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RUSSO MAFIA SERIES BOOK THREE

C. L. EASTON

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*If you wanna do two things at once. You go for it. Even if that
thing is two dicks.*

AUTHORS NOTE

This book contains graphic violence and sexual content. It is not intended for anyone under the age of legal adulthood. This book also contains the following: MMF sex, MM sex, Pregnancy, Death of a loved one. I promise it does have a HEA.

PLAYLIST

Beast- Mia Martina, Waka Flocka Flame
Blood Runs Red- Matt Maeson
Feeling Good- Michael Bublé
Desperado- Rihanna
Do It Like A Girl- Morgan St. Jean
Trouble- Valerie Broussard
Middle Finger- Bohnes
She Knows- J. Cole, Cults, Amber Coffman
Maneater- Nelly Furtado
Take Me To Church- Hozier
Lay All Your Love On Me- ABBA
Telephone- Lady Gaga, Beyonce
Apartment- BOBI ANDONOV
Stay- Rhianna, Mikky Ekko
Slipped Away- Avril Lavigne





Serafina

Do you know what I hate in this world? Bagels. I just don't get them. Are they trying to be a donut? Then you go and slather cream cheese on it. I'm staring at the lady who ordered it while the barista loads this nasty bagel with a pile of cheese. Why on God's green earth would anyone eat it? I wonder why she would want that instead of a muffin. God, who hurt you? Standing beside me, my bodyguard George chuckles.

"What's so funny?" I tilt my head up to meet his eyes.

"Your facial expression, for one, it looks like you want to puke."

I point at the pile of cream cheese. "Can you blame me? She will scrape half of that off, and her jaw will be sore from chewing that dough."

"Fina, have you ever had a bagel before?" He shifts his body, moving closer to me.

Since I had my run-in with the cops, I upped my security, and George here takes it very seriously. He hates coming to crowded areas.

"I think so, maybe when mom was around. It's all a blur."

"Order one, and get it toasted with butter. You'll see."

I groan; why does he always make me do shit that I don't want to. I'm the boss, not him. I want to stomp my foot like a three old and try to get my way, but George won't let me.

Either I order the stupid thing, or he will. I won't be winning this battle.

How can I explain George to you? He's like an Uncle that isn't family. He's also huge, like a fucking house. He towers over me and blocks any view if I stand behind him. Built like a brick shit house, this one is.

After ordering the stupid bagel, we take our seats. I also ordered a raisin bran muffin, just in case. I poke at this dough circle thing on my plate.

"Fina, eat it already. We need to get to our meeting." George is already diving into his, grinning as he chews.

"You know how I hate trying new things." I can already feel my throat closing up.

"Stop," George's voice is stern. "You are fine. You won't choke on it."

I give him a clip nod. Picking up the bagel, close my eyes and take a small bite. I chew a little bit, but my stomach turns. Nope, this isn't working for me. I grab my napkin and spit it into it.

"Sorry, George. I can't do it."

He grabs it off my plate, taking a huge bite. "That's all right, you tried. That's all that matters."

Perhaps, another time, maybe. I'll grow to love them, until then. I'll stick with my muffin.

I barely get my muffin down, and George is practically dragging me out of the café; we aren't even running late, but by his calculations. If we are more than fifteen minutes behind, we are late. I'm okay with being late, especially for this meeting. Meeting with other mafia bosses raises my blood pressure. Being the only female boss in a male dominated world is already problematic. Throw me in a room full of dicks, and I can't even begin to tell you how self-absorb they all become. Suddenly, I'm a woman who should be cooking for a man at home, in the kitchen. Thanks, but no thanks. I must keep reminding them that I know how to kill them without them knowing.

I'm the ruler of this city, too. The only one that isn't an asshole is Lucca. He's been a Godsend since I took over for Vincent. The first couple of months were rough. I won't lie, mainly with Lucca's dad framing me for murder.

Ronan, holds the door to the decked-out SUV. George swore was needed. Was a bulletproof one required? I have a driver Ron when I want him. It's so insane. I even grew up in the mafia life, but my dad never treated me any differently when it came to security. He never wanted to show me what it was like in the real world. I'll never forget when he took me to work one time, I was around thirteen, and like all work days with any mafia man, it ends in blood. This time was no different from all the stories I had heard, and it was the first time I had to kill a man.

Chills roll down my back as I climb into the SUV. I never want to remember that day for the rest of my life.

“Are you okay?”

I look over at George and give him a reassuring smile. “I’m good, don’t worry about me. Worry about that room full of men.”

“Lord, have mercy on their souls. Good thing you ate today.”

We both laugh because it’s true. I usually turn into a real bitch if I don’t eat.

The drive to our meeting spot is close to the café so we won’t be late despite what George thinks. The meeting is being held in nothing but a fancy hotel—a way for the top dogs to flash their money around. I usually don’t contribute to these things. I find it a waste of money, so I donate my share to the woman’s shelter instead. Anonymously, of course. They would close their doors if they discovered a Mafia Don contributed to their organization. That’s another thing I hate, and I can’t do anything without hiding who I am. If George didn’t call me Fina out in public and some asshole with a camera caught me, I would be on every social media page known to humanity. My court appearance didn’t help me either; even all this time, I’ll find some jerk trying to sneak a picture. I have the right to be outside.

When Ron finally stops outside the hotel, my heart skips a beat. Heading into a room full of testosterone, lord help me. It’s going to be a whose dick is the biggest contest. I’ll have to remind them that mine is indeed bigger; it’s just at home, tucked away in my nightstand. I wait for George to open my

door because he yelled at me the last time I didn't. I, the big boss of this operation, felt like a two-year-old being disciplined by a parent. Now, I wait for him to ensure everything is clear before I exit any building or vehicle. I make my way into Lux Hotel with George and Ronan, my other bodyguard.

“Remind me again, what is this meeting about?” I whisper to George.

“It's about the gangs moving in on the surrounding territories.”

“No offence, but why is this my problem? I don't deal in whatever the rest of the mafia does.”

He only shrugs. “I don't know.”

Ronan, opens the conference doors for me; I give him a tight smile because he, too, feels how I feel. He tries to hide his smile, but it slips.

I'm pretty easygoing for a Don; my men treat me well because I treat them well. They also know that George will take them out if I don't.

A small groan slips when I see the room already filled with everyone. I tried to arrive early but as was always I'm the last to arrive.

“Do they give me the wrong time on purpose or something?” I ask George.

He sighs. “I'm beginning to think so, Fina.” He guides me over to my seat next to Lucca.

Lucca stands, pulling my seat out.

“Good afternoon, Serafina. How are you?”

Once seated, I wait until he sits and leans over. “It would be better if you could text me the correct time from now on.”

He smiles at me. “Trust me, you’re on time; I just arrived. Remember, they all hate me too.”

“Right. I’m surprised no one made an outcast table for us.”

He smirks and points to the back. I turn and notice Nico and Tony. They both smile at me. “Where’s Rett?”

“He’s on a little.” He moves closer to me. “Hacking mission,” he whispers.

I narrow my brows. *Hacking*. I mouth.

Lucca jerks his head while flicking his eyes in the direction of Tito.

“Very good. I guess I’m so far out of the loop these days.”

“Don’t feel bad. He’ll tell you all about it shortly. That’s the reason why we’re all here.”

Speaking of Tito, he clears his voice. I look at George, but he’s already bringing me water. He pats my shoulder as I take the glass. I turn back to watch Tito knowing George has my back.



The entire room is filled with everyone speaking at once. Everyone is trying to suggest something. Tito wants the gangs to leave his territory without going to war. As I said, it has nothing to do with me. Tito doesn't even live in Toronto, so not my problem. I have other things to worry about.

I'm still trying to clear my reputation from when Angelo dragged me through the justice system. It was because of him that my face is well known. The woman of the mafia is how I'm portrayed in the media. You try doing anything without someone following you around, now is not so bad, but those following months were horrible.

I must have blanked out because I didn't notice someone creeping up behind me until it was too late.

“Serafina?”

I try not to jump; the last thing you want to do in a room full of mafia men is show them your weakness. Instead, I blink a few times before turning around.

“Hey Nico, sorry, did you say something?”

He smiles, and I swear I could get lost in that smile. “I asked how your day was going?” He laughed.

I close my eyes and groan. “I can't wait to head home. How's your day?”

“Can't complain. Then again, it's only the afternoon.”

“Ah, yes. You have all night to be a mischievous one, don't you.”

He smirks at me. “Yes, yes, I do.” He turns to look at Tony and then back at me. “I should get going before he gets pissy with me. Good to see you again.”

“You too, Nico.”

I watch as they both leave. Nico sneakily weaves a finger around Tony’s. It’s the cutest thing I’ve ever seen. Those two bring butterflies to my stomach every time I see them. It’s too bad they are a couple. No matter how much they flirt with me, I can’t come between them. I was raised better than that.



The last five months have been nothing but a whirlwind. Becoming a Capo was never my goal when I joined the mafia as a teenager. I only wanted to get away from my father. I would say that worked out for me at the time. After my father killed my mother, it took forever to get him arrested. Knowing what we know about Troy helping him, it's no wonder it took forever. The memories of what Scar went through that night will forever plague my dreams. I felt like a piece of shit for how I treated her. I understand now why she did what she did.

I'm still trying to deal with being a part owner of a sex club. Without any of us knowing, Lucca added our names to the contract. Naming all four of us part owners. Blue Eyes has been B-O-O-M-I-N-G! It's insane. We had to start a waitlist because every room had been booked weeks in advance.

We decided to take pre-bookings for each room. That way, we would only end up with high-profile clientele in the club, not some random teenager who just turned nineteen looking to get their rocks off. It's been working out great this way. So good that we hired a full-time staff that we can trust. It's so different from dealing with drugs, and I don't have to worry about one of the employees going behind our back and shooting us. I've been stress-free, and my relationship with Nico has never been better.

Even now, in a room full of mafia bosses, he can't keep his hands off me; we still have to keep some things a secret because most of these men are old school.

“I suggest you stop touching me before I drag you to the nearest washroom and fuck you.”

Nico moves closer until his warm breath fans across my neck. “I’ll be okay with that.” His tongue licks all the way up until he reaches my ear; he bites my lobe, making me groan. “I love when you make that sound.” He backs away, smiling.

Just before I can say something, the doors to the conference room open, and in walks, the gorgeous Serafina Gallo. She’s wearing a black pantsuit and red heels, making her legs look longer than they already are. I notice how Nico stares at her as she walks to her seat. The entire room watches her; That doesn’t sit right with me. Ever the gentleman Lucca pulls her chair out for her, the only one who will befriend her beside us.

When she looks over at us, I can’t help but smile at her. I can hear Nico let out a groan.

“You need to get your shit together,” I tell him.

“I can’t help it, she does things to me, and she doesn’t even know it.”

I would be jealous, but we have a very open relationship. It’s what works for us; we are in bed together at the end of the day.

“I know how you feel, but we need to keep our distance for now—”

He cuts me off. “It’s been five months, Tony.” His shoulders slump. “How much longer do we have to wait until we can at least get closer to her?”

“I don’t know, Nico. This entire situation is complicated. She’s the Don of a different family. That right there will be catastrophic for the Russo name if it ended badly with her and us.”

I hear him huff, knowing that he has other plans brewing. I go back to listening to Tito bitching about the gangs essentially stealing his clients. That’s pretty much why we are all here. He’s losing out on money and wants the gangs out, and he wants all of us to back him up. The only ones that won’t agree are Lucca and Serafina. Lucca is out of the drug business, and Serafina runs the casinos that her father and Vincent started. They have no worries about gangs. If anything, it’s those gangs that now keep them both in business.

Mainly Blue Eyes, the one rule I love, everyone follows. No weapons. We have to protect our girls working there; if everyone brought weapons in, a massacre would happen every night. I don’t have much time to think because Nico is walking towards Serafina. All I get to do is sit back and watch them. That is until Lucca steps in front of me.

“Tony, are we all set for tonight?”

I fight the groan that I so badly want to make. “Yes, remind me again why we are doing this?”

“Because, Tony, it’s what is expected of me, unfortunately,” Lucca says, looking around the room with distaste.

“That’s bullshit, and you know it. They only want to use you because you opened a fucking sex club, and they are

looking for a reason to get their dicks sucked by a perky twenty-year-old.”

I’m so pissed that’s the only reason they even talk to Lucca now, free sex. They want a free pass into the club, and of course, Lucca bends over because he’s trying to get more families on his side. He slowly realizes he can’t do everything alone or with us. I don’t blame him, but it pisses me off.

Nico looks at me, then turns back at Serafina. I look back at Lucca. “If you need me, I’ll be at the club until it opens, or Rett will probably be there tonight. If I’m anywhere near these fuckers, it won’t end well.”

“I know, Tony. Thanks again for coming with me today.” He pats me on the shoulder before leaving.

I turn back to see Nico heading my way. “Ready to head out?”

I raise an eyebrow. “That was a quick conversation.”

“I have a feeling she wants to leave and is not up to talking much.” He shrugs.

We both head for the door; Nico wraps his finger around my pinky. As we pass through the doors, I press him against the wall.

“Have a good chat with Serafina?” I run my lips along his jaw, moving closer to his chin. When I near his mouth, I stop. I make eye contact looking deep into his emerald eyes. His hand slowly racks into my hair, he tries to push me closer, but I resist him. “Answer me.”

He groans in frustration. “Yes,” he bites out. “We didn’t talk long—” He grunts when I grab his growing dick.

“What’s this then?” I quirk a brow upwards. “This for her or me?” I press my lips to his. His fingers grip my hair when I push my tongue past his lips. I stroke his tongue with mine, getting that moan I love so much from him. Before I can take it any further, the door to the conference room opens again. I pull away, only for Tito to snub his nose at us.

“Disgusting,” he mumbles under his breath.

Nico’s hand in my hair tightens, making me groan, not in pleasure.

“Sorry, babe.” He releases me. “He makes me so angry that I could...” He reaches behind him for his gun, but I stop him.

“Don’t even, and maybe karma will get him.”

He huffs. “I’ll carve karma into this bullet, then.”

I drag him by his hand towards the exit. The last thing we need is bloodshed over someone uncomfortable with their sexuality. It’s the one thing we’ve struggled with the most in the mafia. I’m glad we have the friends we do; honestly, I don’t know where I would be right now. I need to get out of my head before I fall back into that dark place again.

I smile when Nico grabs my hand and leads me to the car, he’s helped me a lot during high school, and I owe him more than my life. I’ll owe him even when we reach the afterworld.

“We need to head to the club and get shit ready for tonight. Lucca decided to rent it out to all these low lives.”

Nico stays quiet until he opens the car door. The second he sits behind the wheel, then he lets loose.

“The last time I checked, we owned the fucking club, too. He can’t go behind our backs and make decisions without checking with us first. He does this every fucking time, Tony.” His knuckles turn white from how hard he’s gripping the wheel.

I move across the car, grabbing his face in between my hands. “Calm the hell down. He needs to do this; what we need to do is support him. We need to act like a full front. Got it?” I stare deep into his eyes, waiting for him to calm down.

He closes his eyes taking a deep breath. “Sorry.” He opens his eyes, giving me a small smile. “I get angry with this club these days and can’t help it.”

“I need my happy Nico back. How do I get him back?”

