

Rolf Nagel

The End of the World Mafia

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Foreword

This novel describes the end of the international Mafia in 2020 and the story of a middle-class bank employee who - due to an intrigue - became the right-hand man of the Sicilian Mafia's supreme boss.

The author worked several decades as top manager in the international world of finance. As CEO of one of the first German risk capital firms that spoke out in favor of companies in the software world, he later gained deep insight into the financial flow of globally active equity investment banks.

It was inevitable and almost compulsory that he met dubious characters during such transactions. It must be said though that it is highly advisable not to get entangled personally in this shadow world.

For several years, the author developed the idea of writing a detective novel about the organization of the international Mafia. Own economic experiences were to contribute to the story. The novel does not lay any claim to scientific research and accuracy, but should reflect the author's personal impression.

During his own study of books, the author often experienced that he was unable to read a story from start to finish due to lack of time. Each time he started again,

he had to re-read several sections in order to be able to follow the story. This novel serves to counteract this problem and represents light reading making it easier to get back into the story again due to its coherent chapters and paragraphs. Therefore, it is well suited for vacation time or travels.

The author wishes to let economic circumstances slip into the story without demanding economic knowledge from the reader. Although there is by no lack of drama, it is not just another of the numerous blood-thirsty Mafia stories available.

The novel gives an account of the daily life of the person pulling the strings and provides a glimpse into his future. Mafia players in today's business world operate much less conspicuously than is generally assumed.

It cannot be ruled out that some events have actually occurred as described or will develop like this in the future. However, all actions are purely fictional. Similarities with places, activities or people are purely coincidental.

I hope you enjoy it.

The banker became victim of a sweet intrigue

Karl Grosser was torn out of his bourgeois existence and advanced to international Mafia boss through an intrigue. He was a tall, handsome man with strong distinctive cheekbones and a high sex appeal. He always laid emphasis on appropriate clothing and lived a well-balanced life. Had his life not been turned upside down in one single weekend, there would actually have been nothing special to report about him.

Like every Sunday, he walked alone along the promenade reflecting on his past life. He was satisfied with himself even though many of his colleagues considered him a bore. At 40, he had made it to a nice condominium and had been employed for many years as head of organization of a private financial institution. What more did he want? Women did not play any major role in his life and in his opinion that was a good thing. After all, didn't he see enough failed marriages and disastrous love affairs that regularly resulted in chaos?

In order to enjoy the sunset during his walks, he always sat at the river bank on a park bench that he already considered as his own. On this particular day, he also approached "his" park bench that he could see already from a distance of about 300 meters.

However, what was that? This had never happened in all the years. Somebody was sitting on his bench! It looked like a conspiracy, an attack on his person.

As he approached, he noticed the curves of an elegant woman. However, he did not intend to approach this person. This was maybe a woman who he would fall in love with without this being reciprocated. He could not expose himself to such a danger. What should he do? He wondered how he could deal with this surprise. Should he pass by without a glance and forego the delights of the sunset? Alternatively, should he maybe sit down on the park bench beside her? Fully ignoring her concentrated femininity of course.

When he was only a few meters from the park bench, he was forced to make a quick decision. To his own surprise, he addressed the pretty woman saying, "Hallo, may I sit here?"

At that precise moment, he had no idea what that small question would mean for the future of mankind. Cheerfully and with a smile on her red lips, the perky person answered, "With pleasure, sir."

With a short "thank you" he sat down next to her turning slightly away from her just to be on the safe side. He had been courteous enough in his opinion. He had no intention of continuing the conversation in any way at all. His growing anger also let little room for it, even though she was very pretty.

They sat several centimeters away from each other on his park bench, legs crossed in the same direction,

something every psychology student would probably have interpreted as being a mutual expression of interest. Some time passed by without any communication between the two. Had this woman not launched the next attack, the story could already have ended here.

