

Abducted by the Mafia

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She could guess from his look. He was planning something dangerous for her. He had already proved to her that he was cruel and vicious. Bruises from his fingers were living proof of it. It was stinging, " What do you mean by that? " She whispered. Before she could confront him, She heard the click of the door.

" Open the door. " She rushed at it.

She tried to turn the knob. It was locked. She hit the door with her hands. She felt the seeping heat from her hands after the effect of bangs. She got no response.

She deflated, sliding against the wooden door. Tears were silently flowing down her cheeks. She gazed down at her arms. She could see marks of his hand on her left arm. Her right wrist was paining, thankfully no mark was left by devil's fingers on it. She wandered her orbs around the room. It was bigger than her room.

There was a queen-size bed with a white floral sheet and green covers. She stared at the walls. The walls were painted with a light red shade. In one corner there was a large TV screen mounted on the wall. There was a bulky single dark red couch in front of it. There were expensive paintings on the left wall of her side. She stared at the door on the left side of her. She got up and walked toward it.

She opened it. It was a bathroom. It was also bigger than her back in her house. She could see white Italian marble all around it. She stood in front of the mirror. She was looking drained, with swollen eyes. Her cheeks and nose were red with the cry. Her hair was a mess.

Turning on the tap, she splashed the water on her face. Staring at her for several minutes, She came back into the room. She was expecting a

large mirror wall but there was no window in this room. It was a beautiful cage.

She sat on the floor, resting her back on the bed wall. She placed her head back and closed her eyes. The clunk of heels made her eyes snap open. She stared at the door.

The door creaked open, emerging two blonde girls. From their dresses, she could tell. These girls were belly dancers.

She winced and stared at them. One was slim in a black dress and the second was also slim but she was taller and in a white dress. Their dresses were gauzy mostly.

" What do you want? " She asked, hiding her fear.

" Change in it. " Slim one said and threw some fresh rags at her side.

" What is this? " She unfurled the small bundle which she threw at her. It wasn't some rags. It was a green dress as they were wearing. She recalled his threat in her mind, ' You'll entertain me. ' She threw it away, "Get out of here. " She said in fear.

" Sorry, dear. We're here to make you wear it with or without your desire. " Tall one said, bending down her head. She glared at her.

" Better you wear it or we've to make it wear to you." Slim one smirked. Her eyes were on her manicured nails.

' What were they? How a female could be cruel toward a female? '

" I'm not wearing this shi*" She got up and tried to get out of the room.

A tall and slim one tried to stop her. She dodged her hand away which gave a scratch on the tall one's arm from her nails.

She stared at her milky arm, " You b****! " Tall one slapped her on the left cheek.

She groaned in pain and pressed her hand over her cheek.

" Are you crazy? Boss sent us to make her dress up. Now let me do this. " Slim one said, yelling at her. She picked up the dress from the ground.

The tall one pinned her on the mattress and the slim one forced her to wear the gauzy belly dancer's dress. She was battling. First time in her life, she was cursing to be a slim one. Tears were falling down. She was being forced. Her rage was spilling out of her eyes in tears.

She was sitting in front of a mirror, wearing the same gauzy green dress. The green blouse was showing her cleavage. It had one shoulder only. It wasn't even covering her rib cage properly. This gauzy dress was with double layers of cloth till her mid-thighs but gauzy and transparent from her thighs and slit on her shin. It was a shimmering grass green net. Her long brown hair was curled falling like a cascade on her back. It was working like a cloth layer on her skin where there was only one thick stripe on her back. She was feeling naked in it. Her eyes were covered with a thick layer of black and green eyeliner and mascara. The dress and her makeup reminded her of a peacock. They also put green lenses in her eyes to match with her dress. The slim girl put a thick layer of foundation on her skin to make her more beautiful and to hide the mark of a tall one's slap. She was weeping continuously. Her tears were removing the layer of foundation and making the mark visible. She was bothered about it. She just wanted to get out of this weirdo place and this ugly dress.

" Come, " Same two girls came and started to haul her out of the door. She was not protesting as she was already drained struggling with the monster.

She knew it'd be useless. They were two and she was one.

When she heard hubbub coming from the beeline door. First, she couldn't comprehend. When her brain caught it properly, she came to know it as the hum of people. She skipped her beat. She jiggled her hands to get herself free from them. Her arms were already paining, she couldn't continue it longer.

Two black heavy men opened the door, showing a lot of people. There was a dim light in that room but enough to watch everything. All eyes turned to them.

There was a platform on one side of this gargantuan hall where she could see all the belly dancers. Hall was filled with music sound and the hum of vicious people. Both girls hauled her over the stage. They were moving beautifully with the music. She roamed her eyes on the crowd. It was on her. Her mind was giving her a red signal. She pulled her arms to her chest and wrapped them around her body. She stood near the wall behind all the dancers, so no one could see her. She still could see people luring at her, and peeling her off with their nasty gazes. Tears were spilling out of her eyes. Her heart was pounding rapidly. She was feeling embarrassed.