

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 141 - 150

"Knowledge is power to a certain extent, yes. It also depends on

what kind of person you are. For someone like me, it's power. For someone like you, not so much. It will do you more harm than any good." Mr. Vasiliev got up from the couch. My eyes followed him, seeing him grabbing a bottle and two glasses before he returned to the couch.

"This world is anything but nice. You're with a powerful man and people love to play dirty tricks to get to him, just to see him crumble to the ground." He spoke as I watched him pour vodka into the glasses.

I guess Russians really liked their vodka.

He handed me a glass, which I took, but eyed it suspiciously. Mr. Vasiliev let out a small laugh as he looked at me examining the clear liquor.

"You know damn well if I wanted to kill you, I would have already put a bullet in you. It's not poisoned." He had a point but I still hesitated. He shook his head at me before he downed his drink in one go, showing me it was safe. I followed his suit and downed the drink in one go too, the liquid burning my throat as it went down. It was very strong and I made a small grimace at the taste.

"Impressive. Not many would have handled it that well."

"I happen to like vodka." I half-shrugged.

"So, you really think should be left in the dark?" I asked, wanting to continue our conversation.

"Most certainly. Enemies and competitors are always trying to find a way to destroy Famiglia di Bellavia, and you would be the easiest target. They would target you, maybe kidnap you, and torture you to get whatever they need. I must admit, there was a time when I

O'DON

thought they had succeeded but Damiano took us all by surprise.

He was young when he took over for his father, barely in his twenties I believe, but the way he worked made everyone feel threatened as he only made his family name bigger, fearful, and more powerful at an incredible pace.” By now, I was leaning slightly forwards, captivated by the information he was giving me about Damiano.

“Then something happened and I thought this was going to be the downfall for him, but it turned out I was wrong. I have not seen anyone care that little about their own life. He risked everything and went on a killing spree, took over territories, and sent decapitated heads in boxes to everyone’s residences. He made sure to send everyone a message that, excuse my language, he couldn’t be fucked with. He built an empire and his name is now feared more than it has ever been. Not bad considering how young he is.” Mr. Vasiliev was actually impressed by Damiano.

I felt like he was talking about a whole different person than Damiano. I knew he was powerful and he was feared but I had no idea that it was to that extent. I admit that it made me a little sick just thinking about the decapitated heads, and I wondered what happened that pushed him that far.

“You seem to know a lot about him.” I raised a brow and rested my chin on my palm, still leaning forward.

“I keep ears everywhere.”

“How do I know it wasn’t you who tried to destroy him?”

“I don’t fuck with Italians, and they don’t fuck with us. He is no threat to my businesses right now, but he might be at some point, and then it’s a different story.” He said as it was the most obvious

answer.

“Also, I don’t play dirty. If I want him to remove him from the face of the earth, I will target him, and him only. Not someone close to him.” He pointed out, making me squint my eyes at him at the word ‘someone’.

“Who was it? His father, mother?” I guessed but he smiled at me and shrugged his shoulders.

“Ask him.” I snorted at his answer. I doubted he would if I asked.

“Enough about that. I want to know how you know she called me Lunnyy svet.” His blue eyes looked at me sternly. I opened my clutch, took the picture out, and handed it to him. I thought I would take it with me in case he wouldn’t believe me.

Mr. Vasiliev looked at the picture for a long time, not saying anything, and his expression was blank as he stared at it.

“How did you get this?” He asked, still looking at the picture. It sounded as if he already knew the answer but just needed me to confirm it.

“It’s

my mom.” I said softly. I looked around at his men, seeing they were surprised by my answer.

Except for one.

He looked at me as if he already knew who I was. I reached inside my clutch again and pulled out the note. I walked up to him, showing him the note.

“Was this from you?” He didn’t look at the note as he continued to look at me, letting me know it was from him.

“You look so much like her.”

Post Views: 9

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

His comment made me smile and pride filled my chest. He looked around at my face with a slightly soft and pained expression. A lump in my throat slowly formed as I knew why he looked at me like that.

He knew.

Mr. Vasiliev got up and snatched the note out of my hand, his eyes scanning over the words before he looked at the man in front of me with an angry look.

“What is this, Nestor?” I took a couple of steps back as he glared at Nestor, demanding an answer. He didn’t look bothered by Mr. Vasiliev’s angry tone and he took a quick glance at me before looking at him.

“She reached out to me.” He said and I noticed Mr. Vasiliev’s body tensed.

“Why?”

“She said she needed to see you. I sent her a message that she could meet you here.”

“And why didn’t you inform me of this?” He was angry and I kind of felt worried for Nestor now.

“She didn’t want you to know considering how you left things the last time.” He explained giving him a knowing look but having me confused as I observed their conversation.

“Wait, what happened?” Mr. Vasiliev turned around to face me. He had a stone-cold expression but his eyes showed anger.

“That damned woman tried to kill me.” I dropped my jaw in shock.

“Are you talking about my mom?!”

“Who else? She’s the only person crazy enough to pull that kind of shit on me.” He scoffed and my eyes widened.

