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33 Lovechild

Alexander hated the feeling that slowly consumed him from the inside. He hated that he had to let her leave his sight when he wanted nothing more than to grab her and run. Run away from his family, the accursed mafia, his responsibilities. he wanted to leave it all and run with her in his arms, preferably. Even if he had to go the extra mile and find a remote and secluded

island to disappear o to.

Unfortunately, he couldn't and because of this, a murky feeling was swallowing him whole. The hole in his heart was back with vengeance not to mention the way his heart had dipped to his stomach a er he le her to his aide for her safe getaway moments ago. That sinking feeling made his hands grip the cool metal of the gun in his hands. 'I can trust Mark!he hissed to himself, aggressively twisting the silencer into its designated place in the gun and slipping it into the holster strapped beneath his arms. He then repeated the process with the other identical gun. Yeah, he could trust Mark. There was no need to worry. No need to worry at all. His poor attempt at reassuring himself was lacking and le him unconvinced.

Alex held up a hand, making the universal signal for 'move out'. The four men that accompanied him snapped into motion without an a erthought. "I need to get to the saferoom, I need a path to be cleared. Alonzo or his men will try to sabotage this group so be on the lookout." At the mention of brothers name, his fists clenched, knuckles paling ghost white beneath the leather black gloves. " Cazzo bastardd', he mutters sharply as they move out, one man remaining at his rear end. He had known that she wasn't going to be in a good state when he found her. This was a fucking cartel for crying out loud, hell on earth for hostages and captured victims, especially femaleones. He couldn't and didn't even want to try and imagine what she went through at the hands of his half brother. The mere thought of induced mental trauma she'll most likely have to

endure throughout those few days while being alone as he wrapped things up over here made his stomach lurch and cartwheel. Her physical bruises and cuts visible on her sepia skin that was usually so so and perfect made him fucking livid. It made him want to find Alonzo and behead him, feed his guts to the dogs and water his roses with blood. Alexander ground his teeth, as they faltered to a stop. He marched up to the front to punch the numbers in for the secret passage. The godfather had too many of these to count all over the building. Luckily, Alexander knew every one of them like the back of his hand. A er all, it was compulsory for the one that's was going to take over the mafia to know everything down to the last details for the home base. At least that knowledge was proving to be useful... even if he was using it for his own personal gain.

"Starting now," Alex started as soon as they disappeared into the slightly narrow tunnel. "Everyone needs to have eyes in the back of their heads as well as the front." He paid no attention to their sti nodding or to the man that was especially enthusiastic. Crazy bastard. But he was one of Mark's best men. "We'll be walking into the middle of a warzone, I doubt the area will be as uninhabited as before. Alonzo's men will be patrolling the hallways like hawks, shoot to kill and do nothold back, do not waste your fucking bullets and if you see that figlio di puttana Alonzo, under no circumstances are you to kill him." A drawn, tensed pause. Not long a er, they le the semi safe covering that the secret tunnels carried and entered a new hallway that looked as if a tornado had ran through. Alex could immediately tell the destruction was from a grenade, mostly because of the shrapnels embedded into carved wooden wall decor. It was most likely the result of Mark and Alonso's

"Leave that little bitch to me." He'd teach that sniveling bastard a lesson himself. men colliding. A deathly silence hung around this area and it seemed to blanket the entire headquarters as one could no longer hear muted explosions rattling the building. Blood stains and spatters were everywhere and went in a line leading away as if someone had to drag their injured companion away. No doubt, the men he had dispatched earlier must've ran into a few problems of their own on this path. Alexander listened for a moment. There was the occasional sound of shots being fired but it seemed as if the worst had calmed somewhat. With no other option but to move forward, Alex signaled for their previous formation and they fell into place with the e iciency and skill that you'd expect from well trained soldiers.

