

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 41 - 50

Althaia

I let out a yawn as I woke up, carefully stretching my aching limbs. My face was hurting a lot from kissing the floor too many times, and my brow was itching especially with the tight feeling still present. I looked to where Damiano was sleeping only to find the spot empty. How was that man even human? He barely gets any sleep.

I moved to the edge of the bed, trying to figure out how to get to the bathroom with my injured foot. I thought of jumping on one leg to get here but quickly decided against it as it would only make my body ache more. So, I only had one last option.

To crawl.

Here I was, on the floor and my hands and knees, trying to get to the bathroom while keeping my foot up. The room was literally the size of an apartment and I felt it took forever to get to the bathroom. By the time I got there, I was out of breath and I couldn't tell if it was because of the condition I was in or if I was just really out of shape.

Probably a mixture of both.

When I was done doing my business, I supported myself on the counter of the sink. I gasped when I saw myself in the mirror. My hair was a big mess and my face definitely showed just how many times I kissed the floor. I had three stitches just above my brow but luckily it didn't seem too bad or swollen.

I started to pull out all of the hairpins in my hair to fix my

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appearance a little bit. I must have been exhausted since I could sleep with all of this in my hair without it bothering me. I ran my fingers through my hair, trying to tame it and untangle all the knots since I couldn't find a brush. It was a whole damn workout.

I went through the drawers and grabbed a spare toothbrush. There was a whole stack of them so Damiano shouldn't miss this one too much. I washed my face, dabbed it dry, and looked back in the mirror. I did look a lot better compared to how I first saw myself. I still looked like shit but less.

Just as I was about to limp to the door, it swung open.

"You can't just open the door like that. What if I was peeing or something?"

"So?" Damiano raised a brow and closed the distance between us.

"Well, I don't exactly want to pee in front of you." I explained as I looked up at him. He caged me between his arms, his face coming closer to mine.

"I have seen all of you. Tasted all of you. Nothing to be ashamed of." His

hands slid down to my and lifted me in his arms.

"It's not the same." I said amused and wrapped my legs around him the best I could. He walked to the bed and sat down with me still straddling him.

"How are you feeling?" He asked softly and took a look at my stitched brow.

"I'm sore, tired, and hungry. Also, this is really annoying me." I pointed to my brow.

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"So, like sit to put it in one word." I sighed and rested my head on his shoulder. I was feeling a little tired even though I had just woken up, but I knew it was my body using all of its energy to heal. Damiano hugged me tighter into his body and we just sat like this in silence. I closed my eyes as I enjoyed the feeling of his arms wrapped around me and listening to his steady breathing.

"We need to get you to the clinic." He chuckled when I jumped a little in his lap when he suddenly spoke.

"Sorry..." I said a bit embarrassed that I had fallen asleep on him.

"Don't be. You can sleep when we come back."

"Like this again?" I joked.

"Whatever you want." Damiano gave a small soft smile and pecked my lips before he sat me on the bed. I felt the heat creeping up on my cheeks at his action, having me smile at the way he was treating me.

He brought some of my clothes for me to change into, but I only grabbed the sweatpants and kept his t-shirt on, and tucked it into the waistband.

"I like it on you." He nodded in approval.

"You're never getting it back just so you know." I warned him. I loved how big it was on me and it also smelled like him, having me love it even more.

"That's fine." He carried me again and went to the dining room as it was lunchtime, and everyone was seated there. I could already hear Arianna and Rafaelle bickering as we neared the room.

"Look who decided to make an appearance." Rafaelle smiled from

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ear to ear when he saw us. Damiano sat me down on a chair and seated himself at the end of the table next to me.

"Oh, dan! When I said she won't be able to walk when she comes back, I didn't mean it like that." Rafaelle erupted with a laugh. I gaped at him as he said that in front of everyone. Including Rosana and Sofia who were in the process of placing food on the table.

"Shut up, you idiot!" Arianna yelled at him but he just grinned at her.

"So, did you fck her that hard she banged her head against the wall?" Rafaelle

continued. My face turned completely red, and I didn't know if it was from being completely mortified or by rage. that he had said that in front of everyone. I would probably have cared less if Rosana and Sofia weren't present.

But they were!

"Sofia!" Rosana scolded when a loud sound of the plate clattered against the table and made us all look at Sofia.

"Sorry, it slipped." She mumbled and kept her eyes down and continued to place the plates on the table a bit harshly. Sofia quickly left the dining room when she was done and Rosana followed her after apologizing for her behavior.

Weird.

"Are you okay? They told me what happened." Cara looked at me worriedly.

"I'll be fine, don't worry." I gave her a reassuring smile.

"Is it really what happened or is it just a cover-up story so we

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wouldn't know that you were fcking like animals." Rafaelle wiggled his brows at me.

126 Vouchers

"And why would you think he did this to me?" I asked him while I placed some fruit on my plate.

"Look at him. He's huge. I wouldn't be surprised if he finally let loose." I shook my head at him as he continued to laugh. Damiano was doing an excellent job of ignoring Rafaelle and just ate his food.

"Can we please talk about something else? I really don't want to hear about my brother's sex life." Arianna shivered in disgust.

"You're just jealous because you ain't getting some." Rafaelle teased.

"Who says I'm not getting some?" The minute the words escaped her mouth, both Damiano and Lorenzo stopped eating and looked at Arianna with a look that was so menacing it had me leaning back in my seat, not daring to make a sound. Even Cara had an 'oh sit' look on her face.

Arianna was not fazed by them one bit and just rolled her eyes at them.

"Oh, so you can talk about how you all are getting some, but I can't?" She scoffed and crossed her arms.

"Who is he?" Lorenzo demanded with his narrowing eyes.

"Like I'm going to tell you."

"I just want a word with him."

"Does it involve a knife or a gun?" She raised a brow at him and Lorenzo gave a devilish smirk.

283 Voucher

"That's what I thought." Arianna rolled her eyes.

"Liar, you're not dating anyone." Rafaelle commented.

"I'm not dating, I'm just having fun." She shrugged. This woman was truly fearless. She did not give one fck about the looks Damiano and Lorenzo were giving her, ready to kill whoever was 'having fun' with their sister.

"Go, Arianna! Is he hot?" I asked while smiling sweetly at Damiano. He directed his glare at me. I could handle the looks he was giving me, but I didn't dare to look at Lorenzo.

"I'm telling you, he is fine as fck!" Cara suddenly erupted. In a split second, Lorenzo pulled Cara out of her chair, threw her over his shoulder, and walked out of the dining room with her laughing.

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Althaia

"Okay, so you don't have an infection, which is great, just make sure you keep your stitches clean and dry, and you'll heal in no time." Ellie said after finishing a full check-up on me. I sat on the hospital bed and watched her type everything into the computer while she asked me some more questions.

"As for your foot, it's a mild sprain. Are you resting and keeping yourself off your feet?"

"Yes. I can't really be bothered to do anything right now. And he's practically carrying me everywhere like a child." I gestured to Damiano who was standing next to the bed.

"I noticed that. I will get some crutches for you to use." She chuckled.

"There is no need for them." Damiano dismissed.

"How am I supposed to move around then?" I asked him. Surely he wasn't thinking of carrying me all the time?

"You're not. That way I know you're staying put." I sighed and rolled my eyes at him.

"I will get lazy if you carry me everywhere. I need to move around at some point."

"She has a point." Ellie backed me up.

"You can't argue with a doctor. She knows best." I grinned at him. Damiano didn't look happy about it but eventually gave in. He said

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I was getting them tomorrow to make sure I would be doing nothing but rest today, which was fine by me. I secretly liked being carried around in his arms but people were staring too much which I didn't like as it made me feel uncomfortable.

"Do you have any questions before you go?" Ellie asked.

"Just one. How long is it supposed to be like this?" I pointed to my brow.

"Around five to seven days. Come back by the end of the week, and I'll have a look. Deal?" I thanked her and promised I would take it easy.

"I have to call my mom and tell her I won't be able to come home this week." I told Damiano once we were in the car on our way back to the manor. I would have to come up with some kind of believable excuse as there was no way I was going to tell my mother that someone tried to kill me. She would have a heart attack.

"You'll get your phone later, I just need to make sure nothing is wrong with it."

"What should be wrong with it?"

"Tracking device since you left your phone in the room." He explained.

"I don't know why I keep getting surprised by your answers." I sighed tiredly and got comfortable. The sun was shining brightly above us and the warmth was covering my body in a nice, relaxing way. It was enough to make me sleepy.

"Was that really a heart I saw on the wall?" I asked nervously. I had been wondering about it but felt sick every time the image flashed

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in my mind. I didn't know much about this world but I wasn't that clueless that I didn't know what it meant. What I couldn't understand was why me.

"A cow's heart." I turned my head to look at him.

"How do you know?"

"I just do." He replied curtly. I didn't press on as I couldn't really stomach the whole heart situation. I was disgusted but also in a way relieved that it wasn't an actual human heart.

"What will happen if you find him?" I decided to ask instead. He had his hand placed on my thigh as he drove, his thumb caressing me now and then.

"Not if but when. And I think you already know the answer to that." He looked at me after parking in front of the manor. His eyes went to look at my stitched brow before meeting my eyes again. This time, his expression hardened.

"I'm going to make sure he won't be able to hurt you again." A slight chill ran down my back from the tone of his voice. It was full of promise and I had no doubt Damiano would most likely end his life. I had after all, in a way, witnessed him shoot people without even blinking.

I gave a small smile when he caressed my cheek. I should be more afraid, and even traumatized, but he was so good at making me feel safe with him and have me forget about it all when he was near me.

"You're gonna break your back if you keep carrying up and down the stairs." I

chuckled. Since minimal people were around, I was enjoying the feeling of his strong arms carrying me.

Never Enough

1288 Vouchers

“As if you can hurt me. You’re light as a feather.” Damiano let out a playful smile and I took a moment to enjoy the beautiful sight. I loved his smiles. It gave me this fluttery feeling whenever he did.

“Liar, but I’ll take the compliment.”

“You’re really tiny. Well, most of you are.” I let out a squeal when he suddenly squeezed my as.

“I’m not tiny! You’re just huge.”

“I know.” He winked.

“Tsk, don’t flatter yourself. I’ve tried better and bigger.” I bit my lip so I wouldn’t start laughing. It was an obvious lie. I have never experienced anything like it with someone else. It was like he knew my body better than myself.