“To be fair, you tried to kill her too. She was just faster.” Nestor pointed out, making Mr. Vasiliev whip his head to him so fast with a frown on his face.

“After all these years, you’re still loyal to her?” Nestor gave a small smirk and shrugged his shoulders.

“I should kill you for being loyal to someone else.”

“It’s not someone else. It’s Solnishko.” He said as if he hadn’t just got threatened to be killed.

“Whoa, whoa, back up! You tried to kill my mom?!” I was so confused by the whole situation.

“Nothing new about that. We tried to kill each other many times.” Mr. Vasiliev said casually.

"We all know if she really wanted to kill you, she would have." Nestor said, making Mr. Vasiliev scowl at him.

"That damned woman stabbed me." He erupted. One of his men chuckled but immediately stopped when he got one sharp glare from him.

2166%

"I need to sit down..." I was overwhelmed by everything they said.

"That doesn't sound like my mom at all... Well, not that I would know because I just found out she had a whole different side to her life I had no idea about." I sighed. Had I really been that naive and so oblivious to everything that had been going on? But it was not like there was anything to make me suspicious-

"Where is she? Why isn't she here?" Mr. Vasiliev looked at me. I looked at Nestor, seeing his expression darken. I let out a breath as I looked at Mr. Vasiliev, feeling my eyes fill up with

tears.

"She's gone..." My voice came out in a whisper and the room fell silent. It was so quiet that I would be able to hear a pin drop.

"Mozhet yeye dusha upokoitsya s mirom." Nestor and the two other men said in unison. Mr. Vasiliev didn't say anything at all, his face and eyes blank as he looked at me. But the look on my face was enough for him to close his eyes and face away from me, and went to look out of the window.

Nestor sat in front of me on the coffee table, letting out a sigh.

"What did that mean?" I asked him quietly.

"May her soul rest in peace." I gave a small nod, grateful for their words.

"She was an amazing woman. She may have hidden many things from you but she wanted you to live a normal and quiet life. And she did a good job raising you." I agreed with him.

She was an amazing woman and even more amazing as a mother, grateful for everything she had ever done for me.

"Were the two of you close?" I asked.

"If there was one woman I would happily take a bullet for, it would be her." Nestor said, making me smile with him.

"You look better now." I looked at him confused.

"I was at the funeral when I found out."

"You were? How?" I asked in shock. At the funeral, I wasn't really in the right state of mind and didn't care much about my surroundings, but one thing I did notice was the place filled with both my father's and Damiano's men.

"I have my ways." He explained and I didn't question it any further. My gaze landed on Mr. Vasiliev's back as he still continued to look out of the window.

"I don't understand... I remember him saying he cared about her but why would they try and kill each other?"

"They had a rather... complicated relationship. He's a stubborn man and she's an even more stubborn woman. They drove each other crazy all the time but still loved each other." Nestor explained and I just let all the information sink in, still in shock my mother had been in a relationship with Mr. Vasiliev.

Post Views: 11

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Last time I saw her, she tried to kill me." Mr. Vasiliev spoke, making me look at him but his back was still facing us.

"Then she disappeared. She loved to do that to me and she was good at it. Always going by different names to make sure I wouldn't be able to find her." He turned around and made his way back to the couch, pouring himself a drink before he talked again.

"Eventually, I stopped caring and left her alone to live

whatever life she wanted. A couple of years later, she

appeared in front of me again, making me now realize how she was able to always find me." He gave a look to Nestor who just shrugged him off.

“At some point, I found out she married Gaetano Volante. An Italian. That pissed me off. But I was more pissed at myself for letting her go and it resulted in her getting married.” He downed his drink with a somber look on his face.

Hearing this from him and remembering what my mother had said when Arianna and Cara were over for a sleepover, made my heart ache for both of them. My mother never truly loved my father. Maybe that was why she decided enough was enough and left with me.

“I think it’s safe to say she never stopped loving you. She wouldn’t have kept the picture and all those letters if she did.” I spoke softly to him. He looked at me, giving a small smirk at my words.

“She kept the letters?” I nodded and he shook his head a little in amusement. I had never imagined Mr. Vasiliev, a Russian Mafia Boss, would be so transparent with his feelings, especially to someone he didn’t know. He was visibly thinking

0.00%

11321

back to the time he and my mother were together, unlocking memories and feelings.

“Tell me what happened. How did she die?” His eyes went cold in a second and turned to look at Nestor, who was now sitting next to me on the couch. It didn’t look like Nestor knew what happened either and so I decided to tell what I could remember, intentionally leaving some parts out.

I wasn’t ready for that part yet.

Mr. Vasiliev’s expression only darkened with each word that came out of my mouth, his men mirroring his expression and I had to try my best not to cry while talking.

“... And you haven’t found those people yet?” He asked once I was done. I shook my head at him.

“Not to my knowledge.” I said. One of his men started to speak in Russian and Mr. Vasiliev listened to him while looking at me, nodding his head.

"I see." He simply said to him.

"You really shouldn't be here, Althaia."

