

kidnapped by the mafia

- chapter 1: Violet by Leah Al

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"V! Table number 5." My best friend Tracy said.

"Okay I'll take care of it." I smiled at her taking my pen and the menu.

"Thank you. I'm exhausted." She sighed and sat on the stool.

"Take a break Tracy and eat something you've been running around since the morning." She smiled at me gratefully and went to the kitchen.

I walked towards table number 5. A family formed of the mother, the father and two kids were chatting happily. I smiled at them.

"Hello. I'm Violet, your waitress. Are you ready to order?" I asked them. The little girl smiled at me and looked at her mother waiting for her to order.

"Hello Violet. Yes we're ready. I'd like to take two kids meals, I want the burger to be chicken. For us we'd like to order two plates of chicken escalope with fries. We want some wings too please. Thank you." The mother smiled handing me their menus. I wrote down their order immediately.

"Okay. It will be ready in 20 minutes."

I walked back to the kitchen and gave the order to chef Jimmy.

"Hello Violet." He greeted me and took the order.

"Hello Jimmy. Did Tracy eat?" I asked him.

"Yes she ate a sandwich. She's waiting at the cashier for you." I nodded and left to see Tracy.

She was sitting there lost in her mind. I can see the sadness on her face and my heart hurts for her. Tracy's mom died 2 weeks ago. But Tracy couldn't see her mother before her death because they weren't talking.

"How's work?" I asked her.

"Good. It's keeping me from thinking about mom."

"I'm here when you need to talk Tracy." I hugged her.

"I know." She smiled.

"The people at table number 5 are big fans of chicken." I laughed.

"Really? Reminds me of someone." She smirked.

"Hey I'm not like them." I rolled my eyes playfully at her. She gave me a knowing look.

"Last time you went on a date, the guy complained to me about how much you ordered chicken. He said the restaurant's chicken are all in your tummy." She laughed and I glared at her.

"He's so not a gentleman."

"Look there!" She pointed with her head to the entrance.

5 men entered the restaurant. One stood out the most. It was like he was the leader. He was the tallest one of them. He had dark hair. His jaw was pointed and clenched. He had a scowl on his face. They were following him towards a table and they all sat down. They had a dark aura around them and I shivered just from their presence. He had a rare beauty. I couldn't remove my gaze from his face. Everyone in the restaurant looked at them stopping what they were doing.

"What the hell? Who are they?" I asked Tracy.

"I don't know. They look like they belong to some gang." She laughed.

"That's not a matter to joke about." I rolled my eyes.

"Oh come on Violet." She nudged me and I turned to look at them.

They were talking about something that was bothering the leader. Or so I called him. He was clenching his fists.

"Go take their order." I told Tracy.

"What? No way I'm not dying today." She scowled.

"Me neither." We looked at each other and screamed one name.

"Carl!" His head popped from a corner and frowned while looking at us. We smiled innocently at him and he rolled his eyes and came towards us.

"Quoi les filles?" (Yes girls?) Carl was french. He came from Paris to California and ended up working here with us. We were so used to him that we started understanding a little bit of his french. He was handsome with his blonde hair and boyish looks.

"Take care of table number 13." I said.

"Can't one of you take care of that? I'm busy." He said.

"Busy doing what? Sucking some girl's face?" Tracy raised an eyebrow and I nearly laughed.

"Violet! Order number 5 is ready!" Jimmy called from the kitchen.

"Okay that's my cue." I left them glaring at my back as I went to take the order.

Vincenzo's POV

"What do you mean the shipment was delayed?" I glared at Mario.

"We couldn't do anything! That son of a bitch Oscar knew about it."
Mario said.

"I want the shipment tomorrow at dawn. Do you hear me?" I looked at all my men and they nodded.

"Vin calm down I'm sure everything will be settled." Paolo said. I glared at him.

"Don't tell me to calm down when all of you were partying while you should have been tracking the shipment."

"Why hasn't anyone took our order?" Erico asked calmly.

I averted my gaze to look at the workers here. There was none walking between the tables, until my gaze fell on two girls sitting by the cashier. My eyes fell on a breathtaking little brunette. She was saying something to the girl and they both smirked.

Few secondes later a male approached them. He was wearing the same shirt as them, which means he works here. He looked at the brunette with the biggest smile and I frowned.

"Who is she?" I asked my best man, Giovanni.

"I don't know. I came here with you man." He replied rolling his eyes.

"I want her." I said.

"What?" He turned abruptly and looked at me.

"Bring her to me Gio or I'll kill you myself." I shot him a cold glare.

"Are you saying we kidnap her?" He asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No I'm saying we'll fucking go on a picnic with her. Yes kidnap her." I smacked him.

"Okay you got it." He smirked looking at Mario and Paolo.

"I want her unharmed." I smacked him again.

"Ow! Why so abusive today?" He rolled his eyes. I was going to give him a piece of my mind when the waiter approached us.

"Bonjour! What can I help you with?" The waiter said.

"We want 5 coffee." Paolo ordered.

"D'accord." (Okay). He smiled and left to give our order to the blonde.

I looked around to take a glimpse of my little brunette but didn't find her anywhere.

"Violet Katrina Anderson. 24 years old. Studied art but works here. Best friend: Tracy Derwin and Carl Lemer. He came from Paris, France. They put her address here." They all looked at Giovanni with shocked faces while I smirked. I knew to whom I gave this mission.

"How the hell did you know all of that?" Paolo asked.

"Easy. I hacked the restaurant's datas and found these informations." He shrugged like it's no big deal.

"Come on boys don't underestimate Giovanni." I said.

"Ah thank you my love." Giovanni said with a dramatic sigh.

"Here's your coffee."

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