Until Your Last Breath - The Last Uncivilised Man

By : Winter Morris

Until Your Last Breath - The last Uncivilised Man. is a fast paced high octane work that will drag you kicking and screaming into the life of Jacob the protagonist. His life and love cruelly ripped away from him and destroyed by people who he had never met or wronged. He has a choice, lie down and die or find strength he never knew he had, and turn from the hunted to the hunter.

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Until Your Last Breath â

The last uncivilised man

Love Lust Revenge Mayhem

A Jacob novel

Chapter 1: London Present

It was raining, that was ok he liked the rain; he wasnâ t bothered by the actual mechanics of it raining, because in the U.K. it always rained. Rather he appreciated and used the effect that rain had on people. People automatically became less observant of their surroundings and more importantly to Jacob less interested in the people around them, people also hurried around so it was easy to blend out of the general populace and become invisible even if natures gifts dictated that should be almost impossible at. 6.1â and 95 kilos, even if they were carried on unusually nimble feet.

Glancing at his watch in the sporadic light given off from the streetlamps and a half full moon, checking the time without stopping, â goodâ he thought, he was on a schedule, that he had planned everything meticulously over four weeks, it wouldnâ t do now to be late for any reason, he casually observed that to keep on schedule he would have to take a quick short cut through the park towards his destination. Silhouetted in the gloom towering like a monolith his destination the ever looming excelsior hotel silhouetted in the distance shrouded in rain and street lights, his destination. Taking up a short jogging pace he turned into Jashford park, two minutes into an easy rhythmic pace so intent on his destination, he almost failed to notice, a shadow detached itself from a tree just as he passed by it just within his periphery just as he was about to dismiss it as a fox or some other nocturnal creature seeking shelter form the rain.. When another shadow, detached itself from the gloom to stand in his path. Jacob slowed to a brisk walk glancing behind him at the unmistakable man shaped shadow keeping pace with him form behind the shadow in front of him materialised 12 feet in front of him turning into a bedraggled but gruff looking man with eyes hidden, underneath a battered old NYC hat both dressed in dark clothes.

â Bit late for a night jog isnâ t it rudesâ the shadow ahead called out

â Specially dressed all niceâ came a tittering voice behind

Without breaking stride Jacob replied â sorry gents love to chat but Iâ m late for an appointmentâ

At which point the shadow with the hat dipped his hand into his coat and produced a dull blade which gleamed wickedly in the moonlight

â Look mate hand over your fucking money or Iâ m going to wet you, get me?â

he heard the shadow behind him laugh and skip walk closer to him, glancing behind he turned his body 90 degrees to the left and started to walk backwards so that now he had both shadows in his periphery. Sinking back off the path the two muggers now ten feet or so that was between them Jacob smile a tight humourless smile and looked the approaching man in the eyes whilst removing his wallet

Look lads I donâ t want any trouble so how about you take this have a couple of drinks on me and call it quits?

Without taking his eyes off the man in front of him Jacob pulled out a crisp 50 pound note

The man with the knifeâ s eyes lit up and at an unspoken command the two men closed in from either side fast,

â Nah blood thatâ s too easy and there must be a shit load more where that came fromâ

â Fine then have it allâ

Throwing his wallet underarm in a quick short ark spilling notes in the air towards the knife man closing in, Jacob moved as soon as the mans eyes were following the trajectory of the thrown wallet rain and notes obscuring his vision he only noticed Jacob was moving towards him just as he caught the wallet, by which time it was too late as vice like hands closed over his own, turning his right arm back on itself he found that he was staring at his own knife inches from his eyes, his wrist bent backwards held immobile by two arms the size of thighs and his elbow wedged in Jacobs chest.. as he look in the unflinching eyesâ ¦ agony bloomed as his wrist made a popping sound and was twisted and broken like a rotting branch, eyes filling with tears Jacobs locking his arm to his chest prevented him from sliding to the floor, whilst still manipulating the now dislocated wrist and forearm. To turn the would be robber

With an audible sigh mercifully he passed out, Jacob whilst in the process of breaking his wrist had turned his first assailant around so his back was acting as a shield from his partner who was fast approaching. Jacob propelling the unconscious knifeman backwards towards, his accomplice as though he weighed no more than a bag of sugar, unprepared the man got caught head on by the dead weight and went down hard on the rain soaked ground temporarily stunned he just managed to refocus his gaze though the rain and dark upwards, just in time to see the boot arching down towards his face.

Picking his up wallet and now damp notes Jacob placed a single fifty on the forehead of one of the downed assailants.

â You girls just had to go and do that the hard way didnâ t you?â

Turning towards his destination without a backwards glance, he resumed his jog slipping wraithlike through the trees.

Chapter 2

Exiting the other side of the park Jacob crossed the road beside the exclusive Excelsior hotel and follows down the side alley marked by service entrance and enters the kitchen, as usual the air perfumed with the smells of many an exquisite and expensive dishes, the clattering and washing of pans and the goading and shouting of the chefs to their subordinates, negotiating through the twirling waiters and chefs and avoiding cutlery into waiting sinks a totally organised chaos before him Jacob nodded helloâ s and acknowledgements on his way through until he arrived at the door marked staff changing room. Striding in

through the door he took in the room in one sweeping look, paused briefly to nod at a waiter who sat heavily on a bench, pulling off his shoes each one coming off, bringing a wider smile of relief than the next. Jacob stopped in front of the locker with the name he is currently working under, Nathan Todd. Nathan Todd he thought smiling privately to himself as he remembered the real Nathan Todd to whom he owes his current pseudonym 5â 8â light skin guy almost Puerto Rican looking and the biggest brothel owner in southern México City, quick with jokes fists and an eye for the ladies.

