

Names, Disrespect, and Anger

Sitting silently in a booth towards the back of the bar, the well dressed man watches people moving around the bar or sitting at the counter without any obvious emotion visible on his face. Easy to pick out in the crowd due to the nice dark grey slacks, dress shoes, long sleeve collared white shirt, and the grey vest neatly buttoned he is wearing, the well dressed man still manages to blend into the background. With an empty glass in front of him the man is watching the rest of those in the bar as the noise rises the longer he stays. There is only one person watching the well dressed man, stealing glances at him in between making drinks and serving those seated at the bar.

Turning to the young woman on the other side of the bar with an empty tray held in her hands, the bartender leans forward in an effort to try and keep the conversation between them in the noisy room. “Jane I need you to go bring the man in the corner booth back there another glass of water, don't ask him if he needs anything, don't talk to him at all just bring him the water. I'd do it myself, but I can't leave the bar with the crowd we got right now. Bring him the water and take his old glass, if he stops you for any reason, just answer whatever question he has or get whatever he is asking you for, don't stay there longer than you have to. Don't be rude, don't stare, just take the glass and leave the new one.”

After finishing his hurried speech, the man tending the bar turns around then brings out a clean glass he fills with water and ice, then the man sets it on top of the bar for Jane to take. A moment later she takes it once the empty tray has been placed on a small side table next to the bar where a few empty pitchers and a couple metal napkin baskets. After a bit of hesitation, Jane turns away from the bar and starts to carefully make her way through the moving crowd of loud

people, walking towards the back corner booth where the well dressed man sits straight backed and attentive. Once at the table, Jane carefully sets the glass of water down near him before reaching for the empty glass in front of the well dressed man, unable to resist the urge to look at him while she does.

The mans piercing eyes watch every move she makes, dark brown hair neatly styled out of his emotionless face and with the top few shirt buttons undone, she is able to see the thin yet noticeable jagged scar running across the mans throat. Without meaning to, Jane stares for a moment, unable to stop looking at that thin jagged scar that seems to wrap nearly all the way around his throat. Almost hidden by the collar, it would be easy to miss, but this close to him and the older looking scar is clear against the mans pale skin. A thin jagged scar from something that had been cutting into his throat, looking like it was caused by a wire being wrapped around the mans throat. Like someone had tried to strangle him from behind but had been stopped before having the chance to finish the job.

Then the man moves just slightly, sitting up impossibly straighter, posture stiff, and that is when Jane realized she has been staring at the man, staring at the scar across the mans throat without saying anything, partly in his personal space. Staring in what is definitely a very rude way when she had been warned by Ben not to stare at the man, to get away from him as soon as she could. And she hadn't listened because she couldn't help but be curious about the man she was told to essentially ignore, the man who is now watching her impassively with terrifyingly dead, unblinking blue eyes. Immediately Jane is standing back up from how she had been leaning over the table, barely keeping her grip on the empty glass and awkwardly lowers her head to the man in a sort of apology as she starts to back away while stammering.

“Here’s a new glass of water for you, Ben will be at the bar and I’ll be around if you need any more water, just wave one of us down and we will come right over to get whatever you need.” And immediately after finishing speaking, Jane is turning around fully while basically shoving her way back through the crowd, trying to walk as quickly as she can towards where Ben is watching her from his place behind the bar counter. As soon as she gets there, the empty glass is set on top for Ben who leans forward, hands on the bar top, before starting to speak quickly to Jane instead of taking the glass.

“I thought I told you to drop off the water, to take the empty glass quickly and to not stare at him, to not stay longer than you have to Jane. You’re taking over the section by the front and you will say away from the back tables for the rest of the night, but first you need to tell me what you said to him Jane. I could see you staring at him when you grabbed that empty glass, then you said something after. Please tell me you didn’t say nothing about the scar.” Ben’s voice is quiet compared to other voices in the loud bar, but Jane can clearly hear the worry in his tone and knows she is not overreacting by how unsettled she feels after meeting the dead blue eyes of the well dressed man.

“No I didn’t say anything about the scar, I’m sorry Ben I couldn’t help but look at him when I grabbed the glass, you told me not to stare and I couldn’t help but be curious about why you told me that. All I said to him was that you were at the bar and that I’d be around the bar, and to wave one of us down if he needed more water or something. That we would come right over to help him.” Jane is trying hard to keep her voice low, but with how nervous she is feeling it does raise a little from the near whisper Ben had been using, causing Ben to look around a little at the people near them before looking back to her.

