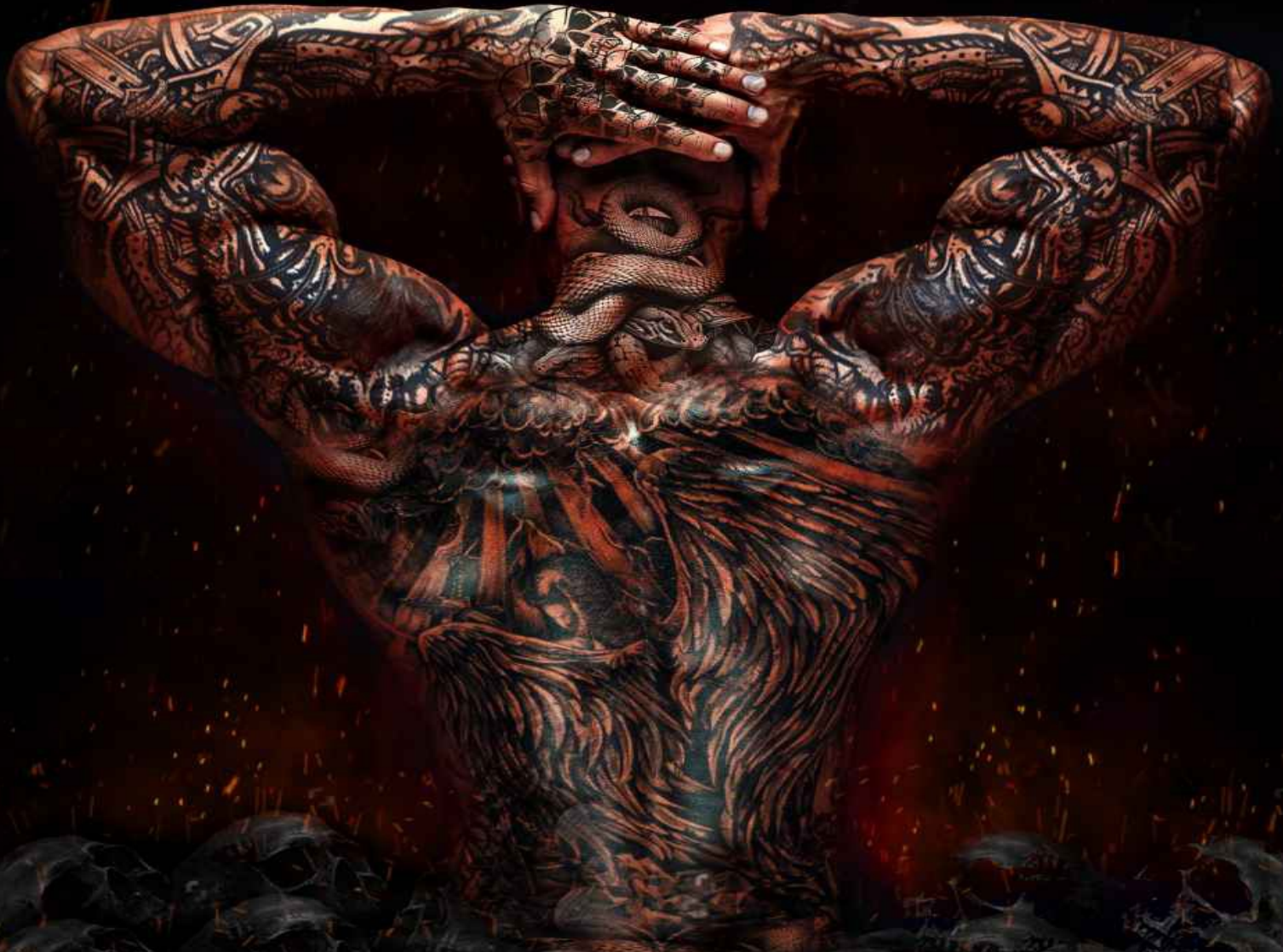


# DELUCA



BOOK ONE:  
**THE DEVIL**

THE MEN OF MAYHEM SERIES

**CHELLE ROSE**

*De Luca: The Devil*

MEN OF MAYHEM

BOOK ONE

CHELLE ROSE

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*To Smut readers everywhere. I see you. I love you. I wrote this for you. And for me. I needed a 6'7 tattooed devil in my world.*

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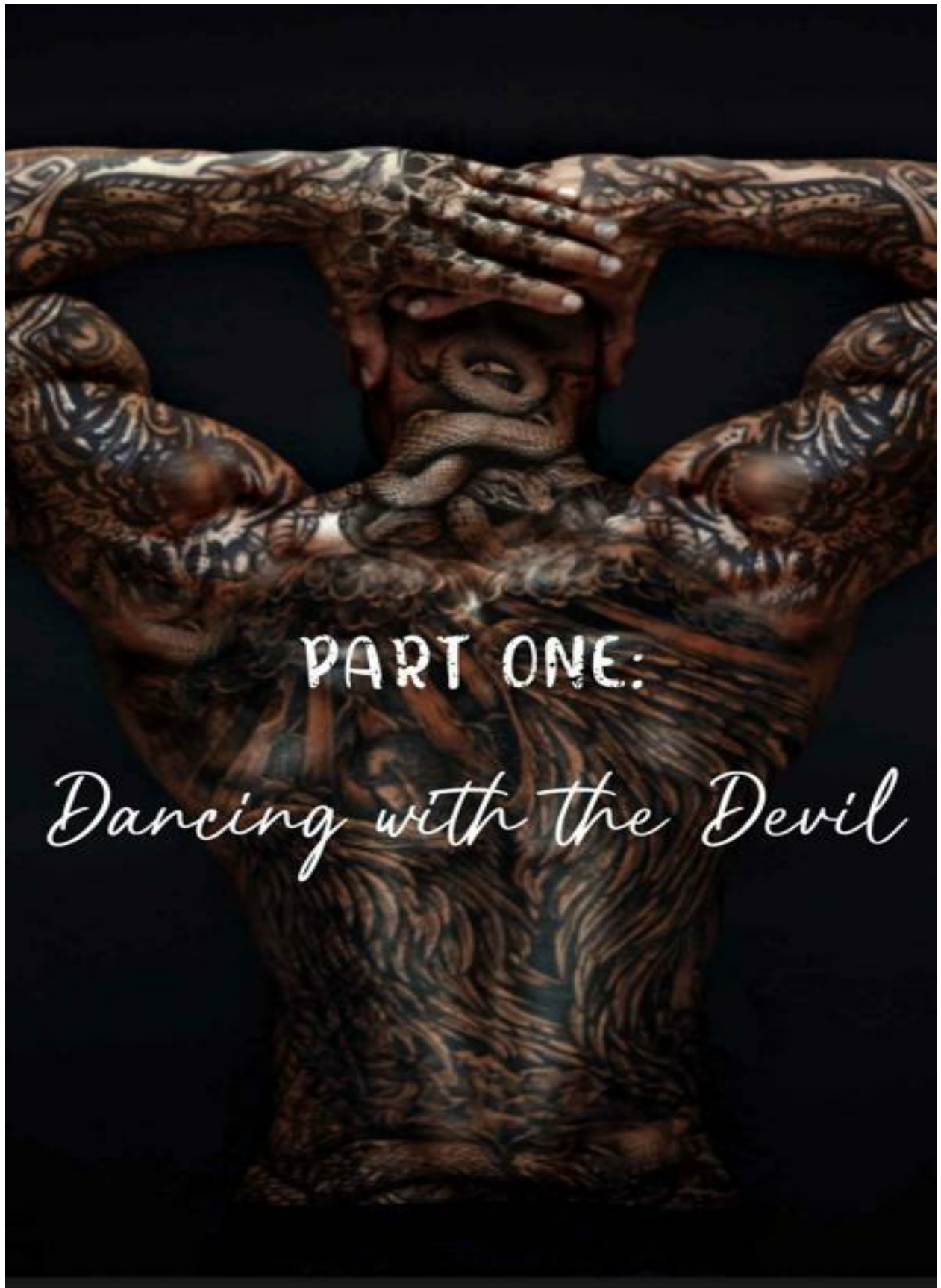
# Content Warning



Primal  
Kidnapping  
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Domestic Violence (Not between MC's)  
Murder  
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Rape (Not MMC)  
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Weapons Dealers  
Drugs  
Blackmail  
Somnophilia  
Snake

*Your mental health matters!*





PART ONE:

*Dancing with the Devil*

# Chapter One



## GIADA

My father is Anthony Baretti, boss of the Baretti Crime Syndicate. A mob boss doesn't have positive qualities, my father is not an exception. My mother married him because she didn't have a choice. Her father arranged the marriage, and like me, she had to go along with it. I always swore I'd never be married to a mob boss. I have no interest in this life. The money is the only enticing part of it, and the cost surpasses the benefit of sitting on a pile of cash.

Six months ago, on my twenty-third birthday, my father informed me that I would be marrying Enzo Bianchi. As a female born into this family, I have no other use. Marry a man I can't stand to give my father more money and power.

I'm expected to give Enzo as many babies as he desires. Of course, he wants sons and only sons. Any daughters will be worthless to him, other than to marry her off for a profit. That is not what I would want for any daughter of mine.

I've never been allowed to date because I must stay a virgin for my future husband. If I lose my virginity, I will likely lose my life. If Enzo discovered I wasn't pure, he wouldn't want me. I'd be useless to my father and experience the same fate my mother did. Without batting an eyelash my own father would end my life like it's just another day at the office. All because I was born without a dick.

I set the design plans I've been working on down on my desk when I notice my phone ringing. It's my father, so I take a deep breath before answering, "Hello?"

"Giada," he growls, as if I've done something to offend him other than

merely existing.

“Yes, Papa,” I respond sweetly because I know it pisses him off. I can picture him squeezing the bridge of his nose in annoyance. I fight the grin on my face as if he can see me.

“In my office within the hour,” he hangs up, not bothering to wait for a response from me.

I have little to no relationship with him, so I can only imagine this has to do with Enzo.

Enzo Bianchi, head of the Bianchi family, my fiancé and no less dangerous than my father, in fact, maybe even more so.

I’m surrounded by criminals with no heart.

It has been said that I’m a carbon copy of my mother. Rosa Baretto was a woman full of love. She let her passionate heart lead her down a dangerous path- one that brutally ended her life. I was five years old when I last saw her alive and came to know the monster my father was.

*I was outside playing on my swing set when I came inside for my mother’s famous chocolate chip cookies. Walking into the house, even at such a young age, I knew something was very wrong when I heard my mother crying. It wasn’t uncommon for my father to make her cry. His violence became part of daily life earlier than I can remember, but the sounds this time were different. Following the sound of her cries, I reached the bedroom and found them. I stood silent and terrified as my father straddled her and punched her in the face repeatedly. I opened my mouth to scream, but nothing came out. The sounds stayed trapped in my mouth. When he wrapped his hands around her throat, the struggle ceased. All the fight left her body as her face turned red and then blue. Eventually, he stood and stared at me, “She’s gone. Go find the nanny and get ready for bed, Giada.”*

*I tried to go to my mother, but he wouldn’t allow it. Next came the threat I’d hear over and over again. I didn’t know it then but it would become the soundtrack to my life.*

*“There’s nothing you can do other than what you’re told. Do not cross me, Giada, or you will join your mother.”*

That was how I learned about death. I was too young to understand, nobody explained it to me. There was no funeral, no mourning. She was just gone. Eventually I came to the realization that no matter how much I cried, mommy was not coming back. My father had been keeping the wife of an enemy mob boss. Mom couldn't bear to watch the woman be brutalized.

Every day she listened to the woman's screams as she was beaten and raped by my father and his men. My mother set her free when my father left for the day on business. Sometimes, I wonder if that woman thinks about my mom and what she sacrificed to save her. Surely, she would have died if not for her. I wipe the tears from my eyes, it's been eighteen years since that day, and it still hurts me. At this point, I think maybe, a broken heart never completely heals. I still remember the sound of her voice, the smell of the house when she was baking my favorite cookies, the way she laughed, and then the way she died. The stillness of her body haunts me.

My father frequently reminds me of that day, and how if I don't do exactly as I'm told, he'll end my life as well. I've spent a great deal of time fantasizing about running away where he'll never find me. The truth is hiding from men as powerful as my father, and Enzo is impossible. It doesn't matter where I go. Somehow, he and his arsenal of men would find me. And when they do, I'll pay with my life. It's the only reason I haven't left already. Crossing my father cost my mother her life, and I don't want to have the same fate. I guess it's why I spend most of my time with my nose in books. It allows me to escape into another world and dream of being the main female character. The kind where she meets this strong alpha male that will do anything to save her from a dangerous existence. If only. Okay so it's not going to happen to me but still, a girl can dream.

I finish getting ready to meet with him, and of course, my driver is waiting for me when I exit my apartment. Javier barely speaks a word of English, but it doesn't matter because none of my father's men are permitted to talk to me. It's been that way for as long as I can remember. They don't speak to me, but they do talk about me. They call me a mafia princess and snicker behind my back. I've met mafia princesses, and we are not the same. They are thrilled to do as they are told for the freedom to spend unlimited amounts of money. That's not me. I'd gladly give up everything I have to live a quiet life. One without guns, drugs, and never-ending violence. I never fit in with my father's world.

I hate all my father's men, however, none more than my father. We pull up to my father's sprawling estate, lined with roses, around the circular driveway. It's a gated mansion, but the black metal gates are not what keep people out, it's the men with weapons. He has fifty guards stationed outside, with another twenty or so inside. Anybody not part of this world, would call it excessive, but if they knew the things my father does on a daily basis,

they'd realize it's not overboard, it's necessary.

He has his hands in every evil thing imaginable. Weapons, drugs, prostitution, and probably more that I don't know about. Making enemies is his greatest hobby. It's one he does well.

After Javier opens the door for me, I step out of the vehicle and make my way along the pathway. All his men near the door lower their weapons silently.

I walk into my father's house, and his guard dogs look at me like I'm the scum of the earth.

Do they know this is the last place I want to be? When Anthony Baretti summons you, it's not optional. I may be his daughter, but he'll snuff out my life without a second thought. Surely these assholes must know that. I stop outside his office door, where I must wait to be granted entry.

Hector's gaze travels up and down my body. When his eyes land on my face, his expression appears like he ate a mouthful of shit, as if I'm repulsive. In this world, women are not accepted. We have one role. To procreate. That's how you get appreciation in this organization. Have a baby. A boy, specifically. Girls are mostly useless. Normally we are married off to someone that can provide money and power to our fathers.

I assume that's why I'm here today, as I haven't seen my father since he informed me that Enzo would be my husband.

My father yells, "Send her in."

Hector waves his hand, telling me to go in. I walk into my father's office, and he nods, "Have a seat."

While he sits behind his desk like a king on a throne, I take the black chair on the other side of him.

He doesn't bother with even a hello before lighting his cigar. I hate the smell of cigars. My father knows it bothers me, but he doesn't care. Anthony Baretti does whatever the hell he wants and doesn't give a shit who likes it.

"I have a job for you," he finally says.

Crossing my legs, I sit back in the chair with an arched brow, "I don't work for you. I never have."

Running a hand through his hair, he snaps, "You do now."

He glares at me, "You're going to find out everything you can on Domenic De Luca. We're going to take his business. You are going to help me."

I cross my arms over my chest in defiance, "Are you crazy? The De

Luca's are vicious. They are the most dangerous men in the country. Maybe in the world. No way."

He rises from his chair and walks over to me.

I'm frozen in fear when he pulls his gun from his waistband and presses it against my forehead, "Either you do as you're told, or I'll end your pathetic life now. You can join your mother six feet under."

Ahh yes, the same threat every single time. He knows it will get my attention and force me to bend to his will because I know it's a serious threat. While he hasn't done it yet, I have zero doubt, if I push him, he will.

I want to remain strong and refuse, but I have a gun to my head, "I'll do it," I whisper.

He puts his weapon away and smiles sadistically, "I thought you might."

"Why are you making me do this? Surely, you have employees who are less likely to get themselves killed?"

Again, he flashes that smile that makes me nauseous, "Either way, I get rid of *one* of my problems."

I'm a problem? I have stayed away from him, only surfacing when ordered to do so, with no issue. I haven't contacted him. I always behave myself. I don't make a scene or do anything to shame the family.

I rise, "Is that all?"

He nods, "That's it from me. He owns the nightclub, Devil. I would start there if I were you."

Glaring at him, I say, "The De Luca's are going to kill you. I only hope I live long enough to watch."

He laughs, "You wound me, Giada."

"What specifically do you need?"

Appearing pleased, he says, "That's better. I need to know where his shipments come from. Who his suppliers are. Who he's supplying to. Does he have a woman? Everything."

"Why do you need to know if he has a woman?"

He smiles again, "Women are a man's greatest weakness."

I shake my head, "Really? Mother wasn't a weakness for you."

My father doesn't respond, he only yells for Hector.

"We're done here. Escort my daughter outside."

As I storm out of his office, Hector grabs my arm.

I jerk my arm from him, "Take your fucking hands off me before you have my heel in your balls, asshole."

Laughing, he removes his hand from me, “Outside. Now.”

I step out into the sunlight and tilt my head to the sky, letting the sun warm my skin. Every time I walk into my father’s mansion, I swear the temperature drops twenty degrees, and it’s not from the central air.

After getting into the car, I tell Javier to drive fast because I need to get away from this hell on earth. I’ve hated my father since *that day*. We were never close, but it was then the true hatred came to life. Every time we have been in the same room, I’m reminded of the role a female plays in the underworld. We have no real value. As my father has taught me, if we don’t find a way to be useful, our lives are extinguished. Quickly. Violently.

I’ve heard of men that will kill other men but not women. That’s not the way it is in our family. A woman’s life is snuffed out as quickly as a man’s. There is no special treatment because you have a vagina, in fact, it’s often worse.

One might think I have higher value because I share his DNA. I don’t. I mean nothing other than what I can do for him.

It’s been hammered into my head for my entire life. Now he wants me to help him take down Domenic “The Devil” De Luca. I laugh to myself on the drive back to my Penthouse. I’ve never met any of the De Luca brothers. Their reputation alone instills fear in grown men. They are lethal. Brutal. Vicious. I have no doubt my father is on a mission to get himself killed. I’m likely to go first. They have eyes and ears everywhere. When I go in and start asking questions about them, I’m dead. My only hope is a pissed off employee. One who will keep their mouth shut. Unfuckinglikely.

After my driver parks in my VIP parking, I get out and make my way into my apartment. Mentally, I’m going through my outfit choices for tonight. Will they know what I look like? Should I conceal my identity? Dye my hair? Apply my make-up darker? The last thing I want is to be on the De Luca radar. My spidey senses tell me that’s exactly what’s going to happen.

I let myself into my apartment and toss my purse on the couch before heading to the bathroom for a long bath. I need to wash his stench from my skin. Just being in the same room with Anthony Baretti makes my skin crawl. If I thought there was a chance, I’d get away with it, there’d be a bullet between his eyes. I will never forgive him for what he did to my mother. And now what he’s doing to me. I suspect this is all a ploy to get me killed. The question is, why, when he could easily do it himself?

I turn on the water and dump some of my rose scented bath oil into the



bath. Quickly, I get undressed and fall into my favorite calming place. This bathtub is probably why I bought this place. It's massive, you could probably fit six people in it. I lay back and close my eyes, allowing the scent to calm me.

If only I could have had some time to prepare. My bucket list will remain unfinished. I'll never go to Bali. I'll never have a dog. A husband. Kids. Sex. I'll die a virgin. My father had strict rules because if ever he decided to marry me off, I had to be untouched. If I weren't, I'd be killed for costing my father a boatload of money. We live in the United States, where they say we are free to make our own choices, not in my world. It doesn't matter where you live. You live and die by a certain code. Your wishes be damned.

Forcing myself out of the tub, I drain the water, grab a fluffy pink towel, and dry off. I squeeze the excess water from my hair and go to my walk-in closet to find clothes for my death assignment. Without a doubt, I'm nervous. I've heard bone-chilling stories about the De Luca family since I was a child. I have a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach that I'm about to find out how much truth there is to those rumors.

# Chapter Two



## DOMENIC

Few things piss me off more than incompetence. If you're hired to do a job, it is expected to be completed without pathetic excuses. It's very black and white. You either did the job or you didn't. I have no room in my organization for anyone that can't fulfill their oath. That's how I ended up in my office at the nightclub I own, Devil, with Lorenzo on his knees in front of me.

"You were hired to bring him to me. Were my instructions unclear?"

"No," he mutters with trembling lips.

Lorenzo has worked for me off and on, for five years. He knows me well. I've killed men for far less. Failing me is a death sentence. Nash Lexington is the exception to the rule. The only reason I didn't kill him, is because Max was with him. Had he not been his blood would've been all over my floor. A war with Max and his family of assassins was not one I was interested in fighting. Rescuing innocent women is not my business. It's theirs. Max has proven to be an ally more than once. I don't like to kill off people if they can prove to be useful down the line. I never know when I may need to call in a favor. Lorenzo, however, is not useful after failing to complete an important job, one which could cost members of my family their life. The question remains, did he simply fail? Or is he working for Anthony Baretto?

"I'm sorry, Boss."

My brother Damian stands beside me, snickering.

Lorenzo makes one half-assed attempt at saving his life, "I was close. Give me another chance, Boss."

Shaking my head, I laugh as I place the barrel of my gun in his mouth, "Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades."

I fire once, killing him instantly.

Glancing at Damian, I put my weapon away, “Get Dante up here to clean up this mess.”

He takes his cell phone out while I raise the blinds on my window. His fingers fly across his screen, as he says, “Eventually you’re going to need to treat him like he’s your brother not an employee.”

Gazing out the window at the club downstairs, “Maybe when he becomes trustworthy, I will.”

Damian groans, “Nobody can hold a grudge quite like you.”

My gaze snaps to him, “You’d be wise to remember that.”

I’m not a man of second chances. Forgiveness isn’t something I’m capable of. The only reason Dante is still alive is because he’s, my brother. If I killed him like I wanted to, my other two brothers would be torn apart. This operation works because my brothers have my back. Well, two out of three do, anyway. I have a scar the size of a bullet on my chest, thanks to Dante. I nearly lost my life all because he’s a fucking idiot. It’s not something I’ll ever forget. When Dante enters my office, I don’t bother speaking to him. I never do. He knows what needs to be done. Besides, I’m far too entranced by the brunette at the bar. She has long, dark hair to the middle of her back. Her small hands hold her drink as she sips from the straw. Fuck. Curves in all the right places, and a plump ass I’d like to sink my teeth into.

“Has she been here before?” I ask Damian.

He looks out the window, unsure of who I am referring to, and asks, “Who?”

I point, “The brunette at the bar. Black skirt. White top.”

“I’ve never seen her here before, but she looks familiar.”

Damian chuckles, “Does she brother? Or do you just want to fuck her?”

“Something about her looks familiar.”

Although, right now, I’m more interested in seeing her lips wrapped around my cock. “When Gonzales gets here, put him in my office. I’ll be back.”

My brother chuckles, knowing me well enough to know I’m going to be a while.

I walk down the spiral staircase, making my way to the bar. Reaching the beautiful woman, I extend my hand, “Domenic De Luca, pleasure to meet you.”

Her eyes travel slowly from my torso to my face, as she gasps, “You’re as

tall as they say.”

I run my tongue along my bottom lip, this woman is stunning. Seductive. I want her. My cock throbs as I think about every dirty thing I want to do to her sinful body.

“What’s your name, Sweetheart?”

“Giad, Gia,” she stutters.

Placing one hand on the bar and my other on her chair, I ask, “Do I make you nervous, Gia?”

She shakes her head no, but I know better. She said I was as tall as they say, which means she knows who I am. People who know who I am, even if we’ve never officially met, are always nervous around me. They’ve heard stories. Even while they wonder if it's fact or fiction, they’re frequently worried the things they’ve heard might be true. Spoiler alert: they are.

“Can I buy you a drink?”

Gia swallows hard, “No. I’m okay. I was just leaving.”

Leaning my head down, I whisper in her ear, “Going before I’ve even made you come?”

She shivers at my words, her cheeks flush red but as I step back, Gia holds her head high like she’s the most confident woman in the world, “I’m not interested in a one-night stand with the devil.”

I grin, “A one night stand? It’d take me at least two or three nights to do everything I want,” I allow my gaze to move down her body, “to do to that beautiful body.”

She picks up her drink of what must be vodka, and tosses it in my face, “You’re a pig. I wouldn’t let you touch me.”

One of my security guards rushes over but I hold up my hand, “Stand down.”

She pierces me with a glare from stunning brown eyes, so dark they're almost black. The bartender hands me a towel, and I wipe my face, while staring at Gia with amusement.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have. I’m going to go now.”

She said no. I should go upstairs now instead of continuing to make myself look like a fool in front of my employees. There’s something about this woman. All day, every day, I have access to beautiful women. They never tell me they aren’t interested, as Gia did. They sure as hell don’t call me a pig. Whatever I want, they are only too happy to oblige. The way she looks at my body, hulking over hers, tells me she’s not being completely

honest with me or herself. I run my hands up her arms, leaving goosebumps on her beautiful olive skin until I reach her neck, slide my hands into her hair, and gently pull her head back, “Bellissima, I cannot let you leave until I taste you. One kiss and you’re free to go.”

Her eyes move to my exposed forearms, showcasing my full sleeves, “I said I wasn’t interested,” she whispers with no conviction whatsoever.

I lean my head down, no longer seeking permission, and lick the seam of her lips, “Bella,” I say, meaning beautiful.

She moans when I slide my tongue into her mouth, sliding mine against hers, I grip her hair tighter, as I tilt my head to deepen our kiss. I know my employees are watching this, but I don’t care. Right now, there’s only us here.

She grabs onto my shirt, pulling me closer, and whimpers into my mouth.

I slide my hand up her skirt, caressing her thigh, and while she was into this before, now she’s not.

Gia freezes.

Pulling back from her, I lay my cards on the table, “Don’t go. Come with me.”

She shakes her head, “You said one kiss. That’s the only reason I allowed it. Now, let me go. Please let me go.”

This girl is a liar. Gia wants to pretend that kiss wasn’t hot as hell.

However, I am a man of my word. I have to let her go even though I want to throw her over my shoulder and carry her off and fuck her.

I step back, “Goodnight, Gia.”

She takes a deep breath as she picks up her purse from the barstool next to her, “Goodbye, Mr. De Luca.”

I watch her turn away from me and walk out, leaving me with a raging hard on that is not going down on its own. A slap on my shoulder causes me to turn and see my brother, “Looks like you’re losing your touch.”

“Fuck off.”

I turn to head to my office, and he appears beside me, “Seriously. The devil turned down. It looks like hell must have frozen over.”

We walk up the stairs and enter my office, “Hilarious.”

Dante raises an eyebrow when I enter, “What?”

He shrugs, “I never thought it would be you kissing the enemy is all. Isn’t that the exact reason you hate me so much?”

I glare at him, “Jewel was the enemy. That girl is just a random woman in

my club.”

He shakes his head, “You really don’t know who she is, do you?”

“Enlighten me, dick.”

Dante grins like he holds an earth-shattering secret, “She is Giada Baretti, Anthony Baretti’s only daughter.”

Gia is obviously short for Giada. I was kissing my biggest enemy's daughter. Fuck. “What the hell was she doing in my club?”

# Chapter Three





DOMENIC

Some associates of mine think I'm the king of intel. At one point, I found information for a group of assassins. However, I go to Benji when I need more than I can find. He's a genius with computers. He worked high up with Microsoft until I offered him more money than Bill Gates could ever pay. I'm in my office waiting for an update from Benji, as well as my security team. I want to know everything there is to know about Giada Baretto. Beginning with what the fuck my greatest enemy's daughter was doing in my club. Physically, she's stunning. I wanted to sink into her cunt so bad it hurt. However, if she's a threat, her beauty will not save her. Like anybody else, she will be eliminated.

My head of security, Marco, enters the room with Benji, and I set my whiskey down on my walnut desk as they sit across from me.

Benji clears his throat, "Giada Baretto, age twenty-three. Interior Designer. As you know she's Anthony Baretto's only daughter. Engaged to Enzo Bianchi."

I run my hand across my jaw, "Engaged?"

I'm not often surprised but this is not information I was expecting.

He nods, "Yes."

I'm not sure why this news pisses me off but it does. I already have a hundred reasons to kill that mother fucker, but this adds one more to the list.

"Is she in love with him?"

Marco chuckles, "Doubtful, boss. It's an arranged marriage. The agreement between the families is that the Bianchi's will supply the Baretto's with weapons. The Baretto's will own forty-nine percent interest in the Bianchi hotel chain."

