

Abducted by the Mafia

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06:00 AM (This morning)

The sound of a discordant alarm broke her sleep. She covered her ears until it stopped screaming. She was relieved when the sound wasn't reaching her ears. She lost in her fantasy dreams again, spreading a cute smile on her slight red lips. The room sounded with the same discordant voice again. Her face contorted and she extended her hand in the direction of the sound. She grabbed something with her closed eyes. She could feel the cold metal in her hand. When her soft hand caught noising stuff. She propelled it away, and smiled, finding it peaceful again.

After one minute, her phone began to ring. She held it in her hand to throw it away but halted as she had already broken many phones. She cracked open one eye. It was from her bestie. She answered it and put it on her ear.

" Are you still sleeping? We'll get late for our flight. This time, I'll not wait for you. " Gretta said harshly.

She snapped open her eyes, " I'm brushing my teeth. " She lied and threw away the sheet, and stood up instantly.

" Are you lying to me? " Gretta asked in the same tone.

" No, let me get ready. I'll ring you when I'll reach the airport. " She said and exhaled a deep breath.

" Hurry up, " She heard her.

" Strict Cat! " She giggled and heard her laugh too, she shook her head after disconnecting the phone.

She glanced at her luggage. She was relieved as it was already packed. She took fast steps toward the washroom.

She headed for the airport. She was wearing a simple top and dark jeans. On reaching her destiny, she jumped out of the car and shoved out his phone. She stared at the screen. After several taps on it, she rang her friend.

" Where are you? " She asked her, getting impatient. Her driver was taking out her luggage from the back seat of the car.

" Please, wait ten minutes. I am stuck in traffic. " Gretta replied.

She could hear the ear-splitting noises of horns from the background traffic. She shook her head and hung up.

Suddenly, she was surrounded by four bulky people with horrible appearances. She squealed as she winced. One of them covered her mouth with his rough big hand. Her shrieks were suppressed by the pressure of his palm. She scratched the back of his hand, but it couldn't help her. They carried her toward their car. She gazed around for help. Her eyes widened in horror when she noticed that the driver was already lying unconscious on the road.

1:17 PM (PRESENT)

He lifted her, wrapping his arm around her waist. She pulled his hand away. But the strong grip of his around her fully failed it. His goon opened the door. He threw her on the passenger seat and closed the door. She didn't try to open it because of their presence out of the door. They were glaring at her as they'd brutally murder her right now. She earned him a hard slap from his boss. It was obvious. She turned after hearing the sound of a thud. He got in the driver's seat and turned the key. His car was flying on the empty road alongside the canal.

" Who are you? What do you want? Why are you doing this? I don't even know you. Let me go. " She shouted at him. She tried the door and

found it locked, " Let me go, please let me go. " She felt tears on her cheeks.

" Relax babe! You are safe until I want. " He crooked his head toward her and turned his eyes back to the road immediately, " Don't yell like this. It's gonna trouble you later. " He devilishly smiled.

She tried to calm herself but failed in it completely. She could hear her own weak sound of cries, " Let go of me, please. I've no enmity with you or anyone." She pleaded.

He did not stop the car nor glance at her. The car was not on black gravel road anymore. She swirled her neck. She couldn't see the canal of water alongside it anymore. It was the wheat field on both sides of his luxurious car. If the circumstances were different, she must be praising this beautiful scenery.

She glanced up at the sky to distract herself. Sun was burning mercilessly from the top of the clear blue sky. She could see the waves of heat at some distance. It was the cruel day of the summer season. It was too hot outside.

Inside his car, the air conditioner was running full, giving her relief from the burning heat. She was feeling goosebumps on her entire body partly with fear and partly with the coolness of his car. She crossed her arms over her chest and glanced through the windshield. She could see the outline of a house. Perhaps she was imagining things, she shook her head while thinking. When he killed the distance with high speed of it. Her eyes witnessed a splendid bungalow. It was three-storey long. She could see the mirror's work all over it, making it a wonderful piece of art. A huge iron gate was opened wide.

