

## The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 221 - 230

... You broke the champagne glass, stuffed it in her mouth, and smashed her head on the table?" I asked, looking at her once I had finished bandaging her hand.

"I did. Oh, and I also stabbed her hand with the knife you gave me." Althaia said proudly.

"My little psychopath." I chuckled. She leaned forward, a small smirk on her lips.

"I learned from the best." She gave a teasing smile. My eyes went down to her lips and I closed the distance between us, kissing her softly.

"You did." I said, giving her one more kiss.

"I just don't know how she knew was pregnant." She sighed.

"We'll figure it out." I assured her. It shouldn't have been possible for Miciela to look at Althaia's medical journal since it had limited access.

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I needed to get Rafaele on it to see what was going on.

"Nonna knows about it too... I had to tell her what happened. She didn't say anything but she didn't look pleased about it." Althaia looked worried. I pulled her into me, caressing her back while she rested her head on my shoulder.

"She'll get over it. I don't want you to worry about people's opinions. What we decide to do is none of their business, but ours only." I told her. Althaia was about to say something when her gaze went to the doorway. I glanced over my shoulder, seeing my father was there, waiting for me.

"Go to your room. I will be right back." I said to her quietly,

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getting a nod in response. I kissed her forehead before I got up.

I followed my father into his office. My Nonna and mother were present as well as Antonio, Luca, Giovanni, and Rafaele, and two of my father's men. I took a seat on the couch,

already knowing what he wanted to say. I looked at the green emerald on my finger as I touched the ring. It reminded me so much of her eyes, making me love it even more and have me wearing it with pride.

"Do you have any idea what kind of mess you've made?!" My father erupted in pure frustration.

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"I didn't make a mess. In fact, I got rid of the trash." I faced him, my words not easing his anger.

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"We had a treaty. They were our important allies in Italy, and that woman ruined everything! You are to get rid of her immediately!" I abruptly got up and walked up to him as close as I could while staring him down.

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"What are you saying, father?" My voice was deadly low, daring him to repeat himself. He didn't back down as he frowned at me.

"She is ruining your business! Isn't she the one who attacked Miciela? Isn't she the reason why you still haven't killed Gataeno as you should have long ago? She is no good for you." I let out a humorless laugh and gave a devilish smirk.

“My wife should have killed Miciela for mocking her for having a miscarriage. But she’s not a killer. Luckily, she has a husband who will happily kill in her name. And only a fool would dare to anger her.”

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“You married her?” My father asked in disbelief.

“Damn right I did.” I turned around and slowly made my way over to my men when my father didn’t have anything to say. Because he knew what it meant. Now that Althaia was my wife, she outranked everyone except me, giving her permission to do whatever she pleased to do with no questions asked.

Something caught my attention, having me look at the bottom of the closed office door, only to see a shadow had appeared from behind it. The corner of my mouth tilted upwards in the slightest.

“It’s a mistake.” My father said, making me turn around to face him.

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“If anyone has a problem with my wife...” I spoke, and my men drew out their guns but didn’t aim.

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“Can find themselves six feet under.” I finished, daring him to challenge me. Althaia was mine, and no one was fucking taking her away from me.

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His men exchanged glances with my father, who shook his head.

“Good call.” I smirked.

“Enough you two.” Nonna cut us off with a sharp tone as she stood up, giving us both a glare.

“No one is to touch the girl! You have to honor the laws.” My father received a hard look from her.

“Besides, she just proved she is more than capable of being

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the wife of a-Don. She is exactly the type of woman Damiano needs by his side.” Nonna said, leaving no room for

discussion.

“I agree.” My mother commented.

“If anything, she showed she truly is a Bellavia.” She looked at me with a wink.

“Tomorrow, a ceremony will be held, announcing Althaia is now officially my wife. I won’t tolerate any disrespect towards her.” I said as a final order and walked out of the office.

“Damiano.” My mother’s voice had me stop and face her. She walked up to me and slightly squinted her eyes when she stopped in front of me.

“When were you going to tell me you got married?”

“When we have settled on a date for the wedding.” I smiled when her eyes lit up.

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“Oh, so you are having a wedding? Excellent! I thought I had to kill my own son.” She chuckled.

“I thought you might if I didn’t have one.”

“You are my firstborn, of course, I want a wedding to celebrate my son has found the love of his life.” She smiled warmly.

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Closure(3)

“Thank you, madre.” I kissed the top of her head, grateful she wasn’t displeased about it.

“Now, go to her.” My mother didn’t have to tell me twice as I immediately made my way upstairs.

I opened the door, seeing Althaia had changed her clothes and was sitting on the bed with her sketchbook.

“How’s my curious little psychopath?” I teased and sat on the bed in front of her. Her cheeks started to flush when she gave

an innocent smile.

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“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I have been here all the time.”

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“Sure you have.” I chuckled and grabbed her waist. I had her straddle me as I continued to give her a teasing look.

“Have I not said you would be one terrible spy?”

“You really are The Devil! How did you know?”

“Your shadow.”

“...Oh.” She scrunched up her nose, her cheeks reddening even more in embarrassment, making her look extremely adorable. My chest filled with warmth the more I looked at her, holding her tighter into me as I buried my face into her neck, inhaling her scent. She wrapped her arms around me, playing with the back of my hair as we sat in silence, just holding each other.

“It’s not like I heard anything anyway. That door is thick! ... But did I get you in trouble?” Althaia asked worried, having me smile against her neck.

“My love, your man is the Boss. We can do whatever the fuck

we want.” I said, plastering small kisses around her neck, feeling her body shiver as I did so. She sighed blissfully as I continued to kiss her skin.

“My sexy Mafia Boss...” She let out a small moan when I

sucked on her skin. Her moans have become one of my favorite sounds, feeding my pride as I was the one giving her pleasure.

My lips trailed along her jaw until I caught her lips with mine. My hands went down and grabbed her ass with both hands, squeezing as I made her grind on me and feel my hard length, ready to be buried deep inside of her.

“Ahem.” Someone cleared their throat along with the sound of a knock on the door. Althaia gasped, pushed me away and she quickly stood up. I inwardly groaned and looked to the door to see who the fuck dared to cockblock me.

It was my Nonna.

Althaia’s face got as red as it could be and looked like she wanted the ground to swallow her whole.

“You should consider closing the door before starting anything.” Nonna raised a brow at me and I gave her a small shrug.

“I didn’t know you were the type who peeked.”

“Damiano!” Althaia scolded me in complete mortification and looked like she was about to faint. I couldn’t help but laugh at the whole situation. Getting fucking caught by my Nonna at the age of thirty.

“I will pretend I didn’t hear that for your own sake,” She sent

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me a glare and in return, I gave her a smug grin.

I stood next to Althaia when Nonna stepped inside. She didn't say anything and looked back and forth between us before letting out a sigh.

