

Remove Your Clothes

Vincenzo

"Let's go to your bedroom," Bella said, her words catching me off guard. I blinked in surprise, trying to comprehend her suggestion.

"You mean you want me to take you to a room so you can change your clothes?" I asked in confusion.

"No, I mean we go to your bedroom," she argued, frowning her brow.

"What?!" I frowned, my confusion growing.

"Your room, Vin?! We should go to your bedroom," she repeated, shrugging casually as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Why— Bedroom?!" I exclaimed, my disbelief growing.

She rolled her eyes, a hint of annoyance ickering across her face.

"So you want me to do it here?! Do you not mind getting naked before your house staff?!" she demanded, her gaze darting around the living room where the house staff was diligently working.

It took me a moment for my mind to fully wake up.

She wanted me naked in my bedroom.

How could I get so lucky today? Maybe she was stressed and overwhelmed after the incident and wanted some distraction.

Oh God! Vin, today you have to give your best performance in bed, dude!

I thought to myself, trying to calm the excited rush inside me.

"Of course, bedroom! This way," I mumbled, trying to maintain a stoic expression while internally wanting to grin brightly.

Control, Vin, control. Don't do anything to make her embarrassed. Let her use you as she wants!

I pursed my lips as she strolled toward my bedroom. Trying to keep my emotions in check, I quickly took a step ahead when we were near the bedroom and seized the opportunity to open the door for her. I waited for her to step in before entering myself and quietly closing the door behind me.

Bella's eyes roamed around my bedroom, inspecting every single thing. I kept standing there, giving her space, waiting to see if she still wanted to go through with it or if she had changed her mind.

"What are you waiting for, Vin? Remove your clothes," she instructed, glancing at me.

"Ah, yes!" I gasped, excitement and anticipation mingling in my chest as I tried hard to stay calm.

I quickly shrugged off my jacket and began unbuttoning my shirt, trying to keep up with her direct approach.

Bella walked over to my cupboard, her fingers swiftly searching through every drawer, and my heart raced, wondering what she was looking for.

Was she searching for a condom?!

She could have just asked me. It was my responsibility too.

"Pants too?!" I asked, feeling a mix of exhilaration and uncertainty as she turned toward me.

My heart was jumping loudly in my chest with excitement, wanting her to jump at me.

Her eyes trailed over my half-naked form before she nodded in response, "Hmm! Hmm!"

I promptly removed my shoes, socks, and pants, kicking them aside. I was about to reach for my boxers, but she interrupted me.

"Geez, Vin, let the boxers stay on," she shook her head, her actions causing my hands to stop moving.

She was wild and hot. I was simply too restless to wait for what she wanted next. She returned to my bedside table, continuing her search in the drawer.

"Now, it's your turn," I demanded playfully, with a teasing grin, as I ooped onto the bed. "Remove your clothes."

She turned to stare at me as her expression turned serious, and I couldn't help but feel a twinge of uncertainty.

What's wrong?!

Her eyes narrowed, and annoyance laced her voice, "I am a doctor, Vin. Did you forget it? Where is the first aid box?"

"Huh?!" I was dumbfounded for a moment, caught off guard by the sudden change of topic.

"The first aid box, Vin?!" she repeated, her tone growing more exasperated and demanding an answer.

"The first aid box," I repeated, feeling a slight unease and scratching the back of my neck.

And here I thought... f**k!

"In the bathroom," I muttered quickly, trying to redirect the situation.

She shook her head, annoyance radiating from her stare, before making her way to the bathroom.

As soon as she disappeared from my sight, I couldn't help but let out a slow chuckle, my secret fantasies playing in my mind.

She was quick to return with the first aid box in her hand.

"God, you're injured so badly. You must have visited the hospital. However, I'll clean and dress your wounds and prescribe some medicine. Get someone to bring that medicine," she mumbled, her attention focused on examining my wounds.

"Uh! Don't worry. I am used to healing naturally," I snorted, remembering how I had been more injured than this, and nothing happened to me.

