

### **Chapter 3**

Riley was becoming a bit of a legend in the underworld. He was making solid money pulling a job every 3 to 4 months and he hadn't been caught yet. But he knew it was just a matter of time if he stayed at it. Riley needed a bigger score - one that would let him take a nice, long vacation.

The big scores don't come easily though. People's homes are one thing, breaking into some place substantial was a different story all together. For example, trying to take down a bank wasn't worth the risk. There would be security cameras, tellers behind bulletproof glass, armed guards, and monstrous safe. On top of all that, everyone would be trained in how to act and deal with the situation. A high-end art gallery or armored car would all be fraught with the same perils.

Nope, he needed a target with a high reward that would be relatively unprotected. In Riley's mind the answer was simple: A mid-range jewelry store in a modest sized town. Even a nice, quiet community of about a hundred thousand people would house a jewelry store carrying a couple million dollars worth of merchandise.

If he could get thirty cents on the dollar, which he was confident he could do, that would be six hundred thousand dollars. He figured a crew of six would be exactly what it would take to do the job right. That meant a hundred grand apiece. He wasn't going to retire on that, but it would allow him some time off to relax and plan his next job.