

SURRENDER TO THE DON'S EMBRACE (GIO AND MILLIE)

Chapter 4

4 MILLIE

After dinner, the men gathered in the lounge to indulge in drinks, smoking, and discussions of various matters. Meanwhile, I returned to my room but found sleep elusive. Driven by a sudden whim, I donned a bathrobe over my pajamas and quietly slipped downstairs, guided by the secret passage concealed behind the lounge wall. This hidden escape route was a precaution my Grandfather had taken, as the lounge and office were the preferred meeting spots for the male members of our family. It struck me as I descended whether there were any plans for the women if they needed to escape.

Upon reaching the secret door, I encountered Harper, who was already there, her eye pressed against the peephole. She turned to me, wide-eyed but relieved at my arrival

In a hushed voice, I asked her, "What's happening in there? I don't want the men to hear us."

Harper made way for me to look through the second peephole. "Most of them have left already. Father and Ruberti are discussing details with Agatone Merante. Only Gio and his entourage are still present."

I squinted through the peephole, affording me a perfect view of the chairs gathered around the fireplace. Gio leaned casually against the marble ledge, sipping Scotch, while his brother Sebastian lounged with a wolfish grin on his face. Valerio and the second bodyguard, Dario, occupied the other armchairs.

Sebastian's words seemed intended to provoke Gio. "It could have been worse. She could have been ugly. But, holy fuck, your little fiancée is an apparition. That dress, that body, that hair, and face. Wow!"

Gio remained dismissive, claiming. "She's a child." I was indignant at his description but relieved that he didn't view me like a woman. However, Sebastian continued his teasing, questioning Valerio, "What do you say? Is Gio blind?"

Valerio gave a cautious glance at Gio before shrugging, "I didn't look at her closely."

Sebastian turned to Dario, seeking his opinion, but the latter quickly averted his gaze.

Amidst the laughter, Sebastian remarked, "Gio, did you threaten to cut their dicks off if they looked at the girl? You're not even married to her."

"She's mine," Gio responded quietly, sending shivers down my spine. His possessive tone and intense gaze made me uneasy. He then directed his attention to Sebastian, reminding him that they would be in New York for the next three years while I remained here. Gio realized he couldn't keep an eye on me at all times and contemplated employing eunuchs to watch over me

An idea struck Gio, and he asked Valerio to locate the two men responsible for guarding me. Surprisingly, I didn't know I had two guards, as I had only been familiar with Enrique, who had protected me and my sisters for years.

Valerio swiftly left and returned with Enrique and Spencer, both looking displeased at being summoned like dogs by someone from New York. Father arrived shortly after, demanding to know the reason for the gathering.

"I want to talk to the men you chose to protect what's mine," Gio asserted. Harper huffed beside me, but I silenced her, aware that revealing the secret door's location would not sit well with Father.

"I want to decide for myself if I trust them," Gio declared, causing me to hold my breath. It was a near-insult. without openly disrespecting my father. Father's lips tightened, but he gave a curt nod and remained in the room. Gio stepped up to Enrique, and a tense atmosphere filled the space.

"I hear you're good with the knife." Gio said. "The best," Father interjected, eliciting a twitch in Gio's jaw.

"Not as good as your brother, as rumor has it," Enrique replied, nodding towards Sebastian, who smirked in response. "But better than any other man in our territory," Enrique eventually admitted

"Are you married?" Gio inquired. Enrique nodded. "For twenty-one years."

"That's a long time," Sebastian chimed in. "Millie must look awfully delicious in comparison to your old wife." I suppressed a gasp, witnessing the tension escalate.

Enrique's hand twitched towards the holster at his waist, and Father watched intently but refrained from interfering. Enrique cleared his throat, regaining composure. "I've known Millie since her birth. She is a child."

"She won't be a child for much longer," Gio warned.

"She will always be a child in my eyes. And I'm faithful to my wife," Enrique retorted, glaring at Sebastian. "If you insult my wife again, I'll ask your father for permission to challenge you to a knife fight to defend her honor, and I'll kill you."

I sensed that this situation would end badly. Sebastian tilted his head in acknowledgment. "You could try," he grinned menacingly. "But you would not succeed."

Gio crossed his arms, finally acknowledging Enrique's suitability. As Enrique stepped back, his gaze remained fixed on Sebastian, who seemed unperturbed.

Turning his attention to Spencer, Gio shed his veneer of civility, revealing a more menacing side. Spencer ~X attempted to hold his own, but he seemed like a small Chihuahua: a trying impress a formidable." Bengal tiger. The tension escalated as Gio accused Spencer of having an interest in me. to

"I saw how you looked at Millie." Gio growled, refusing to break eye contact.

"Like a juicy peach you wanted to pluck," Sebastian added, enjoying the confrontation.

Seeking help from my father, Spencer's eyes darted towards him, but it was futile.

"Don't deny it. I know what I see. And you want Millie," Gio stated fiercely. Spencer didn't deny it.

"You aren't a member of the Outfit. Nobody would tell you anything even if I raped her. I could break her in for you," Spencer audaciously remarked provoking Gio further.

In a split second, Gio reacted, throwing Spencer to the ground and pinning him down. My cousin struggled and cursed, but Gio held him firmly. With a knife in hand, Gio had reached a breaking point.

My legs weakened, and I whispered to Harper to leave, but she didn't heed my plea.

Unable to look away, I prayed that Father would intervene, but his expression displayed disgust as he azed upon Spencer. Gio sought perm issignthrough their eye N contact @ Spencer wasn't his soldier, and thig-wasn't his territory. With a nod ftom Father, Gio brought He knife'down, severing Spencer's pinky. The screams pierced my ears, and my vision blurred. I bit down on my fist to suppress any sound, while Harper couldn't contain herself, releasing a screech that echoed in the room, followed by her throwing up, the vile spillage missing me by a hair's breadth.

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Silence engulfed the room behind the closed dors. They had heard us approaching: I held tightly onto. Harper'supper arms as the secret: door was forcefully opened, revealirig Father's enraged face. Valerio and Dario stood behind him, weapons drawn, but holstered them upon seeing Harper and me.

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Though Harper rarely cried, her face was pale, and she leaned heavily against me. My own legs were weak, but I had to stay strong for her.

"Of course," Father hissed, scowling at Harper. "I should have known it was you causing trouble again." He forcibly separated her from me and dragged her into the lounge, raising his hand to strike her.

Instinctively, I moved to protect her, but Gio intervened, catching Father's wrist with his blood-stained hand, still holding the knife used earlier. Tensions escalated as others in the room readied their weapons.

"I didn't mean disrespect." Gio said calmly, defusing the situation. "But Millie is no longer your responsibility. You lost your right to punish her when you made her my fiancée. She's mine to deal with now."

Father glanced at the ring on my finger, acknowledging Gio's words. He stepped back, gesturing towards me. "Then would you like the honor of correcting her?"

Gio's stern gaze met mine, and I held my breath. "She didn't disobey me," he firmly stated.