Her fingers brushed against my skin gently, igniting sparks and longing. Clenching my teeth, I fought the urge to moan as her soft touch explored my torso, awakening hidden desires she was unaware of.

"Does it hurt?" she whispered, her touch lingering on my bleeding abs, her face reacting my pain as if she was bearing it.

"No!" I hissed, trying to maintain a tough exterior.

"Liar," she scolded, her voice barely above a whisper as her eyes met mine.

She proceeded to clean the wounds carefully and applied the necessary medicine. As I watched her work so closely, memories ooded back. She hadn't changed; she was still as beautiful and innocent as she was in my cherished memories.

My precious petal.

"Vin, I can't stay here with you," Bella whispered as she continued tending to my wounds.

"What?" I was taken aback for a moment because my attention was solely focused on her. "But why?" I asked desperately.

"You know why," she sighed, giving me a challenging look.

"No, I don't understand, Petal. Explain to me why you can't stay here with me when we've known each other since childhood," I snapped in frustration. She had a habit of pushing me away, allowing the distance between us to grow wider.

"Because I know you too well, Vin. That's why I can't stay here with you," she scowled, her frustration evident.

I exhaled and inhaled deeply, trying to calm my mind and think of how I could convince her otherwise.

"I'm sorry, Petal. It wasn't my intention to make you uncomfortable. What just happened was a misunderstanding, and it wasn't my mistake that you're just so hot," I reasoned innocently, giving her the puppy eyes.

"It's your mistake because you always think with your d**k, Vin," she huffed, her tone sharp. "And I know I'm not 'hot!'" She grimaced, clearly frustrated by my previous remark.

If only she knew how hot she looked in those sexy spectacles and how I managed to control myself whenever she was close.

I took a deep breath, observing her mood. She looked damn serious.

"You know I am different around you, Bella. And after what happened today, you're not safe being alone," I reasoned, hoping she would understand my perspective.

"I'm not safe with you either," she bit out, her words laced with a mix of fear and hesitation.

As she applied medicine to my arms, I caught her hand, preventing her from pulling away.

"Petal, I have changed," I insisted, earnestness lling my voice.

She looked into my eyes, her own reacting conict and hesitation.

"Vin," she breathed out, her gaze lled with a sense of hopelessness.

"What the hell is going on here?" a thundering voice suddenly startled us, causing us both to turn our heads simultaneously toward the door.

"Dad?!" Bella gasped, quickly snatching her hand from my grasp.

Uncle Matteo!

"Dad, I was treating Vin's wound. He got injured saving me," Bella reasoned quickly, then got up and went to her father, Matteo Romano, the Maa boss.

Uncle Matteo nodded, giving me a hard stare.

"Get clothed and come out, Vin," he ordered as he led Bella outside the bedroom.

"f**k, this couldn't be more wrong," I muttered to myself as I hurriedly put on a fresh shirt and pants before heading out.

I found Bella and Uncle Matteo engaged in a conversation, with Bella describing what had happened to her earlier. He glanced at me with an unfriendly expression as he sensed my return.

"Vin, thank you for saving Bella. I am taking her to her at," he stated rmly.

"But Uncle Matt, she's not safe there alone," I protested. "While I am in Rome, she can live with me."

"Don't try to teach me. I can take care of my daughter, Vincenzo. I have appointed the best bodyguards for her, and they are better than you," he mocked, his words laced with frustration.

Why did he hate me so much? He wasn't a saint himself. I had heard stories of him being a casanova before marrying Aunt Anna.

"Come, Bella," he said, glaring at me one last time. But my eyes were xed on Bella.

She glanced back at me, her eyes reacting a mix of unknown emotions.

"Bye, Vin," Bella murmured, looking at me one last time before turning to leave. Uncle Matt wrapped an arm around her shoulder, guiding her outside my house.

"Bye, Bella," I sighed, my heart feeling heavy as I watched her walk away from me once again.