I pick up my glass and down the contents before setting it back down, “What do the Bianchi’s get out of this deal?”

Benji answers, “Enzo gets a wife and children, of course. Also, one and a half billion dollars.”

Handing them both a cigar before lighting my own, I sigh, “That’s all well and good but why the fuck was she in *my* club?”

Marco crosses his legs, and puffs on his cigar before answering, “I don’t have an answer for that but let me tell you what we do know. Anthony has been digging around to try to find a way to get your weapons business. Our associates informed us that he’s decided to take hostile action since you won’t sell it to him peacefully.”

With a chuckle, I say, “That’s cute. He will never get his hands on any piece of our business. Do you think that’s where Giada comes in?”

Her name tastes like honey on my tongue. This sweet little lamb came into the lion’s den snooping around. Now she’s fucked. Giada Baretti is in for a world of pain. I wonder if she knows what she’s done. Perhaps, she’s more like her father than she seemed. Calculating, underhanded and stupid. Trying to interfere with my business is not a bright idea. Others have tried, it never ends well.

Marco and Benji both nod, “We do. It’s the only thing that makes sense.”

My security adds, “Do you want me to pick her up? Tail her?”

I shake my head, “No, I’ve got it for now. I’ll let you know when I want her brought to me.”

Benji looks away from me, “Are you going to kill her, Boss?”

I don’t delight in killing women, but if it needs to be done, I’ll do it. Even one as beautiful as Giada Baretti. That’s not where I’ll start, though. By the time I end her life, she’ll be begging for it. If I decide you need to die, it’s rarely quick and painless. I am the devil after all. The thought of making her scream makes my cock hard as a rock.

There are few certainties in life, but one thing I’m sure of, I’m going to fuck her before she takes her final breath, willingly or not.

Marco arches an eyebrow, “So, you’re going to pretend she hasn’t been watching you, trying to get information on you?”

I smirk, “Not at all. The stalker will become the stalked.”

They both rise from their chairs and turn toward the door when Marco turns to me, “If you were anyone else, I’d be worried about you developing feelings, but we all know the devil fucks but never falls in love.”

I chuckle as I grip his shoulder, “Not in a million fucking years.”

I’ve watched many men fall in love through the years, even my brothers Dante and Damian. Damian fell madly in love with Kat and Dante with Jewel. Although Dante and Jewel, turned out to be a fucking nightmare for the entire family, especially me. It ended with a bullet wound in my chest and a two-week hospital stay where I nearly died. Five years later, I am still not over it. I never will be. Dante is permanently on the very top of my shit list. The only one higher right now is Anthony Baretti. If he thinks he can send his pretty little daughter to distract me so he can take a portion of my business, he’s sorely mistaken. He won’t live through it, but I won’t simply kill him. I’ll take everything from him first, starting with his daughter.

# Chapter Four



## GIADA

I spent the day designing a movie star's new home in New York City. He had no use for helping in the design process. He didn't care about colors, quality, or anything other than money. Every choice came down to going with the most expensive option. I hate people who can't see beyond the dollar bill. You'd think it'd make my job easier when the client doesn't have input. That's not the case. I like to work with people who want their homes beautiful, suiting them, not simply the most expensive designs in the movie industry. Unfortunately, that's exactly what I got this time around. When you choose the most expensive pieces, it doesn't necessarily go well together. I've already requested the famous Kris Welch not to tell anyone who designed his home. I don't want my name on it.

I walk out of my office and find my driver waiting for me. After climbing inside, I tell him to take me home where I'll get ready to go out with my best friend, Natalia. Tonight is club night. A night to unwind after the work week is done, but more than anything, it's a night to pretend I'm normal like my friend. No mob boss father, no future mafia husband that I can't stand, and no devil's kiss that I can't get out of my head.

He kisses like a god. His touch was strong and soft. For the first time in my twenty-three years, I felt desired. God save my soul, I'm promised to another man, yet I wanted more, so much more.

I cannot want the man I'm supposed to help my father bring down. I'd like to say I'm not attracted to Domenic De Luca, but the fact is that all six-foot-fiveish of that man is intoxicating. His full-sleeve tattoos and monster muscles are as tempting as sin. My heartbeat faster when he called me beautiful. No man has ever said those words to me. My future husband

certainly never will.

We arrive at my penthouse, and I exit the vehicle as I begin contemplating what to wear tonight. I know Natalia will be dressed in the sexiest outfit money can buy. Nat is attempting to attract men, while I am not. Although, even if I can't do anything with a man, it's nice to be noticed. I go into my apartment and shower quickly. Nat is supposed to be here in an hour, and that girl is always early. Her motto is, 'If you're not early, you're late.'

Stepping out of the shower, I towel dry my hair before wrapping a towel around myself. Going into my walk-in closet, I begin perusing my choices. I eventually settle on my black Valentino dress. I've never gotten the opportunity to wear it, but it's beautiful. It's tight, short, the hem coming to the middle of my thigh, with silver diamond cut-outs around the waist. Just as I'm strapping on my matching Louboutin's, my intercom buzzes letting me know my friend is here. I grab my clutch and head to the door. Nat smiles at me brightly, "You look delicious, babe."

I shake my head and laugh, "You look great, too."

She's also wearing black, but her skirt is much shorter than mine, and her shirt shows more cleavage than my father would ever allow. For a moment, I wonder if Enzo will have the same rules. Probably. Daddy dearest always says a mafia princess is held to higher standards. *Dressing like a whore will not be tolerated, Giada.* I quickly push both from my head, determined to have a good time tonight. In four weeks, I'll be Mrs. Bianchi, and I doubt I'll have the freedom I currently have. I laugh to myself. Freedom. My life is anything but.

Nat cups my cheeks affectionately, "Don't think about either of them tonight. This is our night for fun. Besides, I haven't given up on getting you out of this mess."

I laugh, "There is no way out. Unless you've changed your mind about us Thelma and Louising it."

She snorts loudly, "Come on, Principessa."

Nat loops her arm into mine as we step into the elevator in my penthouse. I have no doubt, if I asked her to try to hide me, she would, even though her death would be the result. Probably mine too.

Of course, Javier is waiting for me when we step outside into the cool evening air. It's been unseasonably warm for New York in November but not tonight. It doesn't matter how many days of sunshine we have, it's never enough. I'm never ready for winter. I shiver as we get into the vehicle and

Nat laughs, “I swear you have icicles in your veins, girlfriend. It’s sixty degrees, it’s not even cold.”

I roll my eyes at her, “I know. I hate it here. I want to move somewhere warm, like Hawaii.”

She buckles her seatbelt and laughs, “I was thinking Florida.”

Shaking my head, I disagree, “No. That’s where all the crazies are.”

Arching an eyebrow, she says, “Excuse me, that’s where I’m from originally. What’s wrong with Florida people?”

I giggle as I buckle my own belt, “I know, and nothing is really wrong with them. It’s just every time I see a news article about someone doing something stupid it starts, ‘Florida man’, I think the heat fries their brains. You’re lucky you got out when you were three.”

Glancing over at her, I say, “Javier needs to know where we are going.”

She shouts at him, “Devil.”

My eyes widen as I gasp, “No. I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

Natalia rolls her eyes dramatically, “I know mob daddy and the owner are mortal enemies or something but it’s the hottest club in town.”

I bite on my lower lip remembering the last time I was there, “It’s not that. I went the other day. My dad wants me to watch him and try to get information on him.”

She rubs her hands together with excitement, “Perfect. Then Mob Daddy won’t care that we are going there.”

I lean closer to her and whisper in her ear, not wanting Javier to hear, “He kissed me.”

Confusion crosses her features, “Who?”

Again, I whisper, “Domenic De Luca.”

She fans her face dramatically, “Oh my sweet baby Jesus, I wish he’d kiss me. I bet he fucks like the devil.”

I laugh at her absurdity, “He kisses like one. Or a God. I’m not sure which but it was hot.”

We’ve been friends since we were twelve after meeting in ballet class. She probably knows far more about the mob than she should. I’d die before I ever told a soul about the shit, she’s been privy to.

Nat slaps her hand over her mouth with fear in her eyes, “Does Enzo know?”

Shaking my head, I give her a ‘are you stupid’ look.

“I’m alive, so obviously not.”

She exhales a deep breath, “Let’s keep it that way.”

Enzo Bianchi is not a good man, none of them are, but he’s worse than your average mafia man. While they all seem to enjoy torturing their enemies, Enzo likes to brutalize women. Not just likes to, it’s as if he gets off on it. The fact that my father signed off on me marrying him, of all men, proves I mean nothing to him. Not that I didn’t already know that. My father and Enzo are one in the same. They hate all women. We are an inconvenience at best.

As we pull up to the club, I sigh a long-drawn-out breath, “That’s the plan.”

I step out of the vehicle with my best friend at my side as we approach the door. I’m nervous to say the least and hoping Domenic De Luca is not here tonight. Fine, I admit it. That’s not entirely true. Part of me hopes he’s not here. The other part wants him to kiss me again even though I know I shouldn’t. He’s a dangerous man and if Enzo finds out, he will lock me up at the very least. If my father gives him the go ahead, he’d probably kill me. I don’t think it would take much arm twisting to get him to agree to that.

We hand our identification to the door man, and he nods as he hands them back, “Enjoy.”

I smile politely, “Thank you,” and we head inside.

“What are you drinking, Principessa?”

I roll my eyes at her nickname for me, “Vodka Cranberry.”

Nat giggles as she retrieves her credit card from her wallet, “Live a little, have a shot of tequila with me.”

Laughing, I say, “Fine. I’ll live a little, one shot. And the Vodka.”

We walk to the bar, and Natalia orders our drinks. The music is loud playing “*Call Me Devil*.” I roll my eyes at the song choice. I glance around and sigh, feeling relieved that I don’t see him. All I see are the massive amount of bodies gyrating and dancing close. The bartender sets our drinks on the bar, and Nat holds up her shot of tequila and clinks my glass, “To an amazing night.”

I lick the salt from the rim, down the shot, and suck on the lime while my chest burns from the alcohol.

Natalia laughs at the face I make. Shots are not my favorite but occasionally I’ll do them with her.



# Chapter Five



## DOMENIC

I'm in my office going through the liquor numbers when my brother, Damian, comes in. He's my second, and we think the same. We aren't twins, but we could be. Our thoughts are connected. How I would deal with a problem is the same way he would. That's the biggest reason I trust him to act on my behalf if I'm too busy to handle things. The biggest difference between us is his need to save helpless women. It's how he ended up with the nickname he hates, The Saint. I glance up from the paperwork, "Fuck. We'll have to find another distributor after I kill this one."

He chuckles, "Why are you killing this one?"

I toss the paper I've been going over to him across my desk, "He's padding the numbers. He's charging us for double the amount supplied."

Damian rubs the scruff on his face as he shakes his head, "Stupid fucker."

Occasionally, someone tries to steal from me, but it doesn't happen often. Most people are smart enough to know better than to steal from the De Luca family. But it does happen. People get desperate when they have financial problems and do stupid shit like this. Did he really think I wouldn't check the numbers?

I glance at my monitor sitting on the left side of my desk and watch the bar on my security feed when I spot her. Giada is in my club again. She has another woman with her this time. They're drinking and laughing. I zoom in on her as she licks her lips before taking another sip through her straw. I can't help but think of her lips wrapped around my dick instead. Most women fall to my feet, begging me to fuck them. But not this girl. She's promised to fucking Enzo Bianchi. The Bianchi men are the worst of the worst. Torturing women is a relaxing Sunday for them. The only man I can imagine willingly

selling his daughter off to a Bianchi is Anthony Baretto. Clearly, his daughter doesn't mean a fucking thing to him other than money and power. If she did, there's no way he'd sell her. My siblings are all men except for my baby sister, Dalia. I wouldn't sell her to anyone, but a Bianchi would be the last man I'd ever allow to touch her.

Damian takes a seat across from me, "Something going on down there?"

Without looking away from my monitor, I shrug, "Giada Baretto is here again."

"Doing more of daddy's work?"

I glance at him quickly before focusing my attention back on my computer screen, "I don't know. It looks like she's just here having fun."

"Brother don't forget she's the enemy. I know she's hot, but she's dangerous. Don't let pussy make you lose sight of the danger lurking. Anthony Baretto wants to take us out."

I glare at him, "I have not lost sight of anything. I'm aware of that fuckers' intentions."

He chuckles, "And yet you are fighting with yourself over whether or not you should go down there and get your paws on her again."

My brother is right, and I know he is. I know I should stay far away from her, but I can't. I've never wanted to fuck a woman more than I do her. I'll kill her after I get my fill, but not before then.

"Relax. She's a dead woman. After I fuck her, I'll end her and send her head to Baretto."

He chills out and cracks his neck, releasing the stress from his body, "There's the savage devil I know."

I imagine how stunning she'll look with blood dripping down her beautiful skin. I'll be the one watching the light fade from her eyes. *What a fucking gift.* I wonder if she'll die as beautifully as she lives.

I tap my fingers on my desk, "You are right about one thing, though."

He arches an eyebrow waiting for me to explain.

"I am going down there. Get the liquor distributor in here."

Damian chuckles, "Of course you are."

Without another word, I rise from my chair, head out the door and down the stairs to find Giada. It's nearly time to take her. I know exactly when it will happen. There are few things I do that aren't calculated. She will be no different. I find her on the dance floor with her friend, seductively moving those sexy hips, I wrap my arm around her waist and pull her against me and

lower my head, whispering in her ear, “You should not be here, Bellissima. Tempting the devil with that delicious little body, made for sin.”

Her scent is intoxication, innocence, and sex, all rolled into one. I run my tongue from her collarbone up to her ear, ignoring her friend gaping at us. I spin her around so she’s facing me and take in her wide eyes, as she trembles in my hands, “Did you not have enough, Bellissima? You came back for more?”

Her eyes travel up my chest, taking in every inch, slowly, before her gaze settles on my face, “No.” She stammers, “I mean n-no, not here for m-ooo-re. I am with my f-rrriend.”

I can’t help but smirk at her nervousness. I’m used to making people feel unsettled. Normally, it doesn’t faze me but for some reason I’m enjoying this. Perhaps a little too much.

I run my hand into her hair and pull, forcing her head back, “Oh sweet, Giada Baretto. What would Bianchi say if I told him, you were in my club again? What if I told him I had tasted those pretty lips? That mouthwatering tongue?”

Her eyes well with unshed tears, “Please don’t. He will kill me.”

I grin at her as I shake my head, “What makes you think I won’t kill you?”

Shrugging her shoulders, she says, “Even the devil would do it with more compassion than he would.”

“Bellissima, I wouldn’t be so sure of that if I were you.”

A tear rolls down her cheeks, “I’ll do anything. Please don’t tell him.”

I have no intention of having a conversation with Enzo Bianchi unless it ends with a bullet in his brain. Her friend crosses her arms in annoyance, glaring at me. Again, I ignore her.

“Come upstairs with me and I won’t tell him.”

She nods, but her friend grabs her arm, “You don’t have to go anywhere with him. He’s blackmailing you.”

Giada smiles reassuringly to her friend, “I’ll be okay. I promise.”

I grab her arm and walk across the club to the spiral staircase, and we walk upstairs, but not to my office, where Damian and our supplier wait for me. We walk past them to one of the VIP rooms overlooking the club. The windows are tinted; you can see out but can’t see in which is perfect for what I have in mind.

I gesture for her to walk in first, and she does, but I can tell she’s anxious.

I close the door behind me and lock it. “Take your dress off.”

She turns to me with a shocked expression, “I can’t have sex with you. I can’t. They’ll kill me.”

I push her against the wall, “Only if you tell them.”

“I’m a v-v-irgin. He’ll know.”

I shouldn’t care after all. I’m going to kill this girl. However, her fear does something to me I don’t quite understand. She’s never going to marry Bianchi anyway. But I choose not to tell her that. Miss Baretti does not need to know what my plans are.

“I won’t fuck you. Take your dress off, Giada. Don’t make me tell you again.”

With trembling fingers, she reaches around her back, unzips the thin black material, and lowers it to the ground, while she trembles. She’s like a frightened deer and I love it.

“Fucking exquisite, Bellissima.”

She stands before me in a skimpy black lace bra with matching boy short panties. My final thread of control breaks, and I charge at her, take her face in my hands, and kiss her. At first, she doesn’t respond, but a moan forces her mouth open, and I slide my tongue into her sweet mouth. Giada is innocent yet sinful. Dark and light. Good and bad. No part of me should want her, but I want all of her. Even if I must take it by force. I swallow moan after moan as my hands travel up and down her body. My hands stop at her tits. My thumbs rubbing circles on her pebbled nipples.

I pull away from her lips, “You like that don’t you, Bellissima?”

“Yes,” she moans for me again.

“Have you ever had an orgasm?”

She shakes her head, “No. I’ve never.”

I hook my thumbs into the waistband of her panties and kneel as I slide them down her legs. Her pussy glistens in front of my face, so perfect, pink, and pretty.

The incredible scent between her legs is making me lose my mind. I growl, “Your future husband may be the first man to fuck you, but I get this. I’ll be the first man to make your body lose control from an orgasm.”

I lift her by her hips, and she wraps her legs around my waist as I carry her to a table. Every VIP room has a black sectional sofa and a large round table with chairs. I lay her on top of the black wood and spread her legs open, “When you come for me, Bellissima, I want to hear you. Hold nothing back. I

want it all.”

She arches her eyebrow, “Maybe I won’t come.”

I chuckle, “You will. I won’t stop until you do. Be a good girl and come for me.”

Kicking the chair further away, I bend down and place a soft kiss on her swollen little clit. She jumps from the contact. Running my tongue from her opening to her clit has her moving her hips uncontrollably, so I pin her legs down, “Hold still, Bellissima.”

“I can’t. It’s too much.”

“Lay here and take it. Be a good girl. If you don’t, I’ll fucking tie you so you can’t move.”

I run slow circles with my tongue on her clit, and she moans loudly for me. The sounds she makes cause my dick to harden painfully. I want nothing more than to hold her down and shove my cock inside her. I told her I wouldn’t, and I don’t lie. Yes, the devil has a moral or two lying around.

# Chapter Six



GIADA

He steps back and begins undoing the buttons on his black shirt, “Don’t even think about moving. Keep those pretty thighs open for me. I’m nowhere near finished with you.”

After he removes his shirt and tosses it on one of the chairs, I nearly lose my breath. He may be the devil, but I’ve never seen anything more beautiful in my life. He’s inked from his neck, all the way down his torso, right to his fingers. I think he’s the most muscular man I’ve ever laid eyes on. Smirking at me, he says, “You’re staring, Bellissima.”

I lift my eyes to his, while I attempt to remember how to breathe, “Sorry.”

“What’s my name?”

“Domenic,” I breathe.

He nods, “Good girl. When you come for me, you will scream my name.”

Leaning over me again, he presses his face between my legs and inhales, “Questa bellissima fica sarà la mia morte.”

*This beautiful pussy will be the death of me.*

He grips the back of my legs with his huge hands and pushes my legs back, putting me in what can’t be an attractive position, but he doesn’t complain. Instead, he feasts on me like a starving animal. He licks and sucks at my clit while he groans like a ravenous man. I try to buck my hips, but I can’t move with the way he has me pinned to the table. I run my fingers through his short hair as he makes a meal of me. Then he swipes his tongue over my clit in the perfect motion sending shivers to my core.

“Domenic. God.”

He doesn’t pause, he doesn’t slow down. Continuing his assault with his tongue, he gazes at my face while he brings me closer to the edge. He speeds



up the strokes of his tongue and I lose my mind. I've never felt anything like this in my life. Heat spreads through my body as he slides a finger inside me, slowly moving it in and out, as he flicks my clit with skilled precision. I should be worried about losing my virginity to his finger but right now I can't bother to care.

"DOMENIC!"

He groans as I feel my pussy pulse around his finger.

Pulling his finger out of me, he lifts his head and sucks his finger clean, "Deliziosa."

*Delicious.*

"You taste as sweet as fucking candy."

Lifting me from the table he sets me on my feet, "Get on your knees, Giada."

My heart races from fear or excitement, I'm not sure which, "You won't tell Enzo?"

"Do not mention that asshole's name when I'm getting ready to put my cock in your throat." He drags his hand down his face, "No, I won't tell him."

Pointing to the floor, he says, "Knees. Now," as he undoes his belt with one hand. I drop to the carpet, he unzips his pants and pulls them down with his boxers, "Have you done this before?"

I shake my head, "No. I've never done anything."

Glancing between his legs, I swallow hard when I see how big he is. It's hard, huge, and I'm not sure what to do with it.

"Take it."

I grab him tentatively and run my tongue from the base to the tip, causing him to moan, so I guess I'm doing something right. I swirl my tongue around the head, tasting his pre-cum before taking him into my mouth. I slide my mouth down his cock, moaning as I go, enjoying his taste. I glance at his face while I take him. Somehow, he looks even more beautiful like this, giving in to his pleasure.

"That's right, beautiful, just like that. You take my cock so well."

He runs his hands into my hair, "I'm going to show you how I like it. Place your hands behind your back and breathe through your nose."

Holding my head still, he thrusts into my mouth, hard and fast. Tears roll down my face as I struggle to breathe, trying to concentrate on breathing through my nose.

"Bellissima. Do you feel me hitting the back of your throat? I'm going to

come, and you'll be a good girl and drink all of it. If you don't, you'll lick up every spilled drop."

Maybe I should be upset with how he's treating me but for some reason I like it. The fact that he's using me like this, for his pleasure turns me on. His abs tense as he grips my head tighter and groans, filling my mouth with his seed. I swallow him down afraid I'll be forced to lick it from the carpet. A man like Domenic De Luca, cannot be told no. If he says to lick the floor, you do.

"Clean me off."

I lick the head of his dick, getting all the leftover cum.

He does his pants up, puts his shirt back on, "Get dressed and get the fuck out of my club, Baretti's don't belong here. If you come back, you'll leave with a fucking bullet in your brain."

Domenic looks down at the floor like he's ashamed to be in the room with me while I gape at him, "This is done. Don't come here again."

I stare at him as he unlocks the door, walks out, and closes it behind him.

I'm on my knees, half naked, in my father's greatest enemy's club, and the only thing I can think about is the way he just tossed me aside like trash. Did I do it wrong? One thing is for sure. I'm never coming back here again. If my father wants me dead, he can do it himself. Or have Enzo do it. I'm used to men treating me like shit but I've never felt so worthless in my life. I'm not stupid, I knew it wouldn't go anywhere. After all, I'm being forced to marry someone else. Still, how could he come in my mouth and then leave like I'm a prostitute?

I force myself to my feet and grab my panties and put them on before grabbing my dress and putting myself back together. I laugh at myself as I zip my dress. What did I expect? I thought he'd treat me with respect? *The Devil*, as he's known, has a different woman every night. I'm not special, I never could be, not to him. Not to anyone. If I were smart, I'd end my own life, taking away the satisfaction from one of these men that will get to do it. I could never do that to Natalia. It would break her heart. She is the only person in this world that gives a shit about me. My entire existence is depressing. I was born for one purpose, to be used and abused. I'm fucking sick of it.

# Chapter Seven



***Four weeks later...***

I promised myself I wouldn't go back to *Devil*, and I haven't. That doesn't mean I haven't thought about my last night there. It's time to forget about him. Today I'll become Mrs. Bianchi and I'll never be unfaithful to my husband, even if that man is Enzo. This is the first day of complete loneliness for me. My mom is dead, so she's not here. Enzo and my father forbade me from having Nat here. I'm not allowed to be friends with her anymore because she's a bad influence. She has been my person since I was twelve years old. Keeping me from her is a form of extreme torture. It's worse than a beating by Enzo, which he has started doing a lot. It took three make-up artists to cover my bruises for today. All three women looked at me with pity, but they wouldn't try to help me. No one is that stupid. If you know who Enzo Bianchi is, you'll keep your mouth shut. I don't blame them, really. They couldn't save me, they'd only join me in misery. This is my life now. I'm not delusional enough to think he'll stop beating me because I'm his wife.

I zip the wedding dress he bought for me. I don't bother looking in the mirror because I don't even want to see what I look like. It doesn't matter that I'm dressed in a beautiful white gown. Does it matter what you wear when you attend your own funeral?

I've been alone in this hotel room for the last hour. The silence is deafening. It's almost time, Enzo's employees will come get me soon. I wish

there was a way out for me. That's the problem hope. Be careful what you wish for, they say. You might actually get it. Suddenly, a chill washes over me. A sharp stabbing pain jabs me on my neck. I reach back to touch it but it's too late. I try to blink as a sudden onset of dizziness washes over me, as I begin to fall, everything fades to black.

# Chapter Eight



## GIADA

Before I even open my eyes, my head is pounding. I crack open my right eye and do not know where I am. Once both are open, I see a picture on the bedside table. Four men are in the image, one of them, the devil himself. That must be who took me, although, for the life of me, I can't imagine why. He didn't want to ever see me again, so he must have decided to kill me. That's the only thing that makes sense. It's slightly amusing to me that men threaten to kill me so often, I am no longer in fear of it. It's simply another day. Then, I try to move my arms and realize I'm handcuffed to the bed, naked.

I scream, "Hey asshole! Let me go!"

After several minutes, the door opens and Domenic walks in, closing the door behind him. I choose to ignore his chiseled jaw, dark eyes, and my god, those tattoos. Right now he's not the man that gave me my first orgasm. He is the enemy, the devil.

He gazes at the length of my body several times as if he has the right to look at me naked.

Taking a seat in the large armchair near the foot of the bed, he sits silently, with his fingers stroking the side of his jaw.

"I've been trying to figure out why the daughter of my enemy was in my club. I'm pretty sure I know, but I'd like to hear it from you."

I laugh, "Maybe I'll enlighten you after you uncuff me and give me my clothes."

Without any regret in his tone, he says, "You have none. I burned your wedding dress."

I roll my eyes at him. I want clothes, but I don't give a shit about that dress. It's not like I was going to save it, so I had a reminder of my magical

day.

“What do you want from me, Domenic? You told me not to come to your club again, I haven’t.”

He arches an eyebrow before answering, “I want many things from you, Giada. We’ll start with this; you have a decision to make.”

I swallow hard, “Which is?”

“We will be married, or I will end your life. Your choice.”

I shake my head, “You don’t even like me. Why on earth would you want to marry me?”

He chuckles, “You’re right. I don’t like you. You spied on me for your father, don’t bother lying to me, I know you did. My brothers think I should have killed you already. Marrying you would piss your father and Enzo off more than killing you. I have no doubt your weasel of a father will finally come out of hiding to retaliate.”

I’m done with everything. I’ve had too much. These men are all assholes, and I’d rather be dead than marry any of them.

“If I choose death, will it be quick or slow and torturous?”

Domenic looks at me with surprise, “Quick. While my brothers believe you deserve it, I am not interested in causing you pain.”

“Then I choose death.”



# Chapter Nine



DOMENIC

I stand and pull the gun out of the back of my pants, walking over to the side of the bed. I stop near her head and put my firearm to her forehead, “This is what you choose?”

Giada closes her eyes and breathes calmly, “Yes.”

She doesn't look scared. A scene of peace washes over her face. She truly wants this. Beautiful Giada is suicidal, and it makes me so angry I can't see straight. I storm out of the room, slam the door and head downstairs. The threat of death was supposed to scare her, so she'd agree to marry me. I never intended on killing her. Damian says I let her get under my skin. Of course, I disagreed, but her being so ready to die has me wondering because this upsets me far more than it should. The fact that she's simply given up pisses me off. I don't know her well, but I know she's stronger than this. I'm used to people begging for their lives. Doesn't everybody want to live? Why doesn't she?

I storm back upstairs, no less furious than before. I open the door, “New choice. Either you become my wife or Natalia gets taken, tortured, and eventually killed. I'll let my men do as they please with her.”

She gasps as tears roll down her cheeks, “You really are the devil.”

I shrug, “I never claimed otherwise. What's your choice, Giada?”

Her head hangs down to her chest as her cries grow louder, before long, her sobs echo in the room, “Fine. I'll do whatever you want if you don't hurt her.”

I unlock her handcuffs. She looks at me in surprise, “You're letting me go?”

Chuckling, I say, “No, sweetheart. You aren't going anywhere.”

“Then why are you uncuffing me?”

Climbing over her, I place a hand on the mattress on either side of her, flashing her an evil grin, “Because I’m going to fuck you. I’m hoping you fight me, claw at my skin, and beg for freedom knowing you’ll never get it.”

“Please don’t take my virginity.”

I chuckle, “Bellissima, I’m not a good man. I’m not the man that cares. I’m the bad guy. The man that haunts you in your dreams, lives in your nightmares. But I’ll be nice, this once. I’ll make you come before I rip your cunt to shreds.”

