

Chapter 9: police

Vincenzo's POV

"Shit! Who the fuck is firing these bullets?" I yelled shooting someone aiming his gun at us.

"I still don't know." Giovanni said taking his phone from his back pocket.

"Erico protect Violet at all costs." Erico nodded and headed towards her.

"Paolo said they are the police!" Giovanni had a hard look on his face.

Usually we tried to avoid coming in contact with the police. Especially detective Johns. He was on our tail, waiting for us to make a small mistake so he could see me behind the bars.

"Come on we must leave the scene." I ordered and he nodded. I took my phone and dialed Mario's number.

"Boss the cars are waiting for you outside the back door." He said calmly.

"Okay good."

It wasn't the first time that something like that happens. It's always a small gang that does something to anger the police and they would come shooting at us. At these parties not only gangs and mafias are invited, but big businessmen are also invited. Since I own "Mercanti & co.", I would be

here as a business man for the outer world, but as the don of the 'Sicily Clan'.

"Where's Erico and Violet?" I asked Giovanni as we stood next to my SUVs, with men waiting for me.

"What? Shit!" Giovanni said taking his phone.

Blood boiled in my veins. I trusted Erico with Violet's life, and I'm sure he'll protect her. But what if something happened to Erico? What if the police caught them?

"We'll wait for 5 minutes if they don't show up we enter back. All of us!" I yelled.

"Yes boss." They said adjusting their weapons.

"Call Paolo and ask him to track Erico's phone." I said and Giovanni nodded taking his phone.

I hope no more blood will be shed tonight.

Violet's POV

"Violet!" A cold voice called me from under the table.

"Derek? What's going on here?" I asked frantically.

"Come with me Violet. I'm taking you somewhere safe." He extended his hand and I thought for a moment.

Derek is my ex boyfriend. He hit me and tried to kidnap me. Is it a good idea to go with him? I guess not.

"No Derek I'm fine." I replied averting my eyes towards Vincenzo.

He said something to Erico and he nodded walking towards me. Giovanni was on the phone talking to someone.

"V come with me this isn't a joke." He snarled raising his voice.

"Get the hell away from her." Erico said taking my elbow and helping me to stand up. I complied already wanting to get away from Derek.

"You again? Leave Violet is my girlfriend-"

"Ex girlfriend." Erico said cutting him off. I gaped at him. How did he know?

"She's mine." Derek said trying to take my elbow from Erico.

"Enough! I'm not an object Derek. I'm no one's. I will go with Erico since he's the only one I know that hasn't hurt me. Yet. So please leave." Derek's eyes widened.

"Are you choosing a mafia member over me? What do you know about him or Vincenzo? What do you know about ' Sicily Clan?'"

"As much as this conversation is entertaining I must get Violet to safety. Now move." We walked past Derek and started walking towards what looks like the back door.

Thankfully the shooting stopped as everyone have evacuated the place. My hands were still trembling because of the two incidents that happened tonight. One the shooting, and two Derek.

"Police! Stop right there!" Someone yelled from behind us

and we stopped abruptly. We turned around slowly, and 5 police officers were standing there looking at us.

"Don't say anything to them. I'll talk." Erico said and I nodded afraid that he'll hurt me.

"Come here slowly." The officer ordered and we walked towards them slowly.

"Officer I need to take my friend to safety." Erico said.

"Erico Calise. What a pleasant surprise." A tall man, with black hair and black eyes walked from behind the police officers.

"Detective Johns." Erico said his name with venom dripping from his tone.

"Who's this young lady with you? Did you kidnap her?" Detective Johns looked at me with a hard gaze. I wanted to scream yes, but Erico sent me a cold glare daring me to say anything.

"No." I replied softly.

"She's a friend pf Vincenzo." Erico replied curtly and all I wanted was for the floor to swallow me. 1

I could say that I am kidnapped and the police would save me and I would run far away from Vincenzo, which will result in him finding me and hurting my friends.

Or,

I could stay quiet and save Tracy, but I'll be going back to my 'prison'.

I'll choose the latest. 1

"Name?" Detective Johns asked looking at me suspiciously.

"Violet Anderson." I replied.

"Erico? What the hell took you so long?" A voice that sends shivers down my spine every time I hear it, said.

"Boss." Erico said taking a step away from me.

"Vincenzo Mercanti what a pleasant surprise." Detective Johns.

"Is there a problem detective? We need to leave." He said examining my face and body as if searching for any injury.

"I was asking about your friend here." Detective Johns smirked. I averted my gaze towards the floor finding it more interesting.

"If you are done, we must leave. It was a rough night." Vincenzo glared at both, Erico and I.

"Ah yes. But remember I will see you behind the bars soon." Vincenzo smirked at detective Johns then looked at me.

"Let's go." He said taking my hand in his, again.

"Stop dragging me." I yelled. Vincenzo stopped abruptly and turned towards us.

"Why the fuck were you late? Why were you most importantly talking with a cop?" He said cop with hatred in his tone.

"We were heading outside when they appeared out of nowhere." Erico said rolling his eyes.

"Let's go." Vincenzo said and we exited the door.

My jaw hit the floor. Literally. 3 SUVs were waiting for us, with men dressed in black like bodyguards waiting for us. I looked at them then at Vincenzo.

"Boss." They all said. We got in one of the cars and the driver started walking.

One car was in front of us, with Erico in it, and one car behind us. I was looking with wide eyes. But I guess I shouldn't be surprised, since Vincenzo is the most powerful mafia don. The thought itself made me shiver with fear.

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"Welcome back sir." Greta said opening the door. Vincenzo nodded at her and walked up the stairs.

I looked at his retreating back and sighed. Thankfully this day is over.

"How was your evening?" She asked smiling.

"Wonderful." I smiled sarcastically.

"GRETA! TELL MARIO AND PAOLO TO COME TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!" I jumped at Vincenzo's loud voice.

Greta ran to wherever she could find them leaving me standing alone. I decided to go back to my room and get this dress off and call it a night.

I entered my room and looked at the mirror. My face looks bad. My mascara was smudged. My eye bags are showing and I cringed. I tried to unzip the zipper from behind but failed. I screamed in frustration and faced the bed, deciding to sleep in this damn dress.

Suddenly cold fingers touched my back. I shivered, but didn't dare to look behind me. The sparks gave away who the person behind me is. He unzipped the zipper slowly. I could hear him breathing, and his minty breath was hitting my bare neck.

"There. All done." I turned around expecting to see him smirking, instead he was looking all serious. I blushed under his intense gaze.

"Thank you." I whispered avoiding his gaze.

"Goodnight." He said still looking at me.

"Night." He stood still for a couple of seconds and then left the room closing the door behind him with a bang.

What did just happen?