"I know but I really wanted to see you and figure out why she wanted to meet you." I looked at Nestor.

"She didn't tell you why she wanted to see Mr. Vasiliev?"

"Alexei. Call me Alexei." I nodded at him and returned my gaze to Nestor.

"No, she didn't tell why and only said she needed to speak to him first." I let out a sigh at his answer. I guess that would

32.371

forever remain a mystery.

"Wait, how did know when the funeral was?"

"I didn't. She gave me her information to get her an invitation here. Once I found what name she went by, I found out where you lived and that boutique you were running. I wanted to check up on her but found the house empty, then checked the boutique to find it burned down. From that day, I checked the cemetery every day hoping to be wrong. That's when I found you." Nestor ran a hand down his face, looking distressed and sad about it.

"You should have told me." Alexei glared at Nestor, the angry look was back on his face.

"You would have gotten involved and you know we can't. She's not your business anymore."

"She will always be my damn business!" Alexei roared out, making me jump in my seat. He started to say something rapidly in Russian, making Nestor only nod at him. Whatever he said to him, didn't sound very good and it kind of felt like

Nestor was in trouble.

"Althaia, I have something I need to attend to and you're not safe here. I need you to go up to the 25th floor and to room 1509. You will be safe there." Alexei said to me, making me furrow my brows at him in confusion.

“Why?” I asked. But one sharp look from him let me know not to question him.

I put my wig back on and got out the extra colored contacts | had brought with me in case anything went wrong with the

ones I wore. Luckily, I had a small mirror with me in my clutch to check if everything was in place.

They walked me out to the elevator once I was ready, and I turned around to look at Alexei.

“Thank you for telling me about my mother. I feel like I know her more now.” I gave a small smile, truly grateful for it. Turned out my mother was more badass than I had thought.

“Take care of yourself and stay safe.” Alexei said and I bid them goodbye and got into the elevator.

What a night this had turned into, and I couldn’t help but chuckle a little to myself for being able to sneak away and pull this off. I felt like the Mafia.

Post Views: 9

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

“I’m the mafia... We do it like a mafia” I started to sing quietly to myself.

I reached the 25th floor and walked down the hall, searching for the room number. It now occurred to me Alexei didn’t give me any key card to the room or even told me how to get in. Was I supposed to just knock and someone would let me in? I was lost in my thoughts as I looked around.

“Hmph.” A sound came out of me just as I crashed into someone.

“Watch where you’re going.” My eyes immediately went up to his as I recognized his voice, but quickly looked down once I saw who it was.

What the hell was Gio doing here?

“Uh, sorry. Wrong floor.” I said quietly but he didn’t bother to spare me a glance. As I was about to turn around to walk away, I noticed that the door

next to him was room 1509. The door opened and my heart pounded like no tomorrow.

It was Damiano.

My breath halted at the sight of him, my body started to tingle and at the same time, my stomach churned in

nervousness. I walked towards the elevator as fast as I could.

Fuck.

Fuck!

Fuck!!

I repeatedly pressed the elevator button to open the damn

0.00%

doors but of course, it was taking its sweet time. I almost wanted to scream in frustration when I heard footsteps coming closer, and it was too late now to go for the exit stairs. The doors finally opened and I quickly stepped inside,

pressing a random button and the button for the doors to close faster.

That damn Russian set me up! He knew he was here!

The doors started to close and I let out a sigh of relief. The moment was short-lived when a hand appeared between the doors. I pressed myself into the corner, watching Damiano step inside with Giovanni and Luca. I tried to keep my gaze down as I panicked that he would recognize me but I had to remember that I was looking different and there was no way he would.

I tried to take a deep breath to calm down my heartbeat. It was beating so fast and I felt like they were able to hear it. None of them said anything and I peeked through my eyelashes, seeing they weren't looking my way.

Before I could stop myself, I slightly looked up to look at Damiano and the fluttery feeling hit me full force. He was so tall and looked so intimidating with his huge build, and his dress shirt hugging his muscles deliciously.

Fuck, he was looking really hot right now.

He suddenly looked straight at me, making me quickly look away and face the elevator doors. I tried to maintain a neutral facial expression but I felt his hot gaze on me. My throat went dry and my body felt hot, and this elevator ride felt like a fucking eternity. I could barely breathe with them so close to me and in fear of them realizing who I was.

24 54%

It finally came to a stop but none of them made a move to get out. I noticed they were going down to the ground floor and I took this as my opportunity to get away from them. I walked out, eager to get away before I got exposed, and felt relief when no one got out on this floor.

I heard the doors closing and I couldn't help myself but turn around just to catch another glimpse of him. My eyes met his as he was already looking at me but I didn't look away. He tilted his head slightly to the side as he continued to look at me before the doors closed and broke our eye contact.

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding and leaned on the wall for support, feeling my legs were about to give up on me. Placing a hand over my thumping heart, I rested the back of my head on the wall and closed my eyes.

I didn't know how long I had been waiting, but long enough to be sure I wouldn't bump into them again. It was time for me to get out of and back to the safe house. I quickly made my way out and towards where Chad was thankfully still parked.

