

He is my good luck

Domenic

We arrived on time for Nic's doctor's appointment. Riya insisted on accompanying us. The doctor jumped on her seat when she saw Riya entering the room with Nic and me.

"Riya?!" The doctor exclaimed as she glanced between Riya and me before her eyes gleamed with excitement.

"Are you guys together?" The doctor remarked, beaming at Mariya. Her eyebrows shot up with surprise. Everyone knew who Riya was, and the doctor might have assumed we were together because she came with me. It wasn't the doctor's fault. Mariya's love life was indeed so colorful. She had a new boyfriend every month. She used to be in the news more because of her affairs.

Before I could reply to the doctor, Mariya blurted out, "No! We are not together. He used to be my bodyguard. But right now, he is not my bodyguard anymore. I am here for the little wonder, Nic."

"Bodyguard?!" The doctor looked at me with confusion because she knew me as the owner of the D and K security agency.

"Yes, doctor. A... bodyguard?!" I asserted, nodding seriously.

"But I thought you were the owner..." I coughed, interrupting the doctor before she said it before Mariya. My eyes slowly shifted to Mariya, and she was staring at me with a weird expression and a scowl.

"So, doctor, I was saying that Nic is traumatized..." I told her everything that happened, including Nic's kidnapping. Nic's pediatrician had suggested seeing this child psychiatrist. She said Nic needed counseling to get over trauma and fears.

Nic was waiting outside with a nurse while we briefed the doctor about his problem. After asking a few questions, the doctor called Nic in and sent us outside.

The doctor asked us to wait while she talked to Nic alone. After an hour, she called us back to her room and sent Nic to the kid's playroom.

"Mr. Mancini! Nic is in shock and in a very vulnerable condition. He doesn't want to open up with me. But he doesn't need medicine. His pediatrician is my good friend, and I will discuss his case with her. Don't worry, there is nothing serious. I would suggest you be patient and calm with him. Let him do what he wants and keep him happy. It will help to remove bad memories gradually from his vulnerable mind," she paused for a moment and looked between Mariya and me.

"May I ask why Nic's mother didn't come?" The doctor asked.

"She was busy with work," I replied atly.

"Then talk to her because Nic needed attention and care. He told me he missed his mother," she advised.

"I will try, doctor," I replied, but I knew that the selsh woman loved her career more than her own son.

Now the doctor's full attention was on Mariya as she grinned at the super-model.

"Riya, you look prettier in person. In his session with me, Nic talked about you a lot. He is very fond of you, and it really helps him and gives him condence because you are here for him," the doctor mentioned.

My gaze icked at Mariya. She was smiling, talking to the doctor attentively. Bethany never took an interest in discussing her child's health when we were together.

I still felt guilty that Riya had to let go of a big opportunity because she had to stay with Nic.

I watched as she replied politely and talked to the doctor about Nic. It tugged my heart to see she was trying eagerly to make my son forget the bad memories, come out of the trauma, and lead a normal life.

After leaving the doctor's clinic, we went to an ice cream parlor, as Nic insisted. He was now behaving quite normally, but he did not leave Mariya and my hand while we were in the crowd. He even ate ice cream sitting on Mariya's lap, and she didn't even mind feeding Nic ice cream in public. However, I remembered Bethany never let Nic sit on her lap because it didn't look good, according to her.

I was so amused to watch Riya and Nic enjoying their secret talk as they whispered and laughed all the time.

"Nic, want to watch your favorite cartoon movie?!" I asked as it was show time.

"Yes, Dad!" He said and looked at Mariya. She nodded, smiling. Their bonding was already strong. Nic needed Mariya to agree on everything. I didn't want to think about it right now, but when Mariya returned to Florence, what would we do without her? I meant, what would Nic do without her? Nic held Mariya's hand as he got up. Both looked at me, smiling and swaying their joined hands. Mariya used to be a child with Nic as if she was also a ve-year-old.

"Okay! Let's go then," I grinned as I led the way.

By the time we drove back home, Nic fell asleep in Mariya's lap. I was silent and waiting for the right time.

"Thank you for coming with us to the doctor's clinic," I nally spoke.

"I am here only for Nic. How could I not come?" She shrugged carelessly.

My opinion of this girl as an arrogant, spoiled princess proved to be wrong. On the contrary, she was... simple and carefree, and that made her different from others.

"Miss Leonardi, I was saying..." I started.

"Mariya," she snapped.

"Huh?!" I exclaimed in confusion.

"It's Mariya, or you can call me Riya." She said curtly. I furrowed.

"Miss Leonardi!" I shook my head as I disagreed.

"Mariya!" She pressed, raising a brow.

