

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 281 - 290

I tilted my head at the way Gaetano was screaming, having the corners of my mouth turn upwards in contentment.

"I get it now." I said to Damiano, and I shot Gaetano's other shoulder just to have him keep screaming in pain.

"It's euphoric." My heart was beating faster but it was because of excitement that was rushing through me. I looked at Damiano, and he was already looking at me, his eyes darkened with his devilish smirk on his lips. He leaned in closer, speaking only for me to hear.

"Seeing you like this is making me hard as fuck." I gave him a sheepish grin, seeing the hint of lust in his eyes.

"Don't worry, I will take care of you once I'm done here." I gave him a quick kiss before turning my attention back to Gaetano. He was screaming and panting in pain.

I grabbed him by the hair, forcing him to look into my cold eyes.

"What's wrong? Why are you screaming? Take it like the big, powerful man you so generously talked about yourself." I told him, a smirk lingering on my lips.

"Ever heard the saying overconfidence leads to failure? You're setting a perfect example on that for everyone." He only groaned out in pain as I spoke to him.

"Damiano, where is Morella?" I asked, watching the panic in Gaetano's eyes.

"We've got her."

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"No! Leave her out of this!" He shouted at us, but I had no

compassion. All I saw was red.

“Bring her here.” I said.

“Don’t you dare!” Gaetano screamed.

“It’s my turn to make you suffer. You killed my baby, so I’ve killed your son. And now, I will make sure you will witness the death of your wife.” My voice was calm and steady as I spoke to him.

“My dear father, you were playing with The Devil’s Fire. And you’re about to get burned.” I gave him a vicious smile.

“I want him outside, tied to a pole.” I said to Damiano.

“Your wish is my command, mia Donna.” Damiano looked at Gaetano with a sinister look, and for once, I think Damiano was curious to see what I had planned.

Every single one of Damiano’s men was gathered outside, watching Gaetano tied to a pole, curious to see what would happen to him. I smiled when I saw my mother with Alexei make an appearance. I wanted her here for this as well.

Gaetano looked like he saw a ghost. It had him speechless to see my mother alive and well, which made me grin with delight.

“You! How are you still alive?!” He shouted, thrashing around to break free to get her, but it was of no use. He kept screaming, furious at the sight of my mother and Alexei. He stopped when Morella got dragged in front of him, watching in horror as she cried and begged for mercy.

They showed me no mercy, why should I? I wasn’t going to

show anyone an ounce of kindness only for them to retaliate someday. I had to get rid of everyone for the safety of the life growing in me.

I took Damiano’s gun.

“Althaia, no!” Gaetano shouted to me.

“Don’t say my name like I owe you any loyalty.” I spat out and stopped in front of my mother.

“Want to finish her off?” I asked, handing her the gun. After everything he did to my mother, I wanted him to watch her end his wife’s life. My mother looked at me in surprise before a smile broke out.

“I would love to.” She took the gun and stood in front of Morella, looking dead into Gaetano’s eyes.

And then pulled the trigger.

One bullet after the other went into Morella’s stomach, all while Gaetano was going crazy, trying to break free. And with a final bullet, she shot Morella right in the head.

“Ah, that’s my Solnishko.” I heard Alexei say, making me smile. at his prideful tone.

“My turn.” I announced. Everyone watched me as I grabbed the gas can.

I poured the gasoline over his head, making sure every inch of him was drenched as I listed out the names of every single one he hurt and every single life he took of Damiano’s men.

I wanted him to remember their names before I ended his life.

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I stepped away to a safe distance and Damiano stood next to me as I lit a matchstick and stared at Gaetano.

“Goodbye, Gaetano.” And I lit him on fire, watching the flames surrounding him. His scream was laced with pure agony as it filled out the silence.

I looked at Damiano.

“He can’t hurt us again.” I leaned into him, relieved, and he held me tightly into him with his hand on my stomach.

“No. It’s over.”

And we watched the flames burning him alive.

Post Views: 9

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Five months later

The sun was high up in the clear sky, shining over the crystal blue water in the most enchanting way. Calilo was always a beautiful island, but today, it was even more breathtaking.

The beach was elegantly decorated and rows of chairs lined up endlessly on the bright green grass. A mirrored aisle had been set up in the middle with either side decorated so stunningly with Angel's and Devil's trumpet flowers. At the end of the aisle was a grand gazebo with pillars decorated with colorful flowers.

A crowd of people was present, chatting and finding their seats. By the gazebo stood Damiano, overlooking the crowd of their friends and families. Everyone had flown out to make sure to witness this special day.

Damiano had a small crease between his brows, shuffling around on his feet for the first time in his life as he kept fixing his tie, double-checking to make sure he at least looked decent enough on such a meaningful day.

"Nervous, brother?" Lorenzo walked up to him, amused as it was the first time he was seeing his big brother in a nervous state.

"If this is what nervous looks like, then I am. How the fuck weren't you at your wedding?" Damiano didn't know how to handle the feeling and kept fixing himself to keep his hands busy. Lorenzo let out a smug grin as he stopped in front of his brother, fixing his tie.

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"I lied."

"Bastard." They both laughed and Damiano felt slightly relaxed when his brother fixed his tie and gave a nod in approval when he was done.

