

# Claimed by the Sicilian Mafia

## Claimed #Chapter 1 – 10

### Read Claimed Chapter 1

#### Chapter 1

ALEXIA GREEN.

I have seen enough loan sharks on my door looking for Rhett Kingston to know very well the men standing outside my door fall in the same caliber.

The last men who came looking for Rhett had been gracious to leave the minute I failed to answer the door. As my heart plucks against my ribcage harshly I can only hope that these new men are no different from the rest. Emphasis on the hope part.

I peep through my door hole looking at the douchebags who are pretty well-dressed for loan sharks.

The one on the front is stacking a black signature brand shirt coupled with black pants.

The sleeves of his black shirt are pulled back up his elbows to reveal veiny, muscular arms that would put even the holiest nun to her knees.

Douchebag number two has Armani slacks and a black t-shirt too.

He too is as handsome as the man in front of him, only difference is the one at the front carries more power that exudes past the door straight to my titties.

And that in itself is a bad freaking omen.

I pull away from the door making subtle steps back to the scrapheap I call my house.

“Rhett, we can hear you, man”, one of the men says.

Humor in his voice but full-on threat laced in between.

I want to scream that the man they are looking for left me nine months ago, but screaming equals them knowing I’m inside and I wouldn’t want them to know I exist.

These men...these loan sharks are as petty as they come. And they pretty much stick to that adage of ‘if we can’t find Rhett then his little woman will have to pay the debt’.

The little woman being referred to, being me. The woman who has no cent to her name or a hundred bucks in her purse let alone afford the rent to this place.

"You really want us to do this? We are losing patience here, man", the same guy tsks.

I tiptoe to the wall separating my bedroom and the living room, scooting down to take the baseball bat that's my only source of security.

"Freak this."

The quiet baritone of another voice rings the air and I feel straight to my spine that I'm freaked.

It takes only seconds for my door to fling off its hinges, for the pieces of wood to fly in the air the way ash does after a fiery mbottomacre and when the dust and ramble settle down and my heart is beating like a metronome, two very angry figures stand in front of me.

Their presence is like a black hole sucking the warmth from my house and injecting their evil into it.

Douchebag number two, the one with the chocolate brown hair that's slicked back, hard masculine features and tattoos peeking from his neck, sizes me up.

I gulp an invisible lump of saliva, holding my bat like it's a rifle loaded with bullets.

"Rhett's not here", I say boldly. When on the contrary, I'm one step away from buckling underneath their stares and admitting defeat.

"Check the room behind her", douche number one commands, I hold my ground blocking the door.

"I said...Rhett's NOT HERE."

The jerk smiles, rubbing his jaw like I'm the cutest thing he's seen in a while.

The guy behind him...the boss, the one in charge looks around my home as if every minute in here is like subjecting himself to a dose of gonorrhea.

I mean my house isn't much. The kitchen's connected to the living room, the cherry blossom wallpaper is barely sticking to the wall and the floors. Well, they've seen better days.

"Look we don't want trouble, sweetheart. We are here for Rhett."

I eye the door that's falling apart behind them then I stare at him with the nastiest glare I can summon.

"Says the guy who knocked down my door."

"Rhett's door. You were not supposed to be here."

He tries to pacify me, failing disastrously at it.

"Not supposed to be here? Is that the excuse you are giving so that I won't call 911 on you guys?"

Douchebag number two is about to fire some snarky statement when the boss, the one wearing a scowl bigger than the size of his head, pulls him back, steps all in my face and before I can whip my bat and hit him, has his huge tattooed right palm around my neck.

"Where's Rhett?"

He thunders, squeezing the air out of me, lifting me off the ground like I'm some dead fish being sold in a deli.

My bat falls to the ground as air slowly and slowly escapes my body.

I have to hang on for dear life because someone needs me. Right behind this door, someone—

My lungs constrict, my eyes strain to look at the furious man who's hellbent on killing me for Rhett.

All for Rhett. Everything about Rhett! I hate Rhett Kingston with every fiber of my being. I hate that my death will have something to do with him, I hate that because of him our—

"Volkov, she doesn't know shit", douchebag number two says behind us but that somehow encourages this Volkov to sink his hands in my neck riding me of precious oxygen.

I close my eyes feeling life ebb out of my body but just as I'm about to give up, a sharp cry resonates in the air and everyone stills.

I whimper, holding back my tears.

No. No. Please no.

The cries echo around the house again and the boss lets go of my neck.

I fall to the ground, nothing short of a coughing mess.

"Is that..?" Boss asks. He moves towards the door; I hold his leg like a vise grip.

"She has nothing...to do with this", I mutter.

His eyes linger on me for a while before he shakes me off his foot opening the door and revealing a yellow room with a bottominet next to my bed.

My baby girl's cries engulf the room.

"Rhett has a baby?" it comes as a surprise to both of them.

The boss saunters into the room, his darkness, his height, his anger, his tattoos tainting everything good.

And when he reaches down where my daughter was sleeping taking her in his big arms, I snap.

"Let her go. Rhett owes you money, right? I'll pay you. I'll repay every cent just please...please don't hurt her."

My baby, Millie, has no clue who's holding her. She stops crying holding onto the man's thumb the way she does with mine.

The Boss doesn't look at me when he says, "A million dollars", he mutters, looking away from my daughter to me now, "Are you in a position to repay me a million dollars right now?"

A million dollars? I almost laugh. Rhett freaking Kingstone owes these douchebags a million dollars?

"No but I- "

"Then you are in no position to negotiate Mrs. Kingston"

My body tenses, his eyes are on me like lasers tracing my features, his muscle pops like he's waiting for me to make a move or else...shit... they'll hurt my baby, won't they?

I mean they sort of look like the type who would do so. Hell, he was about to kill me seconds ago.

And yet with all that information inside my head, I offer myself on a silver platter  
HAVING NO OTHER CHOICE.

"I'll work for you"

"I'm not in need of your...particular services Mrs. Kingston," he says. I hate it every time his voice booms the words 'Mrs. Kingston'. Because I've never been that in my entire life.

I hate the way he mocks me saying 'particular services' and I can read the unruly thoughts in his mind.

'I wouldn't freak a mother who delivered a few weeks ago.'

"I'm a nurse, I can maybe--"

The sentence is barely out of me when he says, "They are both coming with us."

Oh yeah, I'm royally and elementally freaked.

Chapter 2

CHRISTIAN 'VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

I hate complications.

And this complication comes in the form of feline blue eyes, sunshine blonde hair, delicately arched brows and a sinfully full bottom lip.

I almost laugh painfully at the thought of Rhett Kingston having a fine bottom like the woman seated across me looking like she wants to put my head in a noose once I fall asleep.

She might be a fine bottom, hell finest bottom I have seen for a freaking while but I look at that face and I'm reminded that her husband, her lover, the father of the child I'm carrying in my arms right now raped my sister and killed her.

I might have lied about the million dollars but freak me for enjoying the fact that I'm taking his woman and his child away just like he took something from me.

An eye for an eye.

Una vita per una vita.

The weasel might leap out from the place he's hiding once the news hit him that I have his little family with me.

I can only wait.

Patience. Control.

Patience. Control.

"I'd like to have my baby now."

Her voice pierces through the air. Raspy, grating, bedroom sexy and still a complication.

I eye her for a second.

Alexia Green.

