

A dramatic, apocalyptic cityscape. In the foreground, a figure is completely covered in a dark, heavy, textured hood or shawl, standing with their back to the viewer. The background is a dense urban street with tall buildings. One prominent skyscraper in the center is engulfed in flames and smoke, with fire cascading down its side. The sky is dark and filled with smoke. The overall atmosphere is one of horror and destruction. The title 'DISTURBED DEATH' is written in large, bold, red, distressed letters across the top. At the bottom, the name 'NUPUR LUTHRA' is written in white, bold, sans-serif letters on a dark, textured banner.

DISTURBED DEATH

NUPUR LUTHRA

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1

Boom!!! He woke up sweating in the middle off the night. *'What's that noise'*, he asked himself. He looked outside the window and nothing. He did not see anything. *'I must have had a bad dream'*. Donald went back to sleep. Boom! He woke up startled, soaking in sweat. He heard people scream outside the window. He looked outside and saw an entire building on fire. *'Interesting'*, was all Donald could think of and went back to sleep. He slept like a baby, without a care in the world.

His wife came running in, *"Wake up you idiot, don't you know what's happening outside? An entire building has blown up. How can you sleep?"* Donald woke up all confused. *"It's just a dream. Everything is fine. Go back to sleep."* It was not a dream. It was reality. Donald Hump did not seem to care about anything but his sleep. Boom! Another building blew up. This time, he woke up even more startled, it was not a dream. He peeped outside the window and saw another building being blown up and people screaming. He quickly put on his robe, took his wife and kid and went to the safest place in the house, the den.

They all sat in the den for hours and prayed to God. The cops came banging on everyone's doors including Donald's door, telling them to evacuate the building and head to the police station. The nation was under terrorist attack! Children were crying for their parents, parents for looking for their kids amongst all the chaos. Donald Hump could only think of one thing and that was his money, his gold and himself. He prayed to God to

keep him safe along with his fortunes. He was not worried about his family at all.

His son looked up at him and asked what was going on and if they were all going to die. At that very moment, Donald did not know what to say. He did not want to lie to his son but then, he did not want to lie to his son. He simply smiled and said, there was nothing to worry about and he was going to do everything in his power to protect his son.

They waited for things to settle down but all they could hear were buildings exploding, people crying and the cops running around getting people to safety. 124 hours later, there was silence. Donald thought he had lost his hearing. He looked out the window and realised things had ended. There were dead bodies and blood spattered all over the place. Donald Hump came out of his den with a smile on his face as if nothing had happened. He did not want his son to see how terrified or weak he was after wanted had happened. His wife and son were shaking and trembling. It was worse than seeing a ghost!

Donald looked outside the window and saw a nation destroyed to pieces within seconds. He wasn't happy about it and promised himself that the day he become president of the United Nations of America, he'd kill the bastards who have shredded the nation to bits and pieces. He closed the drapes, as he did not want his son to see the blood bath. He simply took his son into his arms and held him tightly. He could not care less about the woman he had married and had hoped she died during the terrorist attack.

Bell Hump stood next to her husband and felt the cold shoulder Donald was giving her. She failed to understand what she had done wrong and if it was a mistake to have married such an arrogant man like Donald Hump. Bell Hump had dreamt of a beautiful healthy and amazing life with a gorgeous man and a child, she had not dreamt of being married to Donald Hump. She wanted to tell her husband something, a secret she had been hiding for a long time, something that would end her marriage. She couldn't keep it to herself anymore and thought maybe now it is not the time but then when is it the right time?

Donald got up, took his son to room, and put him in bed. *"Now, you stay put and don't move. You cannot go to school for a couple of days.*

Read your books and play your window games. Papa has to go to work." He walked out his son's room and closed the doors. He simply behaved as if nothing had happened. Melania was sitting in bed twiddling her thumbs trying to figure out a way of telling her husband the secret she had been hiding from his all these months.

