

# Claimed by the Sicilian Mafia

## Claimed #Chapter 31 – 40

### Read Claimed Chapter 31

Chapter 31

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS VOLKOV.

The look on her face as I let her thighs off my shoulders steadying her trembling feet on the carpet tells me she's never done this before.

She's never squirted.

Which leads to the next question hounding my brain.

Did he not make you squirt? If you didn't have sex with him then what happened between you and Demetri, Sunshine.

Her juices soak my suit, soak every bit of clothing on me but my eyes are on her.

Looking, searching for the truth, pounding her walls in so she can explain everything better and I

would stop this madness.

Her eyes meet mine, glossy, greedy, lustful.

I hold eye contact, my height intimidates her, the whole situation should scream I'm not stopping till she spills her guts out and tells me the bloody **truth** but this woman bites her bottom lip putting up a front that looks pathetic and ugly in

my eyes.

She's willing to do this for Demetri.

Chapter **32**

CHRISTIAN 'VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

"Pull up the security cameras, every square mile of the hotel, the front, the back, the street they took. I want everything, Kai."

“Volkov, I’m doing everything I can since I got informed of everything that went down.”

Her blood is still on my hands.

Past memories of Catelina in my hands, losing  
that much blood on me haunts and plagues me.

Can’t sit and do nothing.

Can’t stand and watch her die.

I brought her here and no one has said a word.

No nurse. No surgeon.

No update on how long the surgery will take.

Nothing.

“Well work harder, damn it! Get me results! Give  
me a name!”

“You are not in the right state of mind right now, Volkov. You have a bullet still lodged in  
your  
shoulder.”

“It went straight through.”

And the other one hit her.

Chapter 32

On the back of her neck, on her shoulder, on her spine, on the back of her head?

No. She was still gripping my hand when we got here.

She was still breathing.

She is still breathing.

“Doesn’t mean you are doing fine.”

“I got shot at like some pig in hunting season. My nurse is fighting for her life in there, doing fine is the least of my concerns. Give me a fucking name or escort your pompous ass out of here.”

She's not Catelina.

She's not following my sister to the land of no return.

I should have stayed.

Fuck, I should have stayed on that bed.

Pacing around a minute longer and my men appear out of nowhere, the worry etched on their faces confirming what hasn't hit me quite yet.

She got shot.

She put her body right in front of mine.

The little minx gambled her life for me.

I've been shot a couple times, I have tasted death and escaped it but she hasn't.

Setting

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

Chapter 32

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7/6

Setting

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Setting

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Chapter 39

And the irony of death?

It took the ones who didn't deserve to die and left  
the people who didn't deserve to live in the first. place.

"Boss? How is she doing?"

"Doctor won't say shit", I cuss.

Jett and Jagger have that forlorn look on their  
faces.

They know like I do that in our line of work women don't get to walk away alive.

"She's a fighter. She'll pull through", Nico offers. his unwanted advice but right now I bite  
into his words and suck up the pain from my shoulder.

She'll pull through.

My nurse isn't going down like this, not when she has a kid back in my house.

She wouldn't die leaving her kid in my custody.

And that has me chuckling painfully.

That woman would escape hell if it meant rescuing Millie from my clutches.

I try not to think about Millie. The kid is seeing her mom whether I have to fight the devil  
himself or not.

"Kai?"

Maximo's surprised tone next to me has me

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Chapter 32

caring less that New York's most eligible bachelor has been standing next to me as  
soon as my nurse got inside those big theater doors at the end of the hallway.

"Flew in as soon as I heard there was a shootout at our hotel. The first shootout."

"Camera feeds?"

Maximo asks

“Already getting sent as we speak.”

Silence falls like heavy hail on my head, the smell of ammonia and medicated stuff feels nauseating and unsettling.

**The** sight of hospitals, this type of environment feels like the walls are closing in.

Feels like my old doctor advising me to let go because Cat was no more.

Standing here not being able to control anything, the universe flipping a huge middle finger in my

face has me losing my sanity, my grip to reality

fades, Maximo rings a nurse to look at my

shoulder.

nurse that's not Sunshine.

The sooner the nurse approaches me the feeling

of wanting to crush her eats me and blinds me but my mind fades out everything and focuses on one thing and one thing only.

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Chapter 32

Blue eyes, mysterious like the vast ocean that goes on for miles.

Blonde hair up in a ponytail, down her shoulders,

in a mess.

Pearl white teeth smiling at me.

"I let you look at my wound and you'll end up getting hurt. Any time anyone inflicts pain on my body, I react. I won't think, I'll react."

"Who stitches you up when you are too wounded to do it yourself?"

"Maximo."

"Do you hurt him when he does it?"

"Yes. He can take a punch or two and you can't."

"We have to stop the bleeding and you need not to hurt me while I'm doing so. That's why I'm going to recommend a distraction."

"A distraction?"

"Your body reacts that way because you are stuck reliving a memory. A memory of someone probably hurting you so any time a different. person hurts you, you think it's the same person and you react. A distraction keeps your mind from reliving the past and focusing on the



present.

Focusing on me and realizing I'm not gonna hurt you. At least not intentionally."

## Chapter 32

Alexia's words ring out loud in my head as the nurse who's already started disinfecting the wound does her job.

Focus on her. Focus on her recovery. Focus on the blue eyes and that smile.

Distract myself with her memories praying to the same God that took Cat to spare the nurse

instead.

## Chapter 33

ALEXIA GREEN.

What sucks about life?

We only get one chance. No do-overs.

No 'can I retake this scene again'?

No 'I messed up can I jump into your time machine and stop this from happening?'

Nope.

Just one chance.

I followed him out of that hotel because

somehow knowing his story, the reason behind his distrustful nature, his spiteful tone had me wanting to cure him.

I was going to settle for the 'no kisses' sex just to stay with my captor.

I saw the gun gleaming in the rain and the speeding car heading towards us and I reacted.

That one chance at life?

I was ready to give it all.

No, scratch that, I did give it all.

And then the bullet hit me, then the blood

splashed out of my body like a box of expired. juice getting thrown in the trash at Costco.

## Chapter 33

At that moment, my life splayed right before my eyes and regret hit me.

Would I jump in front of Christian Volkov to save him again? I would.

But would I risk my chance at life knowing my daughter was going to end up an orphan? Rhett was already a lost cause and God forbid: he took custody of Millie after I was gone.

So, when I open my eyes at this very second, my body numb, every part of me stinging like hell. I take a minute to sob quietly.

I sob as I listen to the machines go all haywire with the beeping due to my increasing heart rate.

I sob when the first rays of light hit my face and I

taste sunlight.

I didn't think I would get to see the light of day.

I didn't think I'd ever get to see Millie cry or turn my life around or slap Rhett a couple of times as I watched his ass getting dragged to jail for everything he did.

Once my cheeks are sodding with tears, laughter chokes me and then like a maniac I laugh at the pain, I laugh at this second chance at life and I laugh at the last face I saw before the lights went

out.

I laugh at myself and at my bad decisions.

## Chapter 33

"Umm I feel like I should give you some privacy?"

My neck biting me in all the wrong ways, I turn my head at the curvy woman seated on the couch at the far end of my hospital room.

