

## Trap

Leonardo Bernardi.

It was afternoon time.

With a screeching sound the XUV car halts near a tall tree. The place where the car stopped was a gravesite.

Leonardo gets down from his car and slams the door roughly. He walks behind the boot of his car and lifts the door up in the air. There inside lays a man covered with a murky cloth, his hands were tied behind his back with a rope. With a rough grip on his shoulder, Leonardo pulled him out and threw him on the ground. All the men were present to be the eye witness how their boss tortures a traitor. Victor saunter closer and kicked the men in his abdomen several times. Only the muffled cries could be heard. Victor stoops down his level and pulled the cloth away from his head.

Enzo.

His face was almost unrecognizable. Swollen, red, several cuts with purple marks.

The man was badly beaten and could hardly open his eyes.

Leonardo signaled Victor who reached near the car doing as he commanded. He came back with a cutter in his hand.

A smile almost malicious spread across Leonardo's face.

"Start" Leo said nodding at Victor.

And he got busy with his work. Soon the area filled with the man's scream as blood dripped all over the ground. Leo and his men kept watching the scene the whole time. They needed to see the consequences of betraying him. The boss.

When he was at the verge of losing consciousness Leo signaled Victor and he stopped his torturous ministrations.

"Any last wish?" Leo pulled out a gun from the back of his pant and pointed it at the barely living man. His demeanor changed as his face and eyes hardened further.

Enzo's breath was harsh and labored. Each breath appeared difficult to inhale and exhale.

"Lina... My wife...i want... Meet... Her...." He choked but continued.

"Your wife traded you for a good fuck. She betrayed you just like you did. It's sad that your wish won't be fulfilled because every betrayal has one destination. Death!!!" He growled by the end as red hot anger coursed through his body and he pressed the trigger six times.

Now the man was no longer breathing, not even faintly.

"Take care" ordering his men, Leo tucked back his gun and walks near the car. He climbs inside and ignites the engine. Soon the car was out of their sight.

"E' fatto." (It's done.)

"Bene. Non essere in ritardo." (Don't be late.) Fernando said from the other end of the call and then disconnected the line. After that Leonardo abandoned his cell phone on the table attaching with the charger.

He pressed his hands on the tiles of the wall. Warm water cascade down his broad shoulder. He tilted down his head and relaxed his tired muscles. The water washed the dry bloods of Enzo. The motherfucker got what he deserved.

Since childhood Leonardo has sincere hatred for any form of deception. In that case only peace he gets was spilling the blood of whoever betrays him.

Slowly he rolls down his neck and flex his arms to release the pressure building with the mere thought of that bastard.

He wrapped a towel and saunters out of his washroom. He approach near his walk in closet and picks a black shirt and formal pant. Buttoning up his shirt, he wore a black jacket. Taking the car keys from the corner table he leaves for the party where his presence was highly expected.

The diamond merchandise, also the Spanish Capo and business partner of his grand father, Mr. Mateo wants to meet him for a serious discussion. Matters will be mostly related to their betrothed. Mia and his. This match was already fixed when Luciano, dad of Leonardo was alive and they were celebrating his 6th birthday. He was very close to his father. Though Luciano was the mafia boss back then but he was a family man and loved Leonardo's mother insanely. Had his mother wished for stars and moon, his father would have gone tooth and nails and placed it on her feet. But she wished something that shattered the brick of their happily built family. Even her action played vital role in molding Leonardo into ruthless.

Mr. Mateo's daughter, Mia was strikingly gorgeous, possessing a height of 5.8 with thickness and curves at the right places. Her beauty was the talk among the business circle. She was desirable and a perfect match for the mafia boss. This alliance was made to strengthen the power between the two clans. Leonardo has no issue with it. In fact he had met Mia few times. She was classy, elegant and even aware about Leonardo's lifestyle and she has no problem. After all in mafia bloodbath and womanizing were like a part of their life. Some even continues after marriage.

Leonardo knew at some point he has to marry and will need an heir. So it doesn't matter whether its Mia or someone else until it serves the purpose. Emotions like love and affection were eliminated from his life.

Leonardo reach the ground floor where his cars were parked. He open the door of his Range Rover and gets into. He ignites the engine and speeded out of his penthouse on the road. It's been an hour he was driving.

Taking the left turn his car drive through the highway. As the party was held in one of the new hotel of Leonardo, there was no point taking the city road. Blaze, his another trusted commander who was in charge of hotels and casinos, was given the task of the establishment of this hotel. The boy had worked hard and it's majestic, eye catching appearance with glorious properties and a vast range of amenities proves his great taste. Details have been refined and blended very well. The reason for the hotel built in the outskirts of the city near a small town was that the route connects with the international airport will provide privileged for the flying squad to directly land and check in without any inconvenience. They don't have to move elsewhere in search for an accommodation to stay.

Though Victor and Blaze were his commander, they were also his most trusted and capable assets. Victor was vicious and heartless like him whereas Blaze was less scarier although he was trained under him. Victor was silent but deadly when he attacks. On the other hand Blaze kills with kindness.

The streetlight kept illuminating the road. Few cars zoomed passing him through the darkness. Soon he swirled the steering wheel and drove through the small town taking the two way narrow lane. The cold temperature and damped road indicates that it was raining few minutes before his arrival.

Out of nowhere a man covered with a blanket, head slightly bowed was walking in the middle of the road. When the man came in his sight Leo pressed the brake preventing from hitting. He cursed when the man wasn't stepping aside. He honked to grab the attention of the man but to no avail. This time he pushed the honk longer for two -three times. Out of frustration he slammed the wheel. Shaking his head in annoyance he turned off the engine and climbed down his car. The man was still moving through the middle of the road, unbothered. Leonardo approached the man.

"Do you have a death wish?" he growled once he was in front of the man blocking his way. The man stopped abruptly and ever so slowly lifted his head to meet Leonardo. And his lips curved up into a evil smirk.

Instantly Leonardo's mind signaled that it was a trap. Fully weaved trap.

With a groan the man threw the blanket from his body and lifted his hand up in the air. His fingers were tightly clasped around a knife. And the next with his all bodily energy plunged the knife. His aim was on Leonardo's chest but when he stepped away, the man lunge inserting the knife into his shoulder.

Leonardo felt a raw excruciating pain when the man pulled away the knife after five seconds. He looked down to his side, eyes widened at the sight of his wound as blood splashed out drenching his jacket and just then someone hit him from behind on his back and he tripped down landing flat on the plastered road.

Suddenly he heard footsteps close near him.

Leo lifted his head up and with bloodshot rage filled eyes darted around the six men who were walking as they surrounded him. Each carrying knife, sword and metallic chain.

All the fuckers seemed ready.

Ready to attack. Him.

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## Comments (1)