It was a kind of secret that could tear her marriage a part and worst of all, take her son away from her. She could not contain herself and she had to tell him now. *"Honey, we need to talk. There is something I need to tell you."* *"What is it? I am already late for work. Can't it wait till I get back?"* *"No, it can't. I'll only take a couple of minutes."* *'At least I hope so,'* she thought. *"Ok, what is it? What is it that you just have to tell me? What was so important?"*

"I am pregnant with another man's child". There was absolute silence. Their son in their next room had heard what his mom had just said, but did not say a word. *"You are joking right? This cannot be happening right now. Why are you doing this to me? Did I do something to hurt you?"* Trying not to scream or cry, *"No, I am not joking. I felt that it was my right to tell you and you had to know. I could not wait any longer."* *"Well, who is the father? I will kill him right now. Who is he? Tell me, woman!"* Melania could not get the words out of her mouth. She wanted to tell him, but every time she opened her mouth, the words would not come out. She was afraid she would lose the son she already had. Donald heard his son screaming. He stormed out of the room.

Melania quickly picked up the phone and dialled the father of the child. *"Hello, it's me. Where are you? Are you all right? I told Donald about the baby. Hello? Are you there?"* The line went dead. Tears running down her cheek, Melania hoped everything would be okay. She hoped she could get through the pregnancy with or without the father of the child. She did not want to destroy his family. It was a beautiful night they had spent together. It was one of the best moments of her life. She could not stop thinking about and never will. She was in the middle of her thoughts, Donald walked in. He wanted answers! He wanted to know who the father of the baby was. He caught hold of Melania by the neck, *"Who is the father? Tell me now! Who is he? Whom were you talking to on the phone? I know you were talking to the father"* *"You can kill me if you want, go ahead. I am not going to tell you who he is."* *"I will not tell you. Go ahead and kill me. I have told you all that you need to know."*

He let her go and grabbed her phone. He wanted answers and he wanted them now. He went through her recent calls, he went through her messages, could not find anything. He threw the phone out the window in anger. He picked up a knife, ready to kill her. *"I will kill you and the baby. I hate you. How could you do this to me?"* He was about to kill her, when his son walked in. *"Daddy, mommy, I can't sleep."* *"Came here honey, what happened? Why can't you sleep? Did you have a bad dream? Are you scared?"* He simply nodded his head. *"Oh, don't worry, you can sleep with us."*

Melania was grateful her son had walked at the right time. She tucked him in bed and told him another story to put him to sleep. Her son was sound asleep in a couple of minutes. She sneaked out of the room quietly. She did not want to go back to her room, was afraid her husband would kill her. She had nowhere to go, but did not want to be in the same house as him. She peaked into the room, Donald was asleep, or at least she thought he was. She quietly snuck into the room, packed a suitcase with all her things and left. She did not leave a note, switched off her phone and simply got a cab and went straight to the airport.

In another home at the same moment...

"Dear Lord, thank you for this food, thank you for this lovely home. Thank you for protecting my family and me, Amen" Bama and his family had begun to eat. Boom! People were screaming, the cops were trying to get people into safety and away from the building that had just blown up. Bama's phone rang, *"Hello, yes? "Sir, there has been an explosion, a building has just blown up."* *"Get the firemen together and make sure the people are safe. Get all the dead bodies out of the building and get them to the nearest hospital. Call the bomb squad and check the surrounding area."* *"Ok sir."*

"What is going on dear? Is everything alright?" Michelle was terrified. Bama's face had gone white; it was as if he had seen a dead body. *"There has been a terrorist attack right in front of my eyes."* He was shivering. He could not believe it was happening. He fell down on his knees, *"Dear Lord, please my family and this country. Give me the strength to deal with the blood bath. Amen"*

Michelle sensed there was something wrong. She did not like the look on Bama's face. *"Honey, what's wrong? Please tell me."*

"There has been a terrorist attack. An entire building has blown up. I have to go to the office immediately." His food was untouched. As he was leaving, *"Daddy, Where are you going? Are you leaving us again?"* He kissed Sasha on her cheeks, *"Daddy is going to the White House baby. He will come back soon, don't worry."*

As he was leaving the house, his phone rang. *"President, Harack Bama, Who is this?" "It's me"* Bama began to sweat, he has beginning to have a hard time to breath, he felt like he has a big lump in this throat. *"Why are you calling? What do you want? Please leave me alone"* *"Mr President is everything all right?" "Uh, yes, everything is alright."* He ended the call and switched his phone off.