The young woman opened her outrageously expensive handbag and pulled out a gold cigarette case from which she took a lady's cigarette. Then she continued rummaging around in her bag as if she was searching through a suitcase large enough for a journey lasting several weeks. Karl played his part as if he hadn't noticed what was going on.

After a while, he heard her say, "Excuse me, sir, do you have a light?" Karl could hardly believe his ears. However, as he was a gentleman, he couldn't just ignore the question. Yes, he did have a lighter in his pocket. As a non-smoker, he only had it with him for occasions such as these. The elegant piece was not used often, but it had a right to exist for just such situations.

Without taking a closer look at the feminine curves, he opened his jacket and pulled out a shiny lighter from his inside pocket. He loved this ritual and sometimes wished he were a smoker simply to be able to enjoy this masculine role more often. With an elegant flip of the hand, he opened the lighter cap igniting the flame with practiced fingers.

The young lady drew closer to the flame puffing clumsily in order to light the cigarette. Even before

the cigarette began to glow, the pleasant, sweet fragrance of her perfume reached Karl's nostrils. He couldn't help but take note of well-rounded female proportions in her discreet cleavage. He noted how his body flew into unwanted surges of emotion. He felt a mixture of anger and unsuspected longing. His feelings were similar to those of a gladiator in the arena.

Wallowing in a haze of feelings, he heard the provocative voice of his neighbor once again, "Thank you, my name is Marian." He answered automatically, "Karl, my name is Karl Grosser." "Karl, were you born here?", he heard her ask in almost perfect German. The accent though implied a Romanic native language such as Spanish or Italian. Balancing between intimacy and respect, Marian chose well by using the combination of the formal "you" and first name which is unusual in Germany.

"Yes, I have spent my whole life in this city." He looked into her beautiful black eyes and noticed her subtly made-up facial features.

Immediately she added, "This really is a beautiful small town with a very special charm. It is probably even more beautiful to experience the city in togetherness. Unfortunately, I am here on my own today."

Karl wondered what she meant with this foolish talk of togetherness. He doubted that this direct manner corresponded with her natural upbringing. She couldn't be one of those women professionally committed to prostitution, could she? Nevertheless he replied politely, "I could imagine a beautiful woman like you has a partner at her side." "That is unfortunately not the case, but that may change. What about you, Karl? ", he heard her say. Karl replied, "My work leaves me little time for that, that hasn't happened yet."

He rejected the idea that Marian could be a prostitute. Impossible that that kind of woman could display such education and appearance. This was probably a lady from high society.

They chatted for a while about the city and its attractions when he suddenly heard, "Karl, I would be very happy if you would be my guest for dinner this evening and keep me company. Perhaps you can tell me more about your city? I hope you don't mind me asking."

Beguiled and completely unprepared for this offer, Karl replied with a simple "Yes, with pleasure!" After he uttered these words he was surprised at himself and realized that he had unexpectedly agreed to a rendezvous.

A sudden loud crash rang out and Karl turned around, startled. Also totally horrified, his neighbor looked behind her. There they saw that two cars had collided. Marian's face was now even paler than before. In that moment of shock it had not been possible to distinguish that the loud bang had come from the crash. It sounded rather like an exploding bomb. The resulting shock was greater than the situation was actually worth. Nothing had happened to the passengers. They got out of their vehicles safely and unharmed discussing loudly who the party at fault was. Nevertheless, Marian had gotten such a fright that she became a bit hectic.

Marian turned back to Karl and said, "Fine, please allow my chauffeur to pick you up at eight o'clock. Is that okay for you, Karl?"

She looked at him unrelentingly with a questioning glance. Again, he retorted automatically, "Yes! Yes, of course, with pleasure!"

Still thinking that stuttering was not really his thing, Karl pulled a private business card out of his jacket and handed it to her without saying a word.

"I am really pleased, Karl, so we will meet for dinner. Unfortunately, I have to go now." She stood up and walked towards the parking lot. This strength-sapping effort was indeed a bit too much for the inexperienced Marian. She was happy to have dealt with the matter so well.