“Look I know you’re a friendly girl Jane, but if I tell you to not talk to someone, tell you to get away from them as soon as you can, then you need to listen to me because there are some people who come here that you shouldn’t be interacting with. Just head on over to the front now and cover that section, I’ll make sure no one else gets seated in the back so you don’t need to worry about it. Off you go now Jane.” With a tense but kind smile, Ben waves Jane off towards the front of the bar and goes back to working on filling drink orders, every now and then glancing back towards the man still sitting at the back booth.

An hour passes and the well dressed man still sits in the back booth watching the rest of the bar attentively, Jane has stayed at the front and her shift is almost over while Ben is behind the bar still making drinks. While it is still fairly full of people, more have been leaving as time passes than coming in, and the back section where the well dressed man is sitting has been kept clear of other customers. The music is playing over the speakers placed in walls around the room, but the volume was turned down as the crowd of drunk people, drinking and celebrating minuscule or meaningless achievements from their day, get louder and louder.

In the lull of requested drinks, Ben makes his way out from behind the bar and moves through the bustling crowd towards the back where the well dressed man sits, the now empty water glass in front of him. Once he is near enough to not have to shout but still a respectable distance away, Ben stops and holds his hands in front of him away from any pockets then waits for the man to make eye contact before starting to talk. It takes a moment, the well dressed man is focused on a group of men that seem to have caught his eye, but then he looks to Ben who stands stiffly, clearly uncomfortable, while doing his best to not look anywhere other than the cold dead eyes analyzing him carefully.

“The bar will be closing in about two hours Mr. Würger, would you like me to bring you more water or perhaps a German beer? I got a new shipment in the other day, the brand I was asked to carry for you and your associates.” Ben tries to keep his voice steady and tone even while maintaining eye contact with Würger, but at some point has to look away as the dead blue eyes stare back unblinkingly. For a moment there is silence between them, then Ben’s eyes are drawn back to the well dressed man as Würger pulls a small black leather bound notebook from a pants pocket, then a pen from his shirt pocket covered by the vest.

For a moment after opening the notebook to a new page, Würger watches Ben, pen hovering over the paper, before looking down to the notebook, putting the pen tip to the page and starting to write. It only takes him a moment, but Ben is standing stiffly to the side waiting, trying to read the words as they are being written. Once he is finished writing, Würger holds the notebook open towards Ben who leans a little closer to read it, then immediately nods before he moves back and looks up to try and meet Würger’s unblinking stare.

“Yes I understand, you are waiting for some associates to join you, if they come a bit late or your meeting goes long you are welcome to stay however long you need even if it’s past closing time. I’ll keep looking over and as soon as I see them join you, I’ll bring over beers for everyone, on the house of course.” With that Ben is moving away from where Würger sits, but the well dressed man is no longer watching the nervous bartender push through the crowd, his attention is back on the group of men nearby he had been watching before.

Once Ben is safely behind the bulk of the counter once more, he starts filling drink orders again while keeping a closer eye on the back booth, as well as occasionally looking at the front door and the group of men that seemed to have caught Würger’s attention. Ben isn’t sure why

this group of men caught Würger's attention more than anyone else in the bar, but he isn't the most interested in finding out without knowing what it might cost him. The group of men had been a bit louder and more rowdy than nearly all the others in the bar, but they hadn't done anything yet to warrant kicking them out, and it was at times like these that made Ben wish he had an actual bouncer in case things got out of hand.

It is nearly an hour before three men enter the bar looking slightly better dressed than most of the people already in the bar, and this is what draws Ben's attention to them, watching them make their way back to where the well dressed Würger sits. Immediately Ben waves Jane over while he moves towards a small fridge at the back of the bar that hadn't been opened all night, and pulls out four cold German beers that he takes the caps off of right away.

"I'll be closing the bar down in around half an hour so make sure you check for last calls at your tables and start to close out any tab you can, I'll handle whoever is at the bar you just focus on the front tables." As soon as he finishes speaking and not waiting for any questions or comments from Jane, Ben is moving around from behind the counter and making his way towards the four men now sitting silently at the back table with the four beers carefully in hand. Before even getting to the table, Würger and the man next to him are watching Ben, and the two men opposite them turn slightly once Ben is closer.

Ben starts to set the beers on the table in front of each man, and after setting the final one down takes a step backward and looks at Würger to see if there is anything else he can do or get for the four men. Before he is able to get a word out there is a shout followed by a crash from behind him, and Ben turns around to see the three men Würger had been watching shoving two other men away from them as voices start to rise in anger. Suddenly Ben is being moved back

none too gently as the three men sitting with Würger are suddenly up on their feet and moving towards the commotion, each easily grabbing and restraining one of the three men Würger had been watching. As the three men are being effortlessly dragged backwards out the back door to the secluded alley behind the bar, there is a sharp tapping sound on the hard table top that brings Ben's attention back to Würger who remained sitting.

