

## Chapter 8 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

“That’s impossible!” I gasp, staring up at him. “You can’t force me to marry someone against my will!”

He laughs at me, holding me too him, still looking down into my face. “It’s possible if I say it is.”

I press my hands against his chest, trying to push away. “It’s 2023! Nobody has arranged marriages anymore – this isn’t the eighteenth century!”

He laughs again and lets me go. I skitter away from him.

“You’re in my world now, Fay,” he says, calmly putting his hands in his pockets. “The world you were born to. Do you think laws really matter in the underworld, the world outside of the stupid bureaucracy you’ve deluded yourself into thinking keeps you safe?”

My jaw drops open at this arrogance. “I have rights!”

“You have nothing,” he barks, taking a step forward towards me. “The only thing that matters is power. Which is money. Which is might. You have none of this. The only thing which gives you anything in this world, Fay, is your bloodline.”

His eyes flick now to the piece of paper which lays crumpled on the floor. “Which you are so eager to dismiss.”

“But,” I say, falling a few steps back, trying to comprehend this. “There are...laws...” I say, a little pathetically.

“There were laws that put me in prison,” he purrs, coming even closer. “And your own recommendation that I stay imprisoned forever. But here I am,” he spreads his hands out, demonstrative.

“Me, and men like me, Fay? Like your father? We control all of it. So, if I were you,” he looms over me again. “I’d be a little more grateful that I got you out of the club and restored you to the life of privilege to which you were born.”

I look up at him, truly terrified now, realizing that my life as I knew it is...completely gone. With one test, he’s wiped it away.

I’m trapped now, in this world – as the daughter of a don, engaged – oh my god, engaged – to the son of another. There’s no way I’m getting out.

As tears start to drip from my eyes, he shocks me by pulling a handkerchief from his breast pocket and offering it to me. Slowly, hesitant, I take it.

“There’s much you don’t know, Fay,” he says. “But you’ll have to learn fast. I’ve notified your father – he’s away on business, but he’ll be back in two days, and he’ll want to meet you.”

I gasp, horrified – Alden has almost as bad a reputation as Kent Lippert. God, what a contrast to my gentle dad, sitting at home. My mind suddenly shifts to dad, who must be worried about me. I start to cry harder, putting my face in my hands.

“Please,” I say, my voice hiccupping with tears, with shock, with fear, “please let me go home – I’m begging you – I just want to pretend it never happened – I’ll never tell anyone –”

“No, Fay,” he says, stern. He glances at the door, and I can tell he’s getting tired of my wild emotions. “There’s no going home, ever again.”

I stare up at him, the tears still slipping down my cheeks, and feel my emotions change from desperation and agony to anger.

“You’re a monster,” I cry between my tears. “You’re ruining three lives tonight, just so you can get your way. A monster.”

Kent shocks me, then, by leaning forward and taking my chin in his hand. He smiles, bringing his face close to mine, and says, “Did you really think that was going to work on me, Fay? Calling me names?” He shocks me, then, by lifting his other hand to my face and wiping away a tear from my cheek with his thumb.

Then, slowly, he raises his thumb to his mouth and slips it inside, savoring the taste of my tears. “I told you before, I like my kittens with claws.”

Outraged, I try to push past him for the door but he laughs, faster than me, and puts out a hand that catches me in the chest. Another light shove – as he did before – and I’m knocked back onto the lounge.

“I’m not completely the monster you think I am, Fay,” he says, walking casually for the door. “After all, I’m going to let you say goodbye.”

He opens the door wide and waves a hand through it. “A car is waiting to take you to your father’s house, where you will pack a bag. You will say your goodbyes and then return here, where I will keep you safe until your true father comes to claim you.”

I stare into his face, pleading in my eyes. “Please. Please just let me go home, let me stay there. I’ll never bother you again.”

He shakes his hand slowly, beginning to close the door, as if the offer is ending soon. “You can go home and say goodbye, Fay. Or you can just stay here and let him wonder where you went.”

Made desperate by the sight of the closing door, I get to my shaky feet and rush towards it, heading out. As I pass over the threshold, Kent murmurs “good girl.”

I glare back at him over my shoulder as a bodyguard takes me by the arm and leads me down the stairs.

Thirty minutes later, just as the sun is starting to come up, we pull up outside my small house. I had given the driver the address when we got in. The three bodyguards who accompany me ride in silence until we arrive. Lippert didn’t come with us.

I jump from the car and brush past the body guards, throwing myself through the front door, which is never locked.

“Fay?” I hear my dad’s anxious voice call from the kitchen. “Janeen?” I dash into the kitchen and throw myself into his arms, crying, as the three bodyguards follow me.