Bama could not stop sweating. He was a nervous wreck. He could not decide whether it was because of the phone call or was it because of having to convince an entire nation that everything would be all right. *"We are the United states of America. We will be all right. We will get through this together and will make sure the terrorists are caught."* His words were empty. It meant nothing to people. They simply wanted to get back to their normal lives. They could not care less if the terrorist was hung or sentenced to death.

The speech lasted for a couple of minutes. Bama had never been so petrified in his entire life. He could not stop thinking about the phone call. He could not help but wonder why she was calling him. *"It was only one night! She could not have gotten pregnant in just one night. Why was she calling?"* He kept going over it repeatedly in his head. It just did not make any sense. He took his phone out of his pocket and switched it on. There were several voice mail messages from an unknown number. It was she! She was trying to call him! She wanted him to know she was leaving the country and never coming back. Bama tried calling her but her phone was not reachable. She wanted to simply say she was sorry and that he did not have to be a part of the baby's life. He could continue living with his family in peace and not worry about anything. Melania was sitting on a plane and going to Africa. She knew it was not the place to bring her child up or even work maybe. She knew no one would find her there and it was her only option. She could have gone back to her mother's place but it would

not make sense. Her mother would simply judge her instead of sympathise with her and give her the support she needs. She knew it was the right thing to do.

Bama tried calling her several times, but could not get through. He finally gave up and went back to work. There were things to do; he had to focus on making amends, focus on making the country great again. During the meeting, his phone buzzed a couple of times. He could not answer it himself and so, requested his assistant to answer the phone. *"Hello? This is..."* Before the secretary could say who she was, *"I am having the baby. Please do not call me. I am moving on, I don't want anyone in my life."* *"Who is this?"* The phone went dead. The assistant looked puzzled; he had no idea who was on the other line. He thought maybe it was a prank call, but then why would play such a dirty joke. He did not want to tell the president but then he had too. He could not lie to the president. He kept quiet for the moment. He walked into the room full of people as if nothing had happened. The President of course got a glimpse of his face and realized there was something wrong.

The meeting went on for a couple of hours. People were tired. They had eaten for hours! Their stomachs were growling! *'Finally, I get something to eat'* The assistant was hungry, but before he could head out to eat, he needed to give the president his phone. He walked up to the President and handed him his phone. *"Hey, wait a minute, who called? Did he or she leave a message?"* The assistant had no idea what to say. He was lost for words or rather he did not want to say. He bit his tongue, *"President, I rather not say anything. I think its best you see yourself."* *"I am not asking, I am ordering you to tell me now"* Sweat was flowing down his brow, he was sweating in his pants, he had no idea what to say. *"Um, Mr President, It was some lady saying she was going to have the baby on her own and said not to bother calling her up. I am sorry Mr President."* *"You can leave now, that will be all."* The assistant did as he was as asked to. He was very happy to leave.

The President quickly checked his phone and began having a panic attack. He could not have the secret leaked out. He had to get rid of the assistant and the only way was to have him murdered. He had no choice. He did not want to but he could not afford to ruin his

career. He could not sleep all night. He kept thinking of what might happen if he did not kill his assistant. *"What if the secret got out? Or what if he told his assistant not to saying anything? Would it be so bad? Would it ruin his career? What would people say about the president of the United States? I cannot take the risk. I have to do something quickly.*

The assistant had a tough time sleeping all night. He could not keep a secret this big to himself but he could not say anything either. It was difficult, he felt like he was carrying the entire world on his shoulders. He turned to look at his love's face, sleeping peacefully. He got up and had a glass of cold milk. It did not do him any good. He felt that the only way out was to step down from his position and look for a job elsewhere or maybe even retire. He loved his job but he could not think of anything else. By the time, he thought of trying to get some sleep, it was already morning. He had made his decision, it was not going to be easy, but it was the right thing to do.