Unbolting the locker quickly he removed his outer coat to reveal the smart black waistcoat and trousers of a waiter with an immaculate white shirt which he then adorned with the badge he reaches into the locker for, final check on his appearance on the doors inside mirror, he sets back off toward the kitchen.

â Ah Nathan perfect timingâ

Coming through the doors Jacob is met by one of the hotels chefs Rafael Benito

â Yes chef, ready chef!â Jacobsâ s ready reply came out easily

Nathan my boy thatâ s why you will do so well in this business quick attentive and punctual! Turning to a half cowering waiter

Hugh youâ d do well to take after his example, sometimes I wonder why I keep you on

Yes ch ch chef the little man stuttered

Wincing at the reply Rafael made a brave attempt at putting his arm around Nathans shoulders in a conspiratorial manner.

Right the foods ready and I need someone reliable to take this food to the penthouse, Mr McPherson he say that if we send the food up with a clumsy numb nuts, like martin was yesterday.. Again, in his words he will neuter the prick that sent him, so Iâ m sending you, got it? The trolleys ready and the foodâ ¦ is it ready (shouting to the Hugh)

â Yes ch ch chefâ

Then off you go mâ boy he said smiling broadly at Jacob

â Yes chef â

It amazed Jacob with how easily he had been accepted by the staff that worked here considering he thought as he well knew, the amount of transient staff they must employ on daily weekly and monthly basis, the work though repetitive was not that hard you just had to have an eye for detail which he had, and manners which he had in abundance. No doubt he thought smiling to himself as he waited for the penthouse lift to open

Who would have thought it? I could have made a career of this,

But tonight would be Nathans last night here.

Typical elevator muzak an easy listening version of a pop song he liked tragedy, quite apt for tonight. The lift shuddered to a stop with a â bingâ he shunted his trolley with its precious cargo forward as with all food trolleys this one appeared to have been made to move in any direction barring straight ahead. The lift opened out into a wide mouthed corridor littered with ornate marble sculptures and pictures on the wall twenty feet from the lift were a set of double doors with two double human beings standing in front of them it wasnâ t that the bodyguards were big Jacob mused but rather it looked as though they had been inflated to the point just before they might burst, with an air of indifference Jacob rattled and chinked his way towards the bodyguards

One of the bodyguards who looked as though someone had just balance a pebble on a huge rock in some sort of snowman parody, a head set on a huge pair of shoulders, sans neck, held up his bear sized paw of a hand at Jacobs chest level barring further progression

â Gonna have to check you before you come in pretty boyâ

â Not likely take it in yourself; I donâ t get paid enough to get my balls felt up by the honey monsterâ

At that Jacob turned on his heel to head towards the lift

â Why you cheeky fucker, come here!â

A ham hock sized hand fell onto Jacobs shoulder

Predictable Jacob thought, instead of pulling against the force pulling him back, Jacob allowed it to assist his momentum using the balls of his right foot to launch himself back burying an elbow into the man mountainâ s solar plexus. With a whooshing side the man expelled all breath and seemingly deflated to his knees just as the other guard looking over to his left in disbelief at what he had expected to be a waiter getting a slap could react, Jacob buried a knife strike into his Adams apple and a savage left hook that utilised Jacob pivoting 180 degrees to his right burying his left fist into the mans groin. Jacob turned his back on the bodyguard as he fell log like to the floor making whimpering noises in between catching his breath, and kicked his partner, who was through sheer force of will trying to stand up and breathe at the same time on giraffe legs, in the head.

â Three points for the winâ Jacob mused

A quick search in either mans jackets revealed a cosh immediately pocketed and a pair of knuckle dusters which he slipped on whilst cautiously opening one of the penthouse doors at a crouch Jacob peered in, at what would have been chest height had he been standing, exploded on his head, looking up his forehead grazed a. He was already sinking backwards out of the door entrance as his mind was translating the object and screaming the word knife just as two more loud thuds tattooed the door

Shouting over his heartbeat which was suddenly in his throat Jacob yelled

â If you donâ t want your dinner you could just return it and ask to speak the management, like normal people do?â I donâ t suppose Iâ m getting a tip?

There was no reply, but a sudden noise of casters rolling on metal track and a tell tale movement of new air moving through the suite

â Shit,â cautiously back on the balls of his feet he duck walked to the doorway daring this time to peak his head through the door as expected the patio doors were open. giving the room a quick once over which was easy to do as it was all open plan Jacob ran through the penthouse dodging leather sofas and vaulting over

a glass table which had a small bag of white powder and the same white powder lined up eight separate columns with discarded rolled up bank notes beside it, to the open patio window which opened onto a balcony, he looked to his right then to his left just in time to catch, a left hook angling towards him which exploded against the side of his jaw like a sledgehammer, staggering backwards and attempting to roll with the punch which he hadnâ t seen, saved him from the uppercut which passed in front of his nose the violence of its passing making the air tickle it like a feather.

