

I am helpless

"Domenic"

As soon as I entered my room, I hastily dialed Knox's number. He answered right away, sounding anxious.

"Dom, is everything alright?" Knox's voice carried a sense of urgency.

It had become more frequent lately, these calls lled with anything but normal news. Our lives were in disarray, and each damn update seemed to lead us further down the road of apprehension.

"Knox, Bethany found out that Nic is missing," I blurted out impatiently.

"How the hell did that happen?" I could imagine from his clipped voice that he would be frowning, gripping the phone tightly against his ear.

"I don't know, Knox. We underestimated her, and she turned out to be far smarter than I ever thought. When I didn't answer her calls, she went to Nic's school, and they informed her that Nic hadn't been there since last week," I explained to him.

It hurt that she blamed me for keeping Nic's disappearance a secret. It was hard to believe that I had once loved that woman with all my heart and still couldn't get over her.

"That's really bad. She could cause some serious trouble. So, what's the plan now?!" Knox asked with anxiety lacing his voice.

"You know the consequences if the truth gets out," I reminded him, hearing him let out a sigh.

"Don't worry, Dom, I'll handle her," he assured me.

"Prevent her from going to the police," I instructed rmly.

"I will," he promised, and I knew I could trust him. He was clever and ecient.

Unfortunately, the woman was stubborn and foolish, only capable of adding more trouble. If she continued her reckless behavior, she would put Nic's life in danger.

I had to expedite the investigation. Time was running out.

"I've come up with a plan to negotiate with the kidnappers," I condently announced, contemplating my new strategy.

"How on earth are you going to do that?! Are you suggesting we kidnap Mariya Leonardi?!" he exclaimed, catching me off guard.

I paused for a moment, considering all the possibilities. I didn't have many options left.

"Kidnapping Mariya would be too risky. The last time I attempted it, the plan failed miserably. But this time, I have a different plan. Mariya won't even know, and..."

As I was speaking to Knox, I sensed someone's presence at the door. Was someone eavesdropping on our conversation?!

"Hold on a minute, Knox," I whispered.

Stealthily, I approached the door, slowly unlocking it, and swung it open abruptly. There, I saw Mariya sprinting toward her room.

Damn it!

She had overheard us!

I rushed after her, and she glanced back in a panic, frantically fumbling with the doorknob as she tried to enter her room. But I managed to reach her just in time, wedging my legs between the door and the frame, forcefully pushing it open. Mariya stumbled and fell to the oor.

Her eyes widened, and her breaths grew rapid. If it weren't for the horror in her expression, I might have attributed her ushed face and heavy sweating to another reason.

I secured the door to her room, locking us inside.

"Who are you?" she snapped, her voice trembling.

"Domenic," I replied coldly, keeping my gaze xed on her.

"No, you're someone else, and I'll expose you!" she yelled, scrambling to reach for her phone.

Shit.

This girl was trouble.

I lunged forward, swiftly grabbing her and slamming her onto the bed. Pinning her down, I held her hands above her head. Her warm breath brushed against my face as she panted heavily. For a moment, her sweet oral scent distracted me. Her beautiful gray eyes glistened with hatred and fear as they pierced into mine. She struggled, wriggling her petite body in an attempt to free herself, snapping me out of my trance.

I snatched her phone and slid it into my pocket.

"Get the f**k off me!" she shouted, making me furrow my brow.

"Don't shout at me, Princess. Or else, I know how to silence you even when my hands are occupied," I warned, giving her a dangerous glare.

Her lips parted in a gasp as her breathing hitched. Her gaze lingered on my lips, her chest rising and falling heavily. I blinked, momentarily captivated by the beauty lying beneath me.

"Let go!" she gritted her teeth, thrashing her body ercely.

I pushed her further onto the bed, using my body to suppress her movements. Her enticing soft curves rubbed against me.

"I will! Just listen to me rst," I demanded, looking her in the eyes. She glared back at me with anger.

"You... you're here to kill me?!" she stuttered, her fear palpable.

"No! Look... I'm helpless and I have no choice," I admitted, feeling utterly powerless.

If she would give me a chance, I could explain.

