

The Joy of Revenge - Chapter 4 CHAPTER 3 What Happened to Joy?

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Sebastian

I went to the dry cleaner's right after school. After waving my hand to the store manager, I walked directly to my office which was located at the back of the shop. Capo De Luca was already waiting for me, seated in front of my desk with a glass of scotch in his hand. He looked sharp in his dark blue suit, leather shoes, and expensive watch. The blue complemented his light brown eyes while his gold watch matched the color of his hair.

I was expecting Capo De Luca to have information regarding Joy Taylor's assault, but he said he wasn't sure if the information fit.

"Domenico, I only found two girls who fit your description. One is dead while the other is still in the hospital," he said.

"It's not her, De Luca, although I want you to find out who hurt the girl who's currently in the hospital. The girl I need information on, she's a classmate of mine. Walks with a limp and has several scars on her face," I said.

"Then... whatever happened to her occurred maybe a year ago. I will look into it. Can you give me a name? It will make my investigation go faster," he explained.

"Joy Taylor. Malia said she and her family may be in hiding," I mentioned.

"Joy Taylor is a common name and if it is true she's in hiding, then she might not be from California. Do you have any idea where she's from?" De Luca asked curiously. I, obviously, piqued his interest after telling him she might be in hiding.

"I'm having Cristos look into that. Malia won't say anything so I told Cristos to hack into the university's student database," I answered.

"Do you think the culprits are from a rival family? Maybe a rival organization?" He asked.

"Honestly, I don't know, De Luca," I said. "The work appears to be driven by hate rather than retribution. There is no art or skill in this attack." I poured myself a shot of scotch and took a sip. "There is one thing I am most certain of...Joy Taylor wasn't supposed to survive."

"She's a fighter!" De Luca exclaimed with admiration. "Those are the type of women we need in our organization. If I were you, Domenico, you should bring her in and we can mold her... train her. She can be a deadly assassin. She has the drive for vengeance."

"Xavier, I think, would disagree," I argued. "I wouldn't be looking into this Joy Taylor if it weren't for him. He has a soft spot for her. I don't think he would want her to be part of our world. I even promised him I would talk to our doctor friends and help restore her face. Plastic surgery and face restoration is very expensive. I'm guessing her family may be having difficulty raising the funds needed to help her, thus the blemishes on her face."

My phone suddenly began to ring. It was Cristos.

"Cristos, what have you found out?" I asked. De Luca leaned over and placed his arms on my desk. Curious minds wanted to know.

"Sebastian, I wasn't able to find her previous address on her file, but I found her birthplace. She was born in a town called New Salem in North Dakota. I called the local high school in that area pretending to be admissions and they said there was a student named Joy Taylor, but she left during the end of her junior year," Cristos said in such a hurry, I was having trouble keeping up.

"Did you try asking why she left?" I asked him.

"I did and the woman I was talking to hung up," Cristos answered. "Joy Taylor's old school is definitely hiding something."

"Good work, Cristos," I commended him for his quick thinking. "Now we know where to begin. Look for any news on Joy Taylor's assault in that area. Something as gruesome as that must have made headlines."

"Copy that."

"Domenico, what did Primo find out?" De Luca asked after I hung up.

"A small town called New Salem in North Dakota is hiding something about Joy Taylor," I replied.

"North Dakota? The ruling party of the Central States Mafia is the Angels of Darkness," De Luca murmured. "They are our most hated rival. Now this has gotten even more interesting. I'll see what I can find. It won't be easy, but I'll do whatever I can to get information on Joy Taylor." He stood up and extended his hand. I did the same and we both shook hands.

"Domenico, this Joy Taylor is very intriguing," De Luca said while he fixed his neck tie and the jacket of his suit. "I'm telling you. Bring her in. If she did have an encounter with an Angel of Darkness, she is more valuable to us. Her alive is already a weapon against them. Discuss this with Primo and Beaufort. Beaufort has to realize she needs to learn how to defend herself."

"I appreciate the candor. I will pass on your suggestions to Cristos and Xavier. Thank you, Capo De Luca," I said.

"No problem. I'll get going and tell my assets to gather information from North Dakota."

After De Luca left, I went to the gym. I needed to release some of this pent-up energy on the punching bag and clear my mind of everything else, except for Joy Taylor, so I could think.

When it came to business, the Angels of Darkness couldn't be trusted. They had a knack of killing off their dealers, drivers, mules.... even their investors, chemists and suppliers. We and the East Coast Grim Reapers rarely did business with them. Unfortunately, one time our suppliers made the mistake of leaving merchandise intended for the Angels of Darkness at our ports. It was a huge problem, especially when they accused us of stealing their merchandise.

As a sign of good faith, our fathers, the bosses of the Blood Disciples, the ruling party of the West Coast, shipped their merchandise to their ports in Texas using one of our cargo vessels. Our fathers didn't expect them to go trigger happy on our boys and sequester our ship, so we decided to teach them a lesson.

Cristos, Xavier and I, after meticulous planning, were able to gain an audience with the boss of the Angels of Darkness. He loved football and had a private viewing suite booked to watch the Superbowl. We fogged the room with

sleeping gas and after he and his entourage collapsed, we took him in for questioning.

Fearing for his life, he told us the unsanctioned killings were done by his nephew, an underboss like the three of us. He negotiated his nephew's life in exchange for his freedom to our surprise. It wasn't a secret that he became boss because of his trigger happy nephew.

After Xavier killed his nephew, the boss of the Angels of Darkness mysteriously died and his ruthless sister took his place. The killings stopped, however the animosity between families remained.

Could it be possible Joy Taylor stumbled across a capo, a soldier or an associate of the Angels of Darkness? An underboss perhaps? Were they trying to teach her a lesson?

No, she was expected to die from her injuries.

After training, I checked my phone and noticed I missed a call from my father. I dialed his number.

"Papa, you called?"

"Our shipment has arrived. I need you to oversee the cargo," he said.

"Sure. I'll call the boys and head there now."

It was time to go to work.

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