

Chapter Five, in which some sharks sit by a pool, and discuss the immediate future, but do not eat each other.

Frank and Vinnie, for Vincent was just for clients, sat back in the lawn chairs by the pool at Frank's house, where Val had joined them for a drink, having been rejected, much to her dismay, by Dan.

"That should hold us for a while," Vinnie said, with a satisfied look on his face.

"We get rid of Andy, with maybe twenty-five, and that leaves us with fifteen. That's a lot of profit for a day's work."

"I'll worry about the money, you worry about actually getting rid of Andy. I have met patsies in my life, but that guy was going to be the death of me. Who wears flip flops and a tank top to a construction site?" Frank groaned, looking more worried than his pal.

But that was par for the course. Frank took care of the books and strategy, with Val's help, he grudgingly acknowledged to himself, while Vinnie took care of anything else. And there was always something else it seemed, which suited Vinnie just fine, being the strong, silent type. Action not thought was his forte.

"And speaking of spending money, I think we need to spend a little of it getting over to the resort and making sure nothing gets Dan thinking too hard," he continued.

"The operation should have been all cleaned out, but you just can't trust those islanders, always have their own schemes afoot. But the salvagers should have removed anything incriminating, and they never talk, especially with the government taking such an interest lately."

"Hey Val," Frank called to her over at the outdoor bar, where she was fixing herself a consolation prize, still smarting from the evening's failed hunt, which had been a blow to her pride. Was she losing it, she thought, showing her thirty some years? She tightened her already taught midriff and walked over to the two men.

"I've been thinking ..," Frank started, as Vinnie chimed in "working without tools," unaware as always of the irony hidden in his oft repeated jokes.

"How about you head on over there too and keep trying to get your hooks into Dan," he paused, and gave her a not very pleasant, lingering glance.

"It looks like you might need to sharpen them a little first though, eh?" he added, fully aware of the disappointment in her eyes and more than a little irritated by it. Did she have to enjoy this so much?

Val sat down in the empty chair beside him and gently poked him with her elbow in the flesh roll that hung over the top of his swim trunks, as if by accident.

"Sure, Frank," she replied smiling up at him and turning on the persona that had gotten her this far, which, she thought to herself looking around, wasn't too shabby given her start in Puerto Rico. But she was an ambitious girl, this was getting big, and if they could just turn it over once or twice more ...

"We can get there tomorrow night, I already checked and [Bahamas Air](#) flies twice on Saturdays from Nassau. Three times if you count eight in the morning," she joked.

"But we will need a boat once there to get to the resort."

"That's no problem," Frank tightened up his gut as he responded, his mood improving as the alcohol dimmed his fears and the plan began to take shape.

"Vinnie can always borrow one."

This poor attempt at humour cracked the three of them up, and they raised their glasses in a toast to money, the one thing they were all sure they wanted.

