

“**W**ho has the guts to do that brave job? Step forward

and let’s talk about the trade later.” Zulfikhar Shah said with an ignited cigarette in his mouth. There was a silence in the dimly lit shed. “You all are coward, what shall I do with these bastards?” Just then, a person stepped out from the crowd with his hands raised.

“Who’s this?”

“Zafar”

“Nice my Boy! How much people you need for accomplishing this task?”

“*O n e*”

“Eh, Just one?”

“Yes, and that too, I don’t need it from you.”

“Are you sure? Who is the *O n e*?”

“That’s ...”



ENTIRELY NEW GENRE BY SAYUJ

# SEIZURE

Sayuj S



**PART I**  
**PART I**

# CHAPTER I

# CHAPTER I

In the dimly lit room, the sense of sadness flowed. Fatima was sitting in a corner while Zenha sat next to her. The room was crowded. Mustique came forward and sat with Fatima to console her. Zenha went outside and stood near the door. Just then Mustique came and said to Zenha, “It’s all because of your greediness and your high wants.” Zenha, with a downcast head moved away from him, weeping her tears and went inside her room and shut the door loudly and harshly and lay on her bed. Just then Arman came inside. He gave a deep hug to Fatima. She was nearing 60s and her black hair turning a little greyish. Her face had many pimples and her usually wide eyes, now a small, tear filled eyes. She was wearing a black veil covering her neck. “What happened, Mother?” Arman asked. “Someone killed *Zawji* and *Devar*,”-Husband and Brother in law.

“What? Someone killed my father? I’m going right now to kill him down, Only I or he will survive. If I do, I will come with his bloody head on my hand, or else, what is my purpose of being Abdul Khalid’s son? A son of the *badshah* of Black Scorpion?”

“Wait my son, first, you will have to know what led to this situation. I will say the entire story after the *mullah* completes the ritual.”

“Where is Zenha?” Arman asked.

“She’s inside her room” Fatima said.

Arman stood up, went up to Zenha’s room. It was locked. He knocked it, but no response. He became so restless that he broke the door. He saw Zenha’s lifeless body dangling in air

and her neck rolled with a rope tied to a ceiling fan. By seeing this chaos, Arman knelt down. Fatima glanced into the room and let out a large cry. Everyone's attention was one her. She pointed her fingers onto the room and everyone became silent for a while and then started removing Zenha's body. Just after the ritual for body-less Abdul's and Azaan's deceased soul, mullah recited prayer for late Zenha and ordered the body to be buried. The sun went down and the crowd vanished.

Arman sat down on a sofa and Fatima was seated next to him.

"Tell me the whole story, everything from the beginning, without missing anything." Arman said.

"If he has killed *Zawji* and *Devar*, he's not an ordinary man, I don't want to lose you also, my dear. All I have left is you. Let's hand over our Black Scorpion to someone else and let's go far away."

"What? Handing over Black Scorpion to *someone*? I want it, I'm going to be its leader."

"No, I've asked my brother, Mustique for a deal. He is going to pay us twenty thousand crores for the Black Scorpion"

"No way, I've got its hereditary rights."

"*Twenty Thousand Crores*" Fatima emphasised each and every word carefully so as to make Arman accept the deal.

"Mother, Understand, Black Scorpion is not like before. Its including The *Shah Syndicate*. I want to be its *Badshah*, extend its territory by conquering more gangster group and expand my wealth, fame and what more – *Become More Rich, Rich, Rich.*"

"Okay, okay, if that's your wish, I will say everything."

Arman leaned on the sofa, exhaled out a deep breath. In the hushed silence of the house, he sat in a liquid silence, a silence within, listening, surrounded by the rhythm of rain, the steady drift of water on leaves, on roof, drumming on window panes, while the mist held the house in a dark caress.

# **CHAPTER - 2**

## **CHAPTER - 2**



**A**run Patel, the SI of Jagathpur dialled Abdul Khalid and said, “Sir, can you come to Jagathpur town?”

“Why? What’s the deal about?” Abdul Khalid said in his deep and gravelly voice, with a hint of menace in every word, in a commanding presence.

“Sir, here, there are two suspects of a chain robbery of our MLA’s wife, can you deal with them and find out the real culprit?” Arun requested.

“Who is the SI? Is it you or is it me?” Khalid said in a humorous tone.

“Sir, it’s because, they fear you”

“So, don’t you?” Abdul said by increasing his voice gradually.

“I am fear, I mean, I have fear on you, sir.”

“Take them here at Six O’ Clock.” Khalid said and hung up

The three people; Arun and the two suspects arrived on time. The two suspects were made to kneel down on the floor with their hands raised, in front of Khalid. Khalid was sitting on his opulent leather chair with a lit cigarette on his hands. Khalid was sitting with his elbow on his knees with a bent spine.

