

## CHAPTER 30

### CAMILLO

The conversation in Marco's office replays in my head repeatedly.

Family. A fucked-up f-word that I guard like a rabid dog.

And yet, the word is broken to me all the same.

But by some miracle, we still have something. Something imperfect, with jagged edges and tattered holes, but it's something. And it's something that includes Rosa and Ethan in every single version of it that plays in my head.

My stomach rumbles as I enter the kitchen. Thanks to some fucker trying to be smart, I missed both lunch and dinner.

But even worse, I missed getting to spend time with Rosa in the kitchen before it was all finished, hearing about all the things Ethan had to tell me. To say my mood is sour is a gross understatement. I hate missing those moments, soaking up all I can with both of them.

That asshole is no longer still breathing. It's the very least he fucking deserves.

Heading through the open door into the backyard, I round the corner and glimpse Rosa lounging in a chair on the deck. Nestled into her is a sleeping Ethan.

Absentmindedly, her fingers run through his hair as she stares up at the night sky riddled with stars, the soft illumination of the half-moon haloing around her. It bathes her in its glow like the goddess she is.

The smile that stretches my face feels foreign and yet natural all the same.

It's a smile that only comes out when she's around. Like I can't help reaching for something I'll never be able to keep. Knowing I'll be burned in the end should make it less appealing. It should deter me. But it doesn't. I dig in deeper with each day she remains mine.

Softly, I pad over to her, pressing a soft kiss to her head. She jolts slightly before easing back into the chair.

“You’re out late,” I murmur.

“Stargazing and catching fireflies. Ethan wanted to wait for you to get home to read him the rest of Peter Pan.” She smiles at me, and I can’t help but match it. “I think you’ve successfully replaced me with bedtime story duty.”

“Sorry.”

Her laugh is gentle. “Don’t be.”

I want to tell her I don’t know jack shit about kids or what I’m doing. I want to tell her that if it’d been anyone but them, I never would have taken that second look.

But I don’t. The words don’t form on my lips because I’m afraid she might laugh at me. Emotions and I don’t mix.

Never have. Never will.

Somewhere along the explanation, I’ll fuck it up, and that’ll be it. Maybe it’s selfish, but I love the way she looks at me. Like I’m someone she’s proud to be with.

“I can put him to bed so you can finish your tea,” I offer before my brain can process what I’ve just offered. It happens more frequently when I’m around her. Like I’ve forgotten everything about who I am and what I do. But I know that’s a lie.

It’s because of her. It’s me trying to be something worthy of her—of her and Ethan.

“I can do it.”

As she starts to move, I shake my head. “You worked today, yeah?”

“Yes?”

“Then let me. You deserve a few minutes alone.”

“I’m fine. I don’t want to put you out or anything. You just got back from...wherever it was you were. I can carry him up.”

I ignore her, gently lifting Ethan into my arms. He weighs nothing. “Be a good girl and finish your tea. I have plans for us after.”

I watch as her skin flushes, and her bottom lip gets sucked between her teeth in a way that tells me her mind has slipped into the place mine constantly seems to go when I'm around her. I'm worse than a fucking teenager. But with her, it's impossible to think of anything else.

The house is quiet as I walk the halls, clinging to the fragile body in my arms like it's some priceless jewel. Ethan's breathing is soft and even against my shoulder. This unnecessary and terrifying urge to keep him protected pounds through me with each step I take. I shouldn't feel like this—whatever the hell this is—so soon. And about a kid?

But somehow, both he and Rosa have slipped in past every single defense and wrapped themselves around me.

I'm not sure if I hate the idea or if I want more.

I tuck Ethan in quickly and flick off his light before making my way back down the stairs and out to where Rosa still lounges.

“That was fast. I barely finished my tea.”

“We can stay out a little longer. It's a nice night.” For Chicago anyway. It isn't too blustery, and the balmy air has cooled slightly as we inch closer and closer to the fall.

I nudge her over on the lounge until we're sitting side by side, nestled just right so that her plush body meets every hard edge of my own. I itch to feel her skin under my fingers, to skim over it and explore every inch. Every rational action of my body disappears the moment the pads of my fingers skim her smooth skin.

Rosa's breath hitches as my fingertips continue their leisurely path along her exposed leg. The way she fills out every inch of clothing she wears only taunts me to remove them. Even now, just in her simple denim shorts and T-shirt, she's absolutely mouthwatering.

My hand moves further inward, feeling the way her skin pebbles and reacts under my touch. It's a high I can't get enough of—and if I don't stop now, I'm certain the guards and soldiers patrolling the grounds are in for quite the show.

