

Would you prefer to be spanked?

"Mariya"

Lately, circumstances made me believe in magic and miracles. Otherwise, I was a very logical person. So I giggled, looking at my little miracle, who led every second of my life with happiness.

Nic! He was my daily dose of happiness. Since I met him, everything had become so easy and affordable. I felt like he was my little angel who came to make my every wish come true.

I was very happy after talking to Daniel; the project was still mine. So I walked to Nic and sat beside him. He was munching on potato chips while watching TV.

"Can I?" I asked before sharing his chips. He nodded and held the bag of chips toward me. I dug my hand into the chips packet and grabbed a few.

"Hey, Nic, I want to share something with you," I informed him, grinning.

"What?" Nic slowed the sound of the TV and turned to face me.

"How about we party tonight?!" I giggled, winking at him.

"Okay. Tell me why we are partying," he insisted impatiently.

"I am very happy, champ," I announced, smiling and kissing his cheeks.

"I can see that. And?" He rolled his eyes, making me chuckle. I circled my arms around him and hugged him tightly.

"I want to celebrate with you," I mumbled with joy.

"Come on, Riya!" He pouted. "Why are you not telling me the reason?" He complained.

"Can you guess?!" I teased, smiling.

Oh! I was very happy! I giggled.

"No! I can't. How would I know?!" Nic shrieked and pulled back the packet of chips when I tried to get some more. "Tell me why you are so happy?!"

"Well, I got a very big project, and it's a golden opportunity someone can get only once in their life," I reasoned, and Nic grinned.

"That's great news, Riya," Nic cheered. I was smitten upon seeing him happy for me.

"Yeah! My manager just called and informed me about it," I lied in.

"So tell me what we should have for tonight's party?!" I kissed his cheek again. "What do you want to eat today, hero?"

"My favorite, Pizza," he announced without taking a second to think as his eyes gleamed with excitement.

"Alright, baby boy! We will have a pizza party then. Let's go to your dad and ask what he wants to eat," I thought about the stubborn and rude man.

"Okay!" He replied and quickly slid down the bed, slipping into his slippers.

He looked at me, smiling. I got up, held Nic's hand, and walked to Domenic's home oce. When we got there, I heard him speaking to someone.

"Thank you, buddy, for hiding Nic's identity and face in the video and photos. It was very important for me to hide him from the world. He has already been through a lot lately," Domenic's deep and throaty voice came through the closed door. I stood there, intrigued by what he was talking about. I waited for him to nish his call.

He paused before he spoke again.

"But I am still very grateful to you. So thanks again, dude, for the news," he muttered in his oh-so-sexy and deep voice. But the word got my attention.

The news?!

Did he mean the news about me?

Oh. My. God.

So it wasn't a coincidence, but the news was his idea.

Why did he do it?

So I could get the contract?!

But how did he know?!

Did he hear Daniel telling me when he came here?

So many questions made me agitated, and I needed to know the answer.

After a while, he stopped talking. So, I knocked on the door. He quickly opened the door and raised a brow quizzically, looking at me. He came outside, closing the door behind him. He never let anyone into his oce.

"Dad, tonight we are having a pizza party," Nic chimed.

"Yeah?!" Domenic smiled at his son. "What's the occasion?!"

Oh! He was handsome when he smiled, which rarely happened. But when he smiled, he was breathtaking.

"Riya has got a bigggg project," Nic stretched the word big a little in his cute baby voice with his small arms stretched out.

"That's great!" Domenic remarked and turned his head toward me. "Congratulations, Miss Leonardi!!"

As if you don't know about it already!

I fought the urge to roll my eyes and look rude. He was stubborn. I told him so many times not to call me Miss Leonardi, but he was rigid to his word. So instead, I smiled and nodded to him.

"Let me order pizza for us," Domenic announced as he took his phone and began to open the app.

"No! It's my treat. So, I will order pizza for us," I declared.

"But you are our guest," Domenic insisted.

"So? It's my idea to celebrate?!" I countered.

"Okay. Go ahead," Domenic agreed.

I was surprised as I was mentally prepared for more arguments, but he was convinced quickly.

I ordered a large pizza with extra cheese and Coke per Nic's choice. I didn't have to be on a diet all the time. I laughed in my mind thinking about when my trainer found out he was going to kill me.

Pizza arrived in a while, and I had so much fun after a long time. We ate, laughed, and danced. Domenic was hesitant at rst. But when Nic insisted, he also joined us and danced freely. Ah! This was the life I used to miss when I was away from home. But here, I didn't miss anything. It seemed.... home. Yes, it did feel like home!

It was not a big celebration, but it seemed so good. Better than any high-prole party. I hadn't felt this happy in years. After our small pizza party, Domenic wanted to put Nic in his bed. But Nic insisted he would sleep with me. I assured Domenic it was ne with me and I wasn't a guest when he looked embarrassed.

Nic fell asleep quickly because it was past his bedtime. We got him late because of our party. I lay there for a while but couldn't sleep. I was still thinking about talking to Domenic. Why did he do that? At rst, I thought not to bring this up, but then I thought he should know that I knew about it.

