



# 1|Sons Of A God

119K 2.4K 2K



by akawailisan

We go to war with a smile on our faces  
Because we are friends of death himself

Alexander stirred in his bed tugging at the blankets that stuck to his sweaty torso uncomfortably. Glancing at the clock on his nightstand, he sighed quietly as the red numbers glared back at him.

5:45 a.m.

It was still too early, everyone dead asleep in bed except for Mark completing his night shift. Despite knowing they had a mission in only hours, Alex couldn't bring himself to sleep the whole night. It was as if his body intentionally deprived him of sleep the night before they do a mission. Most of the time. Sometimes it could be nervousness or anxiety, even the pills the house Doc gave him didn't help calm his nerves.

He tried everything from sleeping pills to eating warm meals before bed. Hell, Remy even trained him hard the whole day hoping he would fall exhausted on the bed. But he didn't.

And so Alexander accepted his nocturnal side with open arms.

Shoving the blankets aside, he swung his legs over the bed placing them on the cold floor. Running a calm hand through his head pushing away the sweaty locks that clung to his forehead like a second skin, he stood and silently padded barefoot to his closet.

"I still have time..." He murmured to no one while pulling on a pair of basket shorts over his boxers and a grey hoodie. Taking out socks, he sat on the bed and strapped on his favorite worn out Nike shoes from endless days of jogging.

Quietly leaving his room, Alex made his way down the hallway passing closed doors with the members on the other side sleeping. He jogged down the stairs pausing at the kitchen door glancing at Mark who was perched on a bar stool, watching Netflix on his laptop, cheek held up by his fist. An amused smile ghosted over his lips as Mark's head dipped forward slowly, eyes shutting willingly right before he jerked back awake.

"You can go sleep. I'll take your shift." Alex broke the silence as Mark jerked out of his sleep.

Instead of protesting, Mark nodded stretching his arms overhead while yawning. "Thanks man," stepping off the bar stool, he shut the laptop and tucked it under his armpit. "Going out for a jog?" Mark asked tiredly eyeing Alex's body.

Alex nodded heading for the door. "I need some air" which was true, despite having lived in the same house for the past two years he still felt as if it was soffocating. Walls constantly caving in on him. Or maybe it was the increase in gang members that made the house look small.

The cold air smacked his lips turning them a pale pink the moment he stepped out onto the porch. Exhaling deeply, Alex watched as mist formed from his exhaled breathe before dissolving into the air. He begun walking down the steps and onto the sidewalk stretching his arms across his chest while looking around the silent neighborhood.

If one were to drop a pin on the pavement, it was sure to echo. Alex chuckled at his slightly exaggerated thoughts.

Tugging the hoodie up to cover his head, Alex began with a slow jog down the street the sound of his feet uniformly touching the ground filling the void environment. After a few minutes, his pace gradually increased to a light sprint, feet hardly touching the ground as he moved quickly.

Cold morning air slapped his face, rubbing like friction along his neck and tip of nose turning every exposed of his body pink. By the time the sun had risen, Alex had covered a neat eight miles as the neighborhood had slowly disappeared, trees forming where houses would've otherwise been.

His feet then eventually halted at the familiar 'Welcome To The Woods, Cabins Up Ahead' sign. Hands on hips, Alex walked in circles inhaling and exhaling deeply watching as a drop of sweat slid down the curve of his nose tethering on the edge. Using the back of his hand, he wiped the sweat from his forehead and nose and stretched his stiff legs.

After cooling down, he began jogging back home at the same pace, this time focusing on the thudding of his heart.

"How many miles did you cover?" Remy looked up from his bowl of cereal, scrutinizing Alex's clothes. The front of his hoodie was soaked to the hem, turning it a deep shade of grey, beads of sweat glistened on his forehead and upper lip.

"Sixteen, in total," still panting, Alex approached the fridge and opened it. He picked the water bottle and opened it before tipping his head back drinking the contents with a satisfied sigh.

An impressed whistle echoed in his ear. "That was a lot."

Hydrated, Alex leaned on the counter watching as Zander walked in, almost naked if it weren't for the grey boxer he was clad in, rubbing his eyes drowsily. His eyes wandered around the room pausing at Alex, then he frowned, "The fuck you doin' sweating so early in the morning? Animal sex?"