With the little notebook out on the table, Ben watches nervously for a moment until Würger is done writing and the notebook is being held out in his direction to move closer and read the new message under the earlier request for beers. A slight chill runs down Ben's spine and the hair on the back of his neck stands up, reading the note quickly before nodding to Würger and stepping back a little before replying. "I'll make sure no one goes out back to bother you, and thank you for handling them when they started to cause issues, no charge for the beers and there are more for you and your associates whenever you want them. I appreciate the help before the men were able to cause damages to my bar."

Immediately Ben is moving back away from the table a little more while Würger puts the little notebook and pen back into his pockets, smoothly standing up from the table and fixing his vest before striding towards the bars rear door. Ben watches as Würger opens the door and disappears into the alley, the door swinging shut and the noise in the bar is loud enough to cover up anything that is happening behind the bar. After a moment, Ben moves towards the back and blocks off the door just enough to keep anyone from trying to go through, before Ben turns back to face the main room and carefully walks through the crowd of people to make it safely behind the bulk of the counter once more.

Würger stands partially in shadow near the door leading back into the bar, one hand in his pocket and the other resting by his side while the three men his associates pulled out of the bar are kneeling on the dirty ground only a few steps away. Two of Würger's associates are standing close behind the kneeling men with hands held free in front of them ready for anything, while the third man is in front standing slightly in front of Würger. The associate standing in front of Würger is watching the silent well dressed man closely, clearly waiting for some kind of signal or sign to be interpreted for the others who are focused on the kneeling men.

While watching all of the men in front of him, Würger then focuses on the associate who remained close to him before nodding towards the kneeling men and patting his back pocket, then Würger reaches into his own pockets to retrieve the pen and little notebook which he begins to write in carefully. While Würger is writing, the man closest to him turns to the other two standing men and motions to the kneeling men, before speaking loud enough for everyone in the back alley to hear him clearly.

“Get their wallets, find their ID's.” There is a distinct German accent in the mans voice that makes the kneeling men look up quickly with fear clear on their face. Immediately the two men are roughly searching through pockets for wallets and once all three have been found, the three ID's are held out towards the one who spoke who takes them easily and looks them over briefly. Once he has matched the faces on the ID's to the kneeling men, he turns slightly and waits for Würger to finish writing before holding the three cards out to the silent man with his head bowed slightly in respect.

Würger takes the identification cards easily in one hand, spread out like playing cards so he can see all at once, while also holding out the small notebook in the other hand towards his

associate. As soon as the notebook is held out towards him, Würger's speaker is reading the short message in neat handwriting before stepping back and collecting the ID's and slipping them into his pocket once Würger holds them out.

“Dave Jones, Owen Richardson, and Gideon Pearce. Mr. Würger, would like to know why the three of you are here, since this bar and neighborhood are under the control of our employers, not yours. Unless you had a real reason to be there, which he doubts with how much you were drinking, the three of you coming to this bar frequented by Mr. Würger and starting trouble with a couple of customers, could be considered a challenge. And with how things are between your employer and ours, the difference in man power and skill, the advantage we have, it would be very foolish to try and challenge us.”

As soon as he finishes speaking there is silence in the back alley, and none of the kneeling men say anything. Barely a minute of waiting passes then Würger makes a clicking sound with his tongue and motions to the man standing behind Dave Jones and Gideon Pearce. Immediately the man is grabbing Dave by the shoulder, turning him slightly and delivering a hard closed fist blow to the side of Dave's face, causing the man to pitch violently forward onto the ground from the force of it. Owen and Gideon both try to stand up, but are shoved back to their knees by the second man behind them while Dave is laying on the ground with his hands holding his jaw, making pained sounds. After a moment, Dave is pulled back onto his knees by the man who punched him, and once again Würger makes a clicking sound with his tongue, making eye contact with his speaker and tapping a page of the notebook.

“Mr. Würger is not going to wait much longer for an answer before taking things further, which I can promise you is not something you will want. So, one last chance. Why did the three

of you come to this bar, in our neighborhood, and start trouble with some of the customers who just came here to have a drink after a long day of work?" Würger stands with his arms relaxed at his sides, pen and notebook in one hand and the other free, tapping out a rhythm on the outside of his leg while staring at the kneeling men.

