

letters from nowhere

“Of course, sir. I understand.” Brofi carefully placed the phone in its cradle and looked over at his associate, sitting at a small table in

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## chapter nine

**B**rofi  
stood at the

window, the phone pressed nervously to his ear as he stared at the darkened alley, on the edges of Bonfiel, far below. He hardly noticed his reflection in the glass, his nondescript suit nothing like the pale shirt and bright silken tie he’d worn two nights ago in the Abruzzian square.

“Yes, Your Majesty,” he said stiffly. “Pelimi has been—taken care of.”

He listened anxiously to the distant-sounding voice on the other end of the line, a knot slowly forming in his stomach.