“Please, Dom. Not like this.”

Her calling me Dom catches me off guard, so much so, that all the air escapes my lungs. The only person that ever called me that, was my dead mother and my baby sister. For some reason I like it even though I don’t want to.

“Say it again.”

“Please, Dom. Not like this.”

I get off the bed and glare at her, “Fine. You have two days before you become mine. Until then I won’t touch you. Bellissima, don’t be confused. I’m not a good guy. I have no intention of not fucking my wife. Once we are married, your cries will not stop me. I will take what’s mine.”

“Thank you, Dom.”

“My servant will bring you clothes you can wear. You have free reign of the house but if you give me a reason, I will take it away. If you try to leave, I’ll hunt you down. When I find you, I’ll fuck you and kill you.”

She attempts to cover her naked body with her arms as she glares at me.

“Do we understand each other?”

“Yes,” she bites with venom lacing her tone.

I am tempted to remind her who she’s talking to. I could easily tie her up, spank her ass until it’s bleeding, and fuck her until she cries. This woman is my temptation. Part of me hopes she runs. I want to find her and fuck her. For now, I have to honor my word and not touch her until she’s, my wife. This is going to be the longest forty-eight hours of my life. Once we are wed, I don’t care how much she cries about being a goddamn virgin. The night of our wedding, I’m fucking her. I can’t wait to tell her father I took her virginity. Even more so, I can’t wait to tell Enzo-fucking-Bianchi, I took his bride. Do I know I’m starting a war? Yes, I’m well aware. In fact, I’m counting on it. It’s a fight I’ll win.

I open the door after hearing a knock and see Maria, one of my many

servants with an armful of clothing.

“Come in,” I say before redirecting my gaze to Giada, “Get dressed. I expect you to be in the dining room in fifteen minutes. Mario has prepared dinner.”

She lowers her gaze to the floor, “Dom, can I take a shower first?”

I sigh with irritation, at her and at myself for liking the way my nickname rolls off her tongue, “Fine. Make it quick. Everything you need, you’ll find in the bathroom.”

As I walk toward the door, I spot my brother, Drake, standing there with a smirk on his face. Without thinking, I draw my fist back and hit him in the jaw.

“Jesus Christ,” he yells as he rubs his face.

“She will be my wife. Look at my naked wife again and I’ll carve your fucking eyes out with a dull knife.”

I hit him again just to hammer home my point. He stumbles backward but doesn’t fall, “Fuck asshole. You’re marrying her to piss people off and start a war. You’re not marrying her for real. I didn’t think it mattered. I thought maybe I’d even get a turn.”

I push him against the wall before wrapping my hands around his throat and growl, “You thought fucking wrong. Do not look at her. Don’t touch her. Even thinking about Giada is fucking off limits. Got it?”

Drake glares at me with a vengeance, “Yeah, got it. What, are you in love with her?”

I laugh as I step back, “No. I do not love her. I will never love her. That’s not what this is about. She’s a weapon. Nothing more. Nothing less. She’s not my type. She isn’t even attractive.”

He rubs his jaw more as he winces from the pain, “But you’ll fuck her, right?”

I nod, “To consummate the marriage, yes.”

Drake shakes his head, “Sorry, man. I didn’t mean to overstep. I thought it would be like Marissa and Holly.”

In our younger, wild days, we shared two women. There is no fucking chance that I’m sharing Giada with my brother or any other man.

“It’s nothing like either of them. Now, why are you in my home? Did you need something?”

He chuckles, “I came to let you know Anthony is asking questions about his daughter’s whereabouts. Apparently, she disappeared from the hotel room

mere minutes before her wedding. So, what's the plan?"

"In forty-eight hours, she'll be my wife, lose her virginity, then he'll be told. Not a moment before then."

He slaps my shoulder affectionately, "Alright. We'll talk after you're a married man then. Later."

I head down to the kitchen and wait for Giada to arrive for dinner.

# Chapter Ten



## GIADA

I'm not sure if Domenic left the door cracked open on purpose or not. Was I meant to hear he's not attracted to me? And why did that hurt so much? I shouldn't care what he thinks of my physical appearance, but I do.

*No. I do not love her. I will never love her. That's not what this is about. She's a weapon. Nothing more. Nothing less. She's not my type. She isn't even attractive.*

I might have done a Google search on Domenic after the night at Devil. And I might have, maybe noticed the women he has been seen with. It shouldn't honestly surprise me. I'm too plain for him. The women he is photographed with are stunning. They look like supermodels. I'm just me. Twenty pounds overweight and boring. I try to push his words from my mind as I make my way to the bathroom. After turning on the shower, I step in. It's nice to be held captive in such an expensive home. The shower head is a deluxe rainfall. I stand under the heat of the water rolling down my skin and contemplate never getting out.

Then I hear his voice, "Giada. I'm not known for being a patient man. I suggest you finish up and get down here before I lose the last thread of patience I have and drag you out of the shower by your hair."

Nervously, I look around the room through the clear shower door but don't see him. He obviously has an intercom system.

I rinse off and quickly dry off with a towel before getting dressed in the blue sweatshirt and black yoga pants he provided for me. At least I'm not naked now. I will figure out some way to get free of him. Is he better than Enzo? Probably. But not by much. I never wanted this. From the moment I saw my father kill my mother, I swore I'd never be a mafia wife. If it's not

Enzo, it'll be Domenic. I keep telling myself it'll be temporary. This is not the life I want. I'm sure after Dom wins this war he's starting, he'll let me go or kill me. He's not attracted to me, so I know he'll tire of having a wife he doesn't want and be itching to go back to his bachelor ways. Unless he's like my father and plans on fucking whoever he wants even after he's married.

I head downstairs and wander around until I find the dining room. Domenic sits at the head of the table, tapping his fingers on the marble, clearly fuming.

I keep my head lowered as I take the seat across from him.

"Too far away. Come sit beside me."

I do as I'm told and rise from my chair and move to the seat beside him.

He stares at me as I keep my head down. I have no make-up, and I know how ugly I look. I know he doesn't find me attractive, but I don't want him to be repulsed by me, either.

"Look at me, Bellissima."

Lifting my head, I meet his gaze. Instantly his eyes turn a shade darker than his normal brown color, "What the fuck happened in that shower?"

"What?"

"You heard me. Did you fall?"

Shaking my head, I say, "No. Of course not. The bruises were from before. I don't have any make-up to cover them. If you get me some, I'll take care of it so you don't have to look at them."

He rises abruptly, grabs one of the empty chairs, and throws it across the room. I respond the way Enzo would expect me to. I get out of my chair and drop to my knees, lower my head, and wait for the beating. Domenic is much larger than Enzo, so I know it will be bad.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, Sir. Until you give me instructions I will not move. I know I deserve the beating."

Repeating the words Enzo requires me to say makes me sick to my stomach, but what choice do I have. I must swallow my pride and survive. That is after all, the motto of my life. *Just survive.*



# Chapter Eleven



DOMENIC

Her words leave me fucking speechless. *I know I deserve the beating.*

I kneel on the floor in front of her, “Giada, who did this to you?”

The image of my mother and sister flash through my mind as I stare at the marks on Giada’s face.

She doesn’t respond, only keeps staring at some imaginary spot on the floor. I take her chin between my thumb and forefinger and gently lift her head until her gaze meets mine, “Did your father do this to you, Bellissima?”

Baretti is a despicable piece of garbage so it wouldn’t surprise me, but she shakes her head no.

“Enzo,” she whispers.

The amount of bruises she has likely didn’t happen in one night. I knew that when I asked her what happened in the shower. But I didn’t see any marks on her when we were in my bedroom. Some bruises are bluish-purple, and some are yellow, but they nearly cover her entire face.

“How many times?”

She shrugs her shoulders, “A lot. I don’t remember.”

“You think I’ll do the same?”

Looking away from me she swallows hard and whispers, “Yes. If not now, eventually.”

I wrap my arms around her and pull her into my arms, “That’s not why they call me the devil, Bellissima. I will never beat you. It’s true I’m not a good man. Still, I don’t abuse women. I am a strong man, too strong for that. Only weak men hurt women.”

I wrap my arms around her, holding her tight, while she presses the side of her face into my chest. I don’t want to admit it, even to myself, but it feels

good holding her like this.

“He will die painfully for doing this to you.”

Bianchi was already on my hit list. He was going to die before I saw this but now his worst fears will be realized. I have no tolerance for abusers. I have done horrendous things in my life. However, I’ve never laid a hand on a woman that wasn’t justified. Sure, there’ve been a few that I’ve killed because they’ve come after my family. I have not forgotten that’s exactly what Giada did. Somehow, I think there’s more to the story. I’m not sure this woman had much of a choice. At this very moment I’m not sure she’s ever had a choice in anything.

Pulling her head away from my chest, she gazes at me, “Thank you, Dom,” she says in a breathy voice that speaks to my dick.

“Jesus Christ, baby. You’re killing me.”

I run my hand down the side of her face, gently, careful not to hurt her wounded face, leaning down, I press my lips to hers. I said I wouldn’t fuck her, and I won’t, but I will take everything she gives me. She parts her lips slightly, I slide my tongue into her sensual mouth and allow our tongues to meet. At first, it’s slow and tentative, but when she starts moaning, I deepen the kiss, wanting more than I know she’ll give to me before we’re married. Giada wraps her arms around my neck, pressing her fingers into my skin, as she pushes her tits against my chest.

I pull back from our kiss, needing to stop this since I can’t have all of her, “Let’s eat. Your food is getting cold.”

We both get up from the floor and take our seats at the table.

She takes a bite of prime rib and chews slowly.

After a few bites of my own food, I decide to let her in on the wedding plans, “A designer is coming tomorrow morning with a selection of dresses for you. I want you to choose what you wear.”

Setting her fork down, she nods, “Aren’t you sweet? Hey, I’m forcing you to marry me but I’m generous enough to let you pick out your dream dress.”

Her words, the bite in her tone and the look on her face tell me something is bothering her. More than being a pawn between feuding families.

“Something wrong?”

She gazes at me in quiet contemplation, “I’m wondering why you kissed me.”

I finish chewing a bite of my vegetables, “I wanted to.”

“It’s strange to me to want to kiss a person you aren’t attracted to. Someone who isn’t your type.”

“I-,” she interrupts me, “Never mind, it doesn’t matter. I know I’m dead once you kill the Bianchi’s and the Baretti’s. I’m a Baretti. I’ve tried to convince myself otherwise, but I know how this works, Dom. I’ve been around the mafia my entire life and I know how this ends. Honestly, I’ll just be relieved when it’s over.”

Setting my fork down, I take a quick drink of my whiskey while I consider how to respond.

I don’t plan to kill her. Women die in my business as a last resort. I hope it doesn’t come to that, but it could. I am a man of my word and refuse to lie to her.

“I don’t know what the future holds beyond our wedding date. I’m sorry you heard my conversation with my brother. You are different from my usual type. But you are very beautiful. However, one thing I said to him is the truth. I will never love you, Giada. This is a business arrangement. It won’t ever be more than that.”

“I know,” she whispers so low I barely hear it.

She places her fork and napkin on the plate, “Thank you for dinner. It was delicious.”

Arching an eyebrow, I say, “All two bites of it?”

“That’s all I want to eat.”

Not that’s all I can eat but *that’s all I want to eat*.

Maybe she’s a vegetarian. I know little about this woman, “Mario will make you something else. What would you like?”

She shakes her head, “Really, I’m fine. Nothing.”

I’m not used to this. I’m not a gentle man. The women I fuck do what I say without question. But they also haven’t been abused like she has been.

“Giada, I’m losing my patience. Why aren’t you eating? Is this a hunger strike?”

She grips the edge of the table with both hands, appearing agitated, “Dom, can you let anything go?”

“No,” I bark, sounding harsher than I intend.

Giada throws her hands in the air and stands, glaring at me, “I’m a little heavy, okay?”

She storms upstairs like a petulant child. I drag my hand down my face in agitation before deciding to call Damian.

He picks up after the second ring, "Talk to me."

I pace around the dining room table, "Are women always difficult?"

Damian laughs louder than I appreciate, "It's in their DNA brother. What's going on? She not putting out yet?"

I growl, "Not until we're married but it's not about that. She won't eat more than two bites of dinner because she's heavy."

Damian stops shuffling the papers I heard him going through when he answered the phone, "Bro, you know nothing about women. You told her she was fat? Which by the way, she's not even close to being fat."

"No Asshole, I did not tell her she was fat. She came to that conclusion on her own."

I hear him typing on his computer, then he finally stops, "You told her she's not, right?"

"No."

"Domenic, she needs you to tell her that you don't think she's fat. Women are difficult. Relationships suck. That's why I don't have them. It's also why I'll never get married, regardless of the reasoning. Give her what she needs, or your life will be hell."

He did have a relationship, but I won't mention Katherina unless he does. It's been a few years but it's still a sore subject. That bitch broke my brother in a way I didn't think was possible. I stop pacing for a moment, "We are not in a relationship. This is a business deal."

He laughs, "You are abso-fucking-lutely in a relationship. It's not a business deal. The agreement Baretti had with Bianchi was a business deal. You are marrying the girl to piss off two families. It's a revenge deal. But she is being held captive, forced to be your bride. Maybe take two minutes to think about what this must be like for her."

"I should've called Drake."

"Or Dante," he adds.

I grip my phone so hard I fear I might break it, "I don't call that fucker for anything."

Damian says, "One day you're going to fall in love and realize why he did what he did, however misguided."

I growl, "I don't fall in love. I'm not that stupid."

He snorts, "Yeah, we'll see. You're well on your way with Miss Baretti."

I slam my fist on the table, "Goddamn it, Damian. I am not. I already told her I will never fall in love with her. She knows the deal."

“Jesus Domenic. Are you trying to destroy what little spirit she has left?”

“What do you know?”

Damian sighs audibly, “Her father is Anthony Baretta who is a Grade A dickhead who was planning to have her married off to Enzo Bianchi, whom, as we both know gets his kicks from torturing women. Do the math. There is zero chance this girl isn’t already broken.”

I put the phone on speaker and set it down, “He beat the shit out of her repeatedly. Her face is badly bruised. When I asked her about it, she dropped to her knees and said she deserved the beating I would give her.”

“Wow. Maybe you could try treating her a little nicer. Probably, nobody has ever treated her with an ounce of respect.”

I run my hand through my hair ready to pull it out from the roots, “I don’t know how. It’s not exactly my forte.”

“Well brother, you need to figure it out. We don’t hurt women unless they try to hurt us. You know that. Destroying this woman emotionally is not cool. You’re better than that. We all are.”

I laugh, “You know this type of talk is exactly why we call you The Saint.”

Damian groans, “I’m far from being a fucking saint. I’m hanging up now, go fix your fuck ups.”

# Chapter Twelve



GIADA

“I’m not used to people walking away from me during a conversation, Bellissima. I suggest you not do it again.”

I glance from my place on the bed and spot Domenic dragging a hand down his face, “I won’t beat you. Ever. Still, I have expectations, Giada. You will obey me, or there will be consequences.”

I can’t help but roll my eyes at him, “Obey you? In what way?”

“You’ll do as you’re told. The first thing you’ll do is fucking eat. You are not heavy. If you want to exercise, you may use the gym. Not eating? That’s non-fucking-negotiable.”

I nervously pull on the drawstrings of my hoodie, “So even if I’m not hungry, I have to eat?”

He nods, “Correct.”

Slowly, he walks toward me, places his finger and thumb on my chin, and tilts my head back. Lowering his face to within an inch of mine, he growls, “Your body is stunning, Bellissima. Every fucking inch of it. It’s taking all of my restraint not to slide my cock into your pretty little cunt before you’re my wife.”

I gasp, “Dom.”

He groans, “That’s exactly what you’ll scream while your pussy squeezes my dick.”

Glancing away from him, I lick my dry lips, “You’re so dirty.”

Domenic chuckles, “You have no idea. There are so many filthy things I want to do to this beautiful body. You’ll love every single one of them. My favorite will be when you beg for me.”

I snort, “I’m not a dog, I don’t beg.”



He grins like the devil he is, “Another first, Bellissima. You will beg for me. When you’re wet and needy, there will only be one cure, my cock slamming into your cunt. That’s when you’ll beg, do anything to get relief. You’ll want to come so bad that obeying me will be easy. I can’t wait to make you my dirty little slut.”

Stepping away from me, he smirks, clearly noticing the lack of breath in my lungs. He walks over to the door and throws over his shoulder, “Get your gorgeous ass downstairs and get something to eat.”

“Maybe I will. Maybe I won’t.”

He turns toward me. First, he clenches his fists, then his jaw, “I am trying to be nice to you. Do not mistake my kindness for weakness. Do you like wearing clothing, Bellissima?”

“Yes?” I say it more as a question than a statement.

“Then I suggest you tuck the fucking brat away and do as your told. In this house, clothing is a privilege, not a right. Keep it up, and you’ll find yourself naked, on your knees, apologizing for your behavior with that perfect little mouth. I have work to do. I will check the cameras to see if you’ve been a good girl and have eaten. Don’t test me, Giada. You won’t like the angry side of me.”

I snort, “I don’t like any side of you.”

He doesn’t respond, he just walks away. I glare at him even though he’s long gone and, like a child having a temper tantrum, I storm down the stairs to *do as I’m told*.

I hate being ordered around, even though I should be used to it. I’ve been given instructions on everything in life since I was a small child. It never changed. It’s clear that it won’t now, either. Domenic might be better than Enzo, but not by much. The only difference is that he hasn’t hit me. Otherwise, I’m still a captive. I have to follow his directions to a T, or I’ll be punished. I’m just not sure how other than losing my clothing. As of right now, I don’t want to find out. I make my way to the kitchen and find a plate of food in the refrigerator with a post-it note stuck to it.

*Good girl. Now eat this, and then find the Kindle on the dining room table. It’s for you. A credit card is attached to it, so you may download any book you find. Enjoy tonight and tomorrow. You will mostly have the house to yourself. Once you’re my wife, you’ll be in my bed every night. That means if*

*I travel, you travel.*

~ Dom

Popping the plate into the microwave, I shake my head as I tear off the note and throw it in the garbage can. I can't figure him out. Does he like me? Or hate me? In one breath, he's threatening to take my clothing away and in another he's gifting me my biggest love of all, reading. After heating my plate of food, I take it to the dining room table and sit down. Glancing around the room I try to spot the video camera he said was here. I don't doubt that he has them, but I don't see them. I take a bite and moan lightly, it really is very good. The truth is I am very hungry. If I ate even half of my meal with Enzo, he told me to "*stop shoveling food in my face like a fat pig.*"

I never thought I was fat or ugly until him. If you hear how disgusting you are every time you see someone, you start believing it. I was lucky we weren't married yet, so I didn't see him daily, most of the time. But three or four times a week was more than enough. Add on top of the verbal abuse, the fact that he beat me and it's just so much worse. I told my father I didn't want to see him anymore because of the violence. His only response was, "*If Enzo requests to see you then you will agree to it. You will marry him. If he hurt you, you probably deserved it.*"

That coming from the man that murdered my mother shouldn't be surprising, but it was. It was heartbreaking to realize I was stuck with no one in my corner. I'm jealous of the De Luca brothers, they have each other while I have no one. I can't even imagine what it must be like to have three people that have your back.

As I take my last bite of food, I make a show of holding up my empty plate hoping Domenic will see it, along with my snarkiness. I walk into the kitchen and put my dishes in the dishwasher. Opening the refrigerator, I look to see what I can drink. I grab a Ginger Ale when I spot the cherry cheesecake on the middle shelf. It looks so good I can nearly taste it. Cheesecake is my favorite. But I've eaten enough. I don't want to look pregnant when I am forced to marry Domenic. My own thoughts irritate the hell out of me. I should not care what any of these men think of my body. I

slam the refrigerator door, grab the Kindle, and head upstairs with my drink.

I spend the night reading before taking a long bath and going to bed. I'd like to say I got a restful sleep, but I didn't. I kept dreaming about the devil touching me and speaking filthy words in my ear. What the hell is wrong with me? I should hate Domenic, the thought of him touching me should be repulsive. So why is it, when he kisses me, my entire body overheats?

# Chapter Thirteen



## GIADA- THE WEDDING DAY

My blaring alarm jolts me wide awake as I spot the sun streaming through the window. The birds chirp with happiness like this is the greatest day they've ever known. I do not share the sentiment. Today, I will become the one thing I never wanted to be, a mafia wife. The thought alone makes me cringe. There's nothing I can do to change it. I could try to run, but where would I go? If Domenic didn't find me, my father or Enzo would. Even with him being known as the devil, he's still better than my former fiancée. So far. I still don't buy it, though, I know what these men are like. I've seen it first-hand my entire life. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop. Regardless of what Domenic says, eventually, I'll piss him off enough that he will raise a hand to me. I've never met men in our world that won't. A man that doesn't is like a unicorn. Beautiful, but only exists in fantasies.

A knock at the door interrupts my pointless thoughts.

"Come in," I yell.

A gorgeous blonde woman walks in, holding some sort of case, "Hi. I'm Bianca. Mr. De Luca asked me to come do your make-up for today."

"Oh. Wow, you're early. Can I take a shower real fast?"

She gives me that sad look you give someone when they say they're dying of a terminal disease, "Sure. Take your time. I'll set up if that's okay."

I grab the lingerie I picked for today, and head to the bathroom. I turn on the shower and get undressed. Never in a million years did I think I'd be marrying Domenic De Luca. My father hates him and never would have agreed to this. But then I suppose that's the point. If he had, Domenic wouldn't have wanted to marry me. I want to be normal like Natalia. I want to meet a man, fall in love, and get married the way she will. Is it so terrible

to want someone who can't live without you? I step into the shower and let the hot water fall over my skin. I'm panicked about today. We are having the ceremony on his property outside. Then we are having drinks with his brothers and sister. That's the part I'm most nervous about. Will they hate me? They're a mafia family, so one of them could talk him into killing me. Or perhaps they'll do it themselves. I miss Nat. I need her here today on the worst day of my life. I asked Domenic about seeing her, but he only said, "Soon." He didn't clarify when the hell soon would be.

A knock at the bathroom door tells me I've probably taken longer than I should have. There's something about this shower. Every time I stand under that hot stream of water, I never want to get out. It's become like a sanctuary to me. It's peaceful.

"One second," I yell as I turn the water off, towel dry quickly, and throw the robe on that's hanging on the back of the door. I open the door and am instantly frozen in my tracks.

"Natalia?"

"Surprise!" She cackles with glee as she throws her arms around me.

"What are you doing here?"

She steps back from me and places her hands on her hips, "Like I'd miss my best bitch's wedding!"

I look over her shoulder at Bianca, who is impatiently waiting, "Well it's not a real wedding. I assume you must know that. I have to get my make-up done."

She lets me pass, and I sit in the chair Bianca points to, "Alright, let's get this farce over with."

Natalia sits on the bed across from us.

Bianca assesses my face, "It's going to take a little work to cover up these bruises. Did Mr. De Luca..." She trails off as if she remembers her place.

"No, he didn't. It was someone else."

Natalia starts rambling her private thoughts as Bianca starts my makeup. "Mob daddy is going to freak. I wish I could be there to see his complete and total meltdown. Enzo too. That guy isn't a mobster, he's a monster."

I shrug, "Yeah, it's going to start an all-out mob war. Who knows who will be left standing at the end of it."

She finishes the foundation and sets it down, then grabs eyeliner. I ask Nat, "How did you know to come here?"

"Your groom sent for me. He wanted you to have me with you today. I

don't think he's as bad as they say."

I snort, "He is. Domenic threatened to take away my clothing."

She giggles, obviously thinking it's funnier than I do, "And leave you naked?"

"Yes!" I squeal, "And leave me naked."

"Oh, my sweet baby Jesus! Did you guys have sex?"

I roll my eyes at her while she continues to pretend Bianca is not in the room. But then we are forced to stop talking so she can apply the eyeliner. I can feel Nat's impatience for me to answer her question but I'm not sure I'm going to. Luckily, my friend is quiet the rest of the time Bianca is doing my make-up. When she finishes, she hands me a mirror, "If you don't like it, I can make changes."

"Wow," I say as I look in the mirror. My eyes are smoky but not so much that I look like a raccoon. Somehow, she made them really stand out. And the bruises are not visible at all.

"I'm on standby if you need a touch up."

I smile, "Thank you. I really do love it."

"So did you?" Are the first words out of Nat's mouth after the make-up artist leaves.

I roll my eyes, "I have to get my lingerie on. The dress and hair lady will likely be here soon."

Nat comes into the bathroom after me as I'm putting my panties and corset on. When I finish snapping up the impossible design, I turn to her, "Why?"

"Holy shit. He's going to eat you alive."

I sigh, "I know."

"So, you didn't."

I shake my head and cover up with the robe, "He said he'd wait until we are married but then it's happening. *I have no intention of not fucking my wife*, I think were his exact words."

She wraps her arms around me, "I know you're scared but it'll be okay, I promise. At least he's hot as sin. Hopefully he'll go easy on you since it's your first time." Releasing me, she says, "It's going to be okay. I don't know how, but it is."

There's yet another knock at the door, but Nat says, "I got it."

I find three new women when I step out of the bathroom. The one woman is the dress lady, I remember her from yesterday.

Another of the women is one of his housekeepers, I think. She hands me a glass of champagne, then one to Nat, “From Mr. De Luca.”

I nod and shoot back the champagne like a tequila shot. I set the glass on the nightstand, and another blonde says, “I’m Amanda and I’m here to do your hair.”

I go back to the chair I sat in for my make-up. She asks, “Any special requests?”

“No.”

Nat types away on her phone. I’m happy to take the few minutes of silence to continue overthinking everything. I enjoyed what we did at the club, but tonight will be different. It’s going to hurt really bad. And my stupid brain is worried about disappointing him. Again, I must ask myself, what the hell is wrong with me? Amanda pins my hair up in an elaborate knot and smiles, “All done.”

Miriam, the dress lady, has the gown all pulled out and hung on the back of the door, “Ready to put the dress on, Lovely?”

I nod, “Yeah, let’s do this. We wouldn’t want to keep Mr. De Luca waiting.”

The other ladies leave, and she helps me into my A-line wedding dress. It’s made of a luxurious Italian satin with a lace overlay. It’s exactly what I’d want if I were getting married for real. Miriam zips up the back and then puts the veil on my head, secured with a pearl comb. It’s a fingertip veil with the same satin and lace overlay around the edges that my dress has.

Miriam smiles at me, “You’re gorgeous, Giada. Enjoy your day.”

She walks out and leaves me alone with my friend, “I’m glad you’re here.”

Nat takes my hand, “You really look amazing. I know you’d never marry him if you had a choice. Same with Enzo. But... hear me out, he cared enough about you to get me here today. So, I’m just saying he might not be all bad. Maybe he’s the devil in business but not with you?”

I laugh, “Thank you for your positivity, Nat. Okay, I need to get down there.”

She smiles and loops her arm with mine, “Let’s go then. I’m giving the bride away.”

We walk down the stairs, and immediately, I notice armed guards everywhere. Nat freezes at first, but then pretends like it’s the most natural thing in the world. As we walk outside, I spot Domenic looking handsome in



his all-black suit, Nat interrupts my thoughts, “Does this mean you’re being upgraded from Mafia Princess to Queen?”

I laugh so hard I nearly fall over. She’s ridiculous but that’s Natalia, my comic relief, my best friend.

# Chapter Fourteen



DOMENIC

I watch as Giada walks down what's become our aisle outside as she laughs with her friend. How did I not know how beautiful she is when she laughs? It's like looking at a picture of pure joy. One I didn't know was possible. Her smile widens, her eyes light up, and a rosy blush forms on her cheeks as she nearly falls over from whatever her friend has said to her. It doesn't take long to realize it was all for her friend. The closer she gets, the more her expression changes. It's not angry. It's vacant. Then, I remind myself, this is not what she wants. This is one of the worst days of her life. I'm nothing more than another man in the long line of men who have taken advantage of the fact that her father is a mob boss. She should hate me, and I know she does.

Damian pats my shoulder, "You alright?"

I nod, "Yeah. I will always do the right thing for the family."

"There are other ways. If you don't want to do this, you don't have to. We can bring down both families without you marrying a Baretto."

I glance at him, "I'm good."

He steps aside as Giada makes her way to me. I take her trembling hand in mine, "Bellissima."

I lean down and whisper in her ear, "I've never seen anything so stunning in all my life."

"Thank you," she says with a small smile that vanishes almost as quickly as it appeared.

Glancing at the Priest, I say, "Let's get started."

Half an hour later, after exchanging rings and vows, I'm a married man. Something I never aspired to. Tomorrow, the war starts.