'I am not here to lecture you, but instead to acknowledge your pain. It is a unique pain to prepare your heart for a child that never comes.' I stood still, not expecting to say that. The emotions I had suppressed about it for so long, started to surface. I glanced at Althaia, her eyes glistening, and swallowed hard, having me pull her into me.

'Lord knows I have had my experience on that. It's not something I wish anyone to go through. My dearest, both of you, know that your child is with our Lord in heaven, waiting to be reunited with you.' Nonna spoke gently. I let out a breath, something inside of me was feeling strange. I wasn't a big believer but her words made me feel relieved in some way.

Some sort of closure.

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Althaia sniffed, wiping away the tears that made their way down but she was smiling.

"Thank you." Her voice was filled with relief as well. Nonna gave her a warm smile and lightly caressed her cheek before looking at me.

"You both will do great when the time comes." She patted my shoulder before turning to leave. For the first time, I had no idea what to say. But one thing was for sure, I was feeling deep gratitude for her words.

Althaia leaned into me, burying her face in my chest as I comforted her.

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“Oh, and also, just stay in the same room for God’s sake. I am tired of you sneaking around to be with each other.” Nonna tiredly sighed. I shared a look with Althaia, whose eyes had gone wide before we both looked at Nonna.

‘You knew?’ I asked, genuinely surprised. She scoffed and raised a brow.

‘Of course, I knew! I know everything that happens under my ‘oof.’ She gave me a knowing look, making me slightly smirk.

‘Am I not the one who taught you to keep eyes and ears everywhere, hmm?’ Nonna said in an amusing tone before eaving the room.

We both stared at her retreating form before Althaia let out a augh.

‘Oh, my God.’ She looked at me in surprise, having me laugh along with her.

My Nonna was truly a one-of-a-kind woman.

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Damiano

I had taken Althaia out to eat after she complained about how she had a long day, not only training in the morning but also having an extra workout in fucking up Miciela, and she still hadn’t gotten anything to eat besides breakfast. After eating to her heart’s content, she fell asleep in the car as I drove us to the mansion at the vineyards to get some peace.

I gazed at her sleeping form in the passenger seat, smiling when her lips were lightly parted and let out a faint snore. I found it too endearing, and it let me know she was having a good sleep.

I carried her in my arms and went to the master bedroom. I tucked her into bed, caressing her cheek as I admired her, memorizing each of her features. It took everything in me not to lie next to her and hold her in my arms. Instead, I got up and made my way back to the car once again.

I drove off once one of my men pulled up to make sure Althaia was going to sleep with no disturbance while I was gone. The mansion was a safe place, but I didn’t want to take any chances. She had gone through enough already.



Glancing at the passenger seat, my eyes landed on her phone that slipped out of her pocket. My brows furrowed as the thought of her phone being hacked after I had gotten rid of her necklace. That bastard was truly too eager for any kind of information. Unfortunately for him, I never mentioned anything relevant to him when Althaia was present.

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### Getting Rid Of The Trash(1)

grabbed it and turned it off. I would have Rafaelle do a check for me.

I pulled up in front of the large, white building where I usually held my business meetings in Italy. I took a quick scan around, some of my men greeting me before I headed in. I made my way through the doubled office doors where everyone was already present, including my father, as I was the last to arrive. On the other end of the table were the Romanos.

I took a seat and leaned back, raising a brow and waiting for

them to talk.

“You must understand why I have requested a meeting with. you. I want to understand what has been going on before taking extreme measurements.” Tommaso’s eyes held anger, but frankly, I didn’t give two shits about it.

“We have been in business together for a long time. We had a deal, yet you killed two of my children. For what?!” He hissed out. His chest was heaving as he tried to control his anger. I looked at him for a while with scrutinizing eyes before I let out a small laugh.

“I don’t know about you, Tommaso, but I was raised by women. And in my family, we don’t fuck around when it comes to our women. We value them. We kill in their names. So, tell me, was I not right in getting rid of your daughter who harassed my wife, and mocked her? In killing your son who demanded my wife’s head for defending herself?” I tilted my head with a chilling smile. He shared a look with his son, Matteo, at the mention of my wife. They knew it was a promised death if you went after a Don’s wife, no matter who the fuck you were.

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“This is not something I can slide.” Tomasso decided to say.

“That’s up to you. We can settle things right here, right now.” I shrugged and pulled out my gun, my men following my move. The Romanos tensed up, now alert, as they analyzed the

situation.

“However, you know damn well you don’t want to start a war with me. You need me in your business, but I don’t need you. You are replaceable to me. And everything you have worked for will crumble. Your family will be gone, too. So, what do you choose? Think wisely because I will show no mercy after this.” I gave him a cunning smile. Tomasso looked distressed, but he knew he stood no chance against me. They were

outnumbered, and I enjoyed seeing the sweat form on his forehead about it.

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Everyone had a price they were willing to accept to turn a blind eye to a situation. And he was exactly one of them. A power- and money-hungry type of man, which made him a good asset in the business. The results were never

disappointing because of his eagerness. But he knew starting a war with me would mean he would lose everything, and more. Because I would destroy anyone who dared to go after my wife.

“They say one bad apple spoils the whole barrel. I found two and got rid of them. Maximo and Miciela let their ego take over and acted foolishly. My issues were with them and not with you.” I told him truthfully. Tomasso thought about it for a while before looking down at the table in submission, having me smirk.

“Good choice.” I got up from my seat and looked at his son, Matteo, who was going to take over now that Maximo was

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dead.

“Learn from your siblings’ mistakes, and we will have a long partnership. I will meet with you next week, and we can discuss business. Goodnight, gentlemen.” Without another word, I left. I turned my head slightly to the side as I walked, seeing my father was catching up to me.

“Your mother raised you well.” He gave my shoulder a few pats, and I gave him a nod. I knew this was him apologizing for what he said earlier. He was never the type to apologize directly with words and always found alternative ways to do

As I stepped outside, I found Rafaelle standing next to my car, waiting for me.

“What’s the status?” I asked him, and he let out a sigh.

“Her medical journal was hacked and left accessible for anyone to see. I couldn’t trace it back to who did it since they have had time to cover their tracks.” My eyes narrowed at the information.

“Probably the bastard who did it.” He added.

“Most likely his doing. He must have caught up on we wanted to keep the whole pregnancy on the low.” I rubbed my jaw. It was that damned necklace. I should have gotten rid of it as soon as possible.

“I need you to check her phone. think he hacked into her phone and used it as a listening device. Must be the only explanation.” I handed him Althaia’s phone.

“Got it. Well, you can also ask Sofia herself why and how they

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got that information. We found her, by the way. She’s all cozied up in our lovely Chamber of Torture.” He grinned.

“Good.”

