

## CHAPTER 26

### CAMILLO

Tugging a tee over my head, the sight of the rumpled sheets and discarded clothing brings a smile to my lips.

Whatever spell Rosa has on me is fully rooted into place, dragging me under each new wave, week by week, day by day. I spend most of my time away from the house, rushing to get back just to get my fill of her. It's completely out of character for me, but I don't give a fuck.

Loosely tying my hair back, I can't help the smile that plays on my lips as I tiptoe to the door.

I pause, lingering just beside it as I listen to any movement outside.

I'm certain my siblings are already dressed and downstairs, but better safe than sorry. My brothers don't need to know my private business.

The sound of soft chatter fills the hall as I make my way to the kitchen.

It's nothing unusual now to see Rosa and Ethan sitting alongside my brothers around the table—both of them filling some hole in my heart I didn't know was there.

As per usual, Ethan's plate is nearly clean while Rosa continues to pick at her small portion. It's progress that she even sits and eats with us, but there isn't a fucking bone in my body that doesn't want to strangle that man forever—for daring to make her feel less than she is, for damaging someone like her.

I slide into the open spot beside Rosa and give her a quick smile before reaching for the pot of coffee and helping myself to a stack of pancakes.

“Momma, when do I get to have a sleepover with Uncle Millo?” Ethan asks as he licks a bit of whipped cream off his fork.

“You want to have a sleepover?” I ask.

“Yes, please. Like you and Momma always have sleepovers after you put me to bed.” He tilts his small head to one side. “When can I have one too? Please, Momma, please?”

Rosa splutters into her water glass, coughing violently. “W-what?” she exhales, her face bright pink.

I open my mouth. “I, er...” But my pancake lodges in my throat.

“We’re not...” Rosa’s voice is a panicked squeak. “I mean, what makes you think that, honey?”

“I hear Uncle Millo walking down the hall and you two talking sometimes after the lights go out.”

Her mouth forms a perfect ‘o’. And my cock can’t help hardening at the sight.

“What do you two do?” he asks.

I can feel Marco and Alessio losing a battle to keep their laughter at bay. I can see that Rosa’s mortified, and my eyes narrow to each of my siblings, willing them to shut the fuck up.

“You see...” I start to say, but how the hell do I explain this to a four-year-old?

Alessio’s fist is jammed against his mouth as Marco fights hard to keep his face in that scary neutral mask he wears around the clock.

Rosa’s hand fumbles with her glass of water, sloshing it against the sides before taking a long gulp.

“It’s okay, Momma,” Ethan pipes up. “I know not to disturb you. Uncle Marco told me that if I need anything during the night, I should go into his bedroom, and he’ll get it for me. He and Uncle Alessio say that we need to let you and Uncle Millo spend some time together.”

The tips of Rosa’s ears turned bright red as the realization sweeps over her that my brothers are both aware of what’s been going on between us.

For a kid who was skittish about being alone with any of us men, he sure has gained confidence fast around us all. And a feeling crawls through me—something like pride—at the thought of him being used to us. Of him fitting in.

I rub the back of my neck. I could try to talk our way out of this, but the reality is that there isn't a chance in hell I'm going to stop having these sleepovers with Rosa.

Because I'm well and truly addicted now.

Under the table, I give her a reassuring squeeze. And some of the tension melts from her shoulders as she relaxes into the touch. If we weren't at the breakfast table full of people, I'd give her a reason to relax further. With a mind of their own, my fingers trace a lazy line to the inside of her thighs. Clamping down on my hand, her thighs press together. I bite back a smile, choosing instead to focus back on Ethan's curious brown eyes and not his mother's glare.

"We play games," I offer. "Or work out sometimes."

"I'm sure you do," Alessio mutters into his coffee cup.

My foot collides with his shin under the table, earning me a fierce glare and a grunt.

'Fuck off,' I mouth as I feel Rosa's embarrassment roll off her in waves.

"What kind of games, Momma?"

"Oh, uh..."

"The rules would be too complicated for you to understand, Ethan," I say gently.

"They're special games for, um, grownups."

"Oh." Disappointment sags his small shoulders.

Guilt washes over me, and I fight the need to rub my chest. It's bad enough my brothers are already smirking at me, but if they knew just how badly I'd break for this kid, I'd never hear the end of it.

Think. I can fix this. And end this horrible fucking conversation before Rosa melts into a puddle on the floor and never lets me near her again.

"But we can have our own sleepover sometime this week, Ethan. It'll be extra special. We can camp out in the backyard, watch some movies, and roast marshmallows. How does that sound?"

Rosa's eyes snap to mine. And the delight that sparkles in them forms a knot in my stomach.

“Really?”

“You bet. If it’s alright with your mom.”

Ethan’s face swings to Rosa. “Please, Momma?”

“Ethan, honey...”

“Please?” he tries again. “I’ll be really good. You can join us too!”

“I don’t want to inconvenience you,” she says to me.

“Not possible. It’ll be fun.” It’ll be fun? What the fuck was that, and where had it come from? When have fun and kids ever been associated with me? I blatantly ignore Marco’s unhinged jaw as I stare back at Rosa.

“Okay, sure,” she murmurs softly.

I watch as her gaze drops to the table and that adorably shy smile lights her face. “Great. I’ll take care of everything.” And I start to make a plan inside my mind, determined to make this the best goddamn sleepover Ethan’s ever seen.

I look across at Rosa again, and a small smile sparks in her eyes.

The way she looks at me... My chest does that weird squeeze, and I swallow back the lump in my throat. I don’t deserve that look, but damn if I don’t want to try to be worthy of it.