Alex wouldn't repeat the route that he had mapped out for Remy, he didn't want to in fact, even though that one was the fastest. He did not intend to run and cower, he intended to meet his half brother full on. Let his presence be known so Alonzo could crawl out of whichever crevice in the wall he was hiding in and come face him. Alonzo couldn't stop him from going to the Godfather either. And he wouldn't dare to try and kill him, the Godfather wouldn't take nicely to his only heir being killed without a chance for them to speak. The most Alonzo could try and do was immobilize him. If Alexander were to die by Alonzo's hand right now, he'd be sabotaging himself right o the bat.

The man to the furthest front' who acted like a scout, held up a hand signal. everyone stopped and immediately crouched lower, creeping forward. The man up front took a single stealthy peek that immediately whiled back for cover. Most likely not wanting his brains to be decorating the floor. He led up six fingers and sure enough, Alex could hear the shouts of heavily accented English mixed with a few Italian phrases as whoever around the corner barked out his orders. The man way to the front pulled down the black cloth that covered the lower half of his face. "They're falling back and rallying together," he mouthed, his face showing his slight confusion. He was the one closest to the bend, he could hear the gibberish and clearly make out some of the words. "Get rid of them," Alex mouthed, falling onto one knee from his crouched form. "You and...you. quickly." he hissed, turning to look behind him a er. His rear guard was fully immersed in his duty to make sure they weren't being tailed or ambushed. Not five minutes had passed before a grinning head peeked around the corner. With a simple nod of his head, they were back on track now ready for the worst. That small group was only the beginning. they'd have to enter the common area soon enough.

"Strange," Alex pursed his lips. it was as if none of Alonzo's men has stuck around. Alex eyes surveyed the scene from the high level area he was standing in. Down below, a handful of people were moving around, both men and women. His eyes darted le and right searching and properly observing the panicked faces, still. There was no sign of Alonzo nor any of his main soldiers. The ones Alex knew he trusted. Only a few armed men lingered around and they were too busy to notice Alex and his crew in the upper levels. Alex suddenly had a bad feeling. Very Strange... Alonzo's lackeys were nowhere to be found. Even more surprisingly, Alonzo himself was nowhere to be seen either. Alex turned away from the scene and went through the adjoining hallway that seemed to extended for a good while. it was fitting, cause Alex needed a little time to properly think. Was this a set up?

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Next to ten minutes had passed before they passed another group.

Had he already retreated and gave up the idea of a senseless ambush? Going back to wait with his men to a place where he was 100% sure Alex would show up? Had he stationed his men in the Godfather's section of the building instead, going for an even greater feat that would possibly would work out in his favor? Alex reached up to scratch at his chin. Muttering obscenities to himself. That fucking bastard. Alex knew him and his cunning nature well enough. Such a plan was not above him. The men were through making quick work of the stragglers that were infesting the walkways when Alex gave a signal for them to stop. Each fell back and drew closer beside him in less than second a er ensuring the area was fully cleared of all threats. "The plan has changed," Alex pried open his mouth to announce, " Fall into the H formation." They all looked surprised, sharing a look with each other before all their gazes were drawn to him. but they didn't dare question his decisions. They didn't need to

though, he knew what they were thinking just by looking at them.

The previous formation was working e iciently before, why change

He decided to share the knowledge a er a moment of hesitance. "If I'm correct, Alonzo will be in the area around the saferoom, maybe inside the saferoom even. waiting for my appearance where it is most convenient. Your job is to make sure I get in without any trouble. You have my permission to shoot the bastard down if you can take the shot, however under no circumstances is the injury supposed to be life threatening." Each men nodded in understanding. "Ah, that explains the lack of action," One of the men pulled down the cloth covering the lower half of his face revealing a smile that Alex would've called cruel if it didn't have genuine excitement mixed in. "I was beginning to think this mission was a tad bit boring," he chuckled. Alexander recognized him, he was the crazy one from earlier and one of Mark's best. Alexander understood his feelings somewhat. Alexander watched him him with an expressionless face as the man gave him a suggestive eyebrow raise. Alex opened his mouth to respond but thought better of it, choosing to ignore the man instead.

