Another Day In The Life Of An Assassin

ASher kneeled on top of a ten story building, staring down the scope of his silenced 40 cal rifle, his short blond hair swayed slightly in the spring breeze. Between two big, looming bodyguards walked the target more than two blocks away, he'd walked out of the courthouse so sure of himself that he was untouchable. Calmly adjusting his sight for the wind, Asher took his shoot knowing that the man was dead without having to wait for the bullet to hit the man. Dealing death had been his job for years and he was the best at what he did.

Expertly his hands moved, dissembling the rifle and storing it into a carrying case disguised as a standard black suitcase. Fixing the tailored black suit he was wearing, he headed for the staircase of the building. Gilding gracefully and quickly down the stairs, he was out of the building in a matter of minutes. He drifted into the busy city crowd, letting his self be carried away by the river of people; Ignorant of whom .he was, no one paid him any attention. Jostling along within the.crowds, he ducked into a closed small . diner, whose dark tinted.windows keep people from seeing in.

· Kelley, a tall brunette with the most alluring bright green eyes, sat behind a table in the middle of the place, wearing a pair of black slacks and a blood, red blouse. Letting a smile cross her face she threw a thick wad of hundred dollar bills to Asher. Marking the dimly lit room with a faint glow, a television that hangs in a comer of the

room shows the headline "Deadly Shooting on Courthouse Steps." Nodding towards the

television, Kelley remarks,''The wife, or should I say widow, sends her thanks. Obviously they haven't any leads since a picture of you hasn't appeared." Pausing from his counting of the money, even though he know it would all be there Kelley had never tried to mess with his money, he gave the barest of nods to let her know he had heard.

Quietly he turned on his heels and exited the diner without a word to Kelley, knowing she would contact him with the next contract. Returning to the street outside, he found it had cleared considerably in the time since he had entered the diner. Settling himself into his alternate persona, he smiled and strolled towards his luxurious apartment across town, a new air about him.

Tom, the old doorman, greeted Asher in his usually cheerful demeanor opening the door, "How was work today sir? "

"Unbelievable well" he smirked as he strolled through the door, knowing that the

old man had no idea that he was an assassin.

Veering towards an empty elevator, he hit the button for the fifteenth floor. Whistling to himself, he exited the elevator at his floor 'and proceeded into his apartment. Xanadu, was one way to describe the luxuriousness of his apartment; it should that he lived in the utmost luxury. Yawning, he headed towards his bedroom disrobing as me went. Zapped of his strength, he drifted to sleep feeling h ppy with the events of the day.