“What’s your name?” Khalid said by pointing a gun on one of the suspects.

“Mathew” He said

“And you?” He said by pointing the gun to the next.

“Harr-Harry” His words stumbled in air.

“Who has done the robbery?” Khalid asked.

There was a silence in the hall.

“I want you both to listen carefully. If you didn’t say the truth now, before this night is over, I will kill both of you. But before I kill you, I will make you both suffer pain so unimaginable you will wiggle and beg and pray for the gift of death. Eventually, I will give you that gift. But when you wake up in hell, you won’t find peace. You know why, Because I will be there waiting for you again and again.” After saying, Khalid exhaled out the smoke on their faces.

“Sir, I stole it sir, I will give it to Arun sir now. Please don’t do anything sir.” Mathew said and took out a shining *Gold Chain* from his wig, exposing his bald head and held it in air.

“Why giving it to Arun Sir? *Give it to me, that’s the fees of menacing and making you to vomit the truth.*” Khalid said by grabbing the chain out from his hand.

Arun could not say anything but took both Harry and Mathew out of the shed.

That night, he gave the golden chain to his wife Fatima.

Zenha, his daughter became so jealous that she asked,

“What’s for me?”

“Say what you need for your wedding?”

“I want the wedding to be golden, everything made of gold; dress, chain, the hall and even the sofa on which I and my *Muharib* sit on should be made of *P U R E G O L D*. Will you arrange a marriage like this?” She asked politely.

“For what purpose have I earned this much money? It’s for you, my dear. As you wish, I will make arrangements.”  
Khalid said.

# **CHAPTER - 3**

## **CHAPTER - 3**

The next day, Khalid said to Tanis, his most trusted PA, “My daughter wants her marriage to be golden. So, how much kilogram of gold will be needed?”

“About 50 kilograms?” Tanis estimated.

“Order 60 kilograms and make sure you hit the deal with the right man. Also make sure to have *P U R E* gold.”

“Sure sir, I will find the right dealer.” Tanis said and left the room.

After some moments, Tanis arrived.

"Boss, I found the right guy for the gold deal. He's in Hong Kong, goes by the name Kai Ming Chan," Tanis reported, his voice was low and was filled with confidence.

Abdul Khalid, still reclined in his leather throne, the room adorned with the faint scent of cigar smoke, raised an inquisitive eyebrow. "Why Hong Kong, and why this K-Kai?"

Tanis, with a knowing smirk, leaned against a makeshift table cluttered with maps and documents. "Boss, it's all about the bottom line. The price of gold is a steal in Hong Kong compared to anywhere else on the globe. Plus, word on the street is that Kai is the cream of the crop when it comes to gold deals."

Khalid, always focused on maximizing his gains, nodded in approval. "Okay, spill the details. Make sure I get my hands on that gold."

“Boss, I’m going to have a talk with Kai and ask his demands.” Tanis said.

Khalid nodded his head.

After the phone call, Tanis arrived and said, “Sir, He is ready to send 60 kilograms of gold. He is sending through a ship named *Aura*. He advised you to employ some security officials to protect the cargo. He will start sending it the next day and it will arrive after 16 days to the Mumbai Port. Then we can order our men to go and pick up the cargo in two different trucks.”

“Nice idea. Execute it. We can’t afford any hiccups.” Khalid said.

“By the way, won’t the port authority seize the gold as it is sixty kilograms?” Khalid asked.

“No boss, Kai will paste a stamp which symbolises his power. On seeing the print, none of the officials has ever ventured to touch it.” Tanis answered.

A few kilometres away, inside the Shah Syndicate, Zulfikhar Shah was howling with jealousy.

“You hear it? You hear it right. Abdul Khalid, our enemy is buying *sixty kilograms of P U R E G O L D* for his daughter’s marriage.” He said and threw a portrait of Abdul Khalid into the floor shattering into a thousand pieces.

“The gold is arriving at Mumbai port by a ship named *Aura*. So, we will have to seize the gold from the ship itself.” Zulfikhar planned.

“Who has the guts to do that brave job? Step forward and let’s talk about the trade later.” Zulfikhar Shah said with an ignited cigarette in his mouth. There was a silence in the dimly lit shed. “You all are coward, what shall I do with these



bastards?” Just then, a person stepped out from the crowd with his hands raised.

“Who’s this?”

“Zafar, Zafar Zamaan.”

“Nice my Boy! How much people you need for accomplishing this task?”

“*O n e*”

“Eh, Just one?”

“Yes, and that too, I don’t need it from you.”

“Are you sure? Who is the *O n e*?”