“Maybe we should have Althaia come and stab her with a fork?” I cracked a smile at his joke as he laughed. The word about Althaia wanting to stab my father with a fork spread like a wildfire among my men. They found it hilarious as she was a tiny person with a gentle soul, not seeing how she could

possibly cause anyone serious damage. But after seeing how Miciela looked, they were all surprised.

That's my wife.

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"And here's the necklace, by the way. They did a good job in making a replica." Rafaele handed me the small jewelry box, and I took a look. I nodded in approval, seeing this was the closest to the original pendant.

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"Good. Have the phone sent back to me in the morning." I ordered him.

"Sure thing." Rafaele sang as I got inside my car.

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Getting Rid Of The Trash(2)

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I parked in front of the stone building in the middle of nowhere and went through the underground passage. It was the easiest way to make anything soundproof, especially when it was deep under the ground to block out any screaming voices. I loved having my Chambers of Torture in the midst of nowhere and completely isolated. Often those who were dragged in there would try to scream for help, and it always gave me a euphoric feeling when they would continue to desperately scream for help.

I opened the door and stepped inside. Sofia was tied up in the middle of the room with her tear-streaked face.

“Damiano...”

“Shut it.” I told her, my tone coming out cold as I stared her down. I hated the sound of her voice saying my name. I grabbed a chair and sat in front of her, resting my arms on my legs and my eyes narrowed at her.

“You have some fucking nerve.” I growled.

“Damiano, please! -”

“Did I say you can talk?!” My voice filled the room and she shut her mouth in startlement, a fresh wave of tears running down her face. I clicked my tongue in annoyance.

Such a fucking headache.

“You should have kept your mouth shut and lived your life quietly. The reason you even got out alive in the first place was because of Althaia feeling sorry for you, despite you trying to kill her. And I listened to her. Because I want to please her. However, you took advantage of her kindness. So, tell me, Sofia, how the fuck did Miciela know she was

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pregnant?”

“I-I don’t know. I told her not to do anything, but she didn’t listen!” She cried out desperately, sobbing uncontrollably. I rubbed my jaw as I looked at her pathetic self.

“You dare to lie to my face.” I sneered and she frantically shook her head.

“I’m not lying! Please, Damiano!”

“Tell me the truth, and I will put an end to your misery.” She sniffed and tried to calm down her sobbing.

“I – I really don’t know what happened... She-she received some kind of link, and-and all of Althaia’s information was there. Miciela wanted to do me

justice, but I told her not to! told her to let it go, but she didn't listen!" I let out a chilling laugh.

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"Justice for what exactly? For defending herself when you tried to kill her?" I tilted my head!

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"I tried to stop her! I really did! Please, just let me go! I will stay out of your life. Just let me g-go." Sofia cried out and continued to beg. I just stared at her blankly while she cried her eyes out uncontrollably. There was no point in talking to her anymore. I got the confirmation I needed.

I pulled out my pack of cigarettes, lit one up, and took a long drag before blowing out the smoke. I got up from my seat just in time for Vittoria to make an appearance, dressed in her usual black leather outfit. She stood for whatever torturing her heart desired, especially since I had made a clear order for my men to never harm a woman unless it was absolutely unavoidable. Even then, they were only allowed to use just

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enough strength to keep them down.

That was why I hired Vittoria. She was one sadistic woman who probably took more pleasure in torturing and breaking people than anyone else. And she was perfect for the job.

"What sins did she commit?" Vittoria asked. That was her favorite question. She would determine the severity and the length of the torture based on whatever shit the person had committed.

“Tried to kill my wife.” I said as I smoked. Her smile widened and turned into a sadistic smirk,

“She has earned a round with the whip.” Vittoria’s eyes were excited as she pulled out her whip, swinging her arm, and a sharp sound resonated in the room when it kissed the floor.

“Whatever you desire, Vittoria.” I faced Sofia, whose wailing had gotten louder, choking in between sobs, and looked like she was about to faint.

“Your mother will be taken care of. She is, after all, loyal to the family.” I told Sofia.

“I’m begging you! Please... please don’t do this to me!” She shouted in desperation and tried to break free.

“You will be begging for a long time.” Vittoria let out a sadistic laugh before swinging her arm again. The sound of the whip hitting Sofia’s skin across the arm left her with her mouth and eyes open with no sound escaping. Then the blood-curdling scream came out, and Vittoria closed her eyes to the sound. I inhaled the smoke deeply, enjoying the punishments she was getting.

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“Her voice makes me so excited.” She said and opened her eyes. I finished my cigarette and turned around to leave.

“She’s all yours.” I heard the second swing of the whip, and more screaming escaped Sofia just before the door closed entirely behind me.

I would have stayed to watch, knowing I would take pleasure in watching her suffer. But I had a beautiful wife in bed, sleeping peacefully and ready to be cuddled in my arms, which had me walk out of there faster than I had ever before.

Returning to the mansion, I went upstairs to the bedroom, only to find the bed empty. I looked under the bathroom door, but the lights were off. Before I could call out her name, my eyes landed on the nightstand where a note was. Grabbing it and a smirk appeared on my lips as I read the note.

Can The Devil find me?

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Damiano

Someone is in a playful mood.

I took my shoes off to move silently while listening to movements in the house, but it was quiet. I searched the top floor, but she wasn't there. I made my way downstairs,

checking every room before I got to the living room. She was still nowhere to be found. Just as I was about to move again, I stopped and I looked out of the floor-to-ceiling window. Althaia was on the other side, grinning sheepishly before making a run for it.

I quickly made my way out, loving she wanted me to chase her. She laughed and ran to the other side of the pool, creating as much distance between us. I tilted my head at her, smirking as I took a step, and saw her take a step at the same time in the opposite direction.

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“I'm going to catch you.” I told her while slowly taking a few steps in her direction.

“We'll see about that. If you do, you will be rewarded.” Althaia winked, and a particular body part of mine was getting quite excited about the idea.

“Deal.” I pretended to run towards her, having her yelp before she laughed and ran as fast as she could, making her way down the stairs and to the garden. Instead of following her that way, I took a detour to the garden I was



sure she hadn't discovered yet. As I walked on the small path, it led me right to her. She was hiding behind a tree, but her back was facing

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me while she kept an eye out for where she thought I would be coming.

"Where did he go...?" Althaia whispered to herself. I smiled as I sneaked up behind her. She squealed when I grabbed her waist and turned her around, pinning her arms above her head.

"Got you, baby." I whispered.

"Wait – How ... ?" She gasped.

"The Devil's work." I winked and I pressed close to her, my thumb running across her plump lips.

"You haven't won yet." Althaia dropped down to the ground, releasing her arms from my hold in the process, and made another run for it. I crossed my arms and leaned against the tree, watching her run before she stopped and looked over her shoulder.

"I'm giving you a headstart." I said.