He walked into the president's office, *"Sir, there is something I need to talk to you about."* *"Yes, there is something I need to speak to you about as well. Why don't you start first?"* *"Sir, in light of recent events, I think it's best if I handed in my resignation. I know you feel that the story could be leaked and people would start talking. I will not tell people anything, I simply feel that it is best I resigned.*

The president was a bit relieved but a little sad about his assistant wanting to resign. He knew there was not any other way out. *"I know there isn't a way out of this mess. I really do want to keep you and do not want you to resign... Poomb!*

The staff heard a gun go off. They had heard it from the president's office. They panicked and ran. They opened the president's door to find his assistant dead. The president had shot his assistant! He had no idea what got to him, he had no idea what he had done! There were bloods on his hands! His staff did not know what to do, except call 911. *"Mr President, what you done? Why did you kill him? Mr President, let us get you cleaned up. Let's just hope no one finds out."* Sadly, they were wrong. The world had gotten to know about the assistant's death the next day. The president was getting phone

calls from all the ministers from around the world. They all wanted to know what had happened. The president was not allowed to say not anything as the police had told him too.

Mell Bama had heard what had happened. She had no idea what had gotten over her husband. She wanted to believe her husband was innocent. She wanted to believe that everything would be all right and that her husband, the president was not going to be impeached and was not going to jail. Her kids were scared. They had no idea as to what was going to happen to their father. They did not want their father going to jail. The headlines read *"Assistant shot in President's office"*.

The president had been questioned for hours. He was beginning to get restless. He simply wanted to get over it. He had no idea what was taking so long. He had work to do. He simply wanted to go home and wash the blood of his hands. *"Mr President, can you please tell what happened? Why was the assistant in your office so early in the morning? What was so important that it had to be discussed so early in the morning? It is none of your business. What I discuss with my people is confidential. How dare you ask me such questions? Do you know who I am? Do you know I can get you fired within minutes?"* *"Sorry, Mr President, but it is my duty to ask you such questions. You seem to be forgetting that you are in my territory and now you are the only witness to the crime. You could be going to jail for life. So if you want us to help you, please answer all the questions."*

"I plead the Fifth Amendment. I will not say another word. I want my lawyer now." The police could not do anything about it. The president was allowed to plead the Fifth Amendment. *"Mr President you can go home now. We will be in touch"* As the president walked out of the police station, *"Mr President, can you tell us what happened?"* *"Mr President, did you kill your assistant?"* There were all kinds of questions thrown at him. He simply got into the limo and drove off. He could not help but wonder what people were thinking. He simply was not ready to answer any questions.

He was home after several hours of being grilled by the cops. *"Where have you been? We have been worried sick about you. Do you*

know how many questions your kids have been asking? The media is having a field day. Answer my questions!" Michelle had steam coming out of her ears. She had been through a lot all day. *"I was at the police station being asked questions for a murder I didn't commit. That is all you need to know and that is all I am going to say."* He did not want to have to answer anyone. He simply wanted to be alone.

He went to his room and locked himself inside. He simply wanted to wash the blood of his body and not remember this day at all. Michelle had no idea what had gotten over him. *"Mummy, where's daddy? Has he come home yet?"* Her little one kept tucking at her dress, wanting to know where her father was. *"Yes, my love, daddy's home. He is resting now. Maybe you can say meet him later."* Her little one was upset but she knew her mom was right. She went to her room and studied for her maths exam she had the next day.