He shrugs, then starts the car. He doesn’t say anything the entire drive, and I don’t, either. I know when to talk to him and know when to let him cool down. He may be the fun one of the group, but Nico is also a bomb. When he goes off, he has a hard time cooling down.

He’s about to get out of the car when I grab his arm. “I love you.”

“I know. I love you too.” Then he leaves.

Something is eating away at him, and I need to figure out what it is. Because it’s more than Lucca letting a bunch of mooching sleaze balls into the club; when he’s ready, he’ll talk

about it. It's the one thing that I had to figure out relatively fast growing up with him, he's all fun at times, but he likes to be left alone.

Walking into the club, it's quiet. Rett's here somewhere. We ended up moving all of our things from the townhouse office into the club office. Everything has changed; it's still hard to wrap my head around it some days. I leave Nico at the bar while I head for the stairs. I need to discuss a few things with Rett before everyone arrives for their shift tonight.

When I push open the office door, I take notice of Rett at the computer. He looks a little stressed, his brows are pinched together, and he doesn't look happy.

"What's the matter, big guy?" I ask as I take a seat in front of him.

He exhales before looking up. "Tito is the fucking matter, and he's so full of shit that I think it would be easier if we just shot the fucker."

"That bad?" I cross my ankle over my knee, getting comfy.

He shakes his head at me. "Lucca has no idea what he's doing tonight, does he? Tito is bringing in a lot of bad mojo, and I'm calling in more soldiers for tonight to act as bouncers. I don't trust Tito and the rest of the families. After digging into his history, he has a habit of causing shit to get his way. I honestly don't think any of these so-called gangs are bothering him."

I figured as much. “That’s what I was worried about, and you need to let Lucca know. When all the girls show up, we’ll tell them to be more observant. I want all the private rooms closed for tonight.”

“I already closed them, and I’ll station soldiers in the halls to make sure everyone stays out of them tonight.”

Perfect, I knew Tito was a sleaze, but to use a member to gain what? I’m not even sure. Lucca needs to cut his losses and realize that no one cares about us anymore.



3

Serafina

Without a word, George escorts me out of the hotel and back into the SUV. That meeting was a waste of my fucking time. I could've been at one of the casinos wasting time there. At least I would be doing it alone. Even after we start the drive deeper into the downtown core, George still doesn't say anything, and it's starting to annoy me.

I let out a growl. "Spill it already, George. It's not like you to keep shit in your mouth."

"What's with you and Nico? You realize he's part of the Russo family and with Tony."

I snap my head in his direction. "Seriously! What's your problem? What I do with my spare time is none of your concern. Besides Nico's with Tony, I can't come between them. I have more respect than that."

"There's more to it, and you know it. Two families getting together, even if they aren't the boss is a dangerous situation."

I keep staring at him, hoping that I can scare him just a slight amount. He narrows his eye right back at me.

"Don't even, and I'm not scared of a five-foot-three little girl, Serafina."

"I am not that short! I am five-foot-six, asshole!" I shove him in the arm. Of course, he's a brick and doesn't move an inch.

His deep chuckle fills the back of the SUV. “It’s the same thing to me.”

“That’s because you’re a goddamn giant, George.”

He goes back to being quiet, so I let him stew. Whatever he has against me being friends with Nico and Tony, he can suck it up. It isn’t hurting anyone that I talk to them. That’s all I’m doing. Besides, my best friend is Tony’s sister, which hasn’t pissed anyone off, so why can’t I be friends with the guys? I’m trying to tell myself that it’s not because I’m a woman and the rules only apply to me, but it is. The guys can do what they want, and I can’t. I smell some bullshit if you ask me.

Ron opens George’s door without me realizing we have arrived. I need to start paying more attention to my surroundings. It’s one of my flaws that I’ve been meaning to work on. I move across the seat, reaching for George’s hand. He doesn’t wait to call me out when I step out of the car.

“Should I be concerned that you are slipping?”

I roll my eyes. “No, you should be concerned about doing your job. Like the watching our ten o’clock.”

He draws his gun so fast it makes me dizzy, and he presses it against the man’s forehead.

“Who the fuck are you!” George screams in the man’s face.

I watch as the man’s face pales.

“I-I only w-wanted inside the casino.” He carefully points to the doors, breathing heavily.

George pulls his gun away, giving him a nod. I watch as the man barely makes it into the casino without shitting his pants.

“Really? You didn’t have to scream at him. He didn’t do anything wrong.” I start walking, not waiting for him.

“He could’ve been someone waiting to hurt you, and I wasn’t going to risk it.” He grips my elbow, pulling me back to his side.

“I need a break from all this bullshit, and maybe I’ll hit the club this weekend.” I don’t wait for him to reply; he isn’t my father, so I don’t need permission. He only needs to know where I’m headed.

The casinos I inherited after my uncle’s death were failing when it was signed over to me, I’m not sure what my family members were doing with it, but I can tell you one thing. It wasn’t business. I’m afraid to search the books they were keeping because after a year, I turned this casino and the other one around, and I’m making a profit. That’s one way I can give back to my community. After Angelo murdered Stacey, I opened a memorial for her because her family would never find peace. He killed her for no reason. It still bothers me that no justice will ever be brought forward.

The slot machines’ ringing bounces in my head as I walk through the floor. It’s one thing that I haven’t grown to love yet. I sought the quietness of my office more than anything when I come here. When I reach the elevator, Ronan already has it open and waiting for me.

“Thank you, Ro.” I give him a nod. “Could you bring up lunch for me?”

“Of course, the usual?”

“Please, oh and none of that bullshit like last time, just the food, Ronan,” I warn him. “Or Scott will get my food from now on.”

He smirks at me before the doors slide shut. George laughs, and so does Scott.

“Shut your pie holes. No one asked your two cents.” I cross my arms, staring ahead, waiting for the doors to open.

“Well, he isn’t wrong, you do need to start eating healthier, and a salad isn’t going to kill you,” Scott points out.

I scoff in his direction. “I could; a piece of lettuce could get stuck in my throat. I’m not chancing it. The pizza will be fine.”

He shrugs. “You could choke on the crust,” he mumbles before stepping out of the elevator.

“I could shoot you.”

He turns around, walking backwards. “But you won’t. You love me too much to do that.”

I mock him. “But you won’t. Bitch. I might.”

“You’re wearing a pantsuit. Where’s your gun at?” he asks, raising a brow.

I smirk at him before pulling up my pant leg, showing off my holster strapped to my ankle. “Don’t let the heels and

fancy outfit fool you, and I'm still the boss around here."

George laughs behind us. "You should know by now, Scott, she'll kill anyone if she needs to. Even if she never wants to."

I type in my code into the security door, relaxing a smidge. At least in here, no one can get to me. My phone dings from my pocket. That is another reason why I love this outfit. Pockets.

Scar: Girl's night! I need one.

Stella: Yes, Girl! When?

It's like they can read my mind. I love these girls with all my heart.

Me: This weekend, I'm free. Let's hit up the club.

Scar: Blue Eyes?

Stella: I haven't been there in ages, let's do it.

Me: Done deal! Don't tell the guys; they get weird when we show up.

Scar: Works for me. I'm sure Rett will be there, anyway.

That's keyword for. *I'll be sneaking away to get sex in one of the rooms later.* Maybe I'll get lucky and work these cobwebs out, and there's only so much I can do by myself. Sometimes you need a dickin' by the real thing, and not by the silicone one. But I can't be thinking about that shit right now, especially with a room filled with bodyguards that probably can read my mind. I need to get through the rest of the week to enjoy my girl's night without any issues.

Once Ro brings in my lunch, pizza, and a stupid salad, I get busy with work. I have new plans for one of my casinos and need to work with a new developer. I had one hired, but then he just disappeared on me. I mentioned a few times to the girls that I had my suspicions that he was stealing from me, then I showed up at the site to no workers. I asked Scarlett what had happened, but she didn't know anything. I have a suspicion I know what happened, but I let it go without proof.

I sit back in my chair, watching the cameras, George may think I don't pay attention in my casinos, but I see everything like the bald guy sitting at the poker table, counting his cards. He's already won two hands since we've been in this room. Or the lady is walking around watching all the slot machines waiting to sit at one that someone has abandoned because she knows it's a winner. I patiently wait for one of the floor attendants to figure it out before I call. I take a deep breath counting to ten. When I reached one, I had enough.

I lean over the desk, reaching for the intercom button, and everyone stops talking. When the crackling of the speaker fills the room, I know Gerald can hear me.

“Do you plan on sitting around making me lose money, or are you going to do your fucking job?”

Gerald turns, looking up at the cameras.

“The fucking man at the poker table is counting cards, and maybe, I don't know. Escort him outside.”

He doesn't hesitate and quickly weaves between the crowd, getting to the poker tables. I watch each CCTV screen while

he moves from each frame. Anticipation runs through my body when he nears the table, so much so that my fingertips tingle. I may not be the deadliest of the mafia bosses, but I run a tight ship, and having someone steal from me isn't tolerable. I breathe easily when Gerald drags our thief out the door.

“Fina, eat, then we'll talk business,” George demands, like an over bearing parent.

I shove the stupid salad in my mouth, smiling as I do it. I get a simple nod in return. I have a few choice words I would like to say in return, but he returns his eyes to the screen, back to business as usual, I see.

“Are we going to talk about your plans for this weekend?” he asks.

I scoff at him. “Nope, I think I deserve a weekend with the girls without you breathing down my neck, don't you?”

Ro laughs. “She's probably going to Lucca's sex club, and she'll be safe there.”

I glare at Ro. That cheeky bastard probably was reading my text over my shoulder. He sticks his tongue out in return. I shake my head slowly, thinking of ways to torture him, and then it hits me.

“Hey, Ro. You can take the night shift.”

His entire body slumps, and he groans. No one likes the night shift at this casino, and being downtown, we always get some colourful characters coming in.

I'm so pumped for the weekend that I know I'm gonna have difficulty focusing on my work. Then George tosses me the black binder. The binder of doom. The binder that keeps us on track, and I hate this fuckin' thing. Why we can't do something on the computer beats me.

I cannot wait until this weekend; girl's night will be a blur of drinks and dancing. Perhaps I'll make a few bad decisions.

Too bad it's only fucking Tuesday.



Friday night is the best night of the week. Well, in my opinion. You know what they say about opinions. They aren't wrong. That's the only thing that bugged me while I was still in school; how could my opinion on a book be wrong? It's from my perspective. Perhaps I shouldn't be thinking of school right now.

"Get the fuck out of your head, Nico," Tony grunts in my ear.

"Sorry." I moan when he flexes his hips, pushing his cock deeper into my ass.

His fingers dig into my hips, pulling me into him. "You like that big cock in your ass?"

"Fuck, yes," I cry out.

His hand slides around my stomach, grabbing my throbbing cock. My head falls against the desk, moaning like a needy little bitch.

"You want to come, do you?"

"More than anything."

He strokes me while he fucks me faster. The desk rattles from his powerful thrusts. Thankfully, no one else is at the club yet to hear us.

"I'm close," I tell him.

He grunts. "I'm not." He releases my cock, moving his hand to my shoulder. Pumping harder into me. "Take me all, be my

good boy.”

I groan at his words, and I move my hand, pumping my cock. “Tony, please, I need to come.”

“You want my cum in this tight ass of yours?”

“Oh, fuck, please.” I push my ass back, taking him deeper. I jerk myself off faster, feeling the need to finish when Tony groans.

“Come for me. Come all over your hand.”

I do what he says, groaning when I spill my cum into my palm. Tony fucks me faster until he stills, finding his release.

“Fuck, I love you,” he mumbles into my ear.

I let out a content sigh. “I love you too.”

After he moves away from me, I find tissues to clean myself up. The club will open shortly, and the employees will arrive any minute. I wish we had more time alone at home, but we’ve been so busy we can’t find time to be together simultaneously. This is all we have at the moment.

After Tito came in, a few of our trusted employees quit. I can’t blame them, and his entire crew were complete cunts to everyone here. They demanded all our girls have sex with the men. That’s not how this club works. We aren’t a glorified prostitution ring. Now, we have the task of going on a hiring spree, hence why Antonio and I are working our asses off. I need a break or a night off.

“I’m taking tomorrow night off and need a break.”

He looks up at me from the other side of the desk. “You think that’s smart? We don’t even have enough people to cover a shift.” He buttons his pants up, walking towards me. “I’ll talk to Lucca and see how we’re doing on hiring. Maybe, just maybe, you can get tomorrow off.” He grabs my chin, kissing me like we have never kissed each other. Resting his forehead on mine, breathing me in.

“I need more time with you, Tony. We don’t get that anymore ever since this club opened up.”

He toys with a lock of my hair. “I know what you mean. It feels like years since we’ve been alone, but once we figure out this problem, I swear I’ll take you out on a date.”

I take a deep breath in, slowly releasing it. I don’t say anything when I walk out of the office—I have nothing to say. Taking the elevator down, I take notice of the emptiness when the doors open. Usually, everyone would be running around getting shit ready. I’m pissed at Lucca, and if he only had a goddamn backbone against the rest of the families, we wouldn’t be dealing with this shit.

Rachael is setting up the bar when I reach the bottom step. She looks up and smiles at me.

“How’s it goin’, boss?”

“Better.” I give her a smirk.

She looks past my shoulder and smirks, too. “Oh, yeah, I get it now. We’re almost ready to open. I have a few resumes for

you to look over. They look hopeful, and my fingers are crossed. They work out.” She slides over a stack of resumes.

I grab them and flip through them quickly, a few my ass. I have no idea how she managed to get these, but I’m grateful. I guess I have my work cut out for me now.



I’m back in the office on Saturday afternoon, waiting for the interviewees to show up. I didn’t bother wasting time last night, and it was probably really unprofessional of me to contact them so late, but when you are applying for a club job, late nights will be your life.

I’m halfway through the interviews when Rett comes in.

“Hey, wanna grab some supper? You’ve been in here for hours.”

I check my watch, only realizing then that it’s almost four. “Yeah, I have one more interview, and then we can go. I’ll find you when I’m finished.”

He nods before ducking out. I rub my eyes with my fingertips, trying to relieve some stress that’s building up. I’m letting loose tonight. I don’t even care what anyone says, even if it’s only for an hour on the dance floor. The knock on my door reminds me I still have a job.

“Thanks again for coming; I’ll call and let you know when we make our final decisions.”

“I appreciate you taking the time, Nico.”

I walk her to the door and make sure she gets to her car before I find Rett. My stomach, thankfully, hasn’t sent the war cry until now. Hopefully, wherever he wants to go is good. I’m so hungry I could eat a horse. I head upstairs towards his office, since he’s always there.

I don’t bother knocking. I push the door in, and he’s nose deep in his computer screen.

“Cupcake, it’s time for a break.”

I don’t even need to see that he’s battling his thoughts. “Nico, we are nearing our thirties. Don’t you think that nickname is a little old?”

I laugh. “Nah, that’s what you get for eating cupcakes every day growing up.”

He stops typing and slides his chair over to glare at me. “It’s not my fault my mother baked for me growing up.”

“Hey, my grandmother was too old to bake for me, and you know it.” Talking about my grandmother is a sensitive subject, and he knows it.

“Sorry, Nico. She was a wonderful woman and deeply missed.” He gives me a small smile. I know for sure he misses her, too.

I have to take a deep breath and push those memories back.
“Anyone else joining us?”

Rett switches his computers off before standing. “Nah, figured it would be nice to just relax without the other two always talking about work. Tony also might have mentioned that you might want some time off. This is the closest thing I could think of.”

