

The Joy of Revenge - Chapter 9 CHAPTER 8 The Blood Disciples

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Joy

It was summer vacation once again. To be ready for our junior year at university, Sebastian was sending me to New York to meet with a medical colleague of one of my doctors. She insisted I go see him, so I would finally be perfection.

I would be gone for two weeks without Cristos, Xavier and Sebastian by my side, accompanied only by my father. My mother, unfortunately, couldn't get off of work. She said she had to cover for another nurse who had a medical emergency in her family.

Before my scheduled trip, I spent time with the boys individually. Sebastian took me out to watch a concert with him. Xavier and I had dinner then watched a movie together. Cristos asked me out to do some shopping with him which actually meant to do shopping for me.

He loved designer and he loved designer on me. He would take me to the most expensive branded stores and buy me what he saw looked good on me. I was tall and he saw how clothes seemed to flow nicely on me.

"When we graduate Joy, I promise to take you to see Paris Fashion Week," he said, paying for all my stuff.

"Cristos, don't you think you're spending too much on me? I mean, my clothes were only from last season."

"Let me spoil you, Joy. Anyway, I'm not even spending as nearly as much as Xavier is spending on you," he answered to my utter shock.

"What does that mean?" I asked. I saw him close his eyes, realizing he opened his big mouth.

"I'm sorry, Joy. It's nothing. Really. Just forget about it," he said.

"Cristos, I will be donating all of this to charity if you don't tell me what is going on," I threatened.

"Okay. Okay. Xavier is the one paying for all your medical bills. Actually, everything is paid in full. It's not like Xavier is bending over to find money to pay-"

"Sebastian told me all the work is free. I knew someone was paying for everything. God, how could I have been such an idiot!" I exclaimed. I yanked him outside so we wouldn't make a scene.

"I know all three of you are rich, but how can Xavier Beaufort, a college student, pay for all my medical bills? And how can you afford to pay for all my designer clothing? What about Sebastian and this New York trip? I want to know, Cristos."

"Fine, Joy. Let's just put everything in the car and grab a drink somewhere. I know a place."

Cristos drove me to a small bar located at a part of Los Angeles that I have never been too. Although the commercial establishments beside it were posh and modern, this small bar retained its old vintage form.

The patrons inside raised their glasses at Cristos once he entered. The bartender quickly lifted the small bar door so Cristos and I could walk through.

"Bernie, two White Russians in my office please," Cristos ordered the bartender.

"Coming right away, boss," Bernie replied.

Cristos led me into an office. It was made fully of dark wood and everything was matching. He pushed a button on a remote and the monitor lit up behind his desk.

"The bar is a front to hide my office and my workspace. I'm a hacker and those people you see are part of my team," he admitted.

"Do you guys steal money from other people?" I asked, completely shocked at his revelation. I knew Cristos was good with computers and encryption, I just didn't know how far it went.

"Sometimes. Sometimes we manipulate, troll, steal incriminating evidence. The usual."

"Okay," I said, sitting down in front of his desk. I was about to say something when a knock on the door interrupted us. It was Bernie with our drinks. He placed our cocktails on the desk and quickly left.

"Our fake ID's...did you make them?" I asked. He nodded his head. I was impressed because they looked so real. "Judging from the monitors, it looks like a call center. How could you have the capital? The security to work without even being scared of law enforcement?"

Cristos handed me my drink and sat down behind his desk.

"Sebastian, Xavier and I were born into this kind of life. Since we were little, we were trained to work as a unit just like our fathers. Mama Rose isn't just a simple housewife. She is also part of the organization and sits as a third high ranking official," Cristos explained. "Sebastian, Xavier and I are underbosses of the Blood Disciples, the ruling party of the West Coast Mafia. Our fathers are the bosses while our mothers and sisters are consiglieres. We are in training to become the bosses once our fathers retire. Sebastian is in charge of merchandise, ports, and businesses while Xavier handles the trash. I, on the other hand, am in charge of the virtual world. Anything digital goes through me."

"Whay do you mean Xavier handles the trash?" I asked. It didn't sound as appealing as their job descriptions.

"I mean it figuratively and literally. He is in charge of sanitation. He kills the vermin and cleans up after himself. No evidence, no ties to us and no tales," Cristos said.

Xavier kills people? It sounded far from the sweet quiet guy I was used to.

"So Xavier...he's the only one who kills?"

"Not exactly," Cristos answered. "He may be our top assassin, but Sebastian and I, we have had our fair share. To rise in rank, you need to show your loyalty. When a boss says shoot, it's not your place to ask any questions."

"Since I know all of this now, are you going to shoot me?" It was a fair question. He laughed at me like it was a joke and finished his drink.

"You mean so much to us, Joy. I told you all of this because I want you to accept all of me...all of what we are. Actually, I... well, we want you to join us.

Be part of the family. So we don't have to hide who we are from you anymore," Cristos begged.

I downed my cocktail, savoring the bite of the vodka and noticed my hands were shaking. I was terribly confused and scared.

But why be scared though? They have protected me since they first met me. I owe them my loyalty.

"I have to think about it first. I guess this trip to New York City will be good for me. Away from the three of you. It'll probably give me a better perspective of things," I told him. He smiled at me.

"I promise we'll call you-

"No, Cristos. I need space to think. No, I won't tell anyone. You guys deserve my silence and loyalty. I just need some time alone."

After Cristos dropped me off, I didn't take any of their calls. I left for New York without even saying goodbye.

It was the worst two weeks of my life.

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