Only then do I see the flowers and the teddy bears and the fruits? All for me?

My eyes travel back to the woman with the dark hair, chubby cheeks that are rosy from what I'm assuming to be embarrassment and the killer floral dress she's wearing topped with a cardigan.

I might have been shot enough to make my memories all fuzzy but I don't know her.

And I would know her because except for the Virgin Mary look she has going on, the woman is pretty, curvy and I'm expecting her to be really short when she stands up but she is really pretty and she might not even know it.

She blinks at me.

I blink back at her.

Who are you? And where is...

Pretty Miss Cardigan stands up walking up to me

with a card in her hands.

"I brought you a 'get well soon' card. The name's Brenda Gibbins, we've not met yet but I saw your back at the clinic and I wanted to say hi before

well...the Russian men showed up."

Chapter 33

"T-thanks", I groan.

God, I feel awful.

"I'm one of your assistants back at the clinic and everyone has been praying for your recovery. They'll be happy to know you are awake."

Her smile and her cheerfulness are in contrast to everything reading on my face right now.

I'm sure I have eye bags under my eyes.

There is also the possibility of drool lining the side of my mouth.

"H-how long was I out?"

“Um a week at most but don’t worry I have been taking care of Millie and she’s doing better than-.”

My ears peak at the mention of my daughter.

“Millie?” I sit up, a headache wades in like a bee sting to the head.

“How is she? Has she been feeding? Is she here?”

“Alexia, you have to calm down, like I said she’s

fine. I’ve been feeding her what I can and as for where she is, the man who came to my apartment is watching her.”

“What? What man? Why is she with you and

not...where she’s supposed to be?”

Brenda chuckles nervously her fingers digging into her tote bag.

Chapter 33

“Well two days ago, a man showed up at my doorstep and threatened to kill me if I didn’t take care of your baby till you woke up.”

My throat parches as I swallow hard to breathe

out his name.

“Volkov?”

“No, it wasn’t **him**. I know Christian Volkov

because he’s pretty farhous and all plus he practically owns our clinic but no, it wasn’t him.

It was one of the men who work for him, the one

with the rock star hair and the scary gaze?”

Maximo had a buzz-cut. Jagger had hair that wasn’t long enough to be termed as ‘rock star hair’. Nico had...well I guess normal hair?

“Jett?”

Brenda nods.

Before I can prod her for more answers, the door behind her flies open and the devil being spoken

about walks in.

Jett's gaze lingers on Brenda before he stands next to her both of them towering over me and reminding me, I'm on a hospital bed.

The irony.

The nurse lying in a hospital bed. And apparently for one week too.

Chapter 33

"Okay, I think that's all for now. I'm gonna go check if Millie needs something."

Brenda doesn't get to finish her sentence because Jett's hand captures hers and she squeaks.

"Not so fast, kitten."

Kitten?

Brenda gazes at me for help.

Jett's glances at her taking in her cardigan and her dress before his eyes fall on me.

"How are you doing?"

"As good as anyone who has been shot. Where's my daughter?"

"With Maximo, outside. You'll get discharged. soon", Jett says.

I almost don't want to ask in front of Brenda

where his boss is.

Why is he not here?

Did he visit?

Why is Millie not in his house? With Juana at

least?

“I want to see her.”

“And you will, right after the nurses give us the go-ahead that you are fine.”

“This—this looks like a private moment, I think I

### Chapter 33

should give you two some privacy“, Brenda trembles.

Jen’s hold on her wrist isn’t wavering.

“Off to meet your wimpy boyfriend?”

“He’s not a wimp!”

If sweet Brenda was pretty, then angry Brenda was on another level of beauty.

Her cheeks are on fire, whatever game Jett’s playing seems to excite him and torment her.

“He offered you so I wouldn’t shoot him.”

“You pointed a gun at us! He was nervous.”

“Men who offer up their women to a man with a  
gun delivering a baby are no men, kitten”

This time I’m the one to interrupt.

“Why?”

Why is Millie being delivered like merchandise?

Like an unwanted thing?

Because they thought I was dead and they had no use for my child anymore?

Jett looks at me, reads the sadness that I wear like a badge on my face and then releases Brenda’s

wrist.

“See you next time, kitten. Make a tuna casserole next time I visit.”

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## Chapter 33

Brenda gives me a warm smile, sending a glare to Jett as she whispers loud enough getting out of

my room.

“There won’t be a next time!”

“She’s cute“, Jett chuckles.

Resting my head against the pillow, my body in knots and not from the stitches I can feel on my shoulder, I ask about the boss.

“Why is he sending my daughter away?”

“No one is sending anyone away. He’s just making a few changes after what went down the other day.”

“Yeah? What changes?”

“Alexia you got shot and there’s no way of saying this but a slight tilt to the wrong direction and they wouldn’t be fishing one bullet from your

shoulder blade but two and I’m no nurse but I’m

pretty sure the second one would have gone

straight for your lungs.”

Two?

“He got shot?”

“Went straight through.”

“Did they stitch him up?”

He would never allow himself to be stitched. I

know Volkov and that’s how bad he operates that

## Chapter 33

he can treat himself: he doesn't need help.

All I can hope is that he allowed Maximo to stitch him up at least.

"He's fine but what I'm laying down right now is the Volkov mansion is too hot for you and the baby. So we relocated you to Brenda's home. No

one would cause any trouble there: the place is under surveillance and close to your clinic

Which translates to: Volkov kicked me and my baby out.

Ouch.

It shouldn't hurt

The place was a prison for us anyway. Yeah. I bet Brenda and her boyfriend are nice people.

I bet they won't look at me and Millie as charity.

"Where will he be? At the mansion?"

"Yes.

Rip my insides **out**.

"Did he come to visit? At least just once?"

"He brought you to the hospital and that's it."

He didn't visit?

He kicked me and Millie out?

After we almost had sex a week ago?

After

Chapter 33

It's fine. It's fine.

It's not fine

"Thank him for me. For everything.



## Chapter 34

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## Chapter 34

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

Almost midnight, the air con coughs groggily, you'd think a place like this where I'm sending at ton of dollars that would pay more than ten of my men would have better service.

But their services are shit, welcome to the sad.

reality of power.

Something creaks to my right, heavy snores fill the entire room and I'm appalled to look at the woman sleeping beside me mouth open, snores. as heavy as a lumberjack's power saw maiming

the air.

I breathe in.

I hold it, releasing the tension once more.

Day four of being in this room and it's almost as worse as sitting down and listening to my douche of a dead father teach me about love and

weaknesses.

The irony isn't lost on me when I recall my old man had no single bone of love in his body. Not for my mother, not for me and not for Kat.

As for his weaknesses? The man died from a

gunshot wound by a rival gang, Martinelli's gang to be precise.

## Chapter 34

I'm nursing a gun wound to the shoulder, still recuperating from a graze wound to the neck and a shrapnel wound to the other shoulder and my ass is still here.

Alive and kicking.

Guess I'm not weak, old man.

An innocent woman in a bed lies in front of me.

Machines drowning in a sing-song tune beep around me.

Juana sleeps on the next couch snoring like a tranquilized moose, a loose blanket covering her.

