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He was astonished at her. She slept for three hours in the plane and her eyes didn't agree to open. He smiled down at her. His fingers were dug into her soft skin. Her weight was light. She was sleeping like a baby in his arms. Somewhere in the corner of his heart, he was glad it wasn't Kattie in his arms. From that moment, he had seen her. He couldn't take her out of his mind. He wanted to tie her in his arms so she couldn't even think of going away from him.

He stepped into his house. He agreed to break his promise to have her and called her his forever. He lifted his eyes to see his mother.

His thought was standing in front of him. His blood boiled in his veins. His mother smiled eyeing him. His eyes weren't on his mother. He was glaring beside her.

Their faces blanched with shock. He was reigning his rage as she was still in his arms, peacefully sleeping. She was helping a lot. His mother was waiting for him in the hall. She had recently lost her husband and he had lost his father. He didn't want to depress her that her sons were not on the same thinking page anymore.

" It can't be. " Kattie unbelievably asked, " Is she your.. .." Kattie trailed in her puzzlement as her eyes were on his ring.

" My wife. " He completed it for her.

" It's fake. You are making a fool of us. " Robbie spoke in anger.

" You'll wake my wife. She's tired. I'll be back, mom. " He smiled at his mother and nodded at his men to follow him.

He was taking long strides toward his room. Gabby opened the door for them. He ran his eyes on the ceiling and interior. Before boarding the plane, he asked his men to hire someone who could change the interior of his room within a few hours. His calm face and stare were telling he liked it.

He bent his one knee, keeping it on the mattress. He reclined her on the mattress and tucked the blanket on her body. He didn't want anyone to stare at her body. He paced back at the door where his men were waiting for him.

" Tim, guide the door. Use your gun if it is compulsory. If she wakes up, she's not allowed out of the room. " He ordained him.

" Yes, Sir. " Tim nodded and appointed himself out of the door.

He glanced back at her. Filling her sleeping face in his eyes, he trotted toward the hall. They were still there where he left them standing.

" Mom, " He smiled and hugged his mother. She smiled eye to eye.

" Is this really a fake marriage? " His mother asked with

gloomy eyes.

" No, mom. " He said calmly and pinned Robbie with his withering glare.

" I can prove this mom. " Robbie smirked, interrupting them.

" Best of luck. " He harshly said and turned to his mother, " She's sleeping. I hope you'll not mind. " He smiled.

She just rested her hand on his shoulder and nodded, " Well! I don't know what's happening between you two. Kattie was going to be your wife and you are with someone else and..." She paused.

" We got married. " Robbie said, kissing Kattie on her temple.

He tried to remember her face and let go of the spasm of furious battle and itching to hit him brutally. He knew Robbie would come out with a plan. He had already prepared himself for it, " Congratulations. " He said and paced back toward his room.

When he passed through Robbie he gave him a mischievous look. He knew his brother. He was also known about what was going to hit him in the morning. He was prepared for it and he could guess what was waiting for him the next morning.

Locking the door behind him, he took off his coat and threw it in frustration on the couch. He was battling with his inner voice which wanted him to not hurt his wife. He raked both

hands in his hair, " Fu**! " He growled and kicked the table, intentionally. It stirred badly, making noises. It fell to the ground, the mirror pulverized into many shreds.

It broke her sleep, " What happened? " Her weak voice gushed in his ear.

A plan was already hovering. He extended his hand toward her. She looked up at him with sleepy eyes. He could see the hesitation in her behavior. He kept it there. She climbed out of the bed and slowly paced toward him. She placed her hand in his hand. He gripped it tightly. He knew his plan would hurt her, but he was determined to do it. She was his wife. He was not finding anything wrong with it. He didn't want to hurt her. He tugged her toward a door in his room. He put his hand on the scanner and the door wide opened. It was another regal room with a king-size bed.

" Was that my room and it's yours? " She asked with an open mouth.

" No, it's our room. " He said, tugging her nearer. He did not want to pull the matter. It was already midnight. The morning was ready to leap out from the horizon. This would bring the wickedness of his brother, ready to ambush her. He heaved deeply and lifted her off the ground wrapping his arms around her, " I have to break my promise. " he pelted it on her. He could hear her heartbeat increasing rapidly. She wiggled in his arms. It wasn't easy to break his hold until he wanted it to. " I have no choice. " He said.

" Go to hell with your choice. " She found her voice and pushed him away putting both hands on his chest.

" Amiya! It's required. " He softly said her name.

It stopped her for a while. When she blinked her eyes. She began to push him away again, " You promise me. " She said out loudly.

He let her hit him, " I have no choice. You'll not comprehend it. " He grunted.

" I don't wanna. " She snapped.

He crawled his second on her back upward and pushed her closer to her, " You are my wife. It's my right." He whispered.

" I'm not. You gave me your words. You are insane. " She fisted her hands and hit him with her full power. Tears were rolling down her cheek. He knew to find the solution to every problem in this world. He knew the route to reach her. He could get her in her sleep. But! He wasn't a coward.

He slid his hand into his pocket and brought out his iPhone. He held her wrist in one hand and pinned her against his body. He dialed a number and put it on the speaker. It was ringing. She didn't stop battling him.

" Hello, " A heavy, familiar voice came from the other side.

She sucked in her breath and halted her hands on his chest, " Brother! " She burst into tears. He was disgusting himself

for causing her.

" I'm sorry, Mia. I didn't mean to sell you to Robbie. " Frank told her.

Her heart sank and shredded into pieces, he could see it on her face and read it in her eyes, " Sell? " It was hardly audible from her throat.

" I'll bring you back home soon. I'll pay back all his money. " Frank said

She didn't utter a word and was staring down at the display. Water was streaming down her eyes, " No need to pay back the money. My husband has already paid it. " She whispered.

" Mia! Please forgive me." He paused, and waited for her response, " Talk to me, Mia. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, princess. " Her brother yelled.

He disconnected the call and then propelled it on the couch behind him. He wasn't bothered if the phone would explode itself by ringing again and again.

He swept the tears away. He scooped her up. She didn't try to hit him, " I know. You'll never forgive me but try to forgive me. You'll know the reason behind doing this in the morning. I'll not let anyone take you away from me ever. " He said to her. She didn't respond to him. He sauntered toward the mattress.

The round classic piece of antique was indicating that the sun must be up. His opened eyes were glaring at the ceiling. Both hands were beneath his head and his chest was bare. His eyes were betokening that he didn't sleep the whole night. He sat up on the mattress. The blanket was tugged beneath his abs. He ran his hand through his hair.

From the first glance of her, he knew she would be something special. She was an innocent, beautiful and brave girl, who gave the print of her fingers on his younger brother's cheek.

It wasn't just her rare beauty, her thinking and manners made her unique. He glanced at her face. Her eyes were opened and they became dry with the lack of tears. He could hear her sobs all night. Her screams were a mix of pain, agony, and pleasure. He didn't want to go deep as it's gonna trouble him, which means it gonna trouble her.

" Amiya, should I call the doctor? Are you okay? " he asked with concern.

" Leave me alone, please. " She said in her cracked voice.

" Get clean and meet my mom. The whole day is yours then.

" He said and slipped his hands under her thighs and back.

" I'll do it myself. Put me down. "

She didn't glance at him once. It was bothering him. He didn't mean to start their marriage like this. He had broken

her heart. He was a proud man that he never hurt a girl ever. After this night, he was the real mafia boss, vicious, atrocious, and a monster.

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