Everybody walks inside where drinks and desserts will be served. We are having a non-traditional wedding cake. My wife's favorite cake is cheesecake, so that's what we're having. Mark my words, if she doesn't eat it, I'll take her over my knee in front of everyone.

I take her hand and walk her to the bar where my remaining family stands, "This is Damian, Drake, Dante, and Dalia. This is Giada."

They all shake her hand and are polite. All my brothers know better than not to be cordial to my wife. My sister, too. She can be difficult sometimes, but Dalia has been raised to know when to be polite. Giada may not be the love of my life, still, we are married, and I expect her to be respected. I demand it.

I glance at Damian, "Stay here with my wife."

Walking over to my head of security at the house, I see a concerned look on Marc's face.

"Something I should know?"

He glances around the room, "The Baretti's are contacting the different families looking for her."

"I've not been contacted."

Marc nods, "I know. That's what concerns me. Are you staying in tonight?"

"We are. I want men along the perimeter as well as inside."

"Of course, Boss."

"Nobody is to be on the second floor unless there is a confirmed threat."

I walk back over to Giada who is having an animated conversation with Dante. She's laughing hysterically and I don't like it. Not one bit.

Placing my arm around her, I pull her into my side, "It's time for wedding cake, Wife."

She gazes at me, "I'm not-"

"Good girl."

I knew she would say she wasn't hungry. I'm glad she stopped herself because this isn't optional.

We walk over to the cake table my chef set up with many different flavored Cheesecakes, Blueberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Chocolate, White Chocolate Raspberry, and Salted Caramel.

Giada gasps, "Oh my God. Cheesecake is my favorite."

"I know it is, Bellissima."

She smiles like a giddy little kid, "What kind are you having?"

I chuckle, “None. I don’t like Cheesecake.”

Turning to me, she crosses her arms over her chest, “Husband, either we both eat or neither of us do. That is non-fucking-negotiable.”

I smirk, “Did you throw my words back at me?”

She beams at me, “I did.”

Stroking the side of her cheek, I say, “I could punish you.”

Giada gazes into my eyes like she sees something nobody else does. Like if she looks deep enough, she’ll find all the answers to the world in my soul, “It would be worth it, Dom.”

I force myself to look away from her when it begins to feel too intimate, “I’ll have a slice of the Cherry Cheesecake. I have a sudden fondness for cherries.”

Giada slaps my arm, “Dom!”

“What kind of cake do you want, Wife?”

“Salted Caramel, please.”

I look down at her, fuck, that blush on her cheeks is perfect. I’ll need to embarrass her more often. I pick her plate up with my own, and escort her to the dining room table. I sit down and pull her onto my lap, and she smiles, “Thank you for this.”

She takes a bite of her cake and moans, which travels straight to my dick. Then she does it over and over again, and I wonder if she’s fucking with me. “Keep that up and you won’t get a chance to say goodbye to your friend.”

Giada glances at me, “What?”

She has a light dusting of caramel on her lips, and I’ve never wanted caramel in my mouth more than I do right now. Leaning down, I swipe my tongue across her lips, she moans again. I grab her face and kiss her like I’ve wanted to for the last two days. She parts her lips, and I swipe her tongue with my own, Giada grabs my shirt, pulling me closer to her. Fuck, I need her.

I break our kiss, “It’s time to say your goodbye’s Wife, I need you. Fucking now.”

Standing, I pull her with me and find her friend talking to my brothers, Dante and Drake. “It’s time for this party to end.”

Drake and Damian laugh, knowing exactly why. I’ve wanted to fuck her since the first time I saw her in Devil. But I’ve never wanted her like I do right now.

She hugs Natalia, I make a point to set clear expectations, “You will not

see each other again until this is dealt with. It's unsafe. When it is, Natalia, my wife will contact you. Do not try to come to the club to get information."

Her friend has tears rolling down her cheeks, "Will you call me if- if something happens to her?"

I nod, "I will."

That's not a call I plan on making because I intend to keep her safe and end this war with both Bianchi and Baretto dead. Giada hugs her tightly and they say their goodbyes. I motion for Marc to come over to me.

"Yes, Boss?"

"Make sure everybody gets into their vehicles and drives away safely."

He knows exactly what I'm referring to. About six years ago we had bombs planted in a couple of our vehicles. I don't expect that to be the case tonight, but you can never be too sure.

My expectation is that after I inform Baretto I've married his daughter, that's when the violence will start, not before he knows for sure who has her. What he'll be most pissed about is losing his deal with the Bianchi's. He doesn't give a shit about what happens to his daughter, only that he's losing his opportunity at more money and power. As his only daughter, Giada was his one chance. The truth is he has no choice but to retaliate. If he doesn't it will be seen as a weakness. He'll begin losing the contracts he has. In this business, a weak family means the end of a family.

After everybody makes their way out, I take Giada's hand and walk her upstairs. I lock the door behind me, and gaze at my wife, as she trembles.

I close the distance between us and take her into my arms, "It's okay, Bellissima. I'm going to be gentle tonight."

Reaching around her, I unzip the back of her dress, push it down over her tits, then over her hips, letting it fall to the floor. Stepping back, I release her and take her in. She's wearing a white corset and matching panties. Her hair is pulled up with the veil still in, but she has little bits of hair framing her face. She's the picture of virginity. Like the devil I am, I want to steal every bit of her innocence and drag her to hell with me, corrupting her in ways she has never imagined.

# Chapter Fifteen



GIADA

Spinning me around, Domenic undoes the million buttons on the back of my corset. It falls to the floor beside my dress. He groans, “So stunning.”

“Undress me, Wife.”

I turn back so I’m facing him and push his suit jacket over his shoulders. I begin undoing his buttons, but my hands won’t stop shaking.

I look into his face, “I’m sorry.”

He takes over for me and smirks, “It’s okay, Bellissima.”

Domenic removes his shirt, followed by his pants and boxers. This man looks like a God. Muscles on muscles, tattoos covering his entire upper body.

“Can I touch you?”

He nods, “Of course. You don’t need permission.”

I run my fingers up his chest, down his arms, mesmerized by how beautiful a man can look.

“What is it?”

I trace his tattoos with my fingers leisurely, “I am wondering how a man known as the devil can look like an absolute god.”

He chuckles, “One day, I’ll tell you how I became known as the devil but not now. Tonight, I want to learn every inch of your body. What makes you scream. What makes you shake. What makes you lose your fucking mind.”

“Dom,” I moan as I squeeze my thighs together, trying to ease the ache.

“Take your panties off, now.”

Hooking my thumbs into the waistband, I lower them until they hit the floor, but he shakes his head in disapproval, “Pick them up and hand them to me.”

I do as I’m told but can feel my cheeks heat with embarrassment.



“Your panties are drenched, Bellissima. I think you want this more than you’d care to admit.”

Then he takes my panties, presses them to his face, and inhales. Who does that? My embarrassment turns to a different feeling when he groans, “Fuck, beautiful Wife, your scent makes me feral.”

He picks me up and throws me on the bed, “Spread your legs.”

I do, and he climbs over me, placing a hand on either side of my head, and stares into my eyes, “That first night I saw you in my club, I didn’t know who you were. I didn’t know you were a Baretta. I’ve never wanted a woman like I wanted you that night. Like I want you now. Mrs. De Luca, you are ravishing. I’m going to devour every fucking inch of you, repeatedly.”

Domenic presses his lips to mine and kisses me passionately while grinding his cock against my clit.

I run my fingers into his hair and dig my nails into his scalp as he continues to stimulate my swollen clit. I cry out into his mouth as I feel the same warmth in my belly, I felt that night at the club when he gave me my first orgasm.

He breaks our kiss and watches me closely, “Good girl. Come for me.”

“Dom!” I scream as my body begins to shudder, uncontrollably. He doesn’t stop. Domenic keeps rocking back and forth, rubbing me into another orgasm.

“Dom. Fuck. DOM!”

When my body relaxes, he says, “I’m sorry. I wanted to take this slow. I need to be inside you, Bellissima. I can’t wait.”

He lines his cock up with my entrance and begins to push inside me, “Fuck relax, Bellissima. You’re so tight.”

Leaning his head down, he kisses me, and I lose sight of the white-hot pain. With each thrust, he pushes more of himself inside me. He rocks from side to side every few minutes, “Fuck baby. This cunt is like heaven.”

He watches my every expression like a wild animal watches prey.

When I relax, I start moving my hips, while running my nails down his back.

He growls, “You’re mine. I’ll never let you go. Mine.”

Domenic pulls out and slams into me, causing all the oxygen to leave my lungs, “Do you understand, Bellissima? I’ll never let you leave. I can’t.”

I nod breathlessly.

The truth is, since he told me I would marry him, I knew the only way out

was death. Couples say ‘til death do us part every single day. But I knew, for me, it really was the only option. I don’t get to decide I want a divorce. There is no way out.

“Come for me.”

I shake my head, “I can’t.”

Domenic growls as he wraps a hand around my throat, “When I tell you to come, you will. I’ll tell you when you’re done.”

“Dom,” I whimper as I grab his biceps while my body obeys his every command.

“Good girl. Hold onto me, Bellissima. I’ll take care of you.”

I do. I hold onto him with everything I’ve got when an orgasm to top all orgasms before, causes explosions inside me.

He turns us over so I’m on top of him, “Use me, beautiful Wife. Use my body to get off.”

Grabbing my hips, he moves my body up before slamming me back down, causing me to whimper his name repeatedly.

“Just like that,” he groans.

When I take over, moving up and down his cock slowly, he growls, “Faster.”

He cups my breasts before pinching my nipples, “Such beautiful tits. I’m going to fuck these too, Bellissima. I’m going to fuck you everywhere. Even your gorgeous ass. I own you now, beautiful Wife.”

“Dom,” I whimper, as I lean forward, planting my hands on his chest. Somehow, he knows I’m being pulled into another climax, so he takes over, thrusting his hips upward, fucking me without hesitation. My pussy pulses around his cock, pulling his orgasm from him, he groans deliciously, “Bellissima. My Bellissima.”

I collapse on top of his chest, physically spent, with him still inside me and he chuckles, “We will need to work on your stamina, baby.”

Grabbing my hips, he lifts me and pulls out of me, before laying me back down and stroking my back, “Sleep now, Wife. I have work to do but I’ll be back shortly.”

I kiss his chest before rolling over, “Sleep sounds good,” I murmur before falling fast asleep.

# Chapter Sixteen



DOMENIC

I watch her sleep for a few minutes before putting on sweatpants and heading to my office. My wife is stunning, and her pussy is like fucking magic. I could easily get addicted to having her cunt swallow my cock. Right now, there are more pressing matters than Giada.

I settle into my office and make my first call. Baretti answers, “De Luca? What the fuck do you want?”

I chuckle, “Is Bianchi with you?”

“Yes,” he growls, “We are looking for my daughter. Know anything about that?”

“Put it on speaker phone.”

“It is. Now do you know where my daughter is?”

I chuckle loudly, “Yes, of course I know where my wife is. She’s recovering from the pounding I just gave her virgin pussy.”

First, I’m met with silence then it all sinks in for them. Baretti growls, “I’ll fucking kill you.”

I laugh again, “You’ll try. That’s what I’m counting on.”

“Why?” Bianchi asks, sounding absolutely perplexed. As if it’s preposterous that anyone would want Giada.

“What better way to force out the rat than by stealing his cheese?”

Bianchi seethes, “When I get my fucking hands on her, and I will, I’m going to destroy her until there’s nothing left of *your wife*.”

Baretti adds, “Get your guards in place *devil*, you won’t know when or how, but we’re coming for you.”

The line disconnects, so I call my brother Damian to let him know that it’s starting. Baretti has been hiding from me, knowing full well I’d find out

he was planning something big to take me out. This is why I had to marry Giada. It cost Anthony a huge amount of money. He won't take it lying down. When he and the Bianchi's come for me they'll all die. If he thinks for one moment that he'll touch my wife, he's mistaken. I won't allow that to happen.

After contacting everyone who needs to be involved, I head upstairs to Giada. Opening the door, I step inside, and my cock instantly swells.

She's rolled to her stomach, the blankets no longer covering her beautiful body. Her long, dark hair has fallen from the updo she had for our wedding. It's an absolute mess, yet she looks fucking gorgeous.

I strip out of my sweats, spread her legs, and climb behind her. I press my face against her cunt and inhale. Fuck, I love the way she smells. It's like her own special perfume. It must have pheromones because it calls to the animal inside me. I move over her, lining my cock with her pussy, and slide inside of her. Grabbing her hands, I hold them in one of mine behind her back and fuck her. I know she'll wake up, maybe even be pissed, but I like her like this.

She begins to stir underneath me, "Dom," she whimpers.

"On your knees," I command as I release her hands to help her into position. Once she's in place, I grab the back of her neck and hold her down, "Don't move. Take it like a good girl."

I pull out of her almost all the way and slam back in, causing her to moan even louder. Fuck, I love her sounds. It's like the sweetest symphony, her whimpers mixed with the sound of my body slapping against hers.

Sitting up on my knees, I grab her ass and spread her cheeks, watching my dick slide in and out of her, glancing at that beautiful, puckered hole, "Jesus. You're so fucking perfect."

Every time I pull out, she slams her ass back on my cock while whimpering about needing to come.

"Dom please," she begs, her voice coming out breathy and needy.

"Please what, Bellissima?"

She's nearly in tears, and I fucking love it, "Please make me come."

I smack her ass, "No. That's not how this works. You need to ask permission to come."

"Domenic," she whines, "Please, can I come?"

I chuckle, "Rub that needy little clit. When I tell you to come you will. If you come before I give you permission, you will be naked all day tomorrow."

My wife whimpering due to the need to come might be my new favorite

thing in this world. She rubs her clit, whimpering, “Please Dom,” Giada is so close I can feel her cunt tightening up. It may take her time to learn her body in order to control when she comes but it doesn’t mean I won’t punish her and thoroughly enjoy it. The thought of her naked twenty-four hours a day may be discipline for her but for me it’s a fucking beautiful gift. Unfortunately for me, she holds out. I smack her ass hard, causing her to yelp, “Come filthy slut.”

She explodes screaming and writhing, her back arching beautifully, her pussy squeezing my cock pulls my climax from me at the same time. The sounds she makes are what fantasies are made of. My only regret is the position I chose because I couldn’t see her beautiful face.

Pulling out of her, I lay beside her, “Are you sore?”

She laughs, “Yes, but I’m okay.”

Moving over, she cuddles into my side, “Can I ask something?”

“Yes.”

She takes a deep breath and I already know I won’t like this question, “You said you’d never fall in love with me.”

I sweep the hair out of her face, “That is not a question, Bellissima, it’s a statement. But yes, I said that, and I meant it.”

“Right,” she says as she stares at my tattoos, “What if I fall in love with you?”

I kiss her on the forehead, “Impossible. Nobody loves the devil. Falling in love with me is not an option for you. Get that through your head now. It will only lead to disappointment.”

She rolls over, giving me her back, “Maybe after this is dealt with and both families are dead, you can let me go. You won’t have a use for me. What’s the point?”

I run my fingers down her back, “I will never let you go, Bellissima. You’ll get used to what we have.”

Giada snuffles, “I want someone to love me. My mother loved me, but he killed her when I was little. I barely had any time with her. Anthony Baretta never loved me. I’ve never dated, so boys never loved me. Doesn’t everybody deserve to be loved, Dom?”

“You deserve to be loved, Bellissima. In another life, I have no doubt you would be. I will give you anything money can buy. But love isn’t one of those things. It’s not something I’m capable of. Please let this go.”

Her body shakes from crying, “Is there another room I can sleep in

tonight? I really need to be alone.”

My first instinct is to tell her no because she’s my fucking wife and will sleep in our marital bed, but I remember Damian’s words and relent.

“I’ll sleep in another room tonight. You can stay here.”

“Thank you, Domenic.”

I rise from the bed and walk over to her to give her a kiss, but she flips over, again giving me her back, I sigh, “Goodnight Bellissima.”

“Goodnight, Domenic.”

I pull my sweatpants on, walk out of the room, close the door, and go to my office to drink away the burning feeling in my chest. There’s nothing about making Giada sad that I enjoy. This isn’t something I can change. I’m a cold bastard without a heart. I’ve had many women in my bed, but never more than that. I’ve never even dated seriously. Occasionally, I’d bring a woman to a function I needed to attend but not a girlfriend. What Giada wants is something I’ve never even thought about. She will have to get over it. That’s not the kind of marriage we have. In time, she’ll get used to it and stop dreaming about fairy tales that don’t exist in our world.

# Chapter Seventeen





GIADA

I cried myself to sleep last night after Domenic left. I said I needed to be alone, yet I missed him terribly. I think I have Stockholm Syndrome. I fell in love with the devil in record time. I think I developed feelings for him on that first night. Like an angel that fell from grace, I knew better, but here I am. I'm in love with a man who'll never return my feelings. Under normal circumstances, you can leave the person that will never feel the same. I'm trapped for life.

I get out of bed, go to the shower, and deal with this rat's nest I call hair. Once I finish and look presentable, I head downstairs for coffee. I'm surprised when I walk into the room and find Dante there but not Domenic.

"Hey."

With a smile, he says, "Hey yourself." He shrugs, "They're in a meeting. I'm not allowed in there so I'm sitting here. I made a fresh pot of coffee though."

I giggle, "Thank you, that's very considerate. You're the youngest?" I ask as I grab a coffee mug and pour myself a cup.

He nods, "Yeah, I'm the youngest."

"You have a lot of similarities, but you don't have the hardness they do. There's a sweetness to you that the others don't have."

Dante takes a gulp of his coffee, "The handsomest, too."

I arch an eyebrow, "Handsomest? I like that word."

We both laugh when I hear Domenic, "Well what do we have here, Wife? Flirting with my brother?" Domenic growls, "Everybody get the fuck out except Dante and my *Wife*."

The way he says wife makes my blood chill to ice. I glance at them,

pleading with my eyes to be saved from his wrath. This is the first time since I've met him that I've truly been afraid of him.

Damian says, "Come on, man, keep it together. Your issues with Dante and Giada are separate issues. Don't do something you'll regret."

Domenic doesn't back down, "Get the fuck out of my house, Damian."

Damian shakes his head, "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Damian, Drake, and the security guy, Marc, all leave. And I don't know what's about to happen but somehow I know it's something I'll never forget.

My husband looks at Dante, "Sit."

He does without question. Everybody listens to what he says. He says jump, and they ask how high. It's nauseating, but it's how it works in this world.

Domenic grabs my arms and pushes me over the table, "Clearly my wife needs a reminder of who the fuck she belongs to."

Dante says, "Domenic don't," but he doesn't listen.

With one hand, he undoes his pants while he holds me down by my neck with the other hand, yanks my yoga pants down, pushes my panties to the side, and slams into me. I cry because what more can I do? My husband is violating me while his brother watches. At least when Enzo beat me, he didn't do it in front of an audience. After five or six times of slamming into me, he pulls out, "Pull your pants up."

I do and turn to look at him with tears covering my face, "You were right. Nobody could love you. I can't believe I thought I did. You earned your name, *devil*. There is no worse man on earth. I fucking hate you." I run upstairs and slam the door shut, locking it behind me, knowing if he wants to get in, he can.

# Chapter Eighteen



DOMENIC

It's been a fucking week since Giada spoke to me. It's been two weeks since she looked at me. I know I shouldn't have done what I did. I've tried to apologize, but she won't listen. I force her to have dinner with me nightly, but her eyes never leave her plate. I demand she sleep in my bed, but there may as well be a wall between us. She said she hates me, and I believe that completely. The last words she spoke to me were, "*Send me to Enzo. I'd rather be his prisoner.*"

As The Saint reminded me, that's because physical pain can be easier for some people to endure than emotional pain. Followed by, "*Good job, Asshole. She was cracked, and now she's completely shattered.*"

Giada walks in and sits at the dining room table. My chef Mario places plates in front of us.

She smiles at him, "Thank you."

When he leaves the room, I say, "Giada. We need to talk."

As always, I don't get a response, she simply eats as quickly as she can. Anything to get away from me with lightning speed.

"Bellissima, please. Baby, let me tell you how sorry I am. I know I crossed a line."

Folding her arms over her chest she shakes her head, "It doesn't matter Domenic. I was a stupid girl, falling for a man that could never love me back. You win. I feel nothing for you anymore. Domenic, you can go straight to hell where you belong."

# Chapter Nineteen



GIADA

The last few days have kept Domenic busy. I put my plan into motion, and now I'm going to sneak out and run for my life. I stole five hundred dollars from his dresser, which will have to get me wherever I'm going to go. Nobody will imagine me on a Greyhound bus, so that's the plan. How I'm going to get to a bus station undetected I have no clue. One step at a time.

I go downstairs, with the money tucked into my bra, and see Marc. I'm no fool. I can't sneak out without him knowing.

"I'm going out back to get air. Domenic said it was okay."

He nods, "Very well, Mrs. De Luca."

I stop myself from rolling my eyes and go outside. Walking around the yard, I stop to smell the flowers, aiming for a casual look. Slowly, I make it into the woods covered by the trees. Once I'm sure no one is coming for me, I run. I have no idea which way to go, but I have to try. I don't want to be Domenic De Luca's wife. I'm running in search of normalcy.

I get about ten minutes of freedom when I hear him.

"I warned you once. I warned you twice. Run, little wife. We can play hide and seek. Wherever I find you, I fuck you."

My heart pounds in my ears as I try to hide behind a tree.

"Bellissima, I can smell your fear. I'll use it to track your scent."

I move from tree to tree, trying to get more distance from him. But it's no use, as I hear his footsteps come closer.

I decide not to bother trying to hide where I am and just run as fast and as far as I can. That's a huge mistake. There's a big rock I don't see in front of me, I trip over it and smack my face on a fallen tree. Domenic grabs my ankles and pulls me to him, rips my yoga pants down, followed by my

panties while I squirm trying to get away from him, “I warned you, Wife. I said what I’d do and now I will.”

“Domenic don’t! Let me go! I don’t want this marriage. I don’t want you!”

He presses his palm on my chest, holding me down, and forces his hand between my legs, pushing two fingers inside me.

“You don’t want me? Is that why you’re so wet, Bellissima?”

Removing his fingers from me, he undoes his belt and pants with one hand, and slams his cock inside me.

“Fuck. I missed this warm, wet, cunt.”

Turning my head to the side, I avoid looking at him, “I hate you.”

“I know you do, baby. I also know I can still make you come.”

He pulls out and pushes back into me. A moan slips out of my mouth. My body is a traitorous bitch.

Domenic chuckles, “Yes, gorgeous. Come for me.”

I close my eyes as my back arches off the cold ground, I bite my lip, so I don’t make a sound and let my orgasm cause all my nerve endings to fire.

Domenic grabs my face and presses his lips to mine, forcing his tongue into my mouth while fucking me with hard, punishing thrusts. His large body holds mine in place. The only thing I can do is take what he gives me. I *want* not to like it, but I do. He breaks our kiss and groans, “So good, Bellissima.”

He buries his face in my neck, devouring my skin with licks, bites, and sucking. I plead with him, “Domenic, please let me go. They’ll be coming, and you don’t need me anymore.”

“Never,” he says in a gritty voice. If I didn’t know better, I’d think it was drenched in emotion.

“Why?”

He shakes his head letting me know he’s not going to answer my question, “Come Wife. Give me what I need more than oxygen.”

The wind blows through the trees, causing a chill to make my body shiver. He leans down and bites my nipple through my shirt, making me cry out, “Dom.” With every thrust his pelvis rubs against my clit, causing a moan to escape.

He groans, “Every sound you make is like the most beautiful symphony to my ears. Fucking exquisite.”

Running my fingers through his hair, I give up, give in, and give myself to him. As much as I want to hate him, I don’t. I can’t. He watches me with

an enthralled expression as he brings me closer to the edge.

“I don’t want to let you go because I need you. I may be the devil, but you’re a goddamn angel. Your light makes living in the dark more bearable.”

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I hold onto him like my life depends on it, “I love you, Dom. I don’t want to, but I do.”

He silences me with a kiss so powerful it pulls me under, I’m in a trance, lost in his power. Domenic swallows my moans as my body convulses from a powerful climax that rocks me to the core. With a groan so intense it makes my body thrum with desire all over again, he finishes inside me, his cock spasming against my pussy walls.

“Let’s get you inside before you freeze to death, and I want to have the doctor come so he can take a look at that gash on your head.”

I touch my head, “Right. The rock.”

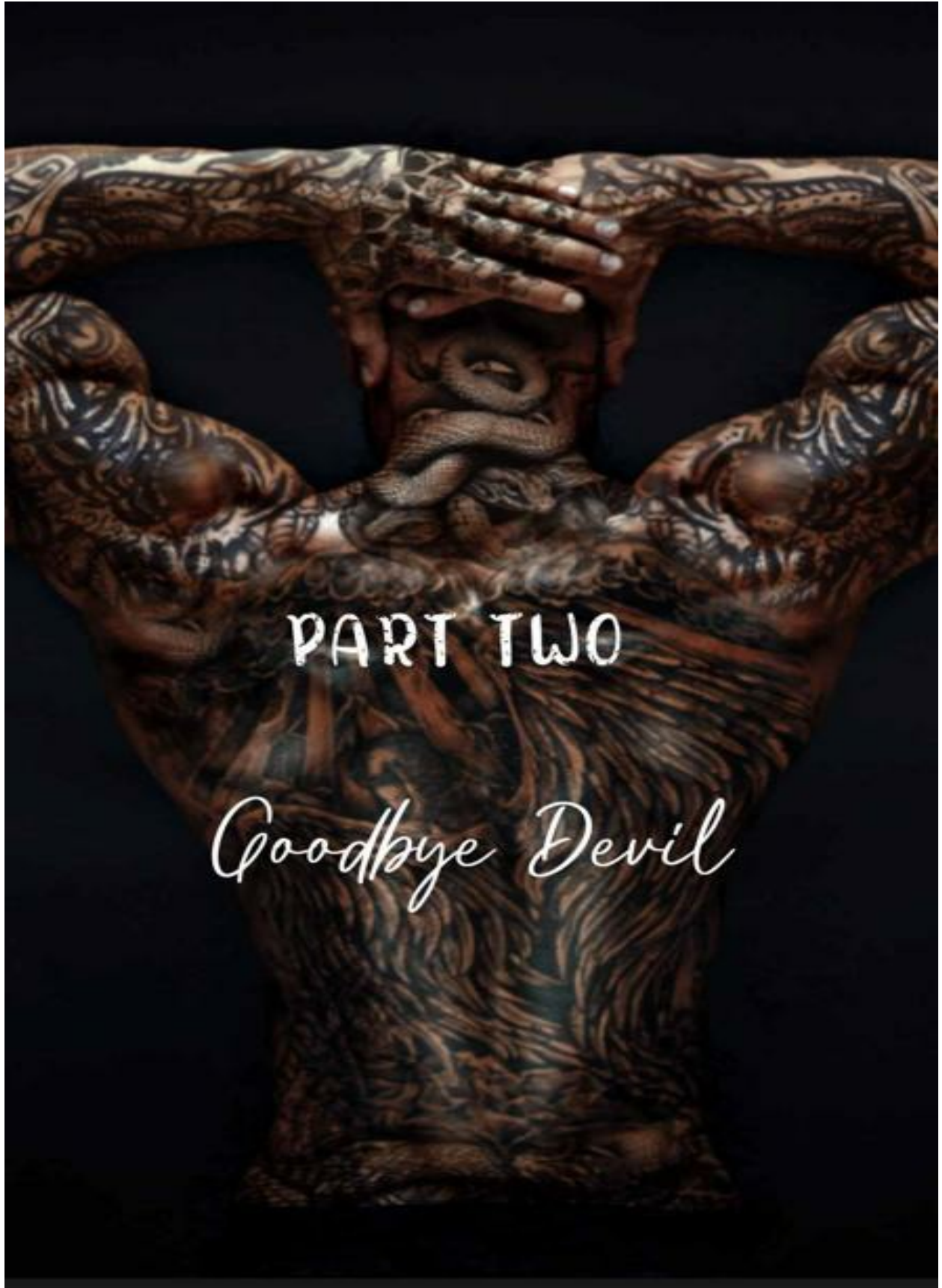
Domenic pulls out of me, stands up, and pulls his pants up then helps me up from the ground. Scooping me into his arms, I squeal, “What are you doing?”

“Carrying you back home, where you fucking belong.”

I wrap my arms around his back, press my face into his chest, allowing his warmth to soak into my bones. Maybe he’s incapable of loving me back but it doesn’t change the way I feel about Domenic. It doesn’t make me want to be in his arms any less. For the first time since I’ve been with him, I don’t feel like a captive. I never want him to let me go. This is as close to happiness as I’ll ever get. He doesn’t deserve my love, but I can’t escape the way I feel.