“Thanks, man. I’m hoping that I’ll hire a few people by Monday. That way, they have all week for training.” We head downstairs, passing by Rachael.

“Have fun, you two. Bring me something to eat,” she yells.

I wave at her, letting her know I heard her.



I’ll admit, going for dinner and not talking about work felt terrific, and it was what I needed, but now it’s time to work. I toss Rachael her food, and she smiles widely. She’s the best bartender we have, so I’ll treat her with every ounce of respect. I do a walk-through to ensure all the rooms are spotless and ready for tonight. Most of them are already reserved. Our DJ is setting up and getting his set ready.

This club is a mixture of dark red and black. The upstairs is for the VIP guests, and there is a lounge for them with a private bar and a waitress. The downstairs has all the tables,

dancefloor, and access to the rooms down the only visible hallway. The elevator for our offices is tucked behind the supplies closet. You have to know what you're looking for, and we designed it to look like a fake wall. I'll admit, we got lucky when we found this place. It was already set up for a club, and we only had to redesign a few things. It was a quick turnaround, and Scar covered our asses with all the legal work. No one gets into any of those rooms without filling out paperwork.

I continue my run-through until I'm satisfied. I check my watch, realizing we have ten minutes till opening. I let out a loud whistle to grab everyone's attention.

"All right, we are short staffed still. I hope it ends by Monday." I look around, getting claps from the servers. "I need everyone to work harder tonight, and I promise it's the last time—"

"Don't worry, boss, we got you," Rachael cuts in. "You heard the man, move it or lose it, tonight you answer to me," she dictates like the leader she is. When she looks back at me, she shrugs. "Sorry, didn't mean to take your spotlight."

I wave her off. "It's fine. You do it almost every time. Besides, it's your bar."

"Fuckin', rights it is. Get those tunes on," she yells on her way back to the bar.

The lights and music start up instantly. It's go time. The only ones I haven't seen tonight are Tony and Lucca, and I'm sure they'll be up in the VIP area by the middle of the night,

keeping tabs on the special guests. Tony still doesn't trust me enough to be up there, and he thinks I'll fly off the handle if one of them says something to me. Which isn't overly false. The last time one of them mentioned shoving his cock up of the server's ass, I lost my shit.

Words were not exchanged, but my fist sure was. Now, I keep my eye out for things to go wrong on the floor. I'm glad we don't carry weapons anymore. Well, I don't. Obviously, for reasons.

The club never stays empty for long, especially once the doors open. I'm proud of how well this club runs. You could never tell that we ran cocaine most of the time.

I'm busy at the bar when I feel eyes on me. When I turn around, my eyes meet with a pair of grey ones. A pair that I'm very familiar with.



Let's just say that I'm glad it's the weekend.

My one casino across town had the cops called twice in a matter of hours because some disrespectful asshole didn't like the fact that he kept losing. So, instead of handling himself like a real man, he calls the cops telling him we have a meth lab in the basement. I've never been more stressed in my life, and I've been to prison.

Thankfully, George was around to help me deal with everything. He is my rock. If only he could've kept me out of jail. That would've been nice.

Now, I'm busy trying to find a dress for tonight. I won't lie; I'm so used to wearing pants that wearing a dress seems weird. Especially one that almost shows off my ass cheeks. I'm surprised I own this thing. I let out a frustrated huff when I tugged it down for the millionth time.

"Fuck this. I'm changing." I throw my hands up in frustration.

"No, you are not! You look banging, Serafina," Stella tells me from inside the bathroom.

I give her a dirty look, even if she can't see it. "How would you know? You can't even see this."

She swings the door open, and I watch her jaw drop. "Fuck, if I were into women, you would be it." She does a small cat call making me burst into laughter.

I push her out of the way. “Whatever. Are you ready for tonight?”

I still get worried about her sometimes when no one is watching. She zones out, and I know exactly where her mind has taken her. No matter how long it has been or how much we give her kind words, it’s up to her to heal. We can only be there for her. I’m glad Angelo isn’t around anymore because my dear friend wouldn’t be smiling now.

“I’m so ready for tonight. I’ve been so busy at work that this will seem like a vacation.” She finishes with her hair, then moves to the bed, where her outfit is laid out.

I turn to the mirror to apply my makeup and keep things looking natural, considering I’ll probably sweat it all off once I hit the dance floor.

“Are we picking up Scar? Or meeting her there?” I ask. I wasn’t the one that planned this night, so I still have no idea what the plans are. My end goal is that dance floor and booze.

“She’ll meet us there, and I’m pretty sure Rett is giving her a ride and giving her the talk too. God forbid he lets her have any fun. Remind me never to settle down.”

“Noted.”

We get George to give us a ride to Blue Eyes, and adrenaline is running through my blood. I’m practically bouncing in my seat. Stella is just as excited as I am. The first thing I’m doing is a shot of tequila, then shaking my ass all night. Walking inside the club always gets me going. The way

these men decorated it makes it so intimate that you forget it's also a dance club: the red furniture, the black walls. But the best feature is the large crystal chandelier hanging in the middle of the room. The lights from the lasers bounce off of it, sending the multi-coloured lights throughout the entire club. It's already busy here, and I can't find Scarlett.

I'm about to head for the bar when my eyes land on him.

He's standing by the bar, demanding to be seen without even trying. Ever since meeting Nico Romano, I've been fighting my feelings for him, then throw in Antonio De Rosa, and I'm a goner. Scarlett has told me stories of them, but I refuse to listen. I rather hear them tell me about themselves rather than Tony's sister.

When Nico turns around, his eyes land on mine. He never blinks nor turns away when his drink is presented to him. He grabs it from the waitress and then starts walking toward me. He gives me a smirk when I never turn away from him. It's so loud here that he needs to lean into me when he gets close.

“What are you doing here, Serafina?”

All I can do is inhale his cologne. Why does he have to smell so good? “I came here with the girls. I needed a break from the real world.”

He pulls away a little, looking into my eyes. He nods. “I hear ya. It's been a week. I'll let you get back at it.” With a kiss on my cheek, he walks away.

Stella pulls my hand, grinning at me. “You lucky bitch! He is so fucking fine looking.” She fans her face, checking out Nico.

I give her a shove. “There isn’t anything between us. Let’s go. The dance floor is calling.”



I can’t tell you how many drinks I’ve had, but my feet hurt, and my stomach is swirling. I lost the girls somewhere in the sea of bodies. We eventually found Scarlett coming out of Rett’s office. I knew that little hoe would be dickin’ it down with her fiancé. She even had the nerve to blush when she saw us. Like we didn’t know that’s what his plan was when he said he would give her a ride. But at least someone is getting laid. God knows Stella, and I aren’t getting it.

Unfortunately, I can’t find them. I also need to visit the little girls’ room because my stomach isn’t holding this booze very well. Perhaps a meal before going out would’ve been ideal. I stumble my way to the washrooms, or I think it’s the right way. The lights are so bright I make it down a hallway. I’m about to push open a door when a hand wraps around my wrist.

“I wouldn’t do that.”

I turn, taking in the man that is holding me. “Tony, I don’t feel good.” I try to keep the groan to myself, but it slips out.

I hear him swear. Then he rushes me out of the hall into a different one. The next thing I know, I'm in an elevator. I lean on him for support, and he wraps his arm around my waist, holding me closer. I moan when the elevator stops.

"It's all right, almost there," he reassures me.

He steers me in the direction of a private washroom. Oh, thank fuck. I'm barely inside when I rush for the toilet. All the contents of my stomach heave into the bowl. Large hands wrap my hair out of my face while I empty everything I have. Why did I drink so much?

"I'm gonna die." I moan.

"No, you're not," Tony tells me.

The washroom door flings open, making me jump.

"What the fuck happened?"

I roll my head to the side, seeing Nico looking pissed off.

"She drank too much. That's what happened. I found her in the hallway. Where the fuck was the bouncer?"

Nico's eyes snap to Tony. "What do you mean?"

I'm so confused right now, but I have other things to do, like dry heave. Remind me never to drink like a sailor again. I'm not cut out for this shit. I flush the toilet and pull away from Tony. I try to lie on the cold floor, but he won't let me.

"No way, baby girl, let's go." He lifts me into his arms, making me groan.

“I wanna sleep.” My head rolls into Tony’s chest. Fuck, he smells good, too.

“Should we take her home or bring her back to the office? We’re still gonna be here for a few more hours.”

I groan again. “I need the toilet again.”

“Okay, hold on.” Tony turns around, picking up his pace until we reach the washroom again. My feet barely touch the ground, and I’m scrabbling for the toilet.

What a way to act in front of the guys I’m fuckin’ crushing on. They probably think I’m a lush. Way to go, Serafina. My stomach rumbles again, but I’m all empty.

“I think I’m finished.” I groan.

“Yeah, you sure?” Nico asks from where he stands at the door.

I try to look at him, but the room spins. I grip my head. “Fuck, this blows.”

“We know, come on, baby girl, you can rest in the office.” Tony slowly lifts me.

I lean further into his neck, breathing in deeply. “You smell so good.”

He chuckles. “That’s good to know, and I would hate to smell like ass.”

“I probably smell like ass. I shouldn’t be talking. My breath must smell like crap.” My filter has left the building. I need to find it and find it quickly.

The coldness of the leather couch feels fantastic on my skin, and I moan in contentment. “Leave me here. This feels like heaven.”

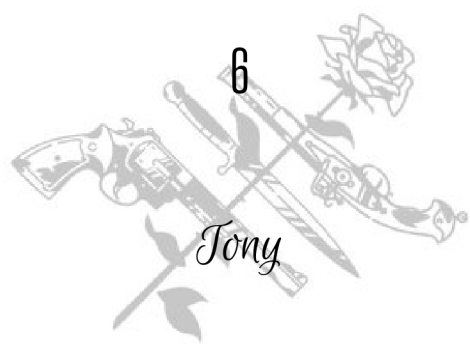
Nico kneels in front of me, moving my hair to the side. “Then you’ve been disappointed most of your life, baby. Get some sleep, and try not to barf all over my couch. I’ll get you a bucket.”

I try to swat at him, but my arm feels like lead. I’ll get him back later. My eyes slowly close, and I try to find sleep; unfortunately, my brain has other ideas.

“I sent a text to Rett. He’s going to find Scarlett and Stella. He’ll make sure that they get home safely. If Serafina got this intoxicated, I could only imagine how drunk those two got,” Nico says.

“Good plan. We also need to double the security down the hallway. I don’t want another incident like tonight to happen again. She was lucky that I was in here watching the cameras. If anyone else found her, who knows what would’ve happened.”

It’s quiet for a while, enough that my brain lets me doze off.



6

Tony

I can't help but stare at Serafina while she sleeps on the couch. Nico and I decided it would be best to wait until the club closed and everyone was gone for the night. The fewer people that see her would be in her favour. Being a female Don can't be easy on her, and I'm sure tonight was a stress reliever. I spot Nico from the corner of my eye.

“What?”

“I didn't say anything.” He smirks. “But, you haven't taken your eyes off her.”

I shrug. “You watch her too. I saw you when she arrived. If given a chance, you would've fucked her on the dance floor.”

“Only with you, but I have a feeling she won't.”

I have that same feeling. I admire her for not wanting to come between us, but if it's something that we want, we go for it. Serafina will have to realize sooner or later that she's what we want. It's the only rule that Nico and I have. We both want to enjoy the same woman. It's been that way since we got together. We don't need a woman in our relationship. We have everything we need between us, but if we are feeling adventurous, we'll invite someone else into our bed. But there is something with Serafina that's different. I've never had a girlfriend before.

Once the club closes for the night, I head downstairs to help Rachael close up. I need the whole place empty before we

bring Serafina out. Rachael keeps side eyeing me. I've finally had enough.

"Can I help you?"

"Don't act like you don't have someone up in your office. I'm not blind, and you know it Tony."

My hand freezes over the till. "You know. Curiosity did kill the cat, Rachael," I remind her.

She laughs. "You can't scare me; my brother is scarier than you."

"I highly doubt that," I mumble. Her brother is a weak ass cockroach. I would be able to squish him without breaking a sweat. He's a wannabe gang member, nothing more. Who am I to argue and make her brother look like a crooked criminal? She loves him, and I know what sibling love is like. No matter what happens, it won't change. "Go home, Rachael. I'll finish up."

"Okay, can you walk me out?"

I escort her to her car, this area might seem like it's safe, but to a woman, nothing is safe. If anything happened to any of our employees. Female or male, I would feel like shit. Once she's safely in her car, I head back inside.

Nico is at the bar finishing up what I started. He looks up when I near him.

"Rachael on her way home?"

“Yeah, we probably should get Serafina out of here, she still sleeping?”

He adds the money to the deposit envelope. “Oh yeah, I don’t think she’ll be waking until at least noon, and she’ll have one hell of a headache.”

I take the envelope from him, slipping it into the slot on the floor. It drops right into the safe that’s in the basement. It’s the safest way to hold our money, and if anyone breaks in, they’ll look first at our offices. It was the smartest thing that Rett had suggested. Not that anyone would think twice about robbing us, but you can never be too sure.

Serafina somehow rolled off the couch when we reached the office.

“Oh, man. She’s going to hate herself in the morning.” Nico says as he fixes her dress.

I watch as he moves her dress down her smooth, creamy thighs, thinking of how I want them thrown over my shoulders and burying my face deep in that pussy of hers. My cock twitches at the thought of that, too. My eyes meet Nico’s, and I lick my lips.

“Hurry the fuck up. I need to be deep inside you as soon as we get home.”

He smirks at me. “I love it when you talk dirty to me.”

This wasn’t how I saw my night going, but luckily I’m okay with plans changing. The cool night air hits, making Serafina inch closer to Nico’s chest. I go ahead of them to open the

passenger door to the back seat. I wait until he has her positioned in the back before rounding to the front. I hope she isn't pissed with herself for passing out and ending up back at our place. I rather this than something else happening to her.

Neither one of us speak on the way home. The only sound coming from the cab of the SUV is Serafina's light snoring. I catch Nico staring down at her through the rear-view mirror with a lost look in his eye. I've seen that look before.

We were in high school when Madison Gardner caught his eye. He was head over heels in love with her. Nico tried everything to catch her attention, but Madison didn't want anything to do with him. It wasn't until she found out that we liked to share girls that she started talking to Nico; I knew what she was playing at, but he was so blind when Madison finally started talking to him that he didn't see it coming. I refused to touch her. There was no way I was sticking my dick in that fucking cunt. She should've known what would've happened after the fact when she started spreading rumours about us. Of course, we didn't get the chance to do anything. She showed up to school with a black eye, courtesy of Scarlett. After that, Madison kept her distance, and Nico hadn't caught feelings for another woman since.

Until now.

Pulling into the driveway, I have to remind myself that she'll be in the guest bedroom and nothing more. She's passed out, and we don't fuckin' fool around with an unconscious

woman. I like my women screaming my name if I'm taking them to bed.

We walk into the quiet townhouse. It hasn't been the same since Rett moved out. However, at the time, it was the smartest move he made. Now he has Scar living with him, which took some time to come around to. Now I can't see them with anyone else. I get to the guest room first, getting the bed ready for Serafina. I head into the bathroom and find her some pain meds and a glass of water, placing them on the nightstand next to the bed.

"Should we undress her or leave her?" Nico questions, looking torn.

