

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 291 - 300

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

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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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 Rafaelle 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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“That would be nice.” I smiled. She gave my hand a squeeze before I watched her retreating form.

My mother was nervous and probably needed a minute to herself before facing the man she hadn’t seen in over twenty- five years. And who apparently also happened to be my biological father.

“We should get you to the clinic first.” Damiano said when I neared him.

“I know but I think I need to do this first in case... I don’t think I will be able to have this conversation after.” I told him. For now, I could pretend everything was okay with me. But if I went to the clinic now just to get bad news, it would leave me shattered. There was

only so much I could handle at the time, and I wanted to hear what my mother had to say before becoming a complete mess.

“Are you sure?” Damiano’s eyes narrowed as he looked around my face in concern.

“I am, but maybe you should rest? You look tired.” I said worriedly. It was too soon for him to be standing and moving around this much. I knew he was trying to keep his

movements minimal, but still, he should be in bed resting until he fully recovered.

“Are you saying I look like shit?” He raised a brow.

“Just a little.” I bit back a smile when he clicked his tongue at

1. me.

“I’m kidding.” I chuckled, unable to keep it in.

“You’ve never been sexier. You should go to war some more. It

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does add some attractiveness.” I joked. Damiano gave me a playful smile, leaning closer to me as he held my chin to look at him.

“I’ve told you before... If you want me to burn the world for you, I will. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.” He sealed his promise with a kiss, having my heart flutter. And once again, he has proven he would go beyond and above for me.

And I would do the very same for him.

“When everything is over, I want to go to bed and sleep in your arms.” I whispered against his lips. That was all I needed. As long as he was by my side, I could get through everything.

“Whatever you wish, my love.” Damiano gave me a soft smile.

“I should get Alexei.” I said and he gave me a small nod. There was no reason for

my mother to tell me the whole story, just for her to tell it again to him. I wanted to spare her as much emotional pain as possible because I knew she had to make difficult decisions in life. Just to protect me.

“I will get him, just stay here.” I told Damiano, Antonio, and Giovanni once we were out. I didn’t wait for a reply as I made my way to Alexei and Nestor. He was leaning against his car but straightened up when he saw me.

I stopped in front of him, feeling a little awkward talking to him after knowing who he truly was to me. I could barely handle his piercing blue eyes on me.

“Are you okay?” Alexei asked, surprising me with his soft tone.

“I – Well... I don’t know...” I answered truthfully. My mind was all over the place **at** the moment, and I was trying to push

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through it all. <

“... Turns out she is alive.” I decided to say with a forced—out chuckle. I had no idea how else I was supposed to tell him, but it seemed fitting since I had no idea she was alive to begin

with.

Alexei and Nestor didn’t say anything and just looked at my troubled expression.

“Follow me.” I told them and went back to the house with them close behind. This time, Antonio and Giovanni followed inside as well. I doubted Alexei and Nestor would try anything since this place was heavily guarded, and they were all watching the Russian Mob Boss like a hawk, waiting for him to make one mistake before they would empty their guns on.

him.

My mother was in the living room, her

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“I’m twenty—

five, but okay.” I chuckled. Everyone had been quiet and listened to my mother’s story. It was a story I thought you would only read about, or watch in movies. In no way would I have expected my mother to have such a story.

“I have a question.” I turned to look at Alexei.

“You asked for my mother’s hand in marriage, wouldn’t you have been able to track her down if you knew the family she came from?”

“I would. If she ever bothered to give me her real name. I told you she went by many different names, and not once had she revealed her true name to me. Your mother legally changed her name every single time. When I approached your grandfather, I said ‘I want your daughter’s hand in marriage’. I wasn’t being specific and I didn’t even consider if he had more than one daughter. You can call it being young and dumb.” He shook his head with a slight smile.

“I did look for her, but the names never matched her description.”

“It’s Jacinta.” I clarified and he raised a brow at my mother.

“Is that your real name or something you made up?”

“Jacinta is my real name.”

“What kind of name is that? Your parents really fucking hated you, didn’t they?” He laughed as if it was the funniest thing ever. If my mother had another knife in her hands, she would have thrown it at him.

“But in the end, I stopped caring. She was too much of a headache for me anyway.” Alexei gave a dismissive wave,

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acting like he didn't care. Of course, I didn't buy it. They were both playing hard to get.

"What? Was I too opinionated for you? Did I challenge you too much? Did I hurt that stupid ego of yours? No surprise since I was this close to being able to kill you." My mother scoffed loudly at him.

"Close. You didn't succeed." Alexei fired back.

"Only because I changed my mind at the very last minute." His eyes narrowed, turning into two cold slits as he stared at my mother.