Then my eyes wander to the baby wrapped up in a white blanket like a muffin.

She's small. Way too small than anything I have ever held.

I want to hate the kid because well...I freaking hate kids and this one belongs to Rhett all the more reason to hate her. But that's the thing... I don't.

Her eyes might be closed but her hands once in a while fight past the blankets trying to reach for my hands.

"No", I growl.

"You think I'd run away knowing your men might shoot me the very minute I do?"

She asks me like I'm a child who hasn't understood the dynamics surrounding us.

"That didn't stop your husband from doing so, Mrs. Kingston."

She's not Mrs. Kingston, I know that because I've read her profile. I've read everything about Rhett except this baby.

"Rhett has not been my anything for a long time. The name's Alexia Green and unless your boobs have milk in them, I suggest you hand me my baby."

Suggest?

She's got a pair on her for sure. Bigger balls than I've seen on a woman.

"Your baby seems fine to me, Mrs. Kingston. You on the other hand don't seem to be. What's bugging you right now? The fact that I'm holding your baby or the fact that you know where Rhett is. Don't try to bullshit me right now, where's Rhett?"

She laughs.

This woman, whom I'd lost control of hours ago laughs like I'm not the man in charge of everything bad she reads in her little fairytale books.

“What’s bugging me? Gee, what’s bugging me? My ex left the minute I told him I was pregnant, I’m all alone and Millie’s all I have. I’ve been fighting men off my doorstep every single day of the week and right now I’ve been kidnapped by a man who was about to snap my neck had my daughter not cried. Yes, Mr. Bottomhole, I’m bugged by the fact that you are holding my baby!”

By the time she finishes, her tears are well underway.

She sobs, tries to wipe the tears with the back of her palms only for her to sob again.

I hold her baby.

Damn straight I sit there watching her sob, basking in her pain because a few weeks ago, I was the same helpless man watching everything I had crumble to pieces.

I’m no saint.

I’m no hugger who’ll freaking bottomure her that she and her baby will be alright because the truth of the matter is, I couldn’t give two shits if she cried and filled the Missouri River.

She belongs to Rhett and best believe she’ll work herself to the bone till my wounds are healed and I find it in my stone-cold heart to forgive.

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“From the start”, I bark, nursing back the Macallan that dislodges in my throat when my buddy Tommy struggles to speak.

Beaten black and blue, he wiggles in his chair like the piece of worm he is, trying to peer at me with the one good eye that’s working.

The one good eye that won’t earn him brownie points from me.

“Vic—please...I didn’t know she was...one of yours. I didn’t know she was your sister.”

Tommy chants the same chorus he’s been singing since I caught him and Rhett escaped.

I tip my nose at Maximo.

Maximo raises his fist about to punch him for the tenth time in the night when dear ole Tommy starts talking.

“Rhett said she needed to be taught a lesson. W-we cornered her just outside her college...she bit me trying to resist us, she would have caused a commotion so I-I strangled her. S—she pbottomed out.

When she...she came to, Rhett and I were already-“

“Taking what wasn’t yours. Bottomauling her like she was nothing but a whore?” I smirk but beneath my smirk is the pain impaling me to the ground, the pain chaining and tethering me to my own guilt.

I drink the last of my liquor tipping my head at Maximo before I stand up and leave the gross warehouse.

Tommy’s screams follow my way out and his pain is like a soothing balm to my wounds because I know Maximo has cut away one of his fingers.

Again.

“How long are we holding them hostage?”

“Until she repays me”, I quip, Maximo grunts at my bullshit.

“Rhett killed Catelina, not her. You are in a bad place, Volkov. Freak, I am too but getting an innocent civilian won’t erase your grief”

He’s the only one, out of my men who calls me Volkov. Who’s close to me enough to call me out on my bullshit but right now, I want nothing more than to shut him up with a bullet between his eyes.

“It’s sure as hell making me feel better that I have her and not him”, I grit looking into the night and wishing to get lost in the darkness.

“Then what? She and her kid work for you their entire lives?”

No.

“Yes.”

“You are freaking sick, man”, he grunts, tired of trying to knock some sense into me.

The irony isn’t lost in me that he calls me sick when he’s my enforcer. The one who finishes my dirty work when I spiral out of control.

“You know Juana says Alexia and her baby light up the house. I’m guessing you haven’t been there for a while so what’s your excuse for visiting today?” he continues running his mouth.



Only when the car stops in front of my mansion, the same mansion my parents left me and Catelina. Do I turn to him and say, "I'M KEEPING AN EYE ON MY BOTTOMET"?

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I saunter into the house alone; Maximo having had driven off to take care of some raucous brawl at one of my clubs downtown.

My head throbs and my anger ignites at the new smell of vanilla and wildflowers that hog the foyer, the living room and I'm not entirely surprised that I'll find the same scent in the kitchen too.

Only when I enter the kitchen, the sight that greets me is one that would make even a man of the cloth sin without thinking twice.

Her back to me, Alexia Green stands on her tippy toes trying to reach for something on the high shelves.

Her legs are creamy, milky, the type that belong to one of those Vogue cover models. For a minute there, all the blood that's keeping me sane flows right down south and the urge to mar those legs of hers with my teeth grows.

When my eyes rake north, past the back of her knees to her heart-shaped bottom, anything remotely connected to freaking her brains out flies out the window.

The summer dress she's wearing, the one that I'm too familiar with because I bought it myself stares right back at me, taunting me, pushing memories I thought were locked away to the surface.

I have no damn clue what I'm doing as I strut across the room angrily.

I have no damn clue what gets to me the minute I grab her by the wrist scaring the wits out of her.

All I see is my sister's smile wearing the same dress this woman is wearing and I lose it.

"Take it off", I scowl.

"What?"

I lean closer, right to her ear where she can hear me loud and clear.

"I said... freaking strip!"

Chapter 3

ALEXIA GREEN.

Kidnappers aren't supposed to give you and your daughter a nice room.

They aren't supposed to leave you in the middle of freaking Chicago with a nice maid, a big mansion and everything a woman like me can only see in movies.

I've spent two days roaming around the halls of the Volkov mansion and so far, I've come to two conclusions.

The boss 'Christian Vitello Volkov' or as Juana likes to call him 'Vicious' is not an ordinary loan shark.

Hell, I'm a hundred percent sure he's not a loan shark but a very bad man who has guns and every rifle you can think of in the basement.

Oh yeah, I checked and I would be kidding if I said I'm not scared of the type of shit I got myself into.

The second conclusion, the one that the maid, Juana avoids every time I bring it up is that; a woman lived here.

A lover?

The love of his life?

A sibling?

I can't tell.

My baby, Millie, likes it here but I'm on high alert trying to grab every chance I can get to escape.

Which is why on a Friday night, the last thing I expect is to see is Vicious angry and about to incinerate little ole me.

"I said...freaking strip", he snaps, his eyes like red lasers cutting away every inch of my skin.

I will myself to say anything, anything but then the rifles I saw downstairs hog my mind.

I want to blame my cowardice on the rifles if it weren't for the icy golden browns he has for eyes all up in my face about to drown me in a vat of his anger.

"Alexia", he warns, my breath gets caught in the back of my throat as I struggle to speak up for myself.

"I'm not that kind of woman."

My voice sounds liquid as I hold my nose high with that bold statement.

Vicious coolly ignores me and before my mind completely registers what's happening, frissons run all the way down to my spine as adrenaline kicks up a notch in my blood.