"I'll go grab a t-shirt. It'll be comfier than that dress." I head for our room to find one of our shirts. As Momma always said, asking for forgiveness is easier than asking for permission. Maybe if she had asked for permission, she wouldn't have been murdered. I dig through the dresser drawer finding a soft t-shirt for Serafina.

Nico already has her dress off, and I stop dead in my tracks. Serafina is beautiful, and I wish she were awake to see our reaction for the first time. I toss Nico the t-shirt.

"Get her dressed. I'm a greedy man, Nico, and I want her awake next time I see her naked."

He groans. "You're telling me. Try having your hands on her and having a fucking hard-on. This is torture, and she has no idea what she's doing to me. If only I were a different guy, I

would be fucking her right now.” He pulls her shirt down, covering her perky breasts in her black lace bra.

I have to readjust my pants, and I need to sink my dick into Nico now. I didn’t get enough of him earlier, and I’ll never get enough of him. I wait for him to exit the bedroom before I push him against the hall wall. Unable to stand it any longer, I grip his chin, tilting it upwards and capturing his mouth. I swallow his low moan, pressing my cock into his.

“Fuck, I love you so much.”

He rubs my cock through my pants. “I love you too, baby.” Moving his hands upwards, he unbuckles my belt, snapping my button open, then unzipping my jeans. Lowering himself on his knees, he tugs my pants and briefs down with him.

A low sound comes deep from his throat when he grasps my cock. He strokes me in one long stroke, rubbing my pre-cum around my tip.

“Fuck, yes. Just like that.” I groan, flexing my hips. “Stroke it a little bit. The way you look at my cock, it’s such a turn on.”

He strokes me nice and slow, driving me crazy. He stares up at me before spitting on me.

“You know what you’re doing, don’t you?”

“I do. Tell me what you want?” Nico asks.

I grasp a fistful of his dark brown hair. “I want you to take your cock out and stroke it while you stroke mine.”

He licks his lips before working his belt. His eyes close, and he groans as soon as his cock is free. Once his hand is back on mine, he strokes us both simultaneously. I drop my head back, moaning. Why is this so fucking hot?

I look back down at him, and he smiles at me. “I want you to suck it. Be a good boy.”

“Fuck, Tony.” He moans as he takes me deep in his throat. He works his mouth up and down while his hand strokes himself.

“Oh, fuck, I’m going to come soon. I want you to come alongside of me. Can you do that for me?”

He hums around my cock. Sending a jolt through my body. I pull out of his mouth.

“Stroke me hard and fast, baby. I want to see my cum on your face.”

The hallway soon fills with the sound of his fist working our cocks, our moans growing louder. He groans, squeezing me tighter.

My balls tighten. “Oh, fuck, I’m coming. Get ready.”

I shoot my cum all over his face as he moans and comes all over his hand. We’re both breathing heavily.

“Shit, you made a mess. Let me clean it up.” I grab his hand, moving his fingers into my mouth. “So, good.”

He wipes my cum off his face before licking his fingers clean. “I would say the same.” His eyes drift to the guest

bedroom. “It’s probably a good thing she’s passed the fuck out because of this.” I point between us. “I don’t know how she would handle it.”

“Who really knows? I have a feeling she’s very open-minded. Let’s head to bed. Tomorrow should be interesting.”

We leave the hallway and the sleeping beauty in the guest bedroom. That’s a problem for later.



7

Serafina

My head feels like a sack of potatoes. I don't want to move. What the hell did I do last night? I roll over, moving my hand, and I pause mid-stroke. Hold up. I stroke the sheets again; they don't feel like mine. I bury my head into the pillow, breathing deeply. They don't smell like mine. I sit up so fast the room spins. I groan, grabbing my head. *Shit*. What *did* I do last night? Where the hell am I? I look around the room, taking in the huge bay window—not going to lie. That bench seat would be a perfect spot to read at. The room is modest, with a dresser next to the door, and the closet is to the left of the dresser. This comfy-ass queen bed I can't seem to get out of is in the middle of the room. Whose house am I in?

I notice my dress neatly folded on the dresser. I look down, taking in the t-shirt I'm wearing. Like the pervert that I am, I bring it to my nose, smelling it. It smells familiar, but I can't place it. I go to stand when I notice the end table. The glass of water and tablets were left out. Do I take the mysterious drugs? Where's George?

Then again, if rando's kidnapped me, would they change my clothes? Fuck, I have to get out of here, my mind is playing tricks on me, and I need to get the web untangled. I creep toward the door, placing my ear against it. When I don't hear

anything, I slowly turn the knob. Peering past the door frame, I see the hall is empty.

I'm not cut out for this mafia life. I wanted something different besides sneaking around a stranger's house. The carpet sinks underneath my feet as I near the stairs. I'm halfway down when I hear voices. I freeze, not knowing what to do or to expect. Maybe I should've brought one of my stilettos with me. At least I could've used it as a weapon at least.

I was about to take the last step when it released a creak. *Cocksucker*. Before I can retreat, two figures emerge from what I assume is the kitchen. I have to do a double take. I should've known it was them.

"Serafina, how did you sleep?" Nico steps toward me with a huge smile on his face.

My body instantly relaxed. "You piece of shit, I thought some rando kidnapped me."

"No offence, but it would teach you a lesson. Don't get so shit-faced that you can't keep track of where you are," Tony walks in, lecturing me.

My mouth drops. Is he shitting my dick? I'm at a loss for words.

"Tony, that's a little harsh, don't you think?" Nico whispers.

"Yeah, *Tony*. Sorry that I indulged a little. It won't happen again, Dad."

Tony shakes his head. “Such a brat. Kitchen.” He points. “We made breakfast. I’m sure your stomach could use something to absorb the alcohol.”

Nico extends his hand to me. I take him in, not a strand of his brown hair out of place. Nico is always the one to be dressed to impress. Even this early in the morning, he didn’t disappoint. Standing in front of me wearing ripped black jeans and a white t-shirt. You wouldn’t know he was a capo. I take his hand, letting him guide me into the kitchen.

Tony is busy loading plates full of food. Even he is dressed, wearing dark-washed jeans, and a long-sleeved shirt, pushed up, showing off his forearms. It seems that I’m the only one underdressed. I’m guided to the table, where a plate is placed before me.

“Eat, *fragolina*,” Tony says. He sits across from me.

“I have a few questions first.” I wait until Nico sits next to Tony.

It’s so cute how they both reach for their coffee at the same time, and they don’t even notice it. I don’t know how they do it, but they seem to make me lose my train of thought.

“Anyway, how did I end up in your place? Last thing I remember was trying to find the washroom.”

They both laugh. I groan, rubbing my forehead. That can’t be good, but it doesn’t answer my question.

“You were a delight, honestly the best. I had never had that much fun in forever. I also owe you for another reason. I don’t

think I need to go into detail.” Nico winks at me.

I groan. “You’re welcome for getting your rocks off.” I retort with an eye roll. He wiggles his eyebrows.

Tony clears his throat. “I called Scarlett. She knows where you are, but you might want to inform your bodyguard.” He pushes my phone across the table.

I’m not sure how he came into possession of it, but I take in George’s missed calls and text messages. *Shit*. I quickly send him a message telling him where I’m at, and that I owe him one of his nasty bagels as an apology. I’ll never hear the end of it when I get home.

I shove some eggs in my mouth before I continue talking. I need to know what else happened last night. Because I sure don’t remember removing my clothes. “How did this happen?” I gesture to my new outfit.

Nico’s green eyes dance with passion. “I did. But I swear, I was a good boy and kept my hands to myself no matter how much I didn’t want to.”

Goosebumps race across my body from his words. I can’t be thinking about it. The way they are together, I can’t break them up. I would never forgive myself for that. I push those feelings back. I’m sure I’ll find someone that is perfect for me, and preferably one that is available.

“Thank you, Nico. That was very kind of you. Could one of you give me a ride home?”

“Of course, we wouldn’t keep you against your will,” Tony says, giving me a wink.

They confuse me. I give them both a smile, then go back to eating. Maybe I should’ve asked George to come grab me. The less I rely on these two, the better. I quickly finish, then head back upstairs to change. My phone buzzes, and the mafia world never sleeps.

“Hello.”

“Fina, we have a situation at the casino downtown. How much longer are you going to be?”

“George, can’t you take the Don hat for the day? I have the biggest hangover. I’ll be glad just to pass the torch.”

He laughs. “Sorry, it doesn’t work that way. I’ll see you in thirty.”

I won’t have enough time to head home to get dressed professionally. I wiggle my dress back on, slipping my heels on. I swing the door open.

I cup my mouth and yell, “Nico!”

He should have a key to Rett and Scarlett’s place, and she won’t mind if I borrow something. I’ll send a text telling her thanks later.

Footsteps thunder up the stairs. “What’s going on?” He looks around, looking for danger.

“I need to go to Scar’s place and then to the casino.”

He places a hand over his racing chest. “For fuck’s sake, woman, I thought I had to come charging in like a white knight to kill a spider.”

I watch him from the doorway. He acts all cool, but his eyes are wide, scanning the floor.

“I can kill a spider. I’m not some helpless woman, you know. I can handle myself.”

His eyes meet mine. “Sometimes it’s okay to rely on a man.”

“I have George. Besides, he’ll kill anyone that I need.” I grin at him before patting him on the cheek. “Ready to go? George only gave me thirty minutes.”

He shakes his head. “You need to let loose sometimes, your wound up tighter than a nun in church.”

I glare at him. “Are you saying I need to get laid?”

“Ah, yeah.”

“Are you going to fix that?”

He steps closer to me, lowering his head, and brushes a kiss along my jaw and neck. He runs his hand along my back, pulling me closer to his chest. My hands reach out, grabbing onto his shirt.

“Nico, you’re with Tony.”

“Don’t worry about him. We can have fun later, trust me.” He runs his hand along my collarbone. “You’re so beautiful, Serafina.”

His lips brush my nape, sending butterflies shooting wildly in my stomach. A moan slips by accident. “Nico, we can’t.”

He drops his head on my shoulder with a deep inhale. He looks at me. “Then we all need to have a chat.”

He leads me back toward the stairs, more confused than ever. What is there to talk about? He practically made out with me in the bedroom like it was nothing. I’m a home wrecker. Tony is going to hate me once he finds out.

“Tony, we need to have a chat with our girl,” Nico yells once he reaches the last step.

Our girl? I don’t have time for this. I need to get going. “I need to go, and I’m running out of time. Can you two gab like grannies later?”

Tony throws a set of keys at me. “Go. I’ll pick the car up later. Or you can swing by after your finish dealing with your business.”

I look down at the keys in my hand. I can’t remember the last time I drove. Someone has always driven me around; I’m a little nervous. Then again, I never get this kind of freedom.

“Thanks. I’ll see ya later.” I don’t even wait for them to answer before I rush out the door. Then my world stops, my fucking clothes. I blame Nico for everything. I don’t have time for this bullshit. I hit the unlock button on the key fob. The lights blink on the Mercedes G-Wagon. Guess we’re driving the big guns today.

I make it to the casino just shy of my thirty-minute timeline. Still dressed in my clubbing dress, I walk into my casino like a boss bitch. I don't stop walking until I reach the security room. I type the code and enter. The room falls quiet.

“Fina.” George growls.

“Don't. You gave me a tight timeline. You get what you get. What's the problem? I swear it better be life or death, buddy.” I walk to his side, looking into all the CCTV screens.

George lets out a deep sigh. “Remember those gangs that Tito was concerned about?”

“Yeah,” I nervously answered.

“Well, they discovered your casino and are running a mess.”

Fuck's sake.

“Ro, get me a new outfit.”

I'm going to be here for a while longer than I wanted to be.



The thing I've noticed between Lucca and me is that Lucca runs his mafia differently than I do. I'm more strict with my men, while Lucca lets his friends do whatever. If someone stepped out of line and planned shit for me, I would lose my mind. I may not know exactly what I'm doing, but fake it till you make it, and in this world, that's all I know—especially

trying to run casinos. I didn't know a thing, but luckily I remembered a few things from Dad.

The only thing that drives me crazy is the way Lucca goes about his organization. I understand his dad was the one in charge of everything, and he's only now getting shit dealt with, and he's trying to find his own way, which includes building his little sex club. Cause God knows coke wasn't his way of dealing in this world. I can only hope he finds his own roots with no more issues.

Tony and Nico are both Capos, which is very odd in a mafia; usually, there is only one. Leave it to Lucca to make his own rules. I can't say anything. I'm a female mob boss. Outcasted at best.

I make my way downstairs to meet with the local gang. They are in for a surprise if they think they can enter my casino and cause chaos in my house. Just because I'm a girl doesn't mean I will bend to their will.



I might have gotten carried away in the hallway with Serafina. I can tell she doesn't know Tony and I have an open relationship. That's why we need to talk to her. Whatever doubt she has in her mind, we need to lay at rest. I want her, and so does Tony. We usually never agree on someone and Serafina. No words to express that woman. She could walk all over my balls in stilettos, and I would do whatever she wanted me to.

I can only hope she's open to this.

"Where you at?" I call out, walking toward the office.

"Back here. What do you need?" Tony answers.

"Always you, baby." I step inside the office and take in the destruction. What the fuck is happening here? "I leave you alone for a second, and the tornado of the year has struck."

He looks up from the papers that are scattered all over the floor. "Don't ask. Lucca had some mishap at the club. Now I have to go through all the paperwork. I don't know why Scarlett can't do this. She's the lawyer."

"Shouldn't the bookkeeper do this?" I kneel next to him, picking a piece of paper up. I was never one for numbers, so I have no idea what I'm looking at.

"That would be easy. Then again, it's Lucca. He doesn't do things the easy way, now, does he?"

That's the truth, then again. He's still trying to find his footing as a Don. Even five months later, he's still having a hard time. Maybe he should chat with Serafina; since she was forced into the position, she might have a few words of advice for him.

I leave Tony alone in the office to make some lunch. I'm not sure when Serafina will return his car; I'm surprised he let her borrow it. I have a hard time getting those fuckin' keys. I blame her pussy, it's definitely magical, and he hasn't even gotten a taste of it. Yet.

I need to figure out a way to tell Serafina we want her.

Me: Hey, Can I have Serafina's number?

Shoot your shot, right? No other way to get shit done than do it right away. I can't sit around forever and wait for her to come to us.

Scar: Why?

Me: To talk about the weather. Why else does one want a woman's number?

Scar: Ew. Some shit I don't need to know. Why didn't you ask Lucca?

Me: Because he'll give the third degree about dating a different mafia family, and I can't deal with that right now.

It's not a complete lie, he's threatened us a few times already, but do we listen? Fuck no. She's what we want. Period.

I finish up in the kitchen before heading back to Tony. I mull over what to send Serafina; I don't want to scare her. It was bad enough that I lost it earlier. I would've fucked her against the wall if she had let me.

When I enter the office, Tony is in the same spot. The only difference is the paper is slowly disappearing. I place the tray of food down on the desk.

“Stop for a while and eat with me. You can't work all day.”

I watch as he moves toward me. My heart still races every time he comes near me. It's the way he looks at me. He doesn't even have to say I love you; I know it with his look. I'll never have to worry about him leaving me, and I have way too much on him, anyway.

“I think it's almost finished, and we'll have to head to the club later tonight.”