I swing the bassinet in my hands, watching Millie sleep.

Three days with her and we've been visiting this hell hole to keep her mother company.

To remind her mother if she gives up on Millie. me and Millie are stuck like this.

Together. Forever.

Day five, Alexia Green still remains immobile on her bed. Like Sleeping Beauty with no one to give her a magical kiss back to the real world.

I have a feeling kissing her would land her in a deeper coma. That's how poisonous I am to her.

Day six, Millie and I go shopping for new clothes but she cries all the way home.

## Chapter 34

Juana gives her her bottle of milk but the little kid refuses it finally realizing I lied to her.

Mommy isn't coming home, is she?

I almost see it in her little blue-brown eyes when

we visit her mother.

I'd explain to the kid that mommy is sleeping and

the surgery was a success but along the way I'm

starting to think the docs have been bullshitting

me too.

Day seven has Kai Davenport visiting me and

Millie with the news I've been anticipating for a

while.

Millie plays with her squishy toy in my arms **as** Kai gives me a report of what finally went down.

“Trinity. They blurred the plates and tracking their minivan wasn’t easy but we’ve got them“,

Kai reports.

Maximo’s eyes are on me before he chuckles, “Didn’t think the padre had it in him to issue an

attack on you. He’s your biggest follower, sarcasm

intended.”

“He is“, I affirm.

Trinity?

Couldn’t have seen that coming.

“Not if someone gave him a seat at the highest food chain to eliminate you“, Kai suggests.

3/5

Setting

15471

Chapter 34

Millie throws her toy, grabbing my huge thumb

in her tiny hands.

“Dante“, I say.

Dante Keaton.

“Bingo. The fucker is desperate to find his family and to be back on the streets. He’d hire anyone just to get rid of you.”

He’s got guts, I give him that.

Kai tips his head at me. “See you in the next war, Vitello.”

Then he leaves.

It's me and Maximo left in my study and then at minute later, my men filter in one by one.

"You did the background checks on the four assistants like I asked?"

"Yes boss", Jett answers, "Brenda Gibbins is the right choice. Suburban neighborhood, boring life, can blend in with people unnoticed. Perfect place for them."

I look at the child.

Giving her to Jett feels like giving an egg to a toddler. The chances of said toddler breaking it

being high.

"You understand what you have to do?"

I ask. Jett nods, "Yes, Sir."

Chapter 34

"And when the nurse wakes up and asks?"

"You never visited, Boss."

Jett takes Millie, Jagger assists with the luggage.

I feel the girls' absence in the silence that hits like thunder.

"What now?" Maximo asks.

I pour myself a glass of whiskey.

"I visit Trinity Chapel. I confess my sins to the padre."

I make sure the padre meets his maker.

Chapter 35

Chapter 35

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

Click. Click. Click.

The sound of my shoes against the vinyl-tiled flooring echoes louder than the usual hullabaloo of the congregation chanting Hail Marys to

account for their sins.

Silence lurks in this holy place but then again, it has ever been silent if my memory is not failing

1. me.

One. Two. Three. Four steps in and I spot the small rusty brown booth stacked away by the corner and oh so near the altar to remind every sinner that stepped in that little chamber that not only was the priest listening but the Good Lord

too.

The ominous chants from the parishioners. burning incense by the altar don't fail to bring back old memories of Cat and I living in this place after we left Italy.

Why?

My father might have been a cynic but like everyone in the Mafia world, the belief that a man's soul might have departed from him but the Lord would never depart from him was pretty

Chapter 35

much trusted by everyone.

So at twenty with an eighteen year old girl. looking up to me for food and shelter in a foreign

country, in a foreign city, the first sanctuary I thought of was church.

Here.

The very same place I taught Catelina how to pray, how to hold the crucifix right, how to confess her sins, how to look up to Jesus because only Sweet Baby Jesus would save her from the cruelty of this world.

Except this same church is the same one that held drugs and acted as a warehouse for every drug

lord in Chicago.

This same church is the same church I walked away from to start an empire that didn't hide behind religion or false words.

My fingers drawl over the wood on the benches.

Same benches I sat in looking up to God for answers while uttering seven Hail Mary's in a day.

My feet drag themselves all the way down the  
hallway.

Calm, definitely not spooked by the old lackluster paintings on the windows and ceiling because this building is a mockery to the cathedrals in Italy.

I'm no holy man but if the big man upstairs is

watching and he definitely is, he will understand. He should understand what I'm about to do.

The smell of wax and herbs meant to wade off spirite draws me in like a bet to finger-licking good honey

The confession booth, my final destination lies

I open the squeaky door on the confessor's side and blink. The smell of mold and the disgusting sour sweat of sinners crawls into my nose.

Nostalgia hits me in the chest and not in the fun 'remember when we drank beer type of way.

My legs used to dangle on this seat but right now I'm squeezed like salami in an overcrowded fish market waiting for the real sinner to jump to his side of the booth.

It doesn't take seconds for the padre to arrive.

I spot his holy cap, his white clothes and his meaty neck from the wire grille dividing the priest and the confessors with a crucifix hung

above it.

He clears his throat, a sign that I should start telling the man who has never sinned, a portion of my sins and wait for his encouraging words that are bound to cleanse and heal my soul.

The usual voodoo shit Father Giovanni is used to.

## Chapter 35

I do the sign of the cross reciting, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

His chair creaks, and I see his eyes through the wire grille trying to confirm what is too obvious.

"S—Son", his voice squeaks, recognition being an edge to his tone, "How long has it been since your last confession?"

"I think you are well aware, Father", I play along to his bullshit.

I see his meaty throat throb with nervousness and I cross my legs resting a hand on my knee.

"But if you must know, I have sinned Father. About to sin anyway. I can't help it; Father and the gods above can't penalize me for wanting to kill a man who drew gunfire on an unarmed man.

God himself hates cowards, isn't that written. somewhere in the holy book? That cowards are.

worse than murderers. And for this coward, well I

have a special type of punishment in mind.

Cut a limb, watch him bleed. Cut another limb,

tie it up something tight to stop the bleeding

before I yank another-."

"You are not too far gone, son. There's still time. to repent and start anew."

I chuckle, knotting my fists before my face comes. close to the wire grille that's separating the both

of us.

## hapter 35

"Do you really want to do this, Uncle? Beat around the bush and pretend we both give a shit about confession?"

“Christian“. His bulging eyes meet mine across the chained metal. “We are still family.”

“Don’t give me that crap. We stopped being family the minute you wanted to sell Cat and me to the highest bidder. That was decades ago, I was a kid, I let that shit slide and we agreed, Uncle. Next time you double cross me, I’ll spill your blood and smear it on your filthy followers for them to see.”

My uncle starts shaking, his fat body squeaking against his seat, his sweat reeking all the way to where I’m sitting.

Filthy bastard.

I can see why he was banished from Italy.

Men like him don’t know when to stop when it comes to money, when it comes to power.

“What did he promise you? Another church? A ticket back to Italy without you winding up dead?”

“I—I never wanted to. I’d never betray family. Your war with him would leave the seat empty and as the next in line I needed help to get there-.”