His touch is cold, like his eyes.

His touch is lethal, suffusing all of me with unwanted heat.

His calloused fingers casually takes one of the thin spaghetti straps of the dress Juana lent me and it only takes a minute for the sound of fabric tearing to fling across the darkness like a ping-pong ball.

Another minute for him to completely annihilate the dress as I scream the words, "You bottomhole!"

The dress falls past my shoulders, past my aching very uncovered chests, past my cotton undies and bottoms the shape of a tiny heap around my ankles.

Confusion, anger and a whole bucket of fear wash over me the minute I cover my heavy chests with my palms.

Cold night air bottomaults my skin as the tears I didn't know I had, prickle my eyes burning my throat in the process.

"S—see anything you like? Should I bend over so you can get it over with?"

I know what type of man he is. Believe me, I just didn't think he would...do it so soon.

True to my thoughts, Vicious takes a step back, removes his coat and one by one unbuttons his shirt, his stormy eyes never leaving mine.

Never missing to show me just what's in it for me as long as I live here.

All I know right now is that if push comes to shove, I'll give him anything he wants because my baby is in his house, under his mercy, if something were to happen to me, they would kill...

The six foot three bastard goes ahead and does something I hadn't expected.

Something that would be considered a plot twist in one of those movies where the villain's been the hero all along.

Every ridge of his muscles comes into sight, his tanned skin all hard and gleaming with scars as he steps forward towards me covering my shoulders with his shirt.

I stay still acutely aware that what I think he is doing is not what he's actually doing.

When his shirt is all snag across my shoulders, draping my five feet height in his scent of sage and some sort of mulled wine, does he reach for the dress on the ground turn towards his heel and walk away as if he's done nothing bizarre.

Freezing, creeped out to the point of my knees buckling, I whisper to no one, "I have to get away from this freakshow"

Chapter 4

CHRISTIAN 'VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

One a.m.

Blue eyes stare at me with fury robbing her pretty features.

One fifteen a.m.

Her nipples poke out at me taunting me to touch them.

One sixteen a.m.

Her sexy lips part and she utters something that disgusts me for the first time in my shitty life, 'Should I bend over so you can get it over with?'

One seventeen a.m.

My phone rings, the sound loud enough to break the fake slumber I've been trying to catch for four damn hours.

Maximo's name hogs my screen and I release a sigh knowing full well I'm not going to sleep tonight.

"We've got a problem", he starts, I act daft.

"You don't say."

"That little brawl from earlier, wasn't so little as I thought. Dante raided the place and you know Nico."

Of course, I knew freaking Nico.

He was the loose cannon looking for fights, the twenty-year-old who was trigger-happy.

And if Dante Keaton raided my bar, Nico might have lost his shit alright. Said something he shouldn't have, started said brawl.

"Tell me they killed the kid"

That will be one less responsibility on my shoulders.

Maximo releases a pained chuckle, "Not exactly, he's still breathing...for now. We are headed your way right now."

He cuts the call before I can say any more shit.

They are headed to my house. Headed for a little treatment from our new doctor.

I saunter outside my room wishing I had booze to give me some liquid courage when I talk to the woman sleeping in the room across mine.

My feet stop inches outside her room as I stare at the mahogany separating me and Alexia Green.

Should I knock? It's my house!

Should I apologize? Apologize for what exactly?

I knock.

A little light tap for her to hear and her baby not to wake up.

I hear shuffling from the other side before she opens the door. Her blue eyes glint in the night, her blonde hair is a tangled mess and as for her outfit?

She's wearing my shirt and I'm forced to look at her face rather than her thighs.

She's nothing special. I remind myself.

She's a complication.

"We have a problem. One that needs your skills", I whisper.

It takes a minute for her to put two in two together before she hits me back with another whisper, "Okay"

"Follow me"

Alexia works like an oiled machine the minute I show her the room with all the medical supplies she might need.

I lean against the door, watching her sort through syringes, cabinets and a bunch of pills.

“Everything’s here. I’m bottomuming you had another nurse or doctor before you took me?”

Yes. The one who failed to save my sister from death.

“Doctor”, I correct.

“And where is this doctor by any chance?”

“Dead.”

Her cheeks pale, her eyes going an inch wider and I can tell everything running in her little head.

That’s right, I’m no hero. I didn’t take you and your child because I wanted to. I took you for revenge.

I want to tell her all that but instead I look her in the eye and said, “I killed him”

She drops a syringe on the tiled floor with a gasp as the sound of my doorbell rings aloud.

“Stay here. I’ll bring them to you”, I say disappearing down the hallway where I find Juana ushering two of my guys with Maximo holding onto a bleeding Nico.

Nico is mumbling something incoherent as Maximo tries to keep him walking.

Juana is in her nightgown gazing at me with that frown she slammed me with when bleeding men or my enemies showed up at my doorstep.

A look of disapproval for the life I was living and I didn’t care, never really cared for the life I led on.

“He’s lost a lot of blood, man”, Maximo starts.

“At this rate we might as well as say he’s a goner.”

“Who is...gone? Who’s...”, Nico is still talking when I tell Jagger and Jett to help Maximo out and bring Nico to the medical bay.

Ten minutes later, we are looking at an unconscious Nico with Alexis working her little hands as fast as she can to stitch him up.

“She’s really good at this than the last doc, isn’t she?” Jagger licks his lips and there’s no missing the lust in his eyes as he says that statement.

“Nico is so freaking lucky”, Jett adds.

My anger is simmering hot but I lock it in.

If they want her, so what? She might be my prisoner but I’m not restricting whoever she wants to freak.

“Hey you two, give the doc some room and wait outside.”

“But Maximo we are not even doing anything wro-“

“Out, Jett or should I tell the boss himself what you and Jagger did tonight?”

Jagger and Jett are out before Maximo can add another word.

I turn to Maximo, my eyes still on Alexia’s hands that are glued on Nico’s torso while she stitches his wound.

“What did they do?”

“I’ll fill you in later. Let’s see if the kid makes it for the night first.”

My men weren’t exactly military-trained but they were honed and trained with skills that ensured survival for them.

Nico might have had a knife graze wound but I’m very sure he put up a good fight before going down.

It’s only when Alexia is done does Nico wake up from his slumber, screaming like a lunatic into the night.

Before Maximo can move to shut him up, Alexia’s already calming him down.

“Hey Nico. It’s Nico, right?” she asks with a smile. A smile I haven’t seen since I took her from her shitty apartment.

“What? W-what happened? Who the fuck are you?”

"I'm Alexia Green. My friends call me Lexy. Not trying to scare you or anything but you got stabbed and I patched you real nice but that doesn't mean this wound won't open up if you don't take it easy."

"Lexy?" The freaker smiles while he samples her name like it's the best fruit he has ever tasted.

I'm about to lose my cool for the second time in the night when another piercing shriek splices the air and Millie's cries echo into the room.

Alexia stands up, her calm demeanor gone and instead worry takes over her features.

"Is that a baby, boss?" Nico asks me.

My eyes are on Alexia as I say, "Take care of Nico, I'll take care of your baby."

I don't fail to miss the fear lodged in her eyes when I say 'take care' and 'baby' in the same statement or when I turn around and head straight for her room.

I find Millie crying her out in her little crib.

She's wrapped in the same blanket from a few days ago and I feel like a dick for not buying them any new clothes or new baby stuff.

