

Chapter Sixty-Four

Six months had gone by since his deadly outburst. A heinous act responsible not only for the death of a newly minted attorney but for the personas of Mick and Ralph as well. With his new found funds and a knack for forging Melanie's signature, Marcus had relocated to Geneva, Switzerland.

Sitting in front of a surgeon's desk, making mental note of the formidable works of art hanging from his walls, the patient waited with anticipation as the doctor methodically cut away the bandages covering his face.

"Impressive," the surgeon said, as he laid to rest the last of the bandages, "have a look for yourself."

The patient, full of trepidation, rose and walked to a full length mirror. "Amazing," he said, his voice several octaves

higher than he had recalled. "You copied the photograph right down to the last detail."

"Yes, I did and as you can see, my otolaryngologist worked his magic on your vocal cords."

"Not perfect but close enough," the patient agreed, while secreting a scalpel from the tray, his back to the surgeon, and sliding it up a sleeve.

"Now, the final part of your transformation is scheduled for next week ... you haven't changed your mind, have you?" the surgeon asked, tossing his gloves into a sealable receptacle and taking a seat behind his desk.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, I fully understand your reluctance. After all, there is a sense of genuine finality that accompanies such a drastic life altering procedure."

"Is there anything else?" the patient asked, clearly anxious to leave.

"Just two things ..."

"Yes?"

"My fee and a question."

The patient reached into an attaché case, removed a wad of cash and pushed it across the desk, her highly polished fingernails glistening from the overhead lights, "And the question?" the patient asked.

"Have you chosen a new name for yourself?"

"Melanie Sands."

"Wonderful," the surgeon said, as he rose from behind his desk, approached the now standing patient and extended his hand. "It's been a pleasure, Marcus, oh excuse me, Melanie," he said.

"The pleasure has been all mine," Marcus declared, as he clasped the outstretched hand, pulled the doctor closer and with one quick movement, dropped the scalpel into his free hand and silently slit the doctor's throat.

With the surgeon lying dead on the floor, Marcus washed his hands, removed a cell phone from the doctor's desk and passed through the empty waiting room on his way to the street. Two blocks away, he opened the flip phone and dialed the airlines.

"... yes, there is a first class opening on that New York flight, madame," the reservation agent said, "I will need your name and credit card number."

"It's a corporate card in the name of the Sands Foundation. I am Melanie Sands and the number is ... "

The End