“Next in line? Giovanni you are a fat lousy son of a gun who betrayed the family, whether I’m dead

## Chapter 35

or not the Cosa Nostra seat would never fall into your hands. Not in this life it wouldn’t and certainly not by Dante Keaton’s fucking help.”

“Any more sins, I gotta hear about Father?”

“Christian, my boy. You are kinder than your father, surely you would not end me, we are family, boy“, he slips in that Italian accent that will help remind me of my roots.

I have never been one to care about my roots. Not with the kind of father, I had anyway.

Wearing my gloves, pulling out the gun from its holster, I sneak in the nozzle through the wires with a clear aim that’s straight through his brains.

If he moves, I’ll still shoot. The place is small enough to ensure the bullets reach him.

If he begs, cries, I still shoot. No leeway. No way



out of this.

“Want to know the craziest thing, Uncle? If you would have shot at me, we wouldn’t be having this conversation. You’d be alive and kicking probably balls deep in the whores you fuck on the altar but you didn’t shoot me, Giovanni.

You shot at what’s mine and you know the code. No one fucks what’s mine except me.”

One bullet, Straight through his head.

Blood smears his side of the booth.

## Chapter 35

I put back my silencer in its resting place and walk out of the booth a guiltless man.

No one heard the shots.

His body will be rotting in there before anyone goes to confession.

The padre is dead. My work here is done.

Time to check up on Sunshine.

Sunshine’s hair flies with the wind and not even

the ear muffs on her head can tame that unruly hair in place.

Her smile makes the sunset behind her look

better in comparison to the rest of the days as she waves goodbye to her colleagues with the only working hand she has at the moment.

Seeing her is enough to want to turn my car around but a certain punk in scrubs has me staying put.

Boyish smile, a little taller than her with chestnut brown hair, the man whispers something in her ear and she giggles before handing him her keys.

He closes up the clinic for her.

What a gentleman, all fucking sarcasm intended.

My phone is already by my ear..

“That man you

hired **as** one of her cuts.

Chapter 351

What's his name?"

"What's this about?"

"Un-hire him."

"Can't do that. The nurse likes him and Xavier  
came in handy with the Demetri situation."

A six-year-old could pick up a phone and call me  
telling me Russian bad men were in a clinic.

This Xander guy wasn't just as replaceable.

"Fire him, hire a woman instead."

"I'm going to hang up now, Volkov. Want to fire him, how about starting that  
conversation with  
your nurse?"

He hangs up.

The Xander guy is already walking the nurse. down the street with a smug smirk by the  
time I spot them again.

Chapter 36

ALEXIA GREEN.

"He's hot just so you know. I think he likes you", Bree's eyes turn dreamy as she hands  
me our dinner.

A few days in her apartment and I'm starting to feel a bit normal. A bit happy too if I am  
being honest.

The 'he' she's referring to is Xavier, another one  
of my assistants from my four assistants.

“I don’t know anything about him.”

Actually, I do.

He’s from Texas and disappointingly lacks that southern twang most gentlemen from Texas

have.

He practiced nursing a bit in Michigan before he got this gig. He’s single, lives with his mother who he seems to love a tad too much to let her live

alone.

And that’s it.

His information alone is enough to make me want to stay away from him.

He’s a good guy. I’m good but trouble follows me like lice on unwashed hair. I can’t do that to him.

This chapter is unlocked. Enjoy reading!

## Chapter 36

“You didn’t know anything about me either and we are besties now“, Brenda nudges.

I sigh taking a bite of my cheesy pasta that has a side of peso sauce.

“I’m sorry about your boyfriend by the way. Sorry, I kinda drove him out of here.”

Bree picks at her food before she hides the pain

away.

“Honestly, I think you moving in is the best thing that **has** happened to me so far. Victor stormed **off** right after that Jett guy threatened him. He didn’t have a job and he slept on the couch most of the time. Sucks to even say this but he was just using me for **my** money.”

“I understand, I’ve had my fair share of douche exes too.”

“You mean Millie’s dad? Christian Volkov?”

I almost choke on the cheese and the pasta.

“He’s not the dad.”

He’s not my anything.

“Sorry. Oh God, sorry. I just thought he’s paying my salary and paying me extra to house you and Millie so I thought he was your baby daddy or something.”

“I don’t think he likes children. Frankly speaking. I think he’d rather have a vasectomy than put a

L

## Chapter 26

child in a woman. He’s just my boss, just like he’s your boss.”

I would dive more into my ex owes him some money so he kidnapped me to repay the debt or he fucked me halfway then kicked me out his house the next thing but I won’t

I won’t let myself think about the monster sleeping in his huge **mansion** like a baby because Millie and I are out of **his** house for good.

Nope. No **thinking** about **him**.

Or the inch of his dick that was **in** me that stretched me out too well giving me pain and pleasure till I bled.

Nope, definitely not thinking about him and his

monster of a dick.

“Ooh ok. Is it true that he’s some sort of gangster

behind closed doors? That he is not as clean as his

business partner Kai Davenport?

“Gangster, maybe. **His** business partner? I don’t know any Davenport.”

But I’ve heard of the name Davenport

somewhere.

“You don’t know any Davenport? He’s like the most sought out bachelor in-.”

The doorbell rings loud, a second later Millie's sobs filter into the *air* and I abandon my pasta

## Chapter 36

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## Chapter 36

rushing to my room.

She's been crying a lot more since we started living at Bree's.

My only hope is that the new environment is the only thing affecting her and nothing more.

I want to hold her but I can't hold her with one arm while the other one is in a sling.

Bree has been helping me hold her but right now she's probably entertaining her guest.

"Hey, baby. The doorbell startled you? Don't worry, it startled me too. You hungry? Can't be, Bree said she changed your diaper when I was away at work. Want your toy?"

I wiggle the Winnie the Pooh squishy in her face but she sobs harder.

"Come on, Mills. Don't be like that to mommy. You know I hate it when you cry, baby."

I caress her cheek with my thumb, her big blue eyes stare at me and sparkle before she takes my thumb and sucks it.

Okay, she's definitely hungry.

My boobs are heavy too. I can pump out some milk for her or breastfeed her on the bed but I need help getting her in my arms.

"One minute, okay? One minute then mommy is all yours."

## Chapter 36

I pull away from my baby giving her a flying kiss. before I walk out of the room heading to the living room.

My feet barely see Brenda's visitor when I smell his scent in the air.

"No", I murmur.

Christian Volkov stands in the living room, all muscle, all black suit, all scowl on his face as his

eyes graze over the miniature furniture and his eyes...brown swirling with dark colors in there, land on me.

The room feels like a mouse trap choking my windpipe.

His presence here suffocates me and wrings my lungs of air.

I remember him and that night.

I remember the hospital and how he didn't visit.

A vast pit of distaste digs miles and miles into my heart.

"I think we ran out of sugar. I'm gonna get sugar from the store", Bree says nervously before she

grabs her coat and dashes out.

I almost remind her that we all can see the sugar in the jar on top of the kitchen island from where we are standing and that it's almost too late for a night to go to the store, but my lips don't move.

## Chapter 36

"Little Nurse", Vicious' voice comes out all gravel, all hard and panty dropping.