Damiano decided to wear a white wedding tuxedo with fine white details that stood out, his tie was white but with gold patterns. He wanted to match his wife since he knew she would be wearing white, and he added gold since it was her favorite color.

“You’ve got the rings?” Damiano asked.

“Got them. It’s my only job as the best man, you really think I would forget them?”

“Just making sure.”

“Your woman is making a mess out of you today.” Lorenzo couldn’t help but smile big. If there was one thing he was relieved about, was the fact his big brother finally found happiness in his life. It made him different, but in a good way, and he liked the person he had become because of her.

“I know.” Damiano chuckled, trying to feel more at ease.

“I told you, you can’t separate what’s meant to be together.” Lorenzo reminded him and Damiano nodded with a small smile. When Damiano thought he was falling apart one more time in his life, Lorenzo kept him in check, saying she would be back.

And back she came because just like him, she couldn’t live without him by her side.

2/5

“And she got you so fucking whipped.” Lorenzo kept teasing him to give him a distraction. Damiano scoffed.

“You’re telling me your wife doesn’t have you wrapped around her finger? Because I’ve seen the way she handles you.” Damiano smirked. Lorenzo had an impressive build and he was lethal in the most sinister way. One wouldn’t have thought he would be such a softie when it came to his wife.

“Ah, what can I say? I am a pleaser.” It was Lorenzo’s turn to smirk when Damiano gave him a blank look.

“I don’t want to hear about your bedroom activities.”

“Why not? I can give you some advice.”

“Do you really think I would need advice?” Damiano raised a brow, entertained by this conversation.

“Maybe. What have you done? I will give you a few tips to s

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Luca handed her the bridal flowers, looking at her with a warm smile. He liked her from the very first time they hung out on the day of the auction. He saw her as his precious little sister since he had none, and he loved she was in his life with such a bright personality.

“Ready?”

“Yes.” They went on either side of her and held out their arms for her to take. Together they made their way out to everyone who was waiting.

The live orchestra was playing soft melodies as the bridesmaids, Ava, Arianna, Cara, and Cecilia finished walking down the aisle. Everyone smiled and even chuckled when the flower girl walked down the aisle. It was Antonio, with his baby girl in his arms, dressed in a tiny white dress with a bow on her head, and he was spreading the flower petals as he walked. Everyone fell completely in love at the sight of his adorable baby girl.

Everyone turned their attention back to the doors when the music changed, waiting for the bride to make an appearance. Damiano had his hands clasped in front of him, so he wouldn't be trying to fix his tie like he had done at least a hundred times before already as he waited in anticipation.

The doors finally opened and a smile immediately found its way on his lips, his shoulders sagging in relief as well. Damiano's eyes never once left her as she slowly walked down the aisle to him. And he could swear to God right at this moment, he stopped breathing at the sight of his breathtaking bride.

Althaia only had eyes on Damiano with a smile so big on her

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lips. Her heart was beating faster, her entire body fluttering and tingling at the sight of him. She could see how much the sun was making his golden-brown eyes shine so brightly. He never looked more beautiful than he did today.

Althaia walked slowly down the aisle, all eyes were on her and the stunning dress she was wearing. Her mother had worked hard to create the perfect wedding dress for her daughter, and ecstatic couldn't describe the feeling as she watched her wearing it.

An off-shoulder dress with transparent sleeves, detailed with flowers along the arms. The top was beautifully detailed, flowers layered around, and a slightly puffy skirt that flowed out and into a long trail behind her. It was light and

comfortable for her, especially with her growing, pregnant belly.

Damiano walked down the few steps to take her in his arms. Althaia came to a stop in front of him, and her favorite bodyguards, Giovanni and Luca, were the ones giving her away. Before Damiano could take her, Luca clasped a hand on his shoulder, leaning into him.

"I'm risking my life by saying this. But with all due respect, Boss, if you hurt her, we're coming after you." Luca said firmly, meaning every word.

"You've got us to deal with if you do, Boss." Giovanni backed up Luca. They knew the severe consequences of threatening their Don, and Damiano glanced at them, cocking a brow.

"Any other circumstances, you would be dead. But, since it's her we're talking about, I hope you keep your word." Damiano said, mentally shaking his head at them. He knew it was

impossible not to care about her because she was such a pure soul. She would always be his innocent woman no matter what.

Damiano took Althaia's hand, leading her up to the gazebo and stopping right in front of Rafaele, who was ready to marry them.

Damiano lifted her veil, getting starstruck and completely captivated by her beauty and her striking green eyes. His heart was pounding as he wondered how it was possible to be this enchanting. With every day there went, she was becoming more and more beautiful.

And today, she was shining as bright as the diamonds she was wearing. The Tiffany Yellow Diamond hung so elegantly around her neck, and he made sure to get her matching earrings. Her long hair was down in beautiful curls with a matching hairpiece on her head to match the rest of the jewelry.

“So fucking gorgeous.” He whispered to her, and he watched the way her cheeks turned into that reddish color he found so damn endearing.

“You’re beautiful.” Althaia smiled shyly at him, her heart fluttering at their closeness. Nonna had separated a week before the wedding to keep the tradition of not seeing the bride before their wedding day.

It had been torture for both of them.

“Welcome, loved ones! We are gathered here today to join Althaia and Damiano in holy matrimony.” Raffaele spoke loudly with a smile as he continued his invocation.