“I’ve told you before, and I’ll tell you again; you’re a lousy liar. I can always tell when you’re lying. Do I need to remind you who you’re dealing with?” He raised a brow at me as he stepped into his room and shut the door behind him with his foot.

“And how would you like to remind me?” I asked in a slightly flirtatious voice when he sat down on the bed with me on his lap. I moved to straddle him and wrapped my arms around his neck. I was so close to him my lips almost touching his.

“You need to rest.”

“Hmm, you know what would really help me relax?” I played with the back of his hair, watching his eyes darken. If played my cards right, he wouldn’t be able to resist.

“I know what you’re trying to do.” He grabbed my wrists to stop them when they started to travel down his body.

“I’m just trying to help you out...” I looked down at his very visible and hard bulge that was so eager to be set free.

“Looks painful. Don’t you want me to help?” I started to slowly move my hips against him. Damiano quickly grabbed my hips to make me stop moving.

“Althaia.” He warned. His voice was husky from lust and it had me excited. I knew it would only be a matter of time before I would have him right where I want.

“Fine. I’m going to take a shower now then.” I pulled the t-shirt over my head, exposing my naked breasts to him.

“Care to join? I’m going to be all wet and soapy.” My voice went low as I trailed my hands from my stomach and up to my breasts. I grabbed them and played with them while letting out a small moan as I looked at him.

Damiano held me tightly and moved fast. Before I knew it, he had me on the bed with him on top of me.

"You are one dangerous woman..." His lips sealed over mine hungrily and I happily responded. My hands went down his body and ripped his dress shirt open to feel his bare rock hard body. Damiano leaned back and threw his shirt to the side, all while eyeing me with his hungry eyes. His look was enough to change my breathing and have me squeeze my thighs together at the throbbing sensation that had appeared.

Damiano pulled down my sweatpants, careful not to move my foot too much. He got off the bed and unzipped his pants, and as I had absolutely no shame at all, my eyes went down immediately to see his very excited length. The way he stood there and slowly stroked himself had me dripping on his sheet with that sight alone.

I sat up on the bed and wrapped my hand around his thick length. to take over for him. The way I noticed his breathing change with a slight groan had me moving faster, and focusing on that spot I knew that gave him the most pleasure. I slowly leaned down to take him in my mouth but he gently cupped my chin to stop me. Instead, he put his two fingers in my mouth, watching me suck on them.

He pushed me back until my back was flat on the bed, and the fingers that were in my mouth trailed down my body and reached my entrance which was desperate for his touch. I gasped when filled me up with his fingers, pumping in and out to prepare me for him.

"uck, you're dripping, baby." Damiano grunted as he watched intensely while working his fingers inside of me.

"I want you..." I moaned out to him, eager to have him inside of me already. He smirked as he placed my leg on his shoulder. I barely felt his fingers move out when he suddenly roughly entered me. with his length, going all the way in with one thrust, making me whimper at his roughness.

Damiano moved his hips brutally against me and I couldn't keep my moans in as he kept pounding inside of me while making low. sounds of grunts. It had my back arch and my legs started to tremble in no time as he kept going, filling me up over again.

"Ah.. yes!" I cried out just as I clenched around him. The intense climax rippled through me as he continued to thrust inside of me, intensifying the waves of pleasure. His hold tightened on me as he grunted and soon followed and released inside of me.

Damiano collapsed on top of me, careful not to crush me as we caught our breaths. I cupped his cheeks, feeling the spkiness of

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his stubble as I caressed him. He looked at me with that expression again that

filled my body with a strange feeling.

And it felt so good.

It was all so overwhelming with the fluttery feeling it had me pull him into a soft kiss. It had me feeling like I could never get enough of him.

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Althaia

“What did you do on your little getaway with Damiano?” Cara asked as she shoved her face with popcorn. Arianna and Cara brought snacks and we were all just splattered on the bed in Damiano’s room. Damiano had helped me in the shower after our quick fck, but one thing lead to the other in the shower and we had another round. I was planning on taking a nap but couldn’t sleep so Arianna and Cara came to entertain me.

“Don’t give details.” Arianna said in a warning tone.

“What’s the fun in that? I want the details! Tell me, is he big?” Cara got a pillow smacked in her face by Arianna.

“You’re so fcking disgusting! Don’t you dare say anything.” She looked at me sternly.

“I wasn’t planning to.” I laughed at her reaction.

“Come on! I want some hear some juicy stuff. I will even start and say that Lorenzo is definitely packing. It felt like he ripped my vagina in half!” Cara continued. I burst out laughing when Arianna put her in a headlock with her hand clamped against her mouth to make her stop talking about Lorenzo’s ‘package’.

“Okay, okay!” Cara yelled as she struggled to get out of Arianna’s hold.

“You’re like a female hulk!” Cara looked at her in shock.

“Right?! She is freakishly strong!” I said as I remembered how she had held my head when Ellie needed to stitch me. She really made

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sure I couldn’t move.

“Duh, look who my brothers are. They dragged my as to work out with them and taught me how to fight, how to use knives, guns, you mention it.” She casually said as if it was normal. Well, for them it was.

“They did not cut me any slack, and they didn’t give a fck about how they were much stronger than me. I remember telling them to chill the fck out and I used the ‘I’m a girl’ card. Lame, I know, but they were kicking my as. Damiano got so mad at me and said people don’t give a sit about you being a girl. Either

you kill or get killed. That was my last day of complaining.” Arianna chuckled. “Whoa... How old were you?” I asked, interested in getting to know more about their lives.

“I think I was around 13 years old.”

“You were just a kid!” I exclaimed in shock.

“It’s normal in our world, Althaia. If things were different, you would probably have learned how to use a gun and a knife too.” She shrugged.

“True. I mean, I didn’t go through the same as you, but I just learned the basics of how to use a gun.” Cara added with a nod.

“What?! Since when? You’ve never told me that.” I gaped at her.

“How am I supposed to bring it up? Like ‘oh, by the way, I know how to shoot people’?” She looked at me amused. I guess she did have a point.

“Well, now I kind of feel left out.” I frowned. It would be cool to learn how to use a gun. Not that I was planning on shooting anyone, but now I felt like an outsider. Arianna looked at me for a little while before smiling.

“You see, when I first saw you, I thought you would be scared and submissive. But then I saw how you handled Damiano, and how you weren’t scared of him. The big innocent green eyes you have are deceiving. You’re tougher than you look.” She laughed and I couldn’t help but smile at the comment.

“Trust me, I was scared of him the first time I saw him. Especially, when he showed up in my hotel room. I thought he was going to shoot me that day.”

“He probably was going to.”

“...Thanks for clarifying.” I gave a sarcastic smile.

“You’re welcome. So, do you want me to teach you how to use a gun?”

“Really?” I looked at her in surprise.

“Yeah, why not. You need to learn how to defend yourself so you don’t end up with a face like that.” She grimaced when she gestured to my face. I looked at her blankly and threw a bag of chips at her which she caught and stuck her tongue out at me.

“When can we start?” I was excited that I would be learning how to handle a gun. The thought of it gave a rush to my body.

“Depends. Do we have to wait for Damiano’s approval, or do we just do it behind his back?” She raised a brow.

“Right, because he would so approve of me learning how to use a gun.” I said sarcastically. I already knew there was no way I could ever talk to him to teach me how to use a gun. I can’t even imagine

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trying to have that conversation with him.

“Exactly. Then we can start tomorrow.”

“Already?”

“The sooner, the better.” She said as she popped an M&M in her mouth. I gulped a little. I didn’t expect it to be that soon.

“Okay, enough about that! Let’s go back to what you were doing while being away from the rest of us.” Cara grinned and Arianna groaned.

“Nothing, we just hung out.” I shrugged.

“Hung out? What are you, teenagers?” Cara was not impressed with the answer I gave her.

“Give me the juicy parts!” She almost whined.

“You really want to know? Fine. We fcked a lot. So much I was sore. We fcked in the bed, in the shower, in the car, and in the bathroom of a really nice boutique while shopping for a dress. Happy?” I huffed out.

“Oh, and we also just fcked right there before you guys came.” I pointed to where they were sitting. Arianna got up quickly from the bed and cursed at me for being disgusting. Cara was laughing her head off at Arianna’s reaction while cheering me on.

After a while of talking and bickering back and forth, they left the room so I could sleep. I kept yawning and struggled to keep up with the conversations. I even fell asleep while they were talking to me and mumbled something in return. The exhaustion hit me full force and needed some good sleep, and they left the room quietly while I dozed off.

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I didn’t know what happened.

Suddenly, I couldn’t breathe.

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288 Vouchers

I tried gasping for air but nothing filled my lungs. I couldn’t open my eyes and my body was pressed down onto the bed so I couldn’t move. I tried to scream but no sound was escaping.

I was panicking.

I was running out of air fast.

I started to violently thrash around in bed but my upper body was heavy with something. I tried to move my legs but not much was happening. With all of the strength

left in me, I rolled over to the side and fell right off the bed. I landed on my front with a loud thud and gasped for air.

I sat up to look around, only to see Sofia lunging at me.

I didn’t have time to react when she wrapped her hands around my neck. My eyes burned with tears as she crushed my windpipe, using her weight to put more pressure as she had the advantage of being on top of me

"You don't deserve him!" She hissed at me. I tried to get her hands away from me, even scratching them but she wouldn't budge. I wanted to say something but only the sounds of gags came out of me.

"What do you have that I don't!?" Sofia yelled in my face. My sight started to get blurry and I had to do something fast.

I pulled my arm back and landed a painful punch right on her nose. She cried out in pain and held her face. I took the chance and pushed her away as fast as I could to get away. I started to violently cough and gasp for air my lungs were desperate after. I stumbled up to my feet, trying to get away from her but she quickly recovered and slammed me right into the wall and held me hostage.

"So – Sofia, stop." My voice was breaking and was hrse from her choking me.

"What do you have that I don't?! You're not even that pretty and you're so fcking weak. You're nothing!" Her baby blue eyes were filled with rage as she yelled. I looked at her with my eyes wide, stunned to hear her true feelings.

"He's mine!"

"Then take him." I coughed out. She looked at me surprised and her hold on to me slightly loosened. It was enough for me to grab her head and smash her face right down into my knee. Sofia screamed as blood poured out from her nose. She stumbled away from me and fell to the floor. I wasted no time and ran to the door, ignoring the pain shooting up in my foot. I swung the door open. and looked back to make sure she was still on the floor, only to see her aiming a small gun at me with shaking hands.