“That’s none of your business. Haven’t I done a heist on the Razi Bank of Jagathpur, the bank with the most trained security guards? Haven’t I murdered the Mayor of Jagathpur just because he was interfering in our affairs? Haven’t I gone inside Khalid’s shed and fixed a microphone through which you got the information about the gold? I did these things with that *O n e*.”

“Ah, okay. Cool down. But, I will send my most trusted man with you so that you don’t do anything tricky.” Zulfikhar exclaimed.

“That’s your wish. I’m leaving now, got to make some planning with that *O n e*.” Zafar said and left the shed.

“Let’s meet in our meeting spot, we have got a big job to do.” Zafar said to someone over the phone. Within ten minutes, Zafar got a message from him, ‘I’ve arrived.’

He walked for some distance and boarded a bus and landed on the outskirts of Jagathpur, where there is a dense forest,

isolated from human activity and infrastructure. He walked till he reached a manhole cover with green vine carpet on it which it conceals perfectly. He opened it up, went downstairs where his loyal childhood friend, Malik Farooqui was waiting for him.

“The ship will reach the Mumbai port on 17<sup>th</sup>. So, we will have to go by a speedboat, put a strong rope on the deck and enter into the ship and execute the heist. I don’t think we will need arms, the arms will come to us, on its own. Here look at the blueprint of the Ship Aura. We will enter the deck by the North. The cargo, the gold is on the north western carriage. So that’s the plan.” Malik said.

“Hey, I did not say anything about our mission, but how did you get to know about the Gold? How did you get the blueprint of Aura?” Zafar asked in utter confusion.

“I will say it later.” Malik said and started climbing the ladder of the manhole and left.

*Zenha was eagerly waiting for the gold but she never thought that this would end up the way it had ended; the way it should not happen.*

On 15<sup>th</sup> night, Malik and Zafar packed their bags for *the most daring heist; a heist on water*. Malik carried the blueprint, a rope and some dress in his bag and asked Zafar to carry an extra rope in case of emergency and also asked to carry some cloths.

On 16<sup>th</sup> night, the duo met at the sea. Also, Shan, the most trusted man of Zulfikhar also came. They entered the speedboat which they have bought. It was anchored on the shore. They sliced their way through the inky water and Malik

threw the rope into the deck. Zafar managed the boat and he killed the engine after the rope was firmly attached. Zafar tied the rope onto their boat also so that the boat won't sail off. The three men started climbing onto the deck. They were greeted by five guards with well-maintained arms; *guns*. "You said we don't need guns." Zafar grunted.

From the five guards, one of them stepped forward and ordered them to kneel on the floor with their hands raised. The seizers of gold were held as hostages.

# **CHAPTER - 4**



On 17<sup>th</sup> morning, the labours of Abdul Khalid along with Tanis came to Mumbai port and unloaded the Gold from *Aura* and loaded it to their trucks. They delivered the shipment before dusk. It was unloaded inside the shed of *Black Scorpions*. Abdul opened it and laughed hysterically; happily, because he has done the last fatherly duty.

Zenha was having high spirits and she was very happy. The goldsmith was commenced the next day to make gold for Zenha. The goldsmith raised his eyebrow and asked, “Sir, may I ask a question?”

“If I did not like the question, you will not see the next moment.” Khalid warned and established his dominance.

“No, nothing, my bad, I was about to ask a foolish question.” The goldsmith said with his cheeks trembling. He was an old man with scrawny nose and an old eyeglass which he never changed for as much as Khalid knew. Zenha was a kind hearted and as soft just as a teddy bear which keeps smiling even it was threw away, just the exact opposite of her cruel and wicked father with a murderous look.

She asked the goldsmith, Hari Lal Chaudhary, “Uncle, you ask the question to me, I want to know it, and I assure my father won’t harm you in any case.”

“No dear, I was about to ask if there was any financial problem for your father.” Hari said.

“Why Uncle?” Zenha asked with curiosity.

“Because, he is not able to afford to buy *P U R E G O L D*” he said and sprang into a chain of cough.

“What are you saying uncle? Aren’t these *PURE GOLD*?”

“No dear, these are gold plated.”

This gave a shock on Abdul Khalid, Zenha and Fatima. They started to stare on Abdul.

“Father, if you are having financial problems, why didn’t you say to me? If you have shortages to buy golds, I wouldn’t have made such a desire in my mind.” Zenha said softly.

“No dear, I ordered *PURE GOLD* from Hong Kong.”

Then Abdul gave the gold bars to check the concentration and the result was same. He yelled on Tanis and then made a call to Kai. He asked, “Are the guards you appointed alive? Did they return after the sail?”