“You may exchange your vows.” Damiano smiled softly, looking intently into those beautiful green eyes that continued to captivate him over and over again.

“Althaia, I promise to cherish you always, to honor and sustain you. I promise to always have you with me, in my thoughts, my dreams, and my heart. I promise to dream with you, celebrate with you, and walk beside you through whatever life brings. I promise to always protect you, to always fight for you with my unconditional love. You are my love and my life. I will always love you, even after I’ve run out of breath. Because death can’t do us part. You’re my forever and always.”

Althaia had tears in her tears as Damiano spoke from his heart, letting her know how endless his love for her was. With a smile, Damiano wiped away a tear that managed to escape down her cheek.

“Damiano, I promise to cherish you always, to honor and respect you, to support and encourage you. I promise to dream with you, celebrate with you, and walk beside you through whatever life brings. Because in your arms, I’ve found home. In your eyes, I’ve found compassion. In your heart, I’ve found love. I take you and love you exactly as you are. Because you’re perfect. I promise to always pursue you, to fight for you, and to love you unconditionally and

wholeheartedly. Forever and always. Because death can't do us part."

Damiano's heart was pounding fast, spreading an endless warmth in him at her words. He felt like he was about to explode with those feelings she kept luring out of him. His heart wasn't his anymore. It belonged to her.

Althaia felt the same as she gazed into those beautiful

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golden-brown eyes. Her heart belonged to him. They were two hearts and two souls who couldn't be separated. They were meant to be together.

Even Rafaele had to lightly clear his throat. He got emotional by their vows but what had him almost crying was the way they were looking at each other. Like they were each other's worlds. One could only envy how strong their love for each other was.

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Lorenzo was smiling the whole time as he handed Damiano the rings. He kept stealing glances at his own wife, making her smile brightly every time his attention was on her. Even

though their wedding turned into a disaster, he still promised her everything in this world and more.

Cara never thought she would ever get to live a happy life, and now she could with a man, who killed her past demons just so she sleep soundly at night. Cara knew he would give her everything. All she had to do was say the word. That was why her father was still being kept alive, receiving days of torture for the years of abuse she went through, and Lorenzo was making him wish for death every day.

"Do you, Damiano, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to live together in matrimony, to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, to have and to hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?"

"I do." Damiano barely let Rafaele finish, wanting to let them all know that this woman belonged to him.

Rafaelle turned to Althaia, asking her the same, and her smile widened, eager to let them all know too that this man. belonged to her. She opened her mouth to speak, but instead, she let out a gasp and put a hand to her stomach at the unfamiliar feeling.

“What’s wrong? What’s happening?” Damiano’s heart dropped in worry as he frowned. Althaia looked at him, chuckling as

she grabbed his hand and placed it on her stomach. That was when he felt it.

A kick.

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His eyes went wide at the incredible feeling. Small yet so strong. It was the first time they felt the baby kick.

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“Our baby is eager for your response, my love.” Damiano chuckled, feeling another kick, completely mesmerized by the feeling.

“I was getting there, my baby. So impatient like your father.” Althaia smiled as she patted her round belly before looking at Damiano.

“I do.” She said with a bright smile.

Althaia and Damiano placed the rings on each other’s fingers, keeping their hands interlocked as they gazed lovingly at each other.

“By the authority vested in me by the power of the Internet, I now pronounce you husband and wife!” Rafaelle shouted with glee.

Damiano cupped Althaia’s cheeks and pressed his lips against her soft lips. It was a kiss that let them feel a fire within their bones and let their souls come alive. A kiss that bonded and sealed their heart and souls together, and forever.

Their lips never separated, even when everyone erupted cheerfully, chanting their names and firing their guns in celebration.

“Se agapó, agápi mou.” Damiano whispered against her lips. Althaia looked at him in surprise as he spoke in her native language.

“Ti amo, amore mio.” Althaia responded in his native language before their lips were sealed together again in a heavenly kiss.

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The sun had dipped below the horizon and the reception was in full blast. Everyone was laughing, drinking, and having a good time with the music playing loudly. Damiano was by the bar, a smile on his lips as he watched his bride with the crowd, laughing at something Nonna was saying.

“Ah, Bellavia! Looks like I am your father-in-law.” Alexei chuckled and stood next to Damiano. Now that he found out Althaia was his daughter, he wasn’t going to stay away, especially on her wedding day. He had lost twenty-five years of her life, and he was going to make sure he was staying for as long as he lived.

“In your dreams, Vasiliev.” Damiano sipped his whiskey. He couldn’t do anything about having Alexei at their wedding since his wife wanted him to be here. But Alexei was doing a good job of keeping to himself to not cause tension between him and everyone else. Good thing he only brought Nestor with him.

“That is my daughter, isn’t it? That means I am your father-in-law.” Alexei continued. He loved rubbing it in his face. Damiano let out a genuine chuckle, slapping Alexei’s back a few times as he leaned into him, both looking at Althaia.

“Correct. That is your daughter. And later, I’m going to slip that dress off her and fuck her all night.” Alexei’s smirk fell and Damiano clinked his glass against Alexei’s.

“Drinks are on me. Motherfucker.” Damiano smirked while making his way to his bride.

Alexei scoffed and sipped his drink but smiled when Jacinta walked up to him.

