

Becomes 113

Chapter 0113

Bill's POV

I walk around my home office, watching the shadows flickering from the lamp. The earpiece warms my ear as I wait for James to speak.

"James, you there?" I ask. Static crackles on the other end.

"Yes, Bill. We're all set," James replies.

We've been planning this for days, going over every little detail. It's finally time for us to 'scare' Max Laurent.

I stop and lean against my desk. "Where did your guys find the two men helping you?"

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"Oh, Reed and Cooper?" James says. "Reed's a former soldier I found in a dive bar. He was looking to make a quick cash. Cooper used to work for Laurent and got screwed over. Now, he wants to get some payback."

I pause, thinking it over. "You sure they can get the job done?" Wwww.Ñovełwóř@.coM

James sounds confident. "Yeah, they'll get it done. No worries."

I nod, feeling a bit more at ease. "Alright. Keep me updated."

"Yeah. We're waiting outside his office. Max will be out any minute now," James says.

"Make sure your body cam is on," I tell James. "I want to see everything."

James replies, "It's on. You'll have a front-row seat."

I watch the live feed from James's body cam on my laptop. The view is shaky but clear, showing a side alley near the back of Max's office building. Reed and Cooper, wearing masks, are hiding behind a parked van. They're waiting like predators hunting for their prey.

After about 15 minutes, Max finally appears. He walks out of the building, unaware of what's about to happen. Reed and Cooper spring into action, moving quickly and silently.

Max hears them and starts to run. The camera shows a chaotic chase through narrow alleys and across streets. Max is fast, dodging around corners and obstacles. He almost escapes, but then he makes a wrong turn and finds himself at a dead end. Wwww.Ñovełwóř@.coM

Reed and Cooper close in, cutting off his escape. Max looks around frantically, realizing he has nowhere to go. With nowhere left to run, he's quickly overpowered. They grab him, securing his arms and forcing him to the ground.

James's voice comes through the earpiece. "Got him. We're bringing him in now."

Later, I look at my phone, watching the live feed from James's body cam. They're inside an old warehouse. It's dimly lit, with beams of light streaming through broken windows. The walls are lined with old machinery, and the floor is covered in debris.

In the center of the room, Max is tied to a chair. He's blindfolded and gagged. His chest moves up and

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down as he breathes heavily.

James steps into view and removes Max's blindfold and gag. Max blinks, looking around in fear,

"Where am I? What do you want?" Max's voice trembles.

James leans in close. "You'll find out soon enough."

Max's eyes narrow and his trembling lips tighten into a thin line. His breathing quickens, and his hands clench into fists, straining against the ropes. "You think you can scare me? You have no idea who you're messing with!" he shouts.

James huffs under his mask. "Acting like a tough guy, huh?" He mocks. "We know you've been up to no good, Max Laurent. Or should I say Luka Moreau?"

Max's eyes widen, and he jerks back in the chair. His breath catches, and he blinks rapidly. It's clear that hearing his old name has rattled him.

"How... how do you know that name?" Max stutters, his voice shaking.

James leans in closer, his eyes cold behind the mask. "We've done our homework, Luka. You've got a lot to answer for."

"Please, stop calling me that," Max pleads, his voice cracking. "You want money? Fine, I'll pay. Just let me go."

James shakes his head. "We don't want your money. We just have a few questions, and you're going to give us the answers."

Max's eyes dart around. Desperation creeps into his voice. "What do you want to know?"

James pulls out a folder and opens it, revealing a paper with a logo prominently displayed. The logo features a black skull with a dagger through it, surrounded by a wreath of laurel leaves. Beneath the skull, there's a banner with intricate, menacing script.

Max's face goes pale, and he looks as if he has seen a ghost.

"Okay, Max," James begins. "Tell us what you know about the mafia clan, Il Cerchio di Ferro."