

Triple Caste Gangster
BOOK ONE

He Never Told Her

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Chapter One

Clad in black! Watch your back!

The ruthless rain viciously battered the police cars, and the drumming sound echoed throughout the stuffy air, which was filled with anxiety and tension. The policemen cautiously surrounded Diamond House, the beams of their police lights penetrating through the thick darkness, illuminating the mighty skyscraper towering above them.

The head officers, their faces etched with tension, gripped their guns tightly. The noise of helicopters hovering overhead reverberated throughout the vast space, drowning out the distant hum of traffic from the hectic New York streets beyond. Each thud of rotor blades added to the nerve-racking atmosphere, amplifying the urgency of their mission.

Sergeant Andrew Armstrong's voice cut through the chaos. He was filled with desperation as he bellowed, 'We need backup from the NYSA right now!' His knuckles were pale, and the gun's weight was stressing him out. He wiped his sweat-soaked eyebrow and clenched his teeth nervously.

'Holy...!' cried out Officer Steven as a motorbike with two men came flying out of the enormous glass windows of Diamond House, sending the glass scattering everywhere, adding to the already tense situation.

The motorbike hit the ground, skidding past the police cars. The two men on the bike fired their guns, piercing holes into steel and bodies, forcing the policemen and head officers to seek refuge behind vehicles and ambulances.

'Shoot the living daylights out of them, man!' shouted Benjamin, reloading his mag and shooting brutally at the two men.

The tension hung heavy in the stuffy and humid air as the motorbike suddenly stopped behind a tree. One of the men fixed a cold gaze on Benjamin, his finger trembling on the trigger. Seizing the opportunity, he fired.

The bullet sliced through the air, shattering a police car's window before striking Benjamin in the leg.

'Ben, are you all right?' gasped Steven, running up to him. Panic clawed at his throat; his heavy footsteps splashed through puddles as he rushed towards Benjamin.

Benjamin's response was an awful mix of pain and anger, 'No, damn it, do I look all right? Be careful, Steve,' he warned, 'The two...riders are well-armed and protected.' As he uttered those words, the world around him blurred, a cacophony of sirens, shouts, and distant footsteps.

The pain in his leg was unbearable, a searing reminder of the bullet's cruel trajectory. His heartbeat was racing, intensifying his agony as if the very rhythm of life conspired against him.

Ben clenched his teeth, sweat mingling with the rivulets of blood that streamed down his left hand that was pressing down on his wound. The wet road beneath him seemed to absorb his suffering, its unforgiving surface pressing against his trembling body.

'Call the ambulance right now!' shouted Steven, glancing back at the officers, whose eyes were on the motorbike that had abruptly sped off from behind the tree.

'Here,' Steven sighed, making Benjamin hide behind a police car and shielding him from the other dangers lurking in the dark and stressful night.

But the nightmare was far from over; three more slick black motorbikes sped up the main road, shooting at anyone in their way. A vicious and brutal police chase started, filling the air with an

ear-splitting and deafening noise. The three motorbikes artfully spread out, taking different and confusing ways.

Rain continued to fall relentlessly, a curtain of silver threads blurring the world beyond. Sergeant Andrew's authoritative voice boomed through the downpour. 'Do we have to call him?' he shouted in frustration.

Officer Joseph, soaked to the bone, nodded grimly. 'Yeah, we've got no choice,' he replied, raindrops clinging to his uniform. 'We need backup.'

Sergeant Andrew pulled his walkie-talkie out from its holster, anger showing up on his pale face. 'We're going to have to retreat if you don't call him right now!' he barked at somebody through the walkie-talkie, vexed.

Meanwhile, Steven looked up the street worriedly. 'The ambulance should be here soon,' he said, biting his bottom lip and glancing down at Ben, who was gritting his teeth in agony and pain. And then, like a beacon of salvation, the ambulance arrived. Its wailing siren cut through the wind, and the paramedics leapt out, their movements precise and urgent. Their neon-yellow jackets glowed in the grey deluge as they sprinted towards Ben.

'You'll be all right!' one of the paramedics shouted, her voice muffled by the rain. She knelt beside him, gloved hands probing his wound. 'We've got you.'

Steven, his face filled with concern, grabbed Ben's hand as they lifted him onto the stretcher. Rain plastered his hair against his forehead, and he struggled to catch his breath.

'You're going to be okay,' Steven said, his voice trembling.

The ambulance doors swung open, revealing a sterile interior. Fluorescent lights flickered, casting eerie shadows on the metal surfaces. Benjamin was carefully placed inside, and the paramedics followed, their movements coordinated. The doors slammed shut, muffling the rain and the chaos outside.

As the ambulance pulled away, its tyres hissing on the wet road, Steven stood there, rain streaming down his face. He wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, a blend of relief and exhaustion washing over him. But then, something caught his attention. An SUV hurtled down the main road, its headlights slicing through the rain. It was going fast, reckless and dangerous. He squinted against the downpour, then sprinted towards Sergeant Andrew. 'There he is, Boss,' he panted, pointing a trembling finger at the speeding vehicle.

The slick black SUV with dark-tinted windows pulled up beside Sergeant Andrew. The window rolled down, revealing a young driver dressed in black.

A mischievous smirk decorated his face as he spoke, 'What's up, bro? I see you've run into a problem.'

'What are you smirking at, you stupid idiot? Don't waste time; get chasing those devilish bikers before everyone in New York gets killed!' shouted Andrew, his face turning red as a blazing fire.

The young man, dripping with confidence and audacity, burst into laughter, 'Got that bro! Ring me later if you've got my number!'

Arrogantly, he spat out of the window, put on his shades, and sped off, leaving everyone standing and staring at his SUV in bewilderment.

'I bloody hate that guy. Got the nerves to call me 'bro'!' yelled Andrew, sweating profusely.

Steven, ever the provocateur, teased, 'I think he's a cool dude,' he grinned, trying his best to provoke Andrew.

'Shut your gob. We've got to get to the head office before it gets blown up!' Andrew shouted cheekily, jumping into his Range Rover and driving off.

Meanwhile, Officer Joseph, who was standing next to Steven, suddenly received an urgent update from Officer Kate, who was standing nearby: 'Officer Joseph, the young man's on the chase. I've been informed,' she announced, clutching her motorbike helmet. 'We've bugged his car to keep an eye on what he's doing.'

'Good,' said Joseph, 'And yeah, Kate, keep up with your crazy work. That was such a good move you made saving those kids that nearly got killed by those evil men who were on the motorbikes,' he sighed with relief.

Kate swung her leg over her sleek motorbike, the engine purring to life. She secured her helmet, the visor reflecting her determined eyes. 'Thanks, Officer,' she said, her voice steady. 'I'll carry on trying my best,' she added, 'Please tell my brother, Benjamin, that I'll be visiting him after work.' Her voice wavered, revealing the depth of her worry.

Joseph looked at her sorrowfully and said, 'When I visit him in the hospital, I'll pass him your message,' he promised. 'Pray that I don't get killed.' Fear gnawed at him, but he pushed it aside.