

An Offer

"Domenic"

I was in the middle of a passionate one-night stand when my phone suddenly rang, interrupting the intense atmosphere. I let out a groan upon seeing the name displayed on the screen.

Reluctantly, I answered the call.

"Dad," I hissed through clenched teeth.

My father rarely reached out to me, and when he did, it was usually because he needed something.

"Domenic! Where are you? I need to see you right now," he demanded in his usual commanding tone.

"You're here? In New York?" I was taken aback.

"Just tell me where you are. I went to your apartment, but you weren't there. I need to speak with you face-to-face immediately," he demanded, sidestepping my question.

"I can't see you right now," I dismissed, ready to end the call, but my dad's anger resonated through the phone.

"Where the hell are you? I need an answer."

I rubbed my forehead, feeling a headache coming on. He could be such a pain sometimes.

"I'm at a hotel, Dad, with my date. Let's meet tomorrow morning," I informed him, glancing at the naked gure lying on the hotel bed after our passionate encounter.

"You and your scandalous one-night stands," he spat out, the disdain evident in his voice. "Why don't you settle down and get married?"

"If you've forgotten, I tried that. But as you can see, it didn't work out. I'm happy this way now. No commitments, no expectations. Now, get to the point. If it's not urgent, hang up because you're ruining my night," I scowled.

"Where are you? Send me your location. I'm coming to meet you," he stubbornly insisted.

"Dad!" I spoke through gritted teeth.

"Domenic!" he grated.

"Fine," I huffed, sending him my location.

I turned to the sexy woman in my bed. She was looking at me, lying in a seductive position with her parted legs and dripping cunt at full display.

"Listen, you have to leave. Some guests are coming," I informed the brunette, whose naked body tried to tempt me.

I groaned in frustration, my gaze lingering on her enticing curves, but the desire had been washed away with cold water after receiving my father's phone call.

"What? You have another date?" she pouted.

"Hell, no," I furrowed my brow.

"Then who's coming?" she inquired.

I frowned, realizing she had misconstrued my intentions. I cared less about any woman. I only used them for my pleasure.

"I don't owe you an explanation. Just leave," I glared, growing irritated by her presence.

She sulked, "I hope I'll see you again."

"Oh, no, no! Spare me your pretty, promiscuous face. I'm a one-and-done type; I don't repeat my one-night stands. Just get lost," I barked rudely.

Her jaw dropped, her eyes welling up with tears. I had witnessed this act before, and it no longer affected me.

I walked to the nightstand and opened the drawer.

"Take this check and ll in your desired amount," I offered her a signed blank check.

She seemed momentarily saddened but swiftly grabbed the check.

Bloody whōre.

They were all the same and wanted one thing: hot sēx and money.

"Now get out of my room," I spat out curtly.

"Can I use the bathroom, please?" she asked in her sultry voice.

"Fine, but make it quick," I glowered.

She swiftly gathered her clothes and disappeared into the bathroom.

The doorbell chimed, interrupting the tense atmosphere. I hastily grabbed my pants and put them on, not bothering with a shirt as I went to answer the door.

To my surprise, my dad had arrived earlier than expected, accompanied by Mr. Xavier Leonardi, his longtime employer. My father had been Mr. Leonardi's loyal bodyguard for as long as I could remember, refusing to leave his boss's side.

"What brings you here, Dad? It's not like you care about me," I snorted, noticing Mr. Leonardi grimacing at my words.

The truth was, my dad was unhappy with my chosen lifestyle, and he didn't hold back his disdain for me. But it didn't matter. Nothing in this world could hurt me as deeply as that one woman had.

Before my dad could scold me for being an ungrateful son, we heard the bathroom door open, and the brunette emerged, wearing a revealing red dress.

Dad scowled, casting a disdainful glance at her, while Mr. Leonardi xed me with an intense glare.

"Not my fault you arrived before she could leave," I shrugged.

The brunette ashed a seductive smile before making her exit, and I rolled my eyes. An awkward silence lled the room.

Mr. Leonardi cleared his throat.

"Domenic, rst and foremost, I want to personally thank you for saving my daughter's life. If you hadn't been there, I can't imagine what might have happened to Mariya. We lost two of her bodyguards in that attack," Mr. Leonardi expressed, gratitude evident in his gaze.

So, the girl I had unintentionally rescued in that near-fatal attack two weeks ago was Xavier Leonardi's daughter.

Fück my life!

"So I am here to offer you the job of my daughter's personal bodyguard," he announced, his voice carrying a hint of urgency. "I hope you won't disappoint me."

What the f**k?!

"Wait?! What?! I'm sorry, Mr. Leonardi, but I think you've misunderstood. I left the job of being a bodyguard long ago. Now, I only train and provide the best bodyguards through my security agency," I refused, standing before him. His personality was still intimidating and dominating.