“Solnishko.”

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“Lunnyy svet.” She smiled when he pulled her into him. He looked at her, his gaze softened as he spoke.

“Enough time has passed. When we’re done here, you and I are getting married. It’s time for you to bear my name as you should have from the beginning. Your father isn’t here to stop us, and neither is my mother. Let us finally live the life we were meant to.” Alexei meant every single word. He never took a partner, knowing his heart couldn’t belong to anyone

but her.

Jacinta watched his expression, seeing he was being serious.

“Then let’s get married.” Jacinta smiled. After so many years, she finally wanted to live it with the only man she ever loved. She had gotten a new identity since she was supposed to be dead, but now she can finally have a name that meant something.

That was why she stabbed him close to his heart in the first place. If she couldn’t have him, no one else could.

“As if you have a choice.” Alexei teased and Jacinta jokingly jabbed her elbow into his side as they watched their daughter being the happiest she had ever been.

Alexei was a bit disappointed that she had given up her birthright, but he was understanding. The agreement was to have the conversation one more time when her kids were old enough to decide what they wanted to do, and he hoped a grandchild of his would take over.

Althaia continued to laugh as Nonna had practically gathered all the young ones, lecturing them about how they should get married as soon as possible and get her great-grandbabies. Even Michael was getting the speech as he now was part of

Famiglia di Bellavia.

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Damiano found him too valuable to dispose of but he would have to work his way up. He accepted because he wanted to be close to the only people he saw as family. Michael was happy for Althaia, his feelings long gone for her as he knew he would never be able to make her happy. Also, he might just have found someone he was falling for.

He looked at his date with a smile. No one knew she was the legendary Ghost. And if Rafaele knew, they would never get a quiet night.

“Don’t let me wait too long! I’m not getting any younger! And don’t wait until you’re fifty like Damiano!” Nonna gave stern looks to them all except for Althaia.

“Nonna, I’m thirty-one.” Damiano sighed, coming right in to be insulted. But Nonna ignored him.

“Arianna! Get married to Dom by the end of the year and give me babies! Cara! I expect you pregnant by the end of the year!” Cara choked on her drink.

“Maybe one day, Nonna.” Cara laughed nervously.

“Ay, ay, these young people have no respect for elders anymore...” Nonna complained and Eleonora laughed.

“Let’s get you some wine, Madre.” Even Damiano’s father found it amusing. He did not miss the days when it was him. she was after.

Riccardo congratulated his oldest son once again and kissed his new daughter-in-law on her head before he followed his wife. He had mixed feelings about her in the beginning, but now, he was just happy she was making his son happy.

1/5

288 Vouchers

Cara sighed in relief and looked at Lorenzo, who was carrying Antonio’s baby girl. She had always said she didn’t want kids and he knew that, but seeing Lorenzo with one in his arms, made her feel something inside.

Lorenzo looked at Cara, smiling at her.

“Okay... So, maybe one kid?” Cara offered and his eyes brightened. Lorenzo wouldn’t mind having kids, but if she didn’t want them, then so be it. He just wanted to please her and give her a comfortable life.

“Hold that thought... Hey, Damiano? How many kids are you planning to have?”

“Ten kids.”

“Wait, we agreed to six!” Althaia erupted.

“I changed my mind. It’s going to be ten.” Althaia dropped her jaw and Lorenzo turned to look at Cara.

“We’re having twenty.” Lorenzo said in all seriousness.

“Ha! It’s one or nothing.”

“Mia Cara, I can’t let him win. It has to be twenty.” Lorenzo argued but Cara was already walking from him.

“I told you, brother, I always win.” Damiano laughed and wrapped his arm around his bride.

“Come, take a walk with me.” He told her and lead her outside. They walked along the water on the beach, breathing in the fresh night air and watching the stars sparkle brightly above their heads.

2/5

“What do you think of having a beach house here?” Damiano stopped walking and gestured to the place.

“That would be lovely, but this is a private beach so we can’t.” Althaia sighed sadly. Calilo was her favorite place in Greece, of course, she would love it if they could have some kind of property here. Especially this beach as it was such a breathtaking place.

“I know. It’s our private beach.” Damiano smiled as Althaia looked at him shocked.

“You bought the beach?!”

“We bought the beach. I wasn’t about to let this place off to someone else. We got married here and I want us to keep it. I was thinking you could take charge of building the beach. house you want, and then we will bring our children here, showing them where we got married.”

“Oh, my God, yes! I love it! Thank you!” Althaia wrapped her arms around him and kissed him in gratitude. Damiano chuckled at her excitement, knowing she would love a beach house. He crouched down to talk to her beautiful, round belly.

“What do you think? Should we build a beach house here for you?” Damiano asked, feeling strong kicks against the palm of his hands.

“I think that’s a yes.” Althaia laughed.

“It’s settled then.” He smiled and kissed her pregnant belly.

“Hey, come on, guys! It’s your wedding, you can’t just leave! It’s time for your dance!” Cara shouted after them.

1/5

Damiano sighed, just wanting to be alone with his bride. already.

“Let’s go, my husband.” Althaia laughed at his expression and grabbed his hand.

“We can always run away.” Damiano suggested but followed anyways. It was tempting to kidnap his wife right now just to be alone.