Careful not to hurt her in any way, my hands wrap around the baby picking her up from her crib effortlessly.

She cries for another five seconds as I pace the room with her.

"Hungry?"

She cries. I take that as a no.

"You miss your mom?"

She cries.

"Come on, Millie. What's wrong? Did Nico upset you?"

She stops crying, her small eyes gazing at me like I'm a mystery she can't quite figure out.

"If Nico is the problem, we'll eliminate him then, won't we? You like that? I like that too because Nico is irresponsible and a pain in the...head."



I'm about to talk to this baby who can't understand me at all when her mother stands in the doorway.

"Don't talk about eliminating someone to my baby", she barks.

Her angry feet storm towards me and when she stops in front of me, she puts her hands out asking for her child back.

"Your shirt's covered with Nico's blood", I point out the obvious, she stares at her shirt uttering a quiet 'shit'.

"I don't have any other clothes except this shirt and the dress you tore off my body"

I'm an bottom.

"My room's straight across yours, you can take any shirt from my closet while I arrange for new clothes for both of you tomorrow."

Defiance leaks from her and turns into a hurricane.

"I'm not wearing any of your shirts."

"But you want to touch your baby while you are covered in someone's blood? As a nurse, tell me is that hygienic?"

"Ugh fine. Don't go with Millie anywhere, I'll be right back."

Millie gradually sleeps in my arms and I watch in amazement as her pudgy cheeks fill up with air every time she snores.

Alexia comes back ten minutes later with a dark shirt that's shorter than the one before.

I take a peek at those thighs again and I kiss Millie goodnight, handing her to her mother and retreating to my room knowing very well I'll sleep with a very hard boner because of 'Lexy'.

## Chapter 5

ALEXIA GREEN.

Don't touch my baby.

Don't pretend to know what's right for my baby.

Don't take dresses off of me like a caveman and later pretend you are a gentleman by handing me one of your shirts.

Vicious...Christian...Grumpy pants...man with a scowl bigger than Thanos; left my room half an hour ago.

Half an hour later, I'm drenched in his scent because of the shirt I'm wearing.

What's even worse?

My baby turned out to be a traitor.

She hasn't stopped crying since Vicious handed her to me and left my room.

I mean I'm not blaming my little cuteness at all for liking a man as humongous and as handsome as Christian Volkov but he is a big red sign with a NO.

No to liking a man who apparently killed his last doctor and if I'm not careful, I could end up being dead too. Six feet under. Dead by the hands of a deranged man.

How ironic would that be?

From being a psycho's girlfriend to getting kidnapped by a man who makes America's serial killers like Ted Bundy look like frigging Sponge Bob.

"I know he has big hands, baby. Big hands that might feel warm but he is bad, you hear me, Mills?

Handsome Man is bad. He is the enemy. We are going to escape the enemy and go back to being just as two. Shh, shh, sleep for mommy. Please, sleep for mommy"

Her tiny fists reach out for me and when she cradles my hand hugging it closer to her pudgy cheeks, tears are at the brim of my eyes but I don't cry.

I watch my baby fall asleep like everything is right in the world and I'm not in some mobster's house.

Once I put Millie back in her crib, the urge to remove Christian's shirt from my body is great but unless I want to die of hypothermia, I need his shirt on me.

I need his blankets, the ones on the bed to warm me up and erase the fact that I saved one of his men 'Nico' (The cute one with the dimples) from bleeding to death from a knife wound.

A knife wound from chopping apples? I think not.

A knife wound from slicing people up? I absolutely think that.

If I think his men are scary then Christian 'Vicious' Volkov is the motherfreaking devil.

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If there was anything an orphan, a single mother, a nurse out of practice never did, was to look a gift horse in the mouth.

If life gives you muffins, then take a huge chunk of those muffins while you can, it might be the last time you taste sugar.

My morning began with Millie fed, happy and giggling in Juana's arms.

I'm momentarily pretending that the boss isn't in the house and that at any moment he won't burst this little bubble of bliss I'm in right now.

Nothing makes me happier than sitting down without thinking about loan sharks knocking on my door or Millie going hungry because I haven't eaten in a day or two.

Right now, my face is full of chocolate croissants that taste like how I've always imagined Paris to be.

The sun's light flutters through the windows and for a moment, I close my eyes, my nose pierces the air and my smile stretches the corners of my mouth I almost feel guilty.

But I don't.

Again, don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Enjoy the food while you can. Enjoy the bed at night. Get a little bit fat while I think of a plan to get away from here.

My happy parade is ruined the minute I choke on nothing but air.

No...not air.

I choke on his scent. I choke on the aura that hugs my back when I sense his presence.

The sun itself recognizes him because the light that was once hugging my skin disappears and instead all I feel is cold.

"I warned you, dear. You eat too fast and you'll choke. Your mama doesn't like to listen, does she?", Juana chastises, cooing to Millie.

Embarrassment coats my face as I finish my croissant, pull the stool behind me and stand up to my feet which is the wrong thing to do in the first place.

Christian is standing next to me. No, scratch that.

Christian Volkov is standing next to me, his hard jaw directed at me, his golden eyes grazing every inch of me like I'm the worm from his nightmares that kept falling in his soup.

"Coffee? I can brew it for you", Juana directs the question at Christian who dismisses her with,

"No. Leave"

Wow, someone woke up from the wrong side of the bed this morning.

Juana doesn't hesitate, she's about to take a turn and leave me to the beast when the said beast barks again, "Leave the child with the mother"

His words float in the air and they sear my skin raw.

Juana does as she's told, ever so dutiful. Never once acting pissed or anything.

Once Juana is out of the vicinity and Millie is in my arms making babyish noises, I take a step back and say, "Call me your little nurse, treat me like shit...sorry baby for cussing...but give my baby respect. She has nothing to do with Rhett or me or this stupid debt. Her name is Millie, not child but Millie. Get the name right."

His expression is bland.

The scowl on his face says 'I shouldn't be yapping around like I own the place'.

And his words cut my words into two.

"You are leaving with me today"

"Leaving where?"

"Does it matter?"

Freaking bottomhole.

"You are telling me we are leaving today and you are not gonna tell me where? I need info if I'm going to be treating one of your men today"

That switches off something in him.

One minute Shirtless Slightly pissed off Volkov is barking orders and the next minute his face, his body which has tattoos I hadn't seen last night, is so close to me that if he leans forward the only thing that will stop him from claiming my lips is my baby girl who is in my arms.

“How do you think this works, Sunshine? I give you my house, my food and you spend the rest of the day here like a queen? Is that the shit Juana has been feeding you? You are here to work. You are here to follow orders. I say you jump, you ask how high. I say you walk, Lexy you freaking run. I tell you not to speak, you bite your goddamn tongue. Don’t mistake our dynamic. And I know the child’s name, I just couldn’t care less.”

His words are like an acid bath in the Himalayas. Deadly, icy, poisonous.

Gritting my teeth, forcing the bile rising in my throat, I sbottom, “Should I go on my knees and lick your boots too?”

A dark chuckle escapes him and it travels up my spine, seeps into my veins and makes everything go haywire.

This son of a gun might be the only man who chuckles like he took the world, conquered it and tossed it back to us peasants.

“I’ll never ask you to go down on your knees, sunshine. You’ll beg for it yourself.”

