

## Chained By A Possessive Mafia's Love by TSI Chapter 3

~ Unknown person's Pov ~

I will show him who is a real man.

Now he will know that this city's real king is back.

Everyone should know what happens when someone touches his girl, which he has been guarding for five years.

Yeah, five long years. Everyone sells in his body, yearning for her, so how could he give the chance to take her away from her. But he's worried about how she will react.

\* Anna's POV \*

I came downstairs with them, and they took me inside a dining room; I left in too much. Awe, I can not express how much the dining room was. If I run here for 2 or 3, I'm sure I can lose 3 or 4 pounds.

These rich people are too much, we middle-cla\*\* people can't even afford our necessary needs in our daily life, but they do everything they desire.

I looked everywhere, but I didn't notice anyone else. Turning around, I looked around.

A man came to me. From his clothes, he looks like a chef or cook.

“ Madam, what do you eat, order anything you want,” he asked me like I'm the owner. Did he know I was here because someone kidnapped me?

“ Anything I want, are you sure,” I asked with a hidden meaning.

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“ Yeah, madam, anything you want,” he answers me confidently—actually overconfident.

” Cook me the person who kidnapped me, or just give me the person, uncooked will also do; I just won’t eat that person,” I said while grinding my teeth tighter.

Did he look at me in shock ? I could see he was trying his best to gulp his fear.

“ If you can’t forget it, I’m not hungry; I want to see the person who kidnapped me, ” I tried to be polite to him.

“ Madam, I can’t do anything about this; I’m just a chef; my duty is to cook for you,” he said as he was going to cry helplessly.

Seeing his sad face, I stopped myself from arguing with him.

“Then don’t bother me; I’ll not eat until I see that person. I sat down at the head chair of the dining table.

Just as I sat down, everyone screamed, which frightened me.

Looking at their shocking reaction, I doubt if I sat on some bombs or not.

I looked at a woman who was near me ” at least tell me before you all give me a heart attack; don’t you all think my kidnapping is enough for my poor heart ” I said helplessly.

Everyone falls silent once again, like they don’t even exist here. I sighed; why did it leave me expressionless whenever I mentioned this ?

” Madam, please eat something; otherwise, we’ll be in grave trouble,” a woman said to me.

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” I’m not hungry; if no one tells me why I’m here or let’s meet the person who kidnapped me, then I’ll go on a hunger strike,” I threaten them.

“But madam,” the cook tried to say something, but I stopped him, I stood up from the chair” I’m not a child that you all will coax me with food, I’ll not until I saw the person even I have to die from hunger ” this time I’m screaming so loudly that my words were buzzing.

” You don’t need a hunger strike. Turn around, and you’ll see the person you wanted to see,” a voice came behind me, and I’m in total shock.

Not because of that. Instead, I found the voice very familiar. Head to toe; my entire body was shivering.

I feel my knees are feeble; they can’t support my body anymore; I might fall soon.

But my heart is saying, don’t worry, it’s not him, not him. But no matter how much I try, my head is saying only one thing: “It’s him.”

Finally, my knees went weak, and I sat down again.

” Why do you not want to see it anymore? A moment ago, you were screaming, “you wanted to see me now, no reaction, it’s not fair,” again, the voice speaks up, and this time I’m 1000% sure it’s him.

I don’t need to see his face. His presence is enough for me to know it’s him without looking at his face.

I don't know how to react, but suddenly a realization hit me hard. What is he doing here? If he is here, is there only meaning left for me in this situation?

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Bracing myself, I stood up from the chair and turned around.

Just as I thought, he's standing at the door entrance wearing a black three-piece suit and looking toward me with his always shameless smile. I found it very cute in the past, but not that I want to break his teeth.

Glaring at him, I ask him, "what the hell are you doing here, or I should ask what the f\*\*\* I'm doing here" if I could, I might already break his head.

"Oh, so feisty like always, you didn't change even a bit, Anna," he said, still laughing, ignoring my words like empty air.

"Should I thank you for your compliment," I ask him? Is he kidding me right now?

"Shouldn't you show a little emotion, Anna, even a little," he asks while looking at my eyes like he is searching for something inside my eyes?

But it's too sad for him, and he can't, because I'm not 19 years old, Anna anymore; I buried that Anna in a grave a long time ago.

She will never show up again. I will not let that happen at any cost, and I already learned my lesson.