

Read Tied to the mafia man

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Not a good man

I don't remember a time when I wasn't being groomed to step into my father's shoes and run the underworld in which I was brought up. There wasn't a hiccup when I took over, tightening up the operation and bringing the family into the twenty-first century.

I'm not a good man by any means.

I've killed. I've intimidated. My business practices are illegal, immoral—and they make me a lot of money. I've got no intention of going legit any time soon, or never.

I was always trained to be cold and detached from my surroundings and mostly from people's emotions. I was not even allowed to cry when my mother died.

'Men will never cry' my father said sternly when he saw my tears.

I immediately wiped my tears and stood near her cassette, as if the woman lying inside there is not my mother.

Since then, I have never felt any kinds of emotional attachments or detachments to people or their pains.

But ever since Emma, I am finding it difficult to maintain my indifferent attitude towards her. She is making me feel, which is making me uncomfortable.

"Next" he snapped, and the apple on Marco's head, which he just shot with his gun was replaced with a new one.

He aimed and shot the apple again, which was immediately replaced.

Marco is sweating profusely with fear. As soon as they returned from the Vitiello mansion, his boss Luca Vitiello is in a weird mood. He shot apple after Apple which was placed on Marco's head.

The made men around, who were watching the scene are scared too. They are scared that their boss might shoot them, just because he was irritated. They are feeling as if they are standing on pins and needles.

"What were you doing gossiping with Peter?" Luca asked Marco coldly.

Marco became instantly pale.

He thinks I don't know anything. I did not become the boss of the dozen mafia outfits just like that. I should have tack and intelligence along with a cold calculation.

I didn't hear them talking, but I just made a wild guess. Marco's pale face is telling me that I am right.

"It's nothing boss. We were just catching up" he stutters.

"Is it?" I drawl firing the bullet a little too close to his head, making him jump with fright.

"I hate people who lie," I say coldly.

"Sorry boss. Please don't kill me boss" he starts to beg pathetically.

But his voice is not the one I am hearing and his words are not the ones my brain is reminding me of.

'Please' it's her plea. So soft, so innocent.

My heart is aching at the painful expression I saw on her face today.

"Damn" I throw my handgun and turn away.

All I wanted was to forget about her. I have a dozen important things to do and few more people to threaten and if it doesn't work out, even kill them in cold blood.

"Did you give her the laptop we bought today?" I asked Marco, without turning back.

I know he would follow behind me. He is as loyal to me as his father.

"Yes, boss. I handed it over to Emanuel to pass it over to Miss Emma after she recovers" he says hastily.

I know Marco is curious to ask me questions about my mood. My behavior in front of Emma. But he is too scared to ask me about it.

I decided to busy myself with work and forget about Emma. I already arranged everything for her. I even gave up my Mansion for her. I know she is scared of me.

So I thought me staying away from her would make her transition smooth.

So I decided to stay in my old house, which I hate. This house always makes me feel like a small boy, who was always scolded by his father.

Marco followed Luca to one of their pubs. They own almost half the night clubs in this city. Their meeting with one of the underboss, who previously used to be a boss himself. But he lost to Luca, resulting in him being the underboss of the mafia operations in another city.

"They want to use this city for transportation of their weapons and drugs" the underboss informed.

"Ask them to pay the right price. 10% of the cost of the goods. If they refuse, then you refuse their passage" Luca instructed coldly.

"Yes boss," the underboss said, and the video call is disconnected.

Marco looked hesitant to tell Luca something, which Luca noticed.

"Speak," Luca said coldly, looking at the documents in front of him.

"Tasha is here for you," Marco said.

Tasha is Luca's fuck buddy. Whenever he feels the itch, he will use her. She is the daughter of the local senator.

"Send her in," Luca said, still looking at the documents.

The night clubs he owns around the city are high end and offer a wide range of alcohols and VIP treatments. Making them the to go places for the VIPs and celebrities.

He met Tasha here, in his club, dancing with a guy. As soon as he summoned her, he dumped the guy and was ready to cater to his needs. He noticed recently, her behavior is changing from soft and compliant to demanding.

She will never have the guts to demand anything from him, but she is making sure to show her authority in front of his men, making herself superior and his would-be wife in front of them.

Which is utter bullshit. He will never marry a selfish woman like Tasha. She didn't think twice to dump her businessman boyfriend for her, to climb higher. He is sure she would sell her husband if the money is high.

"Darling" Tasha drawled in a husky voice, which previously used to turn him on. But now it's making him irritated.

'Please' her voice.

'Why the hell are you thinking about her voice now Luca?' my mind, which was trained by my father snapped at me.

But my heart seems to wake up from his deep slumber, by the sound of her voice.

'Damn it, Luca, get a grip' I snap at myself.

"What do you want Tasha," I ask her coldly.

My face is an ice-cold mask. Utterly impenetrable.

Nothing will be shown on my face, but coldness.

'Only Emma can break that mask' my sub-conscience reminded me.

'I know, that's why I am staying away from her' I remind myself.

Tasha looked at Luca with a pout, trying to seduce him into her trap again.

She needs him wrapped around her finger. But she cannot read anything on his face, which makes her shiver with fear.

But she tried to gather herself and maintain her pout.

"You are not calling me recently" she whined.

"Is it?" he asked, not bothering to at least look at her.

When he refused to even look at her, Tasha became a little uneasy.

She wore this short red dress that barely reaches past her butt cheeks and showing ample cleavage, only to seduce him.

Tasha is a beautiful girl with her impressive height and slim figure. Her blond hair and thin red lips are tempting almost everyone, but the one she is trying to seduce.

"It's been so long. I am craving for your touch" she purred like a cat in heat.