He takes a step towards me and I take one back.

"Don't come any closer."

"I'm not gonna bite."

"What are you doing here?"

"Checking on things."

"Well, you checked, now get the fuck out!"

His nostrils flare with astonishment. I'll take the bunny slippers from my feet and kick him out with them if I have to..

"Your anger tantrums are usually cute but I've had a long day and they are starting to piss me off, Sunshine."

"You've had a long day? Aww Daddy Vicious had a long day and he wants kisses to his boo-boos? I got freaking shot and you didn't...you.

just....abandoned me in that hospital! You didn't visit me."

His eyes linger on me, tracing my nose, falling to my lips before his eyes are back on me.

I'm being held by my strength and my strength

only when he looks at me like that.

"I wouldn't have healed you."

I took a bullet for you.

Chapter in

"Ind you want me theyer

"So, after that made I don't we you

улин лисак ди

You probably made the right decision facing me

and Millic out like a bunch of grays and ca thank you enough, View

He moves lik

One minute with him bring away from me, the next minute with him being so close to me  
I have terrater my head for our eyes to www.

"How's your shouldere

"still in pain, don't we like you care?

"I won't. How's your pay

him

I raise my hand to dep bien but he catches it in

time.

"I only ask because you cred the night. I can't heal your shoulder but I can heal your  
pussy, Little Nurse"

Let go of me.

Get out.

Instead, I ask, "How? Are you some magical



Barbie of some vort?"

"Then get out and don't let the door slap you on

the way out"

Chapter 36

He pulls me by my wrist, his lips graze my ear then his voice shivers my timbers

"But I'd kiss that pussy again to erase the pain."

Chapter 36

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Chapter **37**

CHRISTIAN 'VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

"The padre died of a heart attack, that's the official report", Maximo informs me as we lean against the silhouette of my car taking in the dump that is the southside of Chicago.

This place isn't just cold but crime reeks faster than the stench building up in my nostrils.

And that stench is garbage alright.

"What do you think is happening in there? You think they killed the kid", humor laces his voice faster than the annoyance festering in my veins. like potent poison.

Getting rejected is one thing but being denied sex

hits harder.

'But I'd kiss that pussy again to erase the pain.'

'No, thank you. Now get out.'

Not that I haven't tried getting sex elsewhere but two steps breathing in another woman's direction and my dick falls flat, languishing in

dissatisfaction and grief.

I don't give two shits about whatever her deal  
with Demetri was. After the near-death scare, I  
don't think I give two shits if she's plotting my

1/1

15

Chapter 37

death or not.

That's how crazy I am for pussy.

Add in her fucking scent that hits me every two seconds reminding me she kicked me  
out.

Told me not to show my face in case it was an  
emergency.

I couldn't touch the child either or hold her till  
she stopped crying.

Fuck.

I gaze at the metallic makeshift trailer home  
ahead of us and shake my head.

This neighborhood is worse than any of the places I've visited. And in my line of work,  
I've visited many.

But Guepos? Guepos puts the sh in shit.

"No. Troy wouldn't kill him before talking to me",

I quip before two men appear from inside the trailer with rifles bidding us that their boss  
wants

to see us.

"Fucking amateurs", Maximo murmurs as we both stand to our feet moving.

“Don’t shoot, don’t do anything crazy.”

“Don’t do crazy? You’ve been doing things out of protocol since the nurse and the kid left. If anyone’s trigger happy, it’s you, Volkov.”

## Chapter 37

“Troy isn’t worth it.”

“Killing the padre in front of witnesses wasn’t worth it either. Let’s get the kid.”

The trailer–bus–turned–house looks like the regular beat–down houses you see around junkyards.

The living room is squeezed in but Troy Sullivan and his men make it seem like eight men including us isn’t a crowd.

Troy, the son of a gun, is licking grease off his fingers, his meal being the boneless chicken splayed on top of the coffee table.

Some chick sits on his lap all scared and trembling and the kid we came to rescue is on the floor beaten black and blue with wrists chained together by rope.

“Vic, Vic, my man. I had a feeling you’d show up“.

Troy starts.

Maximo and I prefer to stand instead of sitting on the unsanitized couches behind us.

“You threatened to kill one of my men if I didn’t show up so here I am Troy. Speak your terms.

”

Years of being raised in this dump and this man not only has an unfiltered mouth but also an unhinged mind that would rattle whoever **came** up with building the atomic bomb.

## Chapter 37

Troy Sullivan is a genius but the type of wacko man who doesn't know who his friends are and who his enemies are.

Any other person and Troy, would have killed them.

But me? I'd destroy him in an instant.

He knows that, I know that. This whole meeting is a waste of time.

"Nah, Vicious. I'm one of your men too but this....this kid doesn't get to walk out here alive. He

broke the code."

I look at the man on the floor.

His right eye is closed shut, his lip is busted and his whole demeanor screams 'I'm pissing my

pants off.

Days of training and the kid is a disgrace to be called one of ours.

But he's new and way too young to die in this place.

"What code?"

Troy grins, looks at the little lady in his arms and barks, "He touched my sister. You know we don't

do that around here. No one touches my sister, no one especially from your side of the wall comes here and takes what isn't his."

"Jesus Christ, Jude. Troy Sullivan's sister? Do you

Chapter 37

have a fucking death wish?" Maximo asks Jude.

I look at Jude and feel like grilling his balls for making me be here tonight over his balls being deep in Sullivan's sister.

"I—I didn't know. S—she was at the bar and we hit it

off. One thing led to another and-."

"What did you say, boy?" Troy grows on edge.

He draws his firearm out.

The sister that was in his arms minutes ago falls

to the couch as Troy points his gun's nozzle on Jude's head.

"You saying my sister seduced you or something? Are you saying my sister went to Vicious' club without my permission? Is that what you saying?

"No. No. I mean yes. I mean she wasn't...she was."

I'll murder this kid myself.

"Put the gun away, Troy", I encourage, Troy's finger looms over the trigger.

"Nah, Vic. You are here to take this punk's dead body and bury it. That's the courtesy I owe you."

"Please...don't", Jude whimpers, I groan into the night.

"Quit the crying, you are not going to die. Not yet at least", Maximo fires.

Jude's eyes are on me.

Chapter 37

“You kill him and whatever business I have with you runs into the mud. Guepos is a small division in my grasp. You are as easily replaceable as the cups in my kitchen, Troy.”

“You can’t replace me. I’m the best you got.”

In Guepos? Yeah, he is. In the larger picture that’s Chicago? No, he is not.

“The interesting thing about cups is they are all the same and they do the same work too“, I turn

my direction to the woman on the couch, squatting on the ground to get her to focus on me and not her brother,” You know what your brother does for me, don’t you?”

She nods.

“You know the rules, **you** know the ins and outs and you know how much of a cut I get and your

brother gets, don’t you?”

She nods.

I turn to Troy, “See? Just as replaceable.”

“He touched my sister“, Troy grits.

“Your sister seems fine to me. Did Jude force you to do anything?”

“He didn’t. I like him-.”

“No you don’t, Glynn. No you don’t!”

