



**BRIGHTON BEACH, BROOKLYN.**



**Club  
Odessa.**

**OdEsSa**




*A club where  
all you need  
are two simple  
qualifications  
to get in.*




**You're  
Russian...**




**... and you're  
mob.**




*You can thank the owner for that, a guy by the name of Nikolai the Bear.*



*To say he's old-school Russian mob would be an understatement.*




*He likes cheap women, expensive vodka...*




*...and killing people.*

*And not necessarily in that order.*



*Time was, I'd be sitting across from this slob of a man, meeting about the common interests of his organization and the Calabreses'.*



*But now? My Calabrese mob days are over.*

In this case, what I'm after is a little bit of history.

The star of Saint Petersburg.

Said to have been worn by the Tsarina Alexandra herself during the Russian revolution...

... even up to the moment of her untimely death.

It floated around for years after that, soldier to collector to criminal...

... and now to Nikolai...

... who acquired it...

... well, like how he acquires most things.



*But as I said,  
Nikolai is old-  
school Russian  
mob.*

*Meaning he  
doesn't trust banks  
or museums to  
guard his prize.*

*He trusts  
himself.*

*Now the safe?  
Not a bad one,  
I have to say.*

*Top of the  
line, in fact.*