They rounded the corner and moved silently. The atmosphere was thick with anticipation but, mostly to Alex's surprise, no one was waiting to ambush them in all fi een minutes it took to get close to the door. They walked and ended up at the fortified door of the safe

"This can't be right," Alex muttered, looking down both hallways with

room without the slightest bit of problem.

a deep frown.

It was beyond strange. Where the fuck was Alonzo? He rose his hand to input the code then a er a moment's hesitance, dropped his hand back to his side. "Spread out," the words le his lips in almost a whisper as his eyes snapped to the top of the door, going further up until it reached the wall. There, unnoticeable to most was the tiny lens that reflected the tiniest of light fragment. Almost as if it weren't there if you didn't play close enough attention. Alex looked up there not longer than a minute then looked down, stepping back and stu ing his arms into his pockets. Soon enough, there was the sound of a loud singular click, followed by whirring sounds of mechanisms located in the wall. The door slid open, revealing the almost empty room. Alex was on a gamble. He didn't know why but it seemed as if Alonzo had withdrawn. A part of him wanted to think Alonzo was waiting for him in here but that was not only impossible but illogical. Alonzo wouldn't dare wait for him in a place where he couldn't kill or maim

He walked in and waited, the door slid shut behind him, bathing him

Not a second had past before the room was illuminated, and the floor separated to reveal a fight of stairs. Down there was where he'd have

What happened today didn't matter, the headquarters was indeed the headquarters but it only had 10% of the entire mafia working under its roof. The rest were strategically scattered all over America,

Alex walked forward with quickness. He couldn't wait to get this over with and begin the cleanup. The only thing he had to worry about was a minor punishment from using his men to attack the

headquarters, one he couldn't escape. Rules were rules but he was pardoned from some of those rules. If someone else were to try this

in pitch black darkness.

to truly come clean and clear his name.

Africa, Europe and some other countries.

they'd be executed with an audience. His feet landed on the last stair and he looked up, cursing inwardly, looking around until he found the man. He truly hated being around this man, as much as he tried to hide it. The saferoom looked no dierent than the rooms upstairs except there was less couches, only one desk and chair in the middle and to the side there was a door. He didn't know what was stored in that door considering this was the second time he was setting foot in here. The saferoom reminded him of a wide box, and to the other side of the room was a few monitors and a desk with one man sitting in the chair, watching each monitor as if his life depended on it, which it probably did. The Godfather, Nickolai, sat in the couch with a glass of dark liquor in his hand, guarded by a few men, his head perked up the moment he saw Alex enter, then his eyes narrowed. Meticulously, he put the glass on the co ee table in front of him. "How nice of you to finally join me, Alexander," his voice was patronizing and his eyes were glittering with barely held back malice. He wasn't a man that liked to be put to wait, nor did he like to laze around. Being in the saferoom le him with no other choice so he was rightly

angered. Alex didn't care, not one bit.

Alex got straight to the point instead.

hearing. A flash of irritation went through Nicolai's face but it only lasted a minute. Alex held back a smirk, the man hated when his favored son called him by his title. This meant nothing had changed between them, he didn't seemed to be swayed by whatver bullshit Alonzo had spewed either. "Does that include explaining the disorder you bought onto my land?" The old man raised an eyebrow. "Not only that but other information that's only suitable for very few Nicolai's eyebrows went up a few centimeters, his lips pursed as he looked Alex over. Alex chuckled and tilted his head to this side, "What? Does my dear dad think I'll shoot him the moment his guards are away?" At his words one of the guards took a step. The Godfather's eyes caught the movement and in a second he had his gun in his hand and the man went down, his eyes looking down onto his leg in shock. The sound of the gunshot echoed making their ears ring. Nicolai rose with a growl, kicking the injured man o balance, "No

one threatens my son except me! Get out, all of you!"

work with any gun he carried.

his liking.

temples.

him.

Alex smirked inwardly but on his face was the picture of blankness. The Godfather was especially known for his tempter and his quick

"Now!" He shouted at the men who were taking a little too long for

He sighed as they le, rubbing his temple placing the gun on the table. He collapsed into the couch, sitting as he was before.