“We can sneak out after the cake. And then, I want you to fuck me nice and good all night.” She winked, and he let out a small grunt at her words.

“Baby, you have no idea how long I’ve been dreaming about this day. I will give you a night you will never forget.” He gave her the devilish smirk she loved so much as his eyes darkened.

“Better keep your word.” She grinned.

“I always do, my love.” And he kissed the back of her hand, making her blush.

Everyone had cleared the dancefloor, making way for the bride and the groom. Althaia wrapped her arms around Damiano's neck while his arms glided around her waist. The orchestra was playing some of the most beautiful melodies as they had their first dance.

They couldn't take their eyes off each other as they moved around like a fairytale. Damiano swept Althaia off her feet and up in his arms, making her let out a squeal in surprise as she laughed. He smiled as he spun them around, the sparklers on the floor shot up high in the air around them, creating a magical moment for them.

Their heads were rested against each other, lost in their own world.

He was dark. She was bright.

When he was drowning, she became his air. In the cold, she became his warmth. In the dark, she became his light.

Two different worlds were brought together and created love with a burning desire. And if they were to live their life again, they would have found each other sooner.

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? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Five months later

The sun was high up in the clear sky, shining over the crystal blue water in the most enchanting way. Calilo was always a beautiful island, but today, it was even more breathtaking.

The beach was elegantly decorated and rows of chairs lined up endlessly on the bright green grass. A mirrored aisle had been set up in the middle with either side decorated so stunningly with Angel's and Devil's trumpet flowers. At the end of the aisle was a grand gazebo with pillars decorated with colorful flowers.

A crowd of people was present, chatting and finding their seats. By the gazebo stood Damiano, overlooking the crowd of their friends and families. Everyone had flown out to make sure to witness this special day.

Damiano had a small crease between his brows, shuffling around on his feet for the first time in his life as he kept fixing his tie, double-checking to make sure he at least looked decent enough on such a meaningful day.

"Nervous, brother?" Lorenzo walked up to him, amused as it was the first time he was seeing his big brother in a nervous

state.

"If this is what nervous looks like, then I am. How the fuck weren't you at your wedding?" Damiano didn't know how to handle the feeling and kept fixing himself to keep his hands busy. Lorenzo let out a smug grin as he stopped in front of his brother, fixing his tie.

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"I lied."

“Bastard.” They both laughed and Damiano felt slightly relaxed when his brother fixed his tie and gave a nod in approval when he was done.

Damiano decided to wear a white wedding tuxedo with fine white details that stood out, his tie was white but with gold patterns. He wanted to match his wife since he knew she would be wearing white, and he added gold since it was her favorite color.

“You’ve got the rings?” Damiano asked.

“Got them. It’s my only job as the best man, you really think I would forget them?”

“Just making sure.”

“Your woman is making a mess out of you today.” Lorenzo couldn’t help but smile big. If there was one thing he was relieved about, was the fact his big brother finally found happiness in his life. It made him different, but in a good way, and he liked the person he had become because of her.

“I know.” Damiano chuckled, trying to feel more at ease.

“I told you, you can’t separate what’s meant to be together.” Lorenzo reminded him and Damiano nodded with a small smile. When Damiano thought he was falling apart one more time in his life, Lorenzo kept him in check, saying she would be back.

And back she came because just like him, she couldn’t live without him by her side.

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“And she got you so fucking whipped.” Lorenzo kept teasing him to give him a distraction. Damiano scoffed.

“You’re telling me your wife doesn’t have you wrapped around her finger? Because I’ve seen the way she handles you.” Damiano smirked. Lorenzo had an impressive build and he was lethal in the most sinister way. One wouldn’t have thought he would be such a softie when it came to his wife.

“Ah, what can I say? I am a pleaser.” It was Lorenzo’s turn to smirk when Damiano gave him a blank look.

“I don’t want to hear about your bedroom activities.”

“Why not? I can give you some advice.”

“Do you really think I would need advice?” Damiano raised a brow, entertained by this conversation.

“Maybe. What have you done? I will give you a few tips to spice it up.” Lorenzo asked with a playful smirk.

“More like what haven’t I done.” Damiano said smugly. There wasn’t anything she didn’t allow him to do. And now with her hormones going crazy, she had become a wild freak, needing him to please her all the time, and he fucking loved it.

“Fucked her in the ass yet?” Lorenzo looked at him playfully.

“Of course. Have you fucked your wife in the ass yet?”

“I always do.” They both stared at each other before laughing out loudly, amused by how their conversation took a

completely different turn.

“Hey! Are you having fun without me?!” Rafaele hurried up to the brothers with a wide grin on his lips.

“So, what are we talking about?” He rested his hands on his hips, looking back and forth between them.

“Nothing that concerns you. Get a wife and you can join the conversation.” Rafaele pouted at Damiano’s answer.

“Oh, well, I’ve got other things to focus on.” Rafaele looked back into the book he was holding.

For months, day and night he had begged Althaia and Damiano to officiate their wedding. They shut him down immediately, but as persistent as he was, he annoyed the shit out of them until they got fed up with him. So much that Althaia yelled at him but gave in. Rafaele admitted Althaia was becoming scarier every day, and her hormones were making her a walking menace to everyone, and Damiano always looked at her with nothing more than pride.

Rafaelle mentally scoffed. Psychos really do attract psychos.