"Thank you so much, Chad!" I quickly handed him the promised money. I grabbed whatever I could in hurry, giving him more than the double amount but I didn't care as I quickly got out and ran to the house in my dress and heels. I went to the window, jumped to get through, and fell inside with a loud thud in my clumsy hurry.

"Ow...." I winced as I landed painfully. I got up to my feet, letting out a breath of relief as I went to the living room.

"Damn, that was close..." I said to Kiara leaning down and

285 Vouchers

giving her a pet.

“Was it?” I quickly took out my gun when the light turned on, aiming it in the direction of the voice.

“Oh, fuck.” I said and quickly hid the gun behind my back.

“Oh, fuck indeed.” Damiano said in a low, dark tone.

I was in deep shit!

Post Views: 9

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

“Damiano...” I swallowed hard as I looked at him, feeling my heart rate going up once again.

“I... Uh...” My mind went completely blank when I tried to come up with some kind of excuse. But who was I kidding? I was completely in deep shit no matter what.

“Quiet.” He growled out and I clamped my mouth shut.

Damiano looked at me with his darkened eyes. I had seen that look on his face before when he was extremely pissed. And now it was aimed at me.

He slowly walked up to me, his eyes scanning my body before he met my eyes. I had to tilt my head up a little to be able to see his face when he stopped in front of me. My breath hitched in my throat at how close we were. He still had that effect on my body, making it flutter and tingle without even touching me, and his face was so close to mine that it almost felt unreal.

It also took everything in me not to turn around and make a run for it, not ready for what I was about to face.

I didn’t notice when he reached for the gun I was hiding behind my back before he ripped it out of my hands. Damiano looked at the gun, turning it over as he examined it.

“How did you get this?” His voice was laced with so much anger, making me gulp a little.

1.00

“I, uh, bought it?” I really didn’t want to say

it to me when he already was this angry. He placed the tip of the gun under my chin to make me look at him.

“Don’t lie to me. This belongs to me, so tell me who the fuck gave it to you?” I stayed quiet. He would only be even more furious.

“Fine. I will find out in a second. Go sit your ass down and take that shit off.” His eyes were cold as he looked at me. I

swallowed hard. I was not in any position to be saying anything and followed his orders as a good obedient child would.

Damiano’s eyes followed me as I sat down on the couch. At the same time, the door opened and Antonio, Giovanni, Luca, and Rafaelle walked in with Ava and Cecilia, who were still half-asleep and had to be carried by Luca and Rafaelle. They all gave me disapproving looks and I looked away, taking off my wig and contacts to hide my nervousness.

“What happened to them?” Damiano asked, looking at Ava’s and Cecilia’s drowsy state.

“We found them asleep.” Antonio reported.

“Didn’t I say to keep an eye on her at all times, and you fell asleep?” Damiano snapped at them. Cecilia looked at him and blinked a couple of times as she tried to focus.

“It just happened. We suddenly got tired after she left... Must have been the wine.” She mumbled and leaned into Luca.

“Did you drug us?” Ava asked, making all of them look at me.

Vooche

“You drugged my girlfriend?” Luca hissed at me. My eyes widen at his words. Cecilia was his girlfriend? That meant she was Damiano’s cousin, doubling the amount of shit I was already in.

“I wouldn’t call it drugged... I just crushed some sleeping pills and put them in the wine...” I awkwardly trailed off and squirmed in my seat. If Luca wasn’t

pissed at me before for staying in the safe-house, he was definitely now for, well, drugging his girlfriend with sleeping pills.

“Badass.” Ava half chuckled and rubbed her eyes.

“Take them away.” He ordered and Luca and Rafaelle carried them out. Even Rafaelle, who was usually playful and goofy, was quiet and looked at me with a pissed-off expression.

Damiano held up the gun, making Antonio look at it.

“I gave her the gun.”

“And why the fuck would you do that?”

“In case she needed it for extra protection.” He said calmly while Damiano glared at him with a murderous look.

“She barely knows how to use it, what if she hurt herself with it?”

“I’m not that stupid.” The words came out before I could stop them, making him whip his head to me so fast.

“Didn’t I tell you to stay quiet?” He growled out and I frowned.

“This is getting ridiculous.” I said quietly under my breath and crossed my arms, but he heard it.

47.16%

“Do you think this is a joke? What the fuck were you doing at the LuxePalace?!” I got startled when he raised his voice at me. He stepped closer and stared me down.

“I’m not going to talk to you if you’re just going to yell at me.” I got up to get away from him but he grabbed my arm to face him again.

“You’re going to tell me before I really lose my fucking shit.” His expression had my heart drop.

“Please, let go, you’re scaring me.” My voice came out in a whisper. He let go of me as if I burned him and stepped away. I didn’t want to feel this way, and I

knew he would never hurt me but the way he was talking to me, and looking at me, was not something he had ever done before.

Damiano let out a string of curse words as he ran a hand through his hair before turning around.

“Fuck!” He yelled and punched the wall. His fist went through before he left the house, slamming the door in the process.