"You should get checked for psychotic disorders."

"Oh, go cry to your mama, you big baby. That old hag was the reason I went crazy!"

"Mom!" I gasped in shock she would say that about his mother.

"Careful, Solnishsko. That's my late mother you're talking about." He sneered and my mother got up on her feet in rage.

"The same mother that prevented me from ever telling you were going to have a child!" She shouted at him.

It went dead silent as they stared at each other.

"...What are you talking about?" Alexei frowned, and she let out a breath.

"I am not a heartless person. I was going to tell you the minute I found out. I knew she was yours because, at that time, Gaetano was away for more than four weeks. Two weeks after I saw you, I started to get symptoms. And Gaetano was still

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not back from his trip." She ran a hand through her hair.

“May she rest in peace, but your mother was doing the most to keep us apart. She never liked me, but in your eyes, she could never do wrong. I showed up to tell you and to figure out what you wanted to do. But I ran into your mother first and she prevented me from seeing you. I explained to her it was urgent, and then had to tell her the real reason why. She tried to kill me on the spot.” My mother shook her head in disbelief.

“But she knew. She knew I was pregnant with your child but she didn’t tell you, and I went back to living my life with Gaetano. What else was I supposed to do? I couldn’t risk your mother going after me to terminate my pregnancy

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I dropped my jaw as I looked at her, completely starstruck.

My mother and Alexei kept going off at each other in Russian, even Nestor interfered but it looked like he was trying to calm them down.

“This was not how I imagined things would be...” I said to Damiano, who also watched them. I looked at him, seeing he had a frown on his face before holding his gun in front of him.

“Damiano, wait –” But it fell on deaf ears as he fired. I looked at the others in horror, but let out a breath of relief when I saw he shot above their heads in a warning. It still had Alexei and Nestor quickly react and aimed at Damiano. But I wasn’t worried because I knew no one was going to shoot.

Still, a smile got on my lips when I noticed Alexei had grabbed my mother and pulled her behind him to protect her. He was in denial when it came to her, and I knew he erupted in so much anger because of this huge secret she had kept from him.

But she will always be his Solnishko, and he will always be her Lunnyy svet.

No matter how much they tried to deny it at the moment.

“Do you want to die?!” Alexei shouted at Damiano.

“Quiet.” Damiano spoke calmly in demand.

“You can all kill each other for all I care. But my wife is a

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priority and she needs answers. And she better gets those answers right now before I shoot your brains out.”

“Let me just rephrase that real quick.” I sighed and patted Damiano’s arm to calm him down.

“It looks like you have a lot of catching up to do, but before that, can we please get to the point where I’m involved first?” I asked, hoping this would stop them from killing each other for a bit.

“Of course, honey.” My mother smiled at me, but quickly frowned when she noticed Alexei’s arm around her.

“Let go of me. I don’t need your help.” She pushed his arm away.

“Ungrateful woman.” Alexei scoffed.

“Stop it! You’re acting like entitled teenagers, it’s embarrassing.” I snapped at them, having enough of their fighting already. Luckily, they listened and stopped their bickering.

My mother sat me down on the couch with her, holding my hands in hers as she thought of how to break it all down for

1. me.

I knew there wasn’t much I could be surprised by. I just needed to know how and why she decided to do things the way she did. Whatever it was, I knew she had a good reason for all the decisions she took.

“Okay...” My mother started, and I was finally going to hear the truth.

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An Old Flame(2)

288 Vouchers

My mother came from an influential Greek family, and her father was in fact a Mob Boss back in the day. However, with the rise of Italians and Russians

taking over territories faster than ever, the Cirillo Family struggled to maintain a name for themselves, and eventually, they were forgotten among the many Mafia organizations that were destroyed or simply couldn't keep up.

But my mother's father refused to let that happen to him. It was his honor and pride, and he would rather die than watch it all crumble like that.

That was when the Volante Family came into the picture.

My grandfather strongly believed in domestic patriarchy, and since my mother was an only child and female, there was no way he would allow her to take over and lead. My mother had silently watched everything and acquired the skills and knowledge to take over as a leader.

But still, even if it was her birthright, he refused.

When my mother was young, she was allowed to take an education, giving her the opportunity to travel and explore the world while she took her semesters abroad.

That was when she met and fell in love with

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Althaia

As soon as Alexei drew out his gun, Damiano pulled me behind him and he and his men pulled out their guns as well, finger on the trigger and ready to fire. But then Nestor quickly pushed Alexei away when a knife flew right in between them, missing Alexei's head by a hair.