To her astonishment, He drove through the gate. There was a gargantuan grass ground lying on the foot of the bungalow adding more charm to it. She saw his men closing the iron gate through the side mirror. She spun on her seat to see him, to guess his next move.

" Welcome to my hell babe. " He smirked wryly.

He stepped out of his car. She thought to run away but the gate was already closed and two men in uniform were appointed on both sides of it with rifles in their hands. He came to her side and opened the door for her, not in a decent manner. He gripped her wrist and pulled her out of his car like she was a sack of some heavy stuff. She couldn't give up her freedom so easily. She jammed her both feet on the wall of his car. She didn't know about driving. But if his car could help her to get out of here. She was ready to try her hands in driving.

She was using her full impetus to pull herself from his grip. But it was like a devil's clinch to her. He didn't let his grip loose a bit. He bent down, moving his head inside the car. He slid his second hand on her waist and hitched her up from the seat toward him.

"I have the keys. It's useless to waste your energy on an impossible task. " He said, glaring down at her. He pulled her out with him forcefully. He propelled her over his shoulder. She squirmed under his arms.

" Let go of me. You Devil! " She put her hand on his second shoulder to pull herself away from him. His hand on her back didn't allow it, " Leave me. " She shouted with tears again. Her heart was hammering. It was beating faster like tired stuff after a marathon.

He stepped into the bungalow. She could see expensive furniture, a red carpet under his feet. She tried to get down from his shoulder again, his hand was strongly pressed on her back. She swirled her head to see him. She could see the back part of his ear. There was a tattoo of a sword on it and something was written in thin letters. She couldn't read it. She tried to focus but couldn't. She glanced back. She was at the top of the stairs.

' You're mad! You're mad! He has kidnapped you and you're admiring his tattoo! Is he gonna throw me from here? '

" No! Please put me down. " She screamed while crying. She wiggled on his shoulder to meet her feet on the floor.

He pressed his hand harder on her back, " Stop it! " He almost shouted, making her still.

He threw her on a soft mattress. She screamed. She raised her hand to hit him on his chest to push away. Accidentally it hit him on his cheek. He caught her by her wrist and yanked it behind her back. She squealed as pain rushed through it. He pushed her toward the mattress, putting slight weight on her body. Her back laid straight on it. " Leave my hand. " She shouted at him, hitting on his chest with her second fisted hand. He clenched it firmly, making her scream again.

" Shut the f*** up. " He tightened his grip on both her wrists.

She squealed in pain. His grip almost made her choke. Tears streamed down from the edge of her eyes, falling on the mattress.

" Don't compel me, baby. " He huskily said.

" Don't baby me. " She snapped in a cracked voice.

He put pressure on her contorted arm. She bit her lips to stop the squeal but her tears betrayed her.

" Hold your tongue. Do as I say if you wanna survive in my world. Do you get me, baby? " He drew his face nearer, meeting his eyes with her.

" Get off of me. " She said in a feeble voice. He let go of her hands. She was feeling a surge of pain in her left arm which he contorted behind her back. She couldn't feel her fingers for a while. " It's barbaric. " She whispered.

" No, it's not. It's your punishment for not obeying me. " He said, his lips were a few inches from her chin.

" I'm not your slave." She snapped again. Her inner voice was commanding her to keep her mouth shut. But she was in a free country. She had the right to live a peaceful life according to her own will. He was no one. No one to order her, to control her life.

" Not a bad idea. I never have one. Although I can have them in countless queues. " He snapped back, " Now, watch your words carefully. I can make you regret. No one can harm you except me. You better get me. " He said and pressed her chin between his thumb and first finger, " Answer me. " He demanded, putting pressure on it.

She forwarded her right hand to push him away. He caught it but with tenderness this time, " I'm warning you, last time baby. Keep your hand under control and watch your words. " He said.

" What would you do, You monster, Devil! " She said it out loudly.

He ran his tongue on his dry lips. He straightened up, " You'll entertain me tonight. " He smirked wickedly and bent ahead.

" What? What are you talking about? You are insane." She snapped and pushed herself up. But he stopped her.

" You'll know it, At Night, baby. " He got off of the bed, adopting an evil smile on his face and something dangerous in his eyes.