

Secret Gangster

Part One

My Life Is All About Violence



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Chapter 1

Shadows Of Betrayal

The night's bitter wind howled, ushering a sense of impending doom. Outside a dark mansion, police cars came to a halt. It looked like the mansion had been neglected for many years. Its eerie shadow loomed over the police cars, and the stonework seemed to observe every move. Officer Luke and the other officers stepped out of their vehicles, their breaths forming frosty clouds in the chilly air. As they approached the majestic iron gates, Officer Luke's hand gripped its cold metal handle; cold shivers crept down his spine. With a hard push, the gate swung open, its sharp echoes piercing the gloomy night. He started to walk up the long, twisted driveway lined with scary-looking thorn bushes; their crimson roses seemed to watch every move he made. As Officer Luke continued to make his way up the cobblestone driveway, his gaze fell upon the mansion's old, stained-glass windows, which emitted an aroma of violent history. Some of the windows were boarded, concealing secrets too nasty to face. He approached a large wooden door. Its once vibrant hue faded to a greyish brown. Its knocker was shaped like a skull; its hollow eyes stared at Officer Luke, giving him the shivers.

'Officer David, shall we move in?' Officer Luke asked urgently, gently pressing his earpiece. He nervously gripped his pistol's cold, metal handle and pointed it towards the sturdy double doors.

Officer David responded bluntly, irritation evident in his words. 'Move in, move in!' he ordered through the earpiece.

Officer Luke forcefully pushed the doors, and they swung open, creaking loudly, revealing a dimly lit hallway. Candles flickered, casting dark shadows that danced over him as he stepped inside, his boots softly pressing against the dirty marble flooring. The scent of recently lit cigar smoke hung heavily in the air, making Officer Luke wrinkle his nose. A spooky aura seemed to float around, and the officers knew they were about to confront the evil and most brutal individual in New York.

Fear gripped Officer Luke's heart as he anxiously awaited the rest of the officers to enter. Suddenly, the rest of the officers emerged from the darkness, guns drawn.

Officer Luke moved cautiously down the hallway. The flickering candles cast eerie shadows, elongating the vast hallway. His heart started pounding faster as a figure suddenly materialised, looking like a hungry predator with his henchmen ready to strike. Officer Luke looked directly at the strange, horrible figure.

A twisted grin spread across the figure's evil face. He held a gun firmly in his hand, pointing it straight at Officer Luke. The tension in the air was dominant, and time seemed to stop as they stood there, each aware of the other's fear.

Without hesitation, the figure pulled the trigger; the gunshot illuminated the darkness around them, and a cloud of acrid smoke filled the air. The bullet tore through Officer Luke's shin; the pain was unbearable, causing his knees to buckle. He collapsed to the ground, teeth clenched with pain, and blood slowly started to drip onto the floor, staining the filthy marble floor. His vision blurred, but he fought to stay conscious. His companion's voices echoed in his ears, urgent and chaotic in the battle that was brewing around him. Officer Luke painfully lifted his fingers to press the button on his earpiece, but the pain was vicious, making him scream.

'Officer Luke,' Officer David's voice crackled through the earpiece. 'What's going on? You need to tell me right now.'

'I've been shot in the shin,' he replied, gritting his teeth.

Overhead, bullets whizzed by like angry bees returning to their hive, almost hitting him. Amidst the chaos, the anguished cries of those dying on both sides echoed through the air. The only respite lay in the urgent call for reinforcements. The corridor transformed into a storm of brutality, bodies collapsing beneath the burden of conflict. Blood stained the ground, splashing onto boots and dirtying clothes, whilst the acrid scent of gunpowder lingered in the already polluted air.

Officer Luke's trembling hand reached for his earpiece again, but a cold, rough hand grabbed him by the neck before he could press the button. He gasped for air, wondering if this would be his final moment.

The hand squeezed tighter. 'How does it feel, you idiot?' the man whispered, his words dripping with hatred, each word striking Officer Luke's heart with fear. His fingers dug into Luke's shoulders, and he swung him around with a brutal twist. The man's eyes pierced into him.