I bit down on my lip as I looked anywhere but at Antonio and Giovanni, hating they were witnessing this. I looked in the direction of the door, contemplating whether I should follow him or not.

“Let him cool off, he’ll be back.” Antonio said. I nodded, swallowing the lump that formed in my throat. I knew I fucked up and I really hated how angry he was with me.

I sat back down on the couch, took my heels off, and waited for Damiano to come back. They didn’t say anything and just watched me while I was lost in my thoughts. There was no

reason for me to try and hide anything from him. I had no intention of doing it either, and I wondered if he would be more pissed when I told him.

If that was even possible.

Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

I didn’t know how long it was before the door opened again. stood up when Damiano walked in. I couldn’t tell if he had calmed down or not. His face was completely expressionless. Void of any emotions.

“Leave us.” He ordered them. Antonio looked at me and I gave

a nod, letting him know I would be okay. It didn’t go unnoticed by Damiano but he didn’t say anything.

We looked at each other, no one saying anything as his intense gaze was on me. I shifted around on my feet, feeling anxious. His emotions were masked, and I didn’t know what awaited me. Now I wished he would yell at me. That way I would at least know what went through his mind.

"Did I hurt you?" Damiano's deep voice broke the silence and looked at my arm where he had grabbed me.

"No." I said softly.

"I didn't mean to scare you." His brows furrowed a little.

"I know."

"Althaia..." A shiver rippled through my body when he said my name. I let out a breath and my heart beat faster.

"You're getting on a plane first thing tomorrow. You're leaving the states." He said. I felt my heart drop and my chest rose and fell in shock.

"W-what?" I managed to get out but he just looked at me calmly with a straight face I hated so much right now.

"You heard me. It's for the best." He simply said as I looked at him with wide eyes. He turned around to leave and my

thoughts went crazy.

Why did he want to send me away? Best for whom?

Me?

Him?

Was he sending me away because he couldn't bear having me around because of...?

"Is it because I lost the baby?" My voice was shaking, laced with sadness and fear. Fear that it was because of it, and fear that he would leave me for good.

"What?" Damiano faced me so fast.

"What did you say?" His eyes narrowed.

"I-I didn't mean to. I know it was my fault but I didn't... I didn't mean to lose our baby." My voice was cracking and my entire body was shaking. Tears were already streaming down my face before I could stop them. I bit down on my lip that so badly wanted to tremble.

"I didn't mean to lose our baby." I broke down crying, unable to hold it in anymore as my choked-up sobs escaped my lips.

"Althaia, baby, no." Damiano closed the distance between us. He embraced me tightly into his body as I sobbed into his chest.

"Look at me." He placed his hands on my cheeks, wiping away my tears as he looked at me firmly.

"Don't you dare blame yourself for what happened. It was not your fault, it isn't your fault, you hear me?"

"Then why do you want to send me away?" There was no end to my tears as I looked at him with a defeated look. He looked around my face before letting go of me. The feeling of loss hit me when he did so.

"For your own sake. Do you have any idea what kind of danger you put yourself in by showing up at that place? Alone?" Damiano went back to being angry and his eyes went cold.

"I know that! But I did it for a reason and you wouldn't let me go there if I told you."

"Damn right I wouldn't let you!" He roared out, making me look away from him.

"You have no idea what kind of people were in that place. They wouldn't hesitate to fucking kill you! And because of that, I need to send you away so you don't pull that kind of shit again. Don't you get that I want you to be safe? I want you to live a safe and quiet life away from here. Away from me because I can't give you that." Damiano looked pained by his own words. I frantically shook my head in panic.

"I don't want that! I want to be with you!" I cried out to him. He let out a dark chuckle as he looked at me.

"You're the one who wanted to get away from me, and I'm helping you to do so."

"I didn't mean it like that! I... I was scared you would blame me and despise me for losing the baby. I didn't know what else to do than to go away."

Everything got too much for me and I just needed some time for myself. But never did I want to leave

you.” I explained while I felt my heart was about to explode.

Damiano didn’t say anything as he continued to look at me, his eyes softening a little.

“I started to feel better and I wanted to go back to you. I never wanted to stay here for this long but I was told it was better to stay away. So I did. Because I know I hurt you and I just fell apart once again. Where was I supposed to go? I have nothing. For days I had been thinking I didn’t have a place I could call home anymore. And that was a load of bullshit. Because every time I thought that, I thought of you and it made me realize that home for me is with you.” I poured my feelings out to him as he continued to listen.

Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

“There was nothing more I wanted than to be with you and

start a family... I know I shouldn’t have left. I should have been there for you like you have always been for me. And I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!” I sobbed out to him, my heart aching as I finally let everything out to him but fearing this was the end of us.

“Fucking hell...” Damiano took me in his arms. I held him. tightly, not wanting him to go. Damiano sat on the couch with me on his lap and rubbed my back to calm me.

“Who told you to stay away?” He asked softly. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I knew this would only make him even more pissed.

“Arianna visited me a week and a half ago...” I said quietly and looked down at my lap.