"Ha! I don't need a headstart! I can totally outrun you." She grinned.

"Are you sure?" I tilted my head with a teasing smile.

"Positive!" She replied confidently.

We stared at each other for a long while before I slowly let out a smirk.

"Run." I sprinted towards her, watching her eyes become wide.

"Oh, fuck!" She yelled, laughing as she ran to the other side of the garden. She was fast as I chased her, but not faster than

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1. I could have caught her the second she turned around to run, but instead, I slowed down just to listen to her voice.

The sound of her laughter filled out the quiet night, and I wanted to hear that sound a bit longer. Her laughter was the sweetest music to me, and it filled my heart to the brim with happiness every single time. Such an innocent laugh of joy was released, and all my worries seemed to ease every single time I saw her, and listened to her voice.

And I don't give a shit about how whipped I sound.

"Getting tired, old man?" I got out of my daze, noticing I had slowed down a lot and was just walking fast. Althaia burst out in uncontrollable laughter at her own words. I scoffed, coming to a stop.

"Who are you calling an old man?"

"You, obviously. You can't even catch me. Perhaps take a nap, and see if you can when you wake up." She snickered, and I shook my head, entertained by her words.

"You have it wrong, my love. You know how lions love to play with their prey before killing it? It's to tire them out, making the kill easier." Her eyes narrowed and put her hands on her hips.

"What are you implying?"

"I'm toying with you before I kill your pussy with my dick, of course. You're not going to last for much longer." I gave her a sly grin, and she let out a snort.

"We will see about that!" And then she ran again.

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"Oh, we will." I chuckled and sprinted after her, quickly closing the distance between us as she desperately tried to get away from me. I grabbed her waist from behind, making her scream in laughter as I lifted her and held her tightly into me. I put her down to her feet, turned her around, and caged her between my arms against the tree.

"Caught you again." I said in a low tone.

"What's my reward for catching you?"

“Hmm... what do you want?” Althaia bit down on her lip, and I leaned in closer to her face.

“You.” I replied. She gave me that one smile that made me go fucking crazy as her eyes went down to my lips. She closed the little distance between us, running her tongue across my lip, and sending a visible shiver through my body.

“Then take me.” She breathed out, almost in a moan. I grabbed the back of her legs, hoisting her up as she wrapped her legs around me.

“I’m going to take you fucking nice and hard, baby.” I growled out and I made my way inside with her. Althaia wrapped her arms around me, holding me close to her as she kissed me hungrily. Her soft lips against mine always had me feeling like a starved person.

I could never get enough.

My hands found their way under her nightgown, grunting when I felt she wasn’t wearing any underwear as my hands caressed her hips.

“Fuck, I can’t wait.” I was too impatient and laid her down on

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the sun bed. My hands explored her body under her

nightgown until I pulled it off. I had to take a moment, just to watch her under the moonlight.

“So beautiful...” I whispered as I gazed at her. Her whole existence was completely hypnotizing me. Her eyes were sparkling, the moonlight reflecting in them, making her look like someone who didn’t belong to this world, but rather someone from a world of pure divinity. She never failed to make me feel like this. A feeling I didn’t know how to describe, but she always made me feel warm and full inside. It had my heart beating just a little bit faster every time.

A feeling I had only experienced with her.

Althaia smiled shyly at me. She always did whenever I complimented her, having me smile at her reaction. She grabbed my shirt and pulled me in until

our lips touched, and having me tasting her tongue. I smiled a little against her lips when her hands wandered around my body impatiently.

“Don’t worry. I will give you what you want.” I chuckled when she ripped my shirt open.

“Too slow...” She replied and continued to undress me. She had me lie on the sunbed to straddle me.

“Looks like I have to fuck you instead.” She winked and I felt myself twitch at her words

“I’m all yours, baby.” Althaia grabbed my shirt and started to tie my hands together. I raised a brow at her, but she only smirked. She tied them together, putting them above my head, and tied them to the top of the sunbed.

“Enjoy the show.” Sh

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gave me a sultry look and hovered over

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down with her hands gliding down my body. I exhaled a

breath when she wrapped her mouth around my hard length, closing my eyes at the feeling of her soft, wet tongue going around my tip.

“Fuck, yeah... That’s it, baby.” I grunted, watching her while she stroked me.

She returned to straddling me, taking a hold of my length, and let out a breathy moan while slowly lowering herself. I groaned as I watched her taking me in and clenching ever so slightly around me. I made the move to touch her but was met with restraint.

“I want to touch you.” I grunted when she rolled her hips.

“I will touch for you.” Althaia gave a teasing smile and grabbed her breasts. My eyes followed her movements, watching intently when she slowly put two fingers in her mouth, sucking on them before she trailed her fingers down her stomach and between her legs.

“You fucking tease.” I growled out as I watched her riding me while playing with herself.

“Here.” With a smirk, she pushed her fingers into my mouth, and I greedily sucked off her sweet juices. Her breath quickened, moaning my name, and rode me faster, taking me all in as her fingers returned between her legs to play with her clit.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I needed to touch her. With one hard pull, I broke the top of the sunbed and released my hands. I grabbed her and quickly switched our position to have her under me instead.

“Mine to touch and mine to take.” I growled to her. I sucked on

her breasts, playing around and sucking on her nipples, making her moan in pleasure. I rammed inside of her, needing to move hard and fast. I held around her tightly, finding my way up to her lips as I continued to thrust inside of her.

“You feel so fucking good.” Althaia breathed out, and I went in deep, watching her close her eyes. I felt her clench around me, and I groaned against her lips as my fingers went down to play.

“Oh, God.. Damiano...”

“Come for me, baby..” Her nails went down my back, sending shivers down my spine. She threw her head back, crying out in pleasure and her legs trembled. I rammed into her one more time before I followed right after, reaching my intense peak as I filled her up.

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Damiano

Someone is in a playful mood.

I took my shoes off to move silently while listening to movements in the house, but it was quiet. I searched the top floor, but she wasn’t there. I made my way downstairs,

checking every room before I got to the living room. She was still nowhere to be found. Just as I was about to move again, I stopped and I looked out of the floor-to-ceiling window. Althaia was on the other side, grinning sheepishly before making a run for it.

I quickly made my way out, loving she wanted me to chase her. She laughed and ran to the other side of the pool, creating as much distance between us. I tilted my head at her, smirking as I took a step, and saw her take a step at the same time in the opposite direction.

“I’m going to catch you.” I told her while slowly taking a few steps in her direction.

“We’ll see about that. If you do, you will be rewarded.” Althaia winked, and a particular body part of mine was getting quite excited about the idea.

“Deal.” I pretended to run towards her, having her yelp before she laughed and ran as fast as she could, making her way down the stairs and to the garden. Instead of following her that way, I took a detour to the garden I was sure she hadn’t discovered yet. As I walked on the small path, it led me right to her. She was hiding behind a tree, but her back was facing

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me while she kept an eye out for where she thought I would be coming.

