

# **Consumed By The Mafia Chapter 4 - Then it Was Over - Vivian POV**

## **Chapter 4: Then it Was Over - Vivian POV**

I didn't know the exact time but I knew it had been almost 24 hours. Not one person came to see me. I didn't move much and my stomach was in knots to care about the hunger there. All I could do was pray tonight I didn't get tossed around between these men.

The silence was driving me crazy. I could hear a pin drop down here. I didn't want any of those men to come back down here, but I also didn't want to stay here forever.

Then it started. First a few gunshots then the screaming. I don't know how long it went on for until the basement door burst open. I could still hear fighting upstairs, but my eyes were glued on Tommy.

He was covered in blood cursing at the sight of me. He was speaking to me but nothing was registering. Why was he here? Did he come looking for me? How did he find me?

"Baby, are you ok?" He asked cupping my cheek. I nodded my head with tears streaming down my face. I couldn't find the ability to speak a word.

Tommy's phone began ringing and he answered with one hand while the other wrapped around me.

"Niko, I need you here... I don't fucking care... there are more men than I thought." I wasn't sure what was happening but I knew his cousin was not happy about him rescuing me. Did Niko want me to rot down here? Maybe he just wanted the police to handle it?

"Vivian, I need you to go with Paul and do exactly what he tells you." Tommy ordered softly to me. I shook my head, yes, still stuck half between this world and my shocked mental state.

Paul's hand came to my back guiding me away from Tommy. My hand quickly grabbed his shirt. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"To finish this. No one threatens my family. Go with Paul!" His eyes grew darker becoming that man I didn't like. Tommy definitely had a Jekyll and Hyde personality.

Tommy kissed my forehead then ran upstairs. Paul waited a few moments before guiding me after him. "Are you ok, V? Does anywhere hurt?" Paul was taller than Tommy and even more built than him.

"I'm ok and everywhere hurts." My eyes looked into his deep brown ones and I saw my friend filled with concern for me. "I'm not sure what is happening Paul but I'm ok. Thank you!" I gave him a small smile and let him bring me out of the basement.

I gasped in horror at the sight before me. Dozens of men laid dead and dismembered over the once beautiful Italian marble floors. Who did this?

"Don't look V!" Paul pulled my head into his chest and continued to walk me out of the room.

As we entered the entry way the front door busted open with a dozen of men immediately opening fire. Paul quickly shielded my body with his then threw us behind the wall. My body instantly started shaking again.

"Paul what is happening?" I cried. I was trying to keep it together, but there was a fucking war going on, and I was somehow in the middle of it.

"Shhh, we need to hide you." Paul words were strangled as he spoke. My eyes traced his body and he had two bullet wounds bleeding out.

"Fuck Paul, you've been shot."

"I'm ok. Let's move." Somehow, he stood then lifted me up. One arm wrapped around me as he held me behind his body and his other held out a gun. Why did he have a gun?

We made it upstairs unnoticed but I caught a glimpse of the man I thought I loved. He was down there in the war zone brutally killing one man after the other. His body was showered in blood and his eyes had a darkness I never knew could exist in any human before.

"Paul, we need to stop the bleeding. Find a bathroom." I told him trying to put pressure on his wounds while we walked.

"Here!" He opened a door down the hall and there was a big master bedroom in there. The second we entered the bathroom he closed the door and collapsed to the floor.

"Fuck Paul. You are way too big for me to carry. I need you to say conscious, ok?" I moved quickly through the cabinets and found some alcohol and bandages. I checked the wound on his shoulder and luckily the bullet went clean through. The one in his side had no exit wound though. He was burning up and covered in sweat. He needed a hospital and soon.

"Come on let's get you to the bed. We need to get that bullet out of you." I helped him up nearly falling over myself. He was way too big of a man for me to carry his weight. We stumbled our way to the bed and I quickly removed his shirt.

As I cleaned and bandaged the shoulder wound, he started coughing, slipping in and out of sleep. I smacked his face. "Paul, you need to stay awake!" I ordered him.

"Shhh, you'll get yourself killed. Here take this and hide. Anyone who comes near you just shoot, V." He handed me his gun after removing the safety. I never fired a gun before. Fuck! I never shot anyone before.

"Keep those eyes open or I'll scream for help." I noticed he was being weirdly protective of me. He was more concerned about me living than himself so I would use that to keep him alive too.

"Ok! Just don't scream."

"You have a bullet in your side that I need to remove. You'll feel better once it is out. It's going to hurt but I need you to not resist me."

As I said, he was a big man and he could easily push me away when the pain got to be too much.

"Ok, just be quick V. I need you to go hide." He knew I wouldn't leave him like this. I nodded my head then grabbed a toothbrush and scissors.

"Bite down on this." I inserted the toothbrush in his mouth hoping it didn't crack under the pressure of his jaw. "Ok, I'm going to make a small cut to your wound then grab the bullet with my fingers. I'll be quick but you need to be quiet and don't push me off you."

He nodded ok. He was taking this way better than I thought. If someone was about to cut into me with small dull scissors then stick their fingers inside my stomach to remove a bullet I would just pass out and die right there.

He grunted when I widened the wound then his body thrashed as I reached inside searching for the bullet. "Got it!" I shouted, quickly realizing my mistake. I ripped the bullet out as I heard heavy footsteps approaching the room.

"Hide. Now!" Paul ordered in pain. I couldn't move him and I wasn't letting him get killed. I grabbed the gun and turned to the door. I wasn't sure I could do this but Paul saved me. I had to try to save him.

The door flew up to the two men that took me. They looked evil before, but now with blood dripping off their face they looked like fucking demons. I didn't think and just pulled the trigger. The first man went down and then the second. They walked in with little smirks on their faces thinking I couldn't do it. They should have raised their guns at me instead.

"Oh fuck!" I whispered. I just killed two men. I quickly ran to the door and locked it. I ran back to Paul and he was on his side coughing.

"Don't move!" I tried making him lay down.

"Get in the closet. Now!" He seemed pissed at me. I just saved us. Why was he mad? "V closet! No more games. I can't let you die." He shoved me off the bed and I pushed him back down.

"Fine! I'll hide in the closet. Let me tighten this around you first." I ripped the bottom of my dress and wrapped it around his waist.

"I got it. Go!" He tied a knot with my fabric and I nodded ok. That man was going to end up killing himself if I didn't listen. I ran to the closet with a chair. I closed the door, jamming the chair under the door knob then found a corner under the clothes to hide in. I still had the gun and pointed it straight at the door.

The fighting continued downstairs for a long time then it went silent. Being alone in the closet made reality come crashing down on me. I was kidnapped, threatened to be raped by many different men, held chained to a wall in their basement, then my maybe boyfriend came with our friends and rescued me. I removed a bullet from Paul's side with my fingers and killed two men.

That was a perfectly good reason for me to be curled into a ball sobbing for the next few hours, which is exactly what I did.