

# Prologue

Creed Harding sat at a bar with a glass of scotch in his right hand. It had been years since he'd been in St. Louis, and he was ever so glad to be back. News of Victor and Anthony Sorelli's deaths had spread throughout the criminal underworld of Missouri. For many it was a sorrowful time, the Sorelli empire had been something to look up to; an inspiration of sorts. For Creed, however, it was a time of celebration. Victor Sorelli had tried to kill Creed several years ago; luckily he had escaped and left evidence that the hit had been successful. Even with their untimely demise, the Sorellis wouldn't really be gone. What was the phrase? Legends never die.

The dimly lit watering hole had three other patrons spread throughout its interior. The scent of cigarettes and alcohol permeated the air. Creed breathed deeply, relishing in the toxic fumes. He took a sip from his glass.

Creed had read that the men responsible for bringing down Victor Sorelli were Detectives Luke Burrows and Brandon Mason. Strangely enough, it was Sorelli's lawyer that killed the elder crime lord. The police department wasn't giving away very many details about the affair, but that didn't matter. Not to Creed anyway. To gain control over what was left of the Sorelli infrastructure, Creed was going to need to be ruthless. Most of the organization had been picked up by the cops, those who hadn't had either fled or gone underground; trying their best to keep everything together as much as possible.

The brown haired man had already let it slip that he was back in town. He needed the rumors to circulate, the rats needed to take the information to the pigs. Once that had been done, it would only be a matter of time before he met with Detectives Burrows and Mason.

Taking another sip, he turned his attention to an old, small, box television that hung in the left corner behind the bar. On the screen was a news story about a local coroner by the name of Dr. Melinda Wright who had been shot and was taken to Memorial Hospital. A small smile tugged at the corners of Creed's lips as he took another sip of his scotch.