

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 161 – 170

“Reminds me, I don’t think I ever got to congratulate you to be a father soon.” I muttered, embarrassed that I had known for a while and I didn’t even congratulate him.

“Don’t worry about it, you had other things on your mind.” Antonio gave my head a light pat, making me smile.

“Do you know if it’s a boy or a girl?”

“It’s a girl.” His blue eyes twinkled in happiness at the mention of their baby girl, and my heart warmed in pure joy for him and his wife.

“That’s amazing! I’m so happy for you!” I beamed out and surprised him with a sudden hug.

“You’re going to do so well.” I told him.

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“You think so?” He chuckled and embraced me back.

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“I know you will.” I had no doubts he would be an amazing father. The way he had shown he cared about me, despite not knowing me for that long, was one of the things I knew he would do more than just fine.

“Thank you, Althaia. Well, I better get going before Damiano rips my arms off for hugging you.” I stepped away, only to see Damiano’s disapproving face as he walked up to us. I rolled my eyes and shared a look with Antonio before he bid us goodnight, ignoring Damiano’s glare.

“Didn’t I tell you not to let other men touch you?” Damiano scowled.

“They work for you. They also happen to be your friends, and well, friends of mine now.” I crossed my arms, trying not to smile as I

wanted to have a little fun with this.

“I don’t like it.”

“And what are you going to do about it? Punish me?” I retorted, tilting my head to the side. His eyes darkened as he stepped closer to me, and my heart started to accelerate just a little bit at the way he was looking at me.

“If it wasn’t because you’re tired, I would have fucked you so hard until your voice went hoarse, and you wouldn’t be able to walk straight.” I let out a breath at the visible lust in his eyes. He gave me a smirk when he noticed I slightly squeezed my thighs together.

“I don’t feel tired anymore.” My voice was a mere whisper, almost out of breath.

“Let me take you to bed then.” Damiano offered me his hand. Too excited with a burning desire, I grabbed his hand and practically dragged him behind me as we made our way to the bedroom. I was almost running, eager to get there fast while he was still walking, his long strides catching up easily.

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I pushed him down onto the bed, and he looked at me with his amused eyes as I straddled him. I felt like a starved person and I was hungry for him. I pressed my lips to him as his hands wandered from my waist and down to grab my ass, making me let out a surprised moan at the sharp slap on my ass. I was throbbing, and I could feel his excitement underneath me that was eager to be set free.

I leaned back to catch my breath and grabbed his shirt to get it off. I took my time admiring him lying under me, feeling his impressive, muscular body. I smiled just as I felt him slightly shiver at my touch, loving the effect I had on him.

Damiano sat up with me still on his lap, grabbed the hem of my shirt, and pulled it over my head, exposing my naked breasts to him. He wasted no time and dipped to my breasts, making me moan at the feeling of his tongue

swirling around my nipple. His hand found its way inside my underwear, rubbing me and teasing

“So wet...” He whispered as he kissed my neck, exploring my skin with his lips. I rocked against his fingers, desperate to have them inside of me.

Before I could say anything in frustration, he pushed his fingers without warning, making me let out a surprised moan. Damiano kept rubbing my clit with his thumb while his fingers were going in and out of me. I rested my head against him, closing my eyes and enjoying the way his fingers were pleasuring me. I moved along, riding his fingers and getting me closer to my climax in no time

His lips found mine, catching the soft moans that were escaping me as he continued to rub my clit, making me clench around him.

“Ah.. Damiano... Keep going.” I moaned against his lips when I felt it coming. The tension was building increasingly in the pit of my stomach.

“Come for me, baby.” Damiano moved his fingers faster inside of me. I held onto him tightly when I felt his fingers curl inside of me.

“Oh, fuck... I’m coming-” He roughly sealed his lips to mine,

swallowing down my soft cries and moans as I rode out my climax on his fingers.

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Althaia

“Damiano?”

“Sì, amore mio?” I felt myself smiling, loving it when he spoke Italian to me. My head was resting on his chest while he played with my hair.

“Their families... Are you going to hurt them?” I looked up at him, seeing his eyes were closed before opening them to look at me.

“No. As shocking as it might sound, I don’t hurt innocent people.”

“That makes me feel better.” I felt relieved that he wouldn’t hurt them. I felt uneasy about their families would have to pay for something they didn’t do.

“I shouldn’t have let you go there.” He sighed, frowning a little.

“Why not? I didn’t do a good job?” I popped on my elbow for support.

“You did well.” Damiano caressed my cheek, looking around my face.

“I’m worried I’m fucking you up with this.” I knew he was always worried about what I would think of him once I had seen what he was truly capable of. The very dark side of him. And now, I knew he was worried about me being involved in this.

I moved to lie on top of him, his arms immediately wrapped around

“You are fucking me...” I whispered to him, looking at him teasingly as my hand traveled down his body.

“With this.” I grabbed his length, giving a sly grin when he smirked at me.

“That, I am.” I let out a yelp when I felt a sharp slap on my ass.

“And there is nothing more I love to do than to fuck you senseless.” His hands roamed around my body and I felt him getting excited in my hand.

