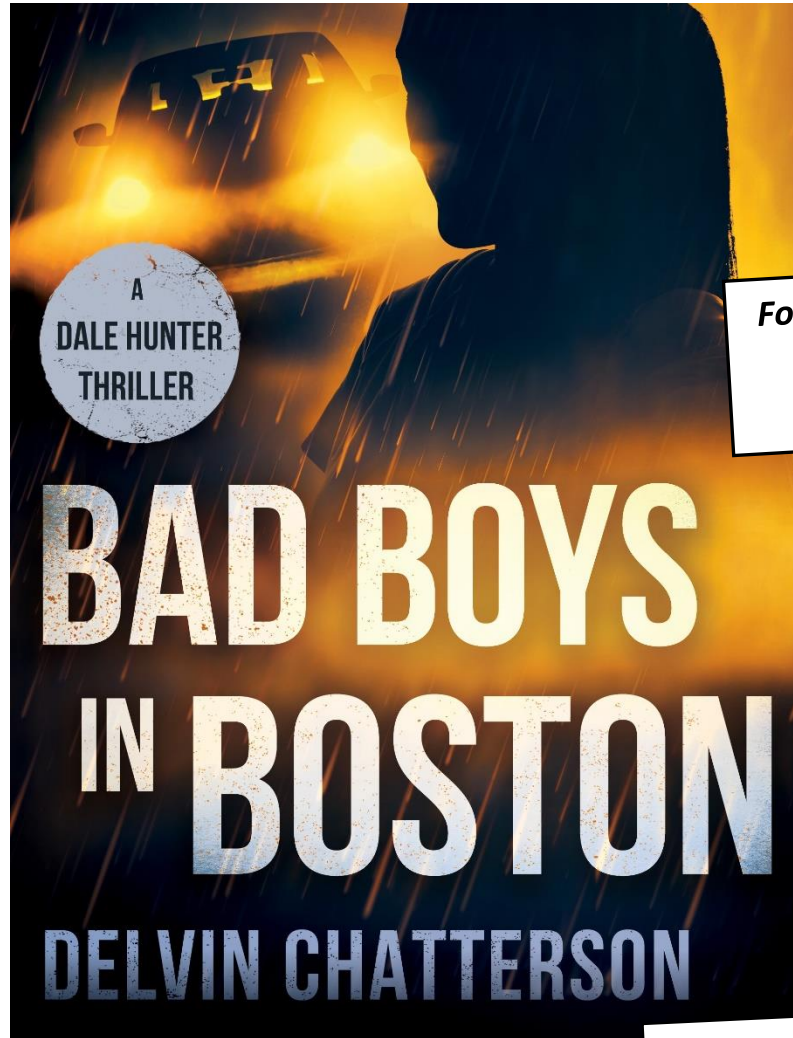


BAD BOYS IN BOSTON

It's just business, never personal.



*For Advance Reader
Review Only
Oct. 31, 2020*

New cover required

*Novel #4, Draft #1 Revision 1.50
For Advance Reader Review Only
Oct. 31, 2020 @ 10,000 words, 68 pages*

Bad Boys in Boston

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By Delvin R. Chatterson

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Bad Boys in Boston

*Dedicated to responsible entrepreneurs and their families everywhere,
trying to make a difference in improving the lives of others and fighting against
global crime and corruption harming people and the planet.*

BAD BOYS IN BOSTON

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BAD BOYS IN BOSTON

It's just business, never personal.

Who's who

Major characters in order of appearance

Frank the Fixer, Faysal Mohamed Abou – former licensed Private Investigator

Dale Hunter – 1980s retired entrepreneur in Montreal

Sean Hunter – Dale Hunter's son

Anthony Boncanno – son of former Montreal Mafia boss and Dale Hunter's foe, Gino Boncanno

Detective Brian McCluskey – Boston Police Department

Paulo Renaldi – Mafia boss in Montreal

Vasily Popovitch – Russian gangster in Boston

Boris Barishnikov – Russian gang leader in Boston

Bad Boys in Boston

Taking care of family

“Hi, Faysal,” said a male voice on the cell phone. “Do they still call you Frank the Fixer in Montreal?”

Frank had taken the call at home in his apartment. The setting sun over Mount Royal sent a warm orange light into the spacious but sparsely furnished living room. His large frame sprawled over the small sofa in front of a broad window. His elbow braced on the back holding the cell phone to his ear.

