

want to explain his mistake. But what was the point? There was no point in teaching, or correcting a man who was about to die? But for some reason I wanted to tell him what happened. Maybe it's my ego playing up.

"Well my friend, it is true we became great friends. But, I always had an eye on you. From the day you joined our clan, something strange started happening. You may have thought you were fooling everyone, but let me put it this way. I'm too smart for that kind of thing; so I got closer to you to know you better. And I have to say that you were showing some qualities of true friendship. Then I found out your secret mission. You are a police agent and you were assigned the job to infiltrate our clan by any means and learn whatever you can and then to execute the head of operations." Having said this, I threw his file on the table in front of him. "Go ahead and open it up. I think this is not the first time you saw this."

It was the file which contained the details of the mission he had been assigned to.

"You must be surprised how this ended up in my hands."

"Yes, how did you get this? Those bastards gave me up then." He sighed and covered his face with his hands as he knew he had been betrayed by his own organization.

I think that feeling has to be worse than dying.

"How deep do you think this organization is? How ignorant were you all this time? Huh?"

Do you think by killing someone in this organization you will change everything? Do you think that this will end the underworld of this island? No my friend. This is what you were wrong about.

This system is more rotten than you think. Do you want to know who gave this file to me? Guess what, it is your officer himself. He is part of this game. You have just been played out my friend."

"I have nothing to say. All I believed in were lies! I have given up my life for nothing, all in vain."

I could see the frustration in his eyes. Few months ago, he was a good friend. Even though I kept my eye on him, I always admired his qualities and it is kind of a sad feeling to pull the trigger.

I lifted the gun to take a clear shot at him and raised my voice again.

"Well my friend, I think this is it. We have come to an end. Personally I don't want to do this. But, orders are orders and without rules, we risk our own life. I hope you understand it.

I hope you entered the game knowing the rules. So, this is the end game. Goodbye my friend."

Two shots spat into his body and one clean shot pierced through between his eyes. That is the professional way of finishing someone off. There are no exceptions for friends.

I Finished him off.