I watch as he grabs a sandwich off the tray. As he flicks his wrist, I watch a piece of lettuce drop to the floor. He's too busy talking about what he must do at the club to notice. I'm not going to interrupt him; he's on a roll, but then again.

“So, I have Serafina's number.” I casually bring up.

That shuts him up. He frowns. “How? Lucca would never give it to you.”

I grin. “I have my ways. Never doubt that. Since she has to bring your car back, I figured I would invite her for supper.”

He shrugs. “Can try. What's the worst she can do? We need to explain things to her, anyway.”

I pull my phone out, thinking of a way to invite her for dinner. Since she has to return the car, getting her here will be easy.

Me: *Fragolina*, would you want to spend supper with Tony and me?

That sounds good; not too formal. I feel good about myself. How long does it take for one to text back? I'm not one to be known for patience.



It's been hours, and I haven't heard back from Serafina. I'm not sure what that means. Perhaps the situation at her casino isn't working out smoothly. Then again, I honestly don't know what she does there. It's one thing that we don't talk about at meetings. She always keeps to herself.

“What are you waiting on?”

Tony's voice pulls me out of my thoughts. “Oh, um. Nothing.” I tuck my phone under my leg.

He walks closer to me, and before I can react, he pulls my phone out from under my leg. Waving it in the air. “Waiting on a text still?”

“She's busy, that's all.”

“Or she's ignoring some creep that randomly texted her.”

I fake hurt, placing my hand on my chest. “I am no creep —”

A knock at the door interrupts me. Tony grabs his Glock from his waistband. I stand and do the same. Usually, if someone were coming over, they would give us a heads-up. With a nod, I move to the door, and Tony stands beside me. When I look through the peephole, I shake my head.

“It’s Serafina.” I replace my Glock before I open the door.

I pull the door open, taking in the blonde goddess before me.

“Hey, sorry to drop by without calling.” She fidgets with the hem of her shirt. “I wanted to ask you both something.”

I step aside, watching her walk ahead of me. I catch Tony checking her ass out. He’s such an ass man.

“It’s fine, Serafina. You caught us at a good time, actually. We need to head to Blue Eyes soon,” I tell her.

“Here, sit. What is it that you need to talk about?” Tony asks.

Serafina sits in the armchair while Tony and I sit next to each other on the sofa. I watch her. Her body is stiff, which isn’t like her. Serafina is a very blunt person. She isn’t afraid to speak her mind; whatever she needs to say must be severe, or she is scared.

“Thank you again for letting me borrow your car, Tony.” She drops the keys on the coffee table.

“You’re welcome, and I hope you resolved your issues.”

She clenched her fists. “About that, remember Tito and his issue with the gangs?”

“Yeah,” Tony and I answer together.

“Seems like he was correct, except it wasn’t his family they were going after. It’s mine.”

I lean forward, propping my forearms on my knees. “Hold up, what do you mean? That was the point of Tito calling that stupid meeting.”

“No shit, it was a surprise when I walked into the office and saw them all over my CCTV screens causing havoc all over my casino. Removing them took me all day, but I’m afraid they’ll hit up my other casino now.”

“We can talk to Lucca, see what he knows, and go from there. Don’t be scared to reach out to us,” I said, reassuring her.

“I’ll do that. I’m so used to doing things alone that I forget to reach out sometimes. I also have a question for the both of you.”

“We’re all ears,” Tony says.

Serafina looks between Tony and me, biting her lip. “I heard a rumour that you both... shit, how do I say this without sounding rude.”

I chuckle. It’s cute how she’s struggling, and I already know what she’s about to ask. “Yes, it’s true. Tony and I are both

bisexual. It's not a rumour. We do like to involve a woman in our relationship once in a while."

Her cheeks turn pink.

"Would you be interested in something like that, Serafina?" Tony asks. Leaning forward.

I want her to say yes. I need her to say yes, not for sex. I just need her. It's hard to explain, and I don't want to pressure her. I also don't want this to be a onetime deal. I'm not sure how she would feel about getting into a relationship with both of us.

"There's no pressure. If you need to take your time and ask some questions, we are here to answer them. I don't want you to be scared to contact Tony or me. Even if it isn't something you want, I still want to be friends with you."

"Could I think about it? That's a." She shook her head, wrinkling her nose. "Fuck. I'm trying to be nice here. I don't understand it, I guess."

I move to her, kneeling in front of her, taking her hand. "Everyone's relationship is different. That's what makes them unique. We don't date each other to please the world. What we do behind closed or open doors is no one's business. Sometimes others have a hard time accepting different things."

"You're not scared of what others think?"

"Never, not once. I've been very open about my sexuality since day one. On the other hand, Tony had it worse than I did." I rub the back of her hand. "You need to think if this is

something you want because I'm not holding back if I get you."

"Okay, I'll think about it."

I bring her hand to my lips, kissing her knuckles. "Sounds good. Take all the time you need. We'll be here. Did you want us to drive you home, or is George picking you up?"

She tugs her hand back. "George is outside, in fact."

That man scares the fuck out of me. He could tear my head off my shoulders, scary.

The doorbell rings, sending my heart plummeting.

"That'll be George, and I told him to come to get me in twenty. I'll see you, boys, later."

I walk her to the door and wrap my arm around her waist, tilting her chin upwards. Her grey eyes swirl with emotion.

I lower my lips to hers. "Don't take too long." I pull away. Watching her lick her lips. I reach behind her, pulling the door open. "See you later."

"Bye, Nico."

I watch as she leaves, praying that she'll come back.



9

Serafina

It's been two days since the conversation. I can't wrap my mind around it, plus the shit that's been happening at the casino. I can't do it. I'm under too much stress. I would talk to George about it, but he's a guy, and I don't think he wants to hear about women's problems. It's bad enough that he gets squeamish when I'm on my period. I know just the person to ask for help.

Me: Girl, I need to talk to you. Lunch?

Scar: Sounds good. I'll meet at the usual in thirty.

Me: Thanks, girlie.

God, I love her. Every day, I count my blessing for having her in my life. She's the one that I can count on the most. I hope she can help me with my dilemma.

"Come on, Fina, we need to get a move on," George yells from downstairs.

I swear that man is worse than a Father. "I'm coming!"

"Watch that tone, young lady."

I grab my shoes and storm down the stairs. "You watch your tone, mister!" I poke him in the chest when I step close to him.

He stares down at me with a blank face. I narrow my eyes. "How did I inherit you in this deal?" he asks.

"I ask myself that every day, George."

I watch as his lip twitches. “Love you too, Fina. But we are late.”

“I hate this life, George.”

He wraps his arm around my shoulder, steering me to the door. “I know. Once these gang assholes are dealt with, it’ll be easier.”

I laugh. “You’re a horrible liar. Something else will pop up. It always does.”

I’m glad he gets it too, but I don’t understand why the gang is targeting me. They should’ve been after Tito; he deserves it more. It’s thoughts like that why Karma is biting me in the ass.

When I slide into the back seat of the SUV, Ro is in the driver’s seat.

“Morning, Ro. Catch anything last night?”

He laughs. “Nothing with a disease, if that’s what you’re wondering.”

“Gross, you’ll probably catch an STD one day. I meant did you catch one of those asshole gang members, dickwad.”

“No, boss. Came up empty. Wherever those fuckers are hiding, I’ll find them.”

He pulls out of the driveway, heading downtown. I need to find where this gang is hiding. I might have to call Lucca, since I don’t have the resources like he does. I deal with gambling. He used to deal with drugs; he might know more about the gangs in this city.

“Ro, I’m headed for lunch with Scar. Could you drop me off at the usual spot?”

He glances at George. I roll my eyes. George isn’t my keeper. He’s my bodyguard that gets paid by me. I’m the boss, and I get tired when they don’t listen to me. George nods, giving me permission to have lunch with my bestie.

I cross my arms over my chest, contemplating about running away. I already have two pushy men in my life. Do I want to add two more men to the mix?

Nico is funny and generous, while Tony is more confident and ambitious. They balance each other so well. What am I bringing to the table? I can’t figure out why they want to be with me. That’s why I need to talk to Scarlett. She’ll help me with my decision.

We stop outside of GoodBites. One of my favourite places to eat in the city. If only my bodyguards would loosen up so I could enjoy it. I brace myself for the lecture that I know that’s about to happen, even though I’ve been over it a thousand times since getting out of jail. It’s like George and Ro have forgotten what I’ve been through.

“Remember, we both will be in the restaurant, only a few feet away,” George reminds me.

“Yep,” I say.

“I don’t need another repeat of last time, Fina.”

“Yep.”

He turns around, facing me. “I mean it.”

I breathe deep, releasing it slowly. “I don’t think you remember who the boss is here, George. But I am. I make the rules. Your job is to keep me alive, not to boss me around. Understand?”

Before he can answer, I push my door open, slamming it behind me. Halfway across the sidewalk, I hear both car doors slam shut. I know the drill, they have my six no matter what, but I’m tired of them acting like I don’t understand how this life works. I get it. I may look innocent, but the Glock strapped to my thigh says otherwise. Once this gang is caught, they can relax.

I find Scar waiting for me in the far back corner—our usual spot, away from the windows—George’s one rule. We’ve always stuck with it because it’s easier than being yelled at. I take in Scar, being engaged looks good on her. It’s good to see that Rett hasn’t taken away her spunk. I love to see her still being a little brat for him.

“Hey, sweetie.” I sit across from Scar, reaching for my menu.

“Hey, you. How are things?”

I lean back in the booth, looking at the ceiling. “I’m stressing beyond words. I’m so lost, and those assholes over there aren’t helping.”

She glances over her shoulder to where George and Ro are sitting. When she looks at me again, I see pity in her eyes. We place our order when the waitress comes around. I need to get my question out before I chicken out. She’s known Nico and

obviously Tony longer, so she would be the person to guide me. She would be the one to know what it's like to want someone for the longest time and not be able to have them.

“Can I ask you something?”

She takes a sip of her drink. “Shoot, what's eating ya?”

“Nico and Tony.” She starts laughing. “You know, don't you?”

“Oh, yeah. It's not a secret. What's your question?”

I wait while the waitress places our food in front of us before I say what I need to. I clear my throat, mentally pulling my big girl pants up.

“They asked if I wanted to have a relationship with them at the same time. I'm not sure what to do. What should I do?”

“I've known Nico forever, and they've been through hell to get where they are. Our dad was an asshole and hated the idea that his only son was in love with a guy. God, forbid you let your son love someone they choose.” She wipes a tear away. “Sorry, I still get emotional when I think of his struggle. If you ever want to feel loved beyond your wildest dreams, want for nothing and feel protected. Those two would give you the world, Serafina.”

I play with my fish taco; I'm no further ahead with my answer. Of course, she would tell me that her brother is the best thing. Although I know she would drop his dirty secrets if I asked.

“Would I be nuts to walk away from them, or should I at least try?”

“Girl, if two guys wanted to dick me down at the same time, fuckin’ count me in.” She shrugs.

We burst out in laughter. “You are a nasty bitch,” I tell her.

“Rett, he brings it out in me. Once you find the perfect man, it happens. I give you permission to date my brother, if that’s what’s bothering you.”

“Thank you, looks like I’m jumping in with both feet.”

“Thata girl!” She gives me a massive smile.

This is what I needed. When I look at George, he’s tapping his watch. I roll my eyes, sticking my tongue out at him.

“My warden is telling me it’s time to go. I’ll call you later.”

“Bully the crap out of George, and maybe he’ll cry and realize that you’re the boss once and for all.”

I hug her. “I wish, girl.”

After paying, I wait for George. I want this day over with already, and I haven’t even made it to the office yet.



I can’t concentrate on anything. My mind keeps going over everything from Scarlett’s conversation to Nico and Tony’s words. I need to figure my shit out. I’m glad they are giving

me space to think, but maybe some pressure would've been better.

“Are you paying attention?” George’s voice booms above my head, making me jump.

“Yep, continue.”

He groans before moving back to his seat across from the desk. I flash a smile before dragging the file back toward me. I flick it open, reading about the Brass Devils Gang.

“This all that Ro could find?” It only tells me the leader’s name and a grainy photo of him. Not much to go off of.

“For now, he’s still digging around. We hired extra security for all the casinos and the house. I’m not taking any chances, Fina.” His eyes roam over mine. “I only want what’s best for you. You know that, right?”

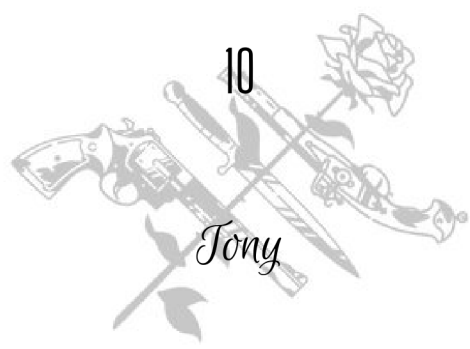
“I do, but sometimes, you overrun my authority, and it pisses me off. I’m the boss of the Buratti mafia. You have to start listening to what I say. The men need to respect me, George, not you.”

He bows his head. “I understand.”

“Thank you, I’m going to call Lucca and see if he can help us. I understand Ro is doing everything he can, but Lucca used to run drugs. I think he can do more for us.”

“Don’t make it a habit, Fina. He’s still a rival.” His warning tone is confident and unmistakable. This is why it’s hard for me to do anything in this world. Everyone is stuck in the ways of the old.

I ignore him going back to work. What's more shit to add to my plate.



10

Tony

I have a feeling we came off a little too strong with Serafina. I think three days is enough space. Either she reaches out to us, or I'm going to see her. Nico is trying, but I can tell he's also holding back. I noticed him checking his phone every once in a while. He tries to hide his disappointment, but he is never one to hide his feelings.

“Stop, Nico. You could've texted her instead of waiting.”

He glares at me from across the kitchen table. “You could've, your moaning like a little bitch too.”

I know he's right, but from what I learnt from Scarlett, women are weird. They like their space, but not too much space. It's so confusing. Why can't women come with a manual or something?

“So, what's going on with Lucca?”

I dropped all the paperwork off the other day, and Lucca looked stressed beyond stressed. I'm sure he can figure out whatever is happening; I told him to let others help. It's their job too.

He needs to learn to let others in, and I thought when Charlie came back into his life that he would relax a little more, but that hasn't been the case. I still have a hard time believing that Ada is seven. I'm surprised that Lucca hasn't asked Charlie to get married yet. Maybe he's scared because of what happened with Bianca.

“I’m not sure. I haven’t checked up on Lucca yet. We probably could pop over once we’re done eating.”

“Works for me. After we’ll visit Serafina, settle any nerves she might have,” Nico tells me.

I couldn’t agree more.



I’m surprised Lucca didn’t just move all the offices to the club. He’s the only one that stayed at the townhouse; sometimes, I don’t blame him. Blue Eyes is a distraction, the offices are supposed to be soundproof, but you can still hear things. From time to time, it pisses me off, and it’s something I’ve grown to ignore.

It’s easy to find Lucca, he’s always behind his desk.

“Don’t you ever take a day off?” I ask when I sit in my usual chair.

He drops his head in his hands. “Tony, did we do the right thing?”

“Your father needed to die, Lucca. You did the right thing at the right time. Were you ready? No. Now, though. Yes.”

He lets out a frustrated growl. “I hate this, Tony. Just for once, I want things to go my way. To top it off, Serafina called yesterday asking for help with the Brass Devils Gang.”

Nico walks in at the tail end of Lucca's sentence, sitting next to me. I reach for his hand.