“No, only the captain is alive. He said that, he shot the three men who came to seize the gold.” Khalid told to Tanis and Tanis translated to Kai. Then Kai asked Khalid to meet the captain.

Then Khalid asked Tanis to hang up the phone and the same afternoon, he went and met Rajesh Desai, the captain of Aura.

Khalid broke the door and entered the house.

“Say what happened on the ship. If you weave up stories, I will blow up the house...” Khalid said in a loud and intimidating voice and continued.

“...with you and your family.”

“Sir, I’m sorry, I will say everything.”

“Three men sliced their way through the inky water in a speedboat and Malik threw the rope into the deck. Zafar managed the boat and he killed the engine after the rope was



firmly attached. Zafar tied the rope onto their boat also so that the boat won't go away. The three men started climbing onto the deck. They were greeted by five guards with well-maintained arms; guns.

“You said we don't need guns.” Zafar grunted.

From the five guards, one of them stepped forward and ordered them to kneel on the floor with their hands raised. Malik circled the finger from the top, and Zafar shot a quick glance. The guard asked, “What did you show to him?”

The duo sprang into action while Shan was still kneeling down, afraid of meeting death. They swirled the leg, and the guard fell down. Then Malik took the equipment and started firing at the guards. Zafar also did the same. The guard who had ordered them to kneel down took an iron rod and hit Malik's head from the back, and the next moment he hit Zafar. Zafar fell onto the floor, and the guard came to hit Malik once again. Malik caught hold of it, twisted it, and snatched it from him. “I won't give the gold to you,” the guard said in frustration. Malik hit the guard's head with the rod and said, “Who are you to give me the gold? I will take it,” Malik said and slew the guard.

“Why bro, why didn't you help us?” Malik asked Shan.

“No bro, I was assessing your fighting skills,” Shan said.

Malik stepped back and took the guns from the floor and said to Zafar, “I said to you right, the arms would come to us on their own.” Malik was caressing the gun.

“Shan, take all the guns and collect the unused bullets; maybe from their pockets.” Malik said to Shan pointing the dead guards.

Then he looked at me; a terrifying look and headed towards the hold. There were some murmurs inside the hold. Then they busted into a big argument.

“Why are you doing like this?” Zafar asked.

“Your wish from your childhood is to become *R I C H* right? Then why don't you grab this opportunity? I've brought fake gold; gold coverings of 60 kilograms and I've placed in the storage area of our boat. Let's replace the *R E A L G O L D* with *F A K E G O L D* and sell it in Singapore, where the price of Gold is the highest and *B E C O M E R I C H*. It will take some time for Abdul to understand the situation and act. Within that time, we can escape.” Malik explained his master plan.

“No, that would be like cheating, testing my loyalty, against my Shah and Shan won't be ready to cheat Zulfikhar.” Zafar exclaimed.

“I'm ready.” Shan said by biting his nails.

“Just do as I say, everything is for good. Believe me.” Malik said and started replacing. After swapping, Malik came towards me with a gold biscuit in his hand and said, “Hey, do you have family?” Malik asked me and took my hand and placed the gold bar.

“Yes, I have a wife and a kid.” I replied.

“So, if you are planning to tell all the things happened here to Abdul Khalid, then our boss, Zulfikhar Shah, the most

dreaded gangster will kill you. So how will your wife manage her daily life? So, don't forget to give the gold to your wife once you reach your house. We have the full force of Shah. Anyways, my name is *Malik Farooqui*, he is *Zafar Zamaan* and he is *Shan*. *Anyways nice meeting you!*" Malik said and he glanced towards the pillar situated left of the cockpit from where a bad smell flowed through the air and also some kind of water was flowing. It was an awful smell of urine. He walked towards the pillar and dragged a man by holding his ear.

"Who are you man and what do you need?" Malik said in a humorous tone.

"Sir, I am Pappu, Pappu Chong, coming from a Hong Kong tour." He said.

"Where do you live?" Malik asked.

"I live in Singapore." Pappu exclaimed with pride.

Then Malik glanced Zafar and smiled.

Malik asked Pappu, "Do you know to swim?"

"Yes, I've been awarded Gold Medals in swimming in Singapore, By the way, why did you aaaaaaaa" Pappu screamed as Malik threw him in the icy cold water and he was drowning. Malik, Zafar and Shan got out of the ship and went to their speed boat and helped Pappu. He spat a huge volume of water into the sea.

Pappu asked, "Why did you threw me?"

"You said you know to swim." Malik exclaimed by shrugging his shoulder.

“If I say yes, will you throw me.” Pappu said shaking his head.

Then they sped away, sir.”

By hearing the story, frustrated Abdul shot six bullets onto the floor and left the house. He along with his accomplice went to Shah syndicate. They made their way towards Zulfikhar. He was reclining on his sofa. Abdul slammed the door and asked, “Where is Malik?”

