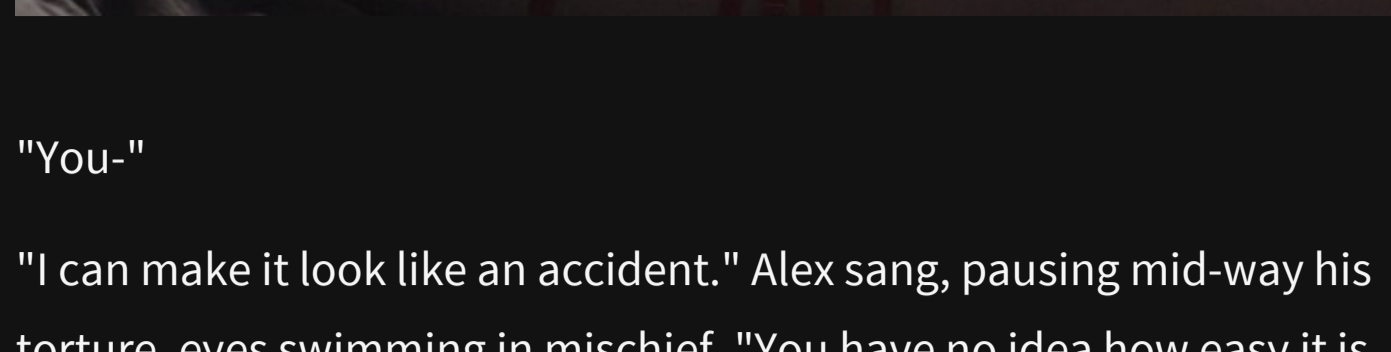


## 19 | Torture II



"You—"

"I can make it look like an accident." Alex sang, pausing mid-way his torture, eyes swimming in mischief, "You have no idea how easy it is to make something look like an accident, better yet, they'll have to bury an empty casket when I'm done with you so do not push your luck. One more fucking word from that pretty little mouth of yours that's not an answer to my question and this knife goes to much more... interesting places."

For emphasis, Alexander took the knife and trailed it to his future.

Ron's eyes widened.

"Choose your next words wisely, Your manhood or blind patriotism for a country that gives absolute shit about you." Alex had to admit, it wasn't Ron's lack of cooperation that fueled the need to maul him, Alex wanted to do this ever since Ameena had ran to hug him, and the obvious need that rose in the man's eyes from that one simple hug.

He wanted to murder him by the way he looked at her, and Aimee was oh-so-oblivious to it.

As a moment of contemplative silence on Ron's side, Alex sighed and pushed the knife closer.

"It was the chip!" Ron all but squealed the moment he felt the knife cut through the fabric.

Alex paused unable to hide the ultimate shock, right before he recovered with a heated glare.

"How the fuck do you know about the chip? Was what he wanted to ask but instead he faked confusion. "What chip?"

Ronaldo exhaled shakily, "While doing my 'homework' as you put it, I came up on something that only the higher heads in the system was to know about, it was confidential. I pulled some strings and got intel on it."

"And" Alex emphasized poking Ron's manhood with the blade, urging him to continue.

"No one knew who had it, but I did, that's why I offered to be a part of the clean up crew for that crime lord's murder...and—" he breathed raggedly. "I went through the CCTV and got the tape— It was you wasn't it? You killed him and took the chip. And I saw him—you get shot, even though I couldn't see the face. I was a bit skeptical when I met you the other time and you had a bandage in the exact same place where the person got shot..."

Alex rose from his kneeling position and flipped his switchblade closed, "Continue."

Ron cast a wary eye to the blood that soaked and ran down his leg and his ripped pant leg weighing his chances at life or death.

"Everything seemed easier from there and I put two and two together. While I was working on compiling a case about the Godfather and his heirs, we hit a dead end considering there was close to no evidence about his existence and yours as well."

"How did you find out?"

Ron pursed his lips obviously mulling over how much he should give and where the line could be drawn. "Someone came forward with information about your identities in exchange for complete asylum and spared prosecution once the organization is persecuted." He shook his head almost in wonder disbelief at it all, "The description he gave us was too good to be true. And I admit I didn't believe him at first but then I became more aware of you Nikolai. Turns out he was right all along."

Alex had gone back to sitting on the wooden chair and was boredly sipping from the glass and twirling the knife in another hand. "A snitch in our organization? Fascinating."

"Where's the chip?" Ron pressed, running his tongue over his stinging lips.

Alex leaned forward with a smirk, "I must agree that your skills are impressive but you are in no shape or form to be asking questions," he hitched his elbow on his leg and had his jaw in his palm.

"—You are suddenly of no use to me anymore. The things that are going on right now are much bigger than your boy hands can carry so I'd advise you to simply stay the fuck out of it." He paused leaning back with a smile, "you should be lucky I found you before my brother could. Now if you want to stay alive, tell me his name."

