

## Chapter 6: mission

Violet's POV

"My name is Gretta. I can help you with whatever you need."  
The kind maid said.

"Thank you Gretta. I only need a bath. You can leave."

"But Vincenzo sir sai-" I cut her off.

"Vincenzo can go die for all I care." I said and entered the massive bathroom closing the door forcefully behind me.

"Miss Violet-"

"Go away Greta!" I yelled and seconds later I was finally left alone.

I got out and saw a pair of jeans with an off shoulder white shirt. I put them on and combed my hair, until someone knocked on my door.

"What?" I snapped.

Soon one of Vincenzo's men entered, I guess his name was Erico, and took me by my elbow.

"He! What are you doing?" I yelled but he ignored me.

We passed many doors and he was still dragging me. I was getting angrier by the minute.

"Get away from me! I can walk by myself!" I screamed but he ignored me again!

"Bipolar bitch." I heard Giovanni muttering, smirking at Vincenzo.

"I could have walked by myself." I snarled and sat down in an empty chair. Which is unfortunately next to Vincenzo. "I'm talking to you." I said again. But he too ignored me! What the hell is wrong with these men?!

I looked at the table and an idea popped inside my head. I took the glass of wine that was in front of him and threw it on the floor as glass splattered around the floor.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?" He yelled in my face and my heart sank at his tone. Okay I admit. I'm afraid as hell, but I was ten times angrier.

"YOU WEREN'T RESPONDING !" I screamed back.

"STOP ACTING LIKE A CHILD!" No, he didn't dare. I finally snapped.

"YOU KIDNAPPED ME YOU BASTARD HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO REACT?" My throat started hurting from how hard I screamed. I fell to the floor bursting into tears. 1

"Vincenzo come." Giovanni said taking Vincenzo to another room, but he refused.

"Giovanni stop."

"You are not thinking straight Vin. Calm down and then you can go back." And they disappeared.

"Come on Violet. Let me take you back to your room." Mario helped me standing up on my feet. 1

I was still hiccuping as I entered my room, more like my prison. He helped me sit on the bed and I immediately felt tiredness wash over me. I laid back on the bed and put my head on the pillow.

"Thank you." I whispered closing my eyes.

"You're welcome Violet. Please don't be sad. Vincenzo does have anger issues, but he's not that bad."

"Hmmm." I said as he closed the door.

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I woke up startled. I took a deep breath and tried to calm my erratic heart. I've seen a nightmare about my stepdad.

"Miss Violet!" Greta entered the room with a plate of food.

"Hello Greta." I smiled at her. The poor woman didn't do anything but help me. I don't see why I should be hard on her.

"You didn't eat since.. you know." She looked uneasy.

"Yeah thank you." I smiled again and took the plate from her.

There was a piece of steak, with mashed potatoes and salad. I sighed and started eating. I have to find a plan to

escape this hell hole.

"Is Vincenzo still here?" I asked her raising an eyebrow.

"No actually. The boss has something to do tonight. He won't be here. But don't worry if you need anything you can speak to him tomorrow morning." She smiled still standing in her place.

"Good." I mumbled and she had a confused face.

"Sorry I didn't catch that." She said and I smiled internally.

"I said tomorrow then." She nodded as I started eating the food.

"Okay. If you need anything else please just call me." She said leaving me alone in the room.

I ran towards the window to start up my plan. I plan on jumping from the window. It won't be a hard fall, and when I land safely on my feet I'll run towards the gate. It will be night so it will be easy to run this time. Plus the guys look like they won't be here tonight.

I needed to kill time until night. I left my room and I was standing in a hallway. I looked to the right and decided to walk towards the end of the hall.

There were men going in and out of the rooms. They all had a cold look on their faces and they barely glanced at me, but it looked like they were avoiding me as much as they could. Maids also swarmed around the mansion, sending me small

smiles, but no one talked to me.

"Excuse me." I said to a small maid.

"Yes Ms. Violet?" Why do they all know my name?

