

## She Will Be My Donna.

\*\*Luciano\*\*

What the fuck am I doing? I can't let this little angel fight. She shouldn't even know a place like this exists. I'll probably have to kill Ronaldo for telling her to come here. Uncle or not, he should know a girl like my angel could get herself seriously hurt in a ring. I want to turn around, drag her over my shoulder, walk away and lock her inside my house where I can take care of her. I want her to be happy though...I want her to choose to love me. I'll let her take a couple hits and then I'll shut the whole place down and I can take her home as per our deal. How a girl like this is involved in any of this I will find out later. I have a feeling there's a lot more to her than she lets anyone see and something about the mystery excites me. I want to be the one to unravel all those secrets and find out what's underneath it all. What makes her tick? How does it sound when she laughs without restraint? I want to know everything.

'Luciano! Violence! You made it! Good, good, come on and we'll get you signed up over here with Benji.' Ronaldo says as he strolls over like this is the most normal conversation in the world. I watch as she walks over to Benji. He greets her with a curious look and she says something that makes his eyes almost bulge out of his head. He hands her a pen and paper and she leans over the desk to fill it out, not even realising half the room is staring at her peach little ass.

"Ronaldo...a word please?" I grit out through my straining jaw. I leave my angel with Benji and grab Ronaldo's arm to guide him to his office.

"What the fuck man!?" I spit out before the door even closes. Shoving him into the room, I turn on him and press our chests together barely able to control myself.

"Alright son, calm down. I didn't know she meant something to you. I saw a familiar fire in her eyes at Satisfy and something told me that this girl would be a riot in the ring."

"SHE will be my Donna. That's who SHE is."

"Oh..fuck...she can't go in the ring then. Fuck!"

He rushes out of the room and I'm on his heels. Now we're on the same page I should have no problem grabbing my angel and getting her out of here. Ronaldo will simply tell her she can't fight, and I won't be the bad guy. Good. I don't want to be the villain to my angel. We're pushing our way through people, and I'm lost in thoughts about bringing her to my house, will I get to see her in some of the silk sleepwear I've bought for her? I wonder if she will share my bed. I imagine her milky skin, how it would feel to run my hands up her thighs while I hold her tightly from behind...

"Next fight! You all know the rules but we have a new fighter tonight so I'll go over them again! 10 minutes per round, you win this one you go onto the next. You fight until you're eliminated. The last man...or

woman standing wins half the proceeds of bets made tonight, braggers rights and the option to choose when or who you start fighting with the next night. Fights end if someone gets knocked out. No weapons. No outside interference. If by the 10 minutes both still stand then both fighters will go up against someone else. Understood? Good! We have Pitfall and Violence up next, place your bets within 10 minutes!"

"FUCK!" Ronaldo stops and I barge into his back almost sending up both to the ground.

"Why are you stopping?! Go and get her out of there Ronaldo!"

"I can't! Not now, bets are being placed. That's people's money, my business, my reputation on the line now! How would it look if I did that in an illegal fight club!?"

"And how would it look when your Donna gets knocked out!?" I shove him hard, and he takes it without falling. He practically raised me alongside my father. He may be getting old, but he's still built.

"She won't... I don't think so. Look, you know me, you know I've spent all these years working for your father and then you to find the best of the best fighters to enforce our family with. She's got fire son; I can sense it. Just...just trust me...please."

I take a deep breath, clenching and unclenching my fists. I take a step, so our bodies are touching and lean into his ear.



"When she gets knocked out, uncle. You will no longer be a part of the family. IF by some insane way you're correct in your assumptions, fuck I'll give you a pay rise."

He grins, slaps my shoulder and says, "game on then kiddo."

The sound of the first bell rings and we take a stand around the ring. People are slapping the mat, hooting and yelling in excitement. I see my angel bouncing on her toes with an expression I haven't seen before. She's cold, emotionless, whoever she was before this, she's turned it off and it looks like she's out for blood. She's dressed in a blank sports bra, fighters shorts, her hands are wrapped and her braids pulled tight to her head. Fuck, she looks even better like this. Why does this turn me on so much? I shouldn't be thinking this, my angel is about to get seriously hurt. I look at the other side of the ring. Pitfall, he's a bit slimmer than a lot of the other fighters. I know him though; he's got the heart for this. He swings wildly, but he hits hard and fast and has never had a problem taking on the bigger blokes.

"FIGHT!" The bell rings twice and my heart might have stopped beating.

Dorothy McDonald

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OMG this is so good , I'm loving this story 💕

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