\*\*\*

He doesn’t take me to a slaughterhouse.

He doesn’t take me to the dungeons where he kills his prisoners.

No, the man with the dark Armani suit that is enough to buy me and Millie like ten times in an auction took me here.

The floral dress feels like fluffy clouds against my body. It’s off-shoulder and gives summer vibes.

“Turn around”, Christian barks.

He is reclined against the plush upholstery, propping one leg over the other, finally gifting me a sliver of his attention.

His slacks ride up until the hem reveals his socks—black.

Just like his heart.

Instead of how normal villains pet some evil cat in their laps while devising murder, Volkov has my daughter in his arms.

And my daughter? Yap, Millie has forgotten all about this man being public enemy number one. She’s holding his thumb.

I twirl around.

I obey.

Why? Because it's been a while since a man bought me clothes.

It's been a while since a man reserved an entire store for me and my baby. Make that, the only man.

"I don't like it", he says dryly.

"I like it", I turn around huffing.

"You like it?"

"Yeah". I nod. Volkov smirks.

"Too bad because you are not going to show off that bottom in front of my men."

"Excuse you?"

I like the dress because it makes me feel less fat than I was a few months ago. Not because I want to seduce his men.

"You told Nico to call you 'Lexy'. You know how he interpreted that? Like you are easy game. Like you and he could be a thing. You show up in a dress like this and that freaker will be tripping all over just to kiss your feet"

Nico? I mean he was hot. But not hotter than...

"Maybe I want him to kiss my feet", I lie through my teeth when in reality, it wouldn't hurt if Volkov was the one kissing my...no, no. Enemy. He is the enemy.

"I hired a doctor, sunshine not a slut who can't—"

I'm half listening to Volkov, my eyes glued to the man entering the store.

The man who has dresses in one of his arms and a smile on his face.

The man I recognize from a past that's too raw and too sensitive.

My breath hitches.

My head spirals. I can't breathe. I can't...can't breathe.

I need to run.

Just like that night I need to run before he touches me.

Tears well in my eyes, fear digs its sharp claws into my neck.

I don't think. I run back to the dressing room like a scaredy cat.

I leave my daughter with two monsters.

It happened to me once. On that frightful night. And the men there called me disgusting, called me a whore, all little words aimed at decimating my self-esteem.

Their words worked though.

Brad's words 'you are nothing but Rhett's bitch' ate me up for a whole two weeks.

Right now, I'm standing in front of a man who called me a slut a few minutes ago.

It was unintentional sure but that doesn't mean it

didn't sting. Like how his words sting a little.

sometimes.

Except Vicious; cruel, dangerous, a million times scarier than Brad isn't looking at me like a whore. or a slut after I told him my story and maybe that's the reason why I'm standing beneath a showerhead with him.

Slate dark eyes size me up, take my five feet in and impatience leaks at his seams.

I'm not like the women he dates. Probably.

Maybe Okay Fin not like a solid ten when it comes to looks but my self-esteem and my dignity are straight in the gutter.

I peed myself

poqqosl

I hid

I don't give a hoot right now if I look like a hobo from the street.

"Need help with the dress?" he asks, my knees.

buckle harder.

“Yes, please.”

“Hold on.”

And I hold on.

I hold on to these broad shoulders of his and hug them tight because I’m afraid if I let go, I’ll fall.

Fall to despair.

Disappoint my baby.

Let Brad, Rhett and those monsters win.

“Are you going to tear this one in half too?” I ask trying to release the tension that is as thick as his

head.

He leans down, his cheek, the one covered with at dark stubble grazes my cheek and I shiver.

His fingertips, cold, terrific, definitely colder than

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the Arctic, find the zip to the dress.

The one that is hidden by my hair and he is

forced to swipe the hair from my back to access it better.

“Do you want me to tear it in half?”

“No.”

“Then I won’t”, he promises and I bite that promise with big hungry teeth.

With as much dexterity as a brute man like him. shouldn’t have, he slides the zip slowly and torturously down my back revealing patches and patches of my definitely stinking skin.

The dress pools around my ankles, it almost feels like déjà vu from the other night.

Yet today he is not angry.



He is understanding.

He is gentle.

He pities me.

I raise my head.

My eyes lunge at his dark ones.

“Take the bra off and the panties.”

His voice is low, commanding, dripping sexiness, oozing that ruggedness to it that would make the entire population of women start a third world

war.

Being naked in front of him?

Yeah, I’m too ashamed, too cowardly to say no to

He carried me when I

Chapter 7

ALEXIA GREEN.

Urinary incontinence.

Or as I like to call it, loss of bladder control.

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## Chapter 7

Being naked in front of him?

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He carried me when I had pee on me. He's standing in the same shower cabinet I am.

I take my bra off throwing it somewhere on the floor. My perky nipples reach out to him but I refuse to admit that's the case.

Vicious never takes his eyes off of me.

I can swear I see his jaw twitch but that's wishful thinking.

My breasts are full, heavy with Millie's food, my body isn't what it used to be, any man who would be attracted to me is either blind or

short-sighted.

I wiggle out of my panties.

"I'm sorry about the pee and this. You can leave if you want to."

"You wanted me here and here I shall stay. You ready?"

I nod.

He doesn't give me any warning before he turns the shower on.

Water trickles down my body with vengeance.

"It's cold", I complain.

## Chapter 7

The gruff man who's getting wet and reaching for something behind me says, "Cold water is better."

"Not for me, it isn't. You are in your suit, I'm naked and it's hella freezing,"

“Stay still”

Cool liquid drops on my head, his hands work inside my hair.

“Vicious-

“You wanted an anchor; I’m being an anchor.”

And that’s his way of telling me not to speak as he shampoos my hair, as his hands lather soap and scrub the skin on my back.

He doesn’t touch my boobs. Frankly to him, they  
don’t exist.

But every drop of water, every time his hands touch my skin, I feel like I’m burning up  
with a

fever.

Rhett didn’t feel like this.

Rhett felt like how a man from the street touched  
you.

Vicious? He felt like heaven wrapped in hellfire. Marshmallows wrapped in spicy hot  
Cheetos.

“Did you know Brad before you hired him?” I ask.

I don’t know what I’m asking because I know for a fact this man hires the worst of the  
worst.

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Killers, drug traffickers, I don’t think rapists would. miss his list of recruits.

“If you are asking if I knew he was one of Rhett’s  
delinquent friends, then no I didn’t know.”

That half assures me.

“But now that you do, will you take Brad as my replacement to pay the debt?”

He rinses my butt with one of the shower heads. that spews cold water and not once does he touch

1. me.

“No”

“Why? Brad can pay the debt. I haven’t spoken to Rhett in months.”

Brad has a fancy job that can raise one million dollars in the blink of an eye.

“I need your services and Brad won’t get to live once I’m done here.”

I take a step back.

Cold water streams between us without a care in

the world.

His dark hair is damp, rivulets of water streak down his forehead. His suit is practically clinging to him for dear life.

And his muscles...

Everything around us should be enough to

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distract me. The situation should distract me.

But nothing is going to distract me from what he just said.

“You are not going to kill Brad.”

“It isn’t up for you to decide, Little Nurse.”

“No, I told you the story, you want to kill him because you pity me or satisfy whatever fetish. you have with blood and I won’t allow it.”

“You don’t want him dead? You want to cower in front of your enemies every single fucking day?”

