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Chapter 30 (Part 2)

He felt the strength of his friend's hand as he pressed the cigarette lighter to the cement wall next to him.

"Al-Sharique escaped the prison. Someone was backing him up."

Al-Sharique was one of the two top leaders of the syndicate he had been on a mission four years ago. The same syndicate that caused him ended up in comatose for a month.

It was an international syndicate that was based in Colombia. That syndicate drops tons of drugs in the country and he was given the mission. In those docks it is passed, far from the eyes of the majority. And in the end he found the contraband laboratory.

The other leader of the syndicate, Us-Mahid, tried to kill him. He ambushed him with his men. He killed the bastard and his men while Al-Sharique escaped and flew out of the country. It hid in Afghanistan where it actually came from. However, he was caught by the Colombian Government when he returned to that country to rebuild the group. He was one of the soldiers who put him behind the bars.

"The intel from CIA told me that the b*stard is in the Philippines, looking for you. And f*ck it, I can't touch him since I'm on leave," the friend's voice showed frustration. "So do you. You are no longer in the service and Riguel is suspended."

His jaw dropped when he saw why Al Sharique was in the country and who he was going to use to get revenge on him. "Your daughter and wife are in danger, Bud," said Riguel quietly. "The word in the camp is that the US has sent personnel to arrest Al-Sharique. He is wanted both in Colombia and the US. According to the intel, the Colombian government passed on the capture of Al-Sharique to America. Looks like he knows something about the bombing incidents in New York, the bastard knows the head of the terrorist group."

"But there is still a problem," he went on to the conclusion of their conversation and shook his head. He was in the military for many years. He has been sent to various countries to fight. He even became a part of the royal navy, guarding the territory of the Queen with a real palace and power.

The soldiers that were sent by the US government cannot just catch Al-Sharique that easily. It is strictly forbidden to involve civilians in this mission. If the US soldier just

bomb the place where Al-Sharique are, those soldiers will be considered terrorists of the country. They can't risk that! Alert the government as well as the people who do not believe in the government and have their own principles—the local rebels of the country.

“How about Funtellion? He can finish it, can't he?” He looked at the man with green eyes. The mafia boss Zech Leon Funtellion. He became part of his legal business two years ago, He met her when they once had an operation on a

big shipwreck of prostitution. Zech Leon saved him-mali, he robbed him of the person he was going to kill. He saw his rage when he killed the old man by just using his fist. Besides that, Alejandro knew it.¹ Alejandro shook his head. “He can do it. He can shut Al-Sharique's mouth with just one bullet

“But?” he said when he realized what his friend was going to say next was not good. “He can't move now. He broke some rules in the underground and their law forbids him to take any action.”

“But he was doing illegal.” He begged. Whether he admits it or not, his brain is starting to plan to get his mother and daughter out of the country. He knows Al-Sharique, that b*stard is cunning. He knew it wasn't random. He planned all of this sh*t to come back and get revenge on her.

“So we do. We both know that with just one order from Funtellion, he can put a bullet in Al-Sharique's head but he will be punished if he disobeys their law a second time. Come on, Man. People are family like you. We can plan something and maybe we can ask for his help.”² Clenched fists walked in front of Riguel and Alejandro. Then he stopped and faced them. “Any staff with that t* ranta?”

“Many,” said Riguel, who was now typing on his cell phone. “They were planning to build the laboratory again in the southern part of the country. One mistake by the soldiers sent by the US, the country's rebels will be crushed and may end up in war. We can't risk that, can we?”

“No,” he answered and turned to Lyzza who was now talking to her friends. “I'll take my family out of the country. We should not communicate for the meantime. Al-Sharique might trace you-especially you, Alejandro.” He was talking as a leader now. He really ranks higher than these two.

“Oh, I will love it if he finds me firsthand. I won't have trouble thinking about how to break his neck.”

“No,” his voice was authoritative. “This is my problem, I am his target. You are out of this problem.”

“Man,” Riguel protested. “That's not it.”

“Don’t use that authority on us, Vesarius. You’re only one year old with us, you can’t follow us. Not in this situation.” Alejandro’s voice was also irritated at that time

“You will not help me and you will stay out of it, I’ll send my family out of the country and I’ll face this alone.” Alejandro grinned at him, obviously shocked by what he was saying. “Don’t be a hero, Gag* A cat only has nine lives, how many do you have?”

He didn’t pay attention to it, instead he just shook his head and turned away from them. He can’t risk them again. Not this time that they are starting to have their own life.