

Chapter 3 Work?

“Ready to talk?” I say as I walk over the man sitting in the chair. I've had him here for about two days now. Probably the longest it's taken me to get information but I like when they fight it. They always give me what I want in the end. Only difference is I've never had an audience before.

“Not in your dreams, pretty thing.” He smirks through a busted lip.

“Aww and I thought you'd be ready to give it up. But I guess that's more fun for me.” I say as I grab and drag his chair back and push it up against a small wall. I walk back over to a table where I have a few weapons and grab some knives I've got sitting there.

I start tossing one in the air, flipping it while I walk to stand in front of him. I give him a smile that has him sweating. “So let's try this again. Who gave the Feltino family the information about the deal.”

“I told you. I won't say anyth...” his words end in a shriek as the first knife plunges into the wall behind him only inches from his head.

“You were saying? I didn't hear you!” Pulling the second knife out and tossing it. I watch as he takes a deep gulp.

“No!” He barks and I smile. The second knives goes flying and lands on the other side of his head.

“Fuck. I said no.”

“Well that's not the answer I'm looking for.” I pull the third knife out and toss it. This time, it pierces through his left shoulder blade.

“Fuccckkk!” He screams in agony.

“Oops. I missed.” I pout. “I was aiming for your heart!”

“Should we try this again. Who...”

“Leo! Fucking Leo told them. Leo Mercelli.”

I smile, pleased with my results. “Now that wasn't so hard, was it?” I pull the next knife out.

“Hey.. hey... I told you want you wanted. I swear I won't tell anyone.”

“Yeah. Well I can't have a witness. Sorry.” I say as I toss the knife in my hand and slices nightly into his forehead. For a moment, I dispassionately watch blood trickle from the wound and into his lifeless eyes. I turn around and Mason's just standing there, taking it all in. I grab my phone and dial Father's right hand man.

“Gabe. Tell dad it was Leo Mercelli and send someone to clean up this mess.” I've dealt with Leo couple of times and I despise the man. He's a filthy bastard.

“Of course ma'am.”

I hang up and look over to Mason. “I'm done for the day. I guess I ended work early.” I smile. He points at the body with a frown.

“Work?”

“Mmmhhmmmm.” I hum.

“This is what you do for work?” His voice almost cracks. Like he's actually shocked I'm not some pretty little princess who's disgusted by blood.

“Yup. I do my dad's dirty work when he isn't interested in getting his hands dirty. Which is always. And I don't have any problem doing it either. Do you?” I ask, leaning close enough I can feel his breath across my skin and it does something to me. Makes my skin want more. The man hasn't even touched me and I crave his touch. I don't like feeling this...weak over a man who doesn't respect me.

“No. Just... surprised.”

I smirk. He really was expecting some damsel in distress. Some naive girl who doesn't get her hands dirty or is too stupid to know what family's she's really born in. Well, that's not me. I've known who I was since I was five when I watched my father slice a man's head off in our living room. After that, I started learning how to defend myself and when I turned eight, I started learning how to kill.

The sight of blood doesn't bother me. Killing people doesn't bother me. I think whatever makes people feel something towards others broke in me years ago. My heart is just cold. Broken and dead. And it makes it easier to kill. To take lives. To not get bothered by death. In the world I live in, it's a good trait to have. Death always surrounds me. I've seen more death than most coroners have.

Mason doesn't say another word and nods. He turns and I follow him back to the car. I try and break the deafening silence in the car as he drives.

“I can always help you out if you ever need someone to kill.”

I watch as his hands grip the steering wheel so hard his knuckles turn white. Maybe that was too blunt.

“I'm not stupid, Mason. I know what world we live in. I know what you do for a living. I know what our families do. I've been doing this since I was eight. I've known who I belong to since I was five.

Hell, I knew since I was a kid my life would never belong to me, but to whoever my father decided to marry me. I'm just lucky it wasn't one of those sick old bastards he kept introducing me to. I think I might have actually killed one if I were given to one of them. We don't have to like each other. All I ask is we respect boundaries.” I don't think we'll ever be all lovey dovey, not after he'd dared to hit on “another woman” while he had a wife.

His silence is killing me. It's causing my body to shake and I hate it. The man's barely spoken to me without insulting me. He hasn't even touched me. But somehow, he's already made an impression on me, one I can't explain. I'm not usually a talkative person. Hell, I prefer the silence but for some reason, sitting with him in silence is killing me and I don't know why.

“Good god, Mason say something. Please.”

“You shouldn't kill.”

“That's all you have to say?!”