

## **FALLING FOR THE ENEMY Chapter 4 - CHAPTER FOUR: OH NO**

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Meanwhile in the city Madrid;

"Don, you must reconsider. Many lives will be at risk, it's too callous." The Don's consigliere, Raymond said before gulping another shot of tequila. He reveled as the liquid ignited his tonsils, setting his entire throat alight.

"And since when have you ever cared about a life other than your own?" One of the capos, Luca, countered. He adjusted the watch gifted to him by his late wife who was assassinated by Raymond himself. Any normal person would not even think of sitting in the same room with their wife's killer, talking less of doing business with them. But, she betrayed the family and had to go.

Raymond caught the hidden accusation and shot him a sharp glare, "I don't." He confirmed, "I care about the impact this would have on the family, the Mexican government will come right for us! Remember, this is not our turf we are talking about."

Luca laughed, almost hysterically at the old man, "You sound scared to me, has age perhaps made you weak?"

This meeting was currently taking place in an underground cave, board room where business and high ranking executions were discussed. Whatever was said in the cave, stayed in the cave. All women, no matter the role they held in the family, were prohibited from stepping foot within its walls. It was basically a sanctuary to the Don and those before him. However, his top capo and consigliere decided to turn it into a battleground. And soon, the entire room was engulfed in yells and threats.

Only two men watched silently.

The Don's second in command, his underboss, watched them bicker until he had enough of their disrespect. Swiftly, he pulled out his renowned silver pistol and shot Luca before he had the chance to plead for forgiveness. The bullet tore almost through his left arm. Luca clutched his newly wounded limb and bit down on his tongue harshly, he dared not utter a sound. For it was a rule that

had guided the family for decades, once a shot was fired in the cave, no one had the right to speak except the Don.

The don sat at the head of the table concealed by the shadows, the very same shadows that he'd come to master and love, the very same that protected him throughout his reign. His face could not be seen due to the darkness that surrounded him. His four-fingered hand emerged from the shadows with a cigarette in its possession as he spoke, his voice alone had the power to catch and alert anyone that heard it. Even Luca had abandoned his bleeding arm and paid full attention to what the infamous don had to say.

"We will go through with the operation at midnight. The area would basically be deserted at that time, only the dealers would remain present, lurking in the shadows. Any innocent life that might be present is well aware of the danger they had put themselves in by hanging around. Shootouts have been reported to be rampant in that area, the only difference now, is that it would be within a wider range with more casualties." He stopped to take a whiff of cocaine before continuing, "The Mexican government would surely come after us, and we will let them. They would be walking into their very own execution, it's the price they'd have to pay for refusing to align with us."

The don placed his palm on the table, which indicated they could speak. Raymond was the first to do so. He was about the same age as the Don and the two had grown up together. But despite their familiarity, the Don was a closed wall to them all.

"Think about the effect this would have on us. We would lose many men..."

"And I want you to think about the shame that would befall on our family if we sat idly after the way they disgraced us. No one disgraces my family and gets to walk out alive. Besides, I'd rather die defending my pride than live a life bowing my head in humiliation." That was a point they all agreed to.

A phone rang and all eyes turned to the underboss, he was the only one permitted to bring any device into the cave. It was necessary if they were to be under attack during a meeting. He answered the call and listened silently, he hummed in response before ending the call. His eyes went to the Don and he knew what that signified.

Something was wrong.

"Dismissed," the Don announced and all quickly exited the cave, leaving the Don and his underboss. "And?" He asked his right-hand man. The Don always did well in hiding his anxiety.

"She escaped. They're requesting for backup," the underboss informed with disappointment evident in his tone.

"Why would they need back up?"

"She basically knocked out Pete and severed Snake's hand."

Very few things were capable of surprising the Don, but this certainly made the list. He had watched her for years but there was no indication of her being taught any form of combat or self-defence.

She was a natural.

No one could see it, but a smile had captured Don's features. He felt so much pride in the young girl, she was simply a hidden weapon waiting to be used.

"What are your orders?" His second in command enquired.

"Send back up of course! Send a battalion if you must. Just make sure to bring her here, and be sure to minimize harm."

"Minimize harm? She took out two of our best men..."

"I don't give a damn!" The Don snapped, "No harm shall come to her, understood?" Although his eyes were hidden, the underboss felt the intensity of Don's gaze. He had the urge to get as far away from the Don as possible. He wouldn't want to aggravate him more.

"Yes, Don."

Somewhere out there, their target was running. But they were sure to find her.

The more she ran, the further Jane's house seemed. She felt her legs slowing down, as though they were about to give up on her. But she didn't dare to stop. Her adrenaline was high and pumping, who wouldn't be if their life was being threatened?

Maria would occasionally tilt her neck to check if she was being followed but thankfully she had no pursuers. She must have done some serious damage to her assaulters, she almost felt bad.

Almost.

But what she found odd was how no one could be seen driving or walking by. These roads were usually bustling with parties and drunk teenagers, especially since it was a Friday. Scary enough, the houses she ran past looked recently abandoned. Was she that out of it that she hadn't noticed it before?

Her heart somersaulted with joy as her eyes spotted her best friend's house. Her knees gave at the moment her feet touched her front porch. She banged her fist as hard as she could against the door, her eyes searching her surroundings for any suspicious movement. "Jane, help-!"