Surprised and confused, everyone turned to look in the direction where the knife came from. My mother had her brows pinched with her gaze locked on Alexei, ready with another knife in her hand.

“Did you forget how she loved to do that to you?” Nestor sighed at Alexei. But he was too focused on my mother with a furious gaze.

“Seems like her aim is off.” He sneered.

“It’s not off, it was simply a warning. I got you once, and I can do it again.” My mother spoke calmly but had a whole different demeanor to her. My jaw was on the floor as I looked at them back and forth in pure shock.

This whole damn thing had me completely dumbfounded. Wasn’t Alexei the one who had demanded to see her, and almost started a war because of it? And now, he was the one trying to kill her. What had me even more confused was, my mother had all those letters and pictures from their time together, yet she was looking at him with a firm glare, ready to launch her knife at him one more time.

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“Okay, let us all just calm down for a minute...” I said and stepped around Damiano to face them. Damiano stopped me from getting between them but I told him I would be fine. I doubted they would do anything if I stood in between them.

“Let us try and be normal, civilized people for a moment and lower your weapons.” I said carefully.

“Stay out of it. This is between me and your mother.” Alexei hissed but his eyes never once left my mother.

“Don’t talk to my daughter like that!” My mother snapped at him. But her words only made Alexei explode even more in rage,

“Your daughter? Apparently, she’s my daughter too that you have hidden away from me for twenty–five fucking years you damned woman!” He shouted and everyone went silent. He was furious but he

was also looking distressed about the fact he had a daughter he had no idea about.

My mother looked taken aback by his outburst. We all were as no one expected him to lose it like this. Not that it wasn't understandable...

My mother then looked at Damiano with a slight frown.

"You told him?"

"I did." Damiano replied with no care in the world.

"That was not your business **to** tell." She hissed and Damiano's eyes darkened with anger.

"Oh, but it was when I was trying to save your daughter from the man you let her think was her father, and he wouldn't

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leave me the fuck alone." His voice was going deadly low.

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"I found the small treasure chest in your room, and the note from Nestor, telling you to meet him at the Luxe Palace. So I went to meet him." I said quickly to prevent them from going at each other.

"Alone?" She asked, color leaving her face and I nodded.

"Althaia!" My mother looked at me furiously.

"Yeah, no need to be mad at me about it. Damiano already went bat shit crazy on me for it..." I muttered with a scowl, not liking that memory of him.

"What I mean is, it wasn't my first time meeting Alexei, and I told him about you. Then I guess at some point he went and dug up your casket." I elaborated.

"Of course, he fucking did." I raised my brows in surprise. My mother never cursed

hence why we were never allowed to do it under her roof. She made that clear many times with her wooden spoon.

“Mamá... Is it really true that he's...?” I trailed off. Even though I had heard it a few times already, I

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Althaia

My eyes welled as I could feel the pain, and my heart ached for them both. The fact that my mother was going to tell them, maybe even holding onto the hope that they could finally be together.

But no.

For her own protection, mine even, she had to accept that was how her life was going to be. And I couldn't even imagine what Alexei must be feeling now. To know he was close to being told he was going to have a child with the woman he loved. But his own mother stood in his way and took the truth with her to the grave.

Nestor looked completely taken aback as he looked at my mother and followed Alexei once he came to his senses. I was sure Alexei needed some time to think it all through.

I didn't say anything, giving my mother some time to gather herself. I looked at Damiano, he was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, already looking at me. I couldn't tell if he was truly interested in the story or not as he wore a straight face.

Then I knew he wasn't interested when he tapped the watch on his wrist, letting me know how was getting impatient and wanted me to get to the clinic now. I knew I had to go soon but I couldn't leave after this.

She literally dropped a bomb on us all.

smile as she returned to sit next to me.

he, giving me a soft

“I know how it all sounds, but know you’re still the best thing that ever happened to me.” She whispered as she caressed my cheek. I smiled. I never doubted that for a second.

“The decisions I made are not something I am proud of... But, I had to keep you alive and safe for as long as I could. Fortunately, you look like me which made it easier. And I never wanted you to have the Volante name because you weren’t his, but I also couldn’t give you your real name. Instead, I came up with some excuse about protection and twisted the Cirillo name into Celano to make it sound Italian.” My mother continued to explain. Everything made so much more sense now. If Gaetano knew I wasn’t his daughter, he would have killed us both on the spot.

“I liked the name Celano better than Volante.” I admitted, making her chuckle.

“I just had to continue the lie for a bit longer until I could find a way out. Bit by bit, I saved enough for us to get away. But of course, nothing was easy. Life never is. You loved him as your father and it broke me because he was going to ruin it. But your well-being meant more to me, and if it meant you would hate me for taking you away, then that was fine with me. You just had to be safe.”

