

# The Principessa Never Regrets Novel

## Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter 2 When I stepped into the Rosetti estate, my father—who never stopped working—sat on the leather couch signing papers. He glanced behind me and his jaw tightened. "Why are you alone? I thought you traveled with Camilla. Where is she?" I forced a smile and hugged his arm. "I missed you. Some people aren't worth my time." Father heard the dissatisfaction in my tone. His voice turned stern. "Bella, Camilla is the housekeeper's daughter." "We raised her through college so she would serve you loyally." "If she fails at that, I'll cut off every card she owns." My smile died. My chest ached.

I'd been too kind so that she forgot her place. Camilla was seven when her mother, Mrs. Rossi, brought her to the Rosetti estate. I remembered her small, trembling frame, a stray kitten left in the cold. Her own father had abused her. She barely had a full meal. As the only Rosetti heir, I treated her like blood. She'd been by my side my entire life. Even when I felt Lorenzo slipping away. I still refused to believe she'd betray me. She swore loyalty. Swore to help me rule the Rosetti empire. But as the future Don of the family, I knew one rule: traitors do not get mercy.

I set my bag down calmly. "Cut her off." Father nodded, satisfied. "I don't know what happened, but I love your decisiveness." He added, "Tomorrow you meet Marco De Luca. If you approve, we set the wedding date." I smiled faintly. "Very well." Four years of fake love vanished in an instant. This was better. I'd been terrified Father would reject a poor boy. Now that trash removed himself. I met Marco De Luca at a high-end Italian café. Chapter 2 1.79% I scrolled my phone, bored, waiting. Camilla's social feed kept updating nonstop. First, they went to Nantucket to feed seagulls.

Then visited the church on Martha's Vineyard to pray. The next was Cape Cod. It was my itinerary. I spent a month planning every detail. I'd been so excited. Now it felt like a joke. Camilla called me on video when I was mid-sulk. She gushed over Lorenzo like he was a prize. "I'm vetting him for you, and he's perfect." "Carries me when I'm tired, brings me iced coffee, holds my umbrella... I stared at her, cold. "You called just to brag?" Camilla shifted awkwardly. "Why's my card declined? I maxed it out. Remember to tell your dad to help me repay it." My gaze locked on her neck.

Those red fresh marks cut into my eyes like sharp blades, burning my eyes. She noticed and tugged her collar. "It's... windy today!" Before she finished, a man lunged in and wrapped her in his arms. "I told you not to sleep with the AC on. You'll get sick." "No more games tonight..." Camilla panicked. Then the call cut dead. I knew that voice. It was Lorenzo. I couldn't help but clench my fists. How could I not hate them? A fifteen-year best friend. A four-year boyfriend. Perhaps feeling sorry for me, Lorenzo spammed me with trip photos. "Miss me?

We'll be home soon." Chapter 2 1.79% "I got you a gift." I opened the image. A cheap plastic keychain from a street stand. Worthless. Just like his love. At that moment, a velvet box slid across the table toward me. "Hello, bellissima. Is this seat taken?" It was Marco De Luca. I smiled dryly. "Lame pickup line." He flipped the box open. "A gift. For the Rosetti heir." Inside lay a De Luca family signet ring. A family motto carved inside. A ruby worth thirty million dollars. I held out my hand. "It's beautiful. Put it on me." Wearing it meant I accepted the marriage.

A three-dollar keychain or a thirty-million-dollar ring. Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive-perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

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