“You do a great job.” I winked at him and his chest vibrated as he let out a chuckle.

“Let me take care of you...” I started to move down but he stopped

“No, it’s okay.”

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“I don’t want you to do that.” Damiano shook his head.

“I don’t mind, you know.” I said. It wasn’t like I hadn’t noticed he wouldn’t let me go down on him the other times, and before I could even ask him why, he would distract me with something else and I would forget about it.

“I don’t... care for it.” He replied.

“Huh...” I looked at him in surprise.

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard a man not liking it.”

“I have my reasons.” He tried to dismiss me and get me to lie on top of him again, but I stopped him and squinted my eyes at him.

“And what are those reasons?”

“Baby, I’m not going to tell you with your jealous ass and with my dick in your hand. I’m afraid you might just bite my dick off if I do.” I looked at him for a while, and then I tried to suppress a laugh

when it hit me.

“Let me guess, you had a bad blow-job experience?”

“Big time.” He scowled, slightly shuddering as he remembered back to it, and I couldn’t help but laugh at his reaction.

“That bad?” I continued to laugh but he didn’t find it funny.

“You have no fucking idea. I tried it once and I got traumatized for life.”

“I want to know.” It had me curious how one blow-job could be so bad that he never tried it again.

“You really want to know?” He raised a brow at me.

“Yup!”

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“You are one weird woman... Fine, but first.” I laughed when he removed my hand from his length.

“It was a long time ago, around my teenage years. I hooked up with some girl and she wanted to go down on me. She did and I have no fucking idea what the fuck she was doing down there. She was pulling so hard and using her teeth, and all I felt was pain. It felt like I was about to get castrated. I was so desperate to get away from her that I faked a phone call and ran away. That was my first and last time. I wasn't horny for weeks after that.” Damiano had a grim expression when he finished, and I wanted to feel sorry for him. But instead, I burst out in laughter.

“I'm glad I can humor you with my sufferings.” Damiano shook his head at me but still had a small smile.

“I'm sorry, it's just not what I had expected to hear. You're telling me that something that happened around fifteen years ago made you never want to do it again?”

“Yes. I didn't give it much thought after that. I get by without it just fine.” I rolled my eyes at his cheeky wink.

“What if I can change your mind? I happen to be very skilled with my tongue.” I said lowly as I leaned closer to him, running my tongue across his lip. He made a grunt when I took a hold of his length again, slowly stroking him.

“Just relax.” I made my way down, kissing his chest and the ripples of his abs in the process, and this time, he didn’t stop me.

I continued to move my hand up and down in slow strokes, and it was as if his length thickened in my hold. I leaned forward and slowly trailed the tip of my tongue along his length, making him groan at the feeling. I looked at him as I teased him, seeing him closing his eyes. His reaction had me keep going, swirling my tongue around the tip before wrapping my mouth around him.

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“Fuck, that’s good.” He groaned out, his hands fisted into my hair, encouraging me to keep exploring. I took in as much as I could but he was too big for me to fit all of him and had to use my hand for the rest of his length.

I quickly found out where it gave him the most pleasure and focused on those sensations, my tongue exploring every inch of him. With the sounds Damiano was making, I knew he was

enjoying it and even started to thrust into my mouth with his hands still fisted into my hair.

I moaned lightly, making him move his hips upwards as I kept swirling my tongue around, keeping a consistent pace and changing the pressure a little in my hand.

“Fuck yeah, baby. I’m close.” He growled, making me go just a little faster as he continued to thrust into my mouth. It didn’t take long before he let out a grunt, his hands tightening in my hair before emptying every drop in my mouth. I licked my lips and looked up at him with a grin, seeing his eyes were barely open and his breathing heavy.

“So, how was it?”

“I didn’t think it was possible, but I just fell even more in love with you.” He pulled me up next to him, and I let out a small chuckle when he could barely keep his eyes open, making me feel satisfied that I had left him in a daze.

I rubbed my eyes as I slowly woke up, groaning a little at how sore my body was. If I had to describe what kind of man Damiano was, it was how he

definitely was a man of his word, and I had to get used to the way he was rough with me again.

I got surprised to see Damiano was still sleeping next to me considering it was almost lunchtime. He wasn't the type of man that would sleep in at all and would always wake up early to work out. I guess this time I was the one who had tired him out.

I carefully slipped out of the bed to not disturb him and made my way to the bathroom. I took a much-needed hot shower and got dressed in a pair of jeans and a black turtleneck as Damiano had once again given me hickeys. He was still asleep when I was done and I let him be as I headed to the kitchen. I was starving and fantasized about a toasted bagel with cream cheese.

"Well, good morning to you." Cara chuckled when I appeared in the dining room where most of the group was present, eating lunch.

"Yeah, yeah, morning." I dismissed her quickly and took a seat, not wasting time before I grabbed a bagel and poured myself a cup of coffee.

"Someone woke up hungry." Ava gave a teasing smile, but I was too hungry to care about their comments and just focused on eating.

"I had a long night." I shrugged.

"Has anyone seen Damiano? I need to talk to him." Arianna walked in with a frown and let out an annoyed huff when everyone said no. I didn't say anything and sipped my coffee. I pretended I didn't notice they were all looking at me, waiting for me to tell them if I knew where Damiano was.