We don’t choose who we fall for. It chooses us, I think. We have very little say. Had you asked me a year ago to describe the man I’d fall for, it would not have been Domenic. He is everything I never wanted and everything I need.





PART TWO

*Goodbye Devil*

# Chapter Twenty



## DOMENIC

After the doctor gave Giada the all clear on her head, I put her in the bath, and took care of her. For the first time in my life, I wanted to take care of someone. Now, I'm getting ready to do the right thing knowing it's going to fucking gut me. I help Giada out of the bath and dry her off before handing her clean clothes to change into.

"I'm going to let you go, Bellissima."

She shakes her head, "No! What are you talking about?"

Gently, I stroke her cheek, "I'm doing the right thing for once in my life. You'll be guarded until this situation is handled. Be a good girl and don't fight with security. It's necessary."

Tears roll down her cheeks, "Why are you doing this, Domenic?"

"Because I need to. You deserve everything good in life, Bellissima. Happiness. Love. Family. Get your things together and Marc will take you to your new home."

She reaches for me, but I step back.

Giada cries, "Why are you doing this, Domenic? Are you punishing me for saying I love you? Is that what this is?"

I don't answer her question because I can't. If I tell her how I feel about her she'll fight me even more, "Goodbye Bellissima."

The truth is I'm not punishing her. For the first time since I met her, I'm thinking of her, instead of myself. I did what I did because of my needs and never fucking considered Giada. I didn't care. When I told her she deserved everything good in life, I meant it. I'm not delusional, I know I'm not good. But she is. She is everything good in this world. I thought the devil needed an angel to pull him into the light but what if I only smother her in the dark?

That's exactly what her father has been doing to her for her entire life, choking the life out of her. I won't do that. Sometimes the right thing feels so fucking wrong. My chest tightens and I struggle to breathe as I know my time with my wife is over. I'll never hold her again. Touch her. Feel her tremble beneath me. Look into those soulful eyes. It's over.

Chapter Twenty-One



## DOMENIC

I walk into my office, unable to be around Giada for a moment longer. The pain is too intense. It's more than I can bear to watch the tears flow like an unending river. I pour myself two fingers of whiskey when an explosion rings through the dead of night. My house shakes.

“Bellissima!” I yell frantically needing to make sure she's okay.

I dart out of the office to the stairwell when another explosion rocks my mansion. Dust and debris fly everywhere, clouding my vision, when a third boom rocks my world. I can't see a goddamn thing as I try to get to her. My eyes and throat burn as I cry out for her repeatedly.

“Bellissima!” I scream again as something hits me in my chest. I fall to the ground, unable to move, barely able to breathe.

My only thought is my wife as darkness surrounds me.

Chapter Twenty-Two



GIADA

A kick to my stomach wakes me abruptly. I peek one eye open as I cry out in pain, “Good morning, bitch,” Enzo says with a smirk. Then I remember the explosions after Domenic broke my heart. Domenic. Oh my God. Domenic.

“Domenic!” I cry out with panic.

“Dead,” Enzo says with a grin, “The devil is dead. What a beautiful fucking day.”

The pain in my chest is gripping, squeezing my heart like a vice, “I wish I would’ve died too.”

Enzo chuckles, “You’ll be saying that a lot. This is going to be so much fun, Whore. Now get in your cage.”

I glance to my right and spot the metal cage with an open door. I laugh, “Not a chance.”

I’m well aware of the consequences of not doing as Enzo instructs but I don’t care. My only hope at this point is that he kills me. I know Domenic isn’t coming for me, he’s dead. I have no interest in living in a world where he doesn’t exist.

Enzo wraps his hand around my throat, lifts me off the ground, and throws me in the cage, causing me to fall on my arm. The pain is immediate and intense. I instinctively touch my arm and then the skin on my burning throat, as I attempt to catch my breath. He locks the door and chuckles, “Enjoy your stay at Hotel Bianchi.”

I glare at him as he climbs the stairs out of what I’m guessing is a basement. Glancing around I notice the cement walls, the floor is more broken cement. It’s definitely a basement but that offers me no hope of getting away since I’m locked in a fucking cage like an animal.



I sit in the corner with my arms around my bent legs, close my eyes, and imagine Domenic holding me against his chest, whispering in my ear, “Bellissima.” The only man who ever called me beautiful is gone. I’ll never look into his eyes again or feel his warmth. The tears slip out as I cry myself to sleep, mourning the loss of my husband, the only man that ever made me feel worth anything. When he tried to talk to me and tell me he was sorry I should’ve listened. Maybe I would have, had I known our time together would be so short.

\* \* \*

### ***Three Days Later...***

Once again, I wake up cold and alone in this cage. He must have been here because the metal can I go to the bathroom in has been emptied. There’s also two dog bowls. One has water, the other a small amount of dog food. I’m starving. I haven’t eaten since Enzo kidnapped me. I guess I’m not that hungry because I’m not eating fucking dog food.

“Be a good little pet and eat your food.”

I glance up to see Enzo smiling a creepy grin, “I’m not a dog.”

“Are you sure about that? You’re in a cage, with a bowl of dog food, a collar, and a chain.”

He shrugs, “Are you ready for your punishment?”

I roll my eyes at him, “I’ve done nothing to you that warrants being punished.”

Chuckling, Enzo says, “You agreed to be my wife and married another man. There’s plenty to admonish you for. You gave him what was mine.”

Clearly, I have lost the will to live, “I gave him what was mine. I own my body and I freely gave it to him. I don’t regret it. My husband made me come so hard. Something you never could’ve done.”

He grins, “We’ll see about that. Now be a good pet and eat your food. You’re going to need your strength for what comes next.”

Enzo walks back up the stairs and I hear a female voice, “You should eat.”

Quickly, I turn toward the sound and spot three other cages, all with

women in them.

“Do you know what comes next?” I ask the woman who spoke to me.

“We fight to the death.”

I gasp, “What?”

She nods, “I’ve killed the first two I fought. It’s kill or be killed. It isn’t personal. So, you should eat the dog food to at least give yourself a *fighting* chance.”

I glance at the bowl of dog food in my cage then back at her, “I’ll be fighting you?”

The blonde shrugs, “No idea. It could be me or one of the others.”

Folding my arms over my chest, I shake my head, “I’ll refuse.”

She glances at me sympathetically, “Then you’ll die.”

I pick up a piece of the dog food and sniff it. It smells disgusting.

“It goes down easier if you plug your nose.”

They may have called Domenic the devil, but he never would’ve done this to me. More tears fall as I pop a piece of dog food in my mouth, plug my nose, and chew slowly. No human being should ever be treated like this, so inhumanely. I finish the dog food which turns my stomach. I lift the bowl of water to my lips and drink when I hear footsteps on the floor.

“Drink it, like the dog you are.”

I glance up to see Enzo with my father. The shock on my face must be obvious. I shouldn’t even be surprised that he’d have a hand in this, but I am.

“What?”

“Drink it like the dog you are or the only thing you’ll have to drink is your piss.”

I set the bowl down and lower my head, and lap at the water like a fucking dog. For a moment, I wanted to win my fight. I wanted to live long enough to get out of this hellhole. But now I’m not so sure. Death would be better than living like this, for however long it takes to get free if I ever do.

“It’s time for our entertainment portion of the evening!” Enzo says as he rubs his hands together in excitement.

He opens my cage, unlocks the chain attached to the collar around my throat, and pulls me out by my hair.

My father unlocks one of the other cages holding a frail brunette. She’s so thin. I don’t think she could be more than ninety pounds.

We’re both pulled up the stairs by our hair, to the third floor, where a cage is set up in what appears to be a large living room. Enzo pushes me into

the massive cage, and my father pushes the other girl in.

“You fight to the death. Only one of you lives. Good luck,” Enzo says with a satisfied grin.

The tiny girl stares at me with pleading eyes, “Please make it quick. I’m ready to die.”

“How long have you been here?”

She shrugs, “Months. Years. I don’t know. So long.”

“Enough chitter chatter. This isn’t Maury-Fucking-Povich.”

I approach her, “I’m sorry. So sorry.”

My first punch to her jaw sends her flying to the floor, her head hits the wood floor with a thunk, and blood pools around her. Enzo rushes in, checks her pulse, “I’m disappointed, Whore. You got lucky. Next time, you fight someone tougher.”

He grabs me by my hair and pulls me out of the cage, back downstairs, causing me to fall down the steps.

Pointing to my new home, he yells, “Inside, filthy mutt.”

This is my new reality, so I do as I’m told. There is no point in trying to fight him. Not anymore. When someone has stolen your will to live, there’s nothing left.

Again, my heart cries for Domenic. We got so little time together, and now my biggest regret is fighting him at all. Did he die believing I loved him or hated him? I said both things to him. I hate myself more than I ever thought I hated him. My heart aches like a bleeding festering wound that will never completely heal.

I sit with my back against the cool metal as the blonde woman says, “Congratulations, it looks like you won.”

I sigh, “She had no fight left. That girl wanted to die. I don’t even know her name.”

“Izzy. Her name was Izzy. She was ready to die a year ago. Trust me, you did her a favor.”

I wish I could have saved Izzy instead of killing her, but of course, I can’t even save myself. I close my eyes and imagine Domenic with me.

*“Bellissima, choose strength. Don’t give up. Hold on, I’ll save you.”*

Of course, that’s my imagination working overtime. My husband, Domenic De Luca, is dead. He won’t be coming for me, and I doubt his brothers will either. After all, I’m just some woman their brother married to get to two men he hated. In fact, the De Luca brothers probably hate me as

much as they do my father and Enzo. If Enzo doesn't kill me, they likely will.

Chapter Twenty-Three



## GIADA

The days are long and endless. Sometimes it hurts so bad I can barely breathe. I don't know how long I've been here, but Cecilia, the blonde who seems to be dealing with this far better than I am, says it's only been a few weeks. It feels like months. I've grown accustomed to eating dog food which is probably a sad example of my mental health. I don't want to live. I don't want to die. I'm stuck in some sort of state of just being. I miss Domenic so much it hurts. I now know that Enzo wasn't lying. He really is dead. If he were alive, he'd come for me, I'm sure of it. When you lose someone, you love, it's only natural to wish you could have just five more minutes with them. Tell them one last time how they brought life into your heart. Healed something inside you with just a simple touch. That was Dom for me. Every time I felt his fingertips on my skin, it made me feel cherished, even though he'd never say the words. Now, I'll never know what those words would have sounded like coming from his lips. He's gone.

Natalia may never know what happened to me. After all, we were told we couldn't have contact until this was done. With Domenic being dead, who would tell her? Even though she was told not to come around and ask questions, eventually, she will. My only hope is that she doesn't get herself killed. It's not worth it, I'm not worth it. Nat needs to live her life and forget about me.

A photograph of a man's torso and arms, heavily tattooed with intricate designs in black, brown, and gold. He is holding a large snake across his chest with both hands. The background is dark.

PART THREE

*To Hell and Back:  
One Year Later...*

Chapter Twenty-Four





## DOMENIC

Damian walks into my office, where I've been sleeping for the better part of the last year. I can't sleep in my fucking bed without her. I focus on finding her like it's my business. If I stop to feel, I'll fucking fall apart. She needs me. Giada is the only reason I haven't shattered like a broken vase. I did this to her and I have to undo it.

"I'm sorry, Domenic, it's time to accept the facts. She's not alive."

Every one of my brothers has been telling me this for months, but I still don't believe it. I refuse to.

Not long after she was taken I called Max, and he agreed with me. They are moving her frequently, so every time I get close, she's gone again. I have nightmares of the hell I know she's living through. My brothers are pissed because I've let business slide while searching for my wife. I don't care about a fucking thing other than finding my Bellissima.

I shake my head, "Unacceptable. She's alive. I feel it."

Damian rolls his eyes, "You feel it? Do you know how fucking crazy that sounds, brother?"

I glare at him, "Do you know how fucking little I care?"

The fact is, had Katherine been taken he would've made the same choices I have. He wouldn't have searched endlessly.

Damian plops down in the chair on the other side of my desk, "We have checked every single property either family owns."

I tap my knuckles on my wooden desk, "Then, I suggest you check again."

"When will you finally accept that she's gone?"

I'm about two seconds away from punching my fucking brother, "Never.

Until I see her lifeless body with my own eyes, I will continue searching for her. I will scorch the ends of the earth, destroying everything in my path until I have her back again.”

Damian drags his hand down his face, “I knew you’d fall in love with her. Are we at least admitting that now?”

I sigh, “Yes, I’m in love with my wife, okay? It fucking kills me that she doesn’t know. So, let’s find her before it is a dead body we’re recovering. Every fucking day that Bianchi has her could be her last.”

He nods, “Alright. Do you want to call Max again, or should I?”

Grabbing my glass of whiskey, I bring it to my lips and down the contents before setting it back down, “Taken care of. His team will be here within the hour.”

“Where are Drake and Dante?”

Leaning back in the chair, he crosses his left leg over his right, “Drake is at Devil doing your job. Dante is leaving no stone unturned, looking for your wife with Benji’s help. If he finds her, is all forgiven?”

I smirk, “Whoever finds my wife will be my favorite person for the rest of my days.”

Long story short, my brother fell in love with the enemy. She never felt anything for him. That bitch used him, and it ended with a bullet hole in my chest. I’ve never forgiven him. It’s not lost on me that he has worked tirelessly, trying to find Giada.

“After I find my wife, I’ll deal with Dante. Right now, I can’t focus on anything other than her.”

My phone rings, and I glance down and notice it’s Marc, my head of security.

“Yes?”

“Mr. Esposito and his team are here.”

I nod as if he can see me, “Good. Bring them to my office.”

After disconnecting the call, I tell my brother, “They’re here.”

One by one, Max and his team file in, “Max, Hunter, Jade, Mia, Trevor, and Nash. Thank you for coming.”

Max shakes my hand, “I told you when you helped save my wife, I would return the favor.” He adds with a smirk, “Although, I can’t say I wasn’t surprised to find out you got married.”

I wave in the direction of the sectional on the back wall for them to sit.

“Please tell me you have something, Max.”

He shakes his head, “I wish I did man, but I don’t. I’ve spoken with my police contacts and so far, nothing. You said she’s twenty-three?”

I sigh as I drag a hand down my stubbled face, “She would be twenty-four now.”

He clasps his hands together, his face drawn into a frown, “I’ve got my intel guy going to see Dante and Benji right now. Hopefully, they can work together and figure out where to look.”

Mia speaks up next, “Am I correct to assume if our team finds them first you want them to be left alive?”

I nod, “Yes, I want them both alive when I get my hands on them.”

Trevor says, “If you don’t mind me speaking up, I think we should set fire to every property they own.”

I chuckle as I look at Max, “Got a little firebug on your hands do you?”

He laughs, “When necessary.”

I give Trevor a serious expression, “Have at it but not until you’ve made sure they’re empty. I swear on my life if my wife ends up burnt to a crisp due to your extracurricular activities, I’ll kill you myself.”

His eyes snap to mine, “I would never put her or any other woman in danger. You have my word.”

Max’s phone rings and he holds up his finger and answers it. I only hear one side of the conversation.

“She matches the description?”

“How bad?”

“Yeah, we’ll be there as soon as possible.”

He disconnects the call and says, “There’s a Jane Doe that was transported to the hospital two hours ago. She matches the description of Giada, but she’s badly beaten, Domenic. They need you to come in and try to identify her.”

My heart stops. Have we found her? And what condition will she be in? “Let’s go.”

Max says, “Can my team stay here? The rest of us can go in my van.”

I nod, “Yeah, that’s fine. Make yourselves at home.”

We rush out of the house, just myself, Max, Damian, and my security team following behind us.

Damian slides into the back with me, and Max drives us to the hospital. My brother grabs my shoulder affectionately, “It might not be her, brother. Please don’t convince yourself it is until you see her for yourself.”

I nod, "I know."

"One thing I can't figure out is if it's Giada, why would they dump her body to be found? Why wouldn't they dispose of her like anyone else?"

I run my fingers over my jaw while I contemplate his question, "Maybe they thought she'd die and wanted me to find her body?"

Damian sighs loudly, "Some answers we may need to get from her."

I agree, but I don't know if she's even going to live long enough to answer questions. I never should've started this war. I've never backed down from a fight before, but my wife is the one who has paid the price for it. They didn't come after me. They came after her. Having to buy another house because they destroyed the old one was nothing. The injuries I had from the bombing, also nothing. My wife is fucking everything. Living a year without her has been hell.

Silently, I say a prayer, "*God, please let it be her and let her live. If you do, I'll leave the business. I just want my wife back.*"

My brothers would be pissed if I stepped away, especially Damian, because most of it would fall on his shoulders, but I don't care about any of that right now.

We finally arrive at the hospital, and I open the door before the van comes to a complete stop. I run through the emergency room doors and head to the desk.

"I'm here to identify a Jane Doe."

The receptionist gives me a sad look, "Mr. De Luca?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Jacobsen will be right with you."

I grip the counter so hard I'm sure you can see the white on my knuckles, "Can I just see her? I've been searching for my wife for a goddamn year. Do you know what that's like?"

My voice is rough and drenched in emotion but it does me little good. She looks at me and steps back, "It has to be the doctor that brings you in. Take a seat, or I'll have to call security."

I hold my hands up to let her know I'm not a threat, "I'm going to sit down now."

I'm aware that at six-foot-seven and decorated with tattoos, I look like a physical threat to most women. Hell, I'm a physical threat to most men. Getting kicked out of this hospital is not an option right now. After I take a seat, she sits back down exhaling a deep breath.

Damian and Max come in and sit beside me, “Anything?” my brother asks.

“Nope. We are waiting for the doctor. He has to be the one to take me to see her.”

They both sit with me silently, knowing anything anyone says might set me off right now.

Chapter Twenty-Five



DOMENIC

Three fucking hours later, the doctor appears and sits beside us.

“I’m going to take you to see our Jane Doe, but I wanted to have a conversation with you first, Mr. De Luca.”

I’m about to jump out of my chair and throttle him, so he might want to get to it sooner rather than later.

“Of course, we don’t know if she’s your wife. However, I wanted to warn you, she’s not in good condition. It took me so long to come see you because I was dealing with several of her life-threatening injuries. The bruising is bad, and I want you to be prepared.” He stands, “Follow me then. She’s in the ICU.”

“Are you going to call her friend?” Damian asks.

I nod, “Yes, but only if I find out it’s her. I don’t want to put her through the trauma of thinking her friend is alive only to find out it isn’t even her. That seems cruel even for me.”

After an elevator ride and a walk down, what feels like an endless fucking hallway, he stops at a closed door.

“She’s not awake, just so you aren’t expecting her to be.”

I take a deep breath, “Okay. I’m ready.”

He opens the door, and I walk in and realize I’m a fucking liar. I was not ready. This is not something you can possibly be prepared for. My beautiful wife has been beaten beyond recognition. Still, I know it’s her.

“Bellissima!” I cry out as I’m positive my heart is being ripped from my chest. She looks like my wife and nothing like my wife at the same time. Her face is swollen beyond belief. Her body is so thin and frail. She can’t be a hundred pounds. My wife was never fat, but she was never skinny. The

woman lying in this hospital bed looks anorexic.

The doctor comes up beside me, “Is this Giada De Luca?”

I nod, “Yes. This is my wife.”

“I’ll give you a few minutes with her, and when I come back, we can discuss injuries and prognosis.”

Without taking my eyes off her, I speak low, “Thank you.”

Max says, “We’ll wait outside, Domenic.”

I don’t say anything or look in their direction, but I hear the door close behind me. I take a seat in the chair beside her bed, “Bellissima, I’m sorry. For everything.”

Gently, I stroke her palm, “I have been searching for you for a year. People kept saying you were dead. But I knew better. I knew my sweet angel wouldn’t leave me.”

Placing a kiss on her palm, I say, “There are so many things I need to say to you, but I’d rather say them when you’re awake to hear them.”

I lay my head near her hand, but not on top of her because I don’t want to hurt her, “I promise you, baby, they will pay for everything they did to you. I swear it.”

Dr. Jacobsen returns, “Mr. De Luca, can you come with me, please.”

“I’ll be back, Bellissima.”

Gently, I kiss her on the top of her bandaged head and then follow the doctor.

“I don’t want to leave her. Can we not talk in her room?”

He points to an office, “I prefer not to have emotional conversations with patients in the room. We don’t know how much she will hear.”

Walking in, I take a seat on the other side of his desk while he takes the chair behind it.

He opens the chart he’s been carrying, “Your wife has a fractured cheekbone, a lacerated spleen, a separated shoulder, lacerations on her vulva, and vaginal tearing. Her brain scans came back normal, but that doesn’t mean she won’t have any difficulties with her brain. We will know more when she wakes up long enough to have a conversation.”

My mind is working very slowly through the laundry list of injuries but it’s the last couple that have me ready to explode.

“Are you saying you think she was raped?”

He shakes his head, “No, Sir. I’m saying she was definitely raped. It’s not possible with injuries like this that it was consensual. She is also



malnourished.”

That doesn’t even come as a surprise. I’m not a doctor but one look at her and I knew that was the case.

“Is she in a coma?”

He shakes his head, “No. She is on heavy medication for pain so she will wake up, but she’ll be in and out of it.”

My mind is racing from all the information. The vengeful part of me is dying to get my hands on that piece of shit. I know that I need to be with her and couldn’t possibly leave her right now. I may not have a choice but to let others handle them.

“Does she need surgery for her spleen?”

He taps his pen on the desk, “No. We must wait for that to heal on its own. Surgery won’t correct it.”

“The malnourishment?”

“When she wakes up, we want to get her eating frequent, small amounts right away. If she refuses to eat, we’ll need to put a stomach pump in. But let’s cross that bridge when we come to it.”

I rub the pain in my forehead, “The vaginal trauma?”

“It will heal. However, there will be no intercourse for four to eight weeks.”

The last thing I’m worried about is getting my dick wet.

“This is the last time I will leave her side until she’s released, so if you have anything else to say you should say it now.”

He rises from his chair, “That should do it. Let me know if you have any questions. I’ll have the charge nurse arrange to have a cot brought in so you can stay in her room.”

I get out of my seat and head back to my wife. On the walk there, I imagine so many ways I want to torture Bianchi. It makes me sick to my stomach that I may never get the chance. I stop outside her door and call her friend quickly to let her know where she is. I leave out all the disgusting details that cause rage to flow through my veins. If she ever decides to tell her, that’s fine. But it’s not my place nor my story to tell. Natalia cries from relief when I tell her that Giada is finally safe. I did warn her about how badly she had been beaten because I know she’ll come to see her, and without warning, it would be a nasty shock.

After disconnecting the call, I put my phone away, and walk back into her room. She’s still completely out, so I sit beside her, and stroke her palm while

I talk to her, “Bellissima, I know what he did to you. I’m sorry. I’ll never forgive myself for this, baby.”

Max and Damian walk in and each of them places a hand on my shoulder, “She’ll be alright,” my brother says.

“Where did you two get off to?”

Max responds, “Phone calls and food. Your brother has the appetite of a bear.”

I chuckle lightly because he’s not wrong. Damian has always had the biggest appetite out of the four of us. He is also a miserable son of a bitch if he doesn’t get food when he’s hungry.

“I need Enzo found. Both Enzo and Anthony but especially Enzo.”

Damian asks, “Did he-?”

I interrupt him, “I can’t answer that, so don’t fucking ask. Just find me Enzo Bianchi.”

Max says, “And do what with him?”

I growl, “Keep him chained up and alive in your safe house. Find him.”

“We’re on it,” he says, “Call me if you need anything. Otherwise, I’ll be in contact when I have something.”

I nod and turn my attention back to Giada and stare at her swollen face. The one side is so enlarged, I think her eye will be swollen shut. Every minute that she lies here sleeping unable to talk to me, feels like an eternity.

Finally, after hours of watching her, she begins to stir. She whimpers as she opens her one eye. I was correct, the other won’t open.

“Where am I?” She asks with a dry, croaky voice.

I get up and get her the cup of water with a straw that was on her bedside table, placing the straw in her mouth, I instruct her, “Sip slowly.”

I press the buzzer beside her head to inform the nurse that Giada is awake.

“Where am I?”

“The hospital. You were badly hurt.”

She glances around the room, touches her face, and her eyes settle on me, “Who are you?”

# Chapter Twenty-Six



DOMENIC

I stand shocked, staring at my wife, when she repeats herself, “Who are you?”

“I’m your husband, Bellissima.”

She giggles, then winces from the pain, “I’m not married.”

The nurse comes running in, “Hello, Mrs. De Luca. I’m Sharon. I’m your nurse for today.”

My wife looks at her in utter confusion, “There’s been a mistake. I’m not Mrs. De Luca. I’m Miss Baretta. I don’t know this man.”

I didn’t see him enter, but Dr. Jacobsen is standing on the other side of her bed, “Giada, sometimes this happens with severe trauma. You have some amnesia. However, it will likely be temporary. It’s important not to work to try to recover memories. Let it happen naturally.”

“Mr. De Luca, follow me, please.”

I glance at Giada, who looks at me one minute like I’m a complete stranger but the next minute with hatred in her eyes. I asked God to give me my wife back. This is not what I meant. He gave me a woman who doesn’t even know who I am. It’s a fucking miracle that she fell in love with me the first time. How in the hell am I supposed to do it again? I follow the doctor to his office, and we both take our seats, he crosses his legs and takes a deep breath, “The amnesia is likely short-term. It’s important you don’t try to fill in the blanks for her. It’s best for the memories to come back organically. Giving her information her brain is not ready to process could cause further trauma.”

Great, so I definitely can’t tell her how we came to be married. Suddenly, I feel sick. What if she asks for a divorce? Am I going to have to kidnap my

wife all over again?

“Do I ask questions about what happened to her?”

He shakes his head, “Not right now. I’ll arrange for a therapist to see her in the hospital. Once she’s ready for release, I’ll give you a referral to one she can see on an outpatient basis. At this point, she sees you as a stranger. If she volunteers information, that’s fine, but you should not be pushing for it. Again, that could further the trauma she’s experienced.”

Leaning forward, I place my head in my hands, I’m so literally fucked here. I finally realize, I’m in love with my wife after she goes missing. Then, I spend a goddamn year searching for her, finally find her, and now she has no clue who the fuck I am. And what’s worse? When she realizes who I am, I may only get to keep her by force.

“Should I be here? Or maybe I should go home? Give her time?”

“Absolutely not. This is a difficult situation, Mr. De Luca. However, she is your wife. Staying away from her won’t help her. At any moment, she could look at you, and something will spark a memory. That being said, remember she was sexually assaulted, so you need to keep that in mind when touching her. She may not want you to. In fact, I’d expect it.”

I run my hands through my hair, “Okay. Thank you. Can I go see her then?”

He nods, “Of course. The nurse will be in shortly to try to get her to eat.”

I try to regain composure as I make my way back to Giada’s room. I’ve never felt this out of sorts in my life. How can this be happening? What if she never remembers that she loved me?

I walk back in, and Giada glares at me with her one open eye, “Oh good. You’re back.”

Sighing, I go over to the chair beside her bed and lower myself into it, “I’m your husband, Giada. I’ll always be back.”

“This is one of Enzo’s tricks, right? You work for him? You look like a piece of shit mobster.”

I groan as I rub my temples, “So that asshole you remember. I do not work for Enzo. I never have.”

“My father?”

“No, Bellissima. I don’t work for or with your father either.”

She closes her eyes and sighs, “If you insist on being here, can you get me water?”

“Yes. Anything you want is yours, baby.”

“In that case, I don’t want water. I want you to leave.”

I chuckle, “Except that. I’m not leaving you.”

I’m relieved that Giada still has her smart mouth. It has to be a good sign.

Getting up, I grab her cup of water, and place the straw into her mouth, “Remember, small sips. I don’t want you to get sick.”

The nurse comes in, “Mrs. De Luca. Talk to me about your diet recently. What have you been eating? We need to know what to expect your body to be able to tolerate.”

I’m a little more than annoyed since she knows that Giada can’t fucking remember recent events. My wife looks away from me with a pained expression on her face, “Dog food. I can’t remember eating anything before that.”

“Dog food?” The nurse repeats, sounding disgusted.

Giada says, “It wasn’t by choice. Yes, hard dog food.”

I give the nurse a warning glare, “If you could get my wife some actual food, that would be fucking fabulous.”

The nurse runs out, and Giada closes her eyes, “I had to eat it. You wouldn’t understand. If I hadn’t, I wouldn’t have had the strength for the fights. I would’ve died. Eating that dog food saved my life.”

“Fights?” I ask even though maybe I shouldn’t.

