

Consumed By The Mafia Chapter 8 - My Place - Vivian POV

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Did that fucker just say they can speak to me? Is that why no one would answer me? Acted like I didn't exist?

"Mario!" I shouted with rage.

"Yes Mistress?" He responded immediately.

What the fuck was this shit? "Did Niko order you not to speak to me."

"Yes. He just said we can now."

"You asshole." I punched his shoulder. I shook my hand knowing it hurt me more than him.

"Mistress you should calm down. Please try. Niko isn't a patience man and he never allowed anyone to speak to him the way you just did. If someone dared to raise a hand at him, they would no longer have one." Marie pleaded with me.

I looked down to my hands then rubbed my wrist at the thought of Niko holding my arm down and chopping it off. I shuddered as I envisioned blood spraying everywhere. His eyes were cold like a harsh blizzard while my blood coated his devious smile. Fuck, stop thinking about that.

"I'm tired. Are there pajamas I can borrow?"

"Of course, dear. The dresser and closet are filled for you." Marie moved to the white antique dresser and opened the bottom drawer for a silky evening dress.

"For me?" I questioned.

"Yes, the boss ordered for your room to be fully prepared for when you woke. I got all the best clothes for you."

"The boss? Is that Niko?"

"Yes! You really are clueless. Where did he find you?" She laughed at me then began unzipping my dress. Mario diverted his eyes and I said fuck it as I slipped out of my dress. At least I get pampered like a princess.

"Marie, are you, my maid?"

"Yes. Anything you need I'll get for you. Clothes, food, makeup, a nice bath, anything Mistress."

"Hmm, a bath would be nice. Can I have one of those?"

"Of course. I'll start it now for you."

She walked to the bathroom leaving me in just my underwear. Mario still kept his eyes to the door and nowhere near my body.

"I guess Niko didn't mean to always keep your eyes on me." I giggled as he grew more and more uncomfortable.

"The boss doesn't take others looking at what is his lightly. I would like to keep my eyes in their sockets so please put a robe on." Mario cleared his throat but my mouth dropped open.

"What the fuck do you mean, what is his? I don't fucking belong to Niko. He is my kidnapper not ever my lover."

"Oh, child please stop with these outbursts." Marie grabbed my wrist and settled me in the tub. The second my body was engulfed with the warm water that smelled like a spring meadow I relaxed into it.

"That is much better Mistress. I'll get you some food and wine."

"Thank you!" I said with my eyes closed as Marie left. This was nice.

Then the tears came again. Tommy was dead! I was a prisoner of his cousin and Tommy was gone forever. My thoughts went back to that night.

Paul guided me up the stairs and I watched Tommy grab a man from behind. His one hand fisted his hair while the other dragged a knife across his throat. As if that wasn't disturbing enough, remembering the smile of satisfaction on Tommy's face made a shiver run through my body.

Did I even know Tommy? He was a cold-hearted killer that night. Completely different then the carefree wise ass boy he acted like at school. He had this secret mafia family and now I was stuck in it. I wanted to be mad at him but how do you hate a dead person? One that I thought I was in love with. I quietly sobbed, missing his touch, his voice. I did love him, even if I didn't really know him.

I stared at my slim figure in the mirror while Marie tied a bow on my back. I looked like a proper southern chick on their way to Church. This was ridiculous! My breast and ass

were pretty big especially on my tiny frame. I wasn't very tall but my legs were longer than the rest of me. I knew when I threw on a nice pair of heels, I looked even more tempting.

I was on my way to church and I was going to be the proper little Mistress of the house. Now that Marie was allowed to speak to me, she told me that I was looked at as Niko's private whore. A woman kept at a made man's house to provide nothing more than his every desire outside the marriage bed. I was not treated with respect, but I was also not to be touched because I belonged to a made men. It was disgusting how these people carried on. The fucking audacity of that man. He was going to regret the day he met me.

Marie told me we had to attend a service in the morning and then Tommy's burial this afternoon. I was still unsure how I felt about Tommy or his death. I of course missed him and certainly didn't want him dead. I couldn't help but wonder if the Tommy I knew really existed though. He lied about everything in his life and put me in this situation. He robbed me of my life and everything I wanted. Now I was just Niko's whore, which I would refuse with my dying breath to ever put out for that man.