"Come," he called with his eyes still closed, fingers still on his

Alex walked forwards and sat down a respectable distance away from

"Give me the whole story, le nothing out and I mean nothing" he leaned forward, retrieving another glass from the shelf then pouring

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"I have something to say Godfather, preferably, alone," Alex's eyes trailed to the hard faced men in suits who pretended as if they had no

the dark liquor for Alex before sliding the glass over. "I plan to, but I first want to hear the bullshit lies my piece of shit brother managed to fill your head with for you to resort to such a hostile greeting." Nicolai leaned back, "Bullshit lies..." he thought it over. "He did say some thingsand that girl..." he trailed o . Alex paused glass in hand, "Girl?" "Speaking of that girl...I sent her o to the bathroom..." he looked around as if he was only just noticing her disappearance. "Oh?" Alex felt his face going dark, he tried to smile. "Quite a ratty thing she was," he cast a glance to Alex with a 'tsk' sound. "I wasn't aware your standards had fell so low to let it get anywhere near your bed." Crack! The glass in his hand fractured slightly making Nicolai pause, he looked at Alex, his eyes widening a bit. He then threw his head back, laughing. "I must say...you've gotten quite humorous since the last time I saw you. For a moment there it felt as if I'd have to draw a gun to protect

myself," he took a sip of liquor, mischief dancing in his dark eyes.

you of all people?" Alexander asked tentatively.

something sour.

who somehow managed to get you to break the code of

"What...exactly did Alonzo say about her...since he brought her before

"Nothing much," the man spoke, "Only that you'd taken to a whore

conduct...with the havoc that's going on up there right now, I doubt he was lying. How many rules have you broken Alexander and for what reason, that gir?" His face looked as if he had swallowed

Alex clicked his tongue, "Whore," he spoke, as if he was tasting the

o ending word. The atmosphere around them was charged and tensed, as casual as they appeared on the outside. There was a slight edge in both their voices. Alex smiled darkly, leaning back while intertwining his fingers before stretching his hands, "I'm going to kill your son, Father." "Oh ho!" The man laughed almost incredulously, turning his whole body, "I wasn't aware that the petty rivalry had reached this far. Where have I been?" "Petty rivalry," Alex chuckled, imagining himself tearing into the man, "It was a petty rivalry when he tried to assassinate me twice which led to me breaking a few of those rules. It stopped being a petty rivalry when he kidnapped and did God's knows what to the love of A er this, the atmosphere in the room turned deadly, the lighthearted tone was forgotten and Nicolai's face was stone cold. "Hai ... un amante?" The smile was wiped o his face and Alex could tell exactly what he was thinking. It went back to the first time he had to abandon Ameena in Highschool, his father had seen first hand what had happened to the men that tried to take him away. In the end it took another squad of men to take him and bring him for grooming to become the heir, in the end it led to him never telling her goodbye and that was one of the reason, among many others why he hated the man sitting before

He had learnt the truth and he hated that he had to become heir back then, it took a month of persuasion for him to stop trying to escape

In the Mafia, especially this one. Nicolai valued family and securing the right partner above all else and there was no such thing as divorce. It was a done deal so the moment he made known that he

and return to her even though they were countries apart.

had his eyes on someone, the Godfather would encourage it. Nicolai was a slave to love. It was one of the reason he had allowed his wife to leave a er his "mistake" and when he got her back a few years later, he was the happiest man alive. Alex knew he hated Alonzo too. Son or not. He kept Alonzo out of obligation and his bais was clear and he drilled it into to everyone. No wonder Alonzo turned into the scheming cunning creature that he Alex could agree that his father was a shitty person but now that bias was working in his favor plus he could care less about Alonzo. Alex felt as if maybe, he was also a bad person for using it to his advantage. The thought came and went like smoke in wind. Alexander smirked inwardly. The only thing he truly cared about was most likely holed up in a secluded location waiting for his return by now. "Wanna know something else, Dad? It's the same girl from back then too... you know...the one you tore me away from nine years ago. I had found her a while back while carrying out yourmission, oh the irony." Either Nicolai didn't know what to say, or he had nothing to say. He remained silent. Alex didn't care for rebuttals. "Alonzo kidnapped her from the house on my land days ago then proceeded to torture her in ways I'm not sure of yet, a er that was over, her paraded her to you in that state as my whore so you'd think

less of me, worse of her. Do you think he deserves to live? What if your rival took mom away and did the same? Wouldn't you mobilize