"So you're going to kill me!" she repeated, her eyes wide and moist as her trembling pink lips quivered.

"Mariya, trust me..." I pleaded, desperately hoping she would listen.

"Trust you?!" she scoffed, kicking her legs. I straddled her, trapping her legs between mine. My bulge nestled between her legs.

Fuck.

Wrong timing.

I exhaled heavily, and she gasped, her tongue darting out to moisten her dry lips. Despite the situation being lled with animosity, our bodies reacted, the unexpected contact sparking awareness between us. Her glossy eyes met mine, and I couldn't tear my gaze away. Clearing my throat, I pretended everything was normal, suppressing the electric sparks, the overwhelming scent of her owery perfume, and the forbidden desires that threatened to consume us both.

Everything. Was. Normal.

"Listen, I don't have time to explain everything right now. But if you would just give me..." I pleaded.

"What do you want to explain? How did you plan to kill me?!" she spat, interrupting me before I could nish.

"You're making it dicult for me to explain when you keep acting like this," I shouted in frustration.

"Just leave me alone and get off me!" she yelled, twisting and rubbing her body against mine.

Fucking hell! She was stubborn, only making things more complicated.

Swiftly, I got up and extended my hand, helping her to her feet. We needed to sit and talk face-to-face.

"Listen..."

But before I could say anything, she forcefully pushed me onto the bed. Caught off guard, I wasn't prepared for her sudden burst of strength. She dashed towards the door.

There she went again.

Hell! She liked things the hard way.

I sprinted towards her, slamming her against the door before she could unlock it.

With a rm grip on her hand, I twisted it behind her back, pressing her face against the door.

"Ah! Let go of me, you jerk!" she cried out.

"Don't make me get rough with you. I'm trying to explain everything, and all you're doing is trying to run away," I threatened, feeling incredibly irritated.

I wasn't a patient man, and I had already given her more chances than I typically would.

"Release me, you f*****g bastard," she cursed, her mouth lthy with obscenities. She needed a lesson in manners.

I shook my head. She didn't want to hear my explanation and was acting purely on impulse.

Why couldn't these beautiful women use their brains and listen to reason?

Grabbing her waist, I spun her around to face me before lifting her onto my shoulders, carrying her back to the bed. She continued to swear and curse, pounding her hands on my back and kicking her feet. I groaned, resisting the urge to give her a spanking and teach her how to behave. Instead, I set her down on the bed and tied her hands behind her back.

"Let me go, or I'll kill you!" she shouted, threatening me once more, making me roll my eyes. But I needed to silence her before anyone could hear.

"Domenic, you're going to regret this. My brother and father will make you pay," she threatened.

"I don't care," I whispered, steadying her head and stung a small cloth into her mouth to mue her cries.

She struggled, but only mued sounds escaped her mouth. Watching her futile attempts, I moved away and walked to a distant corner.

I emailed the kidnapper, informing him that I needed to speak with him urgently. Unfortunately, he changed his number after every communication, so emailing him was my only option.

My phone promptly displayed an unknown number. I knew it was him. Desperately, I answered the call.

"Listen, I'm bringing Riya," I informed him.

"Good," he chuckled. I scowled.

"Now, I'm giving you what you wanted. I want my son back," I demanded.

"He'll be returned when I have the girl," he replied.

"No, I don't trust you. You'll give my son back when I hand over Riya," I proposed.

He fell silent for a moment.

"Fine!" he agreed, and I let out a sigh of relief. "But remember, don't try to be clever with me, or be prepared to lose your son," he warned.

"Why would I risk my son's life when I can get him back by giving you a girl who means nothing to me? Nic is my son, and I would do anything for him," I responded honestly.

I meant every word I said. Nic was my life, my world, the reason I breathed. I would do anything to protect him.

"Good!" he replied before ending the call.

I looked at Mariya, her wide eyes lled with fear as her body trembled. But did I have a choice? I wanted my son, my Nic, back. And I was willing to pay any price.

I walked over to her and leaned in close. Despite her mued screams, she thrashed her body from side to side.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, gazing into her terried eyes as I gently touched her delicate neck, searching for the right spot. With a rm press, she lost consciousness.