"Can you take me to the kitchen or whatever?" I raised an eyebrow and she nodded eagerly.

"Sure follow me." As we walked around the hallways, I noticed the pictures of many men, where was written the date of their death. I shivered thinking about all these dead men.

"Who are they?" I asked her.

"Those are the ones that sacrificed their lives for the Mercanti's family.

"What do they do exactly?" She shrugged. I knew she wasn't going to tell me, but it was obvious that they do illegal business or something like that.

As we arrived at the kitchen, I was taken back by its beauty. It was as big as my old apartment. The ceiling was craved by arts, and lights scattered on it like stars. There were at least 2 sinks, stoves, the dishes were placed neatly on the racks and they shone as if they were diamonds. At least 5 chefs were working their magic on the dishes as they prepared the food. I was standing gaping at the scene, it was like they own the pace. This room has more technology than I've ever seen in my life. It was like I'm in a scene in the

22 century. 1

"Miss Violet. Do you need anything?" One of the chefs asked and I shook my head.

"It looks like you have lots of work." I said.

"No this is our average work every day. We have at least 150 people to feed every day." She smiled warmly at me and I gasped. 150!

"That's a lot." She laughed and nodded.

"That's the minimum." She went back to whatever she was preparing as I walk between the aisles watching with amazement the chef's work.

Vincenzo's POV

"Paolo did you manage to hack Elijah's phone? I need the exact moment he'll be there." I said looking at Paolo as he had 2 computers in front of him and working with his hacking skills.

"Yes just give me a minute and I'll have the information." I nodded and looked at Giovanni.

"Is everything okay back at the mansion?" I asked and he knew who I was referring to.

"Yes, it seems that Violet is having a good time discovering the kitchen." He said with a smirk.

"Great." I muttered.

"It seems here like Robbie is meeting someone at 'La Mort' today at 7." Paolo said.

"Could it be the master?" Erico asked looking at Paolo for answers.

"I don't think so." I said and they all turned towards me. "If no one knows this 'master' then I don't think he'll be a fool to show up at a club."

"Good point." Mario said and everyone else nodded.

"Be ready at seven. We have a mission to get this bastard." I said and got up.

"Are you going back to the mansion?" Giovanni asked.

"No I have a meeting with Virgilio." I said taking my phone and car keys.

"Gaspare Virgilio? What's up?" Mario asked.

"Nothing much. He wants to smuggle some shit and he needs my permission to take our route." I shrugged.

"I love that bitch. He's one loyal motherfucker." Giovanni said.

"He is." I smirked as Erico and Giovanni followed me.

"I knew you'll both tag along." I rolled my eyes.

"You, Vincenzo Mercanti, the biggest and strongest mafia's don, will go alone? No way in hell. I'm not ready to take your

place." Giovanni smirked and I slapped him on the back of his head.

"Shut up and let's go."

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"It is time we move. I don't want him dead. We will do our job with minimum attention. Understood?"

"Yes boss." The men said.

I was taking Giovanni, Erico, Mario and Paolo along with 10 other men. We don't know what might happen.

"Let's go." I said and we headed towards our cars.

Soon enough we reached our destination. We parked our cars around the corner and left it. We walked silently towards 'La Mort' back door. 2 minutes later Elijah Robbie exited the club holding a bag.

"Let's get him." Giovanni said.

"No wait. Let's he who he's waiting for." I said .

"Elijah." A man approached our target. We couldn't see his face.

"What took you so long?" The man took his gun and aimed it at Elijah's head.

"Don't let him kill our target." I said as we started shooting. The man started running the opposite side, but we focused



on Elijah.

Giovanni managed to tackle him and I took the bag he had with him.

"Who the fuck are you?" He screamed and Giovanni knocked him out.

"Let's go back."

"What about the man that tried to kill him?"

"He's not our business. Let's see what this one had in store for us." I glared at his unconscious body.



Leah AI Author

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*Sorry guys I suck at description.  
Happy reading!*  
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