"What's up with the dick gang?" Nico asks.

"They are causing problems with the Buratti mafia. Serafina wanted some information on them since I know most of the gangs in the city. She thought I could get more for her."

"Did you find anything else?" I ask.

Lucca shakes his head. "Nothing that her men haven't found. Otto Watts, leader of the gang, that's all. I'll see what Rett can do, but other than that, she's on her own. Sad to say. I hope that with the number of men she has behind her, she can contain them for now. But I honestly have too much shit of my own to worry about."

I think Serafina can handle anything that's thrown at her. She's a strong woman. I'm glad she reached out for help, as Nico suggested.

"Okay, so what's going on with Blue Eyes? Why did Tony have to do all that paperwork?" Nico inquired carefully.

Lucca leans back in his chair. "You know how it is. Gotta make the paper trail look legit, *stupido governo*. Making me prove where everything goes. You know how it is." He waves us off.

"All right, well, we need to head to the club. If you need anything, call." I get ready to get up when Nico holds me back.

“I have a question. If we were to get into a relationship with Serafina, what would you think about that?” Nico asks Lucca.

He folds his hands on his desk, his blue eyes shifting between us. “It’s not ethical for two mafia families to get together. If something happens, what will that do to my relationship with her? I still have to work with Serafina. Is this something that you both are serious about? I’m not going to tell you who you can and cannot date. Just don’t fuck it up.” He glances at me.

“I won’t be the one fucking it up.”

Nico laughs. “It would totally be you. I’m the funny one. You’re the serious one. No offence, babe.”

“Whatever, no one will fuck it up. Let’s go.”

I’m not as serious as Rett, so I have that going for me.



“Text Serafina. I want her ass in the club now.”

“Why can’t you text her? Communication works from both of us, you know,” Nico mumbles.

I see him reach for his phone like I knew he would. We’ve been in the club for the last couple of hours, the doors open shortly, and I want an answer from her. I’m tired of waiting around.

“She said she’ll be here in thirty.” He smiles at me.

I rest my forearms on my desk. “Do you think Serafina will say yes?”

“Fuck, I don’t know. That woman is something else. Are you worried that she’ll say no?”

I rake my fingers through my hair. “In a way, yeah. Do you think she needs two men in her life? Like honestly, you can tell me otherwise.”

Nico rounds the desk and swivels my chair, facing him. His gorgeous green eyes met mine. Cupping my face, he says, “Your, my *anima gemella*, my soulmate. You’ll always be my best friend that won’t ever change, with or without Serafina. I’ve told you this before. With or without her, I’ll love you to the end of the earth. But... if she is with us, I have enough love to spread around.”

He opens his arms wide to show me. I laugh, pulling him into me. “I love you.”

“Love you too.” His lips gently caress mine, his hand moving into my hair. I let out a moan when his other hand moved to my growing dick.

“Fuck, baby, I need you,” I spoke in a barely audible voice.

A knock on the door crushes my dreams of fucking my boyfriend against the desk again. I growl.

“What?”

“You have a guest!” Rachael yells.

“Serafina,” Nico whispers. He stands, walking to the door. Peering over his shoulder, he looks at me once more. “Ready for this?”

“I think so, don’t keep our girl waiting.”

The second that door opens, Serafina is standing there looking sexy and sophisticated in her black suit.

“Damn, *fragolina*,” Nico blurted out with no shame.

She laughingly shook her head. “Never seen a woman in a suit before, Nico?”

“Well, yeah, Scar all the time, but she’s like a sister, so it’s not the same thing. It would be weird if I told her she looks hot as fuck, wouldn’t it?”

She rolls her eyes, walking into the office. The last time she was in here, she was drunk. I watch as she wanders around the office, looking at some artwork on the wall. Then her eyes land on the window. She slowly steps closer.

“You have a bird’s eye view of everyone down below?”

“We do. It’s how we keep track of drunk mafia Dons,” I tell her.

She turns, glaring at me. “That was a onetime deal.” She points her finger at me. “I won’t be making a sequel. Those girls in my life are horrible influences.” She laughs.

Nico shakes his head and laughs. “About time you realized that. I would’ve warned you, but I’m fond of my manhood,

and Stella may look nice, but I know her.” He bares his teeth and throws his hands up like claws.

“She is not!” Serafina laughs. “She is the nicest person I know, you dick.” She finally sits on the couch kicking her heels off.

I want to bring up our conversation, but I don’t want to come off too strong. We’re all so relaxed now, with an easiness between us, that I don’t want to be the ass that brings up the reason why I wanted her here in the first place. Then again, she showed up, so she must have an answer for us. Even if it’s not good, I’ll accept it either way. But I’m not good at waiting.

“Serafina, please, it’s been damn near three days without a word from you. What’s going on?” I genuinely ask.

She releases a puff of air. “I’ve never had the chance to date. My dad was very strict with me growing up. I think, in a way, he was secretly grooming me for this position. I don’t think he wanted anyone else getting close to the family.” Her head leans against the back of the couch. “I’m not sure how to be a girlfriend. I’m not sure what’s being expected of me. How will this affect Lucca and my family if I fail you? Because let’s be real, I’ll fail. I’m sure of it, and then what?”

Between her and Lucca bringing that up, now I’m worried. On the other hand, she can’t be putting all the relationship’s stress on her alone. It’s shared between three people. I move across the room, kneeling in front of her. Placing my hand on her knee, her head falls forward until her eyes meet mine.

“We can talk more, but you aren’t alone in this relationship, Serafina. There are two other people. Share the load, sweetheart.”

“How?”

“Let go,” Nico says.

“I want that so much with the both of you.”

That’s all I needed to hear, and I’ve been waiting days to hear those sweet fuckin’ words. I look over at Nico and see the light shine brighter in his eyes. This is what he needed, too.



11

Serafina

I finally said yes. It feels incredible. Except now I have no idea what to expect from Nico and Antonio. Nico told me to let go, but how? I still don't know how or what to do. I stare at Tony, taking him in. His brown eyes stare up at me.

“Are you even ready to date a mob boss?”

Nico laughs. “Fuckin’ rights I am. I want to boss you around.”

Nico moves toward me, sitting next to me on the couch. While Tony spreads my legs wider, my heart rate kicks up. I’ve never been with two men before, and I’m unsure where I should place my hands or who I should focus on. One internal battle that I’m not sure how to deal with my eyes move between them, and I swallow hard.

“What do I do?” I whisper.

“Relax, baby girl. We’ve had you since the moment we saw you. You were always meant to be ours, Serafina,” Tony tells me, a smile touching his mouth.

I’m trying to relax, but my mind won’t let me. I’m usually not like this, but lately, with things going on with the casinos, I

can't relax. My brain won't shut off even with Tony between my legs.

"I think she needs to be shown how, Tony," Nico says.

"I think you're right. Stand up, baby girl." Tony moves away.

Tony stands and waits for me to stand up. Nico stays on the couch, never taking his eyes off me. I do as I'm told, giving up all control. I close my eyes, releasing a deep breath. I slowly stand, my legs wobbly with anticipation.

Nico moves to the edge of the couch, shifting me, so I'm facing him. He runs his finger in between my waistband.

"God, your skin is so soft." He flicks my button open and slowly unzips my pants. Tony stands behind me, working the buttons on my blouse. I'm having a hard time trying to figure out which one to focus on.

"You're so fucking sexy, Serafina," Nico tells me as he slips my pants off. His hands slide up my calves to my thighs. His finger hooks into the side of my thong. The side of his finger grazes my clit, and I moan.

"Fuck, baby, the sounds you make," Tony groans, slipping my shirt off my shoulders. It falls to the floor, leaving me in my black lace bra and thong.

Nico's finger brushes back and forth on my clit, sending a jolt of electricity throughout my body. Tony takes that moment to unclasp my bra, adding it to the pile of clothes on the floor.

He buries his head into my neck, groaning. I gasp when Nico sticks a finger deep inside me, stroking my g-spot.

“Nico.” I moan his name. He lifts my leg, placing it over his shoulder, opening me wider for him. Tony cups my breasts, and his fingers pinch my nipples. My head falls back onto his chest, with his hard-on pressing into my back. Tony licks a trail up my neck and along my jaw. His hand works its way into my hair, gripping it tight. I moan in satisfaction. His lips capture my mouth in a slow saturated kiss. I can almost feel how much he wants this as much as I do. How much we’ve been waiting. My fingers find his hair pulling him deeper into my mouth.

I’ve never been so manhandled so much in my life before. Nico withdraws his fingers only to replace them with his tongue. I cry out, pulling away from Tony. Nico licks, suck and nips at my clit. My body shakes with my incoming orgasm, Nico pulls away, and I whimper at the loss.

“You come around our cocks or nothing else.” He lowers my leg and stands. He flicks his belt open, and the metal clangs together while he unzips his pants. Tony moves away from me to unzip his pants.

I swallow hard, trying to think of what’s coming.

They make fast work with their dress shirts. What greets my eyes is something I was not expecting. Nico’s chest is covered in beautiful artwork, something that suits him. A skull with devil horns and wings. His body is beautifully sculpted. I can’t help but stare, then my eyes move south. The bulge that is

pressing against his black briefs has my pussy clenching. *Fuck me.*

Tony shifts, taking my gaze in his direction. My throat goes dry when I take him in. Tony doesn't have a large tattoo like Nico; he has a small one above his heart that reads, *Nico, forever*. I swear my heart could burst any second now. I remember what Scar told me about their father, and I can only think about what that tattoo means to him. Their love for each other defines all love, proving that no matter what gets thrown your way, you can and will overcome anything. I want that sort of love.

I smile at Tony. Then I turn to Nico, who smiles at me. Maybe one day they can also love me too.

“You all right, baby?” Tony asks, moving closer.

I place my hand above his heart. “I'm perfect, couldn't be any happier.” Which isn't a complete lie.

“Perfect, then let us continue.” Nico slips his briefs off. His cock stands at attention. I lick my lips before looking at him. Tony removes his briefs, and I stare at his cock too. My pussy is getting to be a greedy bitch because I want both now. I reach out, stroking them at the same time. Tony groans, and Nico grunts.

Tony grabs Nico's neck pulling him for a kiss. “Oh, fuck,” I whisper. They pull away from each other, grinning.

“It's always a shock at first, baby. You'll get used to it,” Nico says.

“I fuckin’ hope not,” I tell him. I lower to the floor, taking back some control; I suck Nico in my mouth. First, his hips flexed, pushing his cock further into my mouth.

“Fuck, baby, that feels amazing.” His fingers weave into my hair, holding me still as he thrusts. I push his stomach still as I pop him out of my mouth. He groans at the loss. I move over to Tony.

I lick his shaft before sucking his tip. “Oh, baby girl. Shit.” Tony moans. He stays still as I bob my head the length of his cock. I stroke Nico with the same movement I’m using on Tony. I glance up to see them kissing again. I release Tony only to bring Nico closer. If they want to be together, I’ll suck them off together. I open my mouth as wide as I can go bringing both cocks inside.

“Oh shit,” Nico groans.

“Fuck me.” Tony moans.

I move my hands along their shaft and swirl my tongue over their tips, pressing them together in my mouth. Their hips flex at the same time driving their cocks further into my mouth while drool drips down my chin onto my breasts. My pussy is soaking too, but I can’t find any release yet. No matter how many times I shift my thighs.

Nico is the first to back away. “Stand now,” he growls.

I stand on shaky legs. Tony holds my arm, giving me support.

“If you can take two cocks in your mouth, you can take two cocks in your pussy.”

Oh, fuck. Before I can say anything, Nico guides me to the couch, where he lies down first. He pats his lap, and I have no choice but to straddle him.

“You’ll do great, baby. Are you on birth control?”

“Yeah, why?” I ask.

“We’re fucking you raw, baby girl,” Tony says from behind me.

Nico lifts me, guiding his cock to my wet entrance. I groan as I slowly sink further down. I clench as I tilt my hips forward. Nico groans as I ride him slowly.

“Fuck, baby, keep doing that. Use me, find your release, because once you do. We’re not holding back to find ours,” he rasped out.

I work my fingers to my clit, circling the sensitive bud. My hips flex faster, my breath coming out in my pants. Nico groans again as I clench around his cock. Before I can say anything, my climax hits me. I moan loudly, clawing at his chest, throwing my head back and closing my eyes tight. I stop riding him, trying to catch my breath.

“So hot. Are you ready for me now, baby girl?” Tony asks, before I can say anything, Nico wraps his arms around me, pressing me against his chest.

Tony runs his hand along my back, down my ass, before smacking it. My core clenches around Nico’s cock.

“I think she likes being spanked. Her pussy doesn’t lie,” Nico tells Tony.

“Good to know. We’ll keep that in mind for next time.”

I feel Tony’s cock rub against my ass before he reaches my pussy. My body stiffens when he shifts forwards.

“Relax, baby. It’s going to feel amazing, trust me,” Nico reassures me.

I try to relax. It’s a little tricky when another cock is trying to be pushed into my pussy. I take another deep breath when Tony pushes deeper; his groan only turns me on more.

“Holy shit, so tight I won’t last long,” Tony says.

Nico shifts his hips, and I cry out. It’s not until Tony moves next that I’m coming again. They both move in unison, never letting my climax end. I bury my head into Nico’s neck, and Tony’s fingers dig into my hips, pulling me closer.

“I’m coming. You better be coming, Nico.”

“Soon, I’m enjoying this. Fuck Tony, she feels amazing with you inside.”

“She sure does, baby. Fuck her with me.”

My body shakes when they pick up speed. Tony is the first to finish, groaning loudly, squeezing my hips tight as he shoots his cum inside me.

“Holy shit,” Tony pants.

Nico groans as pleasure tears through him. His lips press hard to the side of my head; that little touch makes me tingle

all over. “You did so good, baby. I’m so proud of you.”

Tony kisses my back before moving away. I’m so tired I can’t move; this wasn’t how I was expecting this night to go when I came to visit them. I only wanted to talk with them—this was better.



I'm at peace. I never thought that I would genuinely find it, especially with another person but Serafina, fuck, she does it for me. Antonio will always be my first love, but I have room for another, and I think that's for her. She shifts slightly on my chest. I don't want to move, but we need to leave. I move her to the side, laying her on the couch.

"I'm too tired to move. Leave me here," she mumbles into the cushion.

"No can do *fragolina*. We can't stay in the club all night." I stand, grabbing my pants off the floor. I notice that Tony is already dressed, which isn't odd for him. He doesn't usually waste any time after sex to get dressed; his look surprises me. I quickly move to him, cupping his face.

"What's wrong," I whisper.

His gaze shifted over my shoulder. If he has regrets, it's relatively late. We both agreed on this before we asked Serafina to be with us; if he didn't want it, then he shouldn't have gone where we went. My anger burns in my stomach.

"It's not that." He rubs his face. "What if she has regrets being with two men? She is the Don of the mafia. Can you imagine what that will look like when she goes out in public with us for the first time?"

I tug him close. "That's a bridge we'll all cross together when the time comes. For now, let's enjoy tonight." I bend to grab Serafina's underwear. No matter how much she wants to

stay here, we need to get her home. When I turn to face her, she's sitting up, staring at us.

“How ya feeling?” I ask as I kneel in front of her. I take one foot and wiggle her thong on.

“I'm fine, tired and sore. Is Tony okay?” She gives me her other foot as I glide her underwear up her legs.

