

Our little wife

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Chapter 1

The weather was completely gloomy today, not only weather gloomy but also indicating some brutal, ruthless, treacherous, and nefarious upcoming incident in the territory of the Spanish Fernandez brothers. These words were still not enough to tell the intensity of their animalistic behaviour and inhumane mindset. Grey clouds were covering the whole sky covering the sunlight from gracing the earth.

The same light is covered in their lives resulting in making them sinners. There was no hope, no ray which can be filled in their dark and horrible lives to save the people and themselves from their brutality. Wind was blowing furiously at a certain height but there was something else too.

A man was hanging upside down from a skyscraper which belonged to none other than the Fernandez brothers. The heavy breathing of the man was filled in the environment meanwhile the sweat of fear forming on his face was dripping down, disappearing in the air. Just a little movement and the wrong choice of words can make him fall many feet down resulting a painful death.

He was trembling like a leaf and praying all the gods above him to forgive him for the sins he has done in his whole life and save him from the three monsters standing in front of him in disguise of human but deep down he knew today even the gods can't save him from these monsters who don't possess any emotion than anger.

Brutality and rage runs in their veins like blood and adrenaline was rushing in his whole body like a heavy flow of water released from the dams. He knew a single, tiny mistake can cost him his life but it was coming the moment he tried to cross these monsters, despite knowing the consequences he dared to cross them and now as end results he is ready to face his death, no brutal death. He wanted to hold onto the hope of getting shaved from these monsters who were already planning his death in different brutal ways, second more painful than the first one.

"Dinos quién te envió aquí y consideraremos dejarte ir." One of them asked him so calmly but only they knew the whole another emotion behind this calmness of Joaquin, the elder is calmest but the dangerous one of them.

(Translation: Tell us who sent you here and we will consider letting you go.)

He tried to look at them but unable to do so because of his current condition, he was in. He was shaken up but the feet he was being hold upside down and he let out a whimper in fear of getting the hold loose.

"P-por favor señor no me deje me caeré." He pleaded to one of them who was holding him with his single feet upside down not knowing that pleading will take him no where but more close to painful death.

(Translation: P-please sir don't leave me I will fell down.)

There was not two opinions about the strength and power of the man who was holding another man a little less than his weight upside down the skyscraper with a single hand. He was furious would be an understatement but he was calm as per the order of his brother and he wanted the truth to come out as soon as possible before his patience run thin. So he shook the man in his hold furiously making him whimpered out.

"Deja salir a la verdad bastardo antes de que te derribe sin darte la oportunidad de salvarte." He ordered him a little furiously unlike his brother who was looking all calm and composed. He was looking impatient and furious.

(Translation: Let out the truth bastard before I throw you down without giving a chance to save yourself.)

The man turned nire scared because if he tell them the truth they will surely kill him if not now but they will not let him go anywhere without telling the truth. He was having inner battle because no matter what these monsters will give him a painful death and now he regret even coming near their name alone. But the deed has done and all he can do is do or die which will be surely die after doing. Still he decided to try hus luck out not knowing this could be a very wrong decision of his entire life.

"Por favor señor, déjeme ir. No soy la persona que estás buscando." He decided to choose his words wisely but little did he know he shouldn't have done that.

(Translation: Please sirs, let me go. I'm n-not the person you are searching f-for.)

That was it, it was enough to make Emiliano loose his patience. He clenched his jaw so hard that it looked like his jaw will be broken soon. He extended his free hand out towards his guards who were standing there with their lowered heads. They knew it was their queue to obey their bosses and one of them walked ahead. Even if he was their guard he was also scared like the others. With a shaly breath he handed the plucker to Emiliano and immediately backed away to his previous position.

Emiliano's veins were popping out with the passing time due to the rage he was feeling. He held the plucker firmly in his hand making all the guards silently close their eyes due to fear and disgust but the three monsters were standing there unaffected and ready to torment the soul out of this man.

Emiliano took the plucker near to that man's feet in his hand and started plucking out the nail of his toe. As soon as that man's mind registered the pain he started screaming his lungs out due to enormous pain. The amount of pain his voice was holding made the skin crawl of the guards standing there but they were in no position to turn back and say anything. They are also forced to see the brutality of their bosses so they can know the consequences of crossing their bosses.

The cries and pleading of that man fell into deaf ears. He was wailing his heart out but it didn't affect even a nail of the monsters standing there. He pleaded, cried and begged them to let him go but they were not the ones to show mercy and forgiveness. After a little struggling of the man Emiliano plucked the nail out of his toe successfully making the man scream in immense pain that his voice was also coming out in pants.

"Cuéntanos el maldito hombre de la información o mi hermano se va a portar contigo." Suddenly a the third voice came which belonged to none other the youngest one of them, Alejandro. The cockiness in his voice could be heard clearly but the warning was unnoticeable.

(Translation: Tell us the damn information man or my brother is going to have his ways with you.)

The man was in so much pain that he was not in his complete senses anymore. He was crying and sobbing in pain praying in his mind to end his life already but little did he know the latters didn't even start and he is already wishing to die which is not possible until the monsters want that themselves.

"Considérese. Qué suerte que todavía te damos la oportunidad de aclararlo. Así que escupe ahora." the elder one Joaquin again said to him calmly while pinching his nose. He again said in his thick Spanish accent which was enough for the man to shudder in fear more.

(Translation: Consider yourself. lucky that we are still giving you the chance of coming clear. So spit out now.)

"Estoy diciendo la m*****a verdad. No soy quien para hacer tal cosa." He said crying out frustratingly but tone alone of him was enough for Emiliano to get more furious.

(Translation: I'm telling t-the damm truth. I'm not the o-one to do such thing.)

Emiliano smirked widely instead of getting angry because the whole scene was so entertaining for him except the whole truth they were demanding for. The inner sadist of him was enjoying the every bit of pain the man was feeling in front of him. He wanted to add more and more to it, to satisfy himself. He wanted to set an example for all the guards standing there if by any chance they try to play with their privacy in future.

He started plucking out the nail of the second finger of the man's feet making him again cry out in pain. Joaquin was emotionlessly staring at that man while Alejandro was smirking evilly because he was enjoying every bit of it. He also wanted to have his own ways with him but he didn't want to waste his energy until his brothers ask him too. The man beg and beg and beg but still there was no use of it.

After successfully taking it out he stopped to take a look at that man who was weeping painfully. If there would someone else instead of these monsters he would have been also crying due to the pain that man was feeling but the brothers were enjoying every bit of it which clearly shows how fucked up minds these brothers have.

"¿Quieres decir algo?" Emiliano asked the man but the man was not in the condition to say something. He was helplessly hanging there crying and crying more.

(Translation: Want to say something?)