“Where did he go...?” Althaia whispered to herself. I smiled as I sneaked up behind her. She squealed when I grabbed her waist and turned her around, pinning her arms above her

head.

“Got you, baby.” I whispered.

“Wait – How ...?” She gasped.

“The Devil’s work.” I winked and I pressed close to her, my thumb running across her plump lips.

“You haven’t won yet.” Althaia dropped down to the ground, releasing her arms from my hold in the process, and made another run for it. I crossed my

arms and leaned against the tree, watching her run before she stopped and looked over her shoulder.

“I’m giving you a headstart.” I said.

“Ha! I don’t need a headstart! I can totally outrun you.” She grinned.

“Are you sure?” I tilted my head with a teasing smile.

“Positive!” She replied confidently.

We stared at each other for a long while before I slowly let out a smirk.

“Run.” I sprinted towards her, watching her eyes become wide.

“Oh, fuck!” She yelled, laughing as she ran to the other side of the garden. She was fast as I chased her, but not faster than

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1. I could have caught her the second she turned around to run, but instead, I slowed down just to listen to her voice.

The sound of her laughter filled out the quiet night, and I wanted to hear that sound a bit longer. Her laughter was the sweetest music to me, and it filled my heart to the brim with happiness every single time. Such an innocent laugh of joy was released, and all my worries seemed to ease every single time I saw her, and listened to her voice.

And I don’t give a shit about how whipped I sound.

“Getting tired, old man?” I got out of my daze, noticing I had slowed down a lot and was just walking fast. Althaia burst out in uncontrollable laughter at her own words. I scoffed, coming to a stop.

“Who are you calling an old man?”

“You, obviously. You can’t even catch me. Perhaps take a nap, and see if you can when you wake up.” She snickered, and I shook my head, entertained by her words.

“You have it wrong, my love. You know how lions love to play with their prey before killing it? It’s to tire them out, making the kill easier.” Her eyes narrowed and put her hands on her hips.

“What are you implying?”

“I’m toying with you before I kill your pussy with my dick, of course. You’re not going to last for much longer.” I gave her a sly grin, and she let out a snort.

“We will see about that!” And then she ran again.

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“Oh, we will.” I chuckled and sprinted after her, quickly closing the distance between us as she desperately tried to get away from me. I grabbed her waist from behind, making her scream in laughter as I lifted her and held her tightly into me. I put her down to her feet, turned her around, and caged her between my arms against the tree.

“Caught you again.” I said in a low tone.

“What’s my reward for catching you?”

“Hmm... what do you want?” Althaia bit down on her lip, and I leaned in closer to her face.

“You.” I replied. She gave me that one smile that made me go fucking crazy as her eyes went down to my lips. She closed the little distance between us, running her tongue across my lip, and sending a visible shiver through my body.

“Then take me.” She breathed out, almost in a moan. I grabbed the back of her legs, hoisting her up as she wrapped her legs around me.

“I’m going to take you fucking nice and hard, baby.” I growled out and I made my way inside with her. Althaia wrapped her arms around me, holding me close to her as she kissed me hungrily. Her soft lips against mine always had me feeling like a starved person.

I could never get enough.

My hands found their way under her nightgown, grunting when I felt she wasn’t wearing any underwear as my hands caressed her hips.



“Fuck, I can’t wait.” I was too impatient and laid her down on

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the sun bed. My hands explored her body under her nightgown until I pulled it off. I had to take a moment, just to watch her under the moonlight.

“So beautiful...” I whispered as I gazed at her. Her whole existence was completely hypnotizing me. Her eyes were sparkling, the moonlight reflecting in them, making her look like someone who didn’t belong to this world, but rather someone from a world of pure divinity. She never failed to make me feel like this. A feeling I didn’t know how to describe, but she always made me feel warm and full inside. It had my heart beating just a little bit faster every time.

A feeling I had only experienced with her.

Althaia smiled shyly at me. She always did whenever I complimented her, having me smile at her reaction. She grabbed my shirt and pulled me in until our lips touched, and having me tasting her tongue. I smiled a little against her lips when her hands wandered around my body impatiently.

“Don’t worry. I will give you what you want.” I chuckled when she ripped my shirt open.

“Too slow...” She replied and continued to undress me. She had me lie on the sunbed to straddle me.

“Looks like I have to fuck you instead.” She winked and I felt myself twitch at her words

“I’m all yours, baby.” Althaia grabbed my shirt and started to tie my hands together. I raised a brow at her, but she only smirked. She tied them together, putting them above my head, and tied them to the top of the sunbed.

“Enjoy the show.” She gave me a sultry look and hovered over

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1. Her lips faintly brushed mine before she made her way down with her hands gliding down my body. I exhaled a breath when she wrapped

her mouth around my hard length, closing my eyes at the feeling of her soft, wet tongue going around my tip.

“Fuck, yeah... That’s it, baby.” I grunted, watching her while she stroked me.

She returned to straddling me, taking a hold of my length, and let out a breathy moan while slowly lowering herself. I groaned as I watched her taking me in and clenching ever so slightly around me. I made the move to touch her but was met with restraint.

“I want to touch you.” I grunted when she rolled her hips.

“I will touch for you.” Althaia gave a teasing smile and grabbed her breasts. My eyes followed her movements, watching intently when she slowly put two fingers in her mouth, sucking on them before she trailed her fingers down. her stomach and between her legs.

“You fucking tease.” I growled out as I watched her riding me while playing with herself.

“Here.” With a smirk, she pushed her fingers into my mouth, and I greedily sucked off her sweet juices. Her breath quickened, moaning my name, and rode me faster, taking me all in as her fingers returned between her legs to play with her clit.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I needed to touch her. With one hard pull, I broke the top of the sunbed and released my hands. I grabbed her and quickly switched our position to have her under me instead.

Mine To Take(1)

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“Mine to touch and mine to take.” I growled to her. I sucked on her breasts, playing around and sucking on her nipples, making her moan in pleasure. I rammed inside of her, needing to move hard and fast. I held around her tightly, finding my way up to her lips as I continued to thrust inside of her.

“You feel so fucking good.” Althaia breathed out, and I went in deep, watching her close her eyes. I felt her clench around me, and I groaned against her lips as my fingers went down to play.

“Oh, God.. Damiano...”

“Come for me, baby..” Her nails went down my back, sending shivers down my spine. She threw her head back, crying out in pleasure and her legs trembled. I rammed into her one more time before I followed right after, reaching my intense peak as I filled her up.

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“Where were you?” Althaia asked as we lay in bed.

“Had a business meeting. I also had a small chat with Sofia. I got rid of her for good this time.” I said, pulling her closer to me. She looked at me before slowly nodding.