“They have other women. We were paired up, and we had to cage fight until one of us died. The quickest way to die is by not having the strength.”

Jesus-fucking-Christ. The things my wife has been through in the last year might bring me to my knees. The only thing I want now is to take her in my arms and hold her. Of course, between her physical injuries and mental state, it’s not an option.

“Can I sleep? I’m so tired.”

“Of course, Bellissima. I’ll wake you when she brings food.”

She closes her eyes, “What’s your name?”

Inwardly, I sigh, “Domenic. But you call me Dom.”

“Okay, Dom.”

As Giada drifts off to sleep, I can’t fight the first smile on my face, in I don’t even know how long. Hearing her call me Dom soothes my weary heart. I smile to myself again. Who would’ve guessed the devil has a heart? Only for my wife. She owns it, lock, stock, and fucking barrel.

I’m watching her sleep when the nurse comes in, “I’m so sorry about before, Mr. De Luca. I wasn’t expecting that.”

I shrug, “Neither was I, but my wife was held against her will for a year. There are probably worse details than what she ate that have yet to come out, so let's try a little sensitivity.”

I can't believe it's me scolding a medical professional about sensitivity. She nods and sets the tray down on Giada's tray table, “Do you want me to feed her?”

“Absolutely not. I will take care of all my wife's needs other than medical ones.”

The nurse steps back from the bed, “Of course, sir. If you could let me know when she finishes eating. She'll need to eat again in two hours.”

After she leaves, I gently wake Giada, “Bellissima, you need to eat.”

She opens her healthy eye and smirks at me, “I know, I'm not beautiful now.”

I stroke her palm gently, “You are always beautiful to me. The bruises will fade. The swelling will go down. They don't matter. You're still my beautiful wife.”

Taking the cover off her bowl, I smile, “Beef broth.”

“Better than dog food,” she says.

I lift the spoon to her mouth, and she moans lightly while she eats it. You never realize the food you would not want to eat is heaven to someone who has been denied food for so long. She eats about half of it before she says she's full. I know her stomach has shrunk since she hasn't been eating, so I don't press it.

“They want you to eat again in another two hours. You've lost too much weight.”

“So, I'm not too fat for you then?”

I chuckle, “Not even close. You never have been, Bellissima. When the doctor says you can have dessert, I'll bring you all the Cheesecake you can stomach.”

“That's my favorite.”

I go back to stroking her palm, “I know, baby.”

“Dom?”

I glance into her face, “Yes?”

“Were we happy?”

What a complicated question and not one I want to answer. I know I broke her heart when I told her I was giving her the freedom she had once craved. If I tell her the truth, she's going to shut me out.

“Mostly. You loved me.”

“Mostly,” she repeats.

Natalia comes barreling into the room like the world is on fire, “Gia! Oh my God. Gia!”

My wife’s wounded face lights up when she sees her friend. Jealousy doesn’t even describe how I’m feeling. I want to be the person to do that for her. But I’m not sure I ever was.

“I’ll let you two visit for a few minutes. I have calls to make.”



Chapter Twenty-Seven



GIADA

“I want to hug you, but I don’t want to hurt you.”

I smile so wide at seeing my best friend, my face hurts, not that it takes much right now.

“Dom touches my hand.”

She sits in his vacated seat, “I bet you were happy to see him.”

“I don’t remember him, Nat. I remember you but not him. He said we’re married.”

Her expression shows how shocked she is, “Oh babe. You don’t remember him at all?”

Sighing, I say, “Not at all.”

“He says I loved him.”

She gives me a sad smile, “You did. Head over heels even when you wouldn’t admit it.”

“So, we were in love then.”

I know Natalia well, so I know from the look on her face that she’s hiding something from me.

“We weren’t?”

She chews on her lip, which is her tell, “I don’t want to cause trouble.”

“Tell me. Nobody else is telling me anything.”

Nat places her face in her hands and groans, “You’re going to get me killed. Yes, you were in love with him. I think you fell in love with him fast. But did he love you? No, he didn’t. In fact, he told you he never would.”

“Enzo said my father promised me to him so why did Domenic marry me if he didn’t love me?”

Reaching out she grabs my fingers lightly and squeezes, “It was all some

mob war. He was trying to get to mob daddy and knew they'd both be pissed if he married you and took your virginity."

Waking up to a husband you don't remember ever meeting is traumatizing enough. To find out that I loved him but never meant a damn thing to him, is beyond words. It's devastating.

"I think I'm glad I don't remember him."

We're both quiet for a few minutes, "So, he is a mobster?"

She nods, "Yes. He's the head of the De Luca syndicate."

"I've heard of the family, but I don't remember ever meeting him before."

Smiling, she says, "I'm so glad you're back. I thought I lost you forever."

"Me too."

Nat squeezing my fingers again, "It must have been horrible."

"He raped me."

She hangs her head, "I'm so sorry, Gia. I'm not surprised because Enzo is a monster."

I close my eyes, unable to look at her, "Well, of course he did, but my father. My own father raped me."

My eyes pop open when I hear what sounds like a wounded animal. I glance to the doorway and see Domenic grabbing his chest as if he's been shot. Without a word, he turns and leaves.

"You should know he may have said he would never love you. You were gone for a year, and he never stopped looking for you. He may not know what love is but I do."

"It doesn't change anything. It was never a real marriage."

Nat blows out a long breath, "I'm sorry, Gia. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yeah, there is. Can I stay with you after they release me?"

"Of course. Mi Casa Su Casa."

"It'll probably be awhile."

She stands up, grabs my water, and helps me take a sip, "At this point, I feel like I know Domenic better than you do. I have no problem with you coming to stay with me, but I think it's probably going to be a fight to get him to agree. That's a conversation you need to have with him 'cause I love you, but I don't want to swim with the fishes."

"If I had two functioning eyes, I'd roll them at you."

The nurse comes in, "Visiting hours are over. Mrs. De Luca needs her rest."

Nat stands and kisses my good cheek, "I'll come see you soon. I promise."

I'll bring you a tablet or something so you can watch TV."

"Mr. De Luca has arranged a television to be brought in for her," the Nurse says as if Natalia was talking to her.

"Of course he has," Nat giggles.

I close my eyes and go back to sleep knowing that whenever *my husband* comes back, he's probably going to have a lot to say about what he overheard. I just don't understand his reaction. Of course, it's always sad when a woman goes through something like this, but he doesn't love me. His response feels over the top.

Chapter Twenty-Eight



DOMENIC

I don't know how to handle the fury flowing through me. Sure, I've been pissed before. That's not new for me. Normally, I go to the source and destroy them. I don't currently know where Anthony-fucking-Baretti is, so I can't do that. In the meantime, I have to remain calm for my wife. The last thing I want to do is scare her. I was heartbroken for her when I found out she had been raped, although not entirely surprised. But her own father? Who the fuck does that? His own goddamn daughter. It's clear to me that he played a bigger role in this than I thought. I honestly figured it was more Bianchi than him. I was wrong. If it's the last fucking thing I do, I'll make them pay.

I head back to Giada's room now that visiting hours are over, and I've slightly calmed down. I walk into her room and am grateful she's alone. Her eyes are closed, so I sit down in the chair as quietly as I can to hopefully not disturb her. They brought a cot in for me, but I prefer the chair so I can be close to her.

"After they release me, I'm going to stay with Natalia. I just wanted to let you know you won't have to take care of me."

Chuckling, I say, "The fuck you are."

"Dom," she whispers, "You don't love me and never will. You said so yourself. Just let me go."

"You remember?"

She shakes her head and winces from the pain, "No. Nat told me. I know I never meant anything to you other than to settle some mob dispute."

"One conversation with your friend, and you've got it all figured out? Is that right, Bellissima?"

"Yes," she whispers.

“Nothing could be further from the truth. I am so fucking in love with you, I barely survived the last year. I know what you experienced was far worse than my pain, but it was not easy. I stepped away from everything business-related to find you. Nothing other than you mattered. Not Enzo. Not your father. Only you. When I was told a woman in the hospital matched your description, I prayed. I prayed to God to bring back my wife, and I’d leave the only world I’ve ever known. He didn’t bring my wife back to me. Instead, he brought a woman back to me who feels nothing for me. Perhaps that’s the price I have to pay for telling you I’d never love you. When I said it, it was my truth. I believed I was incapable of ever loving a woman in this way. You changed everything. I can be accused of a great many things. I’m not a good man, Bellissima. But not loving you? Anything but that. I have had three great loves in my life. Money, Vengeance, and you. I’d give up the other two for you, but I wouldn’t give you up for the other two. I’ll walk away from it all. But I’ll never walk away from you, so you’ll be coming home where you belong when they release you. With your husband who fucking adores you.”

“Dom.”

She closes her eyes, “What if I never remember?”

I speak far more confidently than I feel, “We’ll make new memories. I’ll make you fall in love with me all over again.”

“What if I never do?”

I growl, “Failure is not an option, Bellissima. I will spend the rest of my life trying. There is no amount of time in which I give up on you. They call me the devil, but you’re my angel. I cannot exist without you.”

“Can you lift the head of my bed?”

I grab the remote and lift it slowly.

“That’s good.”

I fix her pillow, and she opens her eyes, “Why do they call you the devil?”

Now I’m back to rubbing my temples, “Are you sure you want to know? It’s gruesome.”

“Nothing could be worse than what’s been done to me. I’m sure.”

I sit back in my chair and rub my jaw, remembering that day, “My mother and sister were kidnapped as retaliation. They were both raped repeatedly, my mother was murdered. My sister was a little girl at the time. I vowed to capture them and make them die a painful death. They did.”

I was hoping that would be enough for her but it's not, "What did you do?"

"I had a bottomless cage for both of them. I put it over their head and bodies. I put three rats inside each cage. The one side of the cage was heated. The rats ate the men's flesh as they tried to get free from the heat. They slowly ate away at the flesh until they died an excruciating death. I left them to be found, intentionally. The papers said only the devil could've done something so heinous. It was well known in our world who was responsible for it. They began calling me the devil and it stuck."

"Are you going to kill them too?"

I sit back and watch her cautiously, "Anthony and Enzo?"

"Yeah," she breathes and I'm not sure if she's hoping I will say yes or no. So, I opt for the truth and let the chips fall where they may, "Yes, Bellissima. After what they did to you for a fucking year, they will die a brutal death. It's the only way I know."

"Thank you," she whispers, "I hope you do the rats. It was so terrible, Dom, I can't even put it into words. I'm never going to be the same."

I take her hand in mine, "If that's what you want, then that's what you'll get, baby. I promise you'll get through this. It won't be easy, but you won't go through it alone."

"I'm hungry."

I chuckle, "Let me see what I can do about that."

Walking out to the nurse's station, the three nurses sitting there look me up and down before blushing, "My wife is hungry. I know it's only been an hour since she ate, but surely, she can have something?"

One of them reaches into a small refrigerator and hands me a cup of applesauce with a spoon. I say thank you and turn to leave. I'm sure she thought I was out of earshot when I hear a snicker, "Too bad we don't have any Alpo."

I spin around, "Which one of you said that?"

None of them say a word, but the middle one points to her left.

"Are you married?" I ask her.

"Yes."

Reading her name tag, I say, "I hope you aren't attached to your husband, Melinda. His accident was quite unfortunate. My condolences."

While she gapes at me, I turn and head back to my wife with her applesauce in hand. I walk in, and she smiles slightly, when she spots what I



have.

“That’s practically a dessert.”

I wink at her, “If you like this, wait until I get you home and have the chef make you every kind of cheesecake ever created.”

“Can I feed myself?”

I grin, “I like feeding you, but of course, if you can, you’re welcome to feed yourself.”

Opening the container, I put the spoon in, set it on the tray, and move it over her. Slowly, she moves her good arm, picks the spoon up, and eats the applesauce. She pauses after a few bites, “Why do you like feeding me like I’m a damn infant?”

“It’s not feeding you specifically that I like, Bellissima. I like taking care of you. I like it when you let me, even if it’s because you have no other choice.”

Giada takes another couple of bites before she pushes it away. She’s quiet, lost in thought, so I wait.

“Did we have sex?”

I grin, “Of course we did. You’re my wife.”

She stares at my hands, and I grin again. I’ve noticed her doing that more than once.

“Was I a virgin?”

I nod, “Yes, we didn’t have sex until our wedding night.”

The one side of her face is so bruised, I can’t notice anything but the other side blushes beautifully, “Was it any good?”

“The best I’ve ever had. You’re very beautiful, Giada. It was easy to get lost in you.”

Again, she stares at my hands, “You have very large hands.”

I smirk at her, “I have large everything, Bellissima.”

“Dom,” she whispers with an embarrassed expression.

I chuckle, “I wasn’t referring to that. I meant that I’m six-foot-seven, I’m not a small man.”

“I think I better go to sleep before I say any more stupid things.”

I stand and place a kiss on her cheek, “Okay baby, I’ll be here when you wake up. I’m not going anywhere.”

She closes her eyes and falls into a restful sleep. I sit watching her for hours before I finally close my eyes and join her.

Chapter Twenty-Nine



## GIADA

I wake to Domenic growling at a woman standing in the doorway. A stunning woman, wow. I don't know who she is, but then I don't even know who my husband is. The woman stands with her hands on her hips, not backing down from him one bit, she pushes her way past him, "I want to see my sister-in-law, Dom. Back off."

Ahh his sister. Well, that explains the way she looks. I don't know much about my husband, but I do know he's over-the-top gorgeous. It must run in the family.

She comes over to my bedside and takes my hand, "Giada, I'm so sorry this happened to you, too."

I glance at Domenic and then back to her, "I'm sorry, but I don't remember you."

Smiling gently, she says, "Oh, we only met once, thanks to this big ogre keeping you all to himself. I'm Dalia, Dom's sister."

I giggle, "Big ogre. Fitting."

He growls and she waves her fingers at him, "Giada and I are going to talk. Run along now. I'll let you know when you can come back."

I'm shocked to my core when Domenic replies, "Fine. I'll get a coffee."

I laugh even though it hurts so much, "I can't believe you talked to him like that. I don't remember him, but I have a feeling most people don't get away with that."

She takes the seat beside my bed, "Only me and, well I guess you, now."

Setting her purse on the table beside my bed, she sighs audibly, "You don't know me, but I wanted you to be aware, you aren't alone. I've been through a similar hell to what you have. I'm always here for you. You're

family.”

“Thank you. Domenic told me you were kidnapped. I’m sorry about your mom.”

A pained expression flashes across her face, “Thank you. We were taken as retaliation for shit Dom started, but I don’t blame him, I never have. It’s the nature of our world.”

“So, it seems.”

“We were both beaten and raped repeatedly. I didn’t think I would ever get out alive.”

I close my eyes because watching her remember is too much, especially when I know what it’s like.

“How did your mom die?”

Opening my eyes, I spot her wiping tears away, “They literally fucked her to death.”

I gasp in response, “I’m sorry.”

“As my father’s wife, and Dom’s mother, they blamed her. Thirty men took her over and over. She developed an infection and died. Do you know how relieved I was when they told me she was dead?”

She shakes her head as if she’s trying to push away the terrible thoughts, “I was comforted that they couldn’t hurt her anymore. Listening to her screams became unbearable. That was part of their game. Making me watch and listen.”

“Dalia, I’m sorry. God, that’s terrible.”

She smiles softly, “I don’t tell you this to make you feel bad for me. I want you to know, you aren’t alone, and you will get through this. It may seem impossible right now, but it’s not. It never goes away, but every day, the trauma dims ever so slightly until one day, you finally feel like you don’t wish you were dead.”

I close my eyes again, “It was so horrible. All I can remember eating before coming to the hospital for a year is dog food. We were kept caged like animals and forced to eat and drink from a bowl like a dog. Then we had to fight another woman. I had to kill other women with my bare hands to survive.”

A tear rolls down my cheek, “I may come from a mafia family, but I never thought I’d ever take a life. That’s not me. The worst part is my own father was one of my captors. One of my rapists.”

Dalia cries for me, actually cries for me, “I’m sorry. The men of this

world are rarely good men, but that's heinous even for a mafia don."

More tears flow from both of us, "I always knew he didn't care about me but that was more than I ever expected from him. It was like he enjoyed the pain he and Enzo gave me. Like, it was the best experience of his life. The louder I cried, the worse it got."

"When did you lose your memory?"

I glance at her as I think, "I'm not sure, to be honest. Suddenly, I couldn't remember being taken. I was just there. It was so confusing. Then, I woke up in the hospital with Domenic telling me we were married."

She smiles, "I know he's," she is clearly searching for the word she wants to use, "difficult. Overbearing, but he really does love you, Giada."

I laugh, "He's a big overbearing ogre."

"He is, but he loves you. This has been hard on him, too. You have no idea how hard he searched for you. When he kept coming close and then didn't find you, he felt like a failure. He blames himself for you even being taken. I know you don't remember him, but I hope you at least give him a chance. My brother is not the man he was before he met you. Sure, the violent criminal is still there, but he's better than he was. He smiles. Domenic 'The Devil' De Luca actually smiles."

My husband walks in, we are both laughing, and he arches an eyebrow, "Everything okay here?"

Dalia rolls her eyes at him, "Yes, I was just leaving," She rises from her chair and throws her arms around him, "I love you, Shrek."

He groans, "Love you too, Pipsqueak, but if you don't stop teaching my wife your nicknames for me, we're gonna have an issue."

It warms my heart when I watch her tilt her head back and look into his face, affectionately. I don't know much about their family, but it's clear she adores Domenic.

He releases her, and she reaches down and picks up her purse, "It was lovely speaking with you, Giada. Can I come back soon?"

I smile, "I would like that, thank you, Dalia. Talking to you helped."

This woman is like a walking dose of sunshine. I have no idea how it was so easy to speak to a virtual stranger, but it was.

She takes Domenic's hand, "Walk me to the door."

He groans as he walks back over to me, rubbing his face, "Apparently, I need to shave because I look like a hobo."

I giggle, "I like your sister. A lot."

He grins as he lowers himself into her vacated chair, “I like her too. Even if she is a pain in the ass.”

Reaching over, he takes my hand, “I will never forgive myself for you being taken and tortured. I’ve never told a woman I loved her before. When I said it to you, I meant it.”

# Chapter Thirty



***Three days later...***

Domenic's speech about loving me has rattled around inside my head since he said it. He was very passionate about it, and I believed every word he spoke, but it didn't change things. I don't love him. Part of me wants to because he's, my husband. I should love him. I should want to spend every waking moment I can with him. But I don't. Today, he had to deal with something business-related, and I'm so grateful for the peace and quiet. The therapist is coming today anyway, and I don't want him here for that.

I've been here at the hospital for a week now, and I'm beginning to get bored. Nat brought me some magazines, and Domenic got me a laptop and cell phone. My friend was going to bring me a tablet and cell phone, but Dom growled at her, "*I'm perfectly capable of buying my wife a tablet and phone.*"

With that, it was decided that he would take care of it.

I'm flipping through a fashion magazine Nat brought me when my door opens, "Couldn't stay away could you?" I ask, assuming it's Domenic.

I freeze when I spot Enzo walking through the door. I should have pressed the button to call for the nurse, but I didn't.

"I couldn't stay away, once I knew you were alive."

Enzo casually walks over to my bed, pulls out a gun, and slowly attaches a silencer. It's at that exact second that my brain decides to work. Memories of bombs exploding in Dom's house go off in my mind. I was screaming for



him. All I wanted was to see him to know he was alive, but then the bedroom window was broken, and I was being pulled out. The broken glass cut my legs and arms as I was lowered with rope to the ground. I screamed, hit, and kicked, trying to get away. After being punched in the face repeatedly, Enzo drugged me, and it was game over.

He chuckles, “You didn’t think I’d let him have you back, did you?”

Rubbing the weapon across his jaw as if he’s thinking, “Yeah, this is better, right? He just got you back and he’s going to come in and find you dead. That’s gonna hurt.”

“So do it. I don’t even care anymore but know this... My husband will find you and he will kill you so slowly. The pain will be excruciating.”

Chuckling again, he says, “I doubt that.”

Domenic walks in with his brother, Damian. I think my heart might actually stop beating. “Go to her,” Dom says calmly.

“Come on Enzo. We both know it’s me you want. Here’s your chance. I won’t draw my gun. My brother won’t draw his. Take me out. But leave my wife alone.”

I watch in slow motion as my husband draws his gun and shoots Enzo, but Enzo’s bullet hits Domenic first, in the chest.

He lands with a thud, and the blood flows fast and furiously. I scream at Damian to get him help, as he restrains Enzo. Forcing myself to an upright position, I yank the IV from my arms and crawl to him. Pressing my hand on his chest, I push down, trying to slow the bleeding, “Don’t you dare die, Dom. Don’t you fucking dare.”

Staring into my eyes, he whispers, “Bellissima. I’m sorry I couldn’t save us both.”

Doctors and nurses, along with security, flood into the room. The security guy grabs a laughing Enzo, but Damian informs him, Enzo will be retrieved shortly by their team.

Within minutes, my husband is on a stretcher and being raced out of my room. I’m alone. And terrified. I don’t remember everything. But I remember the day I was taken from him. The thing I recall the most is how much I loved him. He was my world until Enzo and my father shattered it.

Chapter Thirty-One



DOMENIC

***Two Weeks Later...***

I had surgery to remove the bullet from my chest, but I was lucky Enzo isn't a better shot.

Giada was ready to go home three days ago, but she didn't leave my side, the same way I didn't leave hers. She hasn't remembered any more other than the bombing. Now, she knows that she did love me, but it hasn't changed her feelings for me now.

Max is still keeping Enzo locked up in the safe house for me, on a diet of dog food and water. It felt fitting, I will take care of him when I'm physically strong enough to, but not before he gives me Anthony Baretti's location.

Giada sits in the back seat with me as Marc drives us home. The swelling in her face has gone down, and the bruises have faded. She looks like my beautiful wife again, although, she doesn't act like it. Most of the time, Giada is disinterested in me, as if I'm a coworker that she can't stand but has to be polite to, for the sake of her job. She clearly didn't want me to die, but I'm positive she doesn't want a life with me either. There was a time when I'd catch her staring at my chest or my ink, but now when she looks at me, she may as well be looking at paint on the wall.

As we pull up to our new house, Marc says, "Sir, a sweep has been done. It's all clear. We've tripled security as you requested."

I nod, "Thank you."

I've always had a large security presence, however, it's heavier now,

because I will not allow anything to happen to my wife again. If I have to employ a million men with guns to keep her safe, I will.

“Ready, Bellissima?”

She blows out a long, steady breath, “Yeah. I guess I live here now.”

I get out of the vehicle and hold my hand up, letting Marc know to stay put. I walk around, open her door, and take her hand in mine, helping her to her feet. Giada is able to walk on her own, but I worry.

“I’ve got it,” she bites, “Stop hovering.”

I let go of her hand but stay close in case she stumbles. We walk through the front door, and she asks, “What room will be mine?”

“The master bedroom is *ours*.”

Giada turns to me, a scowl on her face, “I’m not sleeping with you, Domenic.”

I run my thumb over the pad of her lips, “We are married, Bellissima. I will not force you to fuck me before you’re ready, but we are husband and wife, and we will share a bed.”

She bites my thumb, “Fine!” And turns and walks across the great room to the stairs, “I assume it’s upstairs?”

I grin, “Yes, darling. I had an elevator installed while you were in the hospital. I don’t want you climbing stairs.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she says, dripping with sarcasm.

This woman is going to be the death of me. I want to take her over my knee, spank her ass, and fuck her into submission, but of course, I can’t. Until she makes the first move, I’m stuck putting up with this behavior.

I follow her into the elevator, “Third floor.”

She presses number three, “Are you going to follow me everywhere?”

I push her against the wall, lean my head down, and inhale the scent on her neck, “Yes, I am. Just to set proper expectations for you, Bellissima, the next time you bite me, I will bite back.” I press soft kisses to her sweet flesh, “Is that what you want? Do you want me to bite your beautiful skin? Mark every inch of you so every man can see you’re mine?”

She moans, “Dom.”

The door opens, and the spell is broken, “Get off me!”

I step back and let her exit the elevator before me.

She walks over and sits on the edge of the bed. Looking around the room, she gets up, and starts grabbing the decorative throw pillows from the sofa and lines them down the middle of the bed, “There. That’ll work, I suppose,”

she murmurs to herself as if she's pleased she has found a solution to a problem.

I chuckle, "Are you afraid you won't be able to keep your hands to yourself, Wife?"

She places her hands on her hips and glares at me, "It's not me, I'm worried about."

I walk over beside her and grab the pillows, one by one, and chuck them across the room, "I told you, I will not fuck you until you're ready for it. But this... we aren't doing this."

Tears well up in her eyes, "What if..." She bites her lip before she continues, "What if you change your mind in the middle of the night. I mean, you want to, right?"

"Want to what?" I ask for clarification, making sure I answer the correct question.

"Fuck me," she says while staring at the ground like she can't look at me while she says the words.

"Bellissima, yes of course I want to fuck you, so bad it hurts. I'm not either of those men. I would never keep you chained up like a goddamn dog. And I will not fuck you until you tell me you want it. If I need the release that badly, I can take care of it myself. I do not need to rape my wife in the middle of the night to get off."

She lowers herself back onto the edge of the bed, "I don't really have a say, but just so I know, are you sleeping with other women?"

"Bellissima, I have not been with another woman since I met you. I don't want any other woman, only you. If that means waiting a year to have sex again, fine. Five years? So-fucking-be it. I will wait a lifetime if that's what it takes."

"Why can't I remember, Dom?"

I sit beside her, "Let me kiss you, baby. I promise, I won't take it further. Maybe it'll help you remember something."

She chews on her lip. I'm sure she'll say no, then she nods, "If I push you away, will you stop, please?"

"Always."

Turning to me, she says, "Then kiss me."

I run my hand into her hair, "Bellissima. Beautiful. So fucking beautiful."

Staring into her stunning dark eyes, she whispers, "Are you going to kiss me?"

Leaning in closer to her, I speak low, “I have not kissed my wife in over a year. I’m going to cherish every fucking second of it.”

I close the gap between us and softly press my lips to hers, she moans, parting her lips slightly, and I take advantage of it by sliding my tongue into her warm, wet mouth. I don’t know how long she’ll allow this, but I’m not stopping until she tells me to.

The same way as she used to, she runs her dainty fingers up my arms, around my neck, and into my hair.

I tilt my head to change the angle of our kiss, wanting more of her, all of her.

Giada whimpers into my mouth as she tugs on my hair. She can say she feels nothing for me, but this kiss says otherwise.

Gently, I pull her hair, forcing her head back so I can get access to her neck. I run my tongue all over her sweet flesh, “Bellissima, you still taste like the sweetest-fucking-candy.”

She freezes, “Dom, say that again.”

I chuckle, “You still taste like the sweetest-fucking-candy.”

“Dom, you said that before.”

“Bellissima, you remember?”

“No,” she says as she presses her neck against my lips, “No. It’s familiar, but not a memory.”

I wrap my arms around her and lay her down on the bed, “We stop when you say stop. Understood?”

She nods her head, “Yes.”

I climb over her and place a hand on either side of her head, “The first time I tasted your beautiful cunt, I told you, you tasted like the sweetest-fucking-candy.”

Her cheeks heat as she turns the most stunning shade of crimson, “Dom.”

I crawl down her body, while being careful not to put my weight on her, kissing every inch of exposed skin along the way. It’s not enough, it’ll never be enough. I kneel between her legs, spreading her beautiful thighs, “I stop when you say stop.”

Pushing her skirt up, I press my face against her sweet pussy and inhale with a groan, “Your scent still makes me feral, little wife. I want to devour this pretty cunt, from the inside out.”

Chapter Thirty-Two



GIADA

I think I must blush harder than before because, what the absolute hell. Who talks like this? He sucks my clit through the thin fabric of my lace panties, and he growls, “Fuck baby. You still get wet for me.”

I said he could kiss me, so I’m having trouble figuring out how we got here and why I haven’t stopped him.

“Tell me to stop, Wife.”

I don’t tell him to stop. I know I should, but his warm breath on the outside of my panties is making me feel things I don’t remember ever feeling.

“Don’t stop.”

“Bellissima,” he groans as he pulls my panties to the side and swipes his tongue up my center, causing a shiver followed by a moan from me.

“Dom, more.”

He runs his tongue in circles around my clit while holding my legs down with his big, strong hands.

I reach down and grab his shoulders and notice him watching me while he swipes his tongue over my clit in long slow strokes.

“Dom,” I whimper.

“Good girl. Drench me, Bellissima. Come,” he orders as he sucks my clit into his mouth. My body reacts like it knows his every command. I have no memory of feeling like this, but some part of me seems to remember. I dig my nails into his skin, as I scream while my body shakes uncontrollably. “Dom. DOM!”