I let out a scream as I threw myself to the floor and the sound of a gunshot echoed through the walls. I was breathing hard as I crawled away from the door with my trembling body. I tried to get up but my body was too weak already, having me stay down on the floor.

"Althaia!" Several footsteps were heard running up the stairs as soon and I wanted to cry in relief that someone was coming.

"H- Help..." I croaked out. My throat was burning and making me cough every time I tried to speak. A pair of arms grabbed me and pulled me. I looked up to see it was Damiano who was holding me tightly to him.

But he wasn't looking at me.

I followed his gaze, seeing Sofia standing at the end and aiming

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the gun at me with her shaking hands. Blood was still gushing ou from her nose but she didn't care as she had her eyes set on me.

"Sofia." Damiano sneered out in a threatening tone and pulled me behind his back.

"Move, Damiano. I don't want to hurt you." Her breathing was loud and harsh.

My heart was going crazy behind my chest, and it was making me take quick and sharp intakes of breaths which only caused me to cough with my hurting throat.

"Put the gun down. You don't want to do this." I noticed her look behind us and I followed her gaze. Antonio, Luca, and Lorenzo were behind us, their eyes focusing on Sofia. Arianna and Cara were to the side, close to the stairs, and out of Sofia's view.

"I don't want to hurt anyone. I just want her!" She hissed the last part.

"Why?" Damiano calmly asked. He was talking to her as if she wasn't waving a gun at us.

"She doesn't deserve you."

"That's not a good enough answer, Sofia." He began to walk towards her.

"No!" I grabbed the back of his shirt to stop him in fear of her suddenly shooting him.

"Don't fcking touch him!" Sofia screamed at the top of her lungs and aimed her gun at me. I froze and stopped breathing at the sound of the gun firing. I looked down at my body but I got confused when I didn't see any blood. Neither could I feel any pain. A blood-curdling scream pierced through the ringing in my ears and made me snap towards the sound.

Sofia was on the floor, clutching her bloody hands while screaming in pain.

"What...?" Confused, I looked at Damiano, now noticing the gun in his hand. He had shot Sofia's hands before she could pull the trigger.

Post Views: 8

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Damiano

"Get her away from here. I will deal with her later." I ordered Antonio and Luca. Sofia was screaming and sobbing as they dragged her away. I tucked my gun into the waistband behind my back. I ignored everyone else as I focused on Althaia, frowning as I placed my hands on her cheeks. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her neck was red with finger marks visible.

My anger flared at the sight in front of me.

"Don't talk." I told her when she tried to say something. It would only hurt her.

"How could this happen?" Cara pulled her away from me to look at her. She was furious and turned to glare at me.

"Do you just let everyone have access to guns?"

"No."

"Good to know you're not keeping track of shit." She hissed out, and I shot her a warning look.

"Watch your mouth, woman." I took a step toward her with a glare. Cara

looked away and took a step back.

"S-stop it." Althaia's horse voice interrupted. I looked at her to see her wince and put a hand to her throat.

"Ellie is on her way." Arianna informed me, and I nodded. Lorenzo stopped next to me and handed me the gun Sofia was holding earlier. I grabbed it and turned it around as I examined the very

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familiar gun. I shared a look with Lorenzo, who confirmed my thoughts.

"Arianna, tell me how the fck Sofia got a hold of your gun?" I snapped at her. She looked at the gun with a frown.

"I don't know..."

"You don't know?" I gritted my teeth and stood in front of her.

"I keep this one in my purse... She must have snooped around and found it."

"Then you better take care of her." I pushed the gun into her hands.

"Fine." She snapped and turned to walk away.

"But I warned you, Damiano. I told you she would be a problem if you didn't get rid of her." She gave me a knowing look before continuing down the stairs.

"Get Rosana to my office." I told Lorenzo and turned to Althaia. She was already looking at me with a frown on her face. I reached out for her, but she moved away.

"Can you help?" She whispered to Cara. She was already holding onto Cara for support, who was giving me a disapproving look.

"Don't be ridiculous, Althaia." I sighed and closed my eyes when she ignored me and limped to the stairs with Cara's help. Althaia was struggling, and Lorenzo took over for Cara and carried Althaia down the stairs. I rolled my neck in annoyance at the whole situation. My foolishness in the past was biting me in the fcking as right now.

I should have fcking gotten rid of her.

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288 Voucher

I walked into my office and saw Althaia already seated on the couch with Cara next to her. She talked to Althaia softly, but she didn't say anything and just kept her eyes down on her lap, nodding now and then to whatever Cara was saying.

"My goodness..." Rosana looked shocked when she saw Althaia.

"Rosana, Sofia tried to kill Althaia not too long ago." I leaned on my desk and crossed my arms. Her eyes became wide as she put her hand to her mouth and gasped.

"No, it can't be... My Sofia?" Rosana asked in disbelief.

"Sofa dared to wave a gun in my house and in front of me." My expression

hardened. Rosana had tears in her eyes, barely believing her own two ears. "You should prepare yourself. I'm simply saying this out of respect for you." I told her coldly. Rosana had been working for the family for years and had always been loyal. It was unfortunate her daughter decided to fck up like this. "No, no please!" She cried out.

"I'll do anything! Just please, spare her life." She grabbed my arm and looked at me with begging eyes.

"You know the consequences." I frowned.

"Please, just send her away. She's my only daughter." She sobbed, and tears streamed down her face. I was about to dismiss her when I looked at Althaia, who was focused on Rosana. Traditionally, she would be the one deciding what to do with Sofia since she was the one who got attacked, but since she was not the type of person to order someone's death, I made the decision. Althaia's eyes softened and glistened with tears as she bit down on her lip when it started to tremble. She looked at me, a tear escaping her eye and running down her cheek. She shook her head a little at me before looking back at Rosana.

I rubbed my jaw. That woman was truly something else.

She was too pure and too loving to ever have sit like this happen to her. Too innocent to ever be with someone like me. Yet, I was being selfish. I wanted her, and I had no intention of letting her go despite the dangers of being with me.

"Lorenzo, stop Arianna." Rosana looked at me with hopeful eyes.

"I'll send her away. But if I ever see her again, I won't spare her life." I promised her. She cried in relief and promised me she would make sure Sofia stayed away. Lorenzo walked Rosana out just when Ellie came in with her medical bag.

"Althaia, just nod or shake your head at my questions, okay? I don't want you to talk until I know what the injuries are." Ellie said when she immediately noticed her neck. I stepped closer when she started to examine Althaia's face, eyes, and throat. Luckily, she shook her head at most of the questions Ellie asked.

"...Difficulty swallowing?" Althaia nodded.

"I would say you got extremely lucky. You'll need to go on a temporary diet change, such as a liquid diet or soft foods since swallowing is painful. And you'll need lots of rest and don't talk if you have to strain yourself too much." She nodded at her again and gave a small smile. I felt myself relax a little when she said she was going to be okay.

"Leave us." I told Cara after Ellie had walked out. I got annoyed when she turned to look at Althaia to see if she was okay with

288 Vouchers

being alone with me. I glared at her, not hiding my annoyance at her actions. Althaia had to reassure her she was going to be okay before she finally left us. I sat on the coffee table in front of her, and I was met with a scowling face.

"Did you date her?" Even though she was whispering, she was letting me know by her tone that she was pised.

"No, we didn't date." I sighed, and she looked at me, motioning for me to continue.

"I did sleep with her." She stared at me for a long time before she shook her head, her eyes full of disappointment. She got up from the couch, but I stopped her and gently had her sit back on the couch.

"It was a long time ago. I was... not in the right headspace back then, and she offered. I didn't turn her down. Then I went away for months, only to return for the engagement."

"You fcked her, then you left, only to show up with another woman you're now fcking." Althaia scoffed.

"I didn't give her a second thought after that. I made it clear it was a one-time thing." I frowned.

"Yet, you let her continue to work for you here." She stared at me, not impressed by how this is going.

"I know. I shouldn't have. Arianna warned me about it when she knew about you. I fcked up." I admitted. I really did fck up this time, and she paid for my mistakes. She shook her head at me and got up from the couch again. She was pised and disappointed. And I hated it.

17 288 Voucher

"Where are you going?" I stood up as well to help her, but she swatted my hands away from her.

"I don't feel like talking to you." She limped to the door, using the furniture as support as she passed by.

"Let me help you." I sighed.

"I would rather not have you touch me right now." Her tone was cold, making me clench my fists as I watched her walk away.

Post Views: 6

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Reader Discretion Advised – Extreme Violence

Damiano

"Getting drunk now?" Arianna commented and got comfortable on the couch in front of me.

"Shut up." I replied as I poured my third glass of whiskey and leaned back as I took a sip.

"You've got blood on you. What did you do?" I noticed a few stains of blood on her shirt. I really didn't care what she had done to Sofia, but I needed to know if she was well enough to get on a plane and get the f*ck away from here.

"Just had a little fun with her, smacked her around a little, broke a few bones here and there. She may have gotten a broken nose too." She checked her nails as she talked, not caring about Sofia either. Lorenzo made it back again and took a seat next to Cara as he helped himself to a drink.

"She'll be on a plane first thing tomorrow." He said and downed the drink in one go.

"Good. Althaia?"

"Upstairs, with Cara." I nodded. At least she wouldn't be moving around too much now.

"How pi*sed was she when you told her?" Arianna looked at me with a raised brow.

288 Voucher

"You already know." I was not in the mood to talk about it or to hear her telling me how she was right. She always had that smug satisfied expression on her face whenever she was right. Arianna was a female mixture of both Lorenzo and me when it came to handling business, and one wouldn't think she would know how to defend herself by the looks of her, but she could easily take down a two hundred pounds man.

"You know, Althaia has great survival instincts..." Arianna trailed off. I glared at her, not liking where she was heading with it.

"Hear me out before you give your death stare." She rolled her eyes at me.

"All I'm saying is if she can break Sofia's nose like that, imagine what she can do if she got proper training in fighting." She finished, and I tilted my head a little at the information.

"Althaia broke Sofia's nose?" Lorenzo asked amused, not expecting to hear that.

"Oh, you thought I did it? Nope. I was about to, but then Sofia kept screaming about how she got her face smashed into her knee." She laughed, and the corner of my lips curled up a little and a feeling of pride filled my chest.

"She's right, Damiano. We don't know who is targeting her. If we train her, she might actually stand a chance." Lorenzo added, and I shook my head, not agreeing with them.

"No, I'll increase the security around her."