â Whereâ s your fucking funny comments now cunt?â a heavy manchunian accent spat

Reeling back Jacobs head felt as though it was filled with sand and thoughts were the particles just bouncing around his head in incoherent patterns.

from the shadow of the balcony in stepped McPherson solidly built in the way only serious gym time would indicate, and fitted into designer clothes clearly intended for a man of more a European build, with a shirt draped open over a vest and skinny blue jeans that looked decidedly restrictive and a pear of brogues that looked as thought they could pay for a weeks stay in the penthouse he was living in, as he moved in on Jacob that light revealed he also sported a designer Mohican as though he was from some long line of bodybuilding American Indians, Jacob remembered seeing some kid from a school set musical drama who also had one and a rap star.. But mainly Jacob could see his eyes were wild almost vacant and he had what looked to be powder being blown from his nose like some mythical bull blowing steam.

â Iâ m gonna break you in two you fucking bastardâ

Jacob still reeling back sent a silent thanks that McPherson seemed chemically compelled to talk about how bad he wanted to hurt Jacob rather than just focussing on the task in hand, Jacob knew from experience that the person in any fight who is first to the floor, doesnâ t usually get the option of getting back up

â Youâ re not my type and you havenâ t even suggested dinner and a movieâ Jacob goaded

â Raaagghhhâ

Jacob s head cleared enough to duck underneath a blistering right haymaker, he countered by hook punching McPherson in his ribcage on the right hand side, he was rewarded by a small exhalation of air and a slight step

back form McPherson, rising up on the balls of his feet Jacob followed with a quick right hook to his ribs and a left cross to the his jaw.

Blood, saliva and teeth followed the wet cracking sound as knuckle duster connected with jaw bone. The snapping of his head to the left, McPherson took a tentative half step forward on a foot that seemed to step into nothingness as his legs buckled he collapsed into himself like a puppet whose strings were suddenly cut, McPherson then fell forward lying on his face making a laboured wet gurgling sounds as blood pooled out of his mouth slowly spreading around his head, like some demonic version of a stained glass window halo.

â fuck, fuck, fuckâ Jacob cursed, each word punctuated by a vicious kick to the now unconscious man, relief, fear and the depleting adrenaline leaving his system caused him to feel as though his body now weighed double, and his head was throbbing.

Jacob thought with a bloody smile crossing his face that if this was a scene from a movie when the good guy wins heâ s obliged to says something cool afterwards, like if your going to fight, fight donâ t talk. But this wasnâ t a movie and he fell to his knees doubling up hands on knees trying not to puke up the entire contents of his stomach.

In between ragged breaths Jacob said to the prone body,

â Canâ t we all just get along?â

Before leaving the suite Jacob had a quick check over the room which he had cleaned his existence from, casting and eye over the three men who had been masking taped into

sitting positions, he pulled the door closed. In addition to three throwing knives he had collected, he had also found a small rucksack which he had stuffed with the bundles on the table he hadnâ t counted it but had estimated that it was around the region of fifteen thousand pounds, not that money played any part in motivating him, he was he thought wryly, a not for profit organisation, but it would come in handy in the weeks to come.

He called the last number on the phone,

â Mac whatâ s up?â A voice questioned

â Iâ m coming let them knowâ

â What? Who? Who the hell is this and whereâ s Mac?â The voice asked

Jacob laughed evilly and hung up and turned the phone off, took the stairs down beside the lift he came up in all the way down to the side door next to the kitchen. After removing the prosthetic mask when he was clear in the alley way, a little lighter fluid and a quick flick of his lighter near the pile and Nathan was no more, Jacob however exited the alley and disappeared into the embrace of the waiting night

Later on when the three men in the suite were found by a hotel staff who couldnâ t rouse Mr McPherson they found him and his â employeesâ duct taped together each in strangely recognisable poses seated poses on the far left McPherson was duct taped in a sitting position with his hands taped over his eyes, the man on McPherson left conscious with tears running down his eyes was taped in the same position the only difference being his hands were taped to his ears and to his left his partner was sat tears running freely down his face with his hands taped over his mouth, looking mutely to the obviously dead man to his left, but what made the receptionist lose her lunch all over her newly purchased Manolo Blahniks was that the eyes, ears and tongue of each man respectively was arranged on a china plate in front of them.

Chapter 3

The dream always started the same way at the precise moment five years ago that he had had his world shaken upside down, he was eating with his fiancé Julia at a bistro he was there in the moment looking at her as the light of the beginning of September framed her face making her look as he told her like an angel, he remembered her telling him that she was only as good as he was bad and they held hands, he smiled as he saw her twirling round asking his advice on a summer dress he new made her look gorgeous but was stumped when she asked him about the lines and how it was cut and the traditional question whether it made her bum look big in it. the day cut to the evening flashes of night leering faces he remembers an animal roaring in his ears so loud he could barely think mixed with screams and being hit again and again and again, continually until the world ran in, then a different snapshot of memory, choking on blood, looking for Julia seeing her just before the world exploded and he sat up bolt upright.