“Aah, it’s a surprise Mister Abdul. By the way, which Malik?”

“Where is Zafar Zamaan?”

“Those bastards are dead, useless, your guards killed him, Shan, Zafar and Zafar’s friend. Look, their location is still in sea.”

By hearing his fake story, Abdul Khalid shot Zulfikhar on his forehead, splashing his red blood on the walls. Abdul Khalid escaped the shed through the back door.

# **CHAPTER - 5**



Azaan, it's an important matter, can you come to Jagathpur with your people?" Abdul requested.

"Make it quick, No, no, make some arrangements for Arman and come here." Abdul replied and hung up.

In an hour Black scorpions met with Small scorpions. Abdul explained everything to Azaan and he said, "How dare he, Let's go, kill him and return the gold and announce that, Scorpions are never short of money."

"I guess we will have to go by ship." Abdul said.

Azaan nodded.

"Sir, should I make arrangements?" Tanis asked.

Abdul showed signs to shut up and leave the place.

The next day, they booked a ship to Singapore. They arrived Singapore after eight days.

Malik Farooqui got up in the morning and said to Zafar, "I think someone is watching us. I guess it's no longer safe for us." Just then he got a phone call from an unknown number.

"Give my gold back." A grave voice said.

*"What if I can't? And do you know? Gold belongs to those who dare to seize it and not to those who places orders"*

Malik replied.

*"I'm the Lion who has killed many people and to estimate the number of murders I've committed; a new number has to be invented."* Abdul said



*“If you are a Lion, I’m the **Hyena** who seized your golden pray.”* Malik said a counter punch.

*“You are messing with the wrong person. You will soon be in danger.”* Abdul said.

*“I won’t be in danger, guess why? **Because I’m the danger.**”* Malik said and set out an evil laughter and hung up the call.

“My sense was precise; Abdul has come here. We should be prepared for their attack at any moment.” Malik said to Zafar.

“Yes.” Zafar exclaimed.

“Convey the information to Shan also.” Malik said to Zafar. Pappu Chong was an asset for the three men. He was an exceptional cook and a driver. So Malik stepped outside to buy vegetables for breakfast. Within ten minutes he came back and asked Pappu to prepare a delicious breakfast.

“Where is Zafar and Shan?” Malik asked to Pappu.

“They went outside a few minutes ago.” Pappu replied.

Zafar and Shan ran back and said breathlessly, “They’ve arrived... I saw... There are many people...”

“Malik dragged Pappu’s hand and the four men went outside. Abdul was standing, near to him Azaan and at their sides, hundreds of people, fat and with a terrific look.

Just then Zafar stepped forward and walked casually towards Abdul. Then Shan followed him and they joined the other side,

Malik called out, “Zafar”

*“For your kind information, Zafar is my daughter’s fiancé and Shan is my spy agent.”* Abdul said.

Malik grunted and said, “Pappu, let’s run towards your garage.”

Both of them ran and the hundred men followed them. Malik threw Pappu a key and said without getting breath, “Take... The... Fire engine...”

They reached the garage which had a board, ‘*Pappu’s Garage*’

Pappu entered into the driver’s seat and Malik stood on the ladder, back of the vehicle. The Scorpions’ men closed the shutter without knowing that they’ve entered into the fire engine.

“Search them throughout the garage.” One of them said.

Pappu started the engine which gave a loud roar. By hearing the sound of the engine revving, they stepped back. Pappu crushed the bones of those standing in the front and broke open the shutter. “My shutter!” He murmured. Some escaped and started chasing the vehicle. Malik sprayed water so forcefully that even the fattest man flew and fell with a thud. Suddenly Abdul started firing at the fire engine and Pappu drifted the vehicle to the side. They continued to fire at the engine. Malik went inside the vehicle, put up his suit, gloves and got ready.

“What shall we do now? *We will be Abdul’s crunchy evening snacks!*” Pappu became nervous.

Malik opened the back door of the fire engine with a kick of his leg. A sloping wooden door emerged out from the fire engine to the ground and Malik unloaded a DShK gun (type of a machine gun) and he stood behind it where there was a shield.

“Zafar, come this side.” Malik called out in a loud voice. Zafar ran towards Malik and Abdul was staring at him, just the way Malik had stared at Zafar when he knew that he was berated.

Then Malik opened the fire and asked, “Why did you betray me?”

“I’m sorry.” Zafar said shouting, so that Malik could hear.

Malik still shelling, said, “If you answer my questions properly, I will kill you without much pain.”

“Okay, but...” Zafar said.

“If you are going to marry Abdul’s daughter, then why did you accept to seize the gold?” Malik asked.