“Oh my god, Fay,” he says, wrapping me up in his arms. “I was so worried –“ he glances the men over my shoulder. “What...what’s happening?”

“Dad,” I say, looking up at him, desperate. “Please tell me this is all a mistake – that he’s not my real father -”

“What?” he says, shooting anxious glances between me and the guards, who stand calmly in the room. They let us have our moment, but their threat is evident. Time is short.

“Do you know who my biological dad is?” I say, wiping my tears from my face with the heels of my palms.

“No...” he says, hesitating, and I can sense the lie in his words.

“Dad,” I plead, wrapping my hands in the lapels of his pajamas. “Please, dad, tell me what you know.”

“It doesn’t matter who your biological dad is, Fay,” he says, looking down at me seriously. “It never has. I’m your father.”

“Who is he, Dad?” I press.

He narrows my eyes at me. “What do you know, Fay,” he says, his voice low. “This is dangerous territory – who are these men –“

“Then you know,” I say, shocked, my words hardly breath. “You know the truth – it’s real –“

My dad pulls me to him, seeking to put me behind him, but the guards step forward.

“We’ll go,” dad says to the guards, putting out a hand. “We’ll disappear, you’ll never see us again, never have any trouble —“

“No, sir,” one of the guards says. “I’m afraid that’s not possible.” With a distinct look at the other men, all three spring into action. One comes forward, wrapping his arms around me, locking me within his grasp. I scream and thrash, desperate.

The other two grab my dad — wrap his arms around his back — tie them — a gag in his mouth — a bag — oh my god a black bag over his head — it all happens in seconds.

“Let’s move,” my guard says, slapping a hand over my mouth, and the two men lift up my dad and carry him out the front door. Deftly, without being seen, they tuck him inside the trunk as I’m placed into the back seat of the car.

My mind struggles to comprehend this as I scream and flail against the guards that climb into the car on either side of me. One wraps his arms around me, holding me still.

“Miss, if you continue this,” he says, “we’ll have to use the chloroform again. We’d rather not do that.” Within his voice is the unsaid threat, but we will.

I still, then, realizing that this — too — is out of my control. Suddenly exhausted, I again burst again into tears, burying my face in my hands.

“Back to the house,” the second guard says to the driver. Without a word, he pulls away from the curb.

## Chapter 9 - Choose to Betray

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The car pulls around to the back of Kent’s mansion and enters a garage. When I get out of the car, Kent is standing at the entrance to the house, his arms crossed.

The guards move to the trunk to remove my dad.

“Why did you do this,” I ask, glaring at the mafia boss.

He looks me in the eye. “Because I knew that if I let you say goodbye, you’d tell the driver your address and lead us right there.”

I gape, realizing, of course, that I did precisely that.

“Whereas,” he continues, “if I told you that we wanted to take your dad for leverage, you’d have clammed up and given him a chance to run. Honestly, Fay,” he says. “You’ve got to become a little more canny if you’re going to survive in this world.”

I hang my head, suddenly ashamed and exhausted. He’s right, I’m too naïve.

The guard takes my arm and moves me into the house.

“Take him to the chamber,” Kent says to the guards who carry my dad. Dad wriggles in their arms, but it’s half-hearted.

I twist as the guards take him away, but I’m held tight. “The chamber?!” I call. “What is -“

“He will be fine, Fay,” Kent says to me, holding my gaze. “You have my word on it. And I don’t give my word lightly.”

I bite my lip. “Please,” I say, begging now. “Tell me what’s happening.”

“I am merely gathering all the players in one place, Fay,” Kent says. “We have word that Dean still has control of your sister.”

I gasp, tears springing to my eyes. “Is she okay? Is she -“

“She’s fine,” he says, his face stone.

“Please,” I breathe, “can you get her away from him? She owes him money -he’ll make her pay for it -“

“Why should I, Fay?” He snaps, interrupting me. “What can Fay Thompson give to me,” he says, “to make it worth my time?”

“Nothing,” I whisper. “I have nothing. But...” My whole body starts to tremble. “I’ll do anything you want.”

“Fay Thompson has nothing I want,” he says, careful. “Fay Alden, though...”

His words drift off and his plan snaps together in my mind. My dad’s freedom, my sister’s, in exchange...

I stand up straight. “Do I have your word, on your son’s life, that if I agree to this...you’ll let them go? Make sure they’re safe?”

He nods slowly, smiling now. “My word, on my family. Your dad and sister will have my explicit protection.”

I close my eyes and look away, dread filling me as I make this devil's deal. "Fine." I say. "I'll do it."

