## What would I do to her dirty mouth?

## \*Mariya\*

Domenic was always distant and stubborn. He was not ready to open his heart.

I just wanted to make him understand that he deserved love and should move on. But he was not willing to talk about it. He upfront told me to f\*\*k off in a decent way. So I left the discussion.

However, I couldn't help but curse the woman who broke this man's heart.

I meant Domenic was hot, caring, charming, and powerful with a smart tongue. He was everything a girl could dream of and wanted in her Prince Charming. The way he still loved Bethany made me envious. If someone loved me like this. I would never have let him go.

I sighed at the thought that the man closest to my dream was not available.

As if I could think about a man.

I rolled my eyes at the thought. I didn't have time to fall into these clumsy paths of love. I had more important things to do, and I had to be on top one day.

Nic woke up when we were still having coffee. He came to me, rubbing his still half-closed eyes, and sat on my lap.

"Good morning, hero!" I kissed his cheeks softly. An involuntary smile spread across my face, and my mood became good.

He grinned, opening his eyes. Oh! He was as breathtakingly beautiful as his father.

"What do you want for breakfast?" I asked him, wrapping my arms around him and he snuggled into my embrace.

"Pancakes?!" He chimed.

"Okay!" I kissed his cheeks, agreeing.

"Will you cook?!" He asked, batting his cute eyes at me.

"Yes, baby boy!" I replied, smiling softly. From the corner of my eyes, I saw Domenic stealing glances at us from behind his coffee mug with a sweet and small smile stretched on his lips.

I picked up Nic and sat him on the chair as I got up.

"It's time to make some breakfast!" I announced, rubbing my hands and winking at Nic.

He beamed brightly as I sauntered across the hall and went to the kitchen.

"Miss Leonardi, you don't have to make breakfast. The house help will be coming in an hour, and until then, I will make pancakes for Nic," Domenic stated hesitantly as he came and stood beside me.

"That's okay! I love cooking," I announced.

"Oh! I thought you would never have gone to the kitchen," he muttered under his breath.

"Wrong!" I exclaimed, watching him with amusement. "My mom is a great cook, so I grew up watching her cooking such delicious food, and I always wanted to cook like her. But I don't usually get time. So I cook whenever I have the time and, for your kind information, I can cook almost anything. I even have my own special recipes", I mumbled while pouring the pancake mix into a bowl and mixing it while heating the pan.

"I am impressed, Miss Leonardi," Domenic grinned and looking at him, I forgot to breathe.

## Is it legal to look so handsome?

I made some pancakes and poured a lot of chocolate sauce. It was Nic's favorite. I learned a lot about him in the last two days. I knew almost everything he liked to eat and do.

"Dad, I want to swim," Nic declared, enjoying his chocolate chip pancakes.

"Nic, not today. I have so much pending work to nish," Domenic replied, putting another slice of pancake in his mouth.

Today we all had pancakes for breakfast, and surprisingly, Domenic also wanted to have some pancakes. He ate them as if he was eating the world's best meal cooked by a Michelin-star chef.

"But, Dad, I want it so badly. I will go! I will go!" Nic cried.

"Is it okay if I take him swimming? I am free for the whole day," I offered.

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Domenic looked at me, looking conicted. Licking his lips, he sighed and replied, "Okay, I will send some guards with you."

## "Yay!" Nic chimed happily.

"Come on, baby boy, nish your breakfast so we can go swimming," I instructed Nic, and he began nishing the food on his plate.

After breakfast, Nic and I went to the swimming pool. I sat there while Nic was in the pool. I enjoyed watching Nic show me his swimming strokes expertly. I clapped and cheered for him, and he blew a kiss toward me like a swimming champion.

He would be a big star one day. My heart uttered with excitement as if I was thinking about my son being a successful swimming champion.

I shook the thought off of my head. I couldn't even think about marriage at this point in my career, and the kids were out of the question.

My phone chimed, and I was surprised to see Ryder's number. Ryder was my ance. Actually, we were not engaged technically, but our marriage was xed by our parents.

"Riya!" His joy-lled voice came through the phone speaker.