"You look... nice." Niko's eyes met mine the second I entered the room. He shifted uncomfortably taking in my sexy curves in a pretty dress. Once he approached me his hand came to my back and his lips to my ear. I could feel his hesitation and hated that I had to play this role.

"Nice and innocent for the big bad beast to devour me, right?" I whispered back to him with a glare that I was planning to rip his dick off if he dared touch me, then walked off. His eyes grew darker but he didn't say a word as he followed me out.

"The little tramp cleans up nice." Gio was at my side now and I wanted to kick him.

"Yup and you're still as ugly as they day you were born fucker."

"There's that mouth of yours. Still good for nothing but a whore for entertainment, Mistress." I glared daggers at him as he held the door open. The second I found out what that meant, I ordered everyone to never call me by it again. Of course, Gio only called me it more.

I took my seat and Niko sat beside me. Gio and Mario sat in front of us. This was fucking awkward.

"I asked not to be called that, Gio."

"And I told you I don't give a fuck, Mistress."

Niko lifted his gaze from his phone at us. "What the fuck is this?" His voice was rough, like it always was, and it still made me jump.

"Your body guard is an asshat."

"Your whore is a whiny bitch."

"Enough! I don't pay you to fight with her. No more talking!" Niko ordered then went back to his phone. Everyone was silent and even I was a little afraid to speak. That quickly faded though.

"What are you doing?" I asked. The look Niko gave me for daring to speak was enough to stop my heart. God he really hated being disobeyed. I couldn't help but smile then bite my lip. His gaze instantly went to my plump bottom lip firmly under my teeth.

"I said don't..." He began threatening me but I cut him off.

"I don't care. You can't hurt me, remember. What are you doing?"

He grunted disapprovingly knowing I was right. "Work!" He actually answered me with a small smile.

He was being too nice. For Niko this was as nice as he got. Fuck my life he was planning something. My eyes squinted at him.

"Stop looking at me like that or I'll remove your eyes. I can have a doctor knock you out so you feel no pain kitten." He teased with an even bigger smile.

I quickly looked out the window. He wouldn't do that! Maybe he would. He said he won't harm me. If I was put to sleep then had my eyes removed, I wouldn't feel any pain. My fingers brushed under my eyes and I heard all the men lightly chuckle. Those bastards.

Once we arrived at church everyone greeted Niko and the women gave me jealous stares, even the married ones. He really wasn't that hot. My eyes raked up his body, ok maybe a little hot.

I wish I could scream from the roof tops I didn't want this beast and I felt sorry for any woman he claimed but Marie drilled it in my head not to embarrass the head of the families in front of his men ever again.

I got a few stories of how he handles disrespect in the past and it was enough for nightmares to haunt me the rest of my life. I didn't want to force his hand to harm me so no mouthing off in front of the families. That was fine, I had plenty of other ways to torture him.

We took our seats close to the back and Niko's men stood all around the church. I noticed anytime he steps outside the house his men watched over him like a hawk. Did he have a lot of enemies? He probably killed half the family's children so I'm sure many

wanted his death. I glared at him again imagining him devouring children as a night time snack. He was an evil man.

"Stop staring at me like that?" He whispered keeping his eyes on the priest speaking. How could he see me?

"Like what Niko?" I whispered back.

"Like I'm some monster you're going to kill."

"You are a monster."

"Yes, but one you could never bring down. Now be a good girl and shut up! Sit up straighter you look like a slob." He just had to add the last part. I was beautiful and nothing like a slob. I straightened my spine slowly so he didn't notice.

"Jerk!" I whispered under my breath. He smiled still keeping his eyes ahead. He knew he was getting under my skin.

"I can't believe people like you come here." I tilted my head a little higher at my words. I can mess with him too.

"People like me?"

"Murderous demons. If I throw holy water on you, would it burn?" My little smile grew at the thought of that.

He slowly undid his tie. What the fuck? Who undresses during a church service?

His head turned to me "Watch your mouth or someone like me will gag you while sitting in church."

"You wouldn't dare." I challenged. Then he sweetly put the tie around my neck looking like a gentleman and not a monster about to gag me. Mario lightly coughed to hide his laughter.

"Are you challenging me kitten?" He tightened the tie to my throat making me gasp. He was an asshole and I got his message. Shut up! My fingers zipped my lips and threw away the key. "Good girl." He patted my head like a dog then went back to the priest carrying on his sermon.

I loosened the tie then threw it to the floor. I hated Niko.