“Yeah, some do,” he said. “Other Muslims here still call me Faysal Mohamed, but for most now it’s Frank Abbott, the retired Private Investigator. For a cousin like you, Samuel, call me anything you like.”

“Actually, I was hoping to call you out of retirement.”

“Really? Why would you need a P.I?”

“You remember my daughter, Carmela? She left home about eighteen months ago?”

“Yeah, you were worried about her hanging out on the streets of Boston, then you just lost track of her entirely. Right?”

“Yeah, that’s right. Well, this week somebody found her, online.” He paused and Frank was aware of him taking a deep breath to prepare himself for more. “Not what any parent ever wants to see. I can’t watch even it.” He choked up and couldn’t finish. Frank waited for him to continue.

“I don’t..., I can’t...,” he hesitated. “She’s in a porn video! People are paying to watch her... A former neighbour from Boston saw her and called to tell me. You don’t want to know more, Frank. It’s awful. I know it’s her and I can’t watch it. It’s killing me.”

“My God! That’s terrible, Samuel. I hate to hear she got caught up in that ugly business. You think she’s still in Boston?”

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“I don’t know. That’s what we want you to find out. We went to the police and they’ve done nothing. We still don’t know where she is or how to rescue her. We’re hoping you can help.”

Frank frowned as he listened to his cousin. He asked few questions and Samuel didn’t have much more he could say, but Frank’s pained expression etched deeper as the ugliness became clearer.

Part 1

Lost in the cloud

Bad Boys in Boston

1. Winter golf

It was early spring and there was still a foot of snow covering most of the golf course. It had blown off the top of the low rolling hillsides and drifted across the fairways into the sand traps. All winter long it seemed like the wind had been blowing snow steadily east from Montana all the way to Minnesota.

A short heavy-set man in a dark blue ski jacket and grey nylon snow pants trudged through the snow. He raised a gloved hand to pull the brim of his wool hat lower over his eyes and scanned the horizon. He looked angry.

Where the hell are those fuckin' cross-country skiers? They needa stay off my goddamn golf course.

He preferred the dry cold and drifting snow of winter in Minnesota to the bitter damp cold and biting wind of Montreal that he had left behind just two years ago, but hanging out with his old friends in Miami would have been a better choice for the winter months. Unfortunately, hanging out with his old friends anywhere was a dangerous idea.

He knew the Mafia families in Montreal were still out to kill him for interfering with their operations in the city. To make matters worse, he had transferred his loyalties from the Montreal Mafia to the Russian gangsters in Boston and organized the prostitutes there for human trafficking and producing porn videos. There was a lot of money to be made in the sex trade and online pornography. He had expanded the business in Boston, as well as Montreal and New York, and had made a lot of jealous rivals angry in the process.

He had recently learned they had a contract out to kill him. But they'd never find him in Minnesota. He had invested in the latest internet technology and security and brought in top computer expertise to maintain the secure high-performance web-based systems and keep them operating in the cloud, as they called it. The online business was generating millions in

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cash flow every month. But the more successful he became, the more his former Mafia rivals were looking for revenge and the more interested they were in taking the business back.

The man formerly known as Anthony Boncanno, a ruthless Mafia gangster in Montreal, was now known as Tony Duncan, a reclusive retired businessman and the owner of a private golf course in Minerva, Minnesota.

He had a long criminal history in Montreal and was the son of Gino Boncanno. Young Anthony was a shy, polite, quiet kid, but he learned from his bitter father that the only respect you got came from ruthless and violent enforcement of your demands on both your criminal associates and your victims. By his early forties he had achieved more than his father in building a small criminal organisation. Gino Boncanno had died peacefully in Florida after a rapid decline with congestive heart failure resulting from a lifetime of self-indulgence in unhealthy habits and the frustration and fury of not being respected by the more powerful Mafia families in Montreal.

Anthony was driven to show them the Boncanno family deserved better. He never intended to be hiding out a thousand miles away from Montreal to avoid the violent attacks his father had endured decades earlier. This was a temporary safe haven he had found far from the familiar home territory. His plan was to continue to amass enough wealth and power to get back into the action in the major East Coast cities and confront the other Mafia families from a position of strength. He was making fast progress on that plan.