"Do you know where he is? He's not answering his phone." Arianna directed her question to me, but I just took a bite of my very delicious bagel with cream cheese.

"Althaia?" She tried to get my attention and I just took another bite, pretending not to hear her.

"Okay, fine!" Arianna huffed and took a seat across from me, making me look at her.

“I’m sorry, okay? I overstepped and said stuff I shouldn’t have. I’m a nosy bitch, and I stick my nose in people’s business because I get defensive, but it doesn’t excuse that I was a bitch to you. I’m sorry!” She said, almost desperately. I didn’t say anything and popped the remainder of my bagel into my mouth, taking my time chewing as I looked at her. She squinted her eyes at me when I took a long sip of my coffee.

“You were a bitch.”

“I know.”

“Did you mean any of it?”

“No. I was mad and talked nonsense.”

“Are you going to mingle in our business again?”

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“No. Trust me, I’ve learned it the hard way.” She sighed. I eyed her reaction to every answer she gave me to see if she was truly being sincere about it.

“Then apology is accepted. Bitch.” I smirked behind my mug of coffee, and she rolled her eyes at me but smiled anyway.

“Wohoo, there you go! Finally friends again.” Rafaelle erupted, and I was suddenly aware of how they had all been quiet and watched our conversation.

“Can you now tell me where Damiano is? He’s been sending me away on crappy jobs as punishment for the shit I said to you, and I just can’t do it anymore.” She whined out childishly.

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“He’s asleep.” I said and they all went quiet again and looked at me in confusion.

“Damiano’s asleep?” Lorenzo checked his watch in surprise. I guess it was really unlikely for him to sleep in.

“Oh, so that’s what you meant by a long night.” Ava chuckled and I gave her a blank stare.

“Shut up.”

“There’s my man! Look how happy and well-rested he is!” Rafaelle wiggled his brows. I turned around to see Damiano approaching me, and I drooled a little at how sexy he was in his fitted dress shirt and slacks with his muscles flexing as he moved.

He placed a kiss on my cheek before he took a seat at the end of the table, next to me.

“When did you get up?” Damiano asked ignoring everyone else and poured himself a cup of coffee.

“An hour or so, I thought I would let you sleep.” I smiled. I could see how well-rested he was, and that gave me another ego boost knowing I was the reason.

“Good, because he’s a dick when he doesn’t sleep.” Lorenzo commented.

“If you can’t handle the heat, you know where to fuck off to.” Damiano retorted, unbothered as he ate.

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“I can’t do this again. I’m not staying for another round of them taking a hit on each other’s pride. Let’s go, Lorenzo, we got stuff to do.” Cara got up from her

seat and tried to drag Lorenzo up with her, but obviously failed as he was much bigger than her. Lorenzo clicked his tongue at Damiano for giving him a taunting smirk before he followed Cara.

“Urgh, what am I supposed to do if everyone got plans? Cecilia is still all glued up on Luca.” Ava groaned and slumped in her seat.

“I can think of something we can do.” Rafaele gave her a cheeky smile, and let out a small sigh at him trying to flirt with her.

“You don’t have any plans? Cool, let’s go then.” He looked stunned by her answer and it looked like he didn’t know what to say next.

“Wait, you’re serious?”

“Yeah? Come on, you’re so slow!” She grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the chair.

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“There’s this farmer’s market I’ve been wanting to check out with Cecilia, but she’s too busy sucking Luca’s dick...” Ava continued to talk as they made their way out, making me chuckle. It was not what he expected.

“Damiano, we need to talk. I’m not doing those crappy jobs anymore, I’m done!” Arianna said desperately to him. He barely glanced in her way and leaned back in his seat, and looked at me.

“Did she apologize to you?”

“She did.” I nodded.

“Are you content with it?”

“I am. It’s all forgotten now.” I reassured him and he gave a small

nod before looking at Arianna.

“I’ve learned my lesson, okay? I’m never going to interfere with anything that has to do with your precious love.”

“Good, because if you do I’m sending you back to Italy and you can live with Nonna.” He was serious and Arianna looked a little scared

about it.

“Yeah, no thank you. Trust me, I’m all out of your business.” She put her hands up in surrender and quickly left the room, leaving us alone.

“You have a scary grandmother?”

“Not really. She’s just a very traditional and religious woman. Why are you not eating?” He frowned at my empty plate.

“I ate just before you got here.”

“Eat more.” He grabbed some more food and placed it on my plate. I shook my head at him but still ate with him.

“So how traditional and religious are we talking about?” I was curious about his family, and I definitely would want to be prepared if I ever got to meet his grandmother.

“She saw my tattoos and said I was going to hell.” He said casually and I choked on my food when I laughed.

“I almost gave her a heart attack the last time I was in Italy, and saw I had gotten more tattoos.” Damiano smiled as he talked about her.

“She sounds fun.” I chuckled as I could just imagine how dramatic his grandmother could be.

“When was the last time you went to Italy?”

“It’s been a while. The last time I was there was when you and Cara got here.”