The music started to play, and the chatting that had been going on, slowly died down as everyone got to their feet, looking in anticipation at the doors where the bride would

appear.

Damiano let out a breath and waited.

Inside the master suite, Althaia took a final look in the mirror with a smile on her lips.

“Such a beautiful bride.” Eleanor held her hands close to her heart as she looked at her daughter-in-law.

“I know, my baby is getting married.” Jacinta sniffed, wiping away her tears with a tissue. She was looking at her daughter, barely believing this was her wedding day.

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“Mamá, don’t cry! You know I will cry too, and I can’t stop it.” Althaia already felt the tears coming. Lately, she had been very emotional and she didn’t want to cry, knowing it would ruin her makeup.

“Sorry, honey.” Jacinta laughed and managed to keep herself in check.

“Well, it’s time to go. Everyone’s waiting.” Cara came back to tell them. She was the maid of honor and she took that title very seriously and made sure everything was absolutely amazing.

Her sister was getting married.

“Okay.” Althaia took a deep breath. She found it funny how she was feeling nervous even though they were already married, but still, it felt so different.

Before she could take a step Giovanni and Luca made an appearance, looking at her with big smiles on their faces.

“Do you mind if we can take a walk with you down the aisle?” Luca asked. Althaia grinned, looking at her mother.

“It’s okay with me. I will see you there.” They left and Giovanni stopped in front of her, his expression softened as he pulled the veil over her face. He would never admit it directly to her but she had won him over a long time ago, and even though he said he wouldn’t, he would die for her.

5/5

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Lorenzo was smiling the whole time as he handed Damiano the rings. He kept stealing glances at his own wife, making her smile brightly every time his attention was on her. Even

though their wedding turned into a disaster, he still promised her everything in this world and more.

Cara never thought she would ever get to live a happy life, and now she could with a man, who killed her past demons just so she sleep soundly at night. Cara knew he would give her everything. All she had to do was say the word. That was why her father was still being kept alive, receiving days of torture for the years of abuse she went through, and Lorenzo was making him wish for death every day.

“Do you, Damiano, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to live together in matrimony, to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, to have and to hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?”

“I do.” Damiano barely let Rafaele finish, wanting to let them all know that this woman belonged to him.

Rafaele turned to Althaia, asking her the same, and her smile widened, eager to let them all know too that this man. belonged to her. She opened her mouth to speak, but instead, she let out a gasp and put a hand to her stomach at the unfamiliar feeling.

“What’s wrong? What’s happening?” Damiano’s heart dropped in worry as he frowned. Althaia looked at him, chuckling as

she grabbed his hand and placed it on her stomach. That was when he felt it.

A kick.

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His eyes went wide at the incredible feeling. Small yet so strong. It was the first time they felt the baby kick.

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“Our baby is eager for your response, my love.” Damiano chuckled, feeling another kick, completely mesmerized by the feeling.

“I was getting there, my baby. So impatient like your father.” Althaia smiled as she patted her round belly before looking at Damiano.

“I do.” She said with a bright smile.

Althaia and Damiano placed the rings on each other’s fingers, keeping their hands interlocked as they gazed lovingly at each other.

“By the authority vested in me by the power of the Internet, I now pronounce you husband and wife!” Rafaele shouted with glee.

Damiano cupped Althaia’s cheeks and pressed his lips against her soft lips. It was a kiss that let them feel a fire within their bones and let their souls come alive. A kiss that bonded and sealed their heart and souls together, and forever.

Their lips never separated, even when everyone erupted cheerfully, chanting their names and firing their guns in celebration.

“Se agapó, agápi mou.” Damiano whispered against her lips. Althaia looked at him in surprise as he spoke in her native language.

“Ti amo, amore mio.” Althaia responded in his native language before their lips were sealed together again in a heavenly kiss.

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The sun had dipped below the horizon and the reception was in full blast. Everyone was laughing, drinking, and having a good time with the music playing loudly. Damiano was by the bar, a smile on his lips as he watched his bride with the crowd, laughing at something Nonna was saying.

“Ah, Bellavia! Looks like I am your father-in-law.” Alexei chuckled and stood next to Damiano. Now that he found out Althaia was his daughter, he wasn’t going to stay away, especially on her wedding day. He had lost twenty-five years of her life, and he was going to make sure he was staying for as long as he lived.

“In your dreams, Vasiliev.” Damiano sipped his whiskey. He couldn’t do anything about having Alexei at their wedding since his wife wanted him to be here. But Alexei was doing a good job of keeping to himself to not cause tension between him and everyone else. Good thing he only brought Nestor with him.

“That is my daughter, isn’t it? That means I am your father-in-law.” Alexei continued. He loved rubbing it in his face. Damiano let out a genuine chuckle, slapping Alexei’s back a few times as he leaned into him, both looking at Althaia.

“Correct. That is your daughter. And later, I’m going to slip that dress off her and fuck her all night.” Alexei’s smirk fell and Damiano clinked his glass against Alexei’s.

“Drinks are on me. Motherfucker.” Damiano smirked while making his way to his bride.

Alexei scoffed and sipped his drink but smiled when Jacinta walked up to him.

“Solnishko.”

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“Lunnyy svet.” She smiled when he pulled her into him. He looked at her, his gaze softened as he spoke.