2

Donald Hump woke up and looked over the other side of the bed. He did not see Melania. He thought maybe she was in the bathroom. *"Melania, are you in there?"* There was no sound. The door was not locked. Therefore, he went inside and found no one in there. He looked all over the house. There was no sign of her. *"Where could she have gone?"* He tired calling her cell phone but could not get through. He began to worry. His phone rang, *"Hello? Where are you? I have been worried sick over here. Are you alright?"*

"I am fine. Just called to tell you I will not be coming back and there is no need to worry about me. Goodbye." *"Hello? What is going on? Why aren't you coming back?"* The line went dead. He never got his answer. He was stunned and had no idea what to do. He had a son to raise on his own. He had a business to run on his own. There was a lot to do. He wanted his wife back. He was sorry to have treated her so badly. He missed her terribly. He simply wanted to make amends and live a happy life with his wife and son. In the midst of this thoughts, his son walked in. *"Daddy. Where is mummy? I want something to eat. I need to get ready for school too. Daddy, daddy"* *"Huh, Uh, ya, let's get you something to eat and get you ready for school"* *"Where's mummy? Did she go somewhere? When will she be back?"* He did not know what to tell his son. He did not want to tell him that his mother had abandoned them. *"Mummy's gone away for a while. Uh, she said to be a good boy and that she will miss you terribly"* His son felt as if his father was hiding something from, as if there was something he wasn't meant to know. He simply nodded his head and did not say another word.

Donald knew he had to tell his son the truth. He knew that his son would continue to ask questions about his mother. He could not keep making up stories. At the breakfast table, while his son ate his pancakes, Donald decided his son must know the truth before he found out from somewhere else. He was about to tell his son and his phone rang. *"I'll be right there. Son, go get ready, I'll take you to school"* His son had just about managed to finish his breakfast and went to get ready. He felt lonely inside, he felt as if someone had ripped his heart out. He wanted his mom. He felt as though she was never going to come back despite what his father kept telling him. He knew they had been fighting. He went to get ready for school. On the way to school, *"Daddy, mommy's not coming back is she? Please tell me the truth. I heard you fight the other day. Is mommy leaving us forever?"* Donald was shocked. He had no idea his son had heard them fight. *"Yes son. Mommy is not coming back ever. Do not worry, everything will be all right. Go have fun at school."* His son hugged him and got out of the car. Donald felt bad and had no idea how his son would take it. He had to keep him happy and occupied.

In the middle of the afternoon, during a meeting, Donald's phone rang. *"Hello, Donald Hump's office, how may help you? Someone's on line two for you, Mr Hump."* *"Hello, who is this? What! Who are you? What do you want with my son? Where are you taking him? Don't you dare do anything to my son. Leave him alone"* The line went dead. He started to panic; he began to sweat like crazy. He had no idea why someone would do something like that to him. He called the cops and told them the whole story. The cops came over to hump tower and asked him a few more questions about the phone call. They even asked him what his son looked like and which school he studied in. The questions were irritating Donald, but he could not get mad at the cops because he knew they were only doing their job. The police said they would keep in touch and said there was nothing to worry about. He was worried about his son. First, his wife ran out on him and now this! He could not sit and around and do nothing. Therefore, he began his own investigation. He made a list of all the people he thought hated him. In the midst of making his list, his phone rang, *"Hello, Daddy where are you? I am scared! Please come fast"*

"Where are you? Daddy is coming soon. Please tell me where you are?" The line went dead. Donald tired tracing the call to see where it came from but he had no luck. He went down to the police station and made them hear the phone call. The cops traced it back to an old warehouse next to the school.

They got into the police car and head straight there. When they got there, there was no sign of the kid. Donald Hump was at the police station, nervous, waiting to see his son. The minute he saw the police car come back, he jumped up from his chair and ran out. The cops came out and said his son was not there. All they found was a recorded tape. Donald was so furious that he punched the cop in the face. He even took out his gun and shot one of the cops in the head. It was a disaster. Donald Hump has lost his cool. The cops handcuffed him and put in jail. He was going to jail for murder. It was a terrible time, Donald Hump going to jail, his son was kidnapped and his wife had left him. The cops had decided not to look for his son and secretly wished, the kid were dead. It was in the headlines, *Donald Hump shoots cops, couldn't find son*". Donald's other son Eric heard about what had happened and went to see his father in jail. *"Hello father, how are we this fine morning?" "What do you mean how am I doing? I am your father. How dare you speak to me like that? Just get me out of here you idiot."* Eric expected his father to be in a foul mood, after all, his son was kidnapped and he did shoot a cop in anger. He felt bad for the poor bastard. He went and spoke to the cop and asked him the fee for bail. *"Mr Hump, what kind of an idiot do I look like? What do you think you are doing? Do you think you can sleepy walk in here, pay the fee for bail and take your father home? Oh, no, Mr Hump. You can't. Your father committed a crime he is going to pay for. "I sympathize with you. I know my father is a pain in the backside. I know that no amount of sympathy will make the pain go away. But, please let my father out. He didn't mean to shoot anyone and plus you can have your revenge in court. Now, please officer, can you please tell me how much do I pay to get my father out?"* The cop wanted to pick up his gun and shoot his son but restrained himself from doing so. *"Is there any way you can bring my friend back to life? Is there any way you can go back in time and make sure things were done differently? No right? Answer this for me, how do you expect me to realise a killer*