“Oh, the day after you freaking marked my body and disappeared for a week?” I suddenly remembered. He smiled, looking proud that he had covered me in hickeys that day.

“Yes, to let other men know you were taken.”

“What men? You had the whole place in lockdown anyway.”

“To let my men know to fuck off when they saw you.” Damiano gave a smug smile. I rolled my eyes at him.

“What did you do in Italy?” It was such an odd time to be going away for a small vacation if that was what he did.

“It was Sienna’s death anniversary.” He said after a while.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry like that.”

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“It’s fine.” His expression softened as he looked at me. He reached for my chair and scooted it closer to him to make me sit right next to him.

“I visit her grave every year on her death anniversary, and her family too to show my condolences. I decided I needed to return the things I still had of her and her pictures, so I did. They

connected the dots and didn’t ask me why I returned her things.” He finished as he caressed my hair.

“Because of me...?”

“Because of you. You had me intrigued at the engagement party, and then you captured me at the dinner party, having me forget

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about her after a long time. I got rid of her things because I wanted a new start. With you.” Damiano spoke softly, his hand now on my cheek. The intensity of his golden-brown eyes on me had me slightly blushing.

He leaned into me, his lips were incredibly close to mine.

“And the way you sucked the life of me let me know I have the right woman by my side.”

“Damiano!” I exclaimed and smacked his arm, but he only laughed more at my flushed cheeks.

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Althaia

I had planned on visiting my father today since everyone had plans today, and Damiano was in his office, working. I didn't want to disturb him so I killed time by playing with Kiara for a long while until I decided it was time to go.

I knocked lightly on his office door in case he was on an important phone call.

“Come in.” I opened the door and poked my head in to see if he was too busy. He hadn't looked up yet and was still looking at

some papers.

“Hi.” His eyes immediately went to mine as soon as he heard my voice.

“You don't need to knock, you can come in whenever you want.” He had some papers in his hand but put them down, and gestured for me to go over to him.

“I didn't want to disturb you.” I walked around his desk, and he took a hold of my waist and placed me on his lap.

“You will never be a disturbance to me. Next time, just walk in.”

“I will try to remember that.” I placed a small kiss on his lips, making him smile at my action.

“Doing anything interesting?” I looked at the papers on his desk and once again saw lists of endless numbers.

“No, just paying bills.” He said, and my eyes widened at the numbers.

“How are you not broke?”

“Why would I be broke when I make much more than that? I would be one hell of a lousy Don then.” Damiano was amused by my reaction when I almost dropped my jaw at his response.

“Damn, maybe I should ask you how rich are you instead.” I chuckled but was truly starstruck. I kind of had an insight into how rich he was when he spent fifty million dollars on me without blinking an eye. But this was taking it to another whole new level of money talk.

“I have enough to take care of you, our children, our grandchildren. Hell, even our great-grandchildren, and still live very comfortably.” Damiano explained with pride.

“That’s.. a lot of money.” I gave a nod in, impressed.

“Not too shabby of a career path. I should form my own gang and make a shit ton of money.”

“Really?” His voice let me know he was trying not to laugh at me.

“Yes, I would be really good at it.” I said cockily, holding my head high and he just scoffed.

“You won’t even last ten minutes before getting your ass shot.” He raised a brow at me and I crossed my arms, looking at him

offended.

“I would definitely last longer than ten minutes! I will just rule over a few streets and keep it low-key. Who would shoot me for that?” I questioned.

“Me. And you wouldn’t even see it coming.” He leaned back in his

seat and smirked at me. I did a dramatic gasp and put my hand to my chest as I looked at him with an exaggerated shocked face.

“Why would shoot me? I thought we were homies!”

“Don’t take it personally, my love, it’s all business. You would be walking around in my territories, trying to take my money...” He leaned in closer to my face as he spoke in a low voice.

“No one takes what’s mine. You will have to kill me first.”

“Oh, really?” I placed my hands on his chest, giving him an innocent smile. Damiano didn’t say anything as he looked deep into my eyes, having my breath quicken a little at the intensity of his golden-brown eyes.

I bit down on my lip, his eyes immediately going down to look. I took it as my cue and quickly reached down to his waistband where I knew he had his gun.

One moment I was on his lap, and the next he had me bent over on his desk with my arms behind my back. I blinked a few times, trying to understand how in the world he had moved this fast. Then I heard a tsking sound behind me.

“Many have tried to kill me and have failed... What makes you think you would be any different?” Damiano was pressed up against my back, whispering in my ear. There was something so exhilarating. about this position, which had me grinning.

“Thought I would give it a shot, you know. See if I could take down the big, bad Don Damiano Bellavia.” I tried to wiggle out, but he had me in a pretty strong hold and pressed me down on the desk.

“I have to admire your courage.” He chuckled, feeling his chest. vibrating against my back.

“Under normal circumstances, you would have been shot before

you would have time to even blink... However, it would have been a waste since you look quite fuckable right now like this.” I felt his hand going down my spine, having me shiver in response to his touch as it went down, and stopped right between my legs. I let out a breath as he started to rub me outside my jeans, my heart beating faster as a pool of heat went down, and my body tingled the more he touched me.