He was still running the operations based in Boston and he was on the computer and his cell phone a lot. Nothing to worry about. All his systems were very secure from hackers or law enforcement. Something his computer experts were very good at. Nobody would ever find him online either.

Anthony stomped down the middle of the snow-covered fairway toward an elevated green where he could get a better view of any trespassers. He looked past the few tall dark triangular silhouettes of spruce and pine that delineated the fairways and partially sheltered the greens. The course architect had designed the course around the few tall Lombardi poplars that had originally shaded and protected the scattered farmhouses and gardens from the hot summer

Bad Boys in Boston

sun and prevailing winds. They now stood as dark sentinels randomly stationed above the white fields of snow.

The offending skiers were nowhere to be seen and their tracks had been obliterated by the drifting snow. He trudged on, scowling across the flat fairways and squinting through the trees to the horizon ahead.

Suddenly, he felt a bruising thump in the middle of his back. His body jerked forward and his head snapped back. Pain ripped through his chest as a hollow-nosed bullet blew a hole out the front of his ski jacket with a puff of goose down and synthetic fibre and blood burst out onto the snow in front of him. Wide-eyed in shock, he collapsed to his knees, then fell silently forward. His face plunged straight into the bloody red patch of snow. Soft snowflakes floated up silently above him then drifted back down over his lifeless body.

Protruding out of the dark clump of evergreens by the closed clubhouse and the first tee on a small rise about two hundred yards away, a long black rifle barrel was drawn back out of sight.

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2. Dark in Denver

Denver, Colorado, sprawls across the foothills and prairie ranchland along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It's a modern American city with high rises downtown and swirls of concrete freeway by-passing the suburbs spreading in all directions.

In one of those suburbs to the west, in a large ranch-style bungalow, a tall man in a blue button-down shirt pulled tightly over his slight paunch went down the stairs into the basement. He walked through a finished family room toward a washroom in the corner at the far end. He glanced up over at the wall and the bare patch of wooden panelling above the bar where the previous owners had removed an impressive long-horn steer rack that had been mounted there. It was cowboy country, after all. They had taken down the mounted rack when they moved out.

He had thought he needed to put something up there himself, but had not yet decided what to do exactly. *Maybe a rack of African antelope antlers to remind me of home. Yeah, sure. Where the hell will I find those? I'm never going back to Somalia for souvenirs.*

He had moved his family to Denver from Boston in September. It was now the middle of winter and he was still adjusting to his new environment and the new job at the pharmaceutical research centre of the University of Colorado. His wife was also a Somalian refugee from thirty years ago and they had met in Boston. She had been slower to adapt to the ways of America and Denver was even more difficult. She had become isolated and lonely for her Muslim friends and had not yet developed a new social circle. Their son had remained at Boston U. but their daughter had moved with them and transferred from a prep school in Massachusetts to another private high school nestled in the foothills.

The man went across the open room into the washroom and flicked on the light. He reached under the sink for a tall squeeze bottle of hand lotion. He turned the light off again and went back across the room into his office, turned on the desk lamp and set the hand lotion

Bad Boys in Boston

down beside the computer keyboard. He turned back to the door, pulled it closed and snapped the deadbolt to lock it. A conveniently secure office installed by the previous owners. He sat in front of the desk and reached forward to turn on the laptop computer connected to a large screen facing him.

The screen quickly illuminated and he logged in. With a few mouse clicks he logged in again to a secure site called PornHub and logged in again. He scrolled through the links to a site called *Wild Wicked & Black* and opened it to a screen full of scrolling videos with naked women making suggestive gestures. He clicked on one and the video opened to full screen so show a young black girl sitting on the end of a small bed facing the camera with her knees apart. She was leaning forward, her long straight hair swaying slowly over naked thighs and blocking the view of her crotch.

The man leaned back in his chair, undid his belt and opened the zipper of his pants. He took the hand lotion and squirted cream into his hand. *Happy Valentine's Day*, he thought to himself, remembering the goodnight kiss on his wife's cheek before she went to bed. She was never particularly romantic and not very responsive to the love-making efforts of her husband. Valentine's Day had no special significance to her.

The young black girl swaying her hair back and forth started to lean back on the bed. She pushed one hand down into her crotch to manipulate her fingers into her vagina and pushed her hair back with the other hand. She raised her head to look into the camera straight at the man sitting at his desk.