from jail? Eric felt the pain and had no idea what to say. He simply walked out of the station in silence. He could not go back and show his face in there. He could look for his stepbrother and raise the kid with his wife.

He went back to the office and began doing his own bit of investigation. People kept walking in and out wanting to know more about his father, wanting to know when to schedule meetings, about when to meet important people. Eric's mind was spinning. He really didn't know how to answer all these questions. He simply wished people would leave him alone for a while. Finally after a couple of hours, he had some time to himself. He began to surf the net to see places where kids could be kidnapped. It was a strange feeling but it was something he had to do. He felt awful for his step brother. The poor kid had a whole life ahead of him and he wasn't going to let some kidnappers get away with it.

He surfed the net for hours. He found a few places that look shady and felt maybe his brother could be there. As he went on, he came across a place that looked familiar. It was one of those places that were known for kidnappers to hide kids or rather kill them. He made a few calls to people he knew lived in those places. They all told him whatever he had read on the internet was true. He had to know if his stepbrother was there, but how? The cops wouldn't want to go on a wild goose chase. In the midst of his thoughts, the phone rang. *"We have your son. If you want to see him alive, get 20 grand in cash and come alone. We will text you the address."* The line went dead even before he could ask who was on the line. He thought of going back to the police and tell them about the phone call, but decided against it. Suddenly the phone rang again. *"Hello, Mr Hump, this is detective Ryan, can you please come down to the station. It's about your brother and your father"*. He got to the station and was greeted by a 100 pound man, sweating away in what seemed like a gigantic suit. *"We have some other interesting news about your brother and you already know about it."* Eric looked a little puzzled as he had no idea what the detective was talking about. *"You see, we tapped into your phone. We didn't tell you this before because we felt you would never approve of it."*

We know you got a phone call from the kidnappers. Now here's what you are going to do. You are going to take a bag full of fake money and give it to them. We will be right behind you, so don't worry. I know you must be wondering why we have finally offered to help." Eric simply nodded his head and didn't say another word.

"We felt bad for you and the people who have taken your brother away are dangerous people. We have been trying to catch them for months now and well; we have finally gotten a chance to do so. So, are you sure you can do this?" "What choice do I have? He is my brother. He doesn't have his parents to take care of him. I am his family now. It is my responsibility now. Speaking of parents, you said something about my father on the phone. Is there something you wish to tell me?" "Oh yes, you can take your father home. You don't have to pay for his bail. Just take him home and help us catch the criminals." Eric sat in silence for a couple of minutes. He was trying to think of something to say but the words just wouldn't come out. He knew there was a lot more to the cops wanting to help. He kept asking himself, "Why now? Why couldn't have agreed to help before? There must be something they are not telling me" "May I know why now? I mean, when I came to you earlier, you refused and you said it would be best if my father stayed in jail for the crime in committed and now, your saying he's free to go? Is there something you are not telling? Is there something some kind of deal you've signed with the criminals or with my father? If there is, please tell me."

"Well, like I said, we thought you wouldn't approve of us tapping into your phone. We know what your father did was wrong, but you see, it turns out that the cop he killed wasn't one of us. He was a criminal of some sorts who was simply disguised as one of us. So, your father actually did us a favour." "What favour? We have been attacked by terrorists. The entire nation is in mourning and the president is well, hiding in the white house, refusing to talk to anyone and you mean to tell me my father did you a favour? You got to be kidding. I mean why in the world would you want me help me? It doesn't make sense. I mean if you want to know who the criminals are, find out yourself. Why release my father? Keep him. He did commit murder after all, didn't he?"