“Enough time has passed. When we’re done here, you and I are getting married. It’s time for you to bear my name as you should have from the beginning. Your father isn’t here to stop us, and neither is my mother. Let us

finally live the life we were meant to.” Alexei meant every single word. He never took a partner, knowing his heart couldn’t belong to anyone

but her.

Jacinta watched his expression, seeing he was being serious.

“Then let’s get married.” Jacinta smiled. After so many years, she finally wanted to live it with the only man she ever loved. She had gotten a new identity since she was supposed to be dead, but now she can finally have a name that meant something.

That was why she stabbed him close to his heart in the first place. If she couldn’t have him, no one else could.

“As if you have a choice.” Alexei teased and Jacinta jokingly jabbed her elbow into his side as they watched their daughter being the happiest she had ever been.

Alexei was a bit disappointed that she had given up her birthright, but he was understanding. The agreement was to have the conversation one more time when her kids were old enough to decide what they wanted to do, and he hoped a grandchild of his would take over.

Althaia continued to laugh as Nonna had practically gathered all the young ones, lecturing them about how they should get married as soon as possible and get her great-grandbabies. Even Michael was getting the speech as he now was part of

Famiglia di Bellavia.

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I tilted my head at the way Gaetano was screaming, having the corners of my mouth turn upwards in contentment.

“I get it now.” I said to Damiano, and I shot Gaetano’s other shoulder just to have him keep screaming in pain.

“It’s euphoric.” My heart was beating faster but it was because of excitement that was rushing through me. I looked at Damiano, and he was already

looking at me, his eyes darkened with his devilish smirk on his lips. He leaned in closer, speaking only for me to hear.

“Seeing you like this is making me hard as fuck.” I gave him a sheepish grin, seeing the hint of lust in his eyes.

“Don’t worry, I will take care of you once I’m done here.” I gave him a quick kiss before turning my attention back to Gaetano. He was screaming and panting in pain.

I grabbed him by the hair, forcing him to look into my cold eyes.

“What’s wrong? Why are you screaming? Take it like the big, powerful man you so generously talked about yourself.” I told him, a smirk lingering on my lips.

“Ever heard the saying overconfidence leads to failure? You’re setting a perfect example on that for everyone.” He only groaned out in pain as I spoke to him.

“Damiano, where is Morella?” I asked, watching the panic in Gaetano’s eyes.

“We’ve got her.”

A

“No! Leave her out of this!” He shouted at us, but I had no

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compassion. All I saw was red.

“Bring her here.” I said.

“Don’t you dare!” Gaetano screamed.

“It’s my turn to make you suffer. You killed my baby, so I’ve killed your son. And now, I will make sure you will witness the death of your wife.” My voice was calm and steady as I spoke to him.

“My dear father, you were playing with The Devil’s Fire. And you’re about to get burned.” I gave him a vicious smile.

“I want him outside, tied to a pole.” I said to Damiano.

“Your wish is my command, mia Donna.” Damiano looked at Gaetano with a sinister look, and for once, I think Damiano was curious to see what I had planned.

Every single one of Damiano’s men was gathered outside, watching Gaetano tied to a pole, curious to see what would happen to him. I smiled when I saw my mother with Alexei make an appearance. I wanted her here for this as well.

Gaetano looked like he saw a ghost. It had him speechless to see my mother alive and well, which made me grin with delight.

“You! How are you still alive?!” He shouted, thrashing around to break free to get her, but it was of no use. He kept screaming, furious at the sight of my mother and Alexei. He stopped when Morella got dragged in front of him, watching in horror as she cried and begged for mercy.

They showed me no mercy, why should I? I wasn’t going to

show anyone an ounce of kindness only for them to retaliate someday. I had to get rid of everyone for the safety of the life growing in me.

I took Damiano’s gun.

“Althaia, no!” Gaetano shouted to me.

“Don’t say my name like I owe you any loyalty.” I spat out and stopped in front of my mother.

“Want to finish her off?” I asked, handing her the gun. After everything he did to my mother, I wanted him to watch her end his wife’s life. My mother looked at me in surprise before a smile broke out.

“I would love to.” She took the gun and stood in front of Morella, looking dead into Gaetano’s eyes.

And then pulled the trigger.

One bullet after the other went into Morella's stomach, all while Gaetano was going crazy, trying to break free. And with a final bullet, she shot Morella right in the head.

"Ah, that's my Solnishko." I heard Alexei say, making me smile. at his prideful tone.

"My turn." I announced. Everyone watched me as I grabbed the gas can.

I poured the gasoline over his head, making sure every inch of him was drenched as I listed out the names of every single one he hurt and every single life he took of Damiano's men.

I wanted him to remember their names before I ended his life.

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I stepped away to a safe distance and Damiano stood next to me as I lit a matchstick and stared at Gaetano.

"Goodbye, Gaetano." And I lit him on fire, watching the flames surrounding him. His scream was laced with pure agony as it filled out the silence.

I looked at Damiano.

"He can't hurt us again." I leaned into him, relieved, and he held me tightly into him with his hand on my stomach.

"No. It's over."

And we watched the flames burning him alive.

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Luca handed her the bridal flowers, looking at her with a warm smile. He liked her from the very first time they hung out on the day of the auction. He saw her as his precious little sister since he had none, and he loved she was in his life with such a bright personality.