“I guess it is for the best.” She sighed. I knew she wasn’t too thrilled about the idea of killing. Her heart was too big and pure for it, but she knew Sofia had to be gone for good now.

kissed the top of her head. My hand was caressing her body and slowly down to her stomach. It was burning inside of me with so much need to see her pregnant with our child. I could picture perfectly what she would look like. I wanted it so badly with her.

I leaned down and placed a kiss on her stomach.

Hopefully soon.

When I looked up again, I was met with her smiling lovingly at

“Anything that could be a threat to you and our baby, I will kill them. What happened before... I refuse to let it happen again. I will keep you both safe.” I promised her. Althaia placed her hands on my face.

“You’re talking as if I’m already pregnant.” She chuckled.

“Maybe you are?”

“Too soon, my love, we just started trying. You have to be patient.”

Dinding into pages now

“I’m not a patient man.” I grumbled out.

“I know.” She laughed.

“But you have to be. Unless you have super sperm.” I chuckled along with her. I cuddled her in my arms as I kept imagining what our babies would look like.

“I know our babies will surely be the most beautiful.” I said.

“Of course! With a father looking like that, it’s impossible to go wrong.”

“Maybe. But you’re definitely the beauty here.” I moved to hover over her, taking her arms and putting them above her head as I leaned close to her.

“My beautiful emerald.” I said lowly, watching her cheeks start to get a reddish hue. I buried my face into her neck, kissing her soft skin.

“So fucking beautiful, you make me constantly horny.” I groaned out, making her burst out in laughter.

“You’re too cute.” I looked at her with a raised brow.

“Cute?”

“Yup.” She grinned.

“Not a word I thought I would use to describe you, but you have cute moments other than the sexy, devilish, Mafia way.”

“Hmm, cute only for you.” I was amused. No one had ever used that word about me. She was indeed something else and saw me in a way no one else did.

Dividing into pages now

“Who else? You’re not allowed to be cute for anyone else.” Althaia scoffed.

“I don’t want anyone else. You’re the one for me.” She smiled before I captured her soft lips with mine.

“Get some sleep, my love.” I gave her one more kiss, and she snuggled into me, her eyes barely open.

“Damiano?”

“Hmm?”

“Have you visited Sienna yet?” I stilled, surprised by her question.

“I haven’t.”

“You should.” She smiled warmly.

“You should buy her favorite flowers and give them to her.”

“Why? I have moved on.” I frowned a little.

“I know you have made peace with it, but you were still with her until the end. You should visit her when you have the chance to do so.”

“You’re not jealous?” I questioned. I was surprised that she wanted me to visit Sienna. The last time I visited her was on her death anniversary, and I returned the things I still had of her to her family. That was the beginning of my moving on from her. I hadn’t considered visiting her again now that I was with Althaia.

“No. My jealousy has boundaries, and I can’t be jealous of a woman who has passed away. She was in your life, and you

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cared for her.” I gave her a small smile before giving a nod.

“Okay. Do you want to come with me?”

“That would be weird.” She let out a light chuckle.

“It should be just the two of you. I don’t want to invade that part of your life.” Her fingers trailed across my cheek before she closed the little distance between us and kissed me.

“I love you.” She said against my lips before nestling into the crook of my neck.

“And I love you, baby.”

“Oh, and by the way... God forbid, but if I were to die before you, you’re not allowed to remarry. Or I swear to God, I will crawl out of the grave and rip her head off, and take you to the grave with me. Understood?” I chuckled at her serious tone.

“Loud and clear, my love.”

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Althaia

The following day I didn’t have to do my usual training, and I could spend extra quality time with Damiano. We went on a long walk around the vineyards, and I got to meet more people from the village. I had never gotten so many hugs and kisses from people before in my life, and they were all so happy to see me and Damiano together. It gave me another opportunity to see how Damiano interacted with his workers. It was much more different than how he interacted with his men, of course. He was being a bit more gentle with them, and I knew it was because this place was close to his heart.

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It really was a village for calf

Purchase completed lovely people. And just beyond the vineyards, there was even a market with sales stands to buy vegetables, fruits, bread,

and whatnot since it was quite a bit of a distance to the

nearest store.

A colorful stand caught my eye, and I stepped closer to see what it was. It was a beautiful stand with varieties of dry fruits and nuts. The man who owned the stand was delighted when we greeted him and gave us samples to try.

“Wow, this is so good!” I exclaimed when I taste the dried mango. It was soft and sweet. Just like candy.

“Can we get some?” I asked Damiano, and he looked amused by my question.

“You don’t have to ask.”

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“Well, it’s because I don’t have cash on me...” I trailed off. I was more of a card swiper than a cash carrier.

“Don’t worry about money, we got plenty of it. Don’t think and get whatever you want.” He almost ordered me. I turned to the man and asked him to give me a little bit of everything, and we ended up with two bags, each filled with smaller bags. to not mix the dried fruits. I smiled when the man thanked Damiano many times when he paid him a generous amount.

As we continued down the market, I took in a big whiff, and my mouth started to water a little.

“Oh, something smells good.” I didn’t even wait for Damiano to say anything before grabbing his hand and dragging him in the direction of that delicious smell. I let out a small gasp in excitement when I saw it was freshly baked loaves of bread. A big stone oven where bread was currently baking, and it smelled amazingly good.

I almost wanted to close my eyes.

“Buon pomeriggio.” I greeted the lady at the front, who was busy fumbling around with some stuff and hadn’t looked up

yet.

“Buon pomeriggio.” She chirped and looked up with a smile. Her eyes widened when she spotted Damiano. She let out a sound of excitement, wiping her hands on her apron, and made a small run around the stand to greet him. She was a small woman but still managed to grab his cheeks, pull him down to her, and give his cheeks kisses. I couldn’t help but laugh a little at the sight. Italian women were truly something else and so straightforward.

Then I stared at them dumbfounded when they started to

Dividing imo pages now

speak. It went fast, not allowing me to even catch a word of what was being said. When Damiano said my name, the woman turned to look at me, and I knew he had introduced me as his wife. Delighted by the news, I was pulled into a bone-crushing hug. She was surprisingly strong for being so

small!

“Uhm...” She started to speak to me, but I had no idea what was being said. I looked at Damiano, seeing him laughing a little at how confused I was looking right now, and begging him with my eyes to help me out. He probably explained to her I didn’t understand, and they exchanged more words before she went behind her stand again.

“How can I ask if I can buy some bread?” I asked Damiano, and he slowly said the words one by one as I repeated them to her. Thrilled, she grabbed a bag and started to fill it up.

“Oh no, just one.” I tried to tell her I didn’t need that many, but she immediately dismissed me. I grabbed Damiano’s wallet from his pocket and handed her money, but she gave me one, scary, disapproving look.