Pappu was hiding inside the fire engine, afraid.

“I saw Zenha first at ...” Zafar started.

“I don’t want to hear your tedious love story, stop beating around the bush and get to the point, I don’t have much time.” Malik exclaimed.

“Okay, okay. I knew you from your childhood. I know your behaviour and your lifestyle. I knew that, you will be the right person to seize the gold and also, you will have a wicked plan to betray Zulfikhar. Abdul was thoughtful as I was working under Shah and was so suspicious that I might be a spy agent sent by him, so to acquire a good position in Abdul’s heart and to retain his confidence, I accepted to seize the gold.” Zafar said with a downcast head.

“We grew up together right, we shared our room in the same orphanage and spent our entire childhood together, isn’t it? But, one mysterious thing I’m not able to understand is that, *how did*

*you underestimate the power of Malik Farooqui?"* Malik said and stopped his *bullet show*.

"I'm sorry Malik. Please leave me. I will not do it again." Zafar pleaded.

"Pappu, place the dead ones' body in your garage." Malik ordered.

"My garage? Please spare it." he said.

Malik shot a sharp stare on him and he started to work.

"Thanks for your co-operation in answering the questions, by the way, if I want to leave you *alive*, count the number of bullet I shot." Malik asked by laughing.

"Malik, that is impossible to estimate." Zafar said.

"Take him too." Malik said by pointing at Zafar.

Pappu pulled Zafar's hands, and he slapped Pappu. Malik shot a bullet on his right hand and his right leg.

"Now take him." Malik ordered. A drop of tear surged down from Malik's eyes.

"Hey, you swore that you will kill me faster." Zafar cried.

*"Is there any rules that only you can betray others? I also can and I will."* Malik said. Pappu placed Zafar's body also.

*Malik stood at the entrance with his feet wide apart. He put on his black shades and placed an unlit cigarette in his mouth with his heads up and hands inside his pant pocket. Pappu asked, "Need lighter?"*

*Malik dragged the DShK near to Pappu and started singing by emphasizing each and every words to menace Zafar's final moment.*

***“Johny Johny Yes papa,  
Betraying others No papa,  
Telling lies No papa,  
OPEN THE FIRE  
HAHAAHAA”***

*Malik set out an evil laughter. Zafar started to yell and pleaded “I’m so sorry, I understood my mistake. Please forgive me.” “According to me, I follow only one rule, **no mercy to those who betray**” Malik said and showed signs to shoot at the fuel tank of a vehicle continuously.*

*“By the way, how to fire?” Pappu asked shyly.*

*“First, press the green button, then push the pin down and pull the trigger and move the barrel.” Malik taught.*

*He did so and the bullets rushed towards the fuel tank of vehicles. He shot on all the vehicle hysterically until the whole garage was on flame. All the vehicles exploded and a particle of fire settled on Malik's unlit cigarette and ignited it. The devils of Betrayal were burned down in flames. The board which read **PAPPU's GARAGE**, now read **APPU's GARAGE**. The letter **P** had fallen down. A fat man of who chased the fire engine now became conscious and started to run. Malik caught the collar of his shirt and said, “Go” he continued, “go and say to Abdul's family that the *Badshah* of Black Scorpions' have been burned down...” Malik said and took a break.*

“... into ashes.” Pappu fitted the right word in his sentence.

“Yes, that was the word which I was searching for.” Malik said.

Then Pappu asked, “Were you and Zafar raised in an orphanage?”

“Yes...” Malik said and lay flat on the ground with his hands spread onto the sandy floor.

“... I have lost. I have lost in life. I’m a loser. I could not understand difference between a fake and a real friend. I have killed many of my friends for *him* and now, *he* betrayed me.” Malik sobbed.

“In your room of life, there was a *venomous snake* and you realised it lately. That’s not your fault, it’s the talent of the snake to conceal itself. But now, you threw the damn snake outside. So be happy. *Zafar did not care about you. He was well-planned to betray you. Then why are you caring about him?* Leave it, *strong boys don’t cry.*” Pappu said in a humorous tone and Malik laughed.

**PART II**  
**PART II**

# CHAPTER - 6

## CHAPTER - 6



Fatima said what she knew to Arman. Arman got frustrated and said, “I’m going to Singapore right now and slay him. If I return home, I will come with his bloody head in my hand.” “I’m saying it again and again, he’s not an ordinary person. He has slaughtered all of our men, brutally. Please don’t go.” Fatima pleaded.