Eric was furious. He couldn't contain himself. He felt as if the cops were taking advantage of the situation. He simply stormed

out and went back to Hump towers. He seemed distracted all day and couldn't get work done. He wondered where Melania was. He felt as though her presence is important. The question was: Was there enough time to look for her? What is it worth wasting time in looking for her when in fact he could simply look for his brother and get on with their lives? He didn't want to sound selfish, but she did walk out on them. He was helpless and he didn't really have an option but to do as the criminals say. He packed a bag of money and then looked at it for a moment. He had worked hard to earn it and what if those people are lying and don't have his brother? What if someone else has him and these people only want his money. He really had no idea what to do. He thought of calling his sister but didn't want to drag her into all this. He really had no idea what to do. *"Hello? Where are you? Your husband's in jail, your kids missing, do you have any idea what all of us are going through?" "I... am sorry. I can't come back. It's complicated. I just feel that me being away from everyone is for the best. I am sorry."* The line went off. Eric looked at his phone and realized the number she was calling from was somewhere from Africa. He tried calling her back but the phone was switched off. He couldn't go looking for in Africa but he could tell his father she was there. There was no time at the moment. He quickly packed a bag full of fake money and went to get his brother back. He told his secretary he'd be out for a couple of hours and not to call him. She could get in touch with his sister if there was something urgent.

As he drove to the address given to him by the kidnapppers, he felt as though he had seen this place before. It looked very familiar but somehow couldn't put a finger on it. He parked the car in the corner and walked towards the given address. He couldn't find anyone. It was quiet and eerie. He was about to turn around and go back, when *"Where do you think you are going?"* A gun was pointed to the back of his head. *"Don't you want to see your brother? Don't you want to take him home? Are you scared? Do you not have the money?"* Eric stood frozen for a while. He turned around slowly and was shocked!! It was his old college mate!! *"You!! You're the one who's behind all this. Why? What have I ever done to you?" "You stole the love of my life from me. You have the life I have always wanted. You were always good at everything. I got nothing. So, the only way*

I could get my revenge was to kidnap your brother. You see it all made sense. You stole my life and now, I have something dear to you and well, your father is still in jail." Eric had no idea what to say. He felt like someone had punched him in the stomach. He felt like this entire life was about to end. He had a gun pointed towards his head. The gun was about to go off when the cops arrived. Eric wasn't happy about the cops. He felt like he could have fought his own battle. He was about to ask his enemy about his brother, when the gun went off. His classmate was dead. Eric fell to the ground and cried a bucket of tears. He looked up at the cops, *"Thanks for making this the worst day of my life. I lost the chance of knowing where my brother is."* The cops simply stood there wondering what to say. Lieutenant Jack put his hand on Eric's shoulder and whispered *"Do we look like idiots? We know where your brother is. Next time we save your life, we expect a Thank you."*

Eric whispered back *"I can take care of myself you asshole. I don't need help. You are simply helping me for your own personal gain. So go to hell. All of you'll, go to hell."* He simply walked back to the car. He could barely drive back to the office. He was a nervous wreck. He took a detour and went home. He didn't feel like speaking to anyone. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to be left alone in his thoughts. He felt as though someone robbed him of his innocence. He got home, washed off all the dirt off. He still felt as though his body was dirty and didn't know how to get it off him.

He lay down in bed, trying to get some sleep. He kept tossing and turning. He was restless. He wanted to find his brother, but couldn't think of how, without being caught by the cops. He had to think of a plan fast. He had to find a way of getting his brother back. He thought of calling up the president and asking him for help. They were good friends after all. He thought about it for a couple of minutes. He thought about what to say. He felt that he could be a big burden but had nowhere else to go.