When no one begins talking, Würger stops tapping and starts to raise his hand but then Dave starts talking while still holding his face in one hand, his accent purely what would be described as American. "We just wanted some drinks after finishing work, wanted to blow off some steam and Gideon said we should come to this bar and start some trouble since there isn't a bouncer here, the barkeep is old and the only other employees are women." As soon as his name was mentioned, Gideon turns with a snarl and tries to launch himself around Owen at Dave, but is grabbed easily from behind and held in place before Würger's speaker stalks forward and delivers a harsh kick to Gideon's stomach, doubling him over.

Stepping back to where Würger stands blank faced, the barest hint of a smile pulling at the corner of his mouth, his speaker nods once in a sort of apology to Würger before turning around to face the others once more. "Please continue Dave."

Dave looks up at Würger and his speaker before looking down at the ground and continues talking, just loud enough to be heard in the back alley. "We didn't know anyone that was part of the Wolf family would be here, didn't know that Würger would be at the bar because we would have gone somewhere else if we knew that."

And then immediately Dave is face down on the ground once more after a boot connected hard with the middle of his back, but before anything else can happen Würger draws everyone's attention by slapping his hand hard against his thigh. All eyes are on Würger and he looks at his

three associates with an expression of reprimand clear on his face, the most emotion he has shown all evening, and each of his associates look away in shame.

“My apologies Mr. Würger, we didn’t appreciate how disrespectful he was when speaking of you or the Wolf family, failing to address you with the proper title, then also mispronouncing both your name and the family name is not something we can ignore. As you know, it is taught in the Wolf family that such open disrespect is not tolerated, and must always be followed by some type of punishment.” Würger’s speaker says evenly, German accent much thicker and tone sharper in suppressed anger, making eye contact with Würger who watches him for a moment before nodding and turning his attention to the notebook he begins to write in quickly. While Würger is writing, there is near complete silence in the small alley as the kneeling men look at each other or the ground.

Once Würger has finished writing, the notebook is held out towards his speaker once more who steps forward slightly to read it quickly, a chilling smile spreading across his face as he nods while turning back to face the kneeling men. “It seems you found trouble like you had wanted, but this is more than any of you are able to handle. Boys, Mr. Würger believes these three might be useful to us, that they might know some details the Wolf family can use to its advantage. And that this isn’t the proper place to carry out the punishment they earned with the disrespect and stupidity they have shown today, so after the bar closes they will be coming with us back to the warehouse, where we can have a proper conversation.”

Immediately Dave, Owen and Gideon try to get to their feet but are hit hard in the head and fall to the ground bonelessly, the sound of their bodies hitting the dirty concrete loud in the otherwise quiet alley. Once the three men are confirmed to be unconscious, each has their hands

bound tightly behind their backs, and gags secured tightly in their mouths. By the time the three men are secured, Würger has returned the notebook and pen to his pockets and after glancing at the three unconscious and bound men, he looks to his speaker.

Gesturing for him to follow, Würger turns and walks back into the bar with his speaker close behind after taking a quick look back at the two men who are lighting up cigarettes and leaning against a wall. With a smirk, the speaker moves to the door of the bar and enters after Würger, careful to make sure the door closes fully after he is in the bar. A quick look around tells the speaker all he needs as far as where to go, and immediately joins Würger at the table he had been sitting at for the majority of the evening.

The crowd is mostly gone, only a few smaller groups left. Jane is no longer there as her shift had ended around half an hour ago and it is just Ben in the bar, still behind the counter closing out the last tabs. It doesn't take long for the older bartender to notice Würger and his speaker sitting at the back table once more and he immediately works to close out the last few tabs, expertly maneuvering the last few groups out the front. Locking the door as soon as the last customer has left, the bar is now empty except for Ben, Würger, and his speaker.

Moving quickly, Ben goes back to the bar and turns off the music then makes his way to the back table, head down not able to meet Würger's dead blue eyes. "Mr. Würger, would you and your associate like a beer or anything before I finish closing up?" He looks up briefly as if to confirm there are only two of the seven men who went into the alley, but says nothing.

Würger says nothing and does not reach for his notebook or pen, instead he shifts to look his speaker in the eye and tilts his head slightly before tapping once on the table. His speaker nods with a slight smile and turns to Ben. "No thank you, but we will be back another time this

week for some German beer. I think it's time for you to check the restrooms, make sure no one tried to hide." Immediately Ben nods and walks towards the bathrooms, then Würger's speaker stands up and moves to the back door, opening it and motioning to the men still in the alley. Seconds later Gideon and Owen are being carried into the bar, and the speaker goes out before returning with Dave over his shoulders and an unsettling smirk on his face.

Würger stands up gracefully from his seat while fixing his vest and shirt cuffs, looks around the bar, then follows his associates out to the dark street.