Without any emotions, Arman started to pack his bags. He asked Tanis to book a flight ticket to Singapore. He went to Black Scorpion shed, carried arms which he needed and also placed a stamp of Black Scorpion on the Arms. Arman left the house the next morning and Fatima waved her hands. After she closed the door, she made sure no one was inside. Then she picked up the phone and dialled Malik and said, “Arman has left the house in search of you. He will first go to Mumbai Airport and Board a flight; a nonstop flight.”

“Okay, By the way, do you want his corpse?” Malik asked.

“Yes, I need it. Then only people will believe and I can be the *Badshah* of Black Scorpion.” Fatima dreamt

“Okay, I will send it.” Malik said and Fatima hung up.

Arman arrived at the airport and the security scanner warned the guards and the police opened the bag and saw the *massive black stamp* on the guns. He became so afraid that he closed the bag immediately and gave to Arman. He snatched the bag from the police’s hands with a smirk.

*Arman unaware that he was being betrayed, was planning how to slay Malik. He never thought that his mother would deceive him. But what fate awaits had to be accepted.*

The flight landed the next day in the Singapore International Airport and he started to search Malik but in vein, he entered a restaurant to have his breakfast. He ordered a sandwich. The waiter nagged the improper functioning of the bread toaster but he assured that it would be ready in ten minutes. Arman accepted the plea of the server and made himself comfortable with a newspaper. He was jerked with the headlines of the International Newspaper of Singapore which was written in a language that he didn't know. He called the waiter and the waiter said, "Sorry sir, I appreciate your patience ..."

"Hey, Hey, Stop. What is this saying?" Arman interrupted and asked.

"Which one sir, Is this the one?" The waiter confirmed.

"Yes, Yes, the same one." Arman asked recklessly.

"It says..." Waiter first read it and started translating.

"A violent vengeance. Hundreds dead. The violent combat was between two main gangster groups of India V/s a common man Malik Farooqui and the aftermath was terrific; Lone Malik slew them into pieces.

~Reporter: Harris Lash

Place: Tengah" The waiter returned the paper to Arman.

"Cancel my order." Arman said and started to run when the waiter asked him to wait for a moment and he packed the sandwich. Arman paid the amount and asked to keep the change by himself.

He headed towards Tengah to show that, the vengeance is not over yet and Abdul's warrior son, Arman is coming to separate his head from his body. He reached the place and

investigated further. He asked to a person, “Who is the one who created the mess yesterday? Where does he live?” Arman asked.

“He live in the bazaar. That’s the only thing I heard.” An old lady replied.

Arman thanked and walked towards to Bazaar and asked about Malik’s house to a middle aged man.

“Take the next left and his house is the third on the right.” The man replied.

Arman then ran towards Malik’s house and thought for a moment. Then he climbed up a pipe and got into the house through a window of the second floor. He silently crept into his house and into the bedroom where a strong man with well – built physique was sleeping soundly. Arman confirmed that he was Malik. He took out his gun and shot him on his forehead. He continuously fired on Malik’s neck that the head got separated from rest of the body and blood splattered on the wall. Arman’s face was dyed with Malik’s red blood. Then he carried Farooqui’s bloodshed head and he placed a stamp on it too so that the Airport officials won’t stop him. Arman took Malik’s head to his house and showed Fatima. She was so happy that she began to jump up and down the floor with joy. Arman, then went to Black Scorpion shed and placed it on a table and said, “This fellow killed my father, my father’s brother and many of our workers. So to pay a tribute and to console their soul, let’s cut it into pieces, cook it in a pot, add *masalas* and feed our pets and crow. How is this idea?”

There was a howl in the shed and they got into work. His eyes were fed raw to a pit-bull dog which it ate with much interest. His brain which was soggy with some colourless liquid was cut into many small pieces and they fed the eagle and vultures. The animals enjoyed a feast out of Malik's head; a violent and yet tasty feast.

# **CHAPTER - 7**

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“Sir, your destination has arrived.” An airhosts dressed in red woke Arman from sleep. Arman got dismayed that, that was just a dream. Anyway, he moved on. He prayed to *Allah* that it should go just as he had dreamt, *carrying Malik’s blood stained head to Fatima*.

As he dreamt, Arman went to have breakfast. He ordered a sandwich.

“May I have today’s newspaper?” Arman asked politely.

“Yes sir.” The waiter gave him an English newspaper.

“Is the bread-toaster working properly?” Arman asked.

“Yes sir, why did you ask?” The waiter asked.

“No, nothing.” Arman replied.

The newspaper had addressed the fight of his father and Malik. The city name which it mentioned was the port city of Singapore, its Capital *Singapore city*. Arman with an urge, ate the sandwich and headed towards the city.

“Mother, where does this guy live?” Arman asked to a women wearing traditional Muslim dress by referring the news headlines.

“That house.” The lady pointed towards a small house.