“Why?”

“Because Michael was here.” I looked at him, seeing he was already looking at me with a frown. His hold on me slowly tightened.

“Did the two of you...?” He hissed and his jaw clenched. I looked at him, confused for a split second before my eyes widened.

“No! Nothing like that happened!” I quickly reassured him.

“He just wanted to check up on me and eventually I agreed. But I... Uh, went back to the house with him to grab some of my mom’s stuff.” I held my breath as I nervously bit down on my lip.

“You fucking what?!” Damiano furiously erupted.

0.00%

288 Vouchers

“You’re only just going to get angrier from here...” I mumbled. I might as well just rip it off like a band-aid.

I could feel him trying to contain his anger as he formed his hands into a fist, and looked at me like he was ready to send me away for good.

“I found something.” I went to the room I had jumped in through. I grabbed my clutch, seeing Damiano had followed me. I went to get the small treasure chest I had hidden before sitting back on the couch again.

I laid everything out on the coffee table. Damiano picked up one of the letters, his frown only deepening as he looked it over. I handed him the picture, scooting closer to him as he observed it. He turned it around, reading what was written on

“Your mom.” He simply said and I nodded. I pointed at the man in the picture.

“That’s Alexei Vasiliev.” He raised a brow as he looked at the picture. If he was surprised, he didn’t show it. I then handed him the note Nestor had sent to my mother.

“I went to the Luxe Palace, hoping I would find him to talk to him.” Damiano glared at me but I tried to ignore it as I continued to speak.

“When we were at the auction, we had a small chat. He said I reminded him of an old girlfriend and I remembered him calling her Solnishko. That’s how I recognized him...” I started to tell him everything I had learned about my mother and her relationship with Alexei, and he listened carefully.

"You should have told me about this." Damiano said.

"I know, but you would have left me completely out of it -"

"Damn right I would!" He interrupted me, making me let out a sigh of frustration.

"Let's be real for a second. You wouldn't have gotten that information if you went to talk to him about my mom. And to be honest, you would probably have tried to kill each other because he said Russians and Italians don't fuck with each other." I pointed out to him and he knew damn well I was right about it.

"Can't you hear how damn reckless you are? What if he decided to kill you after you were done talking?!" Damiano got up and paced the floor in anger.

"He had no intention of killing me." Until I revealed my identity to him, but I wasn't going to tell him that part. Damiano would start a war if he knew.

"Besides, he set me up by sending me up to the room you were staying in. He wanted you to expose me." I said with a scowl on my face, still feeling bitter about it.

"You didn't know that after he let you go! You had no idea what you were getting yourself into. You do whatever the hell you want without thinking of the possible danger you could have been in. And don't get me started on that fucking gun. Are you asking to get fucking killed?" I stayed quiet, letting him get his anger and frustrations out while he looked at me with a dark look on his face.

He was right and I had nothing to say to it.

know -"

"No, you fucking don't! I'm trying to keep you safe, Althaia. I'm doing everything I can to protect you because I don't want to watch you die." Damiano's breathing was heavy as he looked at me with a pained expression.

"I don't want to watch you die like I watched Sienna die."

Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Damiano

Althaia raised her brows in surprise and recognition of the name, making me wonder just how much she actually knew about Sienna. I sat down in front of her and rubbed my jaw in frustration while looking down at the floor.

“Sienna was your fiancée...” She stated, almost carefully. I nodded, my gaze returning to her.

“Who told you about her?” I’ve been trying to think of how she could have possibly gotten that information, but nothing came to my mind.

“Mr. Robert’s wife, Elena. She was surprised that you showed up with a date. She told me you showed up a few times with someone else, but she wasn’t too sure if you were engaged then made the assumption when she saw a ring on her finger.” Althaia explained, having me raise a brow.

Did she really know for this long?

“Why didn’t you ask me about her?” My eyes narrowed slightly. Althaia was a curious woman. Too curious for her own sake, and it surprised me she hadn’t asked me about Sienna the minute she learned about her.

“I just figured you would tell me whenever you felt ready to talk about it.” She shrugged her shoulders.

“I mean, it’s not like I’m eager to hear who you have been with.” The corner of my mouth twitched slightly upwards as I

0.00%

watched her scowl, and see her eyes get filled with jealousy. I liked it when she got jealous. It let me see that possessive side of her, and fuck, I loved to tease her with her jealousy.

“Now that I think of it, I don’t think you would have told me about her if I asked. That day when my mom came back early from her trip, she was talking about Sienna, right?”

“Yes.” I watched her as she looked at her lap, biting down on her lip. It was a nervous trait of hers.

“Do you... still care about her?” Althaia asked hesitantly. I knew why she asked that because of how I reacted that day.

“Not in the way you think.” I observed her as her brows furrowed ever so slightly before she looked at me.

“What does that mean?”

“Come here.” I held out my hand for her to take. She got up and placed her hand in mine. I grabbed her waist, pulling her down on my lap and holding her close. For three weeks I’ve been feeling a void inside of me because she wasn’t near me, and it almost felt unreal that I could hold her now.