Lippert snaps his fingers in front of my face, making my eyes fly open. "Fay," he says, "your father and sister? They have to believe it. Do you understand?"

I hold his gaze and slowly nod, agreeing.

"Take her upstairs," Lippert says. "To the guestroom. Get some rest, Fay. I will have your sister brought here and tonight we will all have a chat."

The guard takes me upstairs and leads me to a beautifully appointed bedroom. I hear the lock click behind me and sink onto the bed. I know I should be trying to come up with a plan...

But Lippert is right. I'm an amateur. He's three steps ahead of me at every turn.

And I'm so, so tired...

Quicker than I would have thought possible, I fall back into a troubled sleep.

A few hours later, I'm awoken by the sound of the key in the lock. I blink away my sleep and see a woman peeking in my door. "Hello?" she says. "May I come in?"

I huff a little laugh. "Do I have a choice?"

"No, dearie," the older woman says, not unkindly, closing the door behind her.

"A shower for you, quickly," she says, gesturing towards the bathroom.

I obediently oblige, not seeing the point in arguing. When I come back, she seats me at a little vanity and quietly does my makeup, pins my hair up in elaborate curls, and dresses me in a far-too-gorgeous red gown that falls to my ankles.

I study myself in the mirror. The dress is not girly, but neither is it scandalous or provocative. Instead, when I study myself in the mirror I look...

Well. I look every inch the mafia princess. Rich, poised, a little dangerous.

Soon, there's a knock at the door. "Off you go, my dear," the woman says, giving me a little push in the right direction.

I nod my thanks to her – I didn't even get her name – as a guard comes to take me downstairs.

When we reaching the landing a floor below, he quietly opens the double doors of a sitting room.

I am the last to arrive.

“Fay,” Janeen gasps, and my head snaps directly to her. She’s seated on a plush couch, her clothing torn and her face smeared with makeup.

I take a few steps towards her but Kent, standing by the fireplace, clears his throat. I hold myself back, knowing I have a part to play.

I look between Janeen and my dad, seated next to her.

“Fay,” my dad gasps, taking in my gorgeous dress, my polished countenance. “Are you…”

“I’m fine.” I say, setting my shoulders back.

“Please,” my father says, turning his attention to Kent. “Let them go – take me – I’ll take whatever punishment –“

“No,” Kent cuts in, not even looking at him, just staring at me. “You’re worthless to me.”

“David,” I say, internally cringing to use his real name. “I can’t forgive you for your betrayal.”

His mouth falls open.

Janeen, next to him, is baffled. “Fay, what are you talking about?”

I turn my attention to her. “Didn’t you hear? Dad’s been keeping me away from my real life. I’m the daughter of a mob boss, someone who can give me everything I deserve. While we’ve been scraping by, I could have had yachts, private planes, diamonds. Everything a girl wants.”

Everything in me shouts no! against this, but Kent’s gaze sits heavy on my shoulders. This, I know, is the only way. I can only hope my lies convince them.

Janeen’s mouth falls open in shock and disgust.

"Please, Fay," my dad says, devastated. "We can call the police! Fay — don't give in."

My heart breaks, but I have to do this.

I paint a sneer on my face. “I just want to go back to my real family. What’s it going to take to leave me alone? Fifty grand? A hundred? Whatever you want, I’m sure it can be arranged.”

I suddenly realize that Daniel made me a similar offer only a few days ago. I know exactly the disgust that my dad and Janeen must feel.

Janeen shakes her head at me. “Fay, this isn’t you.”

I turn on her and say the cruelest thing I can think of. “Why would I want to come live in that shack with you, a stripper and a deadbeat,” I hiss. “When I could have all this?” I raise my arms to indicate everything that Kent’s house represents.

Then, the nail in the coffin, I slowly cross the room and stand next to Kent. “By the way, have you met my father-in-law?”

My family’s faces go pale.

“He’s Daniel’s father. Did I forget to mention that Daniel and I are engaged?”

Kent, emotionless, puts an arm around my shoulders, claiming me as part of his family now. “We’re finished here,” he says.

My dad and my sister stand up. Hesitant, my dad takes a few steps towards me. No one stops him, so he takes my face in his hands and then pulls me close in a hug that brings tears to my eyes.

“You’re my daughter,” he whispers in my ear. “Nothing will ever change that.”

He gives me one last look and heads for the door.

Janeen comes forward next. I raise my arms for a hug but she snaps her hand up, slapping me across the face as hard as she can. I gasp.

“How dare you,” she growls. “That slap is not enough. But it’s the last thing I’ll ever give you.”

