

You will be mine

Marabella's POV

Luca showed me around the inside of the villa. It was beautiful with yellow and green tones on the walls, stained glass lights and late 18th century artwork.

"This place is gorgeous, Luca. What year was it built?", I asked, looking up into his mesmerizing gray orbs, with pure fascination and curiosity. Luca chuckled, the sound making my heart utter and butterflies swarm my stomach.

"It was built in 1889, by my great great grandfather. He wanted to leave something that could be passed down for generations", he explained, pride evident in his eyes and voice. "He denitely did that", I commented, in complete awe of the home.

"Luca, I've never seen a home this beautiful, let alone this big", I squeaked. He had shown me a game room, two sitting areas, a theater room, and a humongous dining room.

And now he leads me down a grande hall, towards a double set of large oak doors that sat perched at the end of the hall. Luca chuckled as he pushed open one of the doors for me to enter.

I was greeted by a grand ballroom, with a large crystal chandelier that hung from the high vaulted ceilings. "Holy s**t", I uttered, as I spun in a circle, taking in the enormous room.

A smile had stretched across my lips. I felt Luca's large arm snake my waist, spinning me to face him and then I was pulled at against his chest. "Can you dance, amore (love)", his voice was deep, making my heart skip a beat.

I chuckled nervously, "Absolutely not", I dragged out. Luca busted out laughing with a deep melodic laugh, his head falling backwards as his shoulders lifted with his laugh. My breath hitched, as his laugh sent volts of electricity through me. I could feel his chest vibrate with each howl that left his throat. I placed my hands on his chest, smiling softly at the feeling I get from being around him.

Why do I feel this way? Happy, content, safe and treasured. I feel like he really wants to have a life with me. Why though? My mother sold me to him. Well, she traded me for her debt to be paid, so the same thing, right? Was that his terms or hers? Did he plan to take me as a bride all along? Or was it a surprise for him too?

"If you are worried about being able to dance, I can teach you, my sweet", his voice was deep and laced with concern. "I bet you could", I said softly, with a small smile.

"Tell me what's going through that beautiful mind of yours, then?", he asked, his breath tickling my ear. "Did you ask my mom for me?", my voice was small, as a tiny fear began to bubble in my chest.

Luca pulled back and looked over my face, studying my shy appearance. "No. But had she not offered, I would have.", he answered honestly, tightening his hold on me. My heart began to race rapidly. Why would he want me?

"Why?", I asked in a whisper. Luca cupped my chin with his ngers and placed his thumb under my lip, lifting my head to look at him. "Because I've never met anyone like you before. No woman has been able to catch my attention within seconds of walking through the front door. But you did", he whispered.

I stared at him speechless. How could I attract his attention? I'm a nobody, from a drug home, who had to work her ass off just to eat. I don't understand how I could've caught his attention.

"Hey", he whispered, drawing my eyes back to him. "Can I ask you something now?", his voice was vulnerable as he tilted his head to the side. I nodded softly as I looked at him expectantly. "Why are you not scared of me?", he uttered.

I shrugged my shoulders and wrapped my arms around his neck. "Should I be?", I questioned playfully. Luca frowned slightly, "I had men in your house with guns drawn, Marabella", he muttered, as if he was ashamed of his own words.

"They were never once pointed at me. I was even lent one", I justied with another shrug. "Mara", his deep voice was stern, when he squeezed my waist. "It's hard to explain, Luca.", I sighed, my bottom lip poking out in a pout. Luca's thumb rubbed across my lip rmly. "Try", he commanded.

I sighed and looked down at his chest, only for my chin to be lifted once again. "When my eyes landed on yours last night, I didn't see hostility or sense danger. In fact, I felt.. safe", I whispered.

"You were. The second you walked through that front door", he agreed gently. "I feel different with you, Luca. Your family is.. amazing. I.. I don't know", I stumbled over my words. "I feel different with you too, Mara. You bring feelings to the surface that I've never felt.", he admitted softly.

My heart soared at his confession. I was scared to have this conversation, but now I'm glad we did. Luca leaned forward, gently brushing his lips against mine before fully sealing them in a slow, passionate kiss.

My hands rested on his neck, as our lips passed against one another's. Luca's tongue swiped my bottom lip, and this time, without hesitation, I opened my mouth and met his tongue with mine.

The kiss became rougher, more dominant, as Luca's ngers weaved into the hair at the nape of my neck and tightened, making a soft moan escape me. I ran my ngers up the back of his neck and into his black, silk hair.

Luca groaned and pulled me closer to his chest by the waist. Our lips molded together in sync, as a heat formed in my core. Luca's hand attened against my hip before he groped it roughly, making a wanton moan leave my chest.

"Wow, in the middle of the ballroom?", a familiar nasally voice interrupted us. Luca groaned as he slowly released my lips to glare at Zera. A whimper left my lips in protest, immediately drawing Luca's attention back to me. His eyes narrowed in on my lips before his dark eyes met mine.

My breath stuttered at the warning in his gaze. His pupils were dilated, giving his smokey gray eyes a darker aura. His eyes held a warning, a warning my body yearned to discover.

Luca broke his gaze and stared Zera down. "What are you doing here, Zera?", his voice was cold and distant. His hand was still embedded in my hair as his arm gripped my waist with fury.

"I was told to let you know that snacks were ready", Zera said, feigning sweetness. "No. I mean in my villa, on my property. Why are you here?", he reiterated, with anger evident in his tone.

