

Chapter 8: danger in the party

Violet's POV

"Let's go have dinner now. Everyone is waiting for us."

Vincenzo smirked and opened the door for me to exit.

"I don't want to see anyone." I replied with a glare.

"No can do princess." His stare was cold. Just like his heart.

"Leave me alone! You threaten me and my friends and you will force me to do whatever the hell that you want." I took a step away from him. Vincenzo laughed.

"You know princess. I will have fun breaking you." He winked at me, but I didn't understand what he means.

"What do you mean?" I asked but he ignored me. I stopped him by his elbow. "What do you mean?" My voice was raised but I didn't care.

"You will know in time."

At that my stomach grumbled and I blushed when he smirked. Maybe it needs some food. Stupid stomach.

"Ah finally we were going to eat without you." Giovanni said with a dramatic sigh.

"Shut up dumbass." Mario smacked him. I rolled my eyes at their childishness.

"Sit down." Vincenzo ordered me and I rolled my eyes. 1

I sat down next to Mario, far away from Vincenzo. I still don't know who those people are. I still don't know why I'm here. I miss Tracy and Carl. They must be worried sick about me.

"Cosa è successo del contrabbando sul nostro territo?" Vincenzo spoke in what seem like Italian. My heart skipped a beat at his accent. (Translation: what happened about the smuggling on our territory?)

"Abbiamo detto Virgilio che può contrabbandare tutto ciò che vuole con il tuo permesso." Erico replied. (Translation: we told Virgilio that he can smuggle whatever he wants per your permission.)

"Good." Vincenzo said. He then looked at me intently. Why does his eyes have such an effect on me? I averted my eyes to look at my empty plate.

"Violet. Eat." I rolled my eyes at his bossy words. I looked at the table to see that there was escalope, tuna salad, steaks, french fries, and many more platters that I've never seen. Maybe they are Italian.

"Try this. It's called carbonara. It's my favorite dish. With the spaghetti the chef adds eggs, pecorino cheese, cured guanciale with a lot of black pepper." Mario said putting me some on my plate.

The dish looked delicious. I took my fork and started eating. I closed my eyes at the delicious taste and smiled. I opened them to see everyone had teasing smiles except Erico and Vincenzo.

"It is indeed delicious." I smiled at Mario.

"Enjoy your food then." He went back and started filling his plate with the same spaghetti, which I know now its name as Carbonara.

"Capo, uno degli uomini di Haden Bliss è qui. Ha detto che ha bisogno di te con urgenza." A bulky man entered the room with a hard look.

(Translation: boss, one of Haden Bliss's men is here. He said he need you urgently.)

The guys tensed. Whatever this man said is definitely not good. I looked at Vincenzo, to see him looking with boredom at the guy.

"Tell him to wait for me. I need to finish my meal." He said dismissing him.

"I wonder why you are so calm about this." Giovanni told Vincenzo.

"Do you think a man like Haden Bliss will affect me?" Vincenzo smirked. "I let him play a bit. It's time for him to repay no matter how many men of his he sends." Vincenzo stated calmly finishing his meal. 1

"He's right. Haden Bliss is no competition to us. He only wants to run some streets and contrabbandare alcuni droghe." Paolo shrugged. (Translation: smuggled some drugs.)

"True that. But he owes us money. Either he pays or be killed.

" My blood ran cold at Erico's statement.

Killed?

I dropped my fork and looked at them with wide eyes. No one payed me much attention but Vincenzo. He was studying my reaction and anticipating what I will say next.

"Who are you?" I asked with a fast beating heart.

"Vincenzo Mercanti. Don of the Italian mafia. Number one mafia in Italy and USA." Vincenzo smiled evilly.

"M-mafia?" I asked in disbelief and stood up.

"Calm down sunshine no big deal." Vincenzo said again and I felt my blood boil.

"Mafia as in killing, doing drugs, smuggling illegal stuff?" My mouth was opened wide while I looked at them.

"No mafia as in riding unicorns, sleeping on marshmallows and living with princesses." Vincenzo rolled his eyes. 8

This man in front of me could end me. He can snap his fingers and bam I would be gone forever with no trace. This man has obviously killed many people. This man is a murderer.

"You- you are a murderer." I deadpanned stating the obvious.

"Violet-" I cut him off.

"Why am I here? Do you want to kill me ??" I screamed.

"Enough!" Vincenzo roared throwing the chair backwards.

Fear gripped me. I was shaking. Yes I can fight Vincenzo, my kidnapper, rich kidnapper, but Vincenzo the mafia don? Hell no.

"Greta take Violet to get ready for tonight." Vincenzo said.

"No. I'm not going with you!" I stood my ground.

"You have no choice. We already have a deal. Or did you forget it?" He smirked and left the room.

I didn't look at any of the men still present in the room, despite the apologetical looks they were sending me.