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“Well then, since you’ve got me all hot and bothered like this, are you going to fuck me?” I asked. He stopped rubbing me, placed his hand on my hip, and

now pressed his length against my ass, teasing me as he continued to rub against me and having me wiggle under him, eager to feel more.

“Want me to fuck you bent over my desk like this?”

“Yes.” My answer got out embarrassingly fast. He unbuttoned my jeans, sliding down my jeans just below my ass. I was excited, wanting to feel him already..

Then he spanked me. Fucking hard.

I made a sound of surprise, not expecting it.

“If only you hadn’t reached for my gun, I would have. Such a pity.” His voice was taunting as he rubbed me where he spanked me. I could imagine what kind of dark look was on his face right now as he watched me under his mercy.

“You suck.” I huffed out, annoyed.

“No. You suck, I eat.” Damiano pulled up my jeans as he let out a laugh. I rolled my eyes as I turned around to face him when he let go, noticing just how the color of his eyes had turned a shade slightly darker.

“And here I thought you would do anything for me.” I gave a slight pout, watching him sit back down in his desk chair.

“I will, but go for my gun and there will be consequences. Don’t try to pull that shit on me again, and there won’t be problems. Understood?” His voice was serious but still had a playful smirk on his lip.

“Yes, Sir!” I straightened up and did a salute, having him shake his head at me in amusement.

“Now that you’re here, I have something for you.” He got up and took my hand in his as he led us across the office. I looked at him confused as to why we were standing in front of the wall like this but quickly clamped my mouth shut when I saw him put his hand on the wall, and a square shape opened up.

“Whoa...” I breathed out.

“So that’s how rich you are.” I nodded in fascination. There was a transparent sensor on the wall, only allowing Damiano’s hand shape and fingerprints to open up this secret safe inside the wall.

He opened the safe, and it was deep and half of it was filled with stacks of cash. He pulled out a large envelope when something in there caught my eye.

“Wait.” I reached into the safe and grabbed them.

“I couldn’t get myself to get rid of them.” Damiano said as I looked at the red baby shoes and the ultrasound picture. My heart squeezed a bit painfully at the sight of it all, but still smiled, grateful that he saved them.

“Thank you for keeping them.” I looked at him, giving him a soft smile. He kissed the top of my head as I looked at the picture, and the shoes in my hands before putting them safely inside again.

I just hoped one day we would be lucky again.

“Is that the Tiffany Yellow Diamond?!” I let out a small gasp of happiness as I recognized the jewelry box.

“Yes, it was still in your room when we cleaned your house.”

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“Thank God! I thought I had lost it. Keep it in there, I don’t want to be responsible for losing fifty million dollars.” I said relieved. He nodded and closed the safe before we went back to his desk. He gave me the envelope and I opened it, seeing it contained some papers. I pulled them out, my brows raised as I read what it was about.

“You fixed the insurance for the boutique?”

“I did.” I could have asked him how he was able to do it but knew he had his ways.

“Thank you but, uh, the numbers are a bit off, don’t you think?” I showed him the document and his brows furrowed as he looked at

“Why are they off?”

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“You’re kidding me, right? I’m pretty sure the boutique is nowhere worth this much!” I gaped at him. Even though it was my mother who stood for the finances, there was still no way the boutique was worth this much.

“And I know you made sure I got a nice settlement for it, but even this is too much... Did you write a check?” I eyed him suspiciously.

“I didn’t write a check. Keep looking.” He gestured to the

documents in my hands. I started to read how they had concluded the amount of insurance money.

“The monthly revenue doesn’t make sense...” I mumbled as I frowned while reading.

“I know the boutique did well but I definitely know we never made this much.” I looked at him confused.

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“You’re right, it doesn’t make sense. I did make sure you got a nice settlement so you wouldn’t have to worry about it. The numbers are off because your mother used the boutique for laundering money.”

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...What?” I shook my head a little, trying to figure out if I had heard him right.

“Your mother was laundering money, and I believe it’s linked to whoever was after her. I know they are the same ones who burned down the boutique to get rid of any evidence.” He explained and I let out a sigh, rubbing my forehead. I was feeling a little

overwhelmed with the new information I keep discovering about my mother.

“Althaia.” Damiano made me look at him as he pulled me in when I had been quiet for a while.

“I’m okay. It’s just... I feel like I don’t even know her.” I said sadly and rested my head on his chest while he rubbed my back in comfort.

“I know, baby. She probably had a good reason and did whatever she could to keep you safe.”

“And there is still nothing new that can help us in this damn mess?” I asked frustrated. I just wanted to get to the bottom of this.

“Nothing yet, but don’t worry about it for now. I will tell you if there is anything useful.”

“Thank you. Well, I should get going now before it gets too late... Are you driving me to my dad’s house?”

“Gio and Luca will take you there, they are waiting for you. I have something I need to prepare but I will come and get you.”

“Oh, shit, they have been waiting for me all this time?” He nodded and I made a face, knowing Giovanni would have something to say. about keeping him waiting.