Stubborn princess.

I inhaled deeply before exhaling loudly as I arned, nodding.

"So, Miss Leonardi! I want to say..."

"You are not my bodyguard, so don't pretend to be one. Don't call me Miss Leonardi one more time," she snapped.

"You cannot re me without any notice," I protested, keeping my eyes on the road as I drove carefully.

"Oh yeah?! How about your betrayal and completely ignoring your work ethic, putting your client's life in danger?! If I mention these things publicly, no one will ever hire you as a bodyguard again," she threatened me.

I bit my lips to stop myself from chuckling.

So the baby girl knows how to threaten a big guy.

"I have already apologized for that," I muttered politely.

"That... doesn't even count," she bit out.

"Then tell me, Miss Leonardi, what would I do so you would be pleased?" I asked, glancing at her for a moment before returning my gaze to the road.

"I don't need anything from you," she brushed me off quickly without even thinking about my offer.

"Are you sure because I am a very useful man and can do anything you name?" I smirked.

I saw from the corner of my eyes she licked her lips as she sucked a breath.

"I want nothing from you," she whispered, looking straight as her hands caressed Nic's hair.

"Then make me your slave," I blurted out and wanted to hit my head on the steering wheel. Why was I talking recklessly?

Mariya's eyes snapped at me, and she stared at me with her eyes wide in horror.

"I mean... I will be your personal... assistant and will be with you 24/7 and will... will do all your work. I will even hold your purse," I suggested, releasing a sharp breath. Phew!

But what the f**k was that? Holding her purse?! Seriously, Domenic!

"I don't need a rude assistant who spoils my day with his arrogance," she scowled, scrunching her nose.

Oh, she never missed a chance to remind me how I used to be a douchebag with her. Now I was begging for a chance, but she was not giving me.

"I am sorry for that. I didn't mean to be rude, but then the circumstances were bad." I explained, and she rolled her eyes. She didn't buy me. "Please give me a chance to repay what you are doing for my kid." I pleaded.

"I am doing it for myself, and I don't need anything in return," she dismissed me sternly.

Uh.. huh! I sighed.

Convincing this stubborn girl was very dicult. But I wouldn't let it go.

I wanted to talk to her about the ad shoot, but then I reminded myself that it was none of my business.

I quietly pulled up in the parking lot of my building. Stepping down rst, I went to open the door for Mariya. I wanted to take Nic from her. But she stopped me, saying Nic would wake up. She carried him all the way to my penthouse. I followed her to the room, where she placed my son gently on the bed and caressed his head.

Her eyes met mine, and I wanted to plead one more time. But spinning on her heels, she retired to the bathroom before I could say something.

Mariya

Domenic was in his home oce, and I was sitting in the room. When Nic was asleep, I also slept for a while as I had nothing to do. Now he woke up and was watching TV.

My phone chimed, ashing Daniel's name. When he came to give me my stuff, he also gave me my phone, which he had found in the hotel room in Paris.

However, I did not expect Daniel to call me. Not so soon. He was upset and angry with me when he left fuming in anger after our argument over the contract. So, I was a little bit surprised to see him calling me. Hesitated, I hit the answer option on the phone screen.

"Riya, the famous beauty brand wanted to wait for you. They said they didn't want any other model but you," Daniel screamed with excitement and joy.

"W..What?! But.. but you said we would lose this contract as they would never wait for me?!" I responded in confusion.

"You are in the news, Riya. Every tabloid and news channel covered you while you were wandering around with your little fan, and it added to your popularity. People love you as a caring and loving celebrity who is down to earth and does anything to fulll a small boy's wish," he enlightened, sounding happy.

"Huh?!" I gasped. "What?!!! H...how did it happen?"

I knew this project was a turning point for Daniel's career too. I felt bad for him when I couldn't help him. But this news and popularity?! I hadn't seen the news or anything till now. But I didn't even have time.

Maybe when I was out with Nic, someone clicked pictures. But I never wanted to use him. It was not my intention. I was just happy to know that Nic was improving.

"But, Daniel, I don't want it to look like I am using that kid to get popular. It was never my intention. You know that," I insisted.

"I know, Riya, and trust me, the child's face and identity were not revealed in any of that news," he informed, and I breathed with relief. "I don't know how it happened, but it seems because you helped that small kid, now the universe is helping you," he commented.

I giggled as I looked at Nic. He was watching his favorite show on TV and looked so innocent. My heart was lled with immense love for him. I never felt such a strong connection with anyone other than my family. The urge to be with him and save him from the pain was natural.

"I have told you, Daniel. Nic is very lucky for me," I declared with joy as a warm feeling made my heart brim with affection for my little fan.