â Julia!â it was the same nightmare that had plagued him every night for the last five years, wearily he wiped a hand over his face feeling the stubble that had adorned him for the last three days it was still dark, he fumbled over the bedside table for the glass of water he knew was there

â Boy you always make so much noise in the night hehehe shall I go and make you some tea?â

Iâ d rather you didnâ t old woman it tastes like boiled grass and nut sacks and it gives me the runsâ

Itâ s good for you hehhehheh â cough coughâ healthy bowel movements instead of constipation I find that you youngsters all have today grunt and sound like someone is giving birth to rocks in a bucketâ

she crouched over an imaginary bowl eyes close head tilted up to the heavens fists clenched shaking slightly

â huuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuurrrrrggg flump!â heh heh heh not good for you, not good at all said the old woman cackling to herself whilst stroking the wisps on her chin hair thoughtfully

Try to get back to sleep here take this and she handed over a tablet

â Take take take, you sleep until itâ s timeâ

Jacob popped the tablets in his mouth and washed them down with water, immediately regretting his decision as he was left with a bitter taste in his mouth.

â It tastes disgustingâ Jacob tried to keep the contents of his stomach where they were whatâ s in it?â

â Itâ s herbal and you donâ t really want to know hehehe now sleep. I donâ t want to have you disturbing my sleep again tonight, I might have to beat you and that would be such a waste such a waste of my time and energy. shaking her head she tottered out of the room. â So unsuitable, so unsuitableâ

Jacob lay down and this time his sleep was blissfully, without dreams.

Chapter 4: Paris France Present

â Sheâ awoke as usual at 5.30am and ran through a series of stretches designed not just to limber her up, but also gear her mind to the days tasks in hands, she had many names by which her acquaintances and business partners called her by, but the name she was most known by, in hushed circles of people with limitless funds, who had special assignments that they wanted carried out to the letter; with no way of being connected to them to themselves.. was â Sheâ

This had always been the way she had been addressed, as an unwanted child, shocked almost mute from the death of her parents in car accident only she walked away from, miraculously unscathed covered head to toe in the blood entrails and brain matter of her parents who were both beheaded as a juggernaught from the apposing freeway traffic had slid out of control, the tail end of which even though the driver had valiantly tried to stop in a smoke hazed screeching and spinning the wheel in his cab had skipped out sideways and swung into the path of her parents car where it had bounded leaping up and down as the brakes tried to restrain the loads momentum then it bounced almost in slow-motion into her parents shiny blue car removing any trace of the car beyond bonnet level and for her all hopes of a normal life.

Thrust into the care of a distant relative who had resented her femaleness and punished her mercilessly for it, until he had spotted an unexpected glimmer of talent that was forced ruthlessly to flourish under unforgiving eyes and hands that demanded perfection, unconsciously she touched and rubbed at one of the long healed trails of scar tissue on te top of her back, one of a whole network of ugly old wounds which disfigured it in itâ s entirety but which she wore and cherished lovingly as a perverse badge of honour.

She resumed her stance and continued her form, circular catlike sweeps of arms and legs darting forwards down low high and from acute angles, all of which could have seemed balletic if captured by a stills camera, but the softness of each sweep, which led to faster and yet faster still were punctuated by strikes by foot, hand, knee and elbow, but it was the cold fixed stare of deadly concentration and economy of motion which gave an indication of the strength and purpose behind each movement. Two hours later after warming up, then later a warm down she was finished. she gave a thought to the day of the meeting she had in London for a business arrangement that would bolster her coffers enormously,

Luxuriating in a shower so hot she felt pins and needles underneath her skin, she moved her hands over her body marvelling as always as she did her figure flat stomach lithe strong limbs with just enough sweep of breasts to attract the attention and enhance her figure without being considered to unwieldy, her nipples were erect from the heat of the shower and she strolled them enjoying the sensation and the heat from the shower at the same time pulling them gently she let out a little moan and it wasnâ t before long that her left hand was against the wall whilst her right hand arched lower to her mons she felt herself engorged then slowly unfurl as the heat in the shower wasnâ t just concentrated from the water anymore, slowly with deft fingers she allowed herself to probe gently at first slow sensual movements which allowed all of her senses to become enhanced slowly at first then building to a crescendo of feeling then she came a slow animalistic moan torn from her she shuddered and breathed in heavy ragged gasps, and allowed herself cede control and slowly slump to the floor as the heat from the shower beat down on her. As she became more aware of her surroundings she could here the sound of her mobile phones, thanking whatever gods were watching for not interrupting her only moments earlier, she jumped out of the shower not bothering with a towel to her bedroom where she answered her current contact phone.

She listened as the scrambled phone spoke in even tones telling her about an assignment that a client wanted her and only her to look into, hearing the nature of the assignment she told her in-between, her fee. she never asked, and she was never refused, in the circles that people who even knew of her existence, it was known that if she accepted the assignment, â Sheâ named her fee, to refuse her price or not to pay what was owed was to become her next assignment, as a little known west African dictator found out whilst giving his inauguration speech. after winning the rigged elections for the twentieth year, running toward a crowd of jubilant followers all ring fenced by armed guards who were helping the crowd find their voices. an explosion of one of the gas tanks behind the stage exploded tearing a hole in his back, which after extensive surgery saved his life but left him without the use of his legs, two days later the money which had been conveniently unpaid into her accounts was deposited. â Sheâ was pleased she had got over her initial impulse and had allowed herself the forethought not to kill him, dead men canâ t authorise bank transfers, and her point had been made. The clients target died mysteriously two days later, not that it had mattered to him by that point, But it had mattered to her and that was all that was important..