Guilt flooded me. I was so heartbroken when we left, and I did remember feeling a bit resentful toward my mother. But when I believed I was calling my father to talk to him, he never once picked up and even changed his number. I just accepted that was how it was going to be and lived life with my mother.

“How did you do it?” I asked.

“Well, for once I felt like I had luck on my side. I found out Gaetano was cheating on me with Morella, and it gave me the perfect reason to go. I even made a scene to make it more believable that I was upset about it, and that was when we left.”

“You slapped him.” I said and my mother looked at me in surprise.

“How do you know?”

“Cara and I heard you fighting. We sneaked out of the room and we saw you slap the fuck – I mean, we saw you slap him.” I quickly corrected myself. Who knew if she had a wooden

spoon here? But it actually made her smile. She looked proud of herself and she should be.

“My biggest regret will always be not fighting harder for Cara...” My mother looked frustrated with herself, and I Post Views: 10

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But my mother's father refused to let that happen to him. It was his honor and pride, and he would rather die than watch it all crumble like that.

That was when the Volante Family came into the picture.

My grandfather strongly believed in domestic patriarchy, and since my mother was an only child and female, there was no way he would allow her to take over and lead. My mother had silently watched everything and acquired the skills and knowledge to take over as a leader.

But still, even if it was her birthright, he refused.

When my mother was young, she was allowed to take an education, giving her the opportunity to travel and explore the world while she took her semesters abroad.

That was when she met and fell in love with

Post Views: 10

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

I huffed and looked at the time. It was a quarter to four in the morning, and I was wide awake.

Feeling horny.

I turned to look at Damiano, who was sleeping peacefully next to me. I wanted him, but I didn't want to wake him up just to take care of my needs. He had a long day ahead of him, flying out to a meeting with Mr. Roberts, and other high-end

restaurant owners.

They saw the custom-designed wine bottles for Mr. Robert's restaurants, and how they attracted more customers. Customers loved the whole idea of taking a unique wine bottle home with them as a souvenir. Some even started to collect them.

The sales went crazy and landed us a few more deals. I suggested that each restaurant have its distinct design as a trademark, but with Damiano's wine business name engraved. And he was going to meet them all and show them my sketch ideas. I would have gone with him, but since I was heavily pregnant, I couldn't fly.

Maybe it was because I knew he would be gone, and wouldn't be by my side for the next couple of days to take care of my needs. I could relieve myself, but I was huge, with only five weeks left of my pregnancy, and it was getting a little too difficult for me.

I've been incredibly needy, and it was a good thing we got a place of our own. If we hadn't, I would be listening to Rafaele complain about not getting any sleep. As if he and Ava had absolutely no shame and fucked everywhere in the manor. One time I even caught them fucking in the kitchen, and he had the audacity to complain about me when I at least would keep it in the bedroom when I was sharing a roof with them all. Also, the manor was never empty. Damiano's men were constantly around, some even crash there when it got too late.

Sighing, I tried to fall asleep again, but it was becoming too unbearable. I was painfully throbbing and had to do something about it.

Fuck it.

"Damiano...?" I called him softly. He stirred in his sleep, and I heard the change in his breathing.

“Yes, baby.” He grunted, almost in pleasure, with his eyes still closed.

“I’m sorry to wake you, but... I’m horny.” He snapped his eyes open, and a smirk immediately appeared on his lips. Then his eyes narrowed.

“Don’t joke like last time.”

“I’m not. I really do need you.” My hands trailed down his naked body, wrapping my hand around his length. I raised a brow, and his smirk widened when I felt he was already hard.

“I was already dreaming about you riding my dick.”

“Perfect timing then.” I chuckled. Damiano helped me up to

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straddle him. I exhaled a moan as I slipped down his length. That alone felt so good I almost just climaxed from it.

“Shit, baby, you’re fucking dripping.” He grunted as his thumb played with my clit. I moved to feel more of him, rocking my hips back and forth, hitting all the right places. It had my eyes rolling to the back of my head and I let out an uncontrollable

moan.

“Fuck... So good... So perfect.” Damiano groaned, thrusting his hips upwards, making me feel all of him as he continued to play, moving his thumb faster against my clit. Soft moans and heavy breathing filled the room, and soon, I clenched around him, riding out my climax. Damiano pumped inside of me a few times before I felt his release.

I stilled as I caught my breath while he caressed my hips.

“Happy?”

Chapter 300

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? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Our Beautiful New Life(2)

“Cara!” Damiano snapped when he saw my eyes get welled up in tears again. Cara jumped and dropped her phone in startlement, and then gave an innocent laugh.