He crawls back up my body and presses his lips to mine, making me taste myself on his tongue. It’s hot as hell, but I can’t take this further.

I turn my head to the side, “Stop. I’m sorry. Stop.”



Immediately, he gets off me and lays beside me, “I’m sorry, Bellissima. I took it too far. Please forgive me.”

He gets off the bed and storms out of the room, admonishing himself, “Maladetto idiota.”

*Fucking idiot.*

Everything he did felt good, so good. Feeling good doesn’t change the fact that I’m not ready for more. I’m not sure when I will be, honestly. Part of me wants to do it just so the last dick I had inside me isn’t my own fucking father’s. But that doesn’t seem fair to me or Domenic.

I grab my cell phone from my purse, which I’m guessing one of his employees brought up, and text him.

I’m not upset with you.

I’m upset with myself.

You shouldn’t be. When I told you to stop, you did.

Be ready at seven. The closet is filled with clothes for you, as is the dresser.

For?

Do as you’re told, Bellissima. You once told me about three of your favorite things. Tonight, I’ll give you all three.

I glance down at my phone and smile like an idiot. I’m curious which of my ‘favorite things’ he’s referring to. Generally, not being able to remember your husband is the most frustrating thing in the world. Sometimes, it feels like it’s right there but just out of grasp. I can almost touch it, and then it’s gone. This somehow feels exciting to me. Like a surprise I know is coming but have no clue what it is. Okay, I’m pretty sure cheesecake is one of the three. But the other two will be a complete surprise.

Looking at the clock beside the bed, I realize I have exactly one hour and three minutes to get ready. I may not know as much about Domenic as he does about me, but I do know patience is not his strong suit, so I don’t want to keep him waiting.

I rise off the bed slowly, so I don’t lose my balance and go over to the walk-in closet and spot the remote for it on the wall. I grab it and press the button and the clothing rack begins to move. Luxury is not foreign to me, I grew up with it all my life but this is a little extra even for me. I spot sexy

dress after sexy dress and giggle. I go with the least revealing black dress, although it's not exactly conservative. With a plunging neckline, and a hem that will go above the middle of my thigh, I'm sure Domenic will be pleased. After I'm dressed, there's a knock at the door.

"Come in," I shout from the bathroom.

"Mrs. De Luca?" A female voice says.

I walk out to greet her, "Hello."

She smiles, "Delivery for you ma'am," she points to the bed, and I say a quiet, "Thank you."

I walk over to the bed and find a long, black velvet jewelry box with a notecard on top.

Reading the notecard before opening the box, I can't help but notice his beautiful writing.

*The most beautiful diamonds in the world for the most beautiful woman in the world. My Bellissima. Please wear these tonight.*

*Yours Always,*

*Dom*

I clutch my chest as I feel some weird feeling in my stomach. Butterflies? I open the box and find an exquisite matching set of jewelry, a diamond necklace, earrings, and a bracelet. It seems like a little much for a night at home, but I put them on anyway.

I take a deep breath as I step into the elevator. I'm nervous. My hands shake from the excitement. Is this my first date with my husband? It feels like it is, even though we aren't going anywhere. The elevator door opens, and Domenic stands waiting for me. We both gasp at the same time. He shakes his head, "Breathtaking."

Dom grins at me with his devilish smile, wearing black suit pants and a matching button-down shirt, the first three buttons undone, his sleeves rolled up to just below his elbows. Can a man be eye candy? Because that's exactly what he looks like. Delicious. Strong. Edible.

He takes my hand in his, “Your first favorite thing is waiting, Bellissima.”

I follow him into the great room, in front of the fireplace, there’s a white bear rug with two plates set with my favorite dinner of tacos. I laugh, “Tacos?” I sit down on the floor.

He nods, “Is it not your favorite anymore?”

I giggle so hard my body shakes, “It is. What if I make a mess on your rug?”

Domenic shrugs as he sits down next to me, “We’ll clean it. Or buy a new one. It’s just a rug.”

He gestures to my glass, “That’s a margarita. I’m told women like it with tacos.”

I lay the napkin on my lap and dig into the tacos. They are so good. I laugh as I wipe my face and take a drink of my margarita, “The problem with tacos is nobody looks civilized while eating them.”

After taking a drink and setting his glass down, he says, “You do. Somehow, you are graceful and elegant no matter what you do, Bellissima.”

We sit and talk casually while we laugh and talk about everything, although nothing important. It’s relaxed and feels right.

He grins, “Next favorite thing, baby.”

He rises from the floor quickly, I expect him to give me his hand but he scoops me into his arms, I laugh, “I can walk you big ogre.”

Domenic smirks, “I know.”

He carries me to the dining room table where dozens of different cheesecakes are laid out with each of their names displayed with a little card in front.

“Let’s see if you choose the same flavor you chose for our wedding.”

“We had cheesecake for our wedding?”

He rolls his eyes at me as he takes a seat, pulling me onto his lap, “Of course, Bellissima, it’s your favorite.”

I smile at the chef who stands there ready to serve our dessert, “Salted caramel please.”

The chef grins, “Same as last time.”

“What would you like, sir?”

Dom shakes his head, “Nothing. I’m going to share, with my wife.”

He sets the plate in front of us and sticks his fork in and feeds me the first bite. It’s sweet, rich, and delicious. I take the utensil from his hand and grab

the next bite and feed it to him. We continue feeding each other until it's gone, and he leans down, licks my lips and groans, "Everything tastes better on your lips."

Taking the fork from my hand he sets in on the plate. "Your third favorite thing."

He stands and sets me on my feet and takes my hand in his as we walk outside to the patio. We stand in front of the fire pit which burns brightly, keeping the area warm, on a cold November night. I tilt my head back and look at the sky.

"You once told me the most magical sight is a starry night sky. You said, it makes you realize there are things bigger than us. Then you made me make a wish."

Gazing into my eyes, he closes the gap between us, "What did you wish for, Dom?"

He slides his hand from my collarbone, up to my neck, into my hair, "This right here. I think I've loved you for longer than I realized."

Snowflakes begin falling in my hair, "Fourth favorite thing but I can't take credit for this one."

I giggle, "I like the look of snow but I don't like how cold it is." He pulls me into his arms warming me from the inside out.

Chapter Thirty-Three



GIADA

Some memories you wish you could banish from your mind, begging them to never return. Some you wish desperately to hold on to for a lifetime. But tonight? I'd die to never forget this. The hunger in his eyes. The pure need. The utter devotion when he looks at me. I don't know what we had before. But right now, I know he lives and breathes for me, and that's beautiful. How do you give yourself to a man after you've endured hell? This is how. When he stares at you as if he might die without his lips pressing to yours, that's when you know. It's how I know, I'm ready.

"Dom," I whisper. I slide my hands up his chest, inside his shirt, "Domenic, I need you."

"You're going to need to be very specific, little Wife. What do you need?"

I dig my nails into his skin, "You, Dom. All of you. I'm ready."

He shakes his head, "No, Bellissima. Earlier, you were not ready. You can't suddenly want this. There's no pressure."

"Goddamn it. Domenic De Luca, make me yours. Do I really have to say the words?"

Dom nods, "Apparently, because I'm lost. Make me understand."

"I've tried to fight it, but I can't anymore. I'm falling in love with you, Dom, all over again."

He wraps his arms around me, presses his face into my neck, I feel wetness on my skin, "Bellissima. My beautiful wife. I never thought I'd hear those words again."

"Are you crying?"

He chuckles into my neck, "I am. The bigger they are, the harder they fall. When I fell for you, I fell hard, baby."

Stepping back from me, he takes my hand, and I question, “Where are we going?”

“Upstairs,” he growls, “I’m going to take your virginity for the second time.”

I laugh while following closely to him, “I don’t think it works that way.”

“Well, you don’t remember the first time. I’ll be sure to make this so memorable you’ll never forget it.”

We walk into the elevator, he presses the button for the third floor, and stares at me with an intensity that feels like it could start a fire, “Bellissima. Same rules. Tell me to stop and I will.”

I unbutton a few of his buttons on his shirt, step forward, and run my tongue up the center of his chest, causing him to groan.

The doors slide open, and he pulls me into the bedroom, slides his hands into my hair, “Bellissima,” and leans down and slams his lips to mine, licking, biting, and sucking my lips as he devours me with his kiss. He pulls my hair as he slides his tongue into my parted mouth as shivers run down my body. I fumble with his buttons while he kisses me but manage to get the last couple undone. I slide my hands from his chest to his sides, and around his back.

Reaching around me, he unzips my dress while kissing my neck, “I thought I was in hell without you, baby. I was slowly going insane. Nobody will ever take you from me again.”

In one swift motion, he pulls my dress over my hips and onto the floor. Instantly, he steps back, “Take off your bra and panties. Let me watch my beautiful wife get undressed for me.”

He pulls his shirt over his shoulders and throws it on the ground. I have trouble concentrating on the task at hand because Domenic getting naked is entrancing. He undoes his belt with a smirk and removes his pants along with his boxers, “If you aren’t naked by the time I get over there, I’ll rip those tiny patches of fabric from your body.”

I try but can’t stop staring at perfection in front of my eyes. Tattoos from his neck to his pelvis, muscles galore, and that perfect ‘V’ below his abs. Pointing to where I want to taste him. I want to lick him everywhere. No man has ever done this to me. Made me so insane with desire that I can hardly handle it.

“Time’s up, little Wife.”

His long legs have him to me in seconds, “I warned you,” he grabs my

bra and rips it open, causing me to gasp. Then he slides both of his hands into my panties and does the same with them, “Those were pretty, Domenic,” I scold.

“Not as pretty as you. And I warned you. One day you’ll realize I do exactly as I say I’m going to.”

He slides my torn bra over my shoulders, and I ask, “And what are you going to do now?”

Smirking at me, he says, “Whatever the fuck I want, Bellissima. I’ll start by devouring every single inch of your skin.”

Leaning forward he scoops me into his arms and lays me on the bed, “Open those pretty legs, baby.”

He lifts my leg and runs his tongue up the inside of my thigh causing me to shiver from the contact. Pressing his face between my legs he inhales, “So fucking addicting.”

I think he’s going to lick my pussy, but he doesn’t. Instead, he runs his tongue down the inside of my other leg. Kneeling between my legs he supports himself by placing a hand on either side of me and kisses my abdomen, alternating between licking and placing soft kisses on my skin.

“Dom please.”

He chuckles, “Every. Single. Inch.”

“This is torture.”

Arching an eyebrow, he smirks, “The sweetest torture, Bellissima.”

Licking one of my nipples with slow swipes of his tongue causes me to move and he scolds me, “Lie there and be a good girl. Take it. Don’t move. If you do, I’ll spank you.”

He sucks my nipple into his mouth while he pinches my other one and groans. I can’t help myself; I move again. Domenic bites my nipple and then gets up on his knees, “I was hoping you’d do that.”

Lifting his hand, he smacks my pussy.

“Ow!” I yell.

He does it again, but this time I moan, “Oh my God.”

Dom grins, “No God here, baby. Only you and the devil.”

Pulling his hand back, he gives me another smack, “Again Dom. Again.”

After hitting my pussy three more times, he moves his head between my legs, “So wet for me, baby. This glistening pussy is perfect. Now come for me.”

Domenic doesn’t start slow, he dives right in, licking and sucking at my



clit, causing me to shake. Sliding two fingers inside me, he groans when I writhe under him, moaning loudly.

“Dom!”

He pulls his fingers out and pushes them back in while licking my clit. I feel a warm sensation in my center as my body trembles, I arch my back off the bed as the euphoria sets in. Images flash in my mind, me on Dom's lap eating cheesecake while in a wedding gown, him kissing me, chasing me through the woods, Domenic telling me he was letting me go.

“Dom,” tears run down my face like a cascading waterfall, “Domenic, I-I remember.”

Immediately, he climbs up my body, presses his lips to mine, and slides his tongue that tastes like me, into my mouth. Sliding his cock inside me, he groans but doesn't stop kissing me, he slowly pulls out and pushes back into my pussy.

I whimper and he breaks away from our kiss, “Good girl. You take me so well.”

Climbing up on his knees, he takes my legs and places them on his shoulders, pulls out of me most of the way, and slams back in.

“Dom.”

“Fuck, I love it when you call me that, baby.”

Like a jackhammer he fucks me hard and fast causing me to scream out in pleasure, “That's right baby. Fucking scream for me.”

He pushes my thighs back and fucks me even harder, “Jesus Christ. This pussy is fucking magical.”

I feel him pulsing inside me as he groans loudly, “Bellissima. My Bellissima.” His cock spasms before he pulls out and lies beside me, pulling me into his arms, “I love you,” he whispers quietly.

“I love you too, Dom. Always and forever.”

He gently strokes my face as he stares into my eyes, “What do you remember?”

I sigh, “The good and the bad.”

“Tell me about the good.”

I smile softly, “The first time you kissed me. The first time you made me come.”

He says, “And the bad?”

I close my eyes tight, “You fucking me in front of your brother but that isn't the worst.”

He strokes my back lightly, “What’s the worst, baby?”

A tear rolls down my cheek, “You telling me you were letting me go. And then the bomb going off and me thinking you were dead. Enzo told me you were dead. That was the worst day of my life.”

“I’ll be going to see him tomorrow, Bellissima. His days are numbered.”

I snuggle up against his chest, “Can I come?”

“You don’t have to but of course you can if you wish,” he holds me tight.

“Dom, I need to get on birth control if you aren’t going to wear a condom.”

He chuckles, “I’d welcome a child with you. I’m not worried about it.”

Sighing I reply, “I am.”

Chapter Thirty-Four



DOMENIC

“Do you not want children, Bellissima?”

She sighs, audibly, “It’s not that I don’t want children. It’s that I know if it’s a girl, how poorly she’ll be treated by the men in her life. I don’t want to take that chance. I won’t bring a daughter into this world for her to mean nothing. So many days, I cried, wishing my father would love me. I don’t want that for my child.”

Her words anger me to no end, but I have to try to remember this is her experience with men in our world. It’s true boys are desired because they can grow to become strong men and work in the family business, but I would never treat my daughter the way her father treated her.

“Bellissima, I am not your father. I would never do any of the things that have been done to you. I would love my daughter as much as I would love my son. I’d probably be overprotective and wouldn’t want her working in this world. It’s too dangerous for women.”

She traces my tattoos with her soft fingers, “I didn’t mean to imply you’re like him, Dom. I just don’t want a daughter to even experience a quarter of what I have. Even without everything he and Enzo did to me, feeling like you don’t matter daily is terrible. I wouldn’t want a daughter to wish she had been born a boy so her father would love her.”

I kiss the top of her head, “I swear to you, Bellissima, it would never be like that. They call me the devil, but your father is worse than that. I’m not sure what’s worse than the devil, but he’s it. Anthony Baretti is disgusting and vile. Like Enzo, he won’t live much longer.”

Running my hand down her side, she shivers, “I’m not a good man, Giada. You know that. I do terrible things, but when it comes to you and, one

day, our children, I will always strive to be the man you deserve. I may fall short at times, but I promise to try. And I swear to you, I'll never abuse our children. If I do, I'll give you every cent we have and let you go."

She scoots up my body and places soft kisses on my neck, causing me to groan, "You should know something, Domenic. You aren't the devil."

I smirk, while thoroughly enjoying her mouth on my skin, "Is that so, little Wife?"

She lays her leg across my abdomen, giving me perfect access to her pretty little cunt, "Yes, Dom. You saved me. The devil would only save himself."

I growl, "I didn't fucking save you. By the time I found you, you were lying in a hospital bed. I fucking failed you. For that, I'll never forgive myself."

She gazes into my face which has a scowl on it, "Look at me, husband."

I do, and she gently touches my face, "After I was taken, I would sit in my cage and imagine you were there with me. You'd tell me to stay strong. You'd wrap your arms around me. If it weren't for that, I'm not sure how I would've gotten through those first days. That's how I got through it, at least until I lost my memory."

I kiss her softly, "I will never let anyone hurt you again. I'm sorry for what you endured. I've increased security, even after their death, I will keep that level. I'll never risk you for vengeance again. I was a fool. I didn't see what was right in front of my eyes."

She gazes at me with a soft smile, "What was in front of your eyes, Mr. De Luca?"

"You," I answer before flipping her over and fucking her again.

Chapter Thirty-Five



DOMENIC

You know that feeling kids get on Christmas Eve? The one where they are so excited for the next day that they can't possibly sleep? That's how I spent my night. Yes, I enjoy killing fuckers who wrong me. And taking my wife from me and doing the shit they did? They wronged me in the worst fucking way. Today, I'll live up to my name, *The Devil*. Enzo will tell me where to find Baretti, I have no doubt. Even the toughest men crumble when faced with immense pain. The more brutal the torture, the quicker the results.

I kill men when they steal money from me, so taking my wife will be the highest punishment I dole out. You'd think I can't do worse than murder, but you're wrong. A quick shot to the head won't do. That's the easy way out. I smile as I stare at my sleeping wife and imagine the way they will cry. Will they beg for relief? Ah yes, yes, they will. I can't wait.

I kiss Giada on the neck, "Time to wake up, Bellissima. We need to go."

With her eyes closed, she smiles, "Do that again."

I chuckle and give her three more soft kisses, "Now get up, little Wife or I'll spank your beautiful ass."

She opens her eyes just to roll them at me, "Promises. Promises."

I smirk as I rise from the bed, "You have twenty minutes to get downstairs. Don't test me."

"I'll see you in twenty-one minutes, husband. The devil doesn't scare me."

Shaking my head, I walk out of the room. I would never hurt her, so I shouldn't scare her. After what she's been through, it makes me happy that she isn't afraid of me. I'm an intimidating man to everybody in this world except for my two favorite women, my sister, and my wife. I go into the

kitchen, grab two coffee cups, and pour coffee for us. I add the French vanilla cream my wife loves so much and pour it into hers but keep mine black. I carry them over to the dining room table and take a seat. I go through emails and text messages while I wait for Giada. I text Max and let him know we'll be leaving shortly. I call Damian and tell him to eliminate our current issue, a local drug dealer dealing drugs in my club. Drugs are one of our biggest streams of revenue, so I'm not going to have some fucker trying to get a piece of the pie. Maybe other clubs allow that shit, not mine.

Exactly twenty-one minutes later, my wife shows her beautiful face, "Don't think for one second that you are getting away with anything, Giada. Yes, we have to leave but when we get back home, I'm going to make that ass red."

She smiles sweetly, "I wouldn't have it any other way, sir."

Grabbing her coffee, she moves it in front of me and lowers herself onto my lap.

I smirk, "Do you happen to remember me fucking that beautiful mouth, little wife?"

Giada runs her fingers through my hair, "Are you asking me to get on my knees, Dom?"

"I wouldn't ask, I'd tell you, but no need. I'll straddle that beautiful face and fuck your tight throat."

She moans, "Dom."

"Drink your coffee, Bellissima. We're leaving in five minutes."

Groaning, she slides off my lap and drinks her coffee while I continue going through my messages. It seems for every fire I put out, another five crop up, but I have the biggest fire I need to deal with. The rest will have to wait unless Damian chooses to handle it without me.

"Ready?"

Giada takes a long, deep breath, "Yeah."

I take her into my arms and kiss her softly, "You don't have to go, Bellissima."

She wraps her arms around my waist and presses her face into my chest, "I do, Dom. I need him to see that he didn't destroy me. It may not make sense to you, but I can't let him die without that. He needs to know he didn't win."

"It makes perfect sense. Let's get your closure then."

I don't really want Giada with me today. It's going to be difficult for her



emotionally, and she seems to be in such a happy place right now. I won't stop her, though, because if this is what she'll need to heal, I'd be an asshole to prevent that.

She reaches her hands up and touches my face, "Thank you. Now I'm ready."

We walk out to the car where Marc is waiting, and I open the back door for Giada first. My wife is always stunning, but her, in blue jeans and a creamy white sweater really does it for me. Giada's hair is pulled back into a high ponytail, her eyes sparkle even though I know she's terrified to face the man that nearly destroyed her. Her strength is inspiring. I know many grown men who would've crumbled under far less.

I slide in beside her and interlock my fingers with hers, bring her hand to my face, and kiss the back of her hand, "I promise you'll be safe."

She tilts her head back and flashes me a soft smile, "I know you wouldn't let anything happen to me, Dom. I trust you, completely."

Those are words I don't take lightly. After all, I have given her so many reasons not to trust me. Resting her head against my shoulder, she whispers, "I love you."

"I love you, too, Bellissima."

I lower my head and stare at her as she closes her eyes and breathes a contented sigh.

"After this is over, I'm going to whisk you away on a honeymoon."

She arches an eyebrow as her eyes pop open, "You mean you'll call it a honeymoon but it's really a business trip?"

Chuckling, I say, "No business. Only us."

"I'd like that, Dom."

I kiss her on the forehead, "Good."

After a forty-five-minute drive, Marc pulls into Max's parking garage. He already knows he'll be waiting in the car, "Let me know if you need me, Boss."

I nod as I get out of the car and help Giada out. We walk over to his elevator which I'm well accustomed to. I've done enough work here over the last few months, so I know how everything works.

"Max and his associates will be downstairs. Enzo is restrained so you don't need to worry about him. We won't be killing him right now, not until he gives me the information, I need to find Anthony."

Giada doesn't refer to him as her dad much anymore, so I'm not either.

He's never been a father to her, and after what he did to her, I know she doesn't see him as one now.

Her hand trembles slightly in mine, "I've got you, Bellissima."

The elevator doors slide open, and we walk out into the basement. My wife gasps and stops where she stands as she stares at Enzo Bianchi, strapped to Max's St Andrew's Cross.

Chapter Thirty-Six



GIADA

I stand frozen, the fear gripping me like a vice, trapping the air in my throat. I don't know what I thought this would feel like but this isn't it.

Enzo spots me and smirks, "Ahhh, there she is. My disgusting whore."

Domenic storms over to him, "Shut the fuck up before I cut your goddamn tongue out."

Enzo laughs because we all know Dom isn't going to do that until he knows where Anthony is. Until he gets the information he needs, the torture will be light.

He clenches his fists as he grits his teeth at Enzo. I've seen my husband angry, but not like this.

"Did you get it?" He asks, looking over his shoulder at Max.

Max nods, "Yep. In the cage. There are gloves on top, I'd recommend wearing them. But I have the antidote if required."

He smiles at Enzo, "How long have we known each other Bianchi?"

That earns him a glare, "A lifetime too fucking long."

Domenic folds his arms over his chest while Max and his team watch. A blonde who I've never met rubs her hands together excitedly, while bouncing on her heels.

Max glances at her, "Mia. Stay calm, this is Domenic's kill."

"I know you too well, Enzo. I know the one thing that terrifies you so much that you wet your panties like a little girl."

Dom rubs his hand over his stubbled jaw, "All I want to know is where Baretto is. Tell me what I need and this stops."

My husband looks back, "Stand back, Giada. Against the wall."

I give him a strange look but do as he says. He rewards me with a "Good

girl,” which makes me blush in front of these strangers. Max is the only one of these people that I’ve met other than Dom and Enzo.

I watch as he walks over behind a half wall and comes back out with a fucking snake in his hands.

At first, I’m not sure who is more afraid, me or Enzo, however, as Dom approaches him with the slithery creature in his hands, it’s clear Enzo is more terrified than I am. He stands restrained to the cross, only wearing jeans, but the blonde starts laughing, “He pissed himself.”

“Don’t worry too much, Bianchi. It is a venomous snake but it’s unlikely to kill you. It’s only a copperhead. But it will hurt like a bitch.”

“Domenic, please. I’ll do anything.”

Dom shakes his head, “You’re a disappointment, Bianchi.”

He holds the snake inches from his face, and Enzo screams as the snake strikes his face, like the blonde women you see in horror movies, “I’m sorry for what I did to her. I’m s-s-sorry,” he stutters as the snake again gets closer to him.

“I’m not interested in your apologies. I want to know where Baretti is.”

“Put the snake away and I’ll tell you.”

Dom chuckles loudly, “No deal. I’m in charge here, fucker. You give me the information and *then* I put *fluffy* here away.”

I fight the laughter bubbling up. Only Domenic would name a snake, Fluffy.

“A warehouse on ninth. The one down the street from Nigel’s Burgers.”

My husband puts the snake back in its glass cage and yells for Max. I watch as the two of them move the cage into the room with Enzo.

“He’s going to be right here if you try to get break free.”

Domenic laughs an evil laugh that causes me to shiver. I’ve learned something about my husband today. Do not fuck with his family because he will use your worst fear against you. He might be sweet with me as of late, but let’s just say I’m glad he’s on my side.

“Anybody upstairs?” Domenic asks.

Max responds, “Willow and Ivy are up there.”

Domenic walks over to me and takes my face in his hands, “I need you to stay here with Willow and Ivy, Bellissima.”

“Who is that?”

He smiles, “Willow is Max’s wife and Ivy is Nash’s wife.”

I shake my head, “No. I’m coming with you.”

Kissing me softly, he says, “You won’t win this argument, baby. It’s not safe, I won’t risk anything happening to you.”

Dom kisses that spot behind my ear that makes me weak, “Don’t say it. I know. And I swear to you I’ll be coming back to you. Nothing could keep me from a life with you, Bellissima. Fucking nothing.”

He kisses me on the neck, “I love you. And you’re going to love Willow and Ivy.”

I follow him into the elevator, and he holds me as it starts to move. I glance at him and flash him an angry glare, “If you ever bring a snake home, I’m divorcing you.”

Dom chuckles as he kisses my forehead, “No snakes. That was only for Enzo. When we were in kindergarten and went on a field trip to the zoo, they had a snake habitat. He pissed himself then too. I should’ve killed that asshole back then.”

I wrap my arms around him, “Well, I’m sure you weren’t running around killing people at five or six.”

He shakes his head, “I was not. I didn’t get my first kill until I was nine.”

Jesus. Nine? He talks like he went hunting and killed a deer, but I know well we are talking about a human life.

The elevator doors slide open, and we walk out together along with everybody else. Domenic takes my hand and pulls me over to a large sectional where two women sit.

“This is my wife, Giada. Bellissima, this is Willow and Ivy.”

I smile politely, “Hi. Nice to meet you.”

They both smile brightly at me. Ivy shakes my hand, but Willow jumps up and embraces me in a hug.

“We have an issue to attend to, Giada will stay with you. I assume that’s okay?”

After Willow releases me, she laughs, “Of course it is.”

Both Nash and Max kiss their wives while Domenic hugs and kisses me again, “I’ll be back as soon as possible.”

Before they are even out of the driveway, I begin pacing. This is worse terror than the snake without a doubt. I know how capable Domenic is, but if I know my father, they’ll be walking into a well-armed warehouse. There will be guns on top of guns with an army of men holding them.

Willow walks over and takes my hands in hers, “Our husbands know what they are doing, yours included. I promise, they’ll be fine. I used to

worry too but you get used to it. Want a drink?"

I nod, "Yes, something strong."

"Have you had a Singapore Sling?" Ivy asks.

"A what?"

She giggles as she takes my hand and pulls me into the kitchen, "A Singapore Sling. Willow makes them better than any bartender."

I shrug, "I'll try it."

A few minutes later, Willow sets three drinks down on the counter, "They look so pretty." She even garnished them with cherries and an orange slice. Tentatively, I pick mine up and take a sip. I'm not a big drinker but I moan out loud, "This is so good!"

"Told you," Ivy squeals, "Now tell us everything there is to know about the devil."

Chapter Thirty-Seven





## DOMENIC

Knowing your enemy puts you at a big advantage. Someone who doesn't know Anthony Baretti very well might expect to walk into battle with only a few guards. I know better. He will be armed to the hilt, so we are too. I called in half of my security team to be sure we were prepared. I have no intention of going back on my word to Giada.

We pull up to the warehouse, which is an odd choice given there's a hamburger joint not that far away.

We have a total of six vans, carrying eight people per van. I say people because Max has two female assassins working for him now, which is still strange to me, because in my world, women don't work with us. I've never seen the redhead, Jade in action, but I have seen his sister, Mia, at work. She's cute, but fuck, she's crazy as shit. Too crazy for me. Her husband Trevor is also an assassin for Max. I told him once to be careful because that's the kind of woman that'll blow your head off in your sleep. His response? *"Nah, she'd be much more likely to slit my throat."*

Clearly, he's as fucking insane as she is.

We all surround the building, everybody is wearing an earpiece, I speak into mine, "Everyone can die, I do not give a fuck. Everyone except Baretti. We take him alive. A quick shot to the head will not do."