And as entertaining as the thought is, I want Rosa all to myself. “Rosa.”

She hums a response, her head leaning against my chest.

“Done?”

“Yes.”

It’s a breathy response that sends a jolt straight to my cock. “Perfect.”

I waste no time sliding from behind her. And before she has a chance to move, I scoop her up with ease, wrapping her legs around my waist.

Swallowing the gasp that leaves her, I claim her mouth. Tongues clashing, I devour her like she’s my last meal. And as my hands knead the back of her thighs, I grasp her to me. I adjust my grip on the back of her thighs as my hands skim under her shorts to grab her ass.

“I can walk.”

“You can...” My words break as I claim her lips, her jaw, her throat, anywhere and everywhere I can get a taste of her. Sweet and delicate. “But I like this better.” I give another squeeze to emphasize my point.

Her head tips back, exposing the column of her neck and more to my trailing lips.

“Okay...” There’s a hint of something in the word, broken only by her breathy sigh.

“I like it when you pick me up.” Her soft admission echoes around the silent halls, broken only by our panting breaths.

“Yeah?”

Nodding, her fingers drag against my scalp, and I grip her all the tighter. Holding her against me so she can feel just how badly I want this. How badly I need this.

“It makes me feel good...” I steal her beautiful words with another bruising kiss, pressing her into the door to the bedroom. Our bedroom. It hasn’t been mine in weeks. That thought alone sends another jolt through my body.

Pride surges through me, battling it out with the hunger bubbling in my gut. My body is on fire. My hips press into her all the more, canting against her as I fumble with the doorknob.

“I’d carry you everywhere if I could,” I growl into her ear as the door springs open.

Once more I hold her against me, groping at her with each step as if I can devour her whole.

The door slams shut as I kick it behind me. Keeping the softness of her pressed into the planes of my body, I can't find it in myself to care we might have woken my siblings. They'll live. But I might die if I can't get my fill of her—if I can't make her feel as amazing as I feel when I'm with her.

I lower her to the floor, hands skimming along her body. I back up a space. Then, with her pupils dilated, she watches me shed my jeans, revealing my black boxers that strain against me.

I catch her gaze in mine. “Undress for me, Rosa.”

A flush spreads across her cheeks. “What?”

“Take. It. Off.” My voice rumbles through my chest as I watch her body tremble with excitement.

I make myself comfortable on the bed, watching the show before me.

She pulls the top from her body, exposing the emerald green of her bra.

And with a quick flick, the button of her shorts opens, exposing the matching set of panties, making my cock jump as it begs to be released from its confines. Soon...but not until I've had her come on my tongue.

I can't take my eyes off her. She's fucking perfect.

I hold her gaze as she peels the denim from her shapely legs and discards it behind her.

In the dimly light room, I skim over her thigh and hip.

Her hands still while mine continue to explore the soft inside of her thighs. “I didn't say to stop, Rosa...”

My touch tears a moan of desire from her as she reaches behind her to unhook her bra. The fabric flutters to the ground.

Greedily, my eyes rake over her flesh, shamelessly taking in my fill of her.

Her nipples harden into peaks as she watches my tongue swipe over my lips.

I trace up her sides. “You're beautiful...” My fingers glide over her heated skin in slow, languid swipes. “So fucking beautiful.”

Her head falls back as my fingers dance around the swell of her breast, teasing her nipple with each swipe of my thumb.

“Panties too, Rosa...”

Her breathing comes in short, erratic pants as her hands deftly move to the flimsy fabric covering her from me.

Enraptured, I track her fingers as they hook into the waistband and expose her mound to me.

My mouth waters. “Perfect...”

I sit back on the bed as her heavy-lidded eyes move over my body.

Reaching behind me, I pull the black tee from my chest, baring the hard planes of well-earned muscle to her.

I motion to her, beckoning her to me.

Dropping to her hands and knees, she moves toward me slowly.

But I shake my head. “Up here.”

“What? But we’ve never—”

“Up here,” I repeat.

She whimpers at the demand, and I bite back a groan of my own at the sight of her prowling toward me.

She straddles my lap and closes her eyes as her softness brushes against my cock. But I have other plans.

“No, Rosa.” I smile at her, licking my lips. “I mean up here. I seemed to have skipped dinner.”

She stills. Her eyes wide. “I... You don’t have to...”

“I want to,” I growl.

The pink of her cheeks deepens, her gaze turning away as she swallows thickly.

“But...I’m...too heavy.”

“Bullshit.”

Her eyes snap to mine, brow furrowing. “I could suffocate you!”