The man slipped his hand into his underwear and started to slide it tightly around his penis. He looked up into the face of the girl who as staring at him with drowsy eyes and an emotionless expression.

Suddenly, a jolt hit the man in the back of his neck. He recoiled and gripped the arm of his chair.

Oh God, no. I know her! It's ..., it's ..., Carmela. Oh no, please God, save me.

He slapped at the mouse and the screen went black. It opened to the screen-saver image of a bright orange and red sunset over the Rockies.

3. I've been hacked!

Mr. Hunter,

Sorry for the interruption, but you no longer have access to your computer. I have complete control over your operating systems, your files and your network connections. To demonstrate your vulnerability, I have shown a short list below of the recent files you've accessed and the websites you've visited.

You will now need my instructions to recover access to your computer and retrieve data or visit those websites again.

God-dammit! This is no way to start my day. I'd just sat down at the computer in my home office to check on my stock portfolio and make a few quick trades in the market. As soon as I turned it on, this message filled the screen. I scrolled down the list of files and websites. It was definitely my history.

But my son, Sean, had told me my computer was secure. And he's the damn security expert. I hope he can fix this.

I continued reading the message.

It is not my intention to hold your files for ransom or to sell your personal information on the Internet. You should be aware, however, that your systems need better protection as you are vulnerable to attack from unscrupulous hackers. They might demand payment before allowing you access to your computer systems.

My intent, instead, is to demonstrate that we are capable of fixing your security deficiencies and ensuring that you prevent these attacks. If you are interested to receive our diagnosis of the deficiencies and our recommendations for the fixes, please call me

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at the number below or reply to the email copy of this message that will now be in your inbox.

To remove this message and recover access to your computer, simply hit the 'Esc' key on your keyboard. We will immediately lock ourselves out of your computer and delete and destroy any personal data we may have acquired during this temporary access.

Please excuse the intrusion, but we thought you should be aware of your vulnerability to hacking. I look forward to hearing from you and assisting with making your computer systems more secure.

Sincerely,

Sean Hunter,

Founder and CEO of Six Sigma Security.

Hi Dad, you wanted to know how we manage to grow our business so fast. This is how we get people's attention. See you soon.

Don't worry, you're safe to hit the Esc key.

Sean

Hell, no. I'm not touching anything. I picked up my cell phone and called his number.

"Hey Dad, how's your day going?"

"Smart ass, you trying to give me a heart attack?"

He was laughing as I hit the Esc key and my home screen appeared looking just fine.

I told him, "If I have any problems now, you're getting a call for immediate service. I thought you said my computer was secure against hackers."

"No, I said you're fine for a home computer user. You're not really a target for the serious hackers and pros like me, but I'll put some better protection on it next time I'm over. I'll look at your cell phone and put better protection on it too. Then you won't have to worry about getting hacked. Nobody else will ever see those terribly inappropriate websites you've been visiting. Jeez, Dad, you need to find a better way to spend your time."

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“OK, Sean, just stick to the technical advice, where you know what you’re talking about. I’m doing fine. Just another comfortably retired old-timer, living it up. Couldn’t be better. Thanks for asking.”

“Glad to hear it. Now I have to get back to work and scare the shit out of somebody else who needs me even more than you do.”

“Impressive sales tactics, Sean. Glad to see you learned something from your old man. That shy, quiet computer geek you used to be has turned into a ruthless aggressive entrepreneur after all.”

“Thanks, Dad. I’m sure there’s an accidental compliment in there somewhere. Bye for now.”

4. Bad Boys in Boston

The massive piers of the port of Boston stretch out like peninsulas jutting into Boston Harbor. The port faces east toward the Atlantic not far from the city centre and South Boston and lies across the bay from Logan International Airport. At night the piers are illuminated at one end by the cruise ships and ferries and at the other end construction lights shine brightly on a few operating cranes moving containers back and forth from the pier to the loading areas. Away from the bright lights and constant activity are acres of huge stacked rectangular steel boxes. The container storage area is in the dark except for a few security lights. In the distance to the east, the silhouette of Fort Independence sits on Castle Hill against a black sky stretch to the horizon over the Atlantic.

Between the stacks of containers are narrow passageways and dark shadows with patches of light glistening off the wet steel panels and the puddles on the black asphalt left from the light rain earlier in the evening. Standing in the passageway beside the high walls of stacked containers are two men chatting and puffing on cigarettes pinched between their fingers. They are both dressed in the plain clothes of dock workers and ship's crew. The tall muscular young man has blond close-cropped hair and a stance of superiority, while the older man with long straight black hair slouches in front of him and looks sideways in both directions, cautiously.