He finally decided to give it a shot. He had no idea what the president would say or do, but he had to give it a try. *"Hello? Can I speak to the president of the United States? This is Eric Hump."*

It's urgent." "Yes sir, just a minute. Mr President, Mr Hump on line 2 for you." "Hello. Mr Hump, I am not in a mood to talk to anyone right now. I have had a rough day. Can we do this another time?" "It'll only take a minute sir, I need your help. "Sorry, but I am in no mood to help or talk to anyone at the moment." The line went dead. Eric knew the president may not help. He had to do something fast. He suddenly remembered that his friend had called from some unknown number. If he could trace it back to all the places around it and find out if his brother is there or not. He took his phone out and typed the number in. It was some place close to a park in Manhattan. He wrote the address down and went to see this place. As he drove closer to the place, he felt a chill down his spine. His legs wouldn't stop shaking, his heart kept beating rapidly and he felt sick to his stomach.

He stopped his vehicle short of the place he thought looked a bit odd. He could hear all kinds of sounds and wondered what was going on. Kids screaming, women making sounds, dogs barking and cats purring, were the kinds of sounds he could hear all at once. All he wanted to do was look for his brother and get out of there. As he walked through the alley's, he suddenly looked up at a window and saw a familiar face. The face looked like his brother. He went a little closer and realised it was someone else. He began to realise that maybe it was a mistake coming alone maybe he could have gotten the police along with him.

As he was lost his thoughts, there was someone banging the window. Suddenly startled by the noise, he looked up and saw a familiar face. He kept staring at it for a minute and realized it was his brother. The poor chap looked awful, black eyes like he has never slept in days, thin and frail as if he hadn't been given anything to eat for days. He was happy he had found him and said something in sign language that meant he was going to get him out of there soon.

He quickly thought of a plan and hoped it would work. He walked around the building and finally saw a few stairs. He walked up the stairs and came across a door that was slightly open. He peeped inside and realised there was no one. He hoped his brother would

be there, he had to take a risk. He walked into the house slowly. He suddenly found someone peeping through a key hole. He walked towards the door and kicked it open and much to his surprise, it was his brother. He was so happy he had found him and asked if anyone was home. Frightened, scared, his brother couldn't open his mouth, but nodded a no. The both of them got out before the kidnappers got back home. Once they were in the car and miles away from the horrid lane, Eric went to the police station. He wanted to show them what the kidnappers had done to his brother.

The kidnappers got back to home minutes after Eric and his brother left. They realized someone had been there and that the boy was missing. Fuming mad, they thought of going to the police, but decided against it. At the police station, the cops got descriptions of the kidnappers and promised they'd catch them. They patted Eric on his back for being really brave but at the same time said that he was silly for putting his life at risk and should have gotten help from them. Eric simply said that he couldn't waste time waiting for the cops to help and said that he had to do something.

He took his brother home finally. He simply wanted to hug him and raise him as his own. He wanted things to go back to normal. He didn't want the media, or the press chasing him or his brother. The only thing he was worried about was sending his brother back to school. He didn't want to lose him again and so, he decided to home school him. Once they reached home, he told one of the housekeepers to give his brother a bath and give him something to eat after. As the housekeeper gave the kid a bath, she felt that he had become too thin and could feel his bones. She felt as though he was being starved all these months.

After the bath, she cooked a lovely hot meal that include chicken stew, hot apple pie for afterwards, hot bread rolls and much more. The poor boy nibbled at his food, he was still scared. He had been through a lot. He had been traumatized and torched. He wanted to see his father and mother. He went up to his brother and asked if he could see his parents. He has obviously forgotten that his mother wasn't here and had gone into hiding. Eric promised his

little brother he could meet his father one day and said his mother wasn't in town at the moment. He asked when he could go back to school and whether his teachers asked about his status. Eric simply said he had spoken to the principal of the school days after his disappearance and would do so soon.

For now, he told his brother to get some rest as he has been through a lot and he'd had to go back to work. He promised him that once he got home, he'd spend some time with him. His little brother did as he was told; the poor chap missed all his friends. He wanted to go back to living a normal life. Eric felt sorry for his little brother but there was nothing he could do for him at the moment.

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