"No."

"Do you know what my family does to snitches Ron?"

Ron hesitated to reply.

"They hung them up by their guts on a wall, right next to every single family member down to the youngest child. Snitches don't get to live. Not even their heirs. Tell me his name."

"How can I be sure you're any better? The apple hardly falls far from the tree."

"I am not going to spare his life, but I will be merciful during the process and his family won't be harmed."

"I cannot—"

"Doesn't matter. Name. Now Or do I have you come over there and get you acquainted with my knife again?"

Ron grounded his teeth before a low "Fermi," slipped from his lips regretfully.

"Good boy," Alex cooed, "Now do me a favour and stay the fuck away from Ameena."

Ron's mouth fell open, "What the fuck?!—No!"

Alex got up, the knife opening again, "This time I won't hesitate—"

"How pitiful must you be to threaten me to stay away from her," Ron exhaled.

"Not very if you're trying to breach a line much further than you, salivating like a fucking cucciolo every time you look at my girl."

The look of shock that crossed his face was nearly priceless, He looked as though he couldn't quite swallow the weight of his words.

"Your girl?"

"Yes, my girl or do I have to fuck her right in front of you for you to get it—" Alex was cut off by a very familiar ringtone.

He paused and took out his phone looking down at the caller's ID.

Aimee

Thoughts of everything that had just happened dissolved into nothing as his heart fluttered like a school boy's. Was she finally calm again?

Alex glanced down at the man before him, "Say one word and I cut your fucking tongue out."

With that concluded he walked away, "Aimee," he answered.

"Hey dickhead, as much as I'd hate to see your lying ass face right now, a friend of yours is here and he wants to see you."

Alex's steps faltered at the words, his eyebrows met at the middle in a furrow. "Wait... who? At your place?"

"Yes fucko at my place. I dunno? —huh? You wanna talk— by all means."

Static crackled as the phone shifted from one hand to another. Alexander heard the deathly calm voice in the background and felt a sharp chill that ricocheted on his vertebrae up his spine.

It couldn't be.

"Hello.. Alex"

Alexander felt the blood drain from his face.

"It's been so long since we last talked. I thought I'd stop by your girlfriend's place for a small chat over tea since you wouldn't answer my calls."

Alex stared at the blank wall in absolute silence.

"Now I understand why you've been so absent from work all this time, I mean, Ameena here is one hell of a girl." In the background he could hear Ameena's polite laughter as she moved about in the kitchen probably preparing dinner. "She's a real woman with all the right curves and edges—" his voice had dropped into a whisper, "and those legs... makes me wonder how they'd look wrapped around my head."

"Or better yet, what kind of sounds she can produce while I slice her up limb by limb—"

Alex could only stay silent, hand slowly curling around the phone, so hard he'd thought it'd break.

"Forse deciderò dopo la cena," his brother chuckled darkly through the speaker.

"Fucking hurt her and I'll—"

The phone went dead, Alex stared at the closed line, dread slowly seeping in.

"What the—" Ron spoke, his voice like background noise to Alex's crowded mind, "is Ameena in danger? Cause if she is I need to—"

"Sei fottutamente stupido—" Flicking open the knife Alex was on him in less than a second, pressing the blade right across his neck hard. A thin red line formed along Ron's neck, blood slowly seeping through.

Ron froze, not inhaling in fear of decapitating himself.

"Do you fucking see what you've caused? If you stayed out of this that rat wouldn't have ratted you out to them and they'd never make a connection to you Aimee and now he wouldn't have had her before I could take her somewhere safe, do you fucking see what you've done!"

Alex could hardly see through the thick haze of anger, a small part of him knew it was unfair to pin everything on Ron because Alonzo would've eventually find out but the much larger part wanted to vent now that Ameena's life was dangling in the hands of Alonzo. He wanted to kill Ron. The anger made his shoulders and hands shake in rage, it blinded him with lust for blood as the dagger dug deeper into Ron's Adam apple.

"Cazzo" Alex yelled pushing his head back and withdrawing his knife. Alex ran his hand down his face before quickly dialing the first number that came to his mind.

After three rings, the voice answered. "Nikol."

"Remember the favour you owed me?" Alex didn't wait as he jumped right to it. The other end remained silent for a few seconds, and for a moment Alex assumed he had hung up.

"Sì"

His eyes fell on Ron who was staring back at him suspiciously, despite the pale shade of his skin from excess blood loss.

"East 28th Avenue, Pentler Apartment complex 09812. There's a man inside. Handle it." Hanging up, Alex picked his jacket from the couch already heading for the door.

"W-Wait—" Ron called out, "how am I supposed to help her if you're leaving me like thi—"

"Just stay the fuck out of it idiot! Go comb your hair or shine your eyes or something." Alex was much too unfocused to focus on what he was saying.

It was time to get out of the hole he was slowly and unknowingly digging for himself.

Continue reading next part