“They are my enemies”

“You are my nurse“, his eyes flare. His knuckles

fist.

Angry Vicious is staring at me now and all he sees is red. All I see is a monster I've unleashed.

"I don't take lives. I hate that bastard; I hate Rhett and every single human who thinks puppies are monsters but I'm not gonna let a man die because of me. I'll let God take care of him."

"Your God didn't save you. Your God brought you to a monster bigger than Rhett. He brought you to me and you want to know something? God doesn't kill evil; He lets it thrive. He let me

thrive."

God brought Millie to me.

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He brought me to Vicious when I was on the verge of starving for another week.

But I don't tell my boss that, I look him in the eye. and beg,

"Promise me, you are not going to kill him."

"No."

"Promise me."

"Fine."

"Good. Now, leave. I don't need an anchor

anymore."

"Why?"

"Because I just remembered you are my boss, Boss. Bosses don't get to see their employees.

naked."

His scowl grows bigger. His eyes look like they'll spew lasers and decimate me into ashes, but he respects my decision.

He leaves.

My sanity crawls its way back to my head.

Enemy. He's the bloody enemy.

I take a quick bath. Quickest bath I've ever taken just to rush to my baby.

When I slide open the shower glass wall, veiny muscular hands greet me and in them is the same design of the dress that's currently sitting on the

## Chapter 7

floor of the washroom I was in

Vicious looks me in the eyes and states ever so casually.

"There are panties beneath the dress and a bra too"

I take the dress from his hands and beneath it is a matching bra and panties that have exquisite lace at the edges.

"I don't need the bra though. The picnic dress can do without-

"You are wearing everything I've brought Little Nurse. This isn't a negotiation."

I take the dress. The bra. The panties

He watches until all of them are hugged tight against my chest, the one that's hidden by a towel, then he leaves.

Does he leave still wearing a wet suit? He does.

Do I care: I shouldn't. But sweet Mother of Jesus a wet and soaking Volkov is like a peach drenched in chocolate and wagged right in front of you. There's no way you wouldn't bite it. I. Dare. You

Christian is gone by the time I get out of the shower in a brand-new dress and with newfound confidence I shouldn't have after what happened

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today.

The fear that was once grabbing every inch of



energy my body offered has now been reduced to  
hate.

Hate for Brad. Hate for Rhett and hate for the  
women who birthed those Two bastards and  
failed to teach them manners.

I know I won't see Brad again because Vicious will either fire him or send him to a  
country too far away for me to ever be tormented again.

The thought puts a smile on my face, as my Converse shoes meet the outside of the  
dressing  
room.

Bones snapping sears my ears faster than my  
smile that can stay up.

Muffled grunting clogs my throat.

Blood, the blood I'm seeing right now clogs my throat and makes me want to barf.  
Ironical since

I've seen worse..

Though the irony? The irony that's slapping my face like a bitch is the image in front of  
me.

My baby girl is in the arms of the man who has a sleeveless vest. Those snazzy ones  
that make musicians like rock stars seem cool.

Millie looks like she's sleeping unaware of the heavily tattooed man holding her. I'm  
guessing

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Choice?

abe gesing the man smirking while he kasse Brad like a punching bag is

Aust Vicious the docu't even see me as he divers knuckle breaking punches to an  
the broke his promise.

You promised."

My voice itself makes me dizzy.

Blood drips from Vicious's knuckles but he decent acknowledge me. He turns to Jett  
and strs "Take her and the child home."

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

The thing about life? You know straight away what complications it will shove your way  
as soon as you inhale that first gulp of polluted earth air.

By the time I was five, I was selling my own piss to my enemies under the pretense it  
was

lemonade.

By the time I was ten, I was selling dirt from our own backyard under the pretense it was  
Jupiter dirt. Spoiler alert, I didn't even know Jupiter

existed.

By the time I was fifteen, I was stealing candies from babies for the heck of it.

My mother called me Vitello, after her grandfather who was a saint of the sort.

My father called me Vicious; he saw the real me.

I'm no saint, never went to the padre to confess my sins.

I wear the coat of villainy from children's books with pride.

Yet this part of me that likes being a villain grows. into something much more when  
small hands touch my shoulder.

Chapter 8

Brad's nose is already broken. My knuckles are red with his blood and my blood and it isn't enough to ensure men like him never see the light of day again.

Five or six fists aren't enough for Fake Fred and before I go delivering the seventh one, her hand lingers on my back.

I feel it through my wet clothes in an instant and I

turn around.

Remember about knowing complications and knowing when life will hit you with them?

She's the first complication I didn't see coming.

The second complication?

It comes in the form of Alexia motherfucking Green slapping me across the face while she yells,

"You asshole! I told you this was my fight; I'd handle him on my own but nooo...you are Vicious and that's about the worst nickname I've ever heard. Are you even listening to me? Tell your lapdog to let go of him"

Every word that comes out of her mouth needs to

be scrubbed hard with soap and bleach.

But that's not why I'm not listening.

The blood, the déjà vu, her.

It zones me out.

## Chapter 8

I fail dismally to control my rage, to distinguish who is who, my blood boils, my heart craves for blood.

"Vic, stop", Maximo's voice sounds like a distant wail.

My anger redirects like a missile back to the five-foot something woman who's just slapped me and called me an asshole.

I've given her far more privileges but no one does that.

No one touches me the way she did. No one hurts

1. me.

No one gets to hurt Christian Vitello Volkov. No one got to be my father with the belt again.

My hands trigger happy, I reach out to the kryptonite that's making me weaker, angrier, confused than I've ever been in all thirty years of

my *life*.

I grip her neck. Hard.

"Kill me. Finish the job you failed to do back at my apartment. I'm pretty sure hell is better than being stuck with a douchebag who thinks he is God because men with tiny balls follow him

around. Do it."

Blue eyes pierce mine and behind those eyes? I see her hurt. I see that special moment we shared back in that damn shower gone with the wind.

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And that's good.

Hate me because I'm no knight in shining armor.

Hate me because I'm no fucking prince who

wipes your tears and promises you a better

tomorrow.

The more I state things in my head, the more my

hands sink into her neck.

She's gasping for air; I'm having an episode that usually ends up with two or more dead bodies.

“Volkov, you go any further and that kid won’t have a mother. Jett will have to raise her all by

himself.”

“She’s cute and all but I don’t think I can handle a

kid, boss. I’m barely twenty-five, man.”

Millie senses the tense environment around us

and she sobs.

I hate it when she cries.

Dazed, feeling shitty, I let go of the nurse and

step as far away from her as I can.

I pick Brad up from the ground and whisper, “You are dead.”

“You could have killed her.”

“I didn’t.”

The orange embers from my lit cigarette dance

Chapter 8

with the wind.

This isn’t my first episode or the first time I’ve

tried killing anyone that provokes me during said episodes.

It’s the first time I’m feeling shitty though.

Choking her after she told me her ordeal with

shitty men? Yeah, I was a dick.

And a dick is all I’ve always been when it comes to

women.

“And you think buying her an entire store of women’s clothes will earn you, her forgiveness?”

“I’m not looking for forgiveness.”

I’m not looking for anything from her except slaving her around till her boyfriend shows up to

take her.

And then? That’s when this madness ends and the

real fun begins.

“It didn’t seem like it. I’m going to warn you now and not later when all this shit bursts in your face. You’re a Volkov and a Vitello, that blonde nurse might not understand who she’s working for but I

1. do.