“It’s not going to happen to you!” She tried to comfort me and Lorenzo just sighed at her lousy attempt to comfort me.

“I really hate you.” I choked out a sob. Damiano comforted me while sending a deathly glare to Cara.

“Can I kill her?” I asked Damiano,

“If it will make you happy.” He replied, and I couldn’t tell if he was serious or not. Lorenzo’s eyes slowly narrowed as he looked at us.

“Which one of you will do the job for me?” I asked the rest and Giovanni scoffed.

“Are you crazy? Lorenzo will make us all drop like fucking flies before we can even take the next breath.”

“Sorry, but no one in their right mind would try a fight with Lorenzo.” Luca added. Michael’s brows raised when I looked at him.

“I... I’m going to wait outside to, you know, make sure

everything is safe out here.” He said and went out. I pouted, directing my attention to Renzo.

“Renzo, you’re a cage fighter. I heard you ripped someone’s jugular vein out with your teeth.” He smiled proudly at that.

“With all due respect, Donna. I think I will pass on this one.”

“Antonio?” I looked at him.

Damiano has been very strict about where the food came from and even watched our personal chef like a hawk when he prepared my food. But in the

end, he didn't trust any of them and snatched one of the family chefs from Italy to do the job.

I felt guilty about it because often I would crave something in the middle of the night, and Damiano would have our chef over to prepare whatever my heart desired. I made sure to give her a generous tip every time she came over in the middle of the night. And then some more when the food made me cry with happiness because it was too good.

"Okay. Cara, you will have to buy me something else." I told her.

"Whatever you want, babes! You know what, I will even buy you a few diamond necklaces, and some for your baby! Get some cute pink diamonds if it's a girl, and blue if it's a boy. I'm a rich bitch thanks to Tank Man's blood money." Cara laughed, waving the black card in her hand.

Lorenzo looked at her amused, chuckling slightly as he shook his head. He often had that soft expression whenever he looked at her, and I always felt like crying that they were so happy together.

"Gold-digger." I joked.

"And a proud one!" She winked as we laughed.

"Okay, let's go, Kiara." I called after her. Kiara already knew the routine when everyone was here, and followed right after and into the car.

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"Are you sure? I can always stay." Damiano looked at me with a serious expression.

"Yes, Damiano. I will be okay. Besides, I won't be going anywhere and will probably just sleep." I reassured him. He was hesitating to leave me but I had to remind him I was at the manor. The place was heavily secured with his armed men and he even had snipers on the roof! He was leaving all security with me and only taking Antonio with him.

And still, with all that extra security, he was hesitating to leave.

"It won't be like last time." I told him softly and placed my hands on his cheek. He kissed my forehead and pulled me into him.

“Keep your rings and earrings on at all times.” Damiano held me tightly.

“I will. I love you.” I smiled.

“And I love you.” He gave me a long, soft kiss that had my heart flutter, and my body tingle like crazy.

“I will bet you ten grand that they are two seconds away from fucking in the driveway!” Rafaelle shouted. Damiano rested his head against mine, closed his eyes, and sighed.

“Remind me again why I shouldn’t kill him?”

“He’s your cousin.” I chuckled.

“So?”

“Nonna will be mad at you.” I said. Surprisingly, Nonna loved

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grandchild. Even though he was incredibly inappropriate, she loved him to death.

“He’s lucky he’s got Nonna on his side.” Damiano frowned, looking at Rafaelle who continued to make jokes.

“When are you going to get a place of your own? Fucking freeloader.” Damiano asked him, wiping away the smile on Rafaelle’s lips.

“Don’t act like me staying here is making you broke! I’ve seen what kind of money you spend on your wife.” He grinned.

“If you got it tight, just sell that big yellow diamond you got her. I heard you spent fifty mils on that one after you fucked. I mean, that pussy must be magical.” Rafaelle laughed so hard. I gasped in mortification as everyone heard him.

“Run.” Damiano told him quietly as he grabbed his gun, but Rafaelle didn’t listen, knowing he wouldn’t shoot.

But he did.

“Damiano!” I yelled at him when he shot right above his head. Even Rafaelle stood still in shock, not expecting him to shoot. But Damiano just tilted his head.

“I miscalculated. Let me try again.”

“Wait! Okay, okay! I’m sorry! Have mercy and I will move out tomorrow!” Rafaelle shouted for his life.

“Good.” Damiano smiled and faced me. Before I could tell him how wrong he was for that, he crouched down and placed a kiss on my stomach.

“Keep your mom safe for me.” He said softly, making me forget about everything and smile.

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