I let Greta take me back to my room. I entered it to see a breathtaking dress laying on the bed. It was a baby blue off shoulder dress. It was long with a slit on the left side of it. 7

"Veronica will come and do your hair and makeup." She said. 1

I nodded thinking about Tracy. I won't let her get hurt because of me. It never occurred to me that he was that dangerous.

With a heavy heart I took off my clothes. I put on the dress and was amazed. Greta approached me and helped me zipping it.

"Hello. I'm here. I hope I'm not too late." A girl my age entered the room. She was blonde with emerald eyes. She smiled warmly at me.

"No you're on time." Greta replied.

"Good. You can leave I'll help her." She said.

"Okay." Greta left us alone in the room.

"Your dress is amazing! I can't wait to top it with the hair and makeup. You look even gorgeous without them!" She squealed putting her bag on the bed and emptying it.

"Thank you." I smiled at her and her smile widened.

"Okay so for the hair, I will curl it a bit at the edges." She explained joyfully, but I really did not care what she does with my hair. I won't be happy either ways.

"Thank you for your help Veronica." I smiled weakly at her.

"Come on, you will have fun tonight." She squealed again.

"I don't think so." I rolled my eyes but she was persistent that I will, so I dropped the topic. As if being dragged to a party against your will is going to make you happy.

After 2 hours, I was ready. My hair looks amazing, it was curled and pinned to the left side of it with a rose clip.

For the makeup, she put some mascara, she mixed the eyeshadow between light blue and dark blue on the edges of my eyes. She drew a thin line of eyeliner too and put dark pink lipstick.

"Wow you look gorgeous!" Greta said entering the room.

"Thank you." I smiled at her. I wish Tracy was here with me. She would have made a huge fuss about it and told me I should have a man by midnight. Crazy girl.

"Is she rea-" Giovanni stopped when he looked at me. "Oh

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this is going to be a sight to see." He smirked looking at me from head to toe, but not in a pervert way.

"Shall we?" I asked him already eager to het this night over with.

"We shall. I was sent to escort you." His smirk widened. These men and their smirks.

Vincenzo was standing next to the door of the mansion. Giovanni cleared his throat and Vincenzo turned around. When my eyes landed on him, the breath was knocked from my lounges. He looked devilishly handsome in his suit. He had a blue cravat too. The blazer was hugging his muscles tightly like a second skin. His hair was neatly done and his forest green eyes were studying me and admiration crossed his eyes. I blushed under his gaze. 3

"Come on let's go." Erico said breaking our moment.

We headed outside and a limousine was waiting for us. We got in and headed towards god knows where. The ride was awkward with Vincenzo's stare and Erico's glare. Giovanni was on his phone the whole time. Apparently Paolo and Mario weren't accompanying us. 1

15 minutes later we stopped in from of a huge 5 stars hotel. One by one we left the limousine and Vincenzo took my hand in his. My heart started beating fast, and my face heated with blush. I tried to ignore how our hands fitted perfectly. 1

"Name?" A bulky man asked.

"Vincenzo Mercanti." The guy tensed and his head snapped towards us.

"S-sir you can pass." He said taking a step aside immediately not making eye contact with Vincenzo. I looked at the scene dumbfounded.

We walked towards another double doors and 2 men opened the doors when we approached them. We stepped inside and were met with a staircases on the right and left leading towards a huge room where there is at least hundreds of people.

When we stepped on the stairs, everyone's eyes landed on us. They started whispering and I felt uncomfortable. I hate these situations. Women were studying Vincenzo with hungry eyes, while men squirmed when his eyes landed on them.

"The black vipers are here. There's a rumor that their leader will be here too." Giovanni whispered and Vincenzo smiled. An evil smile.

"Vincenzo my man." A man in his late 50s approached us.

"Gaspare." Vincenzo nodded at him.

"Who's this gorgeous lady?" He asked turning to me.

"Violet, my date." Vincenzo put his hand protectively around my waist.

"You never showed up with a date before. Is she special?" He was talking as if I wasn't standing next to them.



"Did you need anything?" Vincenzo asked with a cold tone.

"Yes but it's not the right circumstances to talk here. Have a good night." He then turned to me, kissed my hand, and left.

"Violet don't speak to anyone. Don't take anything from anyone. Stay with me the whole night. Okay?" I nodded.

"Violet?" I turned abruptly and was met with Derek.

"Derek. What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"I should be asking you that." He said frowning.

"None of your business kid." Giovanni said.

"What are you doing with him?" He looked at Vincenzo with a glare, but there was a trace of fear in his eyes.

"Derek-" I was cut off with the sound of bullet shots.

"Everyone get down!"

Vincenzo threw me under a table and took his gun firing at his targets. I closed my eyes and ears and prayed for this night to end without me leaving in a body bag.