

Mafia's Innocent Witness

Chapter 1

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Fortunate. That is the word I would use to describe myself despite of being dispossessed. I sat watching a police officer drag a prostitute violently to a holding cell, which causes her to swear at him aggressively. Some words that left her mouth I have never heard of before. The worst part about this was that she looked no older than age fifteen.

“What are you looking at, bitch?!” she yells. Immediately I look in the other direction, pretending I was not the only one sitting in here gawping at her.

I was anxious as I sat in the same spot I was last night. This time I wasn't here to report anything, and the best part about it was that there were different police officers working this shift.

My employer had sent me here in this cold concrete hell hole to give her husband, who is the captain, some work related documents. She gave me strict orders to not open the envelope and deliver it straight to him. If my life was not on the line, I would have left them with another police officer one hour and forty-three minutes ago.

I loathe running errands here. This place gives me goose pimples. It was typical for me to be in and out in less than five minutes, but as of late it seems like the criminals have been celebrating some kind of holiday by going out and creating further destruction than usual. Like: vandalism, bank heist, kidnapping, and all the other crimes one could think of. As I thought of this, my mind drifted back to last night's event. After much contemplating, I decided it was best to keep my mouth shut.

After three more minutes of waiting, I saw police officers running out of the small building going on about a body they found with a gunshot wound to the head. My hands shake abruptly as I thought of the dead man.

I was even more eager now for the captain to show up. I thought the murderer would have removed the body. How can someone be so cruel? The poor man must have had loved ones waiting for his safe return, but they will receive the news that he is dead.

“What's this I heard about a dead body?” I heard a familiar accent ask.

My heart pounds so hard that I could hardly hear anything. I try my best to focus on my breathing. Just breathe, everything will be alright, I told myself. It was a lie. Nothing will be alright.

“They discovered a deceased man in the abandon warehouse thirty-two minutes away from here. It’s not much of a lost, they identified him as the Mafia.”

My heart races faster. The Mafia? As in the biggest criminal in the city. No one knew his real name or how he actually looked. I only saw him one time on the news. It was a blurry image of him going into a grocery store. He was the leader of Mc Mafia Clan. Every reporter refers to him as the Mafia, for without him their organization would fall apart.

“Is that so?” The other man reply.

My eyes widen as I realized how dangerous my situation is. He murdered the Mafia. I stood facing the captain. I try my best to avoid eye contact with the man who stood next to him. All I want to do now is give the Captain the documents and make a run for it and hope I get away like I did before.

“Joeniya, what are you doing here?” The captain asks.

“Joeniya,” the man with the sweet accent says, amusement laced in his voice, “That’s a beautiful name.”

I swallow my saliva and met his grey eyes. They were the same captivating eyes that stared down at me last night. They held mischief, and there was a smirk on his lips.

“Take your eyes off this one, Ace. She’s trouble.”

I continue to look at the cold-blooded killer. I found it difficult to look away from him. This man seem like a tough guy, he had that bad boy persona going on for him. He reminded me of the guys my boss warns her daughter to stay away from. I watch as he runs his hand over his short black hair. He looks like the perfect eye candy, yet he is nothing but a cold-hearted killer. The worst part about it was that he seemed to be friends with the Captain.

“I can handle trouble,” he says without looking away from me.

His words made me realize what the Captain had said. I know he wasn’t my biggest fan. His daughter and wife weren’t either, but I am nothing close to trouble when compared to the man he walked in here with.

“Believe me, she’s nothing but a homeless nineteen-year-old. There’s nothing special about her,” The Captain says as if I wasn’t here.

I held my head down, but glance at the murderer when I heard him say, “The girl is standing right in front of you, Patrick, show her some respect. I’m sorry if he hurt your feelings, Joeniya.”

I didn’t know what to say, so instead I stood and gape at him. Was he just playing around, or did he mean what he just said? Either way, no one has ever defended me before and he even used his

last name instead of referring to him as the Captain like everyone else does. My curiosity reached its peak.

“Joeniya, stop staring at the man like a dumb bitch and tell me, why are you here?”

“Patrick!” This Ace guy yell, shaking me to the core. He was now glaring at the Captain. The tone he used made me even more scared than I was before. “Do not disrespect her like that.”

The captain ignores him, but he seems even more angry with me, which did not phase me since it was nothing new.

“H-here,” I stutter, handing him the envelope, which he snatches away.

“Now get out of here, don’t you have other work to do for my wife?!” He glares at me.

I nod in shame and hurry out of the station.

“Joeniya,” I heard the angelic Italian accent of the devil calling after me.

I ran. I heard his laughter from behind me followed by words that will haunt me in my sleep, “You can run bonita, but I will always find you.”

I know I was not born lucky. Luck and Joeniya did not go in one sentence, but this was just by far the worst thing that could ever happen to me. The man who I witness murdering a man who turns out to be the most dangerous man in the City is friends with the Police captain. If he can kill the Mafia, then he is even more dangerous than I thought. To add to the list, he now knows my name and he will find me and kill me soon.

It was giving me a headache, just like when I think too deeply about the history of God and human evolution. The lack of sleep wasn’t helping, either.

Whoever this man is, he was coming for me, whether or not I like it.