Chapter 5: Present

Detective Inspector Dan McCarthy was a hard-bitten cops cop, an ex rugby player with a face only a mother could love, as his mother used to tell him, though when he smiled he could melt the heart of angels, as long as the angels in question liked cauliflower ears. He had worked his way up through the ranks on merit and hard work with a minimum of arse kissing, gaining the respect of his fellow police officers and superiors alike. He was now about to enter his fiftieth and year and as much as he dreaded that milestone, especially with Janice she who must be obeyed indoors bending his ears about having some sort of party. Party the very thought of standing around drinking as though you could still cope with hangovers and dancing nostalgically to music they used to listen to when you were kids and entitled to get pissed and fumble in the dark at the slightest drop of a pheromone, made him feel a little depressed and as he hadnâ t told her yet that he was contemplating early retirement. It would be nice he mused not to do a job that made you want to feel like washing your mind mentally at the end of a case and in most cases a shift depending on the outcome, which was more than often negative. His dad had had no love or understanding when as a bright idealistic sixteen ear old he had declared proudly that he wanted to become a police officer at the dining room table to his shocked dockworker father who had merely grunted and looked up over his newspaper and said ok son if you can last a year you have my backing 32 years later he grinned at the fact that ever year on the year he had goaded himself onwards by using the same phrase almost as a mantra â just give it another year if I donâ t like it I can always quitâ now he was looking at early retirement due to the time he had put into the job, he wouldnâ t say he was meant to do this job, but rather he had been moulded around it.. If this job was advertised in a newspaper Janice would say to him on an evening when he had managed to get home before

she was asleep, it would say

â Join the post-lice (as most of the real work happened after the fact she said) work hard for your community and neighbours earning nothing but their unending scorn dirty looks and distrust, working unsociable hours that no human being can work without first booking himself into rehab or relationship counselling, seeing things that human beings just arenâ t equipped to see that will drive you to drink drugs or depression all for wages good enough to reflect the fact you protect and serve not prosecute and defendâ

He arrived at the crime scene flanked by lots of flapping vultures flying by on motorbikes, his term for the press, upon arrival he was taken inside where his self confessed minion a bright early twenties career copper sergeant

â So what do have we gotâ he asked David Hardwick his sergeant as they got in the lift to get to the heart of the crime scene

Weâ ve got three victims in total, two who arenâ t sure theyâ re glad to be alive sir, and one if he had been still alive would be wishing he wasnâ t.

Ok McCarthy knew from his sergeantâ s voice it wasnâ t likely to be pretty and he was glad in this instance that at lunch he had decided against having a pudding

Lets go in then , as the doors to the lift or elevator as the yanks called opened into the opulent corridor the more police tape and markers adorned it walking

signs of a struggle or disturbance was evident as they got closer to the suite doors the CSIâ s as they liked to be called was inspecting three holes in the doors

Interesting McCarthy mused, any idea what causes those?

No sir, weâ re measuring them up at the moment the labs can work it out for us? David replied

Nodding prefuntually at two men who appeared to be applying foundation to an unappreciating door jam were two men dressed in white protective clothing including head covering, they reminded him of a ninja video he watched in the 80â s where all the good ninjaâ s wore white. If only it was that simple he thought, shades of grey are always shades of grey. McCarthy entered into the room and was immediately hit with the warm smell of rotting meat that reminded of the initial smell that hits a person going into a butcher.

Sir the black markers there in front of the sofa indicate the position of the three victims.

David continued but McCarthy couldnâ t hear him as Davidâ s voice had become background noise as he observed the gruesome trio of body parts on expensive china laid before him.

What the fuck McCarthy whispered under his breath, he swallowed quickly before the lump in his throat and the tightness in his gut got any worse, still after all these years on the job you never get used to it

So do we have any Idâ s of the victims?

Yes sir we have a Mr James McPherson 32 now deceased, Neil Phipps 29 alive though severely traumatised thatâ s his tongue, and Michael smith whoâ s ears they belong too

I donâ t suppose any of them want to talk?? McCarthy caught the look of humour that glinted in his subordinateâ s eyes, squashing any prospect of gallows the humour that cops all share in life and death situation, such as this he made his eyes harden to convey the warning.

You know what I mean

No sir apparently due to the heat of the room and what weâ re estimating to be the length of time they were here both gentlemen lost a considerable amount of blood and arenâ t I any fit state to talk about what happened here

Casting his eye onto the tabletop not three feet away from them upon which were perched eight fat slug like lines of white powder with two telltale rolled up notes which appeared to be fiftyâ s judging from the colour of them. McCarthy raised an eyebrow in the direction of the table

And what do our three gentlemen do for a living Davies?

According to our records sir the deceased is a local businessman and his two friends with him worked for him.

Are any of them known to us Davies?

Yes sir the deceased has had numerous charges of assault and battery and he was charged with the rape and actual bodily harm of a two under aged girls one fourteen year old and a 15 year old a few years back but the crown prosecution dropped the cases, there were rumours of intimidation and large sums of money involved nothing concrete and in both instances the families of the girls left the country. He also has been a person of interest with the serious crimes unit, allegedly gangland connections sir

So no shortage of potential enemies them and someone wanted him to suffer, which he undoubtedly did. What about the two other victims, both have long histories of violence short prison terms punctuated by various allegations of harassment, but nothing form them for about three years, they seem to have been keeping their noses clean, or at least under our radar. Davies said whilst walking him around the penthouse, staggering views of the city lay beneath them... With a slight chill as McCarthy realised as he got closer to the main patio doors that one of them was ajar.

Any suspects yet?