“No!” She slapped my hand hard and pushed it back to me. I gaped at her. What was it with Italian women slapping my hand away when I tried to pay for something?

“Yes!” I said firmly and handed her the money again, which earned another slap and she started to speak rapidly.

“She’s saying you’re disrespecting her. She is giving you the bread as a gift.” Damiano translated.

“I just want to pay for once...” I sighed but smiled when she handed me the bag filled with freshly baked loaves of bread. An idea came to mind when we thanked her for the bread. I

Dividing into page now

grabbed Damiano’s hand, quickly put the money on the stand, and made a run for it.

“Grazie!” I yelled over my shoulder as we ran away, laughing when we heard her disapproving voice.



“So rebellious.” Damiano laughed, and I grinned.

“I don’t take orders very well.”

“That, you don’t.” I stuck my tongue out in a teasing manner and grabbed a loaf of bread. It was just as I had imagined it would be when I ripped a piece; crusty on the outside and super soft on the inside. My mouth watered once again, and I took a bite, closing my eyes for a moment at how good it was.

“Oh, my God! This is seriously the best bread I have ever had! Here!” I said excitedly and fed him some bread.

“That’s good.” He agreed.

“By the way, what language was that?” I asked him as we took our time walking back to the mansion while enjoying the bread I couldn’t seem to stop eating.

“It’s Sicilian.” My brows went up in surprise.

“Ah... I have actually never heard anyone speak Sicilian before.”

“It’s mostly spoken in their village and towns.”

“Makes sense. It sounds familiar yet so different at the same time.” I said as I popped another piece of bread in my mouth.

“It’s because Sicilian also has Greek elements.” Damiano explained

Dividing into pages now

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“Oh, I see!” I did find some words familiar, but since they had talked fast, I hadn’t entirely comprehended any words.

I stopped walking and turned to look at him when I realized something.

“This is embarrassing.. but I never asked if you spoke any other languages.” I felt my face start to get hot in pure embarrassment. I was supposed to know this! He just smiled as we continued to walk again.

“Not many know, but other than Italian and Sicilian, I speak French and Spanish as well.”

“Shit, that just made you even sexier.” My comment had him smirking at me.

“You would have known I spoke French when I took you to dress shopping for the auction. But you were deep into jealousy to notice.” Damiano gave me a teasing smile, having me fight my embarrassment with a scowl on my face.

“In my defense, she was being a little too handsy.” I huffed.

“You’re cute when you get jealous.” He chuckled and pulled me into him as he continued to tease me.

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I let out a sigh of satisfaction and patted my stomach once I was full.

“It looks like I’m pregnant.” I looked down at my stomach. It was poking out from eating too much already, and the amount of bread I had eaten left me bloated. Damiano stopped to look at me.

“Hmm... It does look like you’re pregnant.” He placed a hand on my stomach, caressing my food baby.

“Are you saying I’m fat?” I teased with a raised brow. His eyes snapped to mine, his eyes getting a shade darker, a different emotion swirling in them and pulled me roughly into him.

“I’m saying you’re hot, mama.” His deep voice went low in that raspy way, and I forgot to breathe for a moment. My knees buckled a little, and if it weren’t for Damiano holding me, I would have fallen to the ground. My eyes went wide, and he gave me that devilish smirk when he realized what happened.

My knees went fucking weak!

I let out a breath, my heart beating faster as I swallowed hard.

“You good, mama?” Damiano continued and sent a heat of pool in the pit of my stomach.

“Fuck, Damiano... How far away are we from the mansion?” I squeezed my thighs together, completely affected by his words. It didn’t go unnoticed by him as he gave that subtle smirk of satisfaction.

I was desperate to have him. And I wanted him now.

“Five more minutes. Why?” Damiano tilted his head. He knew

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why but he wanted me to say it.

“I need you to knock me the fuck up.”

“Gladly.” He swooped me in his arms, and I raised a brow at him.

“It’s faster if I do the walking.” It had me chuckling when he sped up.

Damiano told me to get ready. I didn’t know what I was getting ready for, but I assumed it was something important as I noticed he had taken out some of his finer suits.

I was in the bathroom in my robe, finishing my makeup, and trying to decide how to style my hair. I pulled my hair up to see if I should do an updo.

“Leave your hair down.” I looked to the doorway, seeing Damiano leaning against the door frame.

“Are you sure?” He stepped closer to me and took a strand between his fingers.

“Yes. I love it when you leave it down. I also love it when I can wrap my hand around it like this.” He wrapped his arm around my hair, gently tugging it to make me look up at him. He placed a small, sweet kiss on my lips that had tingles erupt inside of me.

“Okay. So, where are we going?” I asked.

“Not a place you know of.” I rolled my eyes at his answer.

“Well, what are we doing then?” Damiano shrugged, looking

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amused as I tried to make him tell me.

“You will see when we get there.” He retorted. I gave him a blank look because he knew curiosity was dying to know.

“I brought you your dress.” I followed him into the walk-in closet, seeing a gown bag already hanging.

“Oh, is that the dress that was kept a secret?”

“It is. I picked it for you.” Damiano smiled.

“Really?” Excited that he picked it out, I unzipped the bag and was immediately stunned by the dress.

“It’s gorgeous...” I touched the soft fabric as I admired it.

“Of course, it’s red.” I chuckled.

“It’s my favorite color on you.” He took the dress out from its bag while I dropped my robe. Damiano helped me get dressed, and while he did so, I noticed his eyes were lingering on my stomach. My food baby was gone, but it had him act so differently when he saw what it could look like. And I loved every single moment of it, hoping we would experience the real thing soon.

I looked in the mirror, admiring the amazing dress he picked out for the occasion. A stunningly one-armed off-shoulder dress, a deep sweetheart neckline with a silver beaded band following the neckline, and stopped down to the side of my waist. It had a split to the side with a long trail behind me.

“You look gorgeous, Mrs. Bellavia.” Damiano kissed my bare shoulder. It never failed to make me shiver in delight when he called me by my new name. I turned around, checking him out

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as he was dressed in a fitted burgundy velvet blazer with a black dress shirt that hugged his frame so perfectly.

“And you look delicious, Mr. Bellavia.” I bit down on my lip as I took absolutely no shame in checking him out. He was my husband, after all. I could ogle as much as I wanted to.

“Come, it’s time to go, my love.”

We had been driving for a while, and I looked out of the window to see if I could hint where we were going. But since I wasn’t familiar with Italy, I had no idea where anything led to.

Soon, we came to a stop and we were high up, overlooking the ocean and a mountain that curved around. The sunset glistening on the water had the view look even more magical.

“This way.” Damiano took me down a stone staircase with lights on either side of the stairwell. As we went down the steps, I noticed more light. Then, all of a sudden, loud and joyous noises erupted, and I let out a small gasp.

