

Spilling Secrets

Cassie

Another day in the hospital bed and I am going out of my mind.

"Becs, can you go to my place and get my laptop? I need to check in at work. I haven't gotten any texts or emails that any of them need me, but I need to make sure their companies are still secured.

"Yeah, I'll be back in an hour."

"Who do you work for and what do you do for a living?" Ripper asked me. He's been here with me this whole time. Sleeping next to me at night, and I've been loving it, but I don't know what it means.

"I work for three different companies. Paradise travels, Warren and Dobbs Investments, and Posh Entertainment. I do all their web design and cybersecurity. Keep the hackers at bay, make sure funds and pertinent information stay where it's supposed to. Stuff like that."

"That's f*cking awesome. You work from home?"

"Yeah, I can work anywhere."

"Great, when we get you out of here, I'd like you to come stay in my room at the clubhouse."

"What? Why?"

"Until Rick is found you aren't safe."

"Trust me, my dad will find Rick, he's only been gone 20 hours. Daddy has always found his targets in 24 hours."

"His targets?"

F*ck.

"These f*cking meds. They're keeping my guard down. I seem to feel real comfortable around you. In 6 years, I never slipped like that with Rick."

He beamed at me. D*mn that smile of his.

"Look, you know we're Italian. I grew up in Naples. Dad did a lot of jobs for certain people."

"What kind of jobs? Which people?"

"Same as you, for people that are like an MC club but on a grander and older scale."

"Stop talking in riddles, Angel. Just tell me. Your dad's secret is safe with me."

"Ripper, our lives are at stake if I tell you. Really, I've told you too much as it is."

He sighed. I could tell he was really frustrated with me. God, I hate omitting things. I did want to tell him, but it's just not me that I would be putting in danger if the information got out to the wrong

people.

"Look, I am assuming that Ripper is the road name for someone that does the dirty job of taking lives. Am I right?"

He stared at me long and hard. I didn't think he was going to answer me but then he did.

"I kill the former members of our club who know too much information when they get exiled. I also kill anyone that hurts my brothers or their girlfriends and old ladies. I also kill people that have wronged the club that aren't former members. I am a 1%. I do bad sh*t. They call me Ripper because I am the last person someone sees before I take their life. Ripper is long for RIP. There was a guy called Reaper because he did the same as me, but he died in a bar fight and took a knife to the neck. He was my best friend."

"I'm sorry you lost your best friend."

"That's what you took out of all I said. You're sorry I lost my best friend instead of freaking out that I've killed people?"

"You aren't the only person in this room or in my family that has killed people, Ripper."

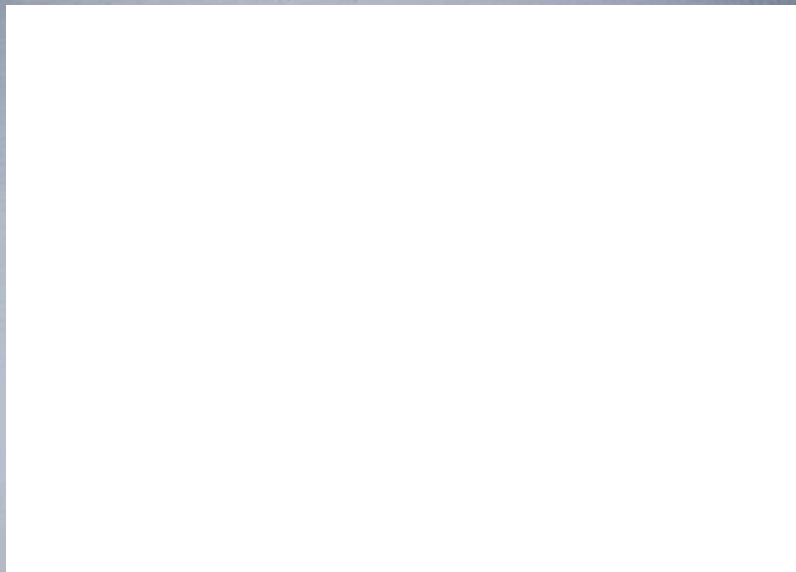
He looked at me, questions in his eyes. He wanted me to trust him. Funny thing was, I'm pretty sure I more than trusted him.