Those green eyes that I loved so much looked at me, waiting for me to talk, and I knew it was time to tell her about that part of my life. I was over it, and there was no woman other than her that I wanted.

“I have been raised and trained to be able to take over for my father one day. I have been following him around as he taught me everything that I needed to learn. When I was eighteen, I partially took over but wasn’t fully assigned the title of a Boss yet- I worked my ass off to improve everything, meaning more money flowed in, expanding territories, and investing in businesses. My father stepped down when I was twenty when he saw the results I made, and how I made the family name get quite... a reputation.” I looked at her. She was listening to every word, her eyes sparkling in curiosity, making me smile a little.

Always so curious.

“I had formed alliances with a family that would benefit us, and to strengthen the ties between the families, my father suggested to me to marry their daughter. I was twenty-three at the time when I eventually agreed, and then we got engaged. It wasn’t out of love, it was arranged and I did it purely because of business purposes because that was all that mattered to me.” I continued.

“You kind of sound like a dick.”

"You think?" I raised a brow in amusement while she gave me a half-shrug, smiling.

"Just a little."

"I know, but it wasn't always like that. The more time I spent with her, the more I started to care about her, and at some point, I started to love her. We were three years into our engagement before she died in my arms." Althaia took a sharp intake of breath, looking at me in shock.

"It was a sniper attack. It happened too fast before I could even understand what was happening. There was nothing I could do as I held her in my arms, watching her take her last breath before she became lifeless. It fucked me up. It fucked me up so badly that I didn't care anymore, and killed my way until I found him." I stared off into the distance.

I could never forget that day as it haunted me for years. I still remember the feeling of her blood splattering on my face when she got shot in the neck. The way Sienna choked on her blood and I helplessly tried to stop the bleeding. She had looked at me in fear before her eyes turned blank and lifeless. I had shouted for her to wake up but she didn't, and I held her in my arms for hours before I got pulled away.

I didn't sleep. I couldn't as all I saw was her face and the sound of her choking on her blood.

Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

"But all of that is over now and I have made peace with it. A piece of me still cares about her, but not in the way you think. because I love you. I didn't love her the way I love you." I told her softly. She had no idea she was the one who made me a whole new man.

Althaia suddenly wrapped her arms around my neck. She hugged me tightly, taking me by surprise as she pulled me. out of my thoughts. I wrapped my arms around her too as I felt myself relax with her in my arms. Then felt something wet soaking through my shirt.

"Are you crying?" I tried to get her lean back to look at her, but she only tightened her hold on me and hid her face.

"No." Her voice cracked, letting me know she was crying.

"You stupid woman, why are you crying?" I couldn't help but chuckle at her reaction. This woman cared too much about

people, even the ones she didn't know. Her heart was too big, too pure, and too caring.

And she was my fire

With one glimpse of her, she had softened my stone-cold heart, melting the frozen parts with her warmth.

"I'm not stupid." She sniffed.

"I beg to differ."

"Shut up." She leaned back and wiped away the tears with a frown on her face.

"How am I not supposed to cry when you tell me that? It's just so... sad. It's horrible! Why would they do that?" I placed my

100%

hand on her cheek, lightly caressing her as I knew why she was reacting strongly about it.

She could relate.

And just like how it fucked me up, it fucked her up as well. Now, it made me realize that her wanting to get away was her way of healing, and not because she wanted to get away from me for good. It made me feel guilty for not understanding that.

"They wanted to break me and force me to step down. They were trying to break me through her, and making sure I wouldn't be able to get an heir anytime soon. Just like what they were trying to do with you."

"With me?"

"Someone has been keeping an eye on you and found out you were pregnant. That night when you got sick, it wasn't food poisoning. You were poisoned to

miscarriage.” I held her tightly, anger rushing through me. Althaia let out a gasp and looked at me with wide eyes, her hands going down to her stomach.

“Poisoned?” She whispered and swallowed hard at the information.

“With Arsenic. It gives the same symptoms as food poisoning. It would have shown when they took a blood test, but we believe it got swapped out so it wouldn’t get detected.” I explained. I still haven’t found out who could have done it at the hospital. We were too late, and all evidence had already been wiped out.

26.03%

“Oh...” She let out a shaky breath. I let out a sigh and placed my hand over hers on her stomach.

“Does that mean if...” She struggled to finish her sentence as she held onto my hand tightly.

“If it wasn’t because of that, there could have been a chance it wouldn’t have happened.” I said to her softly. Even though she had started to get better, her entire body was still weakened as it left her in a completely vulnerable state. When they got chased, it pushed her body to the edge and her body shut down in protection but unable to hold onto the

pregnancy.

“So don’t you ever dare blame yourself for what happened.” I spoke to her firmly. It pained me that she had gone all this time blaming herself for the miscarriage when it was entirely out of her hands. That attack was aimed at me, and once again, the fucking story was repeating itself. Just with Althaia.

Althaia’s hold tightened on my hand as she looked down at her lap with a frown on her face, deep in her thoughts.

“Tell me, what are you thinking about?”

