

The Gangster underworld
Undercover Gangster
Part one

Blood Ties in the Shadows

Joseph Jethro



Text copyright © Joseph Jethro

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the author's prior written permission.

Such written permission must also be obtained before any part of this publication is stored in a retrieval system.

All characters of this publication are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

First published in Great Britain in 2024

ISBN: 978-1-917452-00-7

josephjethro45@outlook.com

Chapter 1

The Unseen Path

Ramello sat on his bed; his curtains closed, and the only light was the plasma's soft blue hue. He watched a video of himself when he was speeding on Channelside Drive last week. The wind had whipped through his hair, the thrill of speeding making him go even faster, but fate had a way of catching up, and it did in the form of flashing lights and a stern-faced officer. He got a hefty fine of five hundred dollars. He winced at the memory, but there was a satisfaction in watching it unfold on screen. He enjoyed watching about himself; it was better than a movie. As the video played on, he couldn't move his eyes away. The reckless joy of speeding and the fear of getting caught was such a lovely thrill for him. Ramello leaned back, lost in the drama of his own making, 'Better than any movie,' he whispered to the empty room.

'Ramello!' one of his adoptive parent's sons shouted from downstairs, 'Get down here right away.'

Ramello sighed, switched his plasma off and headed down the stairs, his footsteps echoing with every step. He found his brothers in the living room. He didn't have an actual brother and was known for being abandoned as a baby. Then, someone did adopt him, but unfortunately, he died a few years ago, leaving behind his three sons and his adopted son, Ramello. Ramello's brothers were older than him and were always horrible to him.

'What is it, Frederik?' Ramello asked his brother, who had called him downstairs.

'I just wanted to ask how far you got in paying your fine off?' Frederik asked in frustration.

'I paid it off last night,' Ramello replied swiftly, 'Why are you so interested in my business anyway?'

'Cause I don't want any more of your rubbish letters cluttering the doorstep,' Frederik responded with a smirk, leaning against the door frame, 'And make sure you don't get any more fines. We don't want any more rubbish.'

Ramello sighed and walked over to the drawer where he had placed his car key. He picked it up and was about to walk out when Phillip, sitting across the room, asked, 'Are you planning to go car racing again and get more fines coming through the door?'

'Yeah, I am,' Ramello replied, rolling his hazel eyes as he left the room.

He stormed out of the front door towards his black sports car, a slick ride, and jumped in. He started the engine and sped out of the driveway. The vehicle accelerated, and the world blurred around him. The fines and the letters all faded into oblivion.

He sped along the road; the mild breeze tousled his brown hair as he rolled the window down.

He parked his car on a narrow, desolate street. The cracked asphalt crunched under his trainers as he stepped out, the weight of his stressful and miserable life pressing down on his shoulders. He longed for a way to improve his circumstances, and he definitely wanted to find a way of getting along with his brothers. The warm wind, tinged with dust, tousled his hair, and the bright sun forced him to squint.

As he walked past a sleek silver sedan, its door abruptly swung open, striking his leg and sending him stumbling to the ground. His eyes narrowed in anger and pain as he looked up. To his alarm, five black-clad men emerged from the vehicle. Ramello's pulse quickened, instincts warning him of imminent danger.

'You get here, boy,' one of the men growled, his fingers digging into Ramello's shoulders as he pulled him to his feet and slammed him against a brick wall, 'Where's your dad?'

Ramello looked at the man blankly, trying to get out of his grasp and shouted, 'I don't have a dad. Get off me!'

The other men started to laugh mockingly; the man who had Ramello gripped gave him dirty, terrifying looks and then continued, 'Listen, young man, it's obvious that you have a dad. Tell me right now, where is he?' he yelled impatiently.

'I'm not lying. I was abandoned when I was a baby, and my adoptive father died a few years back,' Ramello replied, his voice firm. He didn't understand what the man was talking about, 'I think you've got the wrong person,' he yelled.

The man's hand slipped under his bomber jacket, pulling out a gleaming black, polished handgun. He pointed the weapon at Ramello's head, 'Listen boy, tell me right now before I shoot you.'

Ramello shivered, 'Look, man, I don't know what you're banging on about, serious man, I don't know!'

The man clenched his teeth, his eyes narrowing into slits, 'I don't want any nonsense to slip out of your mouth; I'm only interested in your dad, and let me make it clear, your actual dad,' he hissed, his voice filled with impatience and frustration.

Ramello shook his head, raising his voice, 'Look man, I don't know if my dad is dead or alive; I only know his name, nothing else; it's the only information I've got.'

The man's finger itched to press the trigger of the gun. 'I only wanna know where he is,' he snapped, yanking his phone from his pocket. He hesitated for a moment and then dialled a number. Someone instantly answered.

'What is it, Richmond?' echoed a voice from the other side of the line, 'I told ya not to call me until the bloody job is done, so have ya cracked it?'

Richmond's grip tightened on the phone, the weight of the gun pressing against Ramello's temple, 'I've got the lad with me. The idiot is not telling me the whereabouts of his dad. He's saying that he doesn't know, he's gotta be lying, maybe I should put a bullet in his head?'

There was a moment of silence. Suddenly, the man on the other line spoke. 'Bring the boy over to ma place,' he lazily instructed, a sense of hatred in his tone. 'I'll talk to him myself.'

Richmond ended the call, his eyes locked onto Ramello who stood angrily confused. Suddenly, he clutched Ramello's arm with a firm, tight grip. He dragged Ramello towards a waiting silver Mercedes-Benz, the car's sleek lines glinting in the sun's light, a stark contrast to the desolate surroundings. Richmond flung open the back door and forcefully shoved Ramello into the vehicle.

Ramello looked around, his thoughts going insane. *What in the world was going on, and who were these weird men?*

Richmond jumped into the driver's seat, glancing at the man who was quietly sitting in the passenger seat. He stared at the road ahead with an unwavering gaze and cracked his knuckles.

Richmond looked back at Ramello with a smirk. ‘Be prepared for a long journey, boy,’ he declared, and in his voice was a stern warning.