

finger now that all of his targets were either gunned down or out of sight. But in that second, as the hail of bullets ceased, Vincetti saw his opportunity and leaned out from the safety of the stairs to plant two shots from his revolver in Mac's heart. Mac stumbled and collapsed to the floor. Vincetti, reaching him, grabbed him by the collar and lifted up his head.

"What the devil got into you, Mac?" Vincetti demanded. Mac, gurgling and dying, looked hazily up into Vincetti's severe expression.

"I don't . . . get it," he mumbled weakly, "why . . . the double-cross?" Then all sense of life fell away from his body and his limbs went limp.

*. . . he came bringing vengeance . . .
. . . but vengeance for what?*

*Who . . . who or what . . . was the menacing presence that stalked a
mobster's lair on a cold night in late 1937?*

*From where had he come, and how was it that he could strike
without warning, and vanish without trace?*

*Don't miss the full story of "Undying Vengeance" by Arthur K. Hammond,
appearing only in the Autumn 2017 issue of Startling Visions Magazine.*