

The Boss

The night stumbled over my joy.

In the basement, there are three. They all work for me. The newest worker came in May. The one before him tried to escape, so where is she now? Buried in the ground, buried where she can't be found. The sound of screams run from the basement. Rolling my eyes in revulsion, I walked to the mirror.

The pain of my past came back, but now its empathy I lack. There is no love in my heart, even if you asked me I can't. Feelings are what makes us weak.

A job they wanted this is true, I'm not wrong saying I can provide for you. I remember the day I took John, he's the young one of the three. He is just like me. I knew straight away. I couldn't delay. I needed workers and they were hard to find in May. The sun shine with glee, and there he was walking in front of me. Going door to door he asked, but nothing.

Opportunity? You guess right, so there was my chance to use my manipulative appetite. I can say it worked and now he is here. You may ask do you feel sorry for him? The answer is no. I do not. He shows promise, which I can not miss. As for the girls I'll make them choose, between what they love and want to lose. I have a feeling they will be gone soon, so who do I replace them with? I leave them for a little longer, but should I let them go?

My answer is no! They could tell the police where I am. Then the cannabis job wouldn't go to plan. I needed help, yet none was given. I have earned thousands from this job, my father wanted this, and he is the boss of a mob.