Three months from now, you are going to claim the title of heir **to** the Cosa Nostra. A month later you’ll be pressured into marrying an heir from the five families, failure to do **that**, you start a

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Chapter 8

war.

That woman doesn’t fit into the equation. As a nurse yes but as something else? She and her kid. will be dead in your world faster than she can blink”

As Maximo drones on and on, my mind trails back to that slap that stung like a son of a bitch.

Maximo is right of course but my mind loops. around the day’s events over and over again.

“Any word from Demetri?”

“Yes and we have a problem.”

Problem at work.

Problem at home.

Problem everywhere I point my gun.

Two shots of whiskey and none are drowning out the Little Nurse's eyes as she begged me to choke her or the fact that her naked body would look

sublime under mine.

Two steps up the small stairs of my mansion and I pause glancing at the smoke that willows from my backyard.

The air itself reeks of plastic and garbage

burning.

I ditch the front door, walk around the house all

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the way to the pool I never use, to the garden that graces my backyard.

The garden that has a very familiar woman trying

to put out a fire.

A small lump of whatever the fuck **that is**

continues burning, the flames getting excited by

the wind.

"Juana?"

I shouldn't ask about the fire, I couldn't care less if a pack of wild dogs invaded the house. **This** house has become void since Cat **died**.

"Vicious. I didn't know you were coming home. I'm sorry about this, I tried to warn her not to do it...but the fire is slowly starting to dim down so

no worries."

My ears prick up.

“The nurse did this?”

Started a fire in my backyard?

“She was upset, it’s only understandable that she burns her clothes. Frankly every woman has

probably done something crazy when she’s upset-”

“What clothes?”

“Vic-”

“Tell me everything.”

Chapter 8

“**She** put Millie to bed. Then she spent the whole afternoon burning every piece of clothing that Jett brought to the house”

Every bit of clothing I bought for her.

“Anything else?”

“She said umm where she comes from, a man who strangles her and buys an entire wardrobe of clothes for her is no man.”

No man, my ass

This chapter is unlocked. Enjoy reading!

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

ALENIA GREEN.

I’m going insane,

Slapping men isn’t on my usual go-to list of things I want to do in life.



Burning clothes expensive enough to buy an entire island in the Caribbean isn't what a poor person like me does.

In less than a week I've done all that.

The repercussions of that?

I hear his presence in the sound of his car trampling pebbles in the driveway.

I feel his anger when he calmly tells Juana to go. back to sleep and he'll put out the fire himself.

The fire that I started in a fit of rage.

My balcony window has a perfect view of his backyard.

I barely think before I act.

My unsteady feet get out of bed, slowly and

autiously trying not to wake Millie up, I tread. across my room straight to those closed balcony windows that show a perfect view of the night

with a full moon gracing the skies.

## Chapter 9

My eyes dart to the man slowly taking off his jacker

The man who somewhat makes darkness look like a land of rainbows and unicorns.

Why? Because he is bigger than the darkness. He is built and imbued with darkness so much that

the same darkness obeys him.

I see it in the way his muscles seem to come to

life as the moon casts a silver glint on him.

I see it in the way he picks a shovel from God knows where, scoops up soil from the ground and starts throwing the soil to the fire.

He does that once, twice and the third time, the

fire goes out.

He watches the fire dim down. Watches every piece of clothing he bought for me turn into a black charred crisp.

I should have burned his entire mansion and

escaped,

But today?

I saw the real Vicious. The Vicious that stormed through my house and threatened to kill me.

Every single place he touched on my neck has his handprints. How do I know? I checked.

I should feel scared. I should feel disgusted just like that night but I don't.

مل

## Chapter 9

Angry at him? Yeah. But scared? No.

Tonight?

Vicious turns around like I've summoned him, his

head angles up before I have the chance to hide and when our eyes lock, that's when the real fear

claws at my neck.

\*\*\*

"Pack any clothing you have; we are leaving for Moscow", His words hit me like lightning in a freaking desert.

He's in my room, barely looking at me or Millie who is in my arms right now.

"Moscow? As in Russia?"

"Stating what we already know delays us."

In a snag suit that makes Forbes billionaires look like burglars from NYC, my kidnapper is as unhappy as an unadopted kid.

More than unhappy, his jaw ripples with  
impatience, his eyes are so bland I feel like Millie  
and I might just be walking into a tornado  
without thinking.

Sweet Christian Volkov was an awkward man  
straight from one of those  
princess—gets—the—charming—prince types of  
books.

Angry Christian Volkov liked choking people. Or

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more like choking me.

But this...this Christian Volkov looks at me like 1  
just murdered his favorite puppy and he couldn't  
care less.

"Well, I sort of didn't know we were going to

Russia today. Why do we have to go? I have never traveled outside the States before, I  
don't even think Millie is qualified for travel,"

"The child stays here."

I take a step back.

"I don't care what business you

where I go, my child goes have in Russia but

No one is separating me from my child. This man might keep us here as prisoners but no one is separating me from Millie.

Not Rhett. Not my past. Not a scowling man who drips hotness every two to three seconds.

Volkov isks.

His hands in his dark suit, he takes precise and quick steps in my direction.

My feet scurry back while Millie sucks on my left tit unaware of the tension in the room and my heart a close second to falling on the floor.

“Lucky for you, I’m the boss, you are the employee as you boldly put it in that damn shower.”

Getting

Chapter 9

I chuckle.

“You are forcing me to go to Russia because 1 kicked you out of the shower? What did you dunk would happen, Christian? That I’d get too

emotional and ask you to fuck me in your freaking store?”

I’m angry.

The nonsense spewing from my mouth is just that. Nonsense. Emotional nonsense.

“Say it again“, he corners me.

My throat goes dry.

“W–what?”

“Say my name.”

Christian.

“Vicious?”

“Don’t play with me, little nurse. Say. My, Name.” “I’m not going to Russia without my kid. You’d have to drug me to make me responsive and I know you are an asshole but drugging women is beneath you.”

The bastard lifts both of his hands.

One hand lands on my cheek, the other hand lands on Millie's pink beanie.

I might have burned the clothes he bought me but I didn't have the guts to burn Millie's new

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baby clothes because she needed them.

"Who do you think I am, Alexia?"

"A bastard who thinks he owns the world and us mere mortals are chess pieces to him."

The small corner of his mouth tips up but it can hardly be called a smile.

"I own the world and you mere mortals are as uninteresting as the salad dressing on my plate. Quit playing games. Say my fucking name."

I have always prided myself in following laws.

Right now? I say to hell with following orders.

"No", I retaliate.

He smirks. The devilish grin makes shivers run down my spine faster than his words can,

"We leave in an hour."

"Let me go. Let me go!"

Jett doesn't let go in fact he drags me to the front

door like I'm nothing but a paperclip.

"Stop this. Vic, please", Juana begs the man following behind us.

The man who ordered his lackey to drag me to the door itself should I offer any 'resistance'.

I can't blame Jett for what he is doing but **that**

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doesn't mean I don't hate him at this point in time.

"Take the child back to her crib"

"She has a name. H—Her name's Millie", my voice weakens.

Please don't do this, Please don't separate us.

"Let her say goodbye, yes? Millic...she'll need milk, she'll need to be breastfed."

God bless Juana,

Vicious says something to Jett because Jett lets go of me in an instant.