“What a fucking way to go.”

“That’s what Grayden said to me—that I might suffocate him— when I suggested it once. I’m serious, Camillo.”

“So am I.”

“But—”

“If you bite that lip one more time, Rosa, I’m going to drag you up here myself and bite it for you.”

“You don’t care about how heavy I am?”

“Care? Baby, the only thing I care about is how many times I can make you come. Now bring that perfect ass up here and sit on my face before I take matters into my own hands.”

I can see the want and the war in her mind, glazing her brown eyes and making my cock strain all the more.

But the uncertainty seems to linger. Finally, her fingers curl into the sheet before she nods. She trembles a little as she continues up my body. Her knees press into the pillows above my shoulder.

And my hands grip her ass and haul her to my mouth.

Her body tenses as I press my tongue into her slick folds and nudge that tight bundle of nerves.

Circling around her clit, once, twice, three times.

She jolts suddenly, trying to lift herself off me.

My fingers dig into her hips, keeping her captive against my mouth. I press a kiss to the inside of her thigh. “It’s okay, Rosa. Just let go.”

I close my mouth over her bare sex again. Every part of me wants to devour her like the starved man I’ve become.

A moan ripples from her lips, and as she relaxes over me, I grip her harder.

I swirl my tongue around her clit and caress up and down her beautiful thighs. The thought of sinking into her makes me ache. I swipe at her heated center while her hips rock against me.

“Camillo...”

I tease at her clit as her thighs clamp around me. Nothing else matters but bringing her to a sweet climax—and doing it all again and again until the whole damn house hears us.

Something primal beats in my chest. And I want the world to know she’s mine.

I devour her. I fuck her with my tongue, sucking at her clit until her sounds of pleasure fill the room like the sweetest music I’ve ever heard.

Thighs shaking, her moans are deeper now, less restrained, and her body melts over me.

“Camillo, I’m going to—” A sharp scream breaks her sentence as she shatters around me.

But I can’t stop. I keep lapping at her, drawing out her orgasm even further.

But this is far from over. One down and several more to go.

Gently, I push her onto her back and tug my boxers off.

My fingers fumble around in the nightstand until they brush the foil packet. Tearing into it, I watch her full tits heave with each breath as she comes back down from her high.

The hazy look in her eyes makes me even harder until I can feel pre-cum at my tip.

My lips nip at her sensitive flesh as she gasps and mewls under my tongue.

I need more. I want her wrapped around me—all those lush curves pressed against me. And I want to feel her clenching around my aching cock.

Capturing her lips, I take what’s mine. She throws her head back as I push her thighs apart and rub the head of my cock against her entrance.



And I drag it through her slit, teasing her.

Her fingers lace behind my neck as her hips roll against mine. Begging for more.

My fingers trace a path along her full, beautiful body. Capturing her plump lips with mine, my kisses are fierce and dominant.

I trail kisses down her throat and over the swell of her bare breasts.

"You drive me fucking crazy..." Taking one of her nipples into my mouth, I suck greedily and listen to the increasing urgency of her moans.

With each grind of my throbbing cock over her sensitive entrance, she writhes against me. She needs this just as much as I do.

"I'm going to make you scream for me again," I growl as I push inside her.

She cries out, her pupils dilated, and I revel in the tightness that surrounds my cock.

Pulling out, I plunge into her again, her walls becoming even slicker with each thrust.

I increase the depth. And her pussy grips me, sending pleasure rocketing through me.

In her big brown eyes, I see intense desire and need reflecting back at me. And picking up the pace, I savor every sensation as I push deeper into her without restraint.

With one arm supporting my weight, my hand roams along her body—teasing, stroking, and caressing every inch of her skin.

As our bodies move in perfect sync, I know that she trusts me with the most intimate part of herself—and I'm going to make sure she experiences nothing but pure bliss in return.

When she's with me like this, she's no longer the same shy woman. Her captivating gaze meets mine, and I'm lost in the depths of her desire.

My rough fingers reach down between us and caress her clit to bring her to the brink of ecstasy. "I love playing with your sweet pussy," I groan in a voice thick with pleasure.

Her response is a breathy moan, making me ache for her even more.

I take her nipple into my mouth and suck and nip at it until she cries out, savoring the way she arches beneath me and begs for more.

And as I pump relentlessly inside her, she shatters into ecstasy. She's screaming my name and writhing beneath me.

I continue massaging her clit until she begs me to stop. And even then, I refuse until she is completely spent and satisfied.

Lying with her in my arms, I tell myself to remember that this won't last. But even that's not enough to make me stop now...