Troy looks like he’s about to burst into a splat of

Chapter 37

tantrums and it’s only seven pm.

“Let my man go, let’s call this a night or else I’ll let Maximo handle this and you know how my enforcer handles things, don’t you?”

Maximo will torture him and his band of yahoos that are holding the rifles like kids from an apocalyptic bad tv movie.

Troy backs off from Jude.

I step forward and grab Jude from the floor by the shoulder helping him up.

“You broke my man’s nose, Troy. Not giving you something back wouldn’t live up to my name.”

“I just let him go. He touched my sister and-“.

The sound of bone cracking fills the air.

Troy drops to the floor with one punch from

Maximo.

Troy’s passed out. Our business here is done.

“T–Thanks boss.”

“On a scale of one to ten, how bad do you need to go to the hospital?”

“Boss I’m fine, just a little bruise here and there

that can’t be-” This content provided by N(o)velDrama].[Org.

“You are gravely injured. You need a nurse.”

“Boss really I’m fi-.”

Chapter 37

“You are seeing the nurse, you little piece of shit, for dragging me all across town to get you out!”

“O–Of course, boss.”

Jude occupies the back seat.”

I hop into the bloody car pissed off than I was when we got here.

Maximo starts the engine but not before he says, “Your obsession with the nurse is going to get us all killed, won’t it Volkov?”

It might.

My dick's already dying.

My sanity is hanging by a thread.

Her blue eyes avoid mine as she attends to Jude's

bruised lips and possible cuts on his brows.

"What did we say about fights?"

"Unfortunately the fight came to me this time around, doc. I swear", she rubs what looks like cotton swabs on Jude's lips and he winces.

She blows on it.

She blows on his miniature wounds like he is a

kid.

"Did the same person beat you up this time.

around?"

Chapter 37

What person?

How long has Jude been coming here to the clinic?

Last time this kid got hurt, beat him

and cut

his torso with the same knife he was supposed to attack me with.

"No. I got into a mess, boss got me out of that mess", Jude says something that's at least earning him brownie points with me.

"I'll prescribe this for the pain and as for the eye, a good ole ice pack out to reduce the swelling."

"Thanks, Lex."

"I don't want to see you here again, Jude. No more fights, I'm serious."



“No more fights.”

Jude stands up, I take a few dollars from my wallet shoving it in his chest.

“Get a cab. Go sleep like a baby this week because

next week, work just doubled up for you, kid“, I

whisper, the kid takes my money exiting the

other way.

It’s just me and her now.

Her back to me as she discards everything she

used to clean the kid’s wounds and my feet pushing me towards her.

Chapter 37

She’s in scrubs. I bet she’d look better with nothing on.

“You are not going to speak to me, Little Nurse?”

“You are not a patient, I’m not obligated to speak to you except to render my services if you need them.”

Damn, firecracker and her lying mouth.

The sexual tension between us is off the charts.

I’d tell her I visited her when she was in the hospital, I’d tell her I’m delaying going home because she is not there in the first place but I’m not that kind of man.

The kind of man for sentiments or what men call

love.

I’d never love her.

What I’d do because my dick couldn’t get the memo however was fuck her and move on.

I take the scissors by the counter. The clean ones at least, running the edge of the blade on my

palm.

“What about now?”

She turns around, her face goes pale at my bloody palm before she starts doing what she’s

good at.

Fixing the broken.

## Chapter 37

“W—why would you do that? You are bleeding. those scissors might not have been sterilized-.”

“You wouldn’t speak if I wasn’t your patient. I’m your patient, speak to me.”

“You are crazy.

“I know.”

“I hate you.”

“You should.”

“Why are you doing this?”

She dabs an antiseptic soaked stuff on my hand  
and I wince, the small wound stinging.

“I need a distraction. A distraction from the pain.

From hurting you”

She’s the only one who can hurt me and I won’t react. She doesn’t know that yet.

I don’t need a distraction.

She’s five feet hell of a distraction.

“Ooh I almost forgot but if you hurt me, I will  
come back to haunt you because this is your fault

in the first place. Fine...umm a distraction.

Lemme think."

Lemme touch your tits. One time. Maybe ten times to remember the feel of them?

"Oh, I know. A joke."

## Chapter 37

Stab me in the heart with those scissors right.

now.

"What do you call a three humped camel?"

I'm starting to hate camels.

"What?" I ask.

"Pregnant!"

She chuckles, doing whatever it is she's doing to my wound.

I wonder if she's gonna blow it.

"Tell me another one."

Her eyes latch onto mine and in slow motion she pushes her chair back and steps away from me.

"I don't have to. You're all patched up, boss. Now, get out and God so help me if you think of stabbing yourself with those scissors I will leave you to bleed to death."

I look around. Everyone's gone for the night.

"Who's driving you home?"

"That's none of your concern."

## Chapter 38

ALEXIA GREEN.

Today was cool.

I got to hang out with Millie, walked in the park while my assistants; Brenda, Layla, Xavier and Wes covered for me at the clinic.

They all know Christian Volkov and the men that work for him and if any man comes in with a wound or something serious, they are not supposed to question anything but just do their job.

By the time I got back, a lot had to be done like signing over the latest inventory, treating Volkov's

men who had a rather violent fight down at the

bar the whole process included taking out broken pieces of glasses from a man's hand.

By six, everyone was beat and I offered to close

up with Millie going home with Brenda.

Looking back now maybe I should have closed up and gone with Brenda too.

But I'm not going to lie, evening walks all by myself have been normal-ish or as normal as a woman would feel working in an illegal place that looks legal to the outside world.

"I'll take you home."

1/10

Setting

15:84

Chapter 38

"I'm not going anywhere with you."

"Don't be stubborn.

"Don't force me to do things I don't want to in the first place.

"Maximo is driving you home then."

That was minutes ago.

A few minutes ago a giant of a man cut his palm with scissors because I didn't want to talk to him

and left this clinic leaving with a tiny fragment of my heart with him.

I despise him.

Yet I miss him.

I can't shake him off.

Yet I don't want him too far away.

What sort of Stockholm syndrome is this?

What is happening to me?

I'm in the middle of cleaning everything up when

the main door to the clinic buzzes.

My hopes rise above my conflicting emotions.

Is Volkov back?

I'll send him away.

Yeah, I'll do that.

It's not like I want to talk to him or generally do

Chapter 38

anything else with him for that matter.

I'm already up from my desk. walking slash running slightly down the hall to the door.

My hand shakes as I pull the tinted glass door

open.

"Don't tell me you...you? What are you doing here?"

"Can we come in?"

No.

“Sure.”

Her perfume smells like cherry blossoms and something Dior. Demetri who is behind her smells like sandalwood and leather.

She removes her coat and her NYU cap that’s really doing nothing to hide her face.

Demetri is wearing regular old jeans, black tee and the occasional leather jacket.

He doesn’t seem happy.

He’s never happy but tonight it’s extra.

“You should not be here!” I whisper shout.

Malyshka...no....Kat steps forward taking my hands

in hers.

“I heard you were shot, Demetri and I couldn’t get to the hospital because my brother had his men all over the place.”

Chapter 38

“Okay.”

What should I say to that?