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Damiano walked me out and sure enough, Giovanni and Luca were standing by the car, waiting for me. But they were not alone. Two more cars were present and a few more of his men were there too. He was making sure I had extra protection if he wasn't with me.

“Please, do take your time. It's not like we have been waiting for you to come out.” Giovanni scowled at me.

“It's bad enough that I have to babysit your annoying ass once again.” He continued to complain.

“Drop the act, Gio, I know you like me.” I grinned at him, and he looked at me with his poker face.

“I really don't.”

“Yes, you do! Your secret has been revealed to me. You care about me.” I continued to tease him, making him frown at me.

“I don't know who has filled your stupid head with nonsense, but I don't.”

“You care about me.”

“No.”

“Come, gimme a hug.” I smiled big and I opened my arms wide to hug him. He put a finger to my forehead and stopped me from coming closer to him.

“I don't get paid enough for this.” I scoffed at him as he slightly pushed me away with his finger, and got inside the car.

“You shouldn't have done that, Gio! Have you forgotten how great my singing voice is? I'm going to give you one hell of a concert

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now!" I tried not to laugh when he opened the car door again, got out, and made his way to another car.

"Dario. You go with them, I will take this car."

"Oh no! Don't think you can escape me now!" I ran towards him full force and jumped on his back, making him stumble a little in surprise.

"What the fuck are you doing?! Get down!" He turned his head to look at me when I wrapped my legs and arms around him to make sure I stayed on his back.

"Not before you admit you actually care about me!" I tightened my hold on him when he tried to get me off him, but he was careful with how rough he was being as Damiano watched him like a hawk.

"Over my fucking dead body." He huffed out annoyed.

"Wrong answer!" I started to painfully pinch his cheek, laughing as he let out a frustrated sound.

"Fine! Just get down before I flick you away like the little gnome you are." Giovanni said. I jumped down from his back, putting my hands on my hips, and gave him a sweet smile while he scowled.

"So?" I said impatiently when he took his sweet time.

"You are... tolerable." My smile got wiped out at his answer.

"This is the best you will get out of me. Now, get in the car and let's go, I don't have time for this." He said quickly before I could say anything and he got inside the car.

"Mean." I called after him but he ignored me.

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as he got inside the

car.

“Torturing my men once again?” Damiano wrapped his arms around me.

“I wouldn’t call it torture per se. More like a blessing.” I laughed at my joke.

“I agree. You are a blessing.” He leaned down and kissed me softly.

“I will come and get you later.”

“You’re not going to tell me to behave?” I raised a brow at him and he shook his head.

“No, because then you will do the opposite. However…” Damiano suddenly spoke in a low tone, only for me to hear.

“If you don’t do anything stupid, I promise to fuck you nice and good later.” He gave me a wink. I felt my face getting warm and excitement building in the pit of my stomach.

“Deal.”

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Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Back

Althaia

288 Vouchers

We drove into the familiar driveway. My father’s mansion that I haven’t stepped foot in for so long. The memories I had of both of my parents in this house were crashing into my mind. I only have one parent now.

“Hey, you okay?” Luca’s voice brought me out of my thoughts.

“You’ve been staring at the house for a good five minutes, and haven’t made signs of getting out.”

“Oh… I didn’t even notice.” I let out an embarrassed chuckle and got out of the car.

“I’m going with you inside.” Giovanni said while he checked our surroundings with a blank expression.

“No need for that. I’m pretty sure I’m safe in there.” He suddenly frowned and I followed his gaze. It was Carlos, who returned the glare before making his way inside the mansion.

“Wasn’t that the cunt who gave you a cut on your face?”

“How do you know about that?” I asked in surprise. He gave a small smirk.

“Damiano made sure he got the same treatment. With a lil’ extra surprise.” I suddenly remembered when Damiano said he should have put a bullet in his head instead.

Did that mean he gave him a cut on his face?

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“He did?”

“We normally never question Damiano’s actions, but we did find it strange that he randomly went up to him and fucked up his face.” Luca let out a small laugh.

“Well, if Damiano got to him, then I’m sure he won’t try to do anything to me again.” I said. I was going to smash a freaking lamp on his head if he tried anything. Then use it like a baseball bat and swing it against his stupid face. I still had no idea why he hated me this much.

“He will have our fucking heads if you return with even a scratch on you. Can you please for once try not to do anything stupid? I happen to like my life and would like to live another day.” Giovanni crossed his arms with a firm look.

“Why are you all acting like I do something stupid all the time?” I said defensively. They all shot me a blank stare as if saying ‘really?’. I dropped my jaw.

“I don’t!”

“But you do.” Luca retorted, making me squint my eyes at him.

“Name me one stupid thing I have done.”

“The LuxePalace.” They said immediately at the same time.

“Anything other than that.” I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms.

“You drugged my girlfriend.”

“You went back to your house unprotected.”

“You met up with the Russian Mob Boss with a gun.”

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“You tried to save that girl on your own, and almost got yourself killed in the process.”

“You -”

“Okay, I got it!” I almost shouted when they kept going.

“I said one thing, not a whole damn list.”

“It just proves how stupid you are.” Giovanni shrugged and leaned against the car.