At the third knock, the door flew open, almost getting yanked off its hinges to reveal her best friend. Jane grabbed her by the arms and hurriedly pulled her inside before slamming the door shut, locking it several times. She rushed over to the nearby window, repeating the same action.

"M-men - big! Big men! Break in-" Maria tried to force out but found herself sputtering and gasping. She was a mess.

Jane, still locking her windows, managed to shoot a glance at her friend. Her usual pin-straight hair was ruffled, a nasty bruise forming on her jaw, exposed feet covered in scratches and dirt, with cuts on her wrists. But what caught Jane's attention was her blood-covered mouth, and the blood most certainly didn't look like hers.

"I'm calling 911," Jane quickly pulled out her phone and dialled the emergency line.

"911, what's your-"

"You have to help us, my friend was being chased by thugs. Send help, please!" There was a pause at the other side which only heightened her panic. "HELLO!?"

"Okay, I need you to remain calm, ma'am. Where is your friend now?" Came the female's voice.

"She's here, at my house."

"Is she badly injured?"

"Not really."

"Okay, what is your address?"

"St. Williams avenue, house 31."

"Okay, two police officers are on their way. Try to remain calm until then."

"Okay, thank you." Jane sighed with relief before ending the call. She turned to her friend who was still a shivering mess, her knees to her chest as she sat on the cold floor. Jane quickly sat beside her and wrapped her arms around her in an attempt to bring some form of comfort. "Don't worry, everything will be fine. Help is on the way."

Five minutes passed and still no police officers, not even a siren. "What the fuck?!" Jane exclaimed in frustration which caused Maria to flinch away.

"Sorry,"

She dialled the emergency line once again.

"911, what's your-"

"I made a complaint about five minutes ago and no one has come! Don't you get it? We're in danger here!"

Silence rang at the other end, that is when Jane knew something was not right about this. The lady's next words were filled with fear, it only confirmed Jane's thoughts, "I'm sorry." Then the line went dead.

Jane stared at her phone with bewilderment, this could not be happening. Rising to her feet, Jane threw her phone across the living room in anger.

"Shit!"

Maria watched her friend with confusion and fear, "what's going on?"

No response.

"Jane?"

She groaned before pushing some of her purple strands from her face. "Listen to me, Maria. Whoever these guys after you are, they have connections with the police," Maria's soul seemed to have left her body at that point. Her friend scratched the back of her neck as she paced the room, "And I gave them this address, fuck!"

Maria's head dropped and she hugged her knees tighter. Now she really started to wonder who was after her, she hadn't offended or gotten involved with anyone that could do this to her. And now she had endangered her friend by coming here, what was she thinking?

Jane didn't deserve this. None of them did.

Jane scurried into her kitchen and reentered the living room with a blade and butcher knife. She handed the blade to Maria who looked at it with a confused expression. "Maria, I need you to remain calm and listen to me. Go to my room and hide-"

Unfortunately, Maria was not having it. "What? No! Come hide with me!"

"Maria..." Jane's voice came as a warning. "there's a crack behind my wardrobe, it's only big enough to fit one person. This house doesn't have any other good hiding spot," Maria shook her head abruptly, still not agreeing with the idea. "Maria, you have to listen to me please. I'll be fine, it's not me they are after, remember that."

"B-but-"

Jane grabbed Maria's cheeks gently and wiped at the tears that had started to fall from her obsidian coloured orbs. "Everything will be fine, okay?"

The two friends paled as steps could be heard from the front porch, "go!" Jane ordered lightly before Maria ran to her friend's room, blade in hand.

Jane scowled.

Because whoever those people were, they didn't even have the courtesy of knocking before brutally kicking her down.

Her jaw dropped as ten men filed into her living room, three of them aiming their guns at her. "Where is she?" One of them asked, jamming the barrel of his gun under her chin.

Guns? Maria didn't mention them having guns, Jane became scared for her life. What was she expecting though?

"Answer me!" He grabbed her hair roughly forcing her to look up at him.

"I don't know who you are talking about," she said through gritted teeth, doing her best to remain strong.

The man shoved her harshly to the ground, grabbing the butcher knife she poorly concealed in her waistband and throwing it across the room. "If you value your life, you better not lie to me."

During this exchange, the other men thrashed the house in search of Maria.

"I don't know dude! Fuck!" Jane yelled.

The rest returned to the living room, "We couldn't find her." One of them said to the man conversing with her, that he must be their leader.

Jane shut her eyes in relief. The leader noticed.

He grabbed Jane by the hair once again, this time with enough force to pull out some strands. She screamed in pain, tears brimming on her eyelids.

Maria's heart trembled at the sound.

The leader shoved the barrel of his gun in Jane's mouth. "I know you're here! Surrender yourself or your friend dies!" He said loud enough for his voice to reach every inch of the house.

"3?!"

"2..?!"

Maria couldn't take it anymore. "I'm here! Please, don't hurt her!" She rushed out from her hiding spot and entered the living room, she raised her hands trembling in the air.

"Grab her," the leader ordered as two of his men bound her wrists.

"No! Please, I have money. Don't take her, I beg you," Jane pleaded as she struggled under the leader's grasp. Maria's heart warmed at the offer her friend made, she really was blessed to have her as one.

The leader didn't seem to care as he raised the hilt of his gun and struck Jane harshly on the temple. Maria screamed as her friend dropped to the floor, immobile.

The last thing Maria saw was the leader of her abductor's nod before her body went numb and she gave in to darkness.