"Ryder! How are you?" I asked hesitantly.

"I am ne, Riya, and you know what?" He replied with excitement. I frowned. Now, what happened?

"I am in New York for a business deal," he informed.

"Oh!" I could only reply in one word. I felt guilty for not sharing his enthusiasm.

"Such a coincidence that you are also here," he stated, and I furrowed.

"How did you know?" was the rst reaction that came out of me.

"I saw you on the news, Riya," he sounded amused. "I want to see you today, baby. I am sending you my hotel's location. Come, we will spend the day together."

"Ryder, I can't meet you. I am... busy," I tried to make an excuse.

Yes, I knew I was avoiding him, and it was not fair to him. But what could I do when I didn't feel the connection with him that I sought in my life partner? I wanted him to realize that we were not meant to be together.

"Come on, Riya. I am only asking to see you. It's been so long, and you know how I feel about you. It's so dicult for me to stay away from you. It's okay if you don't like me. My love is enough for us, baby," he assured. "You said you needed time when our parents xed our marriage. I was okay as I also wanted to know you, and now I have been waiting for two years, and you have been ignoring me since then. I just ask for some time so we can make this work," he complained.

He was the one who wanted to marry me. When his parents came home with his marriage proposal, my parents agreed as Ryder's family was one of the wealthy families in America, and Ryder was a successful and well-settled businessman. He was very nice and handsome. He was patient and didn't feel bad when I refused to marry him. He insisted on giving him a chance, and I should not refuse the wedding proposal. He was persistent about dating me, and my parents also wanted me to settle down with a decent guy. Especially my mom. She didn't want me to marry a maa man.

How ironic!

"I told you, Ryder, I didn't want to get married right now. I have some work commitments, and you know about them," I protested.

"I know, Riya, and I am not forcing you to marry me. I want you to give us a chance. It's okay if you still want time. Just date me and know me better so we can make any progress. And once you know me and what you have missed so far, you will regret ignoring me for so many years," he pressed.

He was so full of himself. I hated it when someone ghosted me in my personal space.

"I am busy, Ryder," I replied curtly.

"Are you so busy that you cannot meet me for half an hour?" He sighed, sounding very low and sad. Now he began bargaining.

I felt terrible for him.

"Okay, I will come," I apprised.

"Thank you, Riya. I promise I will make it worthwhile for you to spend time with me," he whispered sensually, and I shivered with nervousness as the grin of winning was prominent in his tone.

"I will talk to you later," I replied.

The more I gave him a chance, the more he found a way to convince me.

"I will be waiting. Come soon," he whispered. "Love you, Riya," he confessed, as he used to do every time we talked.

"Bye, Ryder!" I ended the call.

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\*Domenic\*

After Nic, Mariya, and I had breakfast, I went to my home oce to do some work because I could not go to the oce, and a lot of work was pending. Nic wanted to go swimming with Riya. So I sent some of my men to accompany them.

I could not thank Riya enough. Because of her, our life had become normal, and Nic was feeling better.

Earlier, I used to think of her that she was a brat like any other rich heiress, and she did bother me with her tantrums. But she was actually caring and so down-to-earth.

I chuckled as I remembered my time with her when she used to tease me with her unique tactics. But then I understood those were her shield to guard herself. She pretended to be rude and harsh and not to show her weaknesses. However, for me, her soft nature and pure heart were not weaknesses but attributes not everyone could have.

Focus, Domenic, focus! Stop thinking about a girl under your roof who you have to protect.

I reminded myself as I switched on the computer and started going through the emails. My phone started ringing as if the stars were not in my favor and they did not want me to work.

It was Knox. I was in a good mood and wanted to tell him that Nic was improving. He and his wife cared about him.

"Knox!" I answered the phone.

"Domenic, something is wrong," his voice shook, reecting fear.

"What happened?" I asked, furrowing as my heartbeat quickened with a strange feeling.

"The teacher we were spying on was found dead this morning," he informed me.

"What?!" That was big shocking news.

I started to live in comfort with Riya here. She was safe with me, and I forgot about the danger temporarily.