“You’re stupid...” I muttered under my breath, scowling at him. He gave me a look as he heard me, and I quickly made my way inside before he could say anything. I wanted to have the last word after being called out.

Okay, so I had done my fair share of stupid things but one thing I sure as hell would never regret, was helping Laila get away from that scumbag. I hoped the piece of shit was having a fun time, rotting in hell.

“Althaia, darling!”

Oh, fuck me already.

“Hi, Morella.” I gave a tight smile. I have not missed her high-pitched voice, nor her constant ‘darling’ calling. She grabbed me by the shoulders and gave each of my cheeks a kiss.

“Darling, how are you? I have heard what happened, and I am so sorry, darling. Are you feeling better?” Morella asked.

Well, I was until you kept calling me darling.

“I... am doing better, thank you.” I tried my best to remain a smile on my face and not to cringe at her high-pitched voice.

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“Oh, darling, I know how hard it all can be. I went through something similar as well.”

“You did?” I asked in surprise and she nodded.

288 Vouchers

“Yes, darling. A few years ago, my mother passed away in her sleep. It was the worst thing I have ever gone through.” I tried to see if she was taking the piss on me. But the sad expression on her face told me she was, and that was what I was fearing.

How in the world could she think it was the same thing? My mother was brutally murdered in front of me.

“Oh... I’m so sorry to hear that...”

“Thank you, my darling.”

“So, is my dad around?” I asked before she could continue.

“He will be here shortly. Do you want to grab a cup of coffee while you wait for him?”

And be stuck with you? Yeah, no thank you.

“Oh, no thank you. If I get any more coffee today I won’t be able to get some sleep.” I forced out a chuckle.

“I will wait for him in his office.”

“All right, darling.” I hurried to my father’s office, letting out a breath of relief. I couldn’t bear listening to her calling me darling one more time.

288 IVOUCHers

I quickly got bored waiting for my father. I got up from the couch and looked around to kill time. I checked out the bookshelf, taking a few books to check out, but quickly put them back as it wasn't anything that interested me.

I sighed loudly and plopped down on the desk chair, spinning around in boredom. An idea popped into my mind and I started to check the drawers for blank papers. Since I had to wait anyway, I might as well just kill time by drawing.

"Oh, that looks familiar." It was a necklace that looked awfully like the one I had lost. I grabbed it, examining it, only to gasp loudly when I realized it was my necklace.

"What are you doing in here?" Carlos was by the door, glaring at

"Waiting for my dad, what else does it look like I'm doing?" I didn't care if it came out bitchy. He didn't deserve me being nice to him after he backhanded me across the face.

"It looks like you're snooping around." He snatched the necklace out of my hand.

"It's mine, give it back!" Carlos tried to push me away when I got close, but I quickly grabbed his arm before he could.

"Try to fucking touch me, and I will make sure you will get something much worse than a nasty scar on your face." I hissed at him. Now that I was close, I could see the faded but long nasty scar on his left cheek. His nose was slightly crooked as well, making me think that was probably what Giovanni was hinting at. Damn... had Damiano really cut his face and broken his nose at the same time?

Nice.

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Post Views: 9

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

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11.09

288 Vouchers

Carlos made the smart decision of backing away from me.

That's what I thought, you cocksucker for ice cream.

“What is going on here?” My father frowned as he looked back and forth between us.

“Nothing’s going on. I was just waiting for you and Carlos was about to leave.” We continued to glare at each other, neither of us showing signs of backing down.

“She was being a nosy bitch and snooped around.” He held up the necklace to show it to my father. My father said something but I didn’t hear anything, my anger fuelling at the sight of his smug grin for calling me a bitch.

“I dare you to call me that one more time, and you might just accidentally drop dead to the fucking ground.” I took a step closer to him, ready to kick his precious balls.

“Enough!” My father roared out, looking furious.

He grabbed Carlos by the shoulder, forced him to take a couple of steps away from me, and talked to him fast and in a low tone in Italian. Whatever my father was saying to him, it didn’t look like Carlos was very happy about it, and walked out of the office without saying another word. My father let out a sigh and looked at

“Figlia, how are you?” I smiled and went in for a hug.

“I’m doing better.” I closed my eyes, enjoying my father’s arms wrapped around me and the way it gave me a sense of comfort.

“You do look better. Are you being taken good care of?” He leaned back to look at me.

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1 288 Vouchers

“I am. I went away for a little while... I just needed to process everything.” I said as we moved to take a seat on the couch.

“Sometimes I find myself holding my phone, about to call her and then I remember that I can’t.” My throat tightened and my eyes welled up, but quickly blinked to avoid tears spilling down my face.

“I understand. I can’t say it will get easier or better with time. Eventually, you just learn to live with it. But you will heal, and you will be whole again. One thing is certain and that is grief changes you. You will never be the same, nor do you want to be.” My father sighed as he looked deep in thought.

I pondered his words, realizing just how accurate it was. I didn’t feel like same at all, nor did I ever want to be so helpless as I had been. I was too weak to do anything, and it would forever be on my conscience. If only I had just been a little stronger, maybe I had been able to save her. But no.

She died to protect me.