The young blond tips his head toward the security camera on a telephone pole above them and says, "Don't worry, that one belongs to us, not the Boston Port Authority." His East European accent makes it sound like, "*Don't vurry, dat vun belongs to us.*"

He hands the older man a large roll of cash. "Thank you, Carlos. The boss will be pleased. You make good choice these girls. They seem even happy to be here. Like they're going to Hollywood." He laughs, "Ha!" and shakes his head.

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Carlos looks proud of himself as he stuffs the roll of cash into his jacket pocket. “Yeah, they’re future porn stars,” he says. “I told them you’d do a screen test right here in your studio.”

The blonde nods. “We’ll do a screen test all right, but there’s no future for porn stars. Too many amateurs like these girls making videos. Doing stuff no porn star would ever do, for any price. The amateurs are better anyway. No acting. It’s the real thing, pleasure or pain.” He smiles, shaking his head again. “You wanna watch the screen test, Carlos? Maybe you can be a porn star too. We pay extra for that. And no pain for you, just for the girl if you want it. Do you like one of the girls you brought us tonight?”

Carlos frowns and backs away. “No, no. I did my job and got paid. Thank you. I’m going back to the cruise ship.”

“No problem. Have a good day in port, my friend. Call me if you have any more porn stars to unload. You got the girls, I got the cash. Good night, Carlos.”

They turn and walk in opposite directions down the dark passageway.

Bad Boys in Boston

Young Faysal in Mogadishu, Somalia – 1977

The residential streets of urban Mogadishu were quiet and dark away from the noise of the city centre. The low-rise houses of white plaster and cement blocks were mostly unlit and sat close together along the narrow street behind low walls topped with barbed wire or steel bars, mostly in disrepair with section broken or torn away.

Inside one of those houses on the second floor, a slim teenager stirred restlessly on the sheets of his single bed in the steaming hot darkness of the night. His skin glistened with sweat and the wet curls of hair clung to his forehead.

He had awakened to muffled voices and bumping noises from downstairs where his parents were sleeping. His sister did not stir in the small bed against the facing wall across from the boy in the small bedroom.

He rolled off the bed and stepped quietly in bare feet to the top of the stairs to listen. There was definitely something wrong. Strangers were in the house. He wore boxer shorts and pulled his tee shirt straight over his shoulders before tiptoeing barefoot down the stairs.

He got to the main floor and looked down the hallway into his parents' bedroom. His eyes widened and his mouth dropped open as he saw them both lying awkwardly in the bed, motionless, in bright red blood-soaked sheets. Beside the bed, a skinny black man with a wild head of hair stood with his back to the doorway in a loose green shirt, baggy shorts and brown leather sandals. He was pulling open the dresser drawers and rifling through each one.

The boy screamed and rushed at the man. "What have you done!"

The man whirled around and held out a knife still dripping with blood, pointing it at the boy's face.

The boy's rage compelled him forward, ignoring the weapon. He slammed the knife away and crashed with the stranger to the floor. The knife bounced off the wall and fell to the floor. The boy was on the man's back gripping the hair at the back of his head and pounding his face

Bad Boys in Boston

into the floor when he saw the knife beside them. He picked it up and jabbed it ferociously into the man's neck under the jaw. Twice. Three times.

The blood gushed out over his hand as the man went limp and collapsed under him. The boy relaxed and stood with the knife in his hand, backing away from the body on the floor and looking again at his dead parents in the bed.

Suddenly the bedroom door banged loudly against the wall and a large black man stood looking at him and the scene of blood-soaked bodies. He yelled a filthy Somalian curse and raised a broad machete above his head as he cautiously approached with an angry glare.

The boy lunged at him under the raised machete, gripping the knife. He plunged it into the big man's belly as they both fell backwards into the doorway. The boy switched his grip on the knife, raised it over his head and plunged it hard into the man's chest. The knife twisted between his ribs and went straight in deep. The boy pulled it out with two hands and stabbed him again. And a third time before falling back and leaning against the wall. The big man lay still, flat on his back and never moved as the boy climbed off him.