Alex shrugged nonchalantly turning to pick a bowl out of the cupboard.

"He went jogging." Remy answered taking another mouthful of his 'Capt'n Crunch' cereal, fingers moving in a blur on his phone. Texting, most likely.

Zander yawned rubbing his stomach lazily, "Damn, share those steroids with me Alex."

Alex took out the milk box from the fridge smirking, "I would, but you don't need. Considering you're the reason I was awake for half the night," pulling himself up onto the kitchen counter, he poured a generous amount of cereal into the bowl and little milk.

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Zander rolled his eyes taking out last night's dinner remain which were slices of leftover pepperoni pizza and placed it in the oven. Alex and Remy shared a look behind his back.

"Sure you don't." Remy scoffed looking back down at his phone, "say, who's that girl you brought last night?"

"Some whore I picked from Mickey's bar. She's cheap considering the length of time." Taking out the pizza, he bit into pausing for a second as if he was savoring the flavor.

Alex looked at him blankly before speaking, "She was damn loud though." He then proceeded to mimic her cringe-like moaning from the night before, "Oh Zander you beast! Oh yes Ooh fuck baby you're a lion!"

Remy joined in using a mockingly, rubbing his chest, "Ah right there Zandy! I'm gonna cum! Teach me my abc's baby fuck!"

"ABCDEFUUUUCKKK!" Alex finally bursted out into raucous laughter Remy following, watching as Zander glared at them, grinded his teeth so hard Alex was starting to feel sorry for the pizza.

Wiping a fake tear from his eye, Remy faked an innocent look. "Why are you glaring at us?"

"I'm just waiting for you both to spontaneously combust."

They burst out laughing again clearly not affected by his comment. Zander opened his mouth to say something sincerely rude, but froze midway when a towering figure materialized at the doorway.

"We leave in thirty." Alanzo's voice sliced the light atmosphere like a sharp blade, cutting everyone's laughter short. Remy shifted uncomfortably in his seat before nodding in sync with Zander's mumbled 'yes'.

Alex didn't seem bothered by his presence, he continued eating focusing his gaze on the slightly older version of himself who was leaning on the doorway, dressed in a black long sleeved shirt, rolled up to his forearms revealing scriptural tattoos, black camouflaged pants, and black combat boots to complete the look.

"Nicolai," Alanzo called meeting Alex's gaze, "a moment," He jerked his chin to the side gesturing for him to follow.

Alex watched as Alanzo walked away, taking his time to finish Remy watched before dumping the dish in the sink. At that point, Remy and Zander had already moved on to another topic as he exited the room.

Alex knew where he would be waiting for him, always in the private library where they did all their planning and kept the armory. Slipping his hands into his pockets, he pushed the door open with the toe of his shoe and stepped inside.

"What's the plan today?" He approached Alanzo who stood near a table situated at the center of the room, a large blueprint map spread out on its surface.

Alanzo pointed a tattooed finger at what looked like the entrance, "We enter at exactly ten a.m."

"Ten fifteen," Alex cut him off looking at the blueprints thoughtfully, "guards on duty have made their shifts at ten fifteen, there's a ten minute window," humming he slid a slender finger over the entrance towards a second door.

"If we enter through here, we get a fifteen minute window." A small smirk formed on his lips in smug satisfaction of correcting his older brother. It wasn't a competition, although sometimes it felt like it and he had to admit the competition was there now like a ghost hanging in the background, many things depended on the success of this heist.

Alanzo grew, although begrudgingly, to accept Alex's perceptively keen senses and in turn Alex grew to accept Alanzo's leadership skills. They were like yin and yang, necessary to keep the organization together.

"Remy will empty out the bank cashier's safe and the lockers while Mark downloads the bank accounts, passwords, and data. Zander and I will be placed at the entrance on the lookout, You and Eros will round up the civilians, make sure there's no collateral damage," Alanzo spoke with finality.

Alex nodded, "Anything else?"

He gave a slight shake of his head.

Alex turned on his heels heading for the door, hand on the doorknob he turned halfway, the corner of his lip quirked upwards.

As their eyes met, no words were exchanged but each knew one thing.

The wrath of the God Father, their father, would be upon their shoulders if they were to fail this heist.

There should be no such thing as failure when they were the sons of the one and only Nicolai Dan himself.

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