"I know, Domenic. But I can't trust anyone other than you. Please try to understand my situation. Mariya has been targeted before, and until I nd out who wants to harm my daughter, I don't want to take any chances. I request you, please take this job. I nd no one more suitable for this task than you," he pleaded, desperation evident in his voice.

But I didn't owe him anything. It wasn't my problem that his daughter's life was in danger. I could provide the best bodyguard from my security agency to ensure her safety, and that was it. I couldn't do more than that.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Leonardi. Unfortunately, I cannot do it. But don't worry. I will give you the best bodyguard I've personally trained. I will provide him with instructions and closely monitor his performance," I offered, hoping he would understand.

"Domenic! I can't believe you can be so rude and ungrateful. Have you forgotten how much Mr. Leonardi has done for us?" my dad rebuked me furiously, his eyes burning with anger.

"No, Dad, I haven't forgotten anything. But I can't accept this request," I replied rmlly, running a hand through my hair in frustration.

"Domenic..." my dad started again, but Mr. Leonardi interrupted him, raising a hand to halt the conversation.

"Young man, I understand your position. But I would appreciate it if you reconsider. Take your time and think about my offer. I can offer you any price you name. And..." his tone suddenly turned stern as his gray eyes bore into mine. "Nobody in this world can say no to me so boldly. I am showing you humility because you are Sam's son."

Of course, who would dare refuse the Italian Maa king, Xavier Leonardi?!

But whoa! He actually threatened me with taking the job. He didn't know me yet.

"Mr. Leonardi, money doesn't entice me. I have more than enough in my bank account, more than you can imagine," I snickered, trying to maintain my own sense of power. "And yes, I'm aware that no one dares to refuse you. But no one can force me to do something I don't want to do," I countered, holding his threatening gaze with determination.

Dad glared at me as if he wanted to kill me for refusing his boss before both of them turned to leave.

For my dad, Xavier Leonardi was more important than his own son. He had devoted his whole life to his duty and never cared for his family.

But I was different from my dad.

I wasn't always the cold-hearted and ungracious person I am today.

However, my ex-wife's betrayal turned me into a heartless and cold individual. I had loved her with all my heart, which is why I couldn't forget her even after three years after our divorce. My heart still ached for her, longing for her deeply. But I couldn't forget how she betrayed me, tarnishing our marriage. She wounded my pride, my love. I vowed never to love anyone again after her. She had shattered me, breaking me from within.

I still vividly remembered the day I rst laid eyes on her at a party six years ago.

Bethany, standing at 5'4" with fair skin adorned with freckles, shoulder-length brown hair, and bright blue eyes, was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

It was love at rst sight, and the feeling was mutual. We were both lled with happiness and deeply in love. Our days were spent in each other's arms. She was an aspiring actress and a renowned model.

We were both young and at the beginning of our careers when we discovered that Bethany was pregnant. I was a bodyguard, and she was struggling to establish herself. She didn't want the child, fearing it would end her career at such a young age. However, I was condent in our love and insisted on getting married right away. Bethany wasn't ready, but after my persuasion, she agreed.

The day Nic, our son, was born, I was overjoyed. I loved my wife and son. They meant the world to me. Everything seemed perfect until the day I learned about her indellity.

Despite her betrayal, Bethany still loved Nic and displayed it publicly. But it seemed like a mere act to showcase herself as a loving mother to society. She only visited our son when it served her purpose of auntng her motherly love to the media.

The pain of failed love drove me to desperation and greed for success and wealth. I wanted to prove to my cheating ex-wife that I could have everything I desired. Although I had wanted her back then, she lost me and my love. I longed for her to realize the mistakes she had made. One day, she would regret losing someone with a pure heart who genuinely loved her.

At present, I owned a renowned security agency with branches all over the world. I provided businessmen and celebrities with the best and most capable bodyguards. I had accumulated billions in my bank account and no longer needed to work.

The next day, I made my way to the oce and immediately called in my assistant to summon Miles for a meeting. He was one of my most reliable men, and as promised to Mr. Leonardi, I had chosen him to be his daughter's bodyguard.

Instructing my staff to gather information about her, I held her le in my hands. It turned out she was a highly successful supermodel. I couldn't help but let out a laugh, realizing how she must have achieved her success. They weren't all just like my ex-wife.

The f*****g whores!

The list of her past boyfriends seemed endless, further solidifying her reputation as a promiscuous woman. I had no intention of becoming the bodyguard for someone with such a character. However, due to my father's insistence, I had no choice but to send my best man for the job.

I briefed Miles about the entire situation, emphasizing the importance of this client since my father was involved. I made it clear that he had to give his best and carry out his duties dligently. After gathering all the necessary information, Miles left to prepare for the assignment. I also forwarded his details to Mr. Leonardi, conrming that Miles would begin his role as his daughter's bodyguard starting tomorrow.

Just as I thought things were progressing, a call came in, and everything took a drastic turn.

The video I received after that call only intensified my regret for the day I had ever crossed paths with that Leonardi girl.