"Fine, you want to know our secrets since you spilled your sins to me. I bet you guys did a thorough background check on Becca, right?"

"I guess so. Butcher does all our background checks."

"Well, if you had someone like me doing your background checks, I could have found all the information on her from the day she was born. I can hack into anyone's life. But I digress. My father worked for the Cappitani Family. They are one of the oldest families in all of Italy. They're very rich, very connected, very Mafia. You are the enforcer for your club. My father was the elite assassin for the Italian Mafia, specifically the Cappitani Family. But he outsourced to other families too. My father worked for the Cappitani's for 30 years before they killed my mother. My father did a job for the Rigonni Family. He killed the father of Ricci Montenegro. Ricci was the favored cousin of Stefani Mancini, who was the wife of Giorgio Cappitani. When they found out that my father was the assassin that did it. Giorgio kidnapped Becca, my mother and me. I was ten, and Becca was twenty. We were all shopping for a trip that papa was going to take us on for holiday. He was at home while we had a girls' day. A van came out of nowhere and men grabbed us and killed the 4 men that were to protect us. I witnessed them brutally r*pe my mother and Becca. They took pictures and videos

and sent them to my father. We were being held at some sort of compound. I don't know how my father found us. We weren't there for super long before bodies started to drop. My father was like a blur. He slit the throats of all the men in the videos. A man had died right next to me, and he



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had a knife in his hand. They didn't tie me up for some reason. Maybe they thought, because I was so little, I was no threat. There were three men left for my father to kill. He was torturing a man for information on who ordered us taken, when three other men burst into the room we were in. My father fought two of the men while the third tried to sneak up on him. So I grabbed the knife and

ran towards the man on silent feet. He never saw me coming. I gutted him. Then I turned to where my father was fighting, and I ran and jumped on one of the men and climbed his back until I was on his shoulders and I pulled his head back and slit his throat. He fell backwards on top of me and I was pinned. The other man was so shocked by my actions that my dad took the opportunity of him being distracted and stabbed him in the neck. He then pulled the man on top of me off, and he looked at me, covered in blood and said, "You did well." He then sent me to watch over my mother's body and to keep Becca safe.

My father went back to getting the information he needed. When he was done he had found out why we were taken. He couldn't take out the Cappitani Family, so he turned the evidence over to the FBI and CIA. He knew so many things and had file after file of evidence of all their wrong doings. We got put in Witness Protection. My real name is Isobel Ribiani, Becs is Maria and my father is Roberto, also known as Reaper, the bringer of death in the Mafia world.

Ripper just stared at me with his mouth slightly open. Then he closed his mouth and cleared his throat.

"You got me beat on the age of my first kill. I was sixteen."

I burst out laughing, he smiled at me and chuckled.

"All that and you focus on what age I was when I made my first kill?" I said, teasing him.

"Why does Becs call you Chaotic and why do you call her Gunner?"

"When we were placed in New York, we lived with a family on a farm. We were there for six years. Papa trained Becs how to hunt. He noticed she was a natural at shooting. So he trained her on a multitude of handguns, rifles, submachine guns and so on. She's a crack shot, super deadly. I've never seen anyone better. Papa remembered what I did with a blade. So, he trained me on many different kinds of blades. How to throw them, how to wield them correctly. How to use short swords, and throw axes, both short and long. We may be in WitSec but my father, over the years, has still found the odd contract to work. One particular contract came when I was 18. It was a wedding, and we were hired to take out 8 men. It should have been a quick in and out. But at this party there was a certain Cappitani. Stefani Cappitani and her brother Rodrigo Mancini. I saw red, my discipline deserted me. Not only did we kill our targets, but we also killed 40 other people that tried to fight us after I decapitated Stefani. I took out 4 of the eight men and fifteen of the 40. Becca sniped the other 4 men and took out ten of

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the 40. Dad got the rest. I was covered in blood, and papa scolded me for causing such chaos. The three of us cleaned up most of the mess. It took all night. To this day no one knows what happened at the Ropello wedding."



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