Nicolai didn't hesitate, he opened his mouth to speak, eyes narrowed

"I must ask, before knowing what really happened, were you considering to make Alonzo take the heir position? Father?"

Nicolai leaned back, looking away with a sigh, "He certainly meets the ruthlessness criteria," it was muttered in a whisper, then his eyes

every station on the earth to drive them in the dirt?"

in anger. Alexander interrupted him beforehand.

were fixed on Alex once more.

"If I wished him to be heir I wouldn't have taken you away from your mother back then... as heartless as it sounds I'd rather my lovechild to take the reigns rather than my illegitimate child. Alonzo was the reason your mother le me in the first place, she can't even look me in the eye anymore, knowing he exists," he spoke as if he was in pain. 3 Alex frowned, what a shameless man "Are you sure your inability to keep your dick in your pants wasn't more of a reason?" This time a glass did break. The glass in Nicolai's hand shattered into pieces sending liquor and glass in all directions. Alex didn't focus on that. Alex focused on the gun that was now pressed into his cheek and the man who had moved almost too quick for him to react and was only inches away from his face with a deep frown. Alex wasn't about to be outdone, he had already grabbed his from the holster strapped under his arm and had it under the man's chin. The mans eyes were dark, Alex knew his face was a mirror of Nicolai's. They didn't even breathe as they glared at each other. Alex had already gotten used to situations like these. What happened with his mother was and would forever be a touchy topic. Alonso's existence proved that. As much as the man didn't have much of the conventional loyalty, he still ruled with fear and brutality. His wife was loyal. It was him that broke their loyalty and trust first and no one in their immediate family would let him forget. He turned hostile at the slightest mention that it was his fault

entirely. Men had died for less. Alex himself knew that his mother was the only one who could speak about it this way and Nicolai would

"I love your mother. Thatwas nothing but a mistake so refrain from letting stupid and nonsensical words slip from your lips in my

Alex wanted to tell him something disrespectful as the man once again brushed o his mother's hurt and his transgressions as if it was a mistake yet he kept his mouth shut as they backed away from each

only sit like a sad puppy.

other. This was not the time for that.

was all Alex needed.

Alex didn't care if he had heard or not.

presence."

Alex blew out a breath as they settled down once again. This time he dug into his pockets and took out a small thin rectangular box that he had previously retrieved from it's hiding place and brought with him. He put it on the table and the sound of metal hitting the glass almost echoed. He then slid it over. Nicolai's eyes were drawn to it. He reached forward, resting the gun on the table and taking up the thin box. He opened it and his eyes immediately became bright. It was the chip. So many had died for that chip to exist and a lot more had died for it to reach into Nicolai's hand at the moment. The man looked up at Alex, and down at the tiny fingernail sized chip in the box yet again. "This will secure our place on top of all the cartels and gangs for years to come, will it not?" Nicolai whose face was frozen in excitement for a small moment, turned and his lips curled up at the corners once again. The old man almost looked crazy. "All I ask is for permission to kill that son of a bitch, I'll still do it with or without your permission either way so be mindful, this is only a formality. And I also want to be cleared to be with my girl in peace until my time comes. My men should be brought back and everyone who supported me should also be cleared." It was as if Nicolai was hardly listening, he had went back to staring at the chip as if it was a gi from God. Still, he nodded dazedly and that