"Do you know what happened and how she died?" I inquired promptly.

"She was murdered, and it was shown as a suicide," Knox informed.

"What were the men who were supposed to keep an eye on her doing at that time when this happened?" I snapped, slamming my hand on the wooden desk in frustration. We lost the only clue to reach the kidnapper, and now the danger had increased ten times as he announced his return with this murder.

"They were there all the time, but they couldn't nd anyone to suspect," Knox informed.

"Who came to meet her this morning?" I asked as I pinched the bridge of my nose.

"As per the report our men gave, she had a plumber and a pizza delivery guy," Knox informed me, and I wanted to hit my head on the wall.

Shit! How could they miss it?

"Find the pizza delivery guy because it was too early to deliver the pizza," I barked over the phone.

"Oh s\*\*t! We did not think about it," Knox murmured.

"Find him immediately," I ordered as I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath. Frustration and anger rose in my veins.

"I will. Don't worry," Knox assured me before disconnecting the call.

The teacher was involved in Nic's kidnappings and now was dead.

Oh, No!

Riya!

Riya and Nick went swimming. Oh, s\*\*t!

I quickly bolted out of the door. Exiting my penthouse, I impatiently pressed the button for the elevator and hurriedly stepped into it as soon as it arrived. I impatiently waited for it to reach the ground oor and dashed out of it as soon as the door slid open as if a ghost was chasing me.

I was scared. My heart was jumping in my chest with great fear. After hearing about the teacher being murdered, all the scary thoughts kept swirling in my mind.

I ran crazily until I reached the swimming area. My eyes wandered around wildly until I spotted them.

Riya was sitting on the sunlounger, and Nic was in the pool showing Riya his impressive swimming skills.

After seeing both of them safe, I could nally breathe.

I stood there bending forward, clutching my hips, panting and catching my breath.

"What happened?" Riya walked toward me with a worried expression on her beautiful face.

"Nothing. I was missing yo... Umm, I was missing Nic," I blabbered.

Fuck, I had to think twice before speaking. Why did I start talking recklessly? Sometimes I thought I was losing my mind and had to see a psychiatrist.

"He is ne and enjoying swimming," Riya replied, grinning and waving at Nic.

He blew an air kiss toward her.

I rolled my eyes. My little man knew how to irt with a girl. I stayed there until Nic nished swimming.

"Domenic," Riya called out as she sat beside me.

"Yes!" I turned to face her.

"Umm.. my ancè called, and he wanted to meet me," she informed him, and my eyes shot to hers in shock.

"Fiancè?! Are you engaged?" I asked and couldn't help but sound a little harsh.

Was she engaged?!

But I did not see any ring on her nger.

"No! I am not ocially engaged, but our family has xed our marriage, and we are on and off dating just to know each other better before marriage," she explained.

So she was betrothed.

"...and now he is in New York and wants to meet me," she enlightened.

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?" I bit out curtly.

She gasped at my cold tone.

"He just called me and told me that he was in New York. How would I have known it before?" She snapped, sounding irritated.

"No, I mean, why didn't you tell me about your ance?!" I demanded accusingly. She gave me a strange look.

"You never asked. I told you everything you asked for, and you only asked about my exboyfriends," she countered, looking annoyed.

"Everyone around you is under suspicion, Miss Leonardi," I proclaimed.

"That's delusional," Riya whined, throwing her hands in the air.

"No! That's practical, Miss Leonardi, and I won't allow you to meet him until I get complete details about him," I declared and called my man.

Mariya wanted to say something but held up a nger and gestured for her to wait.

"Listen, I am sending a man's name and photo. Get me all the details in an hour," I ordered on the phone.

"Miss Leonardi, his name and photo, please," I asked coldly but got no reply.

Instead, she was glaring at me as her lips were pressed in a thin line. She looked.... angry.

"Fück you!" She spat out, and stomping her feet, she walked away.

I glanced at Nic, and he was still inside the pool. Thankfully, he didn't hear her swearing. Nevertheless, we had to do something to her dirty mouth. I motioned my men to follow her to the penthouse while I was with Nic.