Arman took his Pistol in his hands and knocked the door. Malik and Pappu were hiding on their fire engine which was parked in front of the opposite building. They confirmed Arman with the image sent by Fatima and got outside the vehicle. “What do you want sir?” Malik asked.

“I’m the relative of this man. Just came to visit him.” Arman, unaware that the person whom he was talking with was his enemy, replied politely.

Malik placed the gunpoint on Arman’s head and before he could react, Pappu opened the door. Malik gave Arman a shove and locked the door. The pistol that Arman had was dropped and it slid underneath the sofa.

“What do you want man? Coming one after the other and getting killed. Now, you choose how you want to be killed.” Malik said and laughed.

“What harm my father did to you? Do you know, because of you, my father, my father’s brother, my sister and the workers of our group are dead.” Arman said.

*“What a foolish question are you asking? I knew everything except your sister’s death because, I killed them.”* Malik said. Pappu made a goring sound.

*“I mean, We. By the way, why didn’t you add your sister’s fiancé in the list”* Malik asked.

“What?” Arman sobbed.

*“Yes, he betrayed me just like your mother betrayed you and the people you listed. You will be added to the list next.”* Malik added.

Arman wiggled, sobbed, and felt how oppressive the fate was against him.

Arman asked, “Why are you targeting our family?”

“My father was a piolet and my mother was a doctor. Both earned a huge amount of money as well as respect from the

society. On night of 31<sup>st</sup> October 1999, the whole colony was celebrating *Halloween*. Many of my friends rang the doorbell and used to frighten us gave by wearing masks of *ghost, vampire, beasts, evil pumpkins* excreta. At about 7:45 pm, your father along with three other people rang the doorbell. My mother opened it as I was having my dinner. They killed my mother. By hearing the sound of gun, Father ran to the living room and he was also shot dead. I was six, and was enjoying my dinner by watching cartoon on television. Then your father burgled all the money and asset that we owned. He saw me and lifted me up. He abandoned me in the orphanage and I was raised there.” Malik completed his emotional backstory.

“Oh I see, take as much gold you need and give some to me.” Arman said.

“Okay, that would be a fair deal.” Malik asked.

Pappu made a hissing sound and Malik ignored him. He went inside the house.

Pappu was standing in front of Arman. Malik came with an *AK – 47* gun and shot Arman on his forehead.

Pappu got astonished and asked, “By the way, why did you conceal your backstory from me?”

“I knew it just now.” Malik said.

“What?”

“I just weaved up a story for Arman. I and Arman have something in common. *We both were betrayed by someone. In my case, my friend betrayed and in his case, his mother betrayed him.*” Malik sympathised.



He asked Pappu to pack Arman inside a container and send to Fatima.

# CHAPTER - 8

## CHAPTER - 8



From now on, we don't know each other. Keep the gold all by yourself, as your salary." Fatima closed the deal.

"I've reached Jagathpur. I will come to your house. If I make a deal with someone, I will surely meet them." Malik explained the style of his profession.

Fatima agreed.

Malik and Pappu went inside her house and sat on the cushion sofa. Fatima served them with hot tea.

"How was your adventure?" Fatima asked.

"Great, it was awesome." Malik replied.

"Who is this *funny guy*?"

"He's Pappu Chong, my accomplice."

"I will have to salute you because you accomplished this task with this *funny man*." Fatima grinned.

Once Malik finished his tea, he got up and said, "*You sacrificed your daughter, husband, brother-in-law and son just for your monetary gain and fame and now, you will become the leader of Black scorpion which includes Shah syndicate, Black Scorpion and Mini Scorpion which will be a very powerful group. So what assurance do you give me that you won't harm me for that gold? I don't want any root of Scorpions' family. Anyway, your tea was awesome and thanks for your great help and sacrifice.*" Malik said and asked Pappu to shoot her too.

"*I'm not a funny guy. Don't you dare to address me like that in your next birth too.*" Pappu exclaimed and killed Fatima.

Malik went inside the prayer hall and prayed. Pappu was standing beside him.

*“God, let this be my second last sin”*

“What? What’s the last sin?” Pappu asked.

“We have many works to do, come, let’s go to the shed.”


Malik replied.

*Malik introduced Pappu as the new leader as the Black Scorpion. He came to be known as Pappu Scorpion.* He got a call from Malik and he spoke only one word, “What?”

Malik hung up the call.

**A WEEK LATER  
A WEEK LATER**

**HONG KONG  
HONG KONG**

ong Kong's leading gold dealer Kai Ming Chan found dead. All his security guards beaten and all his gold seized." Reporter of 24/7 News channel of Hong Kong reported.  
*An era of Betrayal, Devils and the battle of Gold came to an end and **that was Malik's last ever sin.***

THANK YOU