“How I want to kill them all.” She looked at me, her eyes burning with fire and determination.

"I want to watch them all die. For everything they have done." She said it with no hesitation, her voice firm and clear as anger continued to burn within her. I was seeing a different side of her. Althaia had the eyes of innocence, a face of an angel, and a personality that shined bright. But right now, it was as if the fire inside of her got unleashed and ready to burn them all to ashes. And I recognized that look on her face.

She was thirsty.

Thirsty for revenge.

I moved her to straddle me as I looked into her still fiery green eyes. My hand went to the back of her neck as I pulled her face closer to me.

"Ask me to destroy the whole world for you, and I will. If you want me to put their heads on a fucking flagpole, I will. Whatever you want, I will do it for you." I promised her.

I pulled her closer to me, the other hand traveling up on her thigh, our faces so close to each other with our lips almost touching. Her breath quickened, and her lips slightly parted as she licked her lips, making me look down at them. It was taking everything in me not to capture her lips with mine, and my heartbeat was going faster just at the thought of it.

"You sound insane." Althaia breathed out, her voice soft as she gave me a small smirk at her words.

"You make me insane."

Chapter 150

Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

"Are you blaming me for your psychosis?" Her tone was low. She placed her hands on my cheeks, slowly caressing them as she gave me a look I recognized too well,

"You are my psychosis." I smirked, making her smile at my words.

She was mine. And there was no way I would be able to send her away. I wouldn't be able to stay away from her, even if it meant she would be safer away from me. But fuck, the thought of her being with another man made my blood boil So much that my hand tightened on her thigh.

"You belong to me. No man can ever have you." I told her. The thought of it already made me furious. I wouldn't allow it.

"And I won't hesitate to kill a bitch as you belong to me."

"Damn right I fucking do." I growled out and crashed my lips on hers.

I held the back of her neck firmly as I pulled her into me. I was hungry for her soft lips and the taste of her tongue. I have missed her. I have missed this, and I knew she missed me just as much with the way she was responding to me.

She pushed her lower body right into my already hard length, slowly grinding against me as her hands went down to my chest.

She pulled slightly away, catching her breath as she looked at

"I hope this wasn't too expensive." She said and ripped my dress shirt open, and the buttons went flying. Althaia looked

satisfied with her work and her hands ran down my bare chest, making me slightly shiver under her touch.

"I wouldn't know." My hands trailed up to the straps of the dress, pulling them down and exposing her full breasts.

"Such a show-off..." She moaned when I pinched her already hard nipple, and kissed her hungrily again. My hand found its way under her dress and pulled her underwear to the side, feeling how wet she already was as I pushed my fingers inside. her warm entrance.

I groaned against her lips at the feeling, playing around with her clit, loving the sounds she was making.

"Althaia, I need you. Now." I grabbed her ass and got up with her legs around me as I went to the bedroom. I was hard and it was starting to get too painful. Fuck, I needed that release so badly.

I lay her down on the bed and ripped her dress down and looked at her body. Her beautiful, naked body, lying there for me to admire and for me to take. I had to take a second just to look at her before I undressed the rest of my clothing. Her eyes drank me in as I did, making me smirk as she bit down on her lip with that sexy smile I loved.

I hovered over her, kissing and biting her lips. I wrapped her legs around me, my length ready to be buried inside of her. I couldn't wait anymore. I was too impatient and slammed myself into her, making her cry out as she held onto me tightly. I groaned at the feeling. She was so warm, so wet, and so tight. It made me crazy that I slammed myself inside of her again, but stilled when she winced and squeezed her eyes shut.

Vouchers

"Fuck, does it hurt?" I panted out, barely able to restrain myself.

"Just a little, it's been a while." She opened her eyes, smiling a little.

"I will try to go slow." I moved slowly inside of her, letting her adjust to me and I slowly felt her relax, and soon moaned in pleasure. I grunted as her nails scraped down my back, making me shudder and pick up my pace, going faster inside of her only to see her struggling to keep her eyes open.

"Good?" I grunted.

"God, yes!" Her voice was lost to pleasure, hearing her breathing quicken into moans. It felt as if a beast got unleashed inside of me at her voice, and I went faster, deeper. I kept pounding inside of her to keep hearing her voice. I took her breast in my mouth, my tongue gliding over her nipple as I couldn't have enough of her.

"Damiano..." She moaned out, making me grunt as I felt her clenching around me. She was close.

"Fuck, keep saying my name, baby." I leaned back, grabbed her hips, and furiously pounded inside of her, watching her perfect breasts bounce as she moaned out my name. Again and again, leading me closer to my release

"Oh, fuck!" She cried out, arching her back and her legs trembled as I felt her clench around me.

~ :

“Althaia!” I called out her name with a grunt, pulling out and released on her stomach. Our heavy breathing filled the room, and I leaned over her, giving her a slow, passionate kiss.

“Don’t leave me again.” I looked into her green eyes that

shined so brightly right now as she looked at me. She wrapped her arms around my neck, looking at me softly.

“Never.”

Post Views: 8