I let out a deep sigh. “He'll be okay, and we need to talk more about our relationship. Lift your hips.”

She laughs. “I can get myself dressed, Nico.” She lifts her hips, and I can't help but notice how swollen her pussy is. My cock twitches, ready for round two. I can't do that to her. I know she's sore. I look over at Tony. He shakes his head, already knowing what I'm thinking.

“Get dressed. We're leaving,” Tony growls.

“Cockblocker,” I mutter under my breath.

Serafina snorts out a laugh. She slaps her hand over her mouth. “Sorry, but I outrank you, making me the boss of this threesome. I'll say when we leave.”

“No, baby girl. When you're with us, you don't have a say anymore,” Tony says, throwing her clothes at her. “Get dressed.”

Her mouth drops open. She snaps it shut. “Whatever, you only boss me around in the relationship Tony, that's all. Don't let it go to your head. I will and can kick your ass if I have to.” She pulls her bra on, finally covering her beautiful breasts.

We guide her out the back of Blue Eyes toward the car. I glance over and notice Serafina wincing. I feel like an asshole, but I like her sore. I want her to remember us between her legs when she heads to work tomorrow. When all those men stare at her, they know she belongs to us.

The ride back to the townhouse is quiet, and I don't like the quiet. That leaves too much room for thoughts to wander, some in good places while others head south real quick. I know Tony is going to struggle. I'm not sure about Serafina, though. I wish someone would say something. If I did, it would be a stupid joke, and I don't think either one of them could handle it. By the time we pull into the driveway, I feel a weight being lifted. We shouldn't be like this already. Maybe we did make a mistake.

I turn around, and Serafina is on her phone; a slight frown is forming.

“What's wrong?” I reach back, touching her knee.

Her head snaps upward. “The same old bullshit.” She rubs her temple. “Trying to catch the gang that is causing shit at the casino still. It's only getting worse by the day.”

“I'm sure he'll fuck up sooner or later, and your men will catch them. He can't keep it up forever. You have Lucca and us to help remember,” Tony tells her.

“I know, but I need to figure some things out on my own. This wasn't what I signed up for. Running a casino was supposed to be easy.” She sighs heavily.

I get out of the car walking to her side. Tony is already out and waiting for me. I have no idea how we're going to make this work between the three of us, but all I know is I'm not quitting before we even start. I open Serafina's door. As she steps out, she still has a frown.

"I think I need to head to the casino. George and Ro can only do so much without me there. I'm not going to be much company tonight, guys. I'm so sorry." She bites her lips looking between Tony and me.

"Did you want us to head down there with you? Maybe they might get scared if they see another mafia family," I suggest shrugging. Can't hurt to try.

She shakes her head. "I don't think my men are ready for that yet. Let me inform them of us first, before you start showing up."

I run my hand through her hair. "I don't like the idea of you handling things alone, so the sooner you tell them, the quicker I can publicly claim you."

Her cheeks grow pink. "Give me a few days to deal with them. They are like a bunch of big brothers, a little too overprotective."

Tony chuckles. "I'm pretty sure we can handle a couple of men, baby girl. Get back in. We'll give you a ride."

I opened her door, wishing we had more time with her; this wasn't how I wanted this evening to go. Then again, I had no expectations for this evening. Things will have to move slowly

for us for now. It'll be all work and no play, apparently. No matter how much I want to spend all day playing with Tony and Serafina. Responsibilities come first. Fuckin' bullshit if you ask me. Our trio is new, and I need to remind myself it only just started a few hours ago, but in my mind, it started days ago when we asked Serafina to be with us.

I'm worried that this gang will cause too much hassle for her, I want to be there, but I understand that she wants to take things slow, mostly with her men. Bringing in other possessive assholes won't go over so well for her.

"Would you mind stopping somewhere quick to eat? I normally get Scott or Ro to grab me something, but we're already out."

"It's no problem, *fragolina*. I don't want my girl to go hungry tonight," Tony says as he pulls out of the driveway.

Tony drives to the closest place for food, and that's when we realize Serafina doesn't care what she eats as long as she eats before she gets hangry. I'm okay with that. We grew up with Scarlett; we understand how it is. When her casino comes into view, dread fills my stomach. I don't like her walking in there knowing a gang is after her. Tony pulls up to the curb, and George is waiting on us. He looks pissed.

"Does he always look like he's sucking lemons?" I laugh, still staring at George.

"He does. It takes a lot for him to laugh. Thanks for the ride. I'm really sorry to end the night like this." The click of her

seat belt fills the cap of the car. Next thing I know, she's moving forward between Tony and me.

Her fingers trace along my jaw, tilting my face to hers. "I'm glad I came to see you tonight, Nico." Her lips press firmly to mine.

I thread my fingers in her hair, enjoying how our lips move together. Tony groans from his seat, and I pull away from Serafina, I push her head toward Tony. I watch as my boyfriend kisses her with as much force as I did. Her hand grips his shirt, and I can't help myself. I cup her breast pinching her nipple until she moans into Tony's mouth.

"Have fun at work, baby girl." Tony strokes her cheek, smiling at her.

"Call us when you get home tonight." I get out and open her door. I feel a presence behind me. "Hello, George," I say without looking.

He grunts. Serafina steps out, rolling her eyes.

"Enough, George. I'm not up for a lecture from you at the moment. Get your ass inside. We have shit to deal with."

I bite my lip, holding in my laugh. The size difference makes it even more comical, even with heels on, she only comes up to his shoulders. She's only four inches shorter than Tony and me, but it makes a difference, but George he's taller than I am. Good thing I know how to work a fuckin' gun.

I watch as they both walk into the casino. She turns, giving me a smile and lifting her phone, wiggling it, letting me know

she'll call later. With a deflated breath, I get back into the car.

“She'll be fine, Nico.”

“I know, it feels weird, doesn't it?” I look out the window staring at the massive flashing lights of the casino sign.

“What does?”

“Worrying about another person, I've only had to worry about you before. I never truly cared about anyone else we slept with, she's.” I look back at him. “Different, you feel it don't you?”

He grasps my hand, bringing it to his lips. “I do, baby. It's something we'll have to get used to. We knew bringing someone else into our relationship would be different, but we're ready for this.” He kisses my knuckles. Without releasing my hand, he drives into traffic.

I should relax and let this run its course naturally and not force it, and I want things to go smoothly for everyone. I might also need to blow off some steam that doesn't involve my dick.



13

Serafina

I've been so busy dealing with this bullshit that I haven't had any time for my men. It sounds crazy every time I think about it. I have two boyfriends, and it happened so fast that I haven't had time to think about it. I've been dealing with the Brass Devils for days. I called Nico when I got home the other night, but other than that, I haven't seen them. I feel like a horrible girlfriend, I told them this would happen. I can't be in a relationship and run an empire. I'm glad they have each other because God knows I can't be there half the time.

I haven't even gotten out of bed yet. I don't even care what time it is. I roll over and snuggle deeper into my blanket, trying to cut off the world. I want to be a normal person today, not the mafia Don. I resent my family for placing me in this position. I want to be anywhere, but here, I didn't have time to think about my future. It was set in stone.

My phone dings. Of course, someone would want to talk to me while I'm going through a mini depresso meltdown. With a groan, I roll over to grab the stupid phone.

Tony: Morning, baby girl. How's your morning so far?

Me: I'm still in bed, don't have the energy to get up. Do I have to adult today?

Tony: You can do anything you want, are you naked?

I smile. Only he would ask that—time to disappoint him.

Me: Sorry, babe. Fully dressed in sleep shorts and a tank top. I do live in a house with other males, remember, I do have to get up in the middle of the night sometimes.

Tony: Don't remind me. If they didn't work for you, I would threaten the shit out of them.

Fuck. My pussy grows wet at the thought of him getting all dominant, what I wouldn't do right now for him to be here with me. My phone rings, scaring me. I breathe easier when I hit the green answer button.

“What are you doing, baby girl? It was taking you a while to answer me.” His deep voice sounds even sexier over the phone.

I clear my throat. “Nothing,” my voice comes out raspy.

“Liar, clear your schedule for the evening. Nico and I want to take you out for dinner.”

I still haven't told anyone that I'm dating them. Technically, George knows since he caught us kissing like teenagers. I got the third degree on the way up to the office. He'll have to get over it because I'm not choosing somebody he'll approve of.

“All right, pick me up at the house. Everyone will be informed of your arrival. Don't be assholes.”

He laughs. “We are never assholes.”

I hum in response. “Right, and I’m a fuckin’ lady. I’ll talk to you later. Say hi to Nico for me.”

“Will do, *fragolina*. I’ll text you a time later.”

I have no choice but to get up now. After getting dressed, I head downstairs. The house that I inherited isn’t what I would choose. This is as boring as your grandma’s house. I need to either move or renovate and fuckin’ soon. I find George and Ro in the kitchen, drinking coffee and eating.

“I hope you choke on that nasty bagel.” I move toward the coffee. I hear Ro snort behind me.

“Fina, it’s too early for your shit.”

“Well, good thing I have all day with you then, Georgie.”

George growls but doesn’t say anything else. But Ro, he doesn’t hold back.

“Aw, Georgie, that’s cute.” He gets close to George pinching his cheek. “Does your momma call you that?”

George swats his hand away. “Fuck off, you asshat. We need to head out now.”

I roll my eyes, I should hand him the reins since he’s always bossing me around. I stand there, drinking my coffee slowly. We’re running on my time this morning. When I’m done, then we will go. George needs to learn and learn quickly that I’m no longer putting up with his shit.

When George glares at me, I finish my coffee, smirking into the mug. I shoot a glance over at Ronan. A chesty laugh comes

from him as he tries to finish his breakfast. It's going to be a long day dealing with these two.



I'm tired. That's all I have. I filled everyone in on my relationship; some took the news well, while others had concerns. I don't blame them, but I reassured them that nothing would affect the family if we were to break up. I ignore most of the backlash, I don't care what they say; it's not their life.

Scott brings me another coffee sometime later. I never realized how late it was getting. It's been quiet, and nothing has gone wrong. I'm going over paperwork that should've been done ages ago. I'll admit I've been slacking on everything. My mind wanders so much that I can't concentrate and need to leave this office.

"George, I'm headed to the park. I need a breather." I grab a jacket from my door, I don't wait for a reply or for him to escort me. I walk away, leaving everyone. They can handle the patrons for a while without me. They're all down there gambling away without a care in the world, they have no idea what time of day it is. Sad really.

The elevators start closing as George rounds the corner, red face and looking to kill. I give him a finger wave. A little childish, but I don't care. I can't always be watched when I'm

feeling stressed. I'm going to the fuckin' park. Lay off me for at least thirty minutes. I quickly exit the casino. I haven't seen anyone with cameras in a while, but you can never be too sure. I flick the hood over my head, turning right up the sidewalk, weaving in and out amongst the pedestrians, trying to place as much space between George and me as possible. I don't look back; I keep walking, crossing street after street and getting to the park in no time.

I don't stop walking until I find a bench under a tree. The pond that's nearby has ducks swimming around. It's peaceful, nothing but the birds singing. That's when I can finally breathe. My eyes drift close as I take in all the sounds, way better than the sounds of the casino. The sound of someone sitting next to me deflates my mood. I guess George has found me after all.

"Go away, George. I'm not in the mood." I keep my eyes closed, trying to stay calm. All I wanted was some time alone. Why can't he get that?

"Too bad it's not George," this stranger's voice says in a deadly tone.

My eyes snap open my head swivels facing the stranger, so fast I get dizzy. The man sitting next to me isn't anyone I know, I'm racking my brain, thinking of everyone I've met in the last year, but his face isn't coming to mind. It's familiar, but I can't recall where I have seen him.

His broad shoulders brush against mine when he shifts, and goosebumps work through my body. My fingers brush against

my purse.

“I wouldn’t, Serafina.”

His words halt my movements. “How do you know my name?” I keep watching him. His dark eyes never leave my face.

He chuckles. “It isn’t hard. Serafina Gallo, Don of the Buratti Mafia. Trust me, I know all about you.”

I glance down at his hands, and that’s when I see the tattoo on the back of it. The fucking devil. *Fuck.*

“Otto, why are you targeting my casinos?”

“I’m not targeting you, Serafina.” He strokes a finger down my cheek, sending chills down my spine. “I want to own what you have, and trust me, I’ll have it. One way or another.”

A lump lodged in my throat, cutting off my words. All I could do was stare at him in shock. Otto says nothing more as he stands and walks away. My breath hitches as I watch him retreat further down the path. The more I think about how he touched me, the more I get pissed off. That wouldn’t have happened if I was a man. I would’ve punched the fuck out of him. The nerve he had to touch me. My stomach rolls. I lean forward, trying to calm down.

A hand squeezes my shoulder, causing me to jerk upward.

“Jesus, Fina. You’re pale. What happened?” George kneels in front of me, concern flicking in his eyes.

Tears sting my eyes when I meet with George's blue eyes. I blink, letting tears fall. I'm not worried about looking like a strong leader. It's okay to break down once in a while. George wraps his arms around me, squeezing hard.

Pulling away, he asks, "What happened? You need to talk to me."

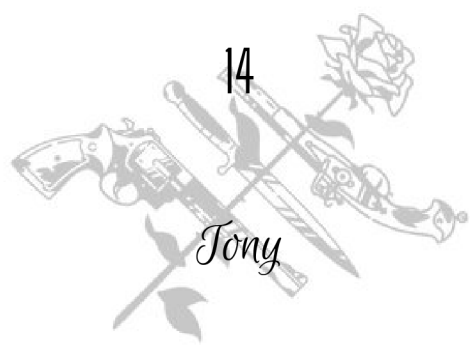
I pull in a deep breath. "Otto Watts is what happened," I bit out. I finally gather myself that prick will pay for what he did today. I don't care what I have to do. No one fucking touches me or comes after my family. I stand, brushing my skirt off. "That cunt is finished when I find him. I put the bullet in his brain. You hear me?"

George's eyes widen in shock. "Yep, loud and clear. I'll inform the men that Otto was in the area. We'll double down on security."

"Good, because he isn't getting anything of mine, and if he does, it's over my dead body."

Don't mess with a woman, we can hold grudges until the day we die, and Otto Watts, you are on my hit list until I find you. I won't quit until I hear you beg for mercy. I'll ruin you and your entire gang. I don't care how many men I have to kill to find you. You'll regret the day I do, that's for sure.

Serafina Gallo will be the last words you will ever speak. Trust me.



14

Tony

It's been such a long day that I almost forgot to send Serafina a text about supper. I honestly don't know where the time has gone, we didn't do anything productive today. More paperwork, ordering supplies for the club. It's been refreshing not to be worried about being killed on the job, that's for sure. I'll continue to tell Lucca that this was the smart choice. I think Rett even agrees, although I secretly think he misses all the hacking jobs we used to do.

I'm glad everything is running smoothly, and you'll never see me complain that much. Even when I want to test out one of the rooms, I'll get Nico and Serafina in there one of these days. Maybe I'll try after supper.

"Hurry up. I told Serafina we'd be at her place in twenty," I yell at Nico.

"Ya, I'm almost finished. Don't get your panties in a wad."

His footsteps pound down the stairs moments later. I turn to see him fixing his tie. His black tailored pants hug his thighs perfectly, making my mouth water.