“What’s going on...” I asked once we had made it down. The place was so beautifully decorated with a gold theme. There were palm trees with even crystal lights hanging from them. And so many people were present, it was almost intimidating.

Another surprised gasp came out when I saw Cara, Arianna, Lorenzo, Cecilia, Ava, and more people from back home were here. They were all smiling big at us, and Cara waved, looking

ecstatic.

I looked at Damiano. My heart was beating faster as I had an idea what all of this was.

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“A ceremony for you. It’s time to take the oath, my love.” Damiano smiled, and I mirrored his expression.

It is happening.

Chapter 230

Post Views: 6

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

My heart was thumping faster, and my nerves were all over the place. But a soft smile from Damiano made me calm down and take a deep breath.

“Come.” He spoke softly to me and led me to a stage that had been set up. We stopped in front of a podium, where a goblet, knife, gun, and card were present. My nerves started to spike once again. I had only heard about an oath one had to take, but I had no idea how it worked.

To distract myself, I looked at the vast crowd where I spotted Nonna and his parents, giving me warm smiles as well. I wanted to drop my jaw when it hit me. All these people present worked for Damiano! And I knew this was not even all of them but those who mainly resided in Italy. I knew he was powerful and had many people working for him, but to see a glimpse of it just now was incredible.

“Famiglia di Bellavia!” Damiano’s voice boomed out, silencing everyone and giving us their full attention. It took everything in me not to shuffle around on my feet, seeing so many pairs of eyes on me.

“I have gathered you all here tonight to witness a new member of the family. My wife, Althaia Bellavia!” Damiano smiled beautifully and a round of applause erupted, and shouting and all kinds of noises were made by the announcement. Excitement, nervousness, and so many emotions were running through me as I waited in anticipation of the next step.

Damiano looked at me.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes.” I gave a firm nod, shoving my nervousness away, and focused on him.

“Althaia Bellavia, do you swear to be loyal to me as your leader and husband? Do you swear to be loyal to your family, to protect your brothers and sisters, and to honor this code of silence?” His golden-brown eyes looked at me so intently as he spoke out loudly, clearly, and firmly to let me know this was a serious deal.

And I was ready for it.

“I swear.” I said firmly, which earned a slight smirk from him. He grabbed the knife from the podium and took my hand in his. I made a small grimace, knowing blood had to be shed since it was a blood oath. I just hoped it wouldn’t be painful, or deep for that matter. Damiano held my index finger, pinched it, and poked a small hole with the knife. I almost wanted to laugh at how dramatic I had made it up to be in my mind.

Damiano then grabbed the card, and my brows went up when I recognized the image on it. It was the very same one he had tattooed on his chest. The hooded skull, the crown, and the massive angel wings. It was my favorite tattoo of his. One I had memorized and recreated many times in my sketchbook.

“This drop of blood symbolizes your birth into our family. We are one until death.” My finger was pinched until blood dropped onto the card. He then flipped the card, showing a saint’s picture, and repeated the process. The next thing he did was to take out a lighter and lit up the inside of the goblet.

He put the card over the flames, letting it burn while turning to me.

“May your flesh burn like this saint if you betray me and your family. Repeat after me.”

“As the flames burn this saint, so let my soul burn with the same flames for eternity. I enter alive, and only death can release me.” I repeated the words. Damiano then kissed both of my cheeks.

“Benvenuta in famiglia, mia Donna.” His golden-brown eyes were bright and filled with pride as he looked at me. I let out a small breath and smiled at him. A new feeling overtook my body.

Damiano grabbed my waist and pulled me into a kiss. Hard, but sweet, which let me melt entirely at the moment. I pulled away in surprise when I heard the crowd chanting loudly.

“Viva Don Damiano e Donna Althaia!... Viva Don Damiano e Donna Althaia!...” It was an overwhelming feeling that had me feel incredibly warm and emotional inside as I looked at their cheerful faces.

La mia Famiglia.

The sounds of multiple gunshots startled me and made me lean into Damiano. Everyone had pulled their guns out and were firing in celebration.

“Join them.” Damiano stepped behind me and grabbed my hand to let me hold his gun with his hand over mine. Together, we fired a few shots over the ocean and had them all erupt in joy again.

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“No turning back now. You are bound to me for life.” Damiano spoke. I looked over my shoulder, seeing his expression was soft. I gave a slight smirk.

“Wasn’t that my destiny in the first place, hmm?”

“You’re right. You belonged to me the minute I laid my eyes on you.” He mirrored my smirk.

“Hot.” I winked.

“Look at them shamelessly flirting in front of us all like that. And even in front of Nonna!” Rafaele’s voice rang, having me roll my eyes at him.

“Don’t look if you have a problem.” Damiano told him. I

chuckled as we made our way back down from the stage. I was immediately pulled into a tight embrace, Cara squealing in happiness.

“I want to be mad at you for not telling me right away you got engaged, and even more for getting married in secret. But I’m so damn happy for you that it doesn’t even matter anymore!” I laughed as I hugged her back, grateful she was here to witness this moment.

“When did you even come?” I asked them all.

“Today! We got the news yesterday and left in a hurry. Thanks for the heads up, by the way.” Cara said to Damiano with a teasing tone.

“You’re welcome.” He simply replied. She gave him a bored look before shaking her head.

“Well, congratulations to you both!” Cara said, and with a



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playful smile, she opened her arms wide open to hug

Damiano. A small crease appeared between his brows when she neared him. She wrapped her arms around him, and his arms remained still by his sides, not making a move to hug her back.

“Come on, Damiano. I’m your brother’s soon-to-be wife!

Gimme a hug!” I couldn’t help but laugh at the amusing sight. Damiano looked at me as if saying I needed to get him out of this situation.

“She has a point. She’s your family too.” I said. He looked down at her before slowly patting her back.

“God... This hurts to watch.” Arianna grimaced as she looked at them, along with Ava and Cecilia. They all chuckled at how awkward Damiano looked at the moment.

“He needs to loosen up a bit, and I’m helping him to do so.” Cara laughed, finally releasing Damiano, and he immediately wrapped his arm around my waist.

Arianna looked at us both with a warm smile.

“Congratulations, big brother. I’m happy you finally found the one.” As she hugged him, Damiano smiled and kissed the top of her head. I smiled big as I witnessed this cute moment before she turned to me.

“Oh, I see, Damiano!” Cara squinted her eyes at him.

“Don’t worry. We will get there!” She promised.

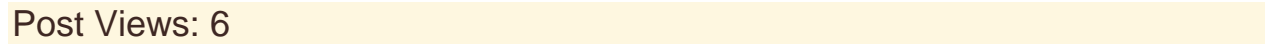
“I will stab him if his lips go anywhere near you.” Lorenzo made an appearance with Dom, who went to wrap his arm around Arianna. It looked like the brothers had finally

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accepted their relationship.

Post Views: 6

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