From a distance, Karl saw her getting into a white limousine with a man holding the rear door open. Afterwards, the man got in the chauffeur's seat and started up the engine.

A huge jolt ran through Karl's body. What had just happened? He had just been torn out of his unchanging life by a few sentences. In just a few minutes, his evening had been planned without him having had the opportunity to oppose it. It was as if he was in a trance. He had not experienced anything like it in his entire life.

Should he be pleased? Or worried? Without his cooperation, someone had crept into his life. Moreover, someone from the female species, and he had not even able to use his male hunting instincts. Somewhat flattered he accepted his fate. His inexperience with the opposite sex was clearly to be blamed for the way his life had suddenly changed. What consequences would this have for his future life? It was all just terrible. However, there was no way he would give the date a miss.

He had to compose himself and develop a plan of action. Looking at his new, luxury watch, he noticed that he had only two hours left.

That was much too short a time to develop a plan with appropriate countermeasures. And he couldn't call any of his few friends. They would never have believed his story, even though he was regarded as being absolutely worthy of belief. Therefore, he set off quickly in the direction of his apartment.

On the first floor he unlocked his door and entered the apartment quickly. After closing the door he was in his most familiar surroundings. Here he felt safe and secure once again. Security - that was his life motto. However, in what unforeseeable adventure had he got himself into?

Shower and shave, do your hair and find a shirt, tie and a matching suit in a hurry. Pure stress! The phone rang and he raced out of the bathroom to answer the call. "Mother, I am very sorry, I have no time. No, mother, everything is fine! Yeah, sure. Yes, definitely. It's only I have a date with a lady. What? No, no, no wedding. What put that idea into your head? You will definitely get her to know first, if necessary! I will tell you tomorrow. See you then."

Dear God, his mother was already thinking about marriage. But that wasn't something he could think about now.

He talked to himself, "I'm in a hurry! The clock is ticking!" What can a man do in the remaining hour? Ah! Socks, but where are they? Yes, of course, in the closet! One? But there are always two! A breast pocket handkerchief to match the suit and a matching tie. The sock! Where is that damn sock? One black and one gray.

This is not something that usually happens to him. He normally always has everything in order. Everything had its place. But what now? Today of all days everything was chaotic. Now the entire apartment seemed

to be the epitome of disorder. Shoes! Yes, there! Wonderful. Put them on. There are two of the same, therefore one pair. The best thing is a pair. Stop! First the socks. But still two different ones. Only a cognac could help here. He called himself to order, "Karl, cognac in the afternoon? No, that will not do, that will never do!" So he put the bottle back.

Karl thought, "I am never going to manage like this. I have to start things systematically - as always. First the underwear, then the socks, then the shirt and finally knot the tie."

There were still a whole 30 minutes left. It was an apparently impossible task in this short time. The second sock and it's exactly the same color, two matching shoes, a pair. Wonderful!

Karl was actually ready to take part in the Olympics. Now go to the mirror! He knotted his tie skillfully around his neck, in the collar intended for it. Perfect! Next! Pants! A man needs a belt for his pants. Jacket. Ready!

Awesome! Everything in a record time of just 50 minutes. His inner voice reminded him just in time about flowers. What? That too? Yes, flowers. But first the cufflinks. Where do you get flowers? But a gentleman has to have flowers, at least for a first date. It was clear to him already that from now on everything in his life would be chaos.

Nevertheless, he still had to go to work as usual the next day. The best thing would be for him to go to a

doctor tomorrow to get a sick note. He could not possibly work in the condition he is in at the moment. Until now, he hadn't been absent one single hour during his entire working life.

Only 15 minutes left. His world was close to ruins. Only a tsunami could bring him salvation. But this would probably not happen in Germany before 8 o'clock. No use moaning about it.

