

Deadly Information

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Jonathan raises the pistol, taking just a few seconds to gather his aim before squeezing off a few shots at the target down-range. His ear-protection muffled the gun fire well enough- and Jonathan was certainly happy of this. At the age of just twenty he currently had the hearing of a sixty-year old, and his doctor had said it wouldn't be long before it would start affecting him in a more severe way. However this was the furthest thing from Jonathans mind as he pulled down his protective glasses, grinning as he saw three kill-shots through the man-shaped target in front of him. He'd been practicing so long, and he was finally ready.

There was no falter in his grin as he set the pistol down on the table below him, turning around to hang up his gear on the racks. He quickly exited the firing range, making sure not to talk to anyone as he did. His hands buried deep inside his pockets.

He came out onto the street of his home; New York. Everything seemed to slow down, as Jonathan looks around. Noticing the faces of people he knew, some he simply recognized, and some he had yet to meet as they cross the street in front of him. Little did these people know what he had just accomplished, what he was finally ready to do.

The year was 2006, and it was a very rainy spring here in his city. Even now, the puddles formed on the sidewalk were constant reminders of how much it had rained this day. After one more quick look around, Jonathan firmly fitted his hat onto his skull. Anticipating more rain, though he knew forecasts said otherwise, he could take no chances. He wanted to look as professional as he could when he went for his initiation. Funny, he thought, he wanted to look nice before he committed his first murder.

Jonathan was born in a rundown apartment in 1986, and four years later he witnessed his first murder. The small bakery across the street has been under the 'protection' of a local group in the area for years, and the owner had not been paying up for just about as long. His slick tongue had served him well that long, but in December of 1990 it all caught up to him. It all caught up to him, of course, in the form of a bullet lodged deep into the old man's heart.

Jonathan's mother had walked him across the street because they needed bread for their dinner, but as they approached the front of the bakery Jonathan started to hear shouting. One voice he knew was the owner of the store, the other he had never heard before in his life. This other voice, however, would soon be one he would fear and respect for years to come. His mother apparently saw something she didn't like, as she crouched down in front of the window. Jonathan would eventually come to realize this was because she had seen the gun.

While his mother was distracted, little Jonathan moved to where he could see inside the bakery. Simply through a little crack in the otherwise impenetrable wall of posters and warnings that usually blocked the rest of the window. What he saw drew more curiosity than fear from the young boy. Through that window young Jonathan witnessed a very tall, well-dressed man. Black hair hung neatly just along the edge of a very expensive looking hat. While Jonathan was mesmerized with this hat, he felt his mother's hands come down to cover his ears. He had just enough time to feel this before he heard the gun shot, reverberations from the sound seemed to echo through Jonathan's body. He looked just in time to see the old man crumble to the floor of his beloved bakery, pooled in blood, and the powerful looking man starting to walk out. Stuffing something oddly shaped deep into his pocket. Jonathan would later realize that this was a gun.

As the man crossed the street, a strong gust of wind struck. Nearly causing Jonathan to fall to the ground, and the man's expensive hat blew cleanly off of his head. It came to settle down beside Jonathan's feet. Even as a four year old, this is when he knew what he wanted to do. He bent down to pick up the hat, watching that powerful man walk off into the crowded streets. The sounds of sirens were to quickly follow. Jonathan would go on to have dreams of this day for most of his childhood, and it always mystified him how just one little day so greatly influenced his life to come.

Chapter 2: Power Hungry

"Y-you know, Jonathan. I really don't think you should do this. You know the boss doesn't like the idea of someone like you just pushing your way into the group. You're a threat to him, if anything." The rat-faced, short man at Jonathan's side noted, trying to walk in-line with Jonathan's wide stride as he talked.

"That's the point, Ricky! If I'm such a big threat to them, they would have killed me by now. " Jonathan straightens up, wheeling around to face Ricky, his eyes glowed with a lust for power. "No Ricky, no. The boss is simply testing me. If I don't have the guts to stand up to the possibility of being killed, what use am I to him as a member of the group?"

Ricky pushes his hands into his pockets, looking to the ground. He had been friends with Jonathan for years, and he didn't like the look that Jonathan had. "You don't get it, Jon. You haven't been killed because the rest of the guys love you like a brother. They want you in! The boss is the only one who has a problem with you, he's afraid that you will take his place."

Jonathan grins slyly, looking at Ricky with triumph at this news. "Well then perhaps that is just what I should do, huh? It's not like he hasn't been in rule long enough. How many years has it been, Ricky? I know at least twenty, probably more. Since before either of us were born! It's time for a change, my friend."

Ricky sighs, slowly nodding. "I suppose you're right." He looks up to Jonathan, "You know I have your back whatever you decide to do." He looks around before crossing the street, ducking into an alley-way as soon as he made sure no-one was watching.

Jon had barely gotten turned around before someone ran into him, shoving a piece of paper into his hand as the man ran past. Not once showing his face to Jonathan, but he had an idea of who he was. Jonathan knew a lot of people. Jonathan recovered his balance, slowly unfolding the piece of paper. Reading it slowly in his head, though he already thought he knew what it was for.