He looked to this other side of the room as Nicolai put the chip away. He didnt want to have anything else to do with it nor did he want to know where it was exactly. Alex then got up. Nicolai followed him. "Now we wait for Alonzo to make his appearance." "Indeed," he spoke as he began to lead Alex to the mystery door, away from where he came from, "And I would like to hear in great detail about those assassinations, not only that but the framing and the girl. Especially the girl because it seemed as if we've gotten o to the worst start possible." Alexander grounded his teeth as he got lead to through the door, stairs appeared which went up. He remembered and suddenly wished for Alonzo to show himself quickly. He began explaining, leaving out some things that Nicolai didn't have to know as they walked and by the time they reached the top and was at the second one way door, Nicolai had known about how he found Ameena, how Alonzo had sent people to kill him and steal the chip, intending on bringing it in himself to win favor. When he got to the point of her kidnapping he couldn't stop clenching and clenching his hands.

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hand, bleeding all over. It made him want to go on a killing spree. He This fucking alcoholic. There was a knock on the door and Alex frowned for a bit. Senses on

Remembering how he found her, beaten and bruised, nursing her hoped Mark had already gotten her far away from here because he was about to do things and show a side of himself that he'd never want her to see. He had to stop talking, going no further and skipping to how he got Mark and his men to come here and buy time for them to meet and for him to deliver the chip. They le the tunnel and ended up in a wide room with mirrors and high walls. Mostly books on shelves and sparse furniture on the further side of the room. Beside the bookshelves was a minibar and he could guess that Nicolai was going to move straight to it. Unsurprisingly he did. Alex sighed and walked right behind him with a frown. They sat down, and he wasted no time before he started pouring. high alert.

The man that came in a er being acknowledged was not Alonzo but someone else. "I beeped you to find that boy of mine almost ten minutes ago,"

Nicolai hissed still pouring. "Where the fuck is he?" The man bowed his head, "There's no sign of him, were still looking at the moment." "Good, find him at all cost. And if the coward ran, spread out and find him, he couldn't have gone toofar." "Yes Sir," The man turned and le the room and four men came in a er him. Alex recognized them. They were Mark's men. "Anything?" Alex asked taking a tentative sip of the suspiciously clear liquor. The scent was strong enough to assault his senses. "We didn't find him hanging out on the path we came from, we went to central and it was almost empty." "No sign of his men either huh?" Alex clicked his tongue,

disappointed and turned. Rubbing his temples. All he wanted to do was clean up his mess and get back to Ameena expeditiously yet the bastard seemed to have dug into the ground and disappeared, like a fucking mole rat. the shadows.

Huh? But how? what looked like shadows, and from what he could hear...footsteps

Alex was just about to bring the glass back to his lips then he noticed Exactly from where he and The Godfather had came from, there was and mu led crying sounds. gun from its holster readying himself for when the door opening. When it did, he almost felt happy seeing a glimpse of Alonzo. Finally he could go back to... Ameena?

Realizing, Alex shot up out of his seat, hands already drawn one of his Alexander's eyes widened, dread taking hold and squeezing his heart so hard he could barely breathe. His hands around his gun shook ever so slightly as he couldn't believe his eyes. Yes, Alonzo was finally here. But in his hands was the hair of a restrained person he was almost dragging behind him. Alex knew that

person very much. And when her eyes finally met his, he blinked, noticing injuries that

a were definitely never there before the last time he saw her. Half of her face was wet with blood running from a cut on her forehead and into her eyes and down her chin and neck. Her arms were restrained and she barely could put up a fight, her body was weakly stumbling along as she got dragged by her hair. Alex also didn't miss her feet that were also leaving bloody footprints all over the floor. Alex's entire world stuttered to a stop. It was as if everything had frozen and it was only him and her, him looking at the state she was in and Ameena looking at him with empty hopeless eyes. Then Alex's eyes followed the hand that gripped her hair up to the body attached to that hand then to the face.

₫¹ The moment his eyes and Alonso's eyes met, Alexander blew out the singular tensed breath he was holding. a Then he saw red. **₫**¹

The chapter is finally here And a bit longer than usual to make up for the lateness. We hope you enjoyed it. ~Nessa Stay kinky~ Stay safe~

Continue reading next part □