Not yet sir the kitchen staff are worried about one of the members of there team who came and took up food round about, as much as we can ascertain it the same time as this happened so if he saw anything he may have been taken with whoever did this, either way sir until they send over their cctv footage we havenâ t got a lot to go on.

McCarthy said, Well someone wanted to leave some sort of message to someone, until we figure out who itâ s from and who itâ s a too; I fear this may only be the start of something really bad.

Chapter 6: New York Present

In a skyscraper in the centre of Manhattan a whole floor was dedicated to the owner of the building, the thirteenth floor he had done this deliberately as a personal two fingered salute to the alleged forces he could not control, in his world there was nothing he couldnâ t control, most buildings having a twelfth and then a fourteen floor.

There was nothing to indicate his status the décor of his office was not particularly flashy, and far away from anything that could be called opulent, just comfortable. In a large corner office overlooking the city, a pair of elegantly manicured nails gently rested the phone into the cradle it was a modern take on an early telephone design, but he just loved the click as it fell into place.

This could be considered his whole ethos, loving things to just fit into place, he swivelled his chair around soundlessly to address his three guests, though he was smiling warmly to them each of them, that just seemed to exacerbate their collective discomfort and though each tried to hide it he knew they all preferred to spend as little time in his company as possible.

Dragging the tension on he just looked at them without speaking for slightly longer than he needed to making them even more nervous at the appraising stare of his piercing grey eyes. Finally he broke it.

Gentlemen and Lady, we will have a report on what happened within the week all is in hand people close to the case will be giving us regular updates, as to whatâ s going on and why Mcphersonâ s dead, god knows that being the savage piece of filth he was, it could have been for any reason. But for one of his me to receive a call from someone to say he is coming, sounds a little more than revenge killing.

This is made clear especially through the manner of his death.

Manner, Graves?

Yes whom ever killed Mcpherson left him ad the two apes with him as a human representation of hear no evil speak no evil and see no evil. Mcpherson was see no evil.

Inwardly he chuckled as the two men blanched but the only woman present looked on impassively

Graves continued â I want to know if any of our rivals were behind his death the last thing I want to have to deal with is an attempted hostile takeover of our ventures. To this end I would like to send Mr Davies to the U.K. to shore up operationsâ

â That sounds like an excellent plan, Mr Davies would be an excellent choiceâ the more elderly of the two men sitting in front of him dressed in brogues and tweed jacket like a charactured stereotypical English teacher concurred

â Shouldnâ t one of us be there without McPherson we have no one to head up our current operation and I would hate to have our plans delayed over this?â The elegantly dressed lady decked head to toe in muted refinement asked.

That sounds acceptable Lynn, you can make arrangements to fly over to the uk ext week, you Stan make sure that McPhersonâ s second in command is able enough to keep the troops inline, tell him to do whatever he needs to just make sure that everything is as it should be. The younger of the two men nodded slightly in acknowledgement

At this juncture, they knew they were dismissed and as a group got up and left the room. Graves sat there still smiling dwelling on what had happened to McPherson, he had been thinking about disappearing him for the last year anyway, his predilections were becoming more than just a occasional nuisance, so his death was no loss, but with the possibility of some conflict from a mystery man he couldnâ t help but grin, but it held no warmth it was cold hard an vicious. Maybe this year would be more interesting than he thought it would be after all.

7 Cali Columbia Present

Marcus Trevier was a man mountain 6â 7 weighing as he looked 140kilos of solid arrogant weight lifting mass. Intensely steroid assisted he liked to lift as heavy as he could possibly lift them for as regularly as he make it. He was ex military dishonourably discharged for discipline issues which culminated in the hospitalising of one of his senior officers, rather than court marshal he got lucky as his regiment were going out to Afghanistan asap and getting rid of him as quickly as possible with as little all the same to them.

He continued in civilian life where he left off in the military, throwing his not too considerable weight around until the wrong people heard about him, this lead to some success in underground no rules fighting, it suited him he could kill people and never have to worry about the consequences and he enjoyed the money and the women, it had surprised him the amount of the fairer sex who thrilled in the spilling of blood, it got them just as hot as them.

He had ruled the underground U.S. cicuit like some prehistoric colossus, then he was retired as the betting o a sure win makes moey for no one, but he had been offered the job of a bodyguard to one of the large families in Columbia, great pay a tan all year and perks most people couldnâ t imagine in their nine to fives.

Due to his physique he also considered himself a ladies man which essentially meant for ay ladies that caught his eye he was grabby loud and aggressive, his boss Philippeâ Martin (pronounced mar tan) was the head of the their cartel, and his immediate and today his boss was having another escort sent to him or as Marcus always referred to it though never to his boss, another whore delivery, he loved he was seated outside of Philippeâ s office on guard duty when the escort came.

This one was a beauty she took his breath away wearing a floating white summer dress which sashayed as she walked towards him, the held on by two white straps which held firm around a a fantastic chest which was housing the beginnings of a pendent which had disappeared down her cleavage, all this framed by cascading

brunette hair. All of a sudden taking his job protecting his boss very seriously upon seeing her, he stood up and stopped her with a glance and the gesture of raising his arms out wide. She obliged, smiling like a twelve ear old surfing the net unsupervised he moved in to search her. God she made his balls twitch.

Due to his bosses excessive coke habit he knew that many of the whores that came here, got drunk and giggly snorting on a never ending supply coke, all of them ignoring the oversize door jam as he had been less than affectionately nicknamed by phillipeâ most of the time his boss got too high to even fuck, so would just watch the women play with themselves or other whores until he passed out. It all depended on what his boss wanted that day, anything for Philippeâ he would here them say.