Gee, thanks because you wanted to visit me while your brother never even tried stepping foot in my hospital room?

Ooh and your brother might be a few minutes near here and he could see you and kill me for thinking I’m working for your Russian fiancé or whatever?

“We were worried. I had to make sure you were okay. Are you fine?”

“I’m fine, Kat better than fine but you really shouldn’t be here, do you understand? Your brother was here? What if he decides to turn around and come back here? Maximo is also waiting for me outside if he-.”

Her eyes dilate, her smile wobbles.

“Max is...is here?”

“Malyshka“, Demetri warns, “coming here was a

bad idea as it is. Engaging Di Marco right now is worse than bad, it's suicide."

"Can I see him?"

What the...

"Can you call him here?"

Tears spring from her eyes, I look at Demetri, he

Chapter 38

replies back with, "Do not call him or I will burn you and everything else in here."

I thought my clinic was a safe haven.

Turns out the Volkov siblings plan on tainting this place with blood.

Their blood? My blood? I have a feeling it will be both.

He's smoking a cigarette in the dark.

Heavy army boots, black leather jacket, a buzz cut that screams mercenary and military trained, Maximo DiMarco is the epitome of villainy.

He looks like a villain, he talks like a villain and he works for the biggest villain, Christian Volkov.

I'm signing my death certificate for even doing.

this.

"You like to smoke a lot?" I ask him.

He stops leaning on his car, standing upright to

face me.

How did he not see them come in if he was

parked across the street from my clinic?

Or was he here having a smoke and recounting

the people he has ended? Probably zoning out on how thrilling it is to be Christian Volkov's

right-hand man.

## Chapter 38

“Are you ready to leave? I don’t see your bag with you.”

“No, yes, I mean I thought we would chat a bit.”

“Is something wrong with your child?”

“What? No.”

I’d offer to babysit if you want.”

1 pause.

You want to babysit? I thought you guys hated children.”

“Millie is a special kid.”

“How **so**?”

“She likes tattoos.”

My baby does not.

“No she doesn’t.”

“Get your bag, close the clinic, it’s getting a little late.

“About that...” I swallow saliva and feel like it’s

choking **me**. “Well...I just need you to like come

with me back to the clinic for a...”

“No.”

His voice is final.

He’s already starting to move toward the driver’s side of the car when I speak out loud,  
“I think.

there’s a mouse in my clinic!”

## Chapter 38



“A mouse?” He asks incredulously.

Yeah, a mouse is better than the Russian man and

his girlfriend who you supposedly think is dead.

“Yeah. I have a phobia of mice....I mean mice. Can’t you just come and kill it so I can get my bag?”

He sighs before he crosses the road. legs fast and heads to my clinic.

I follow behind with sweaty palms.

They are going to kill each other.

This is a terrible idea.

Maximo opens the door.

Catelina doesn’t give him time to breathe because there she is, standing at the reception, gorgeous brown eyes, brown hair, perfection written in her clothes even though a single tear falls from her eyes when she whispers.

“Maximo.”

Maximo doesn’t move.

He stills before he does the one thing I thought

would be the last resort for him.

He takes out his gun like a maniac pointing it at

Cat who’s standing a few feet from him.

It doesn’t get better when Demetri shows himself.

Chapter 38

“Malyshka“, it’s a call for warning

Get Maximo under control or I kill him for

pointing a gun at you.

"It's okay, she hushes.

Maximo's finger is on the trigger.

Cat starts moving towards the gun.

"Max? It's me. remember?

"Bullshit". Maximo voices, raw emotion in his  
veins.

God. help us all because I think Demetri wants to take out his gun too.

"Remember when you found me under that fountain at your mom's party? I was five,  
you were ten and you told me pretty girls shouldn't

have wounds on their hands.

When you were twelve and your father..he cut

you, i-I hid you in my room and you said a pretty thing like me shouldn't sob for  
something broken like you. When I was... when you followed

us to America, you said home wasn't the same

without me. home was where I was because I

was-."

"Trouble", Maximo's harsh tone splices the air, "My kind of trouble."

She only takes a few steps in our direction before Maximo meets her halfway grabbing  
her whole

670

Setting

Chapter 38

life form and smashing it with his body.

They embrace like lost lovers in a maze having

found each other.

“H–How? How?”

He asks.

But you feel it in his voice.

The emotion, the longing, the feeling of a man coming back alive.

“A miracle. I–I’ve missed you. I’m here, I’m  
here.”

“Alive. Alive? You. Are. Alive?”

“I’m-.”

Maximo wraps his hands around her clamping his lips with hers, kissing her like he believes he is in

a dream.

Demetri watches. He’s pissed but you can see it in his eyes. He’s happy for her. Happy for them.

“Demetri saved me that night“, Cat whispers, her hand reaching out to Demetri who gladly takes it.

“Saved you how Catelina? We saw your body, your brother he–he...”

“I know. It’s a long story and I want to explain it  
all to you.”

“Get your hands off her“, Maximo growls.

## Chapter 38

Demetri thunders back, “I have every right to hold my fiancé the way I see fit.”

“Fiancé?”

“Hey, hey! No one is starting a fight here. Demetri is her fiancé; apparently you love her as well Maximo and she loves the both of you. Solve your problems elsewhere the more we stay here, the more scared I am of Volkov showing up.”

The more scared I am that he will hate me for

keeping his sister a secret.

!

Chapter 39

Chapter 39

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

"I visited her by the clinic today, she and Millie look happy. The young man was also kind in helping me-,"

"What young man?"

I ask Juana, putting the documents down first and taking a swig of my whiskey.

"The dashing nurse. Xavier, I think. He's at sweetheart in helping people around"

I bet he fucking is.

He probably licks the floors clean too for the

Little Nurse.

"Vicious?"

"You can go to sleep; I don't need anything else."

I glance back at the documents.

And in all honesty, I can't see shit and that's not the alcohol talking but a whole lot of crap

was

happening in my body as I imagine some punk

nurse—man getting cozy with the sunshine.

blonde.

My sunshine blonde.

"Vicious? If I may?"

thena Pallis

## Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

Era il mio principe oscuro.

He was my dark prince.

Forged in the darkness, meant to stem evil around him, meant to pretend he was someone else underneath a false sense of duty and obligation but I knew him.

I was his light in the darkness, I loved his evil, I knew the prince lurking beneath all that armor.

The prince who once talked to me and made me feel I was worthy.

I was pretty.

I was powerful.

Mio principe wiped my tears at the age of ten when my mother had one of her panic attacks at her lavish parties and lashed out at me.

Mio principe held me and listened to me tattler about my miserable life.

My prince looked me in the eyes and told me, "You are a principessa. Don't let anyone treat you otherwise."

Fate and his past had separated us but a love that

## Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

was forged and written in the skies couldn't be

erased.

Destiny worked.

I believed in destiny.

I believed in myself.

Just like Christian Vitello had once told me; I was a princess and a princess got everything she wanted including his heart.

"Silencio!"

Allagra Pallis, my mama, CEO of Pallis Motors and the head of the Five Mafioso Families slaps her hand on the thirty-two-seat conference table.