He rushed down the stairs. A florist - his rescue! It was as if everyone was rushing to get flowers. He had never seen anything like it. At the same time, he realized that he had probably not entered a flower shop during the last 20 years. Mother always got chocolates, the ones with the liquid centers. He finally made it to the head of the queue. The florist put together the most beautiful bouquet of flowers he had ever seen. He had the feeling that it cost more than the overall costs for the German reunification. Oh dear, he had to pay! His wallet was at home. He had never seen the shop clerk before in his life, yet she said, "No problem. Pay tomorrow, I know you. "

He raced back to his apartment. Everything was going well, nothing could go wrong anymore. His apartment door bell rang. He jumped to the window. He saw a white limousine on the road, a Rolls Royce. "This is my car for tonight? Middle-class Karl in a Rolls Royce?", he thought skeptically and hoped no one from the neighborhood would see him entering the swanky limousine. If that happened, they would think he had won in the lottery.

He crept quietly down the stairs, opening and closing the front door without making a noise.

"Mr. Karl Grosser?", he heard the chauffeur in a gray suit ask. At the same time, the chauffeur opened the rear door of the car. Karl looked around to see if anyone in the neighborhood had heard anything and got into the car quickly.

White leather seats. The vehicle doors closed with the same sound as the armored safe doors in his bank. Was this soft humming the road noise of the limo? A prince could not be rushed through the streets better. Expensive cars like this were not common in Karl's city. It was just as well that the car windows reflected so that nobody could see him. It would be unthinkable if his colleagues saw him in this limo. The bank would probably drag him in front of the anti-corruption committee and suspend him.

If only, as an exception, he hadn't gone for a walk that terrible day, or at least scurried past the park bench. Then he would have been spared all this fuss. Nevertheless, he wanted to meet the requirements of his new position in society.

Marian had been sitting in the private room of the restaurant for quite a while already thinking about the encounter with Karl that she and her father had been planning meticulously for several weeks. She actually already knew more about Karl than anybody else in his life.

The Mafia boss worried about his daughter's future

Together with her father, the daughter had found out about all of Karl's habits. What shoes he wore on which days, what food he preferred etc. Marion even knew about Karl's prostitute who he kept very secret and who he visited now and again. Despite this, she had to play her continued role of ignorance. Only by doing this was the success of the activity planned for the coming weeks ensured.

With Marian's 24th birthday laying ahead, her father Don Serjo Rosso began to think about a future husband for his daughter. The provocative Marian had been receiving numerous advances from quite attractive men since her early youth, however except for a few brief and insignificant affairs these remained unsuccessful.

Don Serjo Rosso, the boss ("capo di tutti capi") of the international Mafia, was known to the public only as a serious and impeccable businessman. Don was not the right term for a boss, more the term "capo". He was given the nickname Don, which was actually only entitled for heads of churches, at an early stage. He liked it and that's the way it stayed.

The Don had never come to the attention of the legal system. There were no vague speculations anywhere in the world that he ruled over a global Mafia network. In addition to his Mafia organization, Don Rosso had a vast network of interlaced company in-

vestments at his disposal. As head of the criminal organization - of the so-called honorable family - he remained unchallenged at the top of the hierarchical structure. The subordinate bosses formed the three ranks, ranks 1-3, behind him.

Just like the members of the first rank, the Don had inherited his position from his father. It was only possible to be included in the organization's first rank and inner circle through inheritance. If someone died without a male heir, the seat was closed and the tasks were distributed to the others. This security measure ensured that possible betrayers in the inner circle could be ruled out permanently. This had already been the top priority of the forefathers. Don Rosso was only personally known to the members of the inner circle, and he made sure that it stayed like this.

The information exchange in the inner circle took place via so-called messengers. This procedure had been found to be extremely efficient and safe over decades and generations.

Don Rosso had a top-secret plan to reorganize the entire structure of the Mafia by 2020. Nothing should remain the way it was. He had entrusted this long-term project to no-one, not even to his closest confidants and planned a period of seven years for its implementation.

Even though he was already approaching his seventies, Don Rosso was still both physically and mentally fit. With intelligence and foresight, he wanted to take measures relevant for the future of his family mem-