Marcus knew what they thought of him, the hired help. he had heard a couple of them o more than one occasion talking to his boss in between mouthfuls, disrespecting him laughing at him the voices penetrating the door winding him up tightly insideâ ¦

but he had showed them later when he came upon them in town, a couple of them no longer looked so pretty and Philippeâ only liked pretty, so now they lived at Marcusâ s sufferance the otherâ ¦ well she would never be found he had take great pleasure in teaching her respect itâ s just a pity he she died before he could break her spirit.

Now the whores that came to visit Philippeâ werenâ t rude and o longer said bad things about him at all. They seemed to know, they seemed to have a damn hooking fraternity, they suspected he had something to do with their friends untimely dissapearace. Living the Vida loca, with high rollers was risky business he thought, and it amused him. Well they were always nice now at least to his faceâ ¦ he especially liked the look that they gave him as though he was a wild dog on a very short leash. He was.

Just a quick search donâ t worry I wonâ t bite, he said appraising her beauty lasciviously giving his version of a reassuring smile, as in not at all.

He felt around her neck, slowly working down her shoulders down her back and then around and over her breasts taking two meaty handfuls stooping slowly down and also a not so quick feel between her legs

If youâ re not too tired when youâ re finished in there, he said inkling his head backwards to the door behind him

I will make it worth your while; really make it nice for you.

She smiled at him and whispered in his ear in a very husky voice dripping with sex and

â I promise when Iâ m finished in there I will come back and do you real good if youâ re a good boyâ at which she cupped his balls and walked past him opening the door and going inside

inside the room opened into a cavernous room, plush carpets lying around and with abstract art paintings on the wall, and sitting on one of the enormous sofas that was a petit man, with the build of a swimmer or long distance runner was Philippeâ Martin,

he looked up briefly and beckoned her over he was smiling broadly and he hunched over the beautiful marble topped table in front of him, the sound of two sharp inhales and the pinching of his nose let her know the reason for the good mood as she walked over to him in the background came the slow beat of a song which had become a hit worldwide by a young artist called Adele she was singing in a throaty tones about heartache and what could have beenâ s, as she got to the table she saw a silver plate with white powder with a spoon and a mirror with a little silver hollow tube on it and

phillipeâ slumped back into the midnight coloured sofa which part swallowed him, and h he looked at her as if appraising a piece of the artwork that adorned the wall

wild eyes like pinpricks let her know that he had been consuming a lot of said substance

taking a remote control off the table he turned up the music, â dance for meâ

swaying from side to side she started to move, phillipeâ put the soles of his feet against the corner of the table tapping his foot in time to the beat â now sexyâ he pressed a button on the remote and the harsh tones of the latest pretty boy rap star took up the verse about scandalous women fast cars parties and jewellery,

taking up the beat she started to twirl and dip shaking her ass suggestively in his direction playing with her hair and moving the dress up and down giving tantalising flashes of her legs whipping her hair around her she raised the dress to show him she wasnâ t wearing and underwear

â yes thatâ s itâ Philippeâ s voice was so husky with desire he could barely speak clearly, he leant to the table made three fat lines and inhaled them all in quick succession

she continued o dance more and more suggestively, occasionally dancing with her hands on her breasts then rubbing herself over the flimsy dress highlighting her shapely legs and her mons

he undid the belt on his trousers and exposed his already throbbing erection which he started to play with whilst looking at her, now strip, she suggestively took one strap over her shoulder still dancing and dipping then pulling her arms out of the straps so that only her breast were holding the dress up

come over here he instructed she did as he asked dancing over to him slipping part of the dress over one of her nipples which were already standing up she licked her finger and rubbed and tweaked the nipple pulling it and flicking it, then the other side of the dress was pulled over the other breast and the dress was held around her waist as she continued to dance shaking her breasts slowly as she knelt on the sofa and came over to him, she grasped him in one hand she spat on his engorged member and slowly started to move her hand up and down in long strokes

yes thatâ s itâ ¦ ahh yes his breath came out in gasps closing his eyes he was listening to the lyrics of the particularly dirty version of a 2pac song how do you want it,

his breathing getting faster and faster he couldnâ t believe how good this girl was and he hadnâ t even had sex with her yet, yes this chick would definitely be a regular, until at least he got bored he thought then she would be demoted to servicing the men in the villa he was smiling at the thought, he had cameras in every room and he knew the whores he discarded always had a tough time with the other men in the of the cartel as he wouldnâ t let the women who came to service have anyone else apart from him as a client,

which meant a lot of the times the girls acted up and then when they were no longer in favour by him, some times the others would deliberately demean them for their past behaviour.