Then, pride written in the straight line of her back, she follows my father out.

As soon as the door closes behind them, I collapse at Kent’s feet, sobs wracking my body.

He stands patiently by me for a moment and then moves to the door.

“You did the right thing, Fay,” he says, before walking out.

But, alone in the room, I know I’ve lost everything that has ever mattered to me.

When Kent walks into his office, he’s surprised to see Daniel standing there, staring out the window, watching a car pull away.

“Who is in that car?” Daniel asks.

Kent crosses to his desk and sits down in his chair, folding his hands. He takes a moment to study his son. Daniel is tall, handsome, clever; but he doesn’t yet have the grit that he needs to lead this family.



“If you already know,” Kent says softly. “Why don’t you just tell me what you’re thinking?”

“Fine,” Daniel says, and Kent is happy to hear some anger in his voice. Daniel turns to look Kent in the eye. “That’s my girlfriend’s family, riding away in that car. What did you do to them?”

“I did nothing to them,” Kent says, “except a favor to Fay Thompson, this girlfriend you never told me about. Tell me, how long have you been seeing her?”

“Cut the crap, dad,” Daniel says, angrily crossing to confront him. Kent smiles, pleased to see a little fire in this studious boy. “You know I’ve only been seeing her for a few months – you know –“

“I know,” Kent interrupts, “that she is not who you thought she was. And I know that you’ve already heard all about this from your gossip of a bodyguard. So why don’t you ask me your real question,” Kent says, looking at his son coldly.

Daniel grits his teeth and puts his hands in his pockets, in so many ways the very picture of his father. “Do I really have to marry her?”

“You have been engaged to Fay Alden since your childhood,” Kent says quietly. “It would be an advantageous match. She’s got the connections, the family, the money you’d need to keep this family afloat. The question is...do you want her?”

Daniel looks away from him, embarrassed. “She’s fine. She’s very nice. And funny.”

“What,” Kent says, his voice deliberately mocking. “Is that all? She doesn’t do it for you, Daniel? Doesn’t raise your...heart rate?”

Daniel blushes and scowls. “No, it’s nothing like that – it’s just –“

“It’s just what, Daniel,” his father says, banging his hand on the desk, trying to shock the truth out of him. “You’ve got other girls on the line?”

“No,” Daniel says quickly, glaring. “I have...I have lots of girlfriends, you know. Girls for different...occasions...” he mumbles this, and his father subtly shakes his head.

Kent knows his son has...proclivities. Frankly, he doesn’t care, as long as Daniel does his duty by the family.

“You will take a wife,” Kent says, his voice granite.

“I will.” Daniel says, his head hanging a little, acknowledging his obligation. “I just want to make sure she’s the right one.”

Kent stands to put his hand on Daniel’s shoulder, glad to see him acknowledge his responsibilities. “So, what are the objections to a girl like Fay?”

Daniel shrugs, not knowing what to say, except the unthinkable: she knows I'm gay and she hates me for it.

"What," Kent presses, giving him a little shake. "Is she...impure? Does she fool around with other guys?"

Daniel looks up at his father, frowning, a little pissed off at his implications. "Come on, Dad," he snaps. "You know she's not."

Kent laughs and shakes his son's shoulder. "Good, it's good to get angry sometimes, son. Let it feed you. Take it, control it."

Daniel sighs, sorry to have played into his father's hand once again. "You know Fay is...pure. I'm the only guy she's ever dated, her first love. And I haven't touched her."

His father raises an eyebrow at that, silently asking why not, but Daniel frowns and shakes his father's hand off his shoulder. "We barely started dating, okay? There wasn't...time."

"She's a good girl," Kent confirms, looking over his son's shoulder out the window. "She's loyal, kind, innocent. But brave, too."

Kent's mind wanders for just a moment as he considers his interactions with Fay. Her wide-eyed innocence, her creamy ivory skin, that long red hair. He was impressed with her performance today, too. She has grit, he thinks, that she doesn't know she has.

She reminds him, suddenly, of the Sicilian girls he met when he would go back to Italy with his mother as a boy – delicate by one turn, temperamental the next, at once a dove and a viper.

His thoughts turn, then, to those moments in the club, when he had been fooling Dean into thinking Fay was his plaything. Fooling himself, really. He had been hard as a rock, looking down at her supple form, that soft curve of her breast after he snapped the strap of her dress –

Kent blinks, bringing himself back to the room, and finds Daniel looking at him strangely. Kent clears his voice, keeping his face unreadable.

