

Mafia's Innocent Witness

Chapter 4

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It has been two weeks since my last encounter with Ace. I was still unaware of what the deal was with him, people seem to fear him. Sure he looked like a bad guy, but I'm the only one who saw him putting a bullet through a man's head. A man who turned out to be the Mafia.

I thought there would be havoc in the city considering that he was dead. I thought that his men would be out for the blood of their leader's murder. If anything the entire city especially Granville was the calmest it has ever been in years.

I walked the streets as if I wasn't a walking target. Today being Saturday means I have no class or shift at the dinner so I decided to see if I could find another job. I want to be able to save more in order to continue school and I wanted a cheap apartment or at least to be able to stay at a motel for two nights. It would be better to sleep on a bed rather than road sides, park benches and random public restrooms. After what I witnessed I made sure I stayed away from abandoned buildings, which would have been more comfortable, but that was a chance I wasn't willing to take.

Catching a cold from sleeping outdoors was a better idea than witnessing another murder. That's exactly what my current situation is. I felt a bit congested and I have a slight headache. Despite my discomfort I continue walking around the mall until I came across a clothes store. On the glass door there was a paper stating that they need new workers. I know better than to get my hopes up, but I just couldn't help it.

Pulling the door open I walked in and look around. It was a woman's store, there were different sections for the different age groups and one wall was filled with different footwear.

"How can I help you?" Someone says pulling my attention away from the pink and black converse I was looking at.

I look at the girl in front of me. We looked like the same age. She stood with her arms folded. Big blue eyes glare at me, she had a frown on her fake looking lips.

"Oh, I saw the sign outside and I want to apply for a job."

She unfolded her arms and brushed her blond hair over her shoulder. "That old thing, it's been out there for weeks. We already found a worker, honey."

I look around the store, I could tell the workers different from the customers since the workers wore a black shirt with a pink logo and by the looks of it, this girl was the only one wearing this shirt.

"Please it doesn't have to be full time, just on Saturdays." I was desperate for this job and I would do anything.

She watches me from head to toe. "What do you know about working in a store anyways? Your outfit is really outdated," she says pointing at the black leggings and t-shirt I wore.

"My dad is the manager," she continues, "Which means I'm in charge of hiring since he's out of town and you really don't seem fit to work here."

"You can't just judge me by the way I look, I work in a cafe on the week days so I know how to deal with customers, please I could clean and put the clothes back where they belong."

She seems to be thinking about it. "No sorry, but you can try Savage." She points at another store across from this one with the words 'Savage designs' on the glass door. It seem like a gothic store.

"Thanks," I say, feeling disappointed. My hope was more like a deflated balloon now.

There was no luck at that store nor the other three. Apparently I wasn't fit for the job just because of the way I look. The last store I entered one of the workers in there started to accuse me of coming in there to steal. Although I was homeless, I have never stolen not even a sweet in my entire life.

I sat at a water fountain in the mall. It only had a pool of water in there though, it didn't seem to be working. The scent of the different foods around me make my stomach growl in hunger and I felt a bit light headed.

"Look who we have here. If I didn't know any better I would say you've been hiding from me bonita."

I look up at the man who stood in front of me. I didn't feel well, so running wasn't an option, I'm afraid that if I even stood up I would just faint right in front of him.

"Hey," I heard him say while coming closer to me, "Are you okay?"

I felt warm rough hands press against my cheeks. I really hated the feeling I get when he touch me with his murderous hands. Using the little strength I have I swat his hands away, but that didn't do a damn thing.

"I'm fine just please leave me alone."

He ignore what I said and move his hand to my forehead. My stomach decided to embarrass me at the same time.

"You're not fine bonita, you have a slight fever and by the sound and look of it you are starving."

Before I had the chance to tell him that he was wrong, that he didn't know shit he pull me up from my seat and pick me up in a bridal style. I didn't even want to call it that.

"Please, what are you doing? Put me down!"

Ace walk in long strides and continue to ignore me.

I sat around a table sounded by five busty looking men. You would think I would be intimidated and wouldn't want to eat all the food that the one sitting across from me provided, but that was the complete opposite of what I was feeling.

I could not remember the last time I had a proper meal. I finish the soup and started on the cheese fries and burgers doing my best to not moan in delight. I don't get why all these men had to stand around us, their backs were turned to us as they look around. They seems to be Ace bodyguards, I didn't have much time to think about it though. The oatmeal and raisin cookie was calling my name.

"Have this," Ace says.

I look at him, he didn't even touch his food. He was holding out a little white pill.

I look at him. His handsome face held a serious expression. I swallow my food and stare at the pill.

"I'm not taking that, I don't know what it is and I'm not sure I'm ready to die."

Ace chuckles, "It's fine, I already crushed one in the soup."

My eyes widen. So he wasn't going to kill me by putting a bullet through my head. He was going to do it with a little white pill. My eyes became blurry with tears, how long do I have left?

"Don't cry love, it's just something for the fever. Specially invented by one of my doctor's, it does wonders."

"How do I know you're telling me the truth?"

He held the pill with two fingers showing it to me, he then pops it in his mouth and swallow. My eyes widen as I watch him. Who swallows a pill without any form of liquid? A man who puts a bullet in another, is the answer.

"You know bonita, you should be thanking me." The murder leans back comfortably in the chair as if making himself at home. "I cleared all of your things from the crime scene, wouldn't want them to consider you a suspect."

I grasp. I didn't think of that, simply because I was caught up with all the other events going on in my life.

"I also have something of yours sweet Joeniya, but the only way you will get it back is if you come and live with me."

His words brought me back to my senses. "I don't care what you have for me I will never live with you."

He smirks. "You were a cute little girl. You also share similar features of your father."

My eyes widen as I realize what he was talking about. How could I have forgotten something so precious? He must have found the box I hid with memories of my father before he passed. It was too big to carry around so I hid it somewhere safe in the warehouse. How did he find it?

"M****a sea Joeniya Ramirana Alision que harás ahora? Tu vida Siempre es tan complicada. {Damn it Joeniya Ramirana Alision, what will you do now? Your life is just always so damn complicated. }

"You know since Italian and Russian are the only other languages I speak I have no idea what you just said, but whatever it is sounded sexy as hell."

"You," I say glaring at the handsome devil before me. Handsome and devil shouldn't even be in the same sentence, but I couldn't help it.

"Bella ragazza{pretty girl}. Just come with me and pick it up. While you're there I'll show you the type of hospitality we Ambrose men provide. If you decide to leave after then that's up to you. I'll leave you alone Joeniya, forget that I saw your pretty face witnessing what I did to that bastard. It will be like it never happened."

He started down at the table with a merciless look taking over his features, it was quickly replaced with a cocky look as he glances up at me.

"What do you say, Princess? Willing to choose the winning card?"