“Sounds like you’ve had your share of griefs as well?” He let out chuckle but not a humorous one. He got up from the couch to pour two drinks. He handed me a glass of Scotch before returning to his seat.

“It’s a tough industry. It was difficult at first, but now people come and go and you just get used to it.” My father said casually as he sipped his drink.

“I don’t like the sound of that.” I sighed. It didn’t settle well with me at all just thinking about the possibility of losing people I care about. My mother’s death had me shattered into pieces, and I would rather not think about the possibility of losing Damiano. That would completely ruin me.

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1758 Vouchers

Feeling sad, I took a sip of the Scotch and got surprised by the vanilla taste. It was not something I would usually drink but this one was surprisingly good.

“How have you been? Are you still working too much again?” I tried to joke to lighten the mood.

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Chapter 170

Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

“I’m always chuckled.

“I get that, but you have a bunch of men who can do the work for you.”

“That, I do.” He half-smirked.

“I meant to ask you something but didn’t since you were in completely different state. Your mother... did she by any chance tell you something before she... passed?” My father looked at me with scrutinizing eyes.

“Such as?” I looked at him confused but he just gave a half-shrug, swirling his drink.

“Perhaps anything useful that could help us investigate?”

“I don’t think so... I only remember bits and pieces from that night. I’m not too much of a help, unfortunately.” I said sadly.

“I see.”

“Why?” I tilted my head. It suddenly felt like he didn’t believe me.

“I’m just trying to help, figlia. Your mother and I may have had our differences, but she’s still my ex-wife and the mother of my child.” His expression softened, making me feel slightly guilty.

“Oh... No, sorry. I wish I could be of more help.” I sighed in defeat, truly hating that I couldn’t be more useful to anyone.

“No, don’t worry about it. But if you do remember something, even something minor, let me know.”

“I will keep that in mind.” I gave a small smile as he nodded in approval.

288 Vouchers

“Good. Now tell me, how’s the wedding coming up?” He suddenly asked in joy.

“Cara told me it’s going great. Everything is ready and hopefully, she’s getting married in two weeks...” I started to tell him everything about the wedding, and he listened to every word, smiling now and then.

“...That also reminds me I don't even have a dress for the wedding.” I realized this when I was done.

“You still have two weeks, plenty of time to find something.” My father smiled.

“That is not something you can say to a woman, papá.” He chuckled at my gasp.

“It's just a dress. They all look the same anyway, just in different colors.”

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“That is such a man thing to say.” I shook my head in amusement.

“How can you say that to someone who literally worked in a boutique as a gown designer?”

“All right, all right, my bad.” My father put his hands up in surrender, making me laugh at him.

We finished our drinks as we talked. I got a little carried away with the Scotch as I was now feeling light and warm on the inside.

“Oh, by the way, wasn't that my necklace I found in your desk drawer? I was looking for some blank papers while waiting for you and found it in there. I wasn't trying to snoop around, I promise!” I quickly said when he frowned.

“Ah, yes, the necklace.” He reached into the inner pocket of his

blazer and pulled out the necklace.

“You forgot it in the hospital and I didn't have a chance to give it to you.” He handed me the necklace which I took gratefully.

“That's a relief. I thought I had lost it in ... Well, I'm just happy to see it again.”

I jumped in my seat when someone barged in.

“Bellavia, good to see you again.” My father got up, unbothered that he barged in. He gave a nod to my father as they shook hands.

“I’m assuming you’re here to get my dear figlia.”

“I am.” Damiano looked at me and then looked at the coffee table, frowning at the empty glasses before looking at me again.

“Let’s go.” His expression went blank, and I was wondering why his tone was cold. Or maybe I was used to him being different around

“It was nice to see you again. Take care, papá.” I hugged him and placed a small kiss on his cheek.

“You too.” He smiled. Damiano barely glanced at my father when he bid us goodbye and grabbed my hand. I couldn’t tell if something happened that got him in a mood, or if it was just his usual way of being when he was around other people whom he was not close with.

Just as we got outside, I saw Michael. He stopped in his tracks as he looked at me, and I felt his hurtful words pierce into my heart as we looked at each other. Damiano wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me closer to him as we walked past him. Michael looked like he wanted to say something but decided against it. I

228 Vouchers

looked away as we passed him, grateful he didn’t try to say.

Damiano opened the car door for me. Before I could get in, he gave me a long kiss as he held me tightly. He had a smirk on his lips when he leaned back. I knew why he did it, which was why I was avoiding looking in a certain direction, and quickly got inside the car.

“Where are we going?” I asked. We had been driving for a while now and not in the direction of the manor.

“It’s a surprise.” He gave a teasing smile.

“I don’t like it when people say that.”

“I know.” He winked, making me groan.

“Uh... Why are we in an airport?” I looked around, and Damiano stopped right in front of a private jet.

“Wait, you said you wouldn’t send me away!” I exclaimed loudly in a panic.

“I’m not sending your ass away. Who else would suck the life out of me if I did?” He gave me a smug grin.

“You’re such a dick.” I scoffed. Damiano chuckled and kissed the back of my hand.

“We’re going to Italy. I want you to meet my family.”

Post Views: 8