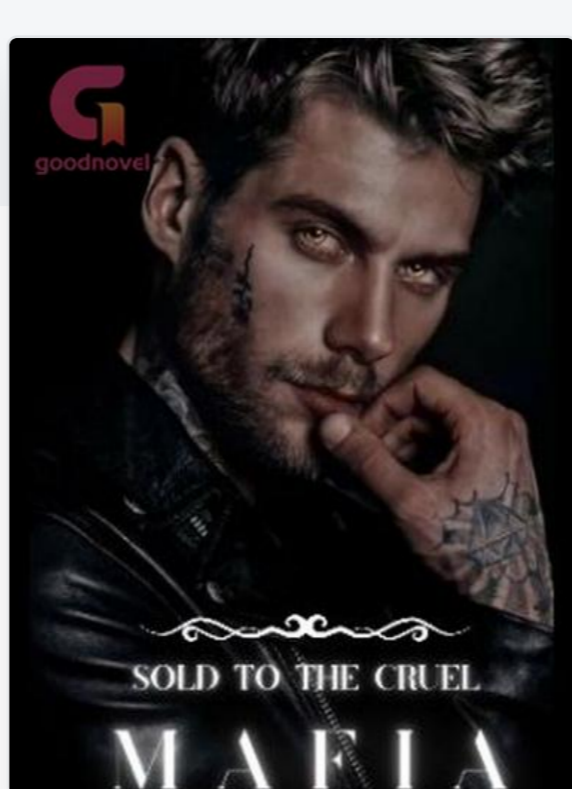


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Sold To The Cruel Mafia

Author: PurpleAlien122



Prologue

I woke up to someone banging on my apartment door. "Jane!" It was my brother, "Jane please wake up. I'm in trouble."

I got out of bed. I was sick of this. I knew why he was here. He only ever called or visited when he needed money. My brother was good at spending money and didn't have the same enthusiasm to work hard and make it. "Give me one good reason to open this door, Jason?" I yelled, putting on my robe.

"They're going to kill me, JJ. Please."

I sighed, opening the door. He pushed past me, his clothes were torn and his nose was bloody. "What the hell happened to you?"

"I took some money." He wiped his nose.

"How much is some?" I demanded.

"Five..."

"Five hundred dollars?" I questioned. He remained silent looking around the apartment. "Jason. How much did you take."

"I fucked up big time." He ran a hand down his face. "Five hundred thousand," he said.

My eyes widened. "What did you do with so much money!"

"I paid my mortgage, my car..."

"So what the hell do you want from me? I don't have that kind of money under my mattress. Go to the police."

I moved to go to the sink to get a glass of water. Jason was famous for digging himself into a hole and I was tired of always having to go bail him out. I had my own problems. My own dead end of a job that couldn't save me from rubbing two pennies together each month to make rent.

"Jane I didn't know what else to do. You were all that came to mind. If I go to the police they'll know and they'll kill me. I can't go to the bank either, I have a bad credit history and they won't give me a loan."

The door opened and a group of men walked in, dressed in black. The glass fell from my hands shattering. They went straight for Jason, one man catching him around his neck. "Please I just need a little more time," Jason tried to say.

"Stop," I shouted.

One man, in particular, looked right at me and looked at the men he came with. He made a hand gesture and the man holding Jason let go. By that, I knew he had to be the one in charge. "Get out of my apartment!" I yelled.

"Lovely evening we having," he said, "I love thunderstorms," he pulled a gun out of his jacket. His hands were covered with black gloves. "Don't you agree?" He smiled and I began shivering.

"Wh-at do you want?" I asked, trying to keep my voice even.

"My money," he said, looking at my brother.

"I... I don't have it right now..." Jason said.

The man smiled, taking a seat in front of me. He brought his hands together and rest his head against them. "You heard that, darling, he doesn't have it." He laughed. I reached for my phone that was charging on the counter. "No, don't do that," he shook his head and his face became serious. He spoke so calmly and so sweetly as if he wasn't going to harm us.

He was giving me a false sense of security and I was afraid to close my eyes, not knowing if they would open again.

He suddenly stood and aimed the gun at Jason. I heard something click. "Please don't hurt him. He is a good man. We'll get you the money," I tried to reason with the man. Even though my brother was a shit head I wouldn't want him to die.

His glare fell on me, holding my gaze for a second. "Who is this?" The man asked Jason.

"She's my sister."

"Next of kin, huh." The man gleamed, turning to look at me as if I was a winning lottery ticket.

"Let her go, she's innocent," Jason said.

"Can't do that," the man said, "she knows too much," he smiled at me. "Darling come here," he said.

I closed my eyes tightly for a minute. This was not how I imagined I'd die. "Please let her go," Jason pleaded.

"Shut up," the man warned.

"It's okay, darling," the man said, his green eyes fixed on me.

I took a couple of steps toward the man. "A little closer," he grinned.

I stood in front of him. "You married?" He asked.

"Why?"

"Because in three days you will be." He moved to leave the apartment.

"What!"

"Let's wrap it up boys," the man clasped his hands together.

"I'm not marrying anyone," I said and the man held the gun to me.

"There are five bullets in this revolver and I came here with the intention of using one, not two." I couldn't help the tears from falling. I felt my throat close up. "Take her and take him." He ordered.

Comments (10)

Miradevika
... love it

Binta
The dominance

Veronica HitsheW
So far it sounds like an interesting book!

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