Zera's face contorted to surprise laced with a bit of fear. "Oh. I just wanted to visit my childhood friend.", she spoke with fake cheer. "Carlo isn't in this room and, personally, I think he's had his ll of you today. Leave. Go home", Luca deadpanned. I tightened my hand on his bicep, as the other still rested in his hair.

Luca's eyes snapped to mine and a sexy smirk spread across his lips. Zera still stood there, staring dumbfounded in our direction. Her face was drained of all color. I turned my head to look at her. Luca's hand followed my movement but stayed planted in my hair.

"He told you to leave.", I recapitulated, letting the disdain I felt for this b***h bleed through my words. Zera's jaw clenched before she scoffed. She turned on her stilettos and stomped from the ballroom, with my eyes burning holes in the back of her head.

When I looked back at Luca, his smirk had deepened in character. "What?", I asked with a c***d eyebrow. Luca chuckled as he pulled my head towards his and sealed our lips in a rough, dominating kiss. When he pulled away, he rested his forehead on mine.

"You just keep surprising me is all, bellissima (gorgeous)", he whispered, his lips curling slightly in amusement. "Let's nish our tour, yeah?", he suggested softly, placing a gentle kiss on my lips.

I nodded meekly and took ahold of his hand. Luca led me down the hall. We made a right at the end, being brought right up to a large oak door.

The smell of old books met my nose as Luca opened the door. The rst thing I noticed was oor to ceiling shelves slap full of weathered books. "Wow, Luca", I uttered, taking in the variety of genres. "I think this is my new favorite room", I whispered, as I ran my ngers down the spines of the books.

"I thought it might be", Luca's deep voice resonated throughout the quiet library. I smiled as I traveled down each aisle. Deep genre had a book in this room; literature, ction, nonction, reference books. You name it, it was here.

"Luca?", I asked softly, turning to look at him. Luca's eyes had me pinned in place, as he stood at the door. He began walking toward me, "Yes, amore (love)?", his alluring voice was soft.

"Am I still allowed to work?", I asked nervously. "Not at Nick's, you won't", he answered sternly, crossing his arms over his chest. "I know that. I mean in general", I asked. Then it dawned on me that I had never told him where I worked.

"Wait a minute.", I said, giving Luca a suspicious look. "I never told you where I worked. How did you know that?", I asked. Luca's face contorted into a look of 'oh s**t', before he masked it, but not before I saw it.

I crossed my arms over my chest as he uncrossed his. I wasn't mad at him. I gured he would nd out everything he could about me, but I wanted him to admit that to me.

"I recognized your uniform.", he said, trying to save himself. I arched an eyebrow. "Oh, really?", I teased. "Because, I specically remember you saying and I quote, 'where are you coming from dressed like this?'", I imitated, trying to reconstruct his deep voice.

Luca's face broke out in a huge grin as he backed me up against the bookshelf. He braced his hands on the shelf, on either side of my head, caging me in his arms. "That was f*****g cute", he growled.

I put my hand on his chest, making him look down at my hand. "And you're trying to change the subject", I pouted.

Luca looked back up at me and smirked. "I have a le on you", he whispered, teasingly. "And where's my le on you?", I asked, arching an eyebrow. Luca smirked as he leaned into my ear. "You don't get one", he uttered.

I frowned as I turned my face toward his. "That's not very fair, is it?", I asked sadly. "I'll answer any questions you ask", he justied. "So would I", I countered. "Would you have?", he asked, skeptically, as he pulled back to gaze at my face.

"Yes", I frowned, holding my ground. "So you would have told me about your tuition, or how you were the only one paying the bills at your mom's house?", he asked, c*****g an eyebrow at me. "Yes. That's why I asked if I was allowed to work. I was getting to the rest", I answered, allowing my honesty to ow with my words.

"And you would've told me about your medical record?", he asked, pinning me with his eyes. My heart stopped in my chest, as my face drained of color. He has my medical record too? Of course he does.

"I better understand why you wanted Carl dead", he whispered softly. I turned my head away in shame. Those weren't the only times Carl had hurt me. They were just the times it was so severe I had no choice but to go to the hospital because I couldn't treat myself.

Luca's ngers grasped my chin. He turned my head, forcing me to look at him. "Tell me", his voice was low and drenched in demand. I slowly shook my head, "No. No I wouldn't have told you", I confessed in a whisper.

Luca's nostrils ared, "Why?", he asked, hurt lacing his tone. "Because it's in the past. It doesn't matter anymore. Never did, really", I answered solemnly. Luca frowned deeply, "Of course it matters. Everything about you matters. Your past, present and future. They all matter, especially to me.", he said softly, as he ran his thumb lightly over my jawline.

"Can I ask you something?", he uttered. I nodded my head, and looked at him expectantly. "Did he hit your mom too?", he asked gently. I pulled my chin from his grasp and looked away once again.

No he f*****g did not. I was the beating post because he couldn't f**k me. What the f**k? How am I supposed to tell my future f*****g husband that? Every one of her boyfriends was like that. Because that was mom's one rule. So in exchange, to keep them happy, they were allowed to take their anger out on me.

Tears welled up in my eyes. I snapped them closed and focused on my breathing. f**k. Not here. Not right now. I started shaking my head no, as the tightness closed in around my chest. f**k. Help me.