He could feel the heat pooling in his belly the pleasure heightened by the coke made it almost indescribable

he came hard and she kept on taking it all out of him, the energy and tension escaping him, he slumped even further back on the breathing hard , in between gasps he said

â wow youâ re definitely going to be my regular girlâ , he heard the music being turned up a little more then her hand was on his chest and she walked behind him and started to whisper obscenities in his ear, he could feel himself starting to get hard again

You definitely are going to be my regular girl he felt a tickling sensation around his neck

â kinky, I like itâ

then he felt some thing wrapped around his neck and followed by a sharp searing pain, he tried to take in a breath but the combination of sex and narcotics meant he couldnâ t think straight his hands went to his throat to scrabble for purchase but his hands were slipping from wetness suddenly flushing down his chest his eyes felt like there was a hug pressure behind them, then there was blackness and no pain

she removed the garrotte she had half severed Philippeâ s head with and wiped it along his shirt putting it around her neck she clipped the handles together and put the pendent back between her breasts and shimmied out of the dress completely she then reached into her purse and pulled out a twenty and a ten dollar bill and placed them in his mouth careful not to get any of the blood still pouring albeit slowly from the jagged neck wound

the meaning of the money would be clear, she had been paid by a rival and bigger cartel to kill him as he had been informing quietly to the authorities on his rivals (though they had arranged a workable solution to what would have been endless bloodshed) trying to disrupt there business and had been paid to do it the symbolism of 30 (pieces of silver) the price paid to the worlds most notorious traitor would be apparent to all

getting dressed she thought on how easy it had been to et to him, despite all of the hi tec security and guards and dogs on the patrol, all it had taken was two weeks ingratiating herself into one of Columbiaâ s shanty towns working in shitty bars listening to the foot soldiers getting drunk and talking about their bosses habits, high class hookers and copious quantities of the white stuff he snorted everyday, how he liked beautiful brunettes, and if he liked them he would only allow for him to be their only client, from then it was just a matter of finding out where the lieutenant he used to find his women drank and allow him to try and pick her up for his boss, three refusals later she appeared to be a young beautiful and ambitious when he eventually told her who he was trying to get her to meet, And she had agreed eagerly.

Putting back her dress she calmly walked to the door and without looking back went into the corridor straight into Marcus, lust burning in his eyes, she smiled at him sadly and put her hands on his chest as he moved purposefully to wards her, she pulled the door behind her closed hearing the â clickâ behind her

â Sorry handsome but Iâ m going to be his regular girl, he also told me to tell you heâ s going to go to sleep for a few hours and whoever wakes it is gonna get itâ

she made a pistol out of her fingers and made a â powâ sound. And with that she walked down the corridor out into the sunshine to the car which would drop her off downtown.

A week later she heard that she had in fact managed to â doâ Marcus, as she had promised. A large industrial grade gray bin bag containing what appeared to be liquid was found in the town square by the statue of the holy mother, a dismembered hand in a clear plastic bag taped to the outside, was the only indicator to the liquid content. The towns folk had seen such bags before and knew inside were the chipped remains of a former human being, and that he would have been loaded into the wood chipper alive and great pains would have been taken not to spill even a drop of his remains. It was a warning a stark reminder to others working within cartel what the penalty for failing in their duties was.

Philippeâ Martin, was succeeded in the cartel two weeks later by unanimous vote within the Cartel by the rising star of their organisation Jesús Hernández a London raised member of the family who had returned home to his roots and brought a sharp business trained mind towards the accumulation of profit and wastage of manpower, he had over the last years risen from middle management to part of the upper chamber by virtue of his business acumen increasing the business profits 25% year on year since he started and an unbridled and ruthless drive.

In an unassuming building in the idle of Denmark, a report of the ascension of Jesús Hernández was being read,

â Goodâ the man said acknowledging the contents of the report, everything is moving along according to plan and with that he placed it amongst the other files that had just arrived and smiled.

Chapter 8 â the past 2007

He had gotten drunk, he didnâ t know where, what or how much he had drunk, he looked at his watch and could barely register the time through his tears, 2.13am on a Wednesday morning, it was cold but he could barely feel it, tonight, this morning shit whatever time of day it was he was going to end it. His chest was heavy it felt as though he had his heart replaced by something unnatural, much colder and heavier than a heart should feel.

he felt that itâ s weight could pull him to the ground, but he kept moving, if he lay down he wouldnâ t have the strength to move and eventually he would sleep and wake up to this torment again, another reality he couldnâ t face, his steps echoed off the surrounding walls in a miss timed cadence as he propelled himself in a zig zagging motion that barely counted as forwards. He was going anywhere, everywhere, he didnâ t have a destination in mind so he just kept moving, pausing to rest periodically on a wall lamp post or car.

He lifted the bottle from his deep pocket winter coat and slurped greedily and messily the harsh liquid pouring down in rivulets down the corners of his mouth and dripping down his cheeks down his throat down his chest, soaking his clothes underneath his coat. He grinned at nothing and kept moving

It was getting colder but he had at least half a bottle left so he needed nothing else, he found himself walking on a tow path beside a canal, images rushing unbidden through his mind he fell to his knees sobbing loudly crying out.

Julia. He looked at the bottle raising it he drank until its contents were finished and embraced the pain it caused him as he choked and was partially sick on himself.

He threw the now empty bottle into the night hearing it lad with a dull tinking sound followed by a rolling noise then a plop as it fell into the water.

He turned around half realising where his wandering had taken him, and he shuffled around unsteadily on his hands ad knees to face the water heaving himself up he see sawed between the balls of his feet and his freezing cold hands hands, pushing up he rose to his feet in a new born foal way.

Jacob then staggered forward gaining a crazy momentum where his feet threatened to overtake themselves and propelled himself into the canal, he heard and felt the splash he made in the water, it was freezing cold, so cold it numbed him, so couldnâ t even shiver.

And there in the darkness he gave in, giving himself up to the waters embrace, he started to drown, feeling the filthy fingers of water enter his mouth and his nose and

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