"Because that worked so well for Si -"

"Don't you fu*king say her name." I growled in a low, warning tone as I glared at Arianna. She frowned and her eyes narrowed.

"Can't you see what you're doing?" She continued and I stood up, ignoring

her, and walked to my desk. I didn't want to talk about her. I didn't even want to hear her name. Bringing up her name did no one anything good. It only took me back to a dark place in my memory, and it would only make me lose my shit.

It put me on a killing spree, and I spent months trying to get out of the trance I was in. I didn't care about anyone and killed whoever just dared to glance at me in the wrong way. Not an ounce of mercy was in me as I took pleasure in taking their lives.

"You're making the same mistakes, Damiano!" Arianna stood up to face me. I rubbed my jaw in frustration when she wouldn't drop it.

"Althaia is different. She's strong enough and she's not scared. If she was, she would be running for the f*cking hills right now, far away from you."

"You better stop right now."

"I saw what you went through with Sienna, and it killed me to see you like that. If you're not careful, Althaia will taste the same fate as her."

"Don't you think I know that?! F*&ck!" I smashed the glass on the desk, shattering it into pieces. My blood was boiling at her words. The thought of the same thing happening to Althaia had me seeing red. No one was going to take Althaia away from me. I would make sure of it. Even if I had to burn the whole world.

"Arianna, enough." Lorenzo snapped. She sighed and turned around.

"Whether you like it or not, I'm going to teach her. It's for the best." She finished and walked out of the office. I clenched my jaw, trying to calm down before I destroyed everything in my sight.

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My phone buzzed in my pocket. It was Rafaelle.

"What?" I snapped as I answered the call.

"We found him."

"I'm coming." I didn't wait for him to say anything else and hung up the phone.

"Make sure she doesn't move around." I told Lorenzo before I left.

288 Vouchers

I walked down the corridor of the storage facility, coming to a stop in front of a specific steel roll-up door where Rafaelle was waiting for me. He pushed the door up and we made our way to the back where a staircase led down to an underground passage. It was built deep under the ground to make sure any screaming voices wouldn't be heard from above.

"I heard what happened. Who would have thought Sofia could go bat shit crazy?" Rafaelle broke the silence as we walked down the tunnel path.

"Shut up before I shoot your ss." I wasn't in the mood to talk about it.

"Right. So, another problem I want to take up with you. He won't talk."

Rafaelle said as we turned around a corner and continued down the path.

"I'll make him talk." I moved my neck from side to side. I couldn't wait to get my hands on him. I was thirsty for blood and my hands were twitching to beat the fck out of him and let all of my anger out for what he had done to Althaia. I would make sure he would suffer before ending his worthless life.

"You will see what I mean." He said and opened the door to what was known as the Chamber Of Torture. My eyes immediately landed on the batard. He was blindfolded and tied up in a chair right in the middle of the room. Giovanni and Dom were present in the back, keeping an eye on him. Not that he would be able to escape.

He already looked beaten up and blood was seeping from the side of his head. I walked up to him and ripped the blindfold from his face. I took a good look at him as he blinked a few times before he focused on me. I tilted my head. He was of Asian descent.

Interesting.

"Talk." I ordered him. The basard leaned his head back and gave me an arrogant grin before he opened his mouth. His tongue has been cut off. I let out a dark chuckle and gripped his jaw. My hold tightened on his jaw, making him wince in pain as I leaned closer to him.

"You're going to wish you had a tongue for what I'm about to do to you." I let out a cold and dark laugh.

"I will enjoy making you suffer for what you did. No one touches what's mine." I snarled in his ear before roughly grabbing a fistful of his hair. I yanked his head back and punched him in the face. I sent one powerful punch after the other, enjoying the way my fist connected with his face as he groaned out in pain.

I kept going.

One. Two. Three.

Until I heard the satisfying crack of his nose as I watched the blood spill out from him. I let go of his hair, rolled up my sleeves, and walked to the long table with tools and weapons. I picked up a hammer and a couple of nails. I dragged over a chair and took a seat in front of him, watching his head dangle already in pain.

"You really dared to touch her with your filthy hands?" I grabbed his arm and held it in place on the armrest. He started to move when I placed the nail on the back of his hand, making sounds and shaking his head at me not to do it. A sinister smile appeared on my lips as I lifted the hammer and slammed it down onto the nail. He screamed as it pierced right through his hand. I repeated the process, on the other hand, nailing his hand to the armrest. I went back to the table and picked up a plier.

32.07%

"It's a shame I won't hear you beg." I sighed and sat back down in front of him.

"But it's okay. I love it when you scream in pain too." I chuckled and looked down at his fingers. He was already breathing hard and wanted to move his hands but groaned in pain. I held his finger, and one by one I dragged each nail from its bed.

I grabbed another tool, a drilling machine, and tested it a few times before walking back to him. Blood dripped from him and his eyes were barely open. I was feeding off the sight. It only made me want to keep going. Making him suffer as much as possible.

No one fucking touched what's mine.

No one.

I pressed the point against his collarbone. The scream of agony filled the room, and it had me smiling as I kept pressing into his flesh, watching the point rotate into his flesh. The screaming stopped when I got through the bone. I scoffed when I saw him pass out.

"Weak fcker." I shook my head and grabbed a syringe. I injected him with a small dose of fentanyl and waited before splashing cold water on his face. He jolted awake, immediately screaming in pain, and panted heavily.

There it was. Music to my ears.

He kept shaking his head when I moved on to his kneecap.

"Already had enough? Too bad it's only the beginning of it." I laughed and pressed into his kneecap, watching it making its way into his flesh and bones. I kept going, repeating the process on the other side while enjoying the pain I was inflicting on him. Watching

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him writhe in agony satisfied the hunger inside of me.

I grabbed a knife and started to carve into his face and body, making him unrecognizable. I was completely covered in his blood when I was done playing with him. He was sobbing, head dangling and barely conscious

"Feed him to the rats." I ordered Dom and Giovanni and walked out.

Post Views: 6

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

Three days have passed since Sofia tried to kill me. It was also three days since I talked to Damiano. I didn't feel like seeing him or even talking to him, so I locked myself in Cara's room ever since. Cara tried to talk to me about it but I wasn't in the mood to talk about how Damiano and Sofia had fcked. I also had the perfect excuse that I wasn't allowed to talk due to being freaking choked. Eventually, Cara dropped it and let me be in my sulking mood.

I stayed glued in bed while she brought me food. I didn't actually consider it

food since I had to be on a soft diet. I was living on soups, yogurts, and Jell-O, which sucked but I had to if I wanted to heal faster. I was already in a bad mood and the food choices I had were not doing anything to make it better. I loved my food and this was doing nothing to satisfy my hunger, which turned me into the biggest bich according to Cara.

On the bright side, I was healing. You could say in some weird, fked up way it was a blessing in disguise because I was doing absolutely nothing but resting. My throat wasn't hurting anymore. because I wasn't talking and my foot was a lot less painful. I was still limping but I could move it around and support it more than before.

"Get up! I'm getting tired of you being in that bed all the time." Arianna ripped the blanket away from me.

"Leave me alone." I groaned and rolled in bed. This wasn't the first time she has tried to get me out of bed.

"No can do, love. Get dressed, we're leaving." Her words caught my

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attention. Curious, I sat up only for something to hit my face. Arianna threw clothes for me to wear.

"Where are we going?" I asked as I looked at the clothes. A pair of training leggings and a cropped t-shirt.

"Did you want to learn how to use a gun or not?" She looked at me with her hands on her hips, and now noticed she was dressed in a training outfit.

"I do... but why the training outfits? Are you going to make me run so you can shoot after me and I have to try and dodge the bullets?" I asked suspiciously. Who knew what methods these people used?

"Is that what you think of me? A pscho who shoots after people?"

"Yes." I shrugged my shoulders.

"You're not wrong about that." She laughed and I started to get a little worried.

"But no, I'm not going to shoot after you, you idiot. You wouldn't be able to dodge them anyways if I did." She winked.

"How reassuring." I gave a sarcastic smile.

"Meet us outside, you have ten minutes to get ready before I drag your as out." Arianna practically ordered before walking out.

I got dressed and pulled my hair into a high ponytail. I grabbed my crutches and made my way down. Luckily, Lorenzo had gotten them for me but I hadn't put them to much use since I was just in bed most of the time. But I was happy I didn't have to depend on anyone to be able to move around.

I made it outside, seeing Arianna and Cara standing by a car,

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waiting for me. I looked around and none of Damiano's men were present. I guess they were not needed when being with Arianna.

“Ready?” Cara asked with a bright smile.

“Sure.”

We drove for a little bit before coming to a stop behind the woods where there was a large, wide building. They still didn’t tell me what it was and I had to see for myself when we made it inside. My brows went up in surprise and I was amazed at what I was seeing. There were different setups of shooting ranges inside, and on the other side lead to an outdoor shooting range.

“This is going to be fun!” Cara said excitedly and I agreed with her, finally feeling myself getting in a better mood. We walked through another door that led us downstairs to a big open space with several shooting target papers hanging at the end. They were even human shapes with white lines on the body. Behind us were different kinds of guns placed and magazines, even knives were there.

“This is so cool.” I looked at the weapons in excitement.

“Is it safe they are placed here like this? What if someone comes in and steals them?” I asked Arianna. We were out in the middle of nowhere, what if someone decided to break in and steal the weapons?

“They would be stupid if they did. We own it and if someone tried to break in, they would be shot before they could even step a foot inside. It’s highly secured.” Arianna explained and grabbed a gun.

“Okay, listen Althaia. I’m going to tell you the basics of the gun and how to safely use it. I would rather not have you accidentally shoot us. Lorenzo would have your head if his dear Cara got hurt.” She smirked.

“I will definitely shoot myself before he gets to me.” I didn’t even want to imagine what Tank Man would do to me if I accidentally hurt Cara.

“Good idea.” Arianna chuckled and Cara just shook her head at us. She motioned for me to stand next to her at the table where the weapons were laid out. I placed my crutches to the side so I wouldn’t be limited in moving around, and also, I needed my hands to be free for this.

“When you pick up your gun, keep your index finger straight and place it here.” She gestured to the ring guard around the trigger.

“If you place your index finger directly on the trigger, you might accidentally put pressure on it and shoot.” Arianna explained firmly with a serious expression. I was listening to every word and advice she was giving. This wasn’t some toy to play around with, so I was being extremely attentive. And the thought of holding a gun and to even firing it had my body rushed with adrenaline.