We storm into the warehouse taking shot after shot, the bodies drop to the floor with thump after thump. Blood splatters the walls, the floors, it's a mess. After a few minutes, we have to step over the dead to keep going. I was right, he has dozens of men, but it won't be enough. We are all using guns except the crazy woman, running around decapitating men that are far larger than she is. A man grabs her from behind, so I lift my gun and shoot him in

the back of the head, she turns to me and growls, "I fucking had him."

I shake my head but carry on looking for Anthony, who I don't see anywhere. I walk up to a group of three of his men, "Two choices. Tell me where he is, and I'll give you a job. Deny me and you can die alongside him."

One of them raises his weapon slowly, I shoot him in the head and then look questioningly at the other two, the blonde one says, "In the basement."

"How many men?"

He shakes his head, "None. We're all up here to prevent anyone from going down there."

Big fucking mistake.

"Surrender your guns to Max," I nod in his direction, "He won't hurt you. We will discuss how you can prove your loyalty later. Try anything stupid and you'll be in a body bag tonight."

He does as he's told, while Hunter, who I affectionately call Cunter, Nash, and Trevor follow me to the basement.

I walk down the stairs, and Anthony Baretti stares at me with a panicked expression, "How?"

I give him a sad look, "Dead."

"All my men?"

I chuckle, "All but two. They decided they'd rather be employed by me than a dead man."

He pulls a gun from under the metal table he's sitting at, but I fire underneath, hitting him in the knee which causes him to squeal like a stuck pig, and drop his gun in the process.

"Restrain him."

Trevor and Nash go over to him and do the honors, zip tying his wrists, and feet while he thrashes around in his chair.

I walk over to him and punch him in the face. Piece of fucking garbage.

"Mafia men don't fucking hide like little bitches. They also don't rape their daughters. You're a pathetic disgrace."

"She fucking loved it. Came so hard."

I look over at Nash and Trevor, "Get him up and into the van. I want to get back to my wife."

They both grab one of his arms and yank him up the stairs. He trips repeatedly, after all it's tough to walk with your feet tied. I could have punched him in the face for what he said about Giada but he's going to die soon enough and I didn't want to give him the reaction he wanted me to. His

existence for the next three to five days will be pure torture. He'll be praying for God to take his life just to end the pain and suffering.

All our guys leave with the exception of the ten that are on clean up duty. They know exactly how to handle the dead, but it will be an all-night process. I've called Marc and he will deal with my two new hires. They won't step foot near my wife until they earn my trust. That will take a long time, maybe never, after all they did give up their boss to save their own skin. It's difficult to trust a man after they do that.

After Trevor and Nash get Baretti into the back of the van, we all get in and begin the drive back to the safe house.

"Can you guys secure him in the basement with Bianchi for me? I need to speak with my wife before anything happens."

Max says, "They will."

When we arrive, they go to the basement, but I head upstairs to see Giada.

I walk in and am utterly confused by the conversation I hear. My wife says, "I know, but can you believe he had two monster cocks? Could you imagine?"

Willow hangs her head back, "No that's not it. It's the part where his tongue is split down the middle, and he can fuck her with it while licking her clit at the same time."

I cross my arms over my chest, "Is one cock not enough for you, Bellissima?"

Giada turns to me, her cheeks three shades of red, "Oh my God. No. N-n-o, it's a book."

My wife thinks I don't know she reads smut, especially monster smut, but I know everything she does. Once her shock and embarrassment wear off, she runs over to me and jumps into my arms, "Dom. You came back."

I kiss her neck, "I'll always come back. Always. There's no scenario where I don't, Bellissima."

I carry her off to Max's office, yelling to Ivy and Willow, "I need to talk to my wife."

Setting her on Max's desk, I step between her legs, "Baby, Anthony is in the basement."

She nods, "Okay, I'm ready."

I shake my head, "Hold on. He has already said some vile things. I want you to really think about this before proceeding."

She wraps her legs around me, "Can you gag him? You know, so he can't

talk?”

I rub my hand over my chin, “I can do better than that. Whenever you're ready, baby.”

Placing her hands on my chest she smiles confidently, “I’m ready. Let's finish this.”

I lift her off the desk, “Let’s finish this.”

Taking her hand, we walk to the elevator as she shouts her goodbyes to the smut club. She’s quiet on the ride down to the basement, “If you want to leave, you leave.”

Giada squeezes my hand, “Stop. I’ll be fine. I’ve been through worse than this. This was my fantasy for a year.”

I let go of my wife and approach Mia, the crazy one, “Can I borrow your knife?”

She grins, “Who am I to turn down the devil?” she says as she places the blade into my hand.

“Thank you.”

“What are you doing with it?”

I smile, “I’m going to cut his tongue out. My wife has no interest in hearing anything more from him.”

“Hold on!” She jumps up excitedly, “We have a device for that.”

Mia runs off and then returns with forceps, “Use that to hold his tongue, and don’t go too far back if you don’t want to cut the lingual artery.”

I arch an eyebrow, “Impressive, crazy one. Impressive.”

She giggles, “I’ve done this before.”

I walk up to Baretti, chained to the floor on his knees like a little bitch, plug his nose and wait. Once he opens his mouth, I force it wider, and grab his tongue with the forceps while he screeches and shakes his head back and forth like a rabid dog, “Barbaric, isn’t it?”

Slicing his tongue off, I drop it to the floor while he screams more.

“Any last words, Wife?”

I glance back at my world, “Can I come up there?”

Smiling at her, I say, “Yes, Bellissima. Of course.”

Walking over to us she kicks Anthony Baretti in the face before approaching Bianchi and kicking him in the nuts.

“I win, you lose. Rot in fucking hell!” She screams.

Then she turns and walks over to me, “I’m done, Dom. I’ll be upstairs. I’m not wasting another moment of my time on these two pieces of shit. It’s

over. I'm fine."

I grab her arm gently, "I'll be there in a few minutes. You still want it done the same way?"

She smiles, "Yes. Thank you, husband."

After kissing her gently, I smile, "My pleasure, little Wife. I'll always kill for you. One day they'll all learn. Touch what's mine and you burn."

Once she leaves in the elevator, I glance at Max, "The cages?"

"In the other room. They are bolted to the wall. It'll take at least two of us to get each of them in."

Chapter Thirty-Eight



DOMENIC

Trevor and Hunter drag Baretti into the one cage. Max and I go to Bianchi, release him from the cross, and drag him into the other room.

He has more fight in him than Anthony. He tries to overpower us but loses quickly.

We laugh as we drag his pathetic ass to the other cage. We get both in, I reach in with Mia's knife and slash several spots on Baretti, then do the same with Bianchi. They scream and cry like whiny bitches. With the way Baretti has been hiding for so long, I thought he'd be begging for his life, but it's hard to beg for your life when your tongue has been cut out. That's okay, the tears running down his face are enjoyable enough for me.

I grin at him, "Cat got your tongue?"

Bianchi, on the other hand, won't shut up, "Please. Don't. Even the devil was an angel."

I chuckle loudly, "Even the devil was an angel? You've got me wrong; I was never an angel. I can also assure you; I am not the son of God. People take shit too literally."

Max leaves and comes back with the cage of rats, while Trevor grabs the torch. When they come back, I place three rats in each cage with them. Then, I fire up the torch to heat the metal. Fleeing the heat, the rats will begin to devour their bloody meals. It won't happen fast. It'll be perfect. Slow. Painful. Excruciating.

I glance at Enzo, "You should be thanking me. It could've been snakes."

Max says, "I'll let you know when they're dead. You'll need to get your men on cleanup. I'm not dealing with this shit."

I laugh and slap his shoulder, "Not a problem. Thank you for your help."

He laughs, “Anytime. I owed you after, Willow.”

I nod silently. I helped Max when all their women were taken. His wife had been raped; I have always wished we could’ve found them faster to prevent that. I didn’t help him, so he’d owe me a favor. And I know he would’ve helped with this whether he felt he owed a debt to me or not. We’ve become friends and this is what friends do.

We walk together to the elevator while we hear the echo of Bianchi’s screams and I grin with satisfaction, “It would be something if we could see each other without killing people.”

He nods, “I bet our wives would like that.”

I press the button for the elevator and shake my head, “You mean the smut club?”

We all laugh like one big, twisted, found family. And to think it all started by me letting Nash go. I still think it’s weird he’s married to his sister. It gives new meaning to the term sister wife. Who am I to judge? I kidnapped my wife and forced her to marry me. Best worst decision I’ve ever made.

The elevator doors slide open, and I’m greeted by my stunning wife, “Is it over?”

I lean down and kiss her hard, “It’s over, Bellissima.”

“What now?” She giggles, as I kiss her neck repeatedly.

“Now, we go home and pack for our honeymoon.”

I’m rewarded by the biggest smile I’ve ever seen on her face, “Is that smile for me, little Wife?”

She giggles, “Yes, Husband. I love you.”

“I love you too, Mrs. De Luca. Now, go say goodbye to the smut club. We’re leaving.”

Giada slaps my arm as she breaks out into another fit of laughter, “Oh my god. Don’t say that. It’s gonna stick.”

I wink at her, “Suitable nicknames normally do.”

She rolls her eyes and runs off to say goodbye to her new friends.

Max says, “You’ll have to come over to our house when you get back. We’re having Christmas, and you’re both more than welcome if you’re back by then.”

I nod, “We will be. I want her to have snow for Christmas or at least a chance of it.”

He slaps my arm affectionately, “When you find the one that can tolerate your bullshit, that’s what it’s about. Making her happy.”



I smile in agreement, “That it is.”

He chuckles, “Enjoy your honeymoon, *Mac*.”

I laugh, it seems like so long ago he knew me as Mac. I never expected a true friendship. Honestly, I was just keeping him in my pocket for the future. I never in a million years would’ve guessed I’d need his help finding my wife.

“Giada. Let’s go.”

She giggles as she runs over to me, hooks her arm in mine, and we walk out of the house together.

“I need to see Natalia before we go.”

Marc is busy dealing with other issues, so I called Lucas, my sometimes driver. He’s outside waiting for us when we step out into the chilly night air. After I help her into the car, I slide in beside her, “Call your friend. See if she can come over tonight.”

She beams at me, “Thank you.”

Once we get home, we go upstairs and pack, but are interrupted when her friend shows up in record time.

“I’ll go down to meet her.”

I nod, “Security answers the door. I’ll be down shortly.”

Leaning down, I kiss her on the cheek, and she runs off. I’m an asshole, so I press the button on the intercom to listen to my wife and her friend. They giggle and carry on about how excited they are to see each other while I pack our suitcases. I’m sure she’s going to love the skimpy clothing I’m packing for her. When she complains, I’ll have to remind her that she’s lucky she isn’t naked in bed the entire time. My ears perk up when I hear something I do not like.

“So, do you remember that guy you met at the club downtown on your twenty-second birthday?” Natalia asks.

My wife giggles, “Oh my God. Michael, was it? No. Miguel. He was so hot!”

“Mhmm,” Natalia purrs, “He asked about you. I told him you got married, but I’m supposed to give you his number in case things don’t work out.”

When I hear my wife giggling again, I snap.

I storm downstairs to the bar where they are sitting, I point at her friend, “You out. Get out of my fucking house now.”

She scrambles out of her chair, grabs her purse, and runs to the door.

Wise fucking choice.

I glare at my wife, who is now standing with her hands on her hips, “Domenic, that was rude.”

“Do you want to see rude, Bellissima?”

She backs away from me, “About what?”

“Leaving me. Fucking around on me. Do I look like a man that tolerates his woman being unfaithful?”

Tears spring from her eyes, “I-I would never cheat on you, Dom.”

“Yet, you thought it would be funny to take this, Miguel’s phone number, while your husband is upstairs packing for your honeymoon?”

She puts her hands on the back of the kitchen island, behind her, as I approach her, “I thought it was funny, but I was never going to call him.”

I grab her by her jeans, unbutton and unzip them, before pulling them with her panties down to her ankles, “Dom,” she gasps.

I spin her around and push her over the counter, holding her down by her neck with one hand. I undo my belt and zipper with the other and pull myself out of my pants, “Do you know why that is, little Wife?”

“Because I’m married,” she whimpers.

“No. I own every fucking inch of this body,” I slam into her, “Including this cunt.”

“Yes,” she cries.

I pull out and slam back into her causing her to whimper, “I won’t tolerate my wife entertaining other men, Giada. Do you understand?”

“Yes, but I wasn-”

I cut her off with a sharp smack to her ass, “Yes or no, little Wife.”

“Yessss,” she cries once again.

Letting go of her neck, I grab her hips, and fuck her with hard punishing thrusts.

“If you need a reminder of who you belong to in the future, I’m happy to give it to you.”

Giada holds onto the kitchen island for dear life as I fuck her harder and harder. The more I think about the conversation I heard, the more pissed off I become.

“If you wish Miguel to live, I strongly suggest you never speak of him again. If you call him, little Wife, Miguel is a dead man.”

The rage becomes so intense I’m afraid I might take this too far, so I pull out of her, do up my pants, and leave the room. I storm to my office and slam

the door shut. Hopefully, Giada realizes I don't want her here.

Chapter Thirty-Nine



## GIADA

I've seen angry Domenic, but it's never been directed at me, not like this. I pull my pants up and sit at the island with my head in my hands. I don't know what to do. I would never cheat on him. Do I go upstairs and pack? Are we even going? Sliding off my chair, I decide it's time to put my big girl panties on and deal with my possessive husband. He may be willing to just leave things, but I am not. Walking to his office, I swallow hard when I hear him screaming at someone. He's still angry, like a volcano ready to erupt. I knock on the door and then enter.

"I'll call you back," he growls on the phone before disconnecting the call.

"Giada, you don't want to be here right now. Unless you are here to beg for my forgiveness."

I roll my eyes, "I am not here to beg for your forgiveness, Domenic. I am sorry you're upset. I should have told her I was happily married and not interested in calling him. But I did nothing wrong. I am here to remind you that I love you and would never betray you in any way."

Walking around his desk where he sits, I slowly, like a wary animal, climb onto his lap, "I will always be faithful to you, Dom. I could never want another. Only you."

I run my hands up his chest, to his neck, and gently cup his face in my hands, "Only you."

He places his hands in my hair, pulls my head back, and runs his tongue up the front of my throat, "You're mine, little Wife."

I moan, "All yours."

Domenic licks the spot behind my ear, making me shiver, "I can't stay mad at you."

“Good,” I giggle, “I don’t like it when you're mad at me.”

Sliding his fingers from my hair to my face, he growls as he slams his lips to mine and kisses me. He pushes his tongue inside my mouth and, without missing a beat, stands with me wrapped around his waist. He lays me on top of his desk. Domenic undoes my jeans, pulls them down my legs, and tosses them on the floor.

“Bellissima. Fucking gorgeous.”

He grabs my panties and rips them, first on one side, then the other, I admonish him, “Would you stop destroying my lingerie.”

He smirks, “Stop wearing them, and I’ll stop ruining them, Bellissima. They are in my way.”

I gaze into his amused eyes, “Do you destroy everything in your way, Domenic?”

“Always, little Wife. Especially when it’s hiding away this delicious little cunt.”

He slides two fingers inside me, making me instantly moan and shift my body, “You know the rules, Bellissima, hold still.”

As always, I try to do what he tells me, but I can’t, I buck my hips, chasing the release from his long, strong fingers. He slaps my clit, making me scream his name.

“I think you defy me because you like this. You like it when I’m rough with you, don’t you, little Wife?”

I scream when he hits me again, “Yes.”

“Please, Dom.”

He runs his tongue along his bottom lip, “Do you need my cock in that greedy little pussy?”

“Yes,” I beg, “Please, Dom. Please.”

He pulls his fingers out of me, sucking and licking them clean, and undoes his pants, “Be a good girl and keep those legs open for me.”

Domenic places a hand on my abdomen and pushes into me, hard and fast. He is so big that my body seems to never get used to his size. He leans over me, a hand on either side of my shoulders.

I grab his arms as he pounds into me like this is a punishment. Maybe it is, a delicious, sinful punishment.

“Come. Little Wife, fucking come.”

My back arches off the desk as warmth pools in my center, and spots dot my vision as I explode underneath him, screaming his name.

“Yes. Fuck. The way your pussy grips my dick,” he says as he shoots his warm liquid inside me.

He leans over me, breathing heavily, as his cock spasms inside me, “Bellissima,” he groans deliciously.

Domenic smirks as he pulls out of me, “I suggest you get upstairs and pack some clothes or you’re going to find yourself lacking on our trip.”

I arch an eyebrow, “Why is that?”

He chuckles, “It’s no secret, I prefer you naked. I might simply pack nothing for you, and you can wear me for the entire trip.”

“Mmmm,” I moan, “That doesn’t sound all bad.”

Domenic does his pants up and grins, “It will be when you’re naked in a restaurant, Bellissima, and I have to kill every man that sees my naked wife.”

I jump off the desk and pull my jeans on, no panties since those are ripped in half, “Alright, you win. I’m going to pack.”

He grins as he lowers himself into his chair, “I always win. You’d do well to remember that.”

# Chapter Forty





DOMENIC

My wife may think she packed her suitcase, but she would be wrong. I packed all sorts of goodies for her in mine. By the time we return, she will be thoroughly fucked and hopefully pregnant with my child. The thought of my beautiful wife growing with our child in her belly makes my dick hard.

Giada walks into the kitchen where I stand and glances down my body, “Woah. What were you thinking about?”

“Fucking my little Wife.”

She giggles, “Good answer.”

I shrug, “The truth normally is.”

There’s no need to make up an answer. No woman has ever turned me on the way she does. I’ve never had a problem getting through the workday because I needed to get laid but with her, I do. Every goddamn day I just want to be inside her cunt.

“Ready?”

She nods her head emphatically, “Yes. I’ve never been more ready for anything in my life.”

I lean down and kiss her head, “I’m glad, Bellissima.”

Taking her hand, I walk her to the door, “Marc and our suitcases are already in the car.”

Once I help her into the car, I slide in beside her, put my arm around her, and pull her in close to me. My fingers are itching to check my messages when I feel my phone vibrating in my pocket, but I won’t. I promised her no work. Starting now, we are on our honeymoon. Nobody else exists until we return.

Giada rests her head against my arm, she stares at me with so much love

it makes my chest ache, “In case I forget to tell you, thank you, this is the kindest thing anybody has ever done for me, Dom.”

“Taking you on a trip?”

She giggles, “No. I’ve traveled before. Making me feel like I matter. Like I’m enough.”

Sometimes I forget how Giada has been treated for her entire life. She hides it well. I didn’t do this because people acted like she was shit under their feet. I did this because I wanted to. I need this time as much as she does. We didn’t get married under ideal circumstances. It’s not exactly what every little girl dreams of, to be kidnapped by a Mafia Don and forced into marriage. I’m not exactly sure when or how it happened, but she became my entire world. I’ll do anything not only to protect her but to make her happy. A smiling Giada is the one thing I never thought I could have. When I saw her friend making her smile when she walked down the aisle, I had a pang of jealousy in my chest. I wanted to be the one to cause the fit of laughter, the ear-to-ear grin.

“Bellissima?”

“Yes?”

“When we got married, you were laughing when you walked down the aisle. What were you laughing about?”

She smiles, “Nat asked me if, since I was marrying you, would I be upgraded from mafia princess to queen.”

Leaning down, I suck on her soft bottom lip, “You’ve been my queen since I first laid eyes on you. I knew you’d be mine.”

She smiles sweetly, “Even if you had to kidnap me?”

I wink at her, “Even if I had to kidnap you. I don’t regret it. I’d do it all over again.”

“Devil,” she breathes.

We pull up to the plane, and she gasps, “You have your own plane?”

I chuckle, “Of course, *we* have our own plane.”

After we get out of the car, my wife and I climb up the steps, her joy is infectious. I take her hand and pull her to our seats. My flight attendant smiles while licking her lips, “Sir, it’s good to see you again.”

My wife doesn’t miss much, and she didn’t miss that. She extends her hand to Michelle, “Hello, I’m Mrs. De Luca, it’s lovely to meet you.”

I can’t contain the grin on my face as I break out into laughter, I’ve never heard Giada refer to herself this way, I like it, a lot.

“Let’s sit, little Wife.”

She smiles at me, “Yes. Let’s sit, *husband*.”

When we are in our seats, I whisper to her, “You’re being a little territorial today, Mrs. De Luca.”

Shrugging her shoulders unapologetically, she says, “She was looking at you like you were her next meal. I was only letting her know she can’t have you.”

The plane takes off, and I get a devious idea in my head, one I like, a lot.

“You know, Bellissima, it’s one thing to tell someone something but it’s another to show them without words.”

Giada glances at me with confusion.

“Get on your knees, little Wife. Show her why she can’t have me.”

She undoes her seatbelt, rises from her chair, moves in front of me, and places her hands on my armrests, “You want me to suck your cock on a plane? In front of someone?”

Jesus Christ, she’s so sexy she makes my fucking head spin.

“I do, Bellissima.”

Dropping to her knees, she stares at me with hunger as she drags her nails up and down my thighs.

Giada undoes my pants and reaches inside my boxers, and squeezes my dick, “I want to hear you, husband. When you come in my throat, I expect to hear my name. Do you understand?”

I groan, “Yes.”

This woman makes me crazy. Never have I allowed a woman to take control. Giada can have it all. If she wants to control this, she can, as long as I get that sweet little mouth.

“Lift up,” she says as she pulls my boxers down.

Once they are down far enough, she grabs my dick and licks the underside, causing me to groan again.

She tongues the slit of my cock, licking up all the pre-cum as she stares into my eyes with a ferocious expression before she slowly swallows my cock.

I slide my hands into her hair and push her head all the way down. She gags but maintains eye contact, “Good girl. Keep your eyes on me while I fuck that beautiful mouth.”

Her moans vibrate against my dick as I pull her up and down my shaft. Tears spring to her eyes as she gags a little more. Fuck. I love that more than

I should.

“You look so fucking beautiful like this, little Wife. Swallowing my cock like the filthy little slut you are.”

She moans again and it sets me off.

I feel it start at the base of my spine and work its way up through my body. I growl, “Fuck. Giada. Bellissima.”

I pull out of her mouth; she wipes the little bit of cum that dripped between her lips with her pinky and licks it clean.

She gets up and turns with a smile for Michelle and then sits back down in her seat.

Glaring at me, she says, “Have you fucked her, Domenic?”

I chuckle, “I have not, Bellissima. Do you think I’d bring my wife onto a plane with women I’ve fucked? I have more respect for you than that.”

She reaches up and strokes the stubble on my cheek, “Thank you. Sometimes you surprise me, Domenic De Luca.”

I take her hand and kiss her palm, the way I did when she was in the hospital. Does this mean my prayers were answered? Do I have to abandon my brothers and business in order to keep my wife?

Chapter Forty-One



DOMENIC

***Two Weeks Later...***

We sit in the back of the car, and my wife gazes at me with that adoring look she gets, “Thank you.”

I pull her onto my lap, “Thank you, Bellissima. Before you, my life was a cold place. You waltzed in and brought the sun with you. I can’t promise you every day will be easy. However, I can promise you, I’ll always do everything in my power to keep you safe and happy.”

She runs her hands through my hair as she kisses me and then groans when Marc announces we are home.

After a wonderful two weeks with my stunning wife, we have arrived back home. I’m surprised to find my brother Dante in my great room, pacing back and forth like a madman.

“Dante? What the hell are you doing here?”

He throws his hands up in the air, “Do you not know how to use a fucking cell phone? Why do you have one?”

I arch an eyebrow. Nobody speaks to me this way apart from my wife. Everyone else knows better, especially Dante. He’s been on the top of my shit list for years now. Normally, he’s very careful about his tone with me, so I know something big is up.

“Dante, what’s going on?”

He runs his hands through his hair, “He’s gone. Fucking gone.”

I shake my head, “Who?”

“Damian,” he shouts, “Damian has been taken.”

Giada stands, looking on, I can see the sheer terror on her face because she knows what comes next-another mob war. I survived the last, we all did, but this time we may not be so lucky.

I walk over to her, kiss her on the head, “Everything will be fine. I’ll be out soon.”

“Dante.”

He follows me to my office, where we both take a seat.

“What do we know?”

Dante sighs audibly, “It’s the Bianchi’s. This must be revenge for what you did to Enzo.”

My little brother glares at me, “You should have taken them all out but all you cared about was what was done to your wife. As the head of this family, you should’ve seen it coming.”

Drake walks into my office, “Enough. This bullshit won’t get Damian back.”

I slam my fist into my desk, “Fuck!”

My brother Damian and I are the closest out of all of us. I cannot lose him. I wouldn’t survive it.

“Tonight. We storm the Bianchi compound. We find our brother and wipe every mother-fucking-Bianchi off the planet.”

# The Saint

*To be continued in De Luca: The Saint*

**De Luca: The Saint**





***Blurb:***

**Katherina Kennedy, *collateral damage*  
Fear. Agony. Heaven.**

Two things I am assured by knowing him and one I am owed for the life I lived before.

I thought my time in his sinful hands was far behind me, but I'm taken and thrown into a basement, where I hope for the bright light to take away the pain. With all the pieces coming together, there are decisions to be made, ones that will lead to someone's demise, but the end result is all the same, with me far more broken than I ever was.

**Damian De Luca, *The Saint***

## **Fear. Pain. Hell.**

Two things I owe others for touching what is mine and one I am assured for my existence.

Kat should have been safe, far away from the war my brother started, but they found her, my one weakness, and they won't shy away from using her in the cruelest ways. All that's left inside is excruciating pain, and I vow to annihilate them all. Nothing will stop me, even if I destroy myself along the way.

***Will Kat sacrifice herself, shedding her last bit of hope, or will Damian give what little he has left, sparing his lost love from an unthinkable act?***

*De Luca: The Saint* is the second book in a series of standalones that should be read in order. *The Men of Mayhem Series* is for an 18+ audience and contains scenes that might not be suitable for all readers. Please see inside for content details.

\*\*\*Keep reading for the first chapter of *The Saint*.\*\*\*

Chapter Forty-Two



DAMIAN

The rain pours from the angry sky as if it's mimicking every emotion running through me. Kat stands before me with her drenched hair sticking to her skin. My fucking everything pulling away from me, the way, I always knew she would. Our worlds don't align, they never did, never could.

"I can't do this anymore," she shouts loud enough to hear over the thundering sky. Lightning strikes, thunder rolls, the ground shakes.

Normally, a person would jump from the sounds, but I don't. I'm frozen. Immobile. Fucking broken.

She shakes her head as if trying to clear her thoughts. I reach for her, but she jumps back, "Don't. I can't."

Kat turns and walks away from me.

*Pain.*

*Excruciating pain.*

This is why mobsters don't fall in love with innocent good women. Katherina Kennedy is all things good. She's probably too good for this earth and far too good for me. More than once I wondered if she was an angel sent here to save my soul. Impossible. She couldn't save me; I'm too far gone. Like trying to glue a shattered glass back together, I'm forever broken.

Why am I letting her simply walk away from me? Because she deserves so much better than I am.

Kat is everything good and beautiful in the world. I'm everything bad. Good and evil can't have a happy ever after. The sacrifice is too great.

I watch as she gets further into the distance, barely recognizable to my eyes.

*Pain.*

I clutch my chest as the pain threatens to destroy me. I already know it will. I am a shell of a man without her. I remember what it was like before Kat came into my life.

*Empty.*

Fucking random women to ease the ache. Never feel a goddamn thing. This is my existence.

*Broken. Shattered. Complete devastation.*

The one and only person that made it possible to breathe. Gone. Just last night, I was inside her, and today, I'll never fucking touch her again.

All because of my pathetic need to be honest. She asked, and I swore I'd never lie to her. Kat wanted to know the truth, but now she left me. I should've fucking lied. I would've done anything to hold onto the one good thing I had. Too good. I lost her because she's better than I am. I'm a bad man. The worst. *A wolf in sheep's clothing.* I can never come back from this. Kat will go on, meet an accountant or some boring ass shit like that, and I'll live forever alone exactly as it's meant to be. They say misery loves company, but misery doesn't deserve company.

I didn't choose this life. It chose me. But I never walked away from it either, not even when Kat begged me to. I knew the moment I held her for the first time this day would come, and it has.

I stand staring as she disappears from view. I've always known this day would come, but I didn't know it would be today. That's the bullshit about hindsight. If I had known last night, that today was the day, I would've held her longer, tighter. I would've cherished her taste even more than I normally did. I live a life of no regrets, or at least I did before her. Now I regret losing her, but more than anything, I regret ever fucking loving her.

## Afterword

Thank you for reading De Luca: The Devil. This series will be five books in total. The first four will feature one of the brothers. The final book will be Dalia's story. The Saint will release on February 14, 2024. Stay tuned for the wild ride.

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To the Reader:

Thank you for taking a chance on my book. I hope you enjoyed Domenic and Giada's story.