

# Consumed By The Mafia Chapter 3 - Taken - Vivian POV

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I walked to the bathroom in a mess of emotions. I felt like I could just break down and cry which made no sense. I never cried!

"What is happening?" I stared at my hazel eyes in the mirror. They were gorgeous and easily my best feature. My hair was light brown with natural streaks of red which complimented my light brown eyes with hints of orange and green in them. Everyone thought I wore contacts.

They were mostly my father's eyes with hazel and green but the hint of red orange was from my mother. She had dark brown eyes that seemed to hide a small fire behind them. That was the most I could remember about them. Their soft loving voices and their eyes that looked at me like I was their everything. I missed having that feeling.

"You are very pretty." A large man with a thick Italian accent spoke behind me bringing me back to a very scary reality. Before I could scream his hand was over my mouth. Why was he here in the lady's room?

"I wouldn't try to fight me. I would enjoy bruising this body but in a much different way." His voice was pure fear running down my spine.

He was at least twice my size completely engulfing my little body into his. Tears fell out my eyes and I nodded ok that I wouldn't fight him. "Good! I'm going to have fun training you to be my perfect little whore." His hand tilted my head to the side then his tongue darted out his mouth licking up my neck. "Mmm, I can't wait to taste you."

He dragged me out the bathroom and through a dark hallway until we reached the back alleyway. There was a black SUV with the back door open and I knew this was it. I had no way out of this.

There was another steroid size man already in the backseat that my captor squished me between. My body lightly shook as both men moved their legs against mine. Each man put a hand to one of my thighs then gently rubbed up and down. "I understand why Capo wanted to keep her. She is so fucking tiny."

"Tiny but with nice tits and ass. You are perfectly proportioned."

Both men continued to grope me while speaking of all the ways they wanted to take my body. I quietly sobbed as my body shook nonstop. My mind was blank in fear of what they would actually do to me.

After what seemed like twenty minutes the car came to a stop. The man that took me from the bathroom grabbed my hair and dragged me out the car. I yelped from the burning pain in my scalp but didn't scream. Screaming would only make it worse. Somehow, I knew that to be true and I just followed my instincts.

Another man approached me. I could tell by the way all the men bowed to him that he was something like their boss. Did I just step into some deep underground crime world? Why was I here?

"This little thing is what will bring the Capo to his knees?" The man began laughing then everyone joined.

What the fuck was a Capo? I was way too afraid to ask any questions. I stood there in my sexy red dress with black heels quietly crying in fear.

"He will protect her." Another man said.

"He can try, but he will fail. Then my son, you will be Capo. Chain her up." He ordered and another wave of fear rushed through me. Chain me up?

"And don't fucking touch her!" The man in charge ordered. I let out a breath. At least they won't rape or beat me. "Until they are all dead, we need to keep her untouched. Once they are gone you can pass her around as much as you, please. I think I might even enjoy a few rounds with this little body." The old man grabbed my waist then pushed himself onto me. Ew! They all laughed around me with dark eyes filled with disgusting thoughts.

As the guard pulled me to my chains all I could do was pray that whoever they wanted dead didn't ever die. I needed them alive so I could stay alive.

I was escorted into a large house. We went straight downstairs to a very clean basement that smelled of bleach. There was an actual cell with chains on the wall. What the fuck alternative reality did I just enter? The man cuffed my wrist then my ankles. His hands roamed over my body with little grunts and I noticed the bulge in his pants. "Your boss said not to touch me." My voice was weak but I was proud I had some courage left.

"Not yet little girl but soon. Tomorrow you will be mine and every male in this house will have a taste of you." He walked away with a sinister laugh.

How the fuck was this even possible? I was going to die by being raped by huge steroid sized men. I let out a long breath. I was ok right now and I couldn't think about what might happen tomorrow. I just prayed whatever plan these evil men had that it would back fire on them.

I slid down the wall and kicked off my heels. My hand rubbed my sore feet from being dragged all over the place. I looked down at my bracelet crying. Tommy gave me this only two months ago for my birthday. He asked me to never to take it off and I never did.

He was probably so worried about me or he thought I just left him. I can't believe the last thing I said to the only person I ever felt some kind of connection to was that he was an asshole. I did love him despite not really knowing much about him. He made me feel loved, wanted, and desired. There were definitely possessive issues we needed to address but at the end of the day I still wanted him.

A small part of me likes it too. I like how he wanted me as only his or that he kept a constant watch on me. Whenever I went out if Tommy couldn't be there then Danny or Paul joined me, occasionally Gio too. They quickly became my friends.

I cried some more thinking I would never see any of them either. Gio was a jerk to me, but I would miss him too. We liked to play pranks on him for always having a stick up his ass. We were college kids just trying to have fun. All of us were in school for intense majors. Tommy and Gio were studying to be lawyers, Danny and Paul economics and me medical.

I'll never get to be anything now.