she was pleased to see they were all hundred dollar bills bringing the total to ten thousand dollars.

This job gave her enough cash to do a little travelling, maybe out to Vegas for a little gambling and sunshine. This cold city might be an entertainment and financial center but it was too cold for her. Warm weather was something she could use now that she was finished with her assignment in the Big Apple. She had intentionally parked next to the bus station trash compactor and luck was on her side because they were loading it as she got to her car.

“Could I throw this in your trash there, please”, she asked holding the bag of clothing she had worn on her assignment at Ralph Jaworski’s place.

“Yeah, little girl. Toss it up in there.” The older black gentleman didn’t care if some flaky white chick wanted to throw some trash in the dumpster. He just wanted to be left alone to smoke his cigarette in peace.

She thanked him and walked away from him making sure the old man had something to look at while he smoked his cigarette. Before she opened the door to the rental car she waved to him and he touched his finger to the bill of his hat grinning at the show she’d just given to him. Starting the car up, she looked up one more time at the trash compactor and saw the man press the button sending all of that trash, including her own bag, far up into the middle of the giant dumpster.

At the parking lot exit she had to go to the left as the street in front of the Greyhound station was a one-way street. Traffic had her blocked in the driveway until the traffic light changed. The massive New York Times sign on the tall building across the street from the Greyhound bus station caught her eye and she almost missed an opening in the traffic. She

gunned the engine and sped off into the traffic with horns blowing behind her. Her window wasn't down but she gave them the 'highway salute' with her leather gloves still on into the rear view mirror as her way of saying goodbye to the Big Apple.

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About the author:

Floyd Larck lives in Orlando Florida with his wife Debbie, their lovebird named Peaches and a cockatiel named P.J. Floyd is an amateur radio operator and has been writing for five years as of the writing of this book you have just read.

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