“This button here is the magazine release button.” She pressed the button and the magazine ejected from the grip of the handgun. It was empty and she showed me how to fill it up with bullets and pushed it back inside. She showed

me the slide lock, which was simple to understand, and explained how upon firing the final cartridge in the magazine in a semi-automatic weapon, it will engage its slide lock to let the user know the magazine is now empty.

“... And here you just pull the slide all the way back until you can’t pull anymore and let go. So, this is a semi-automatic gun, which means that every time you pull the trigger, the next bullet is ready to be fired without you having to slide it back. You’re all set now.”

Arianna finished. I slowly nodded. It was actually quite a mouthful to take in, but I felt confident with all the information she provided. Now, I just couldn’t wait to shoot!

“Are we not supposed to wear earmuffs and security glasses?” I asked which earned me a blank look from her.

Guns & Knives(2)

288 Vouchers

“Right, because you have time to put on earmuffs and security glasses when you’re out on a real battlefield. You might as well get used to the sounds while you’re at it.”

“Oh, okay.” I guess it was a good point, but the ‘get used to the sounds’ was a bit worrying. Shoving my worry away, I picked up the gun the way Arianna had instructed me to and walked to stand behind the line on the floor. I pushed the slide all the way back and aimed at the target. I was feeling a little nervous, but I could also feel the adrenaline pumping in my body. I fired two shots right after each other, and it had me take a step back at the force.

I whistled. This was more powerful than I had imagined.

“Don’t keep your feet in line. Have one leg a little behind the other for support.” Arianna helped me with my stance and had me fire again. This time, I barely moved and managed to stay in place. Though, I still scowled when I saw the result. I hit the paper, just not anywhere near the lines.

“This is harder than I thought.” I muttered to myself and watched Arianna and Cara to see how they were doing. I dropped my jaw when I saw how they were shooting with ease, hitting the center perfectly.

Total showoffs!

“You’re doing better than most people for the first time.” Cara tried to make me feel better while looking at my paper.

“Let me help.” They both helped and gave me advice on my stance and how high to hold the gun and where to aim. Every time I thought my aim was somewhat okay, I would see just how off I was. It was a lot more difficult but I wasn’t giving up. I was a competitive person, and seeing Arianna and Cara hitting the center made me a freaking sore loser!

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I groaned as this went on for a while. I got better but it wasn’t great, though I

was hitting within the lines now.

"This sucks!" I yelled when I again didn't hit the target mark.

"Relax. This is your first time. Did you expect to nail it the first time?" Arianna chuckled at me.

"I was hoping I had a secret talent or something." I sighed and placed the gun back on the table to take a break.

"Looks like we have an audience." Cara said and I followed her gaze up to where a wide window was. Damiano and Rafaelle were standing there and watching us. My heart s*ipped a beat as I looked at Damiano, his intense gaze was already on me. He wasn't wearing his typical dress shirt but a black compression shirt that hugged tightly around his muscles.

I kissed my teeth in annoyance at how freaking hot he looked right now. But I was still annoyed with him so scowled to show how mad I was at him.

How awesome could it be if I could shoot his d*ck from here?

Damiano raised a brow at me and I saw Rafaelle break out in a laughing fit next to him. Suddenly, Arianna stood in front of me and made me look at her.

"Listen, I know you're pi*sed, but joke or not, you're talking about shooting a mob boss. And that s*it gets you killed." She said seriously but still had an amused look on her face.

"Oops, did I say that out loud?" I gave an awkward laugh and scratched the back of my head.

"You did. And they can hear you." My eyes slowly widened as I felt mortified.

S*it, that was why he looked at me like that.

"F*ck me already." I felt my face getting hot with embarrassment and refused to look back up.

At least, Rafaelle found it funny.

I leaned against the table and moved carefully moved my injured foot around. I had been standing for a while now and it was starting to get painful. A lovely reminder that I had been on my feet for too long already.

"Can we try out the knives?" I asked Arianna as I looked at the huge collection of knives on the other side of the table.

"Sure." She went to set up new target marks for the knives. They were different and made out of wood with red lines on them. She made sure they were at a closer distance since we were would be throwing the knives and you definitely had to be superhuman if you could throw at the same distance as shooting.

"Before you start – "Arianna started but I interrupted her.

"What is there to know? Isn't it just throw a knife and see if it hits?" I asked and turned my body slightly to the side while adjusting my hold on the knife, and threw it at the wooden mark.

"What the hell...?" Cara said confused as we all just stared at the mark where my knife was.

Perfectly in the middle.

"Finally!" I shouted and punched the air. I even started to do a little dance which had Cara laughing at how happy I was.

"Do it again." Arianna gestured for me to grab another knife.

"Probably just beginners luck." I told her but grabbed another knife. I made sure to stand the same way, adjusting my hold on the knife and throwing it at the mark. It landed right next to the other knife. In the middle.

"Impressive!" Arianna was genuinely shocked at my skills.

"Let me see how you hold the knife." I showed her how I moved my wrist around. She made me throw again and for a third time, it landed perfectly. I had the biggest smile on my face, and I was feeling quite proud of myself that I landed three knives in the middle.

"You're even holding it elegantly. I think it has something with you being an artist. You draw a lot, don't you? Maybe the flexibility in your wrist from drawing helps your ability to throw this well."

"You think so?" I have spent hundreds of hours drawing all sorts of things and my wrist wasn't stiff due to all the weird angles when drawing. I just didn't realize it would help me with throwing knives.

"It's possible. I can't even throw this well three times in a row."

"Hah, s*cker." I teased her and she rolled her eyes at me. I winced in pain when I stumbled a little and accidentally put all of my weight on my injured foot. I had totally overdone it now and needed painkillers.

"Wrap it up, she needs to rest." Damiano's voice echoed through the speakers. I looked to the window where he was standing and frowned.

"You don't know what I need. If I want to keep going, then I will." I was actually tired and needed to rest but if he was going to tell me

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I needed to rest, then I would do the opposite. That was how petty I wanted to be.

Damiano's eyes narrowed at me and then walked out of our sight.

"You two are going to drive each other crazy. I can feel it." Arianna laughed.

"Big time." Cara joined her. I gave them a fake smile before flipping them off. We all turned to look when the door opened. Damiano was mad and heading directly toward me. With his long strides, he was in front of me in no time. I placed my hands on my hips as I looked at him but he didn't say anything and suddenly carried me in his arms.

"Hey! Put me down." I tried to wiggle out of his arms as he walked us out, but

he had a firm grip on me, making it impossible to get out.

“Stop moving.” He said annoyed when I continued to try and get out of his hold.

“Put me down.” I huffed out, already getting tired.

“You have overworked yourself. Now, stop being stubborn.” He gave me a firm look. I crossed my arms and looked away from him, ignoring the things his touch was doing to me. I had to restrain myself from leaning into him and breathing in his scent.

I have missed him, but my pride wouldn't let me say it.

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Post Views: 9

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

We sat in the car and drove in silence. I made sure to sit as close as I could to the door to create as much distance between us as possible while facing away from him. My feelings were all over the place and I felt so conflicted. I had missed him enough that I wanted to be in his arms, but a part of me wanted also wanted to wrap my hands around his throat and shake him around.

“How long are you going to be like this?” Damiano's deep voice broke the silence and disturbed my thoughts on how to choke him. I ignored him as I continued to look out of the window and watched the beautiful green fields.

“Althaia.”

“Don't you ‘Althaia’ me. You don't get to ask me that when you're the one who kept your fck buddy around.” I snapped, finally looking at him with a frown on my face.

“Fck buddy? Is that what you're calling her now?” His hands clenched around the steering wheel.

“I call her something much worse...” I muttered under my breath and Damiano rubbed his jaw. I couldn't tell if he was annoyed or frustrated.

“I already told you it was a mistake.”

“Did you sleep with her while being with me?” I finally asked the question that had been going through my mind non-stop from the minute I learned about their history. My heart was already clenching at the thought but I needed an answer so I could stop

Gon

wondering.

“Don't be ridiculous.” He growled when came to a stop in front of the manor.

“Answer the question, Damiano!” We stared at each other but he didn't say

anything as his brows pinched together.

"Whatever. This whole thing was a mistake to begin with." I knew deep down I didn't mean it but it was the part of me that was hurting that talked.

I could feel the tears well up in my eyes and I quickly opened the car door and stepped out. I hurried inside, not caring about the pain in my foot anymore as I felt something much more painful in my chest. I hated that I would cry whenever I was angry. It made me look weak when I just wanted to beat the crap out of someone.

I ignored Damiano as he called after me. It made me walk even faster but it was of no use as he caught up to me in no time with his long strides

"Let go of me!" I yelled at him when he threw me over his shoulder and walked up the stairs. I felt the tears escape my eyes. My own body was betraying me when it was at this point I didn't want to feel anything the most.

Damiano slammed the door shut to his room and dropped me on the bed. I wasted no time and quickly got up, heading straight for the door but he grabbed me again in his steel-like hold and made me face him. He was angry and he let it show as clear as day.

He placed his hand on my cheek and wiped away the tears that didn't seem to stop falling.

"I may be many things, but a cheater isn't one of them." He stated in a low tone and wiped my tears away. I looked away, hating I was being this vulnerable in front of him right now. He gently cupped my chin and made me look at him.

"When do you get it inside of that stubborn head of yours that there is no one else?"

"This entire time... She was living under your roof while you were with me. I felt like a fucking idiot, Damiano." I sniffed and tried to blink away the tears, but it was no use as they just fell like a waterfall.

"I know. I shouldn't have let her be here. But it's over and I was willing to kill her. That's how little I care for her. I never take back an order but you made me. That's how much you mean to me." I didn't say anything as I looked at his sincere expression. I didn't know what to say. This was the most he had ever shared of his feelings with me.

His golden-brown eyes stared at me softly as he caressed my cheek.

I have already gone through so much the past two months than I had ever in my life. My life got flipped upside down the minute my eyes laid upon this beautiful Devil standing in front of me. It was insane I have come to care so much for this man in such a short amount of time. The way he made me feel was so overwhelming and made my heart flutter every time he looked at me, and I hated whenever he wasn't near me.

"You have no idea what I will do for you... My Althaia." He spoke quietly. I

swallowed down the lump in my throat as I felt a new wave of tears welling up in my eyes. This time it was because of the overwhelming feeling of affection.
64.50%

288 (Vouchers

"I-"I opened my mouth to say something but clamped my mouth shut again. I looked at Damiano, surprised by the words that were about to leave my mouth. Did I really feel like this toward him? But then again, I was feeling so much for him that I wish I could explain how he made me feel. How I could look into his eyes and never get tired of their beauty. The sound of his deep and rich. voice made my whole body tingle. I did feel like that for him. I could say it to him right now.