Then the boy looked down the hall to see his little sister at the bottom of the stairs, looking wildly around him and into the bedroom.

She shrieked, "Faysal, what happened! Let me see! What happened!"

Faysal stepped over the man and came quickly to kneel beside her, pulling her head to his chest so she couldn't see the carnage in the bedroom.

He stroked her hair and said, "It's terrible, Mihala. They've murdered Mommy and Daddy. We've to go. Quickly. The two men are dead, but they may have friends who are coming. I'll take you to Uncle Thomas and we can stay there tonight. I'll go to the police in the morning."

"No, no, no!" she wailed and tried to pull away to go to her parents. He held her tight.

"Mihala, there is nothing more to do now. I'll come back with the police in the morning." He guided her gently back upstairs to dress and take a few things with them. He knew they were never coming back.

Part 2

Looking for trouble

Bad Boys in Boston

5. Taking care of family

After the phone call from his cousin, Frank decided he should speak to his sister, Mihala, about the situation and see what he could learn from her daughter, Isa, who had spent time with the cousins and Carmela in Boston about two years ago. Maybe Isa would remember something that could help lead Frank to the friends who might to explain where she had gone.

Mihala had come from Somalia to Montreal two years after her brother almost forty years ago. They had both followed the family connections through Boston and entered Canada as refugees. Frank had helped her settle in with a foster family and kept a close eye on her until she graduated from university at McGill. Mihala had made a successful career for herself as a social worker, but with government cutbacks she now worked irregular hours on contract with the Ministry of Family Services.

Mihala and Isa lived together in a small townhouse in the neighbourhood know as N.D.G., Notre-Dame-de-Grace, located on the other side of Mount Royal from Frank's apartment on the Plateau and north-west of downtown. The neighbourhood was developed mostly in the early 1900s and was popular with small middle-class families, students and professionals who wanted to be close to the city centre in reasonably economical housing.

Frank knew that Mihala constantly worried about Isa and the friends she spent time with. She knew too much about the dangers for young people in Montreal and the effect of bad decisions and poor choices that could affect the rest of their lives. Her own history, arriving as a young teenage refugee from Somalia and integrating into a French-Canadian milieu had not been easy and she had learned the hard way to avoid potentially harmful situations. She had been in and out of several serious relationships and had married Isa's father when she became pregnant, but the marriage only lasted about seven years. Isa was now eighteen and studying at McGill herself.

Bad Boys in Boston

Frank had called in the morning to tell them about the call from Boston and confirm when both would be home so he could talk to Isa about Carmela. They had agreed he should join them for dinner and they could meet then.

After friendly greetings and a quick chat about work and school, Frank told them what he had learned from their cousin, Samuel, about Carmela being trafficked into the sex trade and online pornography, but without all the horrific details that still bothered him to even think about, especially while sitting in front of Isa. But Isa was soon nodding her understanding of the situation. She was tall and slim, with large dark eyes and long straight hair, usually looking serious and thoughtful, but when she broke into a happy smile it lit up the room. All very much like her mother, Mihala.

Isa said, “I was kind of worried about her even two years ago when we were together that summer. Carmela had some pretty shady friends who made me nervous. Flashy sports cars, expensive clothes and jewelry, lots of gangster talk. Very macho and a bit whacko, I thought, but Carmela was impressed. She liked to hang out with them and she enjoyed all the attention she got. She’s gorgeous and a little bit loose, I think. Ready to sleep with anybody who appealed to her.”

Frank asked, “Were they doing drugs then too?”

“Some were dealing, I think,” said Isa.

Mihala looked alarmed. “Isa, you never told me any of that when you came home from Boston that summer. I hope you know enough to stay away from those kinds of people here in Montreal. What about your own friends? Your new boyfriend picks you up in a pretty nice car.”

Isa gave her a dismissive look but didn’t respond. Frank raised an eyebrow at Mihala. He didn’t need to remind her about rescuing her from some bad influences during her own days at university in Montreal.

He turned to Isa and asked, “Could you identify any particular gangs among Carmela’s friends? Do you think they were introducing girls into the sex trade?”

Bad Boys in Boston

“No, there was no sign of that. And I wouldn’t know one gang from another. I think they were mostly faking it or pretty low-level jerks-offs working for drug dealers. The money was coming from somewhere though. They seemed to have lots to spend.”