"Drool, wipe it." He laughs. Coming closer to me, he kisses me. "You smell nice. Is that the new cologne I bought you for Christmas?" His nose buries deeper into my neck.

Even after all these years, I've not loved the way his body moulds to mine. Nico was made for me; I'll never have any doubts about that. Then, Serafina, she's also made for me. Or rather us, I should say.

My phone buzzes in my pocket. Nico slides his hand into my pocket, retrieving my phone. His finger brushes against my dick. I grind my teeth, knowing we don't have time for anything.

“She says she's ready and waiting.” Nico reads. “We should start heading out. Can't keep our girl waiting.”

“I hope she's ready to be seen in public with the both of us.”

“I'm sure she is. What's the worst that could happen?”

I shrug. That's what I'm worried about. I have no idea how this dinner will go. I booked a private room so we could be alone, but Serafina is still recognizable in the city. I still hear whispers about the female mafia leader that was charged with murder, she's well known, and that makes me nervous.

Serafina's house isn't a house. It's a fuckin' mansion. It makes anyone of the mafia leader's places I've seen look small. The driveway is lined with trees; if you look closely, you'll see a guard hiding among them every few feet. We drive through another set of gates that open to the mansion. The fountain in the middle of the driveway tops it all.

“A little overkill, isn't it?” I can't help but stare at the horse statue in the middle of the water.

“I fuckin' say, this is crazier than Angelo's place. Casino business must be booming.”

I park next to the row of blacked-out SUVs. It feels like I'm meeting the parents for the first time, I'm so nervous about

picking her up, blowing out a breath, I reach for the door handle.

“Wait.” Nico squeezes my shoulder.

“Why? What’s wrong?” I look into his green eyes. A smile grows on his face.

He leans in, brushing his lips along my jaw. “I love you.” His teeth nipped my lower lip before pressing them firmly. My fingers wrap around his neck, tugging at the ends of his hair. A moan slips into my mouth.

I pull away, closing my eyes. “I love you more than words can ever express, Nico.”

If I thought the outside of the place was extreme, the inside was even worse. As soon as that door opened, we were greeted with a view of a double staircase with another statue underneath. The décor should belong somewhere in Italy. It screams my grandmother decorated this place in the 80s. Nico whistles under his breath.

“I think she needs a new decorator. I’ve never seen so much floral in my life, and the carpet,” Nico says.

“Tell me about it. I hate it, but what can you do? I was thinking about burning this place down, but for insurance reasons, that won’t work either,” Serafina says from behind us.

I turn around, and she takes my breath away. “Wow, baby girl.” She walks closer to us, her heels clicking on the marble floor. I’ve never seen a woman so beautiful as she looks tonight. Or ever before.

“This house isn’t what I would call a home, let alone my style. It’s what happens when a mafia is forced on you.” She shrugs, looking around with a scrunched nose. “I hate this place with a passion.”

Nico wraps his arm around her shoulder, taking her mind off the house. “Shall we head to dinner?”

“I hope you’re hungry.” I lick my lips while watching her.

“Oh, I’m hungry, all right.” She smiles.

Fuck. She drives me crazy and does it so easily. The look on Nico’s face says he’s just as affected.



Walking into the restaurant, every set of eyes turns to us. I notice Serafina tense next to me, threading my fingers into her neck. I pull her closer to my side. We slowly make our way to our table. I could tell once we entered the private room that Serafina was relieved, I felt her muscles relax under my hand.

“This is wonderful. It’s so charming back here.” Serafina walks around the small room. It’s really not, it’s a small Italian restaurant with authentic décor.

“Could I grab your drink order?” our waitress asks.

“Oh, could I grab a whiskey and coke, please,” Serafina says.

I look at her, shocked. I haven't met many women that will drink whiskey at dinner. "Make that three."

Our waitress nods and then leaves.

"Sit, *fragolina*. Tell us about your day." Nico pulls a chair out, waiting for her.

With a small huff, she sits. Something seems off with her today. She's never this quiet, and it's making me nervous. I need to know what happened, but she still isn't talking. Nico and I sit on either side of her, waiting. When the waitress returns with our drinks, Serafina doesn't waste time tossing her drink back.

"God, that's good. It's been a rough day, gentlemen. I don't think you'll like where this conversation is headed."

"Spill it. I can already feel myself getting angry." I grip my glass, trying to reframe from losing it.

Nico's hand rests on her thigh, and with a deep breath, she recaps her day. I wasn't prepared for what she was about to say, nor was Nico. I could see his fingers slowly tightening around her thigh the more she told us about Otto.

He pulls his hand away. "Sorry, baby. Did he hurt you?" His eyes wander all over her body.

"No, it just scared me. I felt violated. I should've stayed with George. It was stupid of me, but I wasn't expecting that." She shakes her head in disappointment.

"You didn't know that asshole was stalking you in the park, Serafina. No one blames you for wanting some time alone.

Now that we know he's out there, you'll never have a moment alone. I'm impressed that you didn't come to dinner with an army," I tell her truthfully.

She's about to say something when two waitresses come in with our dinner. That's the nice thing about this place, I was able to tell them what I wanted to be served when I reserved the room. I didn't want to be disturbed all the time. Her facial expressions say it all. Getting someone else to make up her mind for her for once is what she needed, and I'm glad I could do that for her.

We don't talk much as we eat. Although I have a few things I want to get off my chest, I'll have to wait until later. I notice Nico's hand is back on her thigh, and I place my hand on her left thigh. She inhales deeply when my finger works under the slight of her skirt.

"What's wrong, baby girl? Not hungry?" I ask, slipping my hand further up her skirt.

"Oh, shit." She gasps, bracing her hands on the table.

My fingers brush against Nico's as we reach her pussy together. I glance up, linking my eyes with his. I watch him as we slip our fingers under her thong. She moans when I stroke against her clit, and Nico sinks a finger inside that perfect pussy. Her hips buck, and her head falls back against the chair.

"You look so beautiful like this. Do you like it when we're both touching you?" I ask while kissing her neck.

"Y-yes." She bites her lip, trying to keep her moan quiet.

The whimper that leaves her mouth next makes my dick throb painfully. I can't help but think about what Nico is doing to her, too.

"Mmm, baby. You're so wet it's driving me crazy." Nico moves under the table, lifting her dress higher. I watch as he moves between her thighs. I grip his hair, pushing his head toward her pussy, making him eat his dessert.

"Oh, God."

"Is Nico a God?" I ask Serafina.

Her mouth drops open, and her hand lands on Nico's head. "I don't know what he is," she pants.

I watch Nico bring her closer and closer to the finish line. She comes with a silent scream. Nico slides out from under the table with a huge grin.

"You taste so delicious, Serafina. Wanna taste?" He presses his lips to hers, and then he looks at me. "Come here." He grips the back of my neck, pulling me across Serafina, he presses his lips to mine, and I can taste her sweet pussy on his lips. I push my tongue into his mouth, getting more of the delightful taste. A small moan comes from Serafina below us, and I pull away from Nico.

"I think it's time to go, or I'm bending someone over this table," I tell them.

Her gaze is filled with lust. I'm sure she won't be able to tell me no. Her body speaks for her, and she's ready to take this home, too.



15

Safina

My mind is a jumbled mess. I can't think of anything except to get into the SUV and get somewhere private. Hell, at this point, the parking lot is fine with me. This night wasn't what I was expecting when they both suggested going for supper. But after the day I had, it was a great distraction. I'm glad the waitress didn't come back into that room while Nico was licking my pussy.

Tony holds my hand as he leads me outside. The cool air sends welcoming goosebumps to my warm body. As we continue walking to the SUV, it seems like we parked blocks away. My horny body is impatient, all it wants is my guys, it doesn't help when Tony smells the way he does. It makes my pussy throb more. Nico opens the door for me while Tony helps me in.

"Thank you, gentlemen. A woman could get used to this, be careful." I wink at them as I settle in.

Nico laughs as he helps me buckle up. His finger brushes against my breast, and he smirks at me.

"Careful, *fragolina*. A gentleman could get used to this, too." He closes the door leaving me in a puddle of wetness.

I'm not sure how he can do these things to me without really touching me. It's not fair. How either one can turn on the charm so quickly blows me away. I could try, but I would fail miserably. I wasn't blessed with a flirtatious born. I'm so focused on keeping myself from exploding that I don't realize we pulled onto their street. It still amazes me that they all choose to live in townhouses instead of a gated community.

It's like an inferno in the SUV; if someone doesn't get out soon, there won't be any escaping. I open my door and stumble out.

"You all right, baby?" Tony asks, coming around the front of the SUV.

"Yep, I'm peachy." I fix my dress and act like the boss bitch that I am.

Nico is waiting at the front door, already unbuttoning his shirt. I take a deep inhale before walking toward him. When I reach him, I run my fingers along his stomach, leading down to his waistband, pushing him into the house. The door closes behind us, and I work fast to undo Nico's pants.

"On your knees, Serafina. I want you to show Nico how much you appreciate him," Tony says, his voice growing low.

I drop to my knees with no hesitation. Nico's pants fall, with his dick staring me in the face. I can't help but lick my lips. Wrapping my hands around his shaft, I lower my mouth, licking his precum before swallowing him deep.

"Baby, holy shit." He groans.

Tony wraps his fingers in my hair, pushing Nico's dick further down my throat. I try not to gag, but Nico is too large to take at once. I still have no idea how I took both of them inside of me together. I push Nico's hips back, letting me breathe some. I clutch his balls tugging them slightly. The hiss he makes is music to my ears.

"Fuck, baby girl. This is a beautiful sight." Tony groans in my ear. His hands dip under my dress, slipping my thong down to my knees. "Perfect, keep sucking him."

I pick up my pace, adding hand strokes every time I reach his tip. I moan when Tony's fingers circle around my clit. Nico groans, flexing his hips. My thighs tremble the more Tony touches my clit. I can't help but pull away from Nico.

"Tony, don't stop, please," I plead.

"Don't worry. I won't."

Nico bends down, tipping my head back and kissing my chin and the corner of my mouth. It's hard to concentrate when I can feel my climax drawing in the pit of my stomach. When he finally lays a kiss on my mouth, he pushes his tongue in—demanding everything from me. Then Tony brings the stars. I climax hard, moaning into Nico's mouth. My hands grab both of them as my body shakes. I sink into Tony, breathing hard.

"Time for some actual fun now, baby," Nico says, moving to the couch.

Tony unzips my dress before slipping it off my shoulders. He helps me stand, letting the dress drop to the floor. When I

look at Tony, he's already naked. We're all naked in the living room, I look at Nico, and he's beckoning me over. I slowly walk over, still nervous about how threesomes happen.

“Don't be nervous. It's only the three of us. No one else.” Nico grabs my hand, pulling me onto his lap. “I'll make it easy for you. I'm going to take your pussy, while Tony takes my ass. How does that sound?”

I swallow hard, my pussy clenching just as hard. “T-that sounds good,” I stutter a response.

Nico flips us, so I'm on the bottom. I spread my legs wide. His dick rubs against my clit when he lowers himself, and I notice Tony moving toward us, a smile dancing across his lush lips. Running his hand down Nico's back, Nico moans into my neck and his dick twitches against my pussy.

“Fuck, this ass.”

I can't see anything, but I can imagine what Tony sees, and I will agree. Nico does have a fine ass, indeed. Nico shifts, lining his dick up with me. He stares into my eyes and then presses in. My nails dig into his back as his hips snap forward. He wraps his arm around my left leg, bringing it into my chest, getting deeper.

When Nico stills, a bottle snaps closed. I peer over Nico's shoulder and watch Tony. He squirts lube into his hand, running a finger between Nico's ass cheeks.

“Fuck, that feels so good, Tony.”

Tony leans forward, and Nico lets out a primal groan along with Tony. Nico presses into me, and I have found euphoria. They move like a dance that is too sensual to watch, and I am merely the spectator getting a little taste. That taste is also bringing me to the edge faster than I expected.

“Baby, your pussy and Tony’s dick are too much for me.” Nico groans.

“Take it all,” Tony tells him.

Our bodies move together the faster Nico moves between us, fucking Tony and me into bliss. It’s hard to keep myself from coming, I try everything, but my leg starts to tremble, and I know I’m about to explode soon.

“Oh, shit. Tony, make me come so I can finish in our girl. She’s coming around my dick.” Nico grunts, picking up the pace and pounding harder into me.

Tony’s hand lands on Nico’s shoulder, and he grunts, thrusting into Nico’s ass deeper. My pussy clenches around Nico as I come. Nico moans going still before coming deep inside of me, I’m a panting mess, and Tony still hasn’t even finished yet.

“Shit, baby. I’m gonna come.” Tony slams into Nico with a grunt.

Nico kisses me, turning his face to capture Tony’s lips.



To say I'm still in bliss would be an understatement. Last night was what I needed. I'm unsure how they knew I needed them, but I'm glad I went to dinner. The dessert, on the other hand, was perfection. Watching Tony and Nico together will forever be something that I'll crave. The chemistry they share is my favourite thing about them. You don't see many couples that share a connection as they do, and for them to open that up to add me into it. I can't express the words. I was worried that I would ruin things between them, yet they wanted this with me, and I'm so glad I didn't walk away.

My least favourite thing is how I need to leave them now and head to the casino before George explodes. Unless I stop and grab him some shitty bagels, then he'll only claim that I'm buttering him up for something. I can never win with that guy. I could also show up with two other mafia men. What to do? At this rate, I'll be getting that phone call soon.

I don't want to leave this bed, but neither of my men are here anymore. I'm glad they let me sleep in, but it won't help me today. I have so much shit going through my head that I need a filing system for it all.

“Did you need a ride, *fragolina*?” Nico asks when I enter the kitchen.

I can't help but smile at that nickname. “I have a question. Why do you call me little strawberry?”

Nico chuckles. “That’s because you’re short and blush, baby.”

I roll my eyes. Figured. “I do need a ride. I need to get to work. The gamblers never sleep.”

“Isn’t that the truth? As much as I love that shirt on you, I take it you’ll wanna stop at home first?” Nico places a plate of toast and eggs in front of me.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll need to always bring a change of clothes with me from now on.”

“We’ll eat first, and then we can take you. Can’t have you going hungry now, can we?” Tony tells me and places a coffee down for me.

I smile up at him. “Thank you, I need this.” I inhale deeply, hoping the aroma will wake me a little. The first sip tastes like heaven. I don’t know how Nico can make a cup of coffee taste this good, but I want him to make them every morning for me. “Think I could skip heading into work today?”

“I highly doubt that, besides we have work to do today, so it’ll be boring around here by yourself,” Tony says.

Worth a shot. I need to narrow down this gang bullshit, anyway. The quicker we deal with it, the better my casinos are. I can’t deal with knowing Otto is after me or my mafia. I won’t lie down and take any of it.

I busy myself with my food while they chat. I’m not one for morning conversations, anyway. I try not to listen when they talk about Lucca’s business, and I respect Lucca too much to

eavesdrop on what goes down. He would tell me if I were meant to know. I'm trying to add distance between the two families. Listening to the way Tony and Nico talk, it's beautiful.

I can't help but smile at them. They make me so happy.



Blue Eyes has been so busy that we haven't had much time with Serafina in the last two weeks. All I want to do is curl up in bed with Serafina and Tony. Instead, I'm working the bar because we're down a bartender. I'm not one to complain; this isn't what I signed up for when I agreed to help open up the club. I thought when we hired all the new people, it was going to give me time away from working down here