"Jonathan, you've been invited to dine with death. There's a man who hasn't been doing as he is told, and he needs to be taken care of. Make sure to hit him hard first, and I'm sure you can use your imagination. He has a family.

If this task is completed you will be ready for initiation into our family, through the same ritual that all of us have gone through. When you're ready, there is a silenced pistol in a garbage can in the middle of central park. We'll be watching. The address will be in the garbage can as well. Get it done."

-BB

A chill ran up Jonathan's spine, he nearly dropped the piece of paper. This was his chance, and he wasn't going to miss it. The only thing standing between him, and the boss, was this insignificant family. Here was what he had dreamed of for years of his life on end. Little did he know this was not such an insignificant family.

Chapter 3: A soft spot?

Jonathan runs a shaking hand through the side of his hair, rainwater running over the brim of his hat as he does. He quickly stuffs his hand back into the deep pockets of his coat- fingering the trigger of the pistol within. His hands weren't shaking from fright-no, but from excitement. As he walked through Central park, watching all the mothers and grandmothers rushing their assorted children into cars and under umbrellas, he began to think about his family. His mother died when he was just ten, his father had told him she had just been sick. But he had been the one to find her, Jonathan had been the one that hid the empty bottle of pills, he knew what had really happened.

There hadn't been a note, no his family was far too prideful for all that mushy stuff. What with his drunk father, and Jonathans own preferred style of living, and all. He had cried, sure. He wouldn't have been human if he didn't, and he would be a real mongrel if he couldn't admit to it. He stopped just short of a bench, and beside it was the garbage can he was supposed to find. There was however an unexpected obstacle- a little girl. No older than thirteen, no doubt, sat on the bench. Apparently oblivious to the rain, she just sat there. Looking down-right pitiful, Jonathan's heart went out to her immediately. This was his weakness after all, children. Perhaps this was also why his hands wouldn't stop shaking, he thought, because of his targets family.

There wasn't time for this now, however. He couldn't just reach into the garbage can and find the note with the girl right there to witness it. Besides the fact that he could never have brought himself to simply leave her there either. After a minute or two of just standing there, watching for any clue, he walked up to her. To be honest, he currently felt like a huge creep doing this, but he had only the best intentions, and all. He narrowed his eyes at the girl, lifting his completely soaked hat up a little bit to get a better look at her. Blue eyes, brown hair- or maybe it was blonde? Jonathan couldn't tell, everything was too wet to get much of a key on anything at all. But he supposed it didn't matter, what really did was his next words. He had to choose them carefully, be delicate about it. He certainly didn't want to scare her away.

"What are you doin' out here all alone, kid? You do realize it's raining cats and dogs, right?" Jonathan asked, taking a small breath of air and holding it as he waited for the girl's response. He really was nervous as hell, if you can believe it. The idea of anything happening to her, especially because of him, made him nervous as hell. Maybe he wasn't ready for his first kill, after all.

The girl looked up, clearly cautious of Jonathan, she knew her way around. And Jonathan could quickly tell this wasn't her first time being out here alone, nor would it be her last if nothing was done. "I know it's raining! What are you, stupid?" Her tone wasn't mean, quite the opposite in fact. If it had been just a little bit less wet out, and if the girl actually knew who the hell he was, Jonathan may have even thought she was kidding around with him, teasing him.

Jonathan exhaled, pretty confident he was in the clear he shook his head and laughed a little, "Only when it's raining this much! All the rain gets in my ears, and drowns my poor little brain all to hell." He even added a few gentle knocks to his noggin for emphasis, smiling inside and out when he got a few little giggles out of the girl. It was times like this that he really wished he had a kid of his own, wished like hell. "Well, no matter how much I'd love to start a stand-up comedy show right here. It IS raining, I don't wonder if I could convince you to get out of the rain? I'll even buy you ice-cream or something, or whatever the hell kids eat now.

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The girl simply grinned, water dripping down her angelic-like face before she starts laughing. Clearly she found Jonathan funny as hell, or simply weird as hell. Either one he would completely understand at this point, he still felt like a creep. But the girl's laughter helped him get over it quite quickly. "Maaaayybbbee..but you gotta sit here and drown in the rain a little with me first. I like the rain, but maybe after a while you can buy me ice-cream!" She said, sassy as hell, as she scooted over a little on the soaked bench.

Jonathan just nearly avoided laughter, he may have even snorted a little bit while holding it in. It was likely, as the girl laughed at him a little. He just had to get her back for it, so as he was sitting down, he plopped his hat down onto the girl's head. It came far down over her eyes, until she pushed it up a little, looking at him questionably. He chuckled, "Well if we're gonna sit here and drown, you need to have something so I can find you before we go get ice-cream, shorty." He teased, lifting the hat up a bit more on the girl's head before the fell into a heavy conversation. He didn't remember much of the start of it, the most important part of course, came later on.

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