“You’re probably right,” said Frank. “Maybe they were the entry for Carmela and she just lost control of it. She got hooked on drugs herself, apparently.”

Isa was shaking her head. “It’s a curse,” she said. “You don’t have to go looking for trouble or mixing with those people to run into it. The pushers are everywhere. They hang around McGill all the time.”

“It is a curse,” said Mihala, “and half my clients are fighting addictions as well as their other social problems and mental health issues.”

“OK,” said Frank. “You guys are depressing. Unless you have some good news to share, I’m out of here.”

Mihala said, “Wait a minute. What about your favourite dessert? I made halwa specially for you.”

“Can I take it with me? I have to go home and get to work tracking down Carmela.”

“No,” said Mihala. “Isa likes it too, so you’ll have to share.”

Frank scowled at Isa, then rubbed the top of her head and pushed her hair over her face. They grinned at each other as Frank said, “OK, you win with that argument. I’ll stay a little longer for dessert, just give me a minute to call my old friend, Dale Hunter. He knows Boston better than me. Maybe he can help track down Carmela, whether she’s lost in Boston or lost on the internet. He’s a computer guy, too, from way back.”

Frank left the dining room and reached for the cell phone in the pocket of his light jacket hanging in the front hallway. He pulled it out and glanced back at Mihala putting large portions of sweet honey-soaked halwa on three small plates. He started dialing as he turned into the living room and slumped into a large armchair for a private chat.

Bad Boys in Boston

6. Good Boys in Montreal

Frank the Fixer & Dale Hunter get to work on a rescue plan.

7. Tale of three cities

On the road from Montreal to Boston - 1st visit to Boston PD. Two historic, picturesque, East coast port cities similar gangland violence, organised crime ... compared to Mogadishu.

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

8. Release the Robots

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

9. Looking for trouble

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

10. Bad Boys in Boston

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

11. Boston family connection

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

12. Montreal family connection

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

13. Meet the Renaldis

14. Back to Boston

15. Back to Boston

Young Faysal in Mogadishu, Somalia – 1977

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

16. On the road again

Frank in Mogadishu, Somalia – 1999

Content per the Outline & Scene List – To be completed.

17. Getting closer

18. Boston Bad Boys

Part 3 – A change in management

19. Baddest Boy in Boston

20. The Somalian connection

21. Frank makes an offer

22.

23. Frank delivers

24. Bye bye Boris

25. Dale in action

26. Change in management

27. Family effects

28.

29.

Part 4 – It never ends

30. Close to home

31. It never ends

32.

33. The End

The Author – Delvin Chatterson



Like Dale Hunter, Del Chatterson is an engineer from the University of British Columbia with an MBA from McGill, and he ran a computer products distribution business in Montreal in the 1980s. Some of the stories in the Dale Hunter Series actually happened, most are fiction. “These are my worst nightmares,” he says, “that I decided to share through the novels.”

Del started his own business, called TTX Computer Products, in 1986 and grew it to \$20 million a year in sales with distribution centres in Montreal and Boston. He then took it into a merger to expand the business across Canada. The merger was eventually wound up as the computer industry rapidly evolved to become more concentrated around a few major players, squeezing out smaller businesses.

Del is a strategic advisor, consultant, coach, and cheerleader for entrepreneurs and has written extensively on business topics for decades. In addition to this series of Dale Hunter crime novels, Del is also working on a short story collection and new editions of his two previously published business books, *Don't Do It the Hard Way*, ‘A wise man learns from the mistakes of others, only a fool insists on making his own,’ and *The Complete Do-It-Yourself Guide to Business Plans*: ‘It’s about the process, not the product.’

Originally from the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia, Del has lived and worked for most of the past forty years in the fascinating, multicultural, bilingual, French-Canadian city of Montreal, Quebec. Del has helped entrepreneurs around the world, including volunteer consulting and financial support in developing economies and in Indigenous communities. His own life experience includes running nine marathons after the age of fifty (setting no records, but never being last) and running for Member of Parliament in the 2000 Canadian federal election. (He came second, not last.)

You can learn more about Del at his author website: DelvinChatterson.com and more of his advice for entrepreneurs at: LearningEntrepreneurship.com. You may also follow Del on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, or LinkedIn. Thank you for sharing his books and providing your feedback, comments, and reviews. Del welcomes any opportunity to connect with his readers, fans and friends.

Bad Boys in Boston