At the age of forty-five and with a face that didn't seem to age. Allagra Pallis was a force to be

reckoned with.

Imbued with a tongue that would rival the gods. themselves, a witty mind that wasn't passed down to me in any way and a short-circuited temper, Allagra was the epitome of perfection.

The epitome of my imperfections.

The epitome of the stinging jealousy that stung my heart when she mentioned my dead sister who she wished would be heir to the Pallis family

instead of me.

Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

She didn't tell me that herself.

No, Allagra had a way of kicking me to the curb by smothering me with love and expectations. and I sat and followed Mama because she was the queen in this chess game.

I was the rook meant to be tossed around.

"Moretti betrayed us all by starting a war and leaving us in debt. Yet we expect his son to take the reins and damn us all to hell? His son will ruin us to the mud", Ginno La Monda, the

sixty-year-old who owns La Monda winery speaks up, the worry lines on his forehead not being a match to mama's scowl.

"What do you propose, Ginno?" Mama asks.

Ginno rubs his bulging pot belly giving everyone a peek at his newest Versace suit from the new clothing line Versace just launched and a Philip Patek watch on his wrist.

"We deny him the seat."

"You want us to go to war? Moretti Vitello was a fuckup but his grandfather started all this, the Cosa Nostra is his birthright. The boy deserves a chance."

“Don’t be too much of a prude Allagra, that’s not your style. When Moretti damned us all you took the reins, you were ready to be heir. Damn it, you are the one keeping us afloat. But we are getting

Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

too old for this, let our children take the throne.”

He looks at his son. Ginno La Monda Jr.

And I know Junior, we have attended balls together and he is not a good enough mafia don.

He is no prince.

He is no Vitello..

Mama chuckles ridiculing Ginno where he stands. the other families chuckle too, “Are you

proposing we hand the seat to your son?”

“He is more than capable of-.”

“Your son couldn’t hold a candle to what Christian Vitello Volkov has done in Chicago. While your son stays and eats like a pig in Daddy’s overpriced mansion, Christian Vitello has built an empire with no money and no resources but his wits.

He lost a family member and he is still going on strong. How many of us have stood strong after we lost people we cared about?

I lost my daughter when she was four and I have never been the same. You lost your wife, La Monda, and you’ve been balls deep in mistresses ever since. Basilio? Domenico? Can you all

compete with everything the boy has done over the years?”

Basilio Agrusa and his family all nod their heads.

Special Chapter 40 Athena P

with a ‘no

Domenico Albano yas my mother in her wee

Ginno La Monda looks like he's to go, "Then what do you want? He handed us the seat we've worked hard to trudge since his father ruined it."

"He agreed to our terms a year ago and he reached out. He agreed to claim has been under our terms."

Ginno laughs, his meaty hands tapping the table again, "Which one of us could hand over daughter to the brute? Huh, Allie? I kid you not the boy will want revenge for his father, he will run us to the ground and I will not cover my bloodline with Moretti blood."

He might be a brute but Christian Vitello has

own way of processing things

None of these people know him.

Not like I know him.

Clutching my Brunello Cucinelli handbag straightening the La Perla minidress I have on, I speak up.

"I will marry **him**. I'll marry Christian Vitello."

Mama's sharp eyes are the first ones to shoot me down and before she can scold me for speaking

out of **turn**, Ginno claps **his** hands.

Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

"Great. How befitting. It's decided then Athena

Pallis will marry the Cosa Nostra heir and keep him in line from killing us all. Meeting adjourned."

Everyone leaps out one by one.

My mother struggles to keep her anger in check

but fails when we are left alone.

"You were to observe, you were to listen you were



not to-.”

“Mama-”

“You do not speak out of turn; you do not give these men ammunition to destroy you because once they have it you are as good as done. How many times have I taught you that, Thena? How many times I have taught you we women need to be careful in this type of world?”

I glance at her blue eyes, the ones that earned her the name ‘Alessandro Pallis’ pearl’.

She was my father’s pearl.

I’ll never be like that and maybe some part of me

hates her for it.

Maybe I want to move away from her shadow. To the only man who has ever understood me.

“I love him.”

I utter the words I have been speaking in my dreams for years out loud and feel my heart

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Setting

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Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

weigh a little less,

I have loved the prince who consoled me in my mother’s garden and never spoke to me again.

I have loved him since high school.

When he ran away to America I cried that night for him, for us, for our future but destiny **has** intervened.

“Ooh, Athena. Men like him, fueled by revenge and darkness, never have it in them to love. A love like that will consume you.”

“Dad was like that and he loved you. He loved you to the very end, there is hope for me and Christian, I know there is. I will make sure there

is.”

“Thena-.”

“I’m not a kid, I’m sorry I’m not like Alessandra, that I couldn’t be enough for you after she and

dad died but this is what I want, he is what I want and I will fight for him.”

Fight to the death.

Fight for his darkness.

Fight for his love.

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I arrived in Chicago even after my mother’s  
protests.

Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

I have been to Taiwan, to Beijing, to Moscow, Mexico but never this north of America.

Never too close to where Christian Vitello  
operated.

I was too scared, too shy to speak to him but he will get the news soon.

He will know we are to wed and he will

remember me.

I went shopping in a few stores though, to look good for him, to seduce him. My nerves were all over the place as I skimmed over all the outfits I would get to wear for him.

Tonight, in the bustling cold night of Chicago, my driver and I **are** parked across a shabby ‘almost falling apart’ building.

We followed Christian all the way here and he has

not come down yet.

Does he carry out his operations here? In this dump?

“Ms. Pallis? I think it's getting late, we should head back to your apartment because your mother

wouldn't like to hear any of-.”

“Do you work for my mother or do you work for me, Alonso?”

“For you, ma'am.”

“Then if I say we are staying here till my fiancé

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comes down then we stay all night if we have to.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

Christian didn't come down.

Not after ten hours of gazing out the window

anyway.

When he came down, mama's words rang in my mind.

“A man like him does not have it in him to love anything or anyone.”

Then why is he holding the blonde woman outside the shabby apartment like they are his prized possessions?

“A love like that will consume you.”

It's already consuming me, mama.

His eyes, his smile.

He is happy with this woman.

This American whore.

It hurts.

It hurts even more when he pinches her butt and kisses the child like the nasty thing is his.

Why do they look like a family?

Why is she stealing what's mine?

He's mine. I saw him first. He became my prince.

first.

Special Chapter 40: Athena Pallis

"Alexia Green, twenty-three years old, orphan has a three-month-old child with one Rhett.

Kingston. She's been off and on the streets for a few months up until recently according to the neighbors, two loan sharks invaded her home and

took her."

"The clinic she works in is indeed your fiancé's,

ma'am. I couldn't get every detail since her co-workers are a little tight lipped but your

fiancé's men have been there a lot. Seems like

Alexia Green is the head nurse."

"I'm doing everything I can to find Rhett Kingston, ma'am but no private investigator can work under the pressure you have me under. No, money is not an issue.

I'll find him for you ma'am."

"I found Rhett Kingston. He's in New Jersey."

Rhett Kingston is my ticket in getting rid of Alexia Green and now no one will stand in my way in winning what's mine.

In winning the heart of Christian Vitello Volkov.