"She'll be a good wife, son," he says, patting his boy again on the shoulder. "You can't do better, and you could do worse. And it's good you met outside of the arrangement – at least you two know you like each other to begin with. That will make things...easier."

Daniel shrugs, not meeting his eyes.

"What is it?" Kent demands.

"She's just kind of...mad at me," Daniel confesses. "We kind of had a fight. A big one." He looks up at the ceiling. "And now she's upstairs. And we're engaged." He shrugs and shudders a little bit. "I don't know, it's weird!"

Kent frowns at him, then, a little frustrated. “Pull it together, boy,” he says, his voice cold. “One day you’ll have control of this family, and the least difficult thing you’ll have to control is that girl. Toughen up, Daniel.”

Daniel straightens his shoulders, trying, but still doesn’t meet Kent’s eye. “What should I do? How do I do it?”

“Teach her,” Kent explains. “She’s not part of this world, and if she’s going to survive in it, you’ve got to teach her how to be a mafia wife. Her life is in your hands.”

Daniel meets his father’s eyes then, seeing the truth in his words. Kent is glad to see that he seems to rise to the challenge. Perhaps this is what it will take to make Daniel a good man: the right woman.

Sensing some closure to the problem, Kent pats Daniel roughly on the shoulder again and gives him a shove, dismissing him from his office. With a small smile, Daniel leaves.

Before the door closes behind him, Kent catches sight of Daniel looking up the stairs, considering a visit with his bride-to-be.

Kent seats himself at his desk again, staring at the closed door, and suddenly feels...damnit.

He imagines, for a just a moment, what it would be like to climb those stairs himself, to open a girl like Fay’s door while she’s getting ready for bed, taking off her earrings and turning to stare at him with those wide blue eyes.

What it would be like to take two steps forward and grab her, pull her to him, make her gasp as he wrapped a hand in the hair at the base of her scalp and pulled her head back, exposing that long white neck.

To feel the moan echoing inside her chest, pressed against him, as he ground his hips against hers, the proud length of his cock pressed between them.

He could show her, then, what it was to be a good wife. To become subservient, to learn how to anticipate his needs, to make her will his own.

He could make a girl like Fay willingly give up her independence, serve him happily, if it meant that every night she could peel off his shirt, pull his hot skin against her, take him, throbbing, inside of her –

Kent snaps his head to the side, pressing his eyes closed, forcing himself – forcing himself - to stop thinking these thoughts. That was going to be his son’s wife, after all.

But damnit, thinking about her has made him so hard.

Kent reaches for the phone on his desk, picking it up and quickly dialing.

The person on the other end answers in one ring. “Hey baby,” she purrs. “I’ve been missing you.”

“Fiona,” he says, working to keep his voice even. “I’d like to see you at my place. Half an hour.”

She giggles on the other end. “Ohhhh, he’s in a rush. I’ll be there pronto, baby.” Another little giggle and she hangs up.

Kent stares at the phone in the hand knowing, in the pit of him, that Fiona is at best a temporary fix.

He has a deeper hunger growing inside.

## Chapter 10 - Father and Son Talk

# Chapter 10 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

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Kent seats himself at his desk again, staring at the closed door, and suddenly feels...damnit.

He imagines, for a just a moment, what it would be like to climb those stairs himself, to open a girl like Fay's door while she's getting ready for bed, taking off her earrings and turning to stare at him with those wide blue eyes.

What it would be like to take two steps forward and grab her, pull her to him, make her gasp as he wrapped a hand in the hair at the base of her scalp and pulled her head back, exposing that long white neck.

To feel the moan echoing inside her chest, pressed against him, as he ground his hips against hers, the proud length of his cock pressed between them.

He could show her, then, what it was to be a good wife. To become subservient, to learn how to anticipate his needs, to make her will his own.

He could make a girl like Fay willingly give up her independence, serve him happily, if it meant that every night she could peel off his shirt, pull his hot skin against her, take him, throbbing, inside of her –

Kent snaps his head to the side, pressing his eyes closed, forcing himself – forcing himself - to stop thinking these thoughts. That was going to be his son's wife, after all.

But damnit, thinking about her has made him so hard.

Kent reaches for the phone on his desk, picking it up and quickly dialing.

The person on the other end answers in one ring. "Hey baby," she purrs. "I've been missing you."

"Fiona," he says, working to keep his voice even. "I'd like to see you at my place. Half an hour."

She giggles on the other end. "Ohhhh, he's in a rush. I'll be there pronto, baby." Another little giggle and she hangs up.

Kent stares at the phone in the hand knowing, in the pit of him, that Fiona is at best a temporary fix.

He has a deeper hunger growing inside.