"Ready?"

“Yes.” They went on either side of her and held out their arms for her to take. Together they made their way out to everyone who was waiting.

The live orchestra was playing soft melodies as the bridesmaids, Ava, Arianna, Cara, and Cecilia finished walking down the aisle. Everyone smiled and even chuckled when the flower girl walked down the aisle. It was Antonio, with his baby girl in his arms, dressed in a tiny white dress with a bow on her head, and he was spreading the flower petals as he walked. Everyone fell completely in love at the sight of his adorable baby girl.

Everyone turned their attention back to the doors when the music changed, waiting for the bride to make an appearance. Damiano had his hands clasped in front of him, so he wouldn't be trying to fix his tie like he had done at least a hundred times before already as he waited in anticipation.

The doors finally opened and a smile immediately found its way on his lips, his shoulders sagging in relief as well. Damiano's eyes never once left her as she slowly walked down the aisle to him. And he could swear to God right at this moment, he stopped breathing at the sight of his breathtaking bride.

Althaia only had eyes on Damiano with a smile so big on her

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lips. Her heart was beating faster, her entire body fluttering and tingling at the sight of him. She could see how much the sun was making his golden-brown eyes shine so brightly. He never looked more beautiful than he did today.

Althaia walked slowly down the aisle, all eyes were on her and the stunning dress she was wearing. Her mother had worked hard to create the perfect wedding dress for her daughter, and ecstatic couldn't describe the feeling as she watched her wearing it.

An off-shoulder dress with transparent sleeves, detailed with flowers along the arms. The top was beautifully detailed, flowers layered around, and a slightly puffy skirt that flowed out and into a long trail behind her. It was light and comfortable for her, especially with her growing, pregnant belly.

Damiano walked down the few steps to take her in his arms. Althaia came to a stop in front of him, and her favorite bodyguards, Giovanni and Luca, were the ones giving her away. Before Damiano could take her, Luca clasped a hand on his shoulder, leaning into him.

“I’m risking my life by saying this. But with all due respect, Boss, if you hurt her, we’re coming after you.” Luca said firmly, meaning every word.

“You’ve got us to deal with if you do, Boss.” Giovanni backed up Luca. They knew the severe consequences of threatening their Don, and Damiano glanced at them, cocking a brow.

“Any other circumstances, you would be dead. But, since it’s her we’re talking about, I hope you keep your word.” Damiano said, mentally shaking his head at them. He knew it was

impossible not to care about her because she was such a pure soul. She would always be his innocent woman no matter what.

Damiano took Althaia’s hand, leading her up to the gazebo and stopping right in front of Rafaele, who was ready to marry them.

Damiano lifted her veil, getting starstruck and completely captivated by her beauty and her striking green eyes. His heart was pounding as he wondered how it was possible to be this enchanting. With every day there went, she was becoming more and more beautiful.

And today, she was shining as bright as the diamonds she was wearing. The Tiffany Yellow Diamond hung so elegantly around her neck, and he made sure to get her matching earrings. Her long hair was down in beautiful curls with a matching hairpiece on her head to match the rest of the jewelry.

“So fucking gorgeous.” He whispered to her, and he watched the way her cheeks turned into that reddish color he found so damn endearing.

“You’re beautiful.” Althaia smiled shyly at him, her heart fluttering at their closeness. Nonna had separated a week before the wedding to keep the tradition of not seeing the bride before their wedding day.

It had been torture for both of them.

“Welcome, loved ones! We are gathered here today to join Althaia and Damiano in holy matrimony.” Rafaelle spoke loudly with a smile as he continued his invocation.

“You may exchange your vows.” Damiano smiled softly, looking intently into those beautiful green eyes that continued to captivate him over and over again.

“Althaia, I promise to cherish you always, to honor and sustain you. I promise to always have you with me, in my thoughts, my dreams, and my heart. I promise to dream with you, celebrate with you, and walk beside you through whatever life brings. I promise to always protect you, to always fight for you with my unconditional love. You are my love and my life. I will always love you, even after I’ve run out of breath. Because death can’t do us part. You’re my forever and always.”

Althaia had tears in her tears as Damiano spoke from his heart, letting her know how endless his love for her was. With a smile, Damiano wiped away a tear that managed to escape down her cheek.

“Damiano, I promise to cherish you always, to honor and respect you, to support and encourage you. I promise to dream with you, celebrate with you, and walk beside you through whatever life brings. Because in your arms, I’ve found home. In your eyes, I’ve found compassion. In your heart, I’ve found love. I take you and love you exactly as you are. Because you’re perfect. I promise to always pursue you, to fight for you, and to love you unconditionally and

wholeheartedly. Forever and always. Because death can’t do us part.”

Damiano’s heart was pounding fast, spreading an endless warmth in him at her words. He felt like he was about to explode with those feelings she kept luring out of him. His heart wasn’t his anymore. It belonged to her.

Althaia felt the same as she gazed into those beautiful

4/5

golden-brown eyes. Her heart belonged to him. They were two hearts and two souls who couldn’t be separated. They were meant to be together.

Even Rafaelle had to lightly clear his throat. He got emotional by their vows but what had him almost crying was the way they were looking at each other. Like they were each other's worlds. One could only envy how strong their love for each other was.

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