'Fire!' Officer Luke gasped, locking eyes with the man before him.

The man laughed, causing the hallway to echo with an eerie noise, sending shivers cascading down Officer Luke's spine. 'I am Fire,' he hissed like a serpent. 'I'm everyone's nightmare, the dreaded spectre haunting New York.'

Outside, the full moon shone through the mansion's tall windows, illuminating the deep scars on Fire's face. 'You see,' he whispered, 'I thrive on fear, and tonight, Luke, I'm going to make you wish you were dead.'

'What?' Officer Luke whimpered, 'What do you want?'

'I have only one request; tell me where that moron is.' Fire's voice was an evil murmur.

'I'll never tell you!' shouted Officer Luke, his voice quivering and his bravery crumbling like a sandcastle against a tide. 'You might as well shoot me dead.'

Fire's fingers tightened around the gun's trigger, the cold steel pressed against his palm. He cast a fleeting glance at the window, through which the silvery moonlight spilt into the hallway, bathing his face with its reflection. He knew that if he pulled the trigger, Officer Luke's secrets would die with him forever, and there would be no chance of discovering the truth.

Officer Luke's body lay sprawled on the cold floor. Fire stood over him, a cruel grin spreading across his face.

'Let me tell you something,' he sneered, his voice devoid of mercy; he smashed the butt of the pistol into Officer Luke's face. 'We have crushed and destroyed your men.' He then yanked Officer Luke upright, forcing him to stand, firmly holding him by the collar. Luke's vision blurred, the hallway started to spin, and his legs began to tremble, unable to bear his body's weight. Blood seeped from his cut lip, and tears of pain clouded his vision. Fire's grip tightened, making Officer Luke moan uncontrollably with pain.

'Where is Secret Gangster?' Fire roared. 'If you tell me you're a free man. I am a man of my word.'

Officer Luke's mouth felt dry, weakness took over his entire body, and he found responding difficult. Fire quickly lost his patience and slapped him viciously on his face, creating a shockwave that reverberated through his skull and down his spine. An agonising pain shot through his temple, which made him stumble backwards; he then fell hands first onto the hard floor, blood flowing from his mouth like a crimson river.

'He's in Jersey City,' Officer Luke whimpered, his words half-trapped in his mouth. He didn't dare meet Fire's eyes, fearing another blow.

'Prove it to me,' Fire's demand echoed like a thunderclap in the hallway.

Officer Luke started panicking; *how could he prove where SG was?* Panic seized him with the ferocity of a lion attacking its prey.

His trembling hand plunged into his pocket, fumbling for his phone. He slowly took it out and scrolled through his contacts, his heart pounding faster than ever. He dialled a number, and instantly, Secret Gangster answered.

‘Hello,’ SG spoke.

Officer Luke glanced towards Fire, who was observing him with a hint of interest flickering in his amber eyes. ‘Hello,’ Officer Luke stammered, ‘I was just wondering where you are?’

‘I’m in Jersey City,’ SG replied. ‘Why are you asking?’

‘I’m just checking on your well-being,’ Officer Luke said casually, though his heart was hammering against his chest. ‘I haven’t heard from you in a while and thought I’d drop you a call.’ He glanced at Fire, who was wickedly smirking. ‘Something has suddenly turned up; I gotta go. Bye,’ Officer Luke added, slamming the phone down rudely.

Fire’s evil laughter echoed down the hallway. ‘You’re a true backstabber,’ he sneered. ‘Do you think I’ll spare your wretched life?’

‘But you promised me you would!’ Officer Luke’s voice trembled.

Fire’s eyes narrowed, ‘What did you just say?’ he whispered, tapping his foot against the marble floor, ‘Let me think; I don’t recall making any promises; I think I should teach you a lesson about backstabbing; what comes around goes around.’ He mockingly laughed and then shot Officer Luke in the head, which killed him instantly.