When he does, I run to Juana, I take my baby and I pray to the gods that Christian Volkov, Rhett, Jett, every single man I've met who's turned to be a bastard to drop dead.

"Shh...shh, it's okay. It's okay. Mommy's here, baby. Mommy's not going anywhere."

"Little nurse."

"Anything, ask me anything but don't separate me from my child. I'll go as far as Egypt to treat your men but don't take my child away from me."

"Promise me."

He uses the same words I said to him in the shower yesterday to blackmail me. To teach me a lesson because that's what he does.

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He teaches his slaves lessons about who he is and what he is capable of

"I promise to do everything you ask of me."

txige my soul and my services to the devil. Twice,

**This** chapter is unlocked. Enjoy reading!

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CHRISTIAN VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

Demetri Sokolov is as unhinged as Oppenheimer

with the atomic bombs.

But more than unhinged? Demetri is an impatient son of a gun that craves power the way. the child on my damn plane craves her mother's

milk.

Going to Moscow isn't a choice I'd rather partake. in. Russian soil has never been kind to the likes of

us Sicilians.

A, because Sicilians are way ahead in the mafia game than the Russian mafia aka the Bratva and B, Demetri's grandfather and my grandfather might have killed each other in a street battle before the truce was established.

Demetri Sokolov took the reign of the Bratva from his pops months ago.

I'm yet to claim the throne of the Costa Nostra and if there's anything / know about that buzz-cut fucker is that he wants to tear down the truce and rule the whole world.

The Chicago mafia. The London mafia. The Costa Nostra. Bratva, you name it.

I tap on my tablet going over the guest list to

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Demetri's private party.

A party that's more of a conclave with every mafia leader in the world under one roof.

Yeah, I sense a trap. But either he's too stupid to realize killing us would cause chaos or he just doesn't give a fuck. And for Demetri? He's big and dumb alright, add in reckless and I already know Russia is going to be one huge pain on my-

“Really? Oh my God, I was born and raised in

Chestnut Springs too. Well, not the born part. You get the idea.”

Too mouthy for a woman.

Too cheerful for a woman who has no business speaking in this entire trip, the blonde pulls up a smile directing it at Jagger and Jett.

Color me surprised, that she hasn’t smiled at me since I put her and the baby on a plane to a suicide mission.

She hasn’t smiled at me, ever.

Frankly speaking, I don’t even know if her teeth. are white or black.

“Does Mrs. H still work there?”

“Noo, don’t tell me“, blonde’s eyes grow too big on her face, as yet again ladies and fucking gentlemen, she throws my men a smile wide enough to give the Grinch a run for his money.

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“You knew Mrs. H? She practically raised me too“, she adds unnecessarily.

I haven’t seen Jagger and Jett smile like that in

ages.

And that’s saying a lot because they are practically seated at the edge of the cabin in my private plane and I can still see those smug faces from

where I am.

I pour myself another glass of gin. The gin trickles down my throat with a sour taste as Sunshine’s laughter rocks the confines of my plane.

She can laugh too, apparently.

Laugh with me? No.

Laugh with my men who are ogling her like she’s the next tantalizing meal to be presented in a trashy American TV food show? Yes.

Who gives a shit about laughter anyway?



The next glass of gin doesn't make it down my throat because Jagger's voice ups my sour mood to a hundred.

"You are tough stuff, Lexy. Cute but tough."

Lexy. That's what her friends call her.

I'm no fucking friend.

"Alexia"

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Jagger and Jett lose the ridiculous smiles.

Little nurse cradles Millie in her arms as her smile falls flat and her azure eyes scream, she'd rather sit with Jett than me.

And I'd rather sit on a cactus than fuck her so

here we are.

"Come here."

She hesitates. I think for a moment she'll go back on her promise but she doesn't.

The fine ass with a head, thick and full of blonde hair, stands up, hands Millie to Jett (against my better judgment) and struts to me with a cheap picnic dress that hugs her curves and pushes her breasts up to reveal a very ample cleavage.

No wonder Jett and Jagger were smiling every

two seconds.

"What can I do for you, boss?" she asks with sass. barely giving the hint that she wants to at least sit down and have a chat like we are two proper

adults.

Except she isn't an adult.

Twenty-three years can't be compared to my thirty years and the fact that I'm comparing shows how hard that alcohol is hitting my brain.

'Sit next to me and remain quiet the whole trip', I

want to say.

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‘Don’t smile. Don’t do anything. Just sit and breathe for fuck’s sake.

I don’t say all that.

Instead, I say the one thing that rocked my mind when Maximo told me Demetri wants me in Russia.

“Seduce a man for me.

I put my slave to good use.

“You in position?”

“Not yet. Demetri has his castle manned by

guards at every corner I turn to. The cctvs are encrypted hard, hacking into them is like asking me to find an ant in a bag of sugar.”

“How many guards? How many can you and I take out if I provide a distraction?”

Maximo stills, I know the next question he’ll ask

me before he can even ask it.

“What distraction? Jesus Christ, Volkov don’t tell me what I think you are saying.”

“Demetri has a kink for blondes.”

She’s blonder than any woman I’ve come across.

“She’s a civilian. She’s a mother. You are selling your own doctor, nurse whatever to a psycho.” “I’ll get her out alive. All we need is Demetri out

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of the way and his plan botched.”

“Demetri will eat her alive“, Maximo sighs.

“I’ll handle Demetri,”

“You know you kill him and the Costa Nostra

starts a war, right?”

“We’ll be there in ten.”

I hang up.

I have handled worse punks than Demetri and if anything, Sunshine is more than capable of standing on her own.

That woman has bigger balls than I have seen in two of my men combined. She’s tough as fuck.

Speaking of women **and** toughness, the woman in question descends the stairs in a purple floor sweeping gown that shows at least half of her creamy right thigh.

She covers her shoulders with some designer fur coat of the sort hiding those boobs that would make a man like Demetri fall to his knees and beg

for a kiss.

I extend my hand to hers.

Sunshine completely ignores it as she **stands** next to me in heels that elevate her five feet three height to like five foot five.

“How long do I have to distract this Darius guy?”

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“Demetri. The name’s Demetri. A few minutes.

depending on what Demetri has in store for me.”

A few guards to kill us.

Bombs, snipers, the usual shebang.

“Why me though?”

Because you are the kind of pretty that would have Demetri wagging his tail as he follows you

all night.

“You are cheaper than a hooker. Your services might be required too.”

“How so?”

“In case Demetri follows through with his plan, I’ll need a nurse to stitch me back together.”

With the glare she’s throwing at me, I know for a fact she would leave me dead in some ditch and run the other way with her baby without thinking

twice.

“Let’s pray to the Good God that Demetrius doesn’t follow through with his plan then. It’d be a shame if you died in Russia“, her red-smeared lips mumble sarcastically.

I don’t miss the Demetrius name either which is her version of trying to rile me up.

“And the child?” I ask.

“Jagger volunteered to babysit.”

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Of course, that little retard volunteered to babysit while Maximo and Jett are scouting for bombs.

“You trust him with her?”

“Do I trust the man who isn’t dressing me up like

a doll to seduce some Russian man to take care of

my daughter? Yes. Yes, I trust Jagger. Come on, boss let’s not keep Daniel waiting.”

‘It’s Demetri’ but by the time I correct her, her ass is already sashaying out of the front door.

This chapter is