So, I slowly and carefully got out of bed without making a noise, exited the room, and went to look for Domenic. The hall and kitchen were empty. His oce was locked. I went to the balcony adjacent to the living room. There he was with a glass lled with amber liquid in his hand. I quietly marched to him. As if he sensed my presence, he turned.

His dark eyes raked slowly over me, making me shift on my feet uncomfortably.

"What?" I snapped, raising my chin.

He shook his head. But I knew why he was looking at me weirdly. I again wore his shirt without his permission.

He was such an obsessive asshole about his clothes!

"Well, Daniel has sent all the dresses and denim, and I do not have anything I can use as sleepwear. So I borrowed your shirt again," I shrugged as I stepped closer and leaned my back against the railing beside him.

"We will go shopping tomorrow and buy some sleepwear for you," he announced, his voice huskier than ever.

Maybe due to alcohol?!

"Why? Your shirt is very comfortable, and I sleep well in it. Don't worry, I will pay for the laundry," I elucidated, frowning.

Such a jerk he was! Couldn't he let me borrow a shirt or two? I saw he had hundreds.

"No, that's not a problem," he rasped in his deep voice, sending a chill running down my spine.

"Then?" I challenged, composing myself. But I couldn't help as my voice was only a whisper.

His eyes again traveled along my body. I fought the urge to shiver under his cold gaze. He shook his head before averting his eyes.

"Will you take some?" He asked, gesturing to the glass in his hand.

"Umm...Yeah, do you have a beer?" I asked.

He nodded before going toward his fridge and appeared with a bottle in his hand. He handed me the bottle after uncapping it with his teeth. God, it was so hot to watch him doing so.

I took a large sip before speaking.

"So?! Why did you do this?" I asked, observing him intently.

He was looking blankly into the darkness with his glass in his hand.

"What?" He frowned, his eyes snapping at mine.

"The news?!" I reminded him, c****g my head.

He looked confused at rst, but then the realization appeared on his face. He again turned to stare into the darkness.

"It was nothing but only a small thank you for you," he replied calmly, taking a swig from his glass.

"But how did you do this?!" I prompted. I was curious to know how he made it viral.

"I have a friend who is a reporter. He helped me," he shrugged, glancing at me sidelong and averting his eyes again.

I swigged the beer.

"How did you know that it was me?" He whispered, swirling the glass in his hand and watching the amber liquid moving into it.

"I heard you when you were talking on the phone. I didn't mean to eavesdrop but stumbled upon your secret conversation with your reporter friend," I clarified before he thought I was stalking him.

He hummed, nodding and blinking in the void.

"I have another question," I blurted. He tilted his head to look at me sideways.

"Why did you ban me from having more than one drink when you were my bodyguard?" I sulked, glaring at him.

Perhaps it was alcohol that made me bolder to ask everything I wanted to ask ever since he forbade me from doing a lot of things.

Much controlling prick!

He chuckled, and his throaty laugh made my toes curl. I suppressed a moan.

"You are very stubborn, Miss Leonardi, and so am I," he declared.

"And that was the reason you stopped me from drinking?!" I challenged, narrowing my eyes at him.

He laughed again, taking a large gulp of his whiskey and emptying the glass. He relled his glass as he spoke. He had the bottle with him and the ice box placed on the round table.

"Maybe you do not remember, but it happened. You were drunk after a party with your friends. You had so much alcohol and were not in your right state of mind. So you tried to kiss me that night," he reasoned, smirking at me.

"Hell! No!" I gasped.

I pretended I didn't know about it. But of course, I remembered.

He laughed, staring blankly into the dark sky as if remembering something.

"Yeah! You are very difficult to handle when you are drunk. I was so frustrated that night that I was going to slap you for misbehaving," he looked into my eyes and informed me in his low and deep voice.

My eyes widened at his confession.

"Are you serious?!" I whispered as I blinked at him, imagining his large hands slapping me.

"Or would you have preferred to be spanked?!" He murmured, and his voice turned intense and low as he stared deeply into my eyes. His dark eyes pinned me in place, making me gasp. Electricity charged between us, and the atmosphere became warmer suddenly.

Then, he laughed and I could breathe again, which I didn't know I had been holding for so long. I looked away shyly.

"Sorry! But you know I was so stressed because of Nic, and you are not behaving and forcing yourself on me, so you know... You worked me up to be a little rude," he explained.

A little rude?!

He was a big asshole to me all the time. I laughed, shaking my head.

Yes, I did it to tease him because I knew he hated me, and I wanted to push his buttons. But I did not know at that time that he was anxious because of Nic.

"That was a solid reason," I nodded, agreeing instead.

"But now you are not my bodyguard. So you can not stop me from drinking, and I will drink as much as I want," I announced, challenging him. I took a big swig and emptied the beer bottle, slamming it on the platform with a sly smile.

His eyes snapped at mine. He looked at me in horror.

"Relax, I won't try to rape you," I snorted, amused by his expression.

The whiskey spurted out his mouth that he had just sipped.

Oh, this night was going to be so much fun.