But I didn't.

Instead, we stood there and looked affectionately at each other and letting our eyes show the unspoken words for us, Damiano let out a smile that melted my heart. He placed a hand on the back of my neck and pulled me into a gentle kiss.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and deepened the kiss. The relentless pressure of his mouth on mine was intoxicating and I wanted nothing more than to feel all of him right now. The air in the room stilled and a hot flash of heat covered my body and our passionate kisses increased. I couldn't wait and grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head.

We undressed each other until we were completely naked. Damiano's hands trailed down my back and down to the back of my legs to lift me. He laid me down on the bed, never breaking the kiss as our tongues continued to duel. I pushed him onto his back, taking him by surprise as he didn't expect the sudden force. I straddled him, wanting to be in control, and leaned down to kiss him again.

I positioned myself on top of his length, feeling him at my entrance. I held my breath as I slid down, taking all of him in as I exhaled a moan.

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"Fck..." Damiano grunted in pleasure and placed his hands on my hips. I rested my hands on his chest and slowly moved up and down his length. I closed my eyes, loving the way he was filling me up.

I leaned down, desperate for more of his passionate kisses. I sucked on his lower lip, and he placed his hand on the back of my neck and pulled me in for a deeper kiss.

Our heavy breathing filled the room and our bodies were in a light coat of sweat. We had switched positions and Damiano was on top of me, his face buried in my neck as he caught his breath. I closed my eyes as we lay still while I played with his hair. He lazily raised his head to look at me and placed

a small kiss on my lips.

"I've missed you." He said against my lips and my entire body fluttered at his words. I smiled against his lips before he moved to lie next to me and pulled me into his chest.

"Don't piss me off and I won't have to stay away." I teased.

"You dangerous woman." He clicked his tongue and I grinned at him. He let out a small smile as he caressed my hair. I rested my head on his chest and traced some of his many tattoos. I had already memorized every single one of them and I loved that his body was filled with art.

"I don't want to go home." I sighed after a while. I didn't know what to do with myself when I had to leave for home. I would be so far away from him and I didn't like it.

"Stay."

"I can't. It's not fair to my mom." I shook my head. This was the

36 38%

longest I have been away from my mother and I could tell she really wanted me back home. I had missed her as well. We have always had a close and strong bond since it was just the two of us.

"When you come back, stay." I looked at him, startled by his words but he looked at me with a serious expression.

"Are you asking me to move in?"

"Do you want to?"

"I... don't know." I trailed off. The thought of living here didn't strike my mind before.

"My life is in Florida. And my mom and the boutique. I can't just drop everything and move here." He frowned a little at me.

"Start a new one here and you don't have to work. I can take care of you." He kissed the top of my head.

"I don't want your money, I earn my own. Besides, I love what I do." I tried to explain.

"My money is your money." Damiano continued to argue and I shook my head.

"No. They are your hard-earned money. Can you please stop acting like a sugar daddy?" I laughed and he looked at me amused.

"Don't tell me what to do, woman." I leaned in closer to him with a teasing smile.

"And what are you going to do about it?" I asked in a low tone. His eyes darkened, a devilish smile on his lips.

"So many things I would do... One would be to fuck you right into obedience."

The way he said it had my breath quickened. Even

Vouchers

more so when those darkened golden-brown eyes went down to my lips before he sealed them with his.

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Post Views: 6

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

“Do we have to do this now? I don’t feel like doing anything today.” I complained to Arianna as she dragged us downstairs to their gym. Apparently, a new day meant we were going to learn self- defense.

“You’re the last person to complain when you’re the one who somehow ends up in sticky situations.” Arianna dismissed me as we entered the gym. I groaned but followed her anyway to a big mat for wrestling. Luckily, I would be more of an observer while Cara had to mock fight Arianna. I already knew Cara would get her as kicked because of how freakishly strong Arianna was. We were not the only ones in the gym as Rafaele, Damiano, Lorenzo, and another guy whom I didn’t know the name of, were working out. We were on the other side of the gym so we wouldn’t be in their way and disturb them. But dmn, how was I going to concentrate when Damiano was in nothing but shorts. His body was glistening in sweat as he rapidly punched the punching bag, and I gawked at the way his muscles in the back looked insane and delicious.

“Good Lord...” Cara muttered next to me as she shamelessly eyed Lorenzo. She was undressing him with her eyes while he lifted weights.

“Seriously? Eyes on me, bitches!” Arianna frowned at us with her hands on her hips while she stood in the middle of the mat.

“Yeah, yeah, chill.” Cara and I snickered and sat down on the bench.

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“We will take it slow. I will show you some basic but effective defenses since you don’t really have any training.”

“I would say I’m doing pretty good for someone who doesn’t know sit.” I pointed out, hinting at the hotel situation and Sofia. Well, the latter I got help but still, it counted.

“True, but the goal is to teach you so you don’t get beat up too much in the process.” She nodded to my still stitched-up brow.

“As long as I get out alive, I can manage a few punches.” I joked. I was getting them removed tomorrow right before I leave for home. I was not going back to my mother like this. I did tell her that Cara had pushed me, making me fall down the stairs and sprained my ankle. I panicked when she suddenly called me, asking me when I was coming back so the words just flew out of my

mouth while Cara was giving me a deadly glare as I blamed it all on her. Better than telling her I almost got killed twice, right?

"Look who we have here. Whatcha doing?" Rafaelle approached us with a big smile on his face. This guy was always smiling or laughing, which was a breath of fresh air among all these men who never showed anything but a blank face.

"She's going to teach us self-defense." I told him and got comfortable on the bench.

"Oh, this is going to be fun! I'm up first." He said excitedly and stood in front of Arianna. She looked at him with an evil smirk on her face.

"Ready to get your ass kicked?"

"Tsk, as if you can take me down -" He barely got to finish the sentence before Arianna suddenly kicked him right in the center of

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288 Vouchers

his stomach, making him stumble back. She quickly grabbed his arm, pulling him to her as she wrapped her hand around his throat with such force that he made a gagging sound. All the while she managed to place her leg behind his and pushed him down to the ground with a loud thud.

"Sorry, what did you say?" Arianna had a smug look on her face, and Rafaelle looked a bit startled at her sudden moves.

"That doesn't count. I wasn't ready." He smacked her hands away and got up to his feet.

"I would have said the same thing if I embarrassed myself like that." I teased with a laugh.

"Wanna have a go at me?" Rafaelle challenged me and smacked himself on the chest, trying to look intimidating.

"Can't." I lifted my foot to show him I wasn't in a position to be thrown around like that.

"Excuses, excuses. But then again, I don't have any hope for you. Cara might stand a chance, but you? You're so small and weak I can flick you away like a fly." He had a smirk on his face. I got up and stood in front of him, careful not to put too much pressure on my foot.

"Wanna bet?" I challenged. He placed his hands on his knees to bend down to mock my height.

"Whatcha gonna do, little girl?"

"Oh my Gd, what is that?" I gasped and pointed behind his shoulder. He looked at me confused before turning to look. I quickly grabbed his shoulders to hold him in place and kneed him right in the balls. I didn't go full force but still enough to make his

46 62%

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breath hitch in his throat. Rafaelle cupped his balls and fell to the floor, groaning in pain.

"Fcking hell!" He yelled at me. I leaned forward a little as I grinned at him.

"That's what you get for underestimating me." I said and walked away. A hand clasped around my ankle and pulled to make me lose my balance. This time, I let out a groan when I fell right on my front.

"That's what you get for being coky." His voice was still a bit strained as he let go of my ankle.

"I'm going to kill you!" I shouted and got up on all four. I grabbed my crutch and swung it towards Rafaelle. He looked at me with big eyes and quickly rolled away before the crutch could hit his head.

"You're a fcking psychopath!" Rafaelle yelled and got up to his feet.

"Yo, your woman is crazy!" He yelled at Damiano, who was wiping the back of his neck with a towel while he made his way toward us with an amused look.

"Just how I like her." He commented and helped me up to my feet. He kissed my temple and had me feeling shy when all eyes were on us.

"It's true then, psychos attract psychos." Rafaelle huffed out.

"Oh, shut it you baby. I barely touched you. In fact, I barely felt anything so why are you making such a big deal out of it?" I gave a playful grin and sat down on the bench.

"Dmn!" Cara burst out laughing as I had practically said he had a 6964% small dck.

"Barely you say?" Rafaelle looked at me offended.

"You wouldn't be able to handle all of this junk." He grabbed himself outside of his shorts and I scrunched my up nose in disgust.

"Where? All I see is a pair of shorts that is very loose in that area."

"Godamn, who hurt you, woman?!" He erupted and it almost looked like he wanted t to stomp his foot. I couldn't hold it in anymore and laugh at him. Even Damiano chuckled a little as he sat next to me. Rafaelle was always after me with inappropriate comments, and it was time for payback.

Vouchers

"Okay, enough you two we have stuff to do." Arianna sighed impatiently.

"Are you ready?" She asked Rafaelle.

"I am done dealing with you psychos. I'm gonna go somewhere where I know I will be showered in love." He huffed and turned around to walk away.

"Is that a nice way of saying a brthel?" Cara yelled after him.

"Fck off!" He practically screamed on his way out. I was laughing way too hard at him, but hey, payback was a bich.

"Looks like you're up Cara." Arianna gestured for her to get on the mat but Cara looked a bit hesitant.

"Yeah, no thank you. I think I will just observe with Thaia here for now."

Arianna did not look happy about it and pinched the bridge of her nose in frustration.

"Dom, are you done? If so, get your ass over here." She called after the guy whom I didn't know the name of. Arianna wasted no time and started to explain how to always go after the vital points of the body and used Dom to demonstrate.

"...

... A blow to the bicep hurts like a bitch and causes temporary paralysis of the arm, which can loosen the attacker's grip on you..." She continued while the rest of us were sitting, listening, and watching as she showed us a few skills. Damiano and Lorenzo decided to stay and watch, not that they needed to hear any of this since they taught her everything.

Arianna made Dom hold her from behind so she could show us how to get out if someone attacked from behind. It was actually impressive to watch Arianna in action like this, and it was even

288 Vouchers

more mind-blowing how she could take down a person twice her size. They were going easy on each other but there was no doubt she would be able to defend herself if something were to happen.

"Is something wrong?" I whispered to Damiano when he tilted his head a little to the side as he watched Arianna and Dom with a frown on his face.

"Looks like I know who is messing around with my sister." He said quietly and I looked at him in surprise. I turned to look at Arianna and Dom but didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

"How can you tell?"

"They are too comfortable with holding each other. His hands keep lingering on her, and her cheeks get slightly flushed whenever he does." His eyes kept narrowing the more he told me.

"Don't you think you're reading a bit too much into it? They are running around and pinning each other down." I pointed out. I couldn't see what he meant.

One's face gets flushed when working out, and how was Dom supposed to help demonstrate if he wasn't allowed to hold Arianna?

"Look carefully at their body language." I looked back at them again, trying to see what I had missed.

"Notice where he places his hands on her, and how she is slightly biting her lip to prevent from smiling." He explained, and this time it was obvious now that he had pointed it out. Dom's hands were placed low, almost at her hips as she explained another method of how to get out of a hold. A tiny bit of the corner

of her mouth would curl up whenever Dom held her.

"My God, I see it now!" I whispered with a grin. I had asked Arianna who she was messing around with but she refused to tell me. I had

27 18%

asked Cara if she knew who the mystery guy was but she didn't and had just said he was hot to mess with Lorenzo.

"They actually look good together, don't you think?" I smiled, feeling happy for Arianna. Damiano turned to look at me with a blank face.

"No." It was safe to say he was not happy about it. At all.

"Don't be like that. You should be happy for her. At least it's someone you know."

"Someone who works for me and didn't ask for my approval." He said lowly in displeasure.

"Right, because it's so easy to talk to someone's big brother, who also just happens to be a Mafia Boss too, and say they want to date their little sister." I raised my brow at him.

"Hey, you two! Stop talking and listen." Arianna scolded us.

"I was listening!" I quickly turned to look at her.

"Really? Care to show what I just did?" Before I could come up with an excuse, Damiano got up and stood at the other end of the mat in front of Dom.

"Let me have a go at it." Damiano said calmly and rolled his neck from side to side while keeping his eyes on Dom.

Oh, crap... This couldn't be any good.

Before Dom could even move, Damiano wrapped his arm around Dom's arm, locked it in place, and delivered fast punches to his face. Dom tried to block out the punches with his other arm, but Damiano turned him around and painfully twisted Dom's arm, now having him in a headlock. Dom really tried to get out of his grip, but

11 541

Damiano kept tightening his arm around his neck. Dom finally tapped Damiano on the arm to let him go but he was only tightening his hold.

Fck, he was choking him!

My eyes went wide as I realized what Damiano was doing. I quickly got up and walked up to talk some sense to him

"Damiano, enough! You're going to kill him if you don't let go!" I said in panic and tried to push him away but his huge figure wasn't even budging as he kept tightening his hold. Dom was struggling and couldn't breathe anymore!

"Damiano!" I snapped and he finally loosened his grip. Dom fell to the floor and gasped for air. I went to check on him to see if he was okay.

"Why did you do that?" I asked angrily and scowled at Damiano. He ignored me and focused on something behind me. I turned around to see Arianna with

her hands clenched as she glared at Damiano with fury in her eyes. She knew he now knew about them.

Arianna didn't say anything and stormed out of the gym.

Post Views: 6

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

"Do you think he will make it out alive?" Cara asked while we sat outside, having our lunch in the sunny weather.

"I hope so..." I had talked to Damiano about how he couldn't control who Arianna was seeing. She was a grown woman and more than capable of making her own choices. We went back and forth until he finally called Arianna and Dom to his office to talk to them. I was praying for Dom because Lorenzo was in there too with them, and I just hoped they would try to have an open mind.

"I get that they are protective of their sister, but that was just too much to freaking try and choke the man like that." I sighed and she agreed with me.

"By the way, I haven't had the chance to ask you but it seems like it's going well between you and Lorenzo?" I smiled.

"It is. I do like him. At first, he was just my window to get away from my father, but now, I can see us being happy together." Cara let out a soft smile and I couldn't help but feel a bit emotional. Cara was my best friend and I truly wanted the best for her. She deserved endless happiness.

"I'm so happy for you! And he better treat you right!"

"Oh, trust me, he is." She wiggled her brows at me, and I let out a small laugh. She was never the type to shy away from steamy talk and would happily talk about it.

"Good. Or else I will have to beat Lorenzo's as! Which wouldn't even be fair for him because he wouldn't stand a chance." I

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snickered and Cara hid her laugh behind her hand.

"I'm already fearing for my life." Lorenzo's voice came from behind me, immediately wiping away the smile on my lips. I looked at Cara wide-eyed as I froze in my seat, and she couldn't hold it in anymore and started to hysterically laugh. I gave her a death glare for not warning me he was behind me. It only made her laugh even more. Now, with tears in her eyes.

Lorenzo took a seat next to Cara and looked at me with a brow raised.

"I... Uhh... Haha, Lorenzo. Funny, you see, I was talking about someone else who just happens to have the same name." My body was suddenly burning in

embarrassment as I tried to cover up that I hadn't just talked about kicking his as.

"Who also happens to be with Cara?"

Ah, sit. He heard everything already.

"Please, don't kill me." I said quickly and got ready to run for my life.

"You better sleep with one eye open." Lorenzo looked at me with an amused look, but I didn't find his comment funny at all when it came to my life.

Actually, I gulped a little.

"He's not going to kill you." Cara rolled her eyes at me.

"Who's going to kill you?" I jumped in my seat when I didn't hear Damiano approach us.

"How are you two built like that but move around silently?" I put a hand on my chest and let out a breath. He took a seat next to me, and Arianna joined too. It must have turned out to be okay since

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none of them seemed angry anymore.

"First you want to beat my as, and now you're calling me fat? That just sealed your fate." Lorenzo continued, obviously now having fun joking about killing me. Was he even joking?

"I'm sorry, okay?! Have some mercy!" I exclaimed and he actually chuckled.

"You want to beat Lorenzo's as?" Damiano questioned, tilting his head to the side as he looked at me.

"I was just making a teeny tiny joke he wasn't supposed to hear, and now I have to die for it. It was nice knowing you, Damiano. I hope you have a great life."

"Is she always this dramatic?" Lorenzo asked and Cara just nodded.

"Mhmm, pretty much."

"I'm not dramatic, you're just ... scary." I muttered.

"Please, you even think butterflies are scary." Cara said and I gaped at her for exposing my secret.

"Really, Althaia? Butterflies?" Arianna looked at me in disbelief.

"No, I don't know what she's talking about." I scoffed with a frown on my face and crossed my arms.

"Whatever you say." Cara said and got out of her seat.

"I'm really not. It's ridiculous to be afraid of butterflies." I rolled my eyes.

"Are you sure?" Cara suddenly said from behind me. I turned

38 63%

around, only to jerk back when I saw her holding a butterfly in her hand. A huge one!

"Yup." My voice came out strained as I eyed the butterfly to make sure it didn't suddenly fly in my face. I hated butterflies. They were disgusting flying

creatures.

"Is that why you're slowly leaning away from it?" Cara had an evil smirk on her lips.

"I'm not. I'm admiring it from afar." I was trying to be discreet about it to not embarrass myself anymore. I had already done that to last me for a lifetime and I didn't want to give another reason to humiliate myself. Suddenly Cara moved the butterfly closer to my face, making me quickly stumble up to my feet and back away. I took a crutch and held it up, ready to swing at her if she came close again.

"I swear to Gd, Cara, I will hit you in the fcking head!" I yelled and kept backing away. The crutch got ripped out of my hands and my arms got twisted behind my back in a firm hold.

"Put it on her face!" Arianna shouted in excitement while she held me in place.

"No! Okay, wait! I admit I'm scared of them. Happy? Now, let me go!" I tried to wiggle out of Arianna's grip, but she only tightened her hold.

"Too late! I'm having fun now." Arianna continued and Cara was closing in on me with the freaking disgusting butterfly. I started to thrash and yelled at Cara to stay away but none of it worked, so I did the only thing I could think of. I fainted.

Well, I pretended to faint and got limp against Arianna.

"Sit, did she just faint?" Arianna said in shock and laid me down. on the ground.

"Oh my Go, Althaia?" Cara was worried and tapped her hand lightly against my cheek, trying to wake me up. The sound of a chair abruptly falling to the ground made me snap my eyes open, seeing Arianna and Cara hovering above me. I quickly sat up and pushed them away in the process, causing them to fall on their backs at the sudden move. It gave me a clear exit and I got to my feet and half-ran away from them.

"You're messing with the wrong btch today!" I snickered. I noticed both Damiano and Lorenzo had gotten out of their seats, and Damiano was making his way towards me but had stopped when he saw I was okay. But he was not happy with the stunt I had pulled as he looked at me with a frown.

Oops.

"Don't do that again."

"I was not about to get a nasty butterfly on my face." I told him when he pulled me into him. Even Lorenzo was shaking his head at me but he looked to be amused.

"See, Damiano! I told you she has great survival instincts. That was fcking genius." Arianna was genuinely impressed as they made. their way back to their seats.

"Work smart, not hard." I said proudly and looked at them with a grin. Cara

walked up to me and smacked my head before I could do anything.

“Hey!” I scowled and rubbed my head but she just glared at me.

288 Vouchers

“Don’t pull sht like that again!” She gave me a warning look before going to her seat. I dropped my jaw.

“How am I the bad guy here?” Before I could go after her and give her the same treatment, Damiano held me in place to look at him. He leaned down, feeling his lips trail across my jaw before reaching my ear.

“You will be punished for it later.” He whispered and his tongue flicked over my earlobe. It had my heartbeat accelerate. For some reason, his words had me excited.

Chapter 50

Post Views: 6

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

I was dozing off in the car as Damiano was driving me to the clinic to get the stitches removed. It was too early for me to even be out of bed right now but I had to make the most out of the day since I had quite a bit to pack. I should have started to pack sooner but always found excuses to myself that it will take no time to pack it all down. What a lie it was because I just didn’t realize how much I had with me. Plus all the shopping I had managed to do added to the massive pile I already had.

I shook my head a little and blinked a couple of times to wake up. I needed at least five cups of coffee to keep me going today. I let out a little yawn and looked at Damiano with my heavy eyelids.

“A little tired?” He gave a half-smile while his hand was on my thigh.

“It’s your fault.” I said, still struggling to keep my eyes open. When he said I would be punished, I didn’t quite understand what he meant by it. But, it had me excited when he stripped me

completely naked in his room, tied my hands behind my back, and blindfolded me. Since I couldn’t see anything and only feel his touch, everything felt more heightened.

That was when I understood what he meant by punishment.

He painfully teased me as he kissed and sucked every inch of my body, while his hands roamed the very sensitive parts of my body. And that was where his punishment began.

He wouldn’t let me come.

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Every time I would be close to my climax, he would stop and leave me hanging. Then he did it again. And again, to the point where I was extremely hot and bothered, and let out a cry of frustration. In the end, it became too much for me that I begged him to fck me. And that was what he wanted. He wanted me to beg.

Then I experienced something I didn't think was possible. He started with his tongue and made sure I would come since I had begged. And I did. But then he kept going. His tongue kept going and he didn't stop before I had come again. And again for a third time. He didn't stop. My whole body was trembling and my eyes rolled to the back of my head in immense pleasure. I had never climaxed that many times before, and it was fcking mind-blowing.

Little did I know, the night was far from over.

Another thing that surprised me was just how much Damiano was holding back whenever we had sex. Sure, he liked to be rough with me and I enjoyed that, but that night was a whole different kind of rough. That was the definition of fcking.

And he fcked me hard.

It was incredible. I had never experienced anything like that before in my life. The pleasure, the pain... It was all so damn good. I may have been blindfolded but I saw stars.

That was the reason why I was so tired today because he kept me up most of the night. Damiano was actually the one who had to drag me out of bed this morning because I simply couldn't. I have come to believe that this man was not human because I didn't do a thing last night, and he was doing everything. Yet, I was the tired one.

"Are you feeling okay?" Damiano glanced at me.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"You were struggling to walk for a bit. More than before." He gave a smug grin. I rolled my eyes at him but smiled anyway.

"You did go quite... hard on me." I was incredibly sore to the point I needed to have my legs spread a bit so it wouldn't be uncomfortable. We came to a stop in front of the clinic and he looked at me almost with hunger.

"Hmm, I did try to hold back but watching you tied up like that, I couldn't help myself." I immediately recognized the look on his face as he ran a thumb over my lip.

"Hell no! Don't give me that look. You broke my vagina. It's closed for now!" I

scoffed and pulled away his hand. Damiano actually laughed at me. I could feel the smile on my face getting bigger as I enjoyed the rare sound. He looked so carefree right now and the fluttery feeling in my stomach returned with full force as I admired him.

I unbuckled my seatbelt and pulled him into a kiss. It was only supposed to be a small kiss, but I couldn't help myself and deepened the kiss.

"We better stop now if you don't want me to take you right now." Damiano's voice was husky and his words went straight down between my legs. For a second, I considered it but quickly shook the thought out of my mind. I was too sore for it.

"Looks like it's too early for someone." Ellie chuckled when I tried not to let out a yawn but failed.

"I don't know how you people do it. I will never be a morning person, I value sleep too much." I tiredly leaned back in the chair so Ellie could examine me.

"It's not too bad if you go to bed early."

"The Devil comes out at night, and that's where all the fun begins." I joked and Damiano gave me an amused look. Ellie just shook her head and examined my stitched brow.

"It looks good and it's healed, so I can remove the stitches now." She put on a pair of gloves and cleaned the wound before taking the tweezer and scissors in her hands. Ellie had promised me this wouldn't hurt so I was a lot more relaxed when I felt the cold scissors on my forehead when she started to cut the suture.

Then the nasty feeling of a thread being pulled through your skin appeared and I shuddered in disgust.

"Wait." I stopped before she could continue. The feeling weirded me out and made me nauseous.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I just don't like that." I took a deep breath, praying that I wouldn't throw up in front of them. I needed to distract myself so I wouldn't focus too much on it.

I looked at Damiano's tattooed arms since he was wearing a t-shirt. I loved the way his arms were covered in tattoos as well because he really did have good taste when it came to the art on his body. One of my favorites was the tattoo of a large, fierce-looking lion. It had its mouth open in a snarl, showing off its sharp

canines, ready to attack but it had a chain around its neck. I loved that one because I would like to think it represents his name.

"All done." Ellie chirped and I looked at her in surprise.

"Already?" Guess I had succeeded in distracting myself because I hadn't felt anything at all.

"Yes. Everything looks good, so you're good to go. Are you making sure you're resting a lot?" I couldn't help but blush a bit as we had different definitions of resting.

"I am." I half-chuckled. I did spend most of the time in bed. I was just doing other things which involved a very se7y man...

"What were you thinking about?" Damiano asked when we drove back. I looked at him confused by what he meant.

"You were smiling while she removed your stitches." He elaborated. It must have been while I looked at his tattoo. I just didn't know I had been smiling.

"Oh, I was looking at your tattoo, and how I would like to think it somehow represents your name."

"Let me hear."

"Damiano means 'one who tames.' Lions are ferocious animals that can easily overpower and kill you. They are not domesticated creatures and cannot be tamed. However, you have a massive chain around its neck, implying that you have tamed it because you're Damiano, one who tames." Damiano smiled at my little analysis of his tattoo. He didn't say anything as he took my hand and kissed the back of it while focusing on the road.

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"And your name?" He asked, keeping my hand in his.

"Hmm, it depends. But the common ones are 'one who heals and one who takes care.'" I have always loved looking up the meaning of names because I do believe it somehow reflect one's personality.

"I like it. It suits you. A pure soul you are, like your name indicates." I smiled shyly at his words.

"You know, in Greek mythology, Althaia was the Queen of Calydon, and a woman of fierce passion. She is celebrated in an ancient story about the fate of her son, Meleager. When he was born, the Moirai, known as the Fates in English, came to foretell his future, and they predicted he would die as soon as one of the sticks in the fireplace burned out completely. When Althaia heard that, she pulled the stick from the fire, put the fire out, and hid it in a safe place."

"Meleager turned out to be a very well-respected prince and one day, a large boar was sent to Calydon to ruin the land, and he was one of the warriors alongside Althaia's brothers and a famous huntress, Atalanta. Meleager killed the boar but gifted the skin to Atalanta because she had landed the first strike. But also because he was in love with her, even though he was married to someone else. When his uncles heard of it, they were furious and insulted her, saying she was nothing but a mere woman and didn't deserve the gift. Meleager got pissed and killed both of his uncles for insulting the woman he

loved. Althaia heard of it and became enraged that her son killed her brothers. And then she burned the piece of wood that was supposedly keeping him alive. Once engulfed in fire, he died.” I finished.

“I see. Interesting story. So, Althaia is a caring person until you cross her. To the point where she will even kill her son.”

“Yup, so you better be careful.” I teased.

“Are you threatening me now?” Damiano looked at me amused.

“Gotta keep you on your toes now and then, don’t I?” I chuckled.

“I am trembling with fear.” He mocked and I jokingly smacked his arm.

“Though I would have done the same as Meleager. Insult my woman, you’re good as dead.” He winked.

“He killed his uncles. That’s extreme.” I chuckled.

“When a man has his eyes set on someone, he will do anything to make sure she is protected, respected, and being taken care of. Whatever the cost may be. He will make sure no one can take her away from him.” His golden-brown eyes focused on me as he talked. He looked at me in such a way that it made me feel warm inside and... loved.

That was what it was. I felt loved.

We had come to a stop at the manor, but neither of us wanted to get out right now as we just looked at each other.

“You sound like a supervillain.” I said, trying to break the intense feeling before I said something I shouldn’t.

“They say a villain would sacrifice the world to save you. A hero would sacrifice you to save the world.”

“I’m no hero then.”

“No.” I smiled.

“You’re my villain.”

“Your villain...” Damiano sounded pleased.

“You’ve got the car for it anyway.” I pointed out. His Bugatti La Voiture Noire was no joke and sey as fck and I loved whenever we had to take his car.

“That reminds me, do you remember how you said I can try your car?”

“I did.”

“So... Can I?”

“No.”

“What? Why not?” I looked at him, offended that he had said no.

“Because I said it purely to piss off that shit-face who works for your father.”

“Hey! Don’t call him that, what has he ever done to you?”

“Exist.”

“You are unbelievable.” I couldn’t help but laugh. I shouldn’t find it funny, but the way he had said it so fast made it funny.

"Then what would you have done if I had said yes on the spot at the time, huh?"

"I would have enjoyed the view of the fckers head exploding." He said with a smirk.

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"His name is Michael." I rolled my eyes at him.

"At least I got to try his car. It's better than your stupid car anyway." I bit my lip so I wouldn't laugh out loud as I got out of the car. He got out of the car as well and looked at me amused while he walked up to me.

"There is absolutely nothing he has that is better than what I have."

"Please, he has me, a badass friend, and that beats everything you have." I said cockily. Damiano looked at me and slowly fisted his hand around my hair. That was another thing he liked to do. Especially during sex. He loved my long hair and would always play with it.

He slightly yanked down my hair to make me look up at him, his lips faintly brushing mine as he spoke.

"I get to fck you every night. He doesn't. I still win." His tone was low and deep. It had me shuddering and almost moaning at his words. I let out a smile and closed the little distance between us and kissed him.

"Get a room before you fck each other in front of us all." Rafaelle voice rang out and I quickly pulled away in embarrassment that he had witnessed our little intimate moment.

Damiano let go of my hair and I turned to look at Rafaelle, who was standing by the door with his hands on his hips while he shook his head at us. I was too caught up in the moment that I hadn't noticed a few of Damiano's men were around too, amused by Rafaelle's comment.

"You're such a creep!" I exclaimed in embarrassment and scowled at him.

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"How am I a creep when you're the ones about to do it in the driveway?" He said loudly with a smug grin, and I just gaped at him.

"You're on my property. If I want to fck her in my driveway, then I will.

Whoever has a problem with it can get a bullet in the head." Damiano stated calmly.

"Oh my od, just stop..." I was full-on blushing now. I grabbed my crutches to get away from them. I was so done with this conversation.

"Dmn! Pusy is that good, huh?"

"Rafaelle!" I screamed at him. He just grinned, obviously having fun with this.

"Don't you have anything better to do?"

"Sadly, no. Unless... you're offering me something?" He wiggled his brows at me. Rafaelle took one quick glance at Damiano before he took off running

while laughing like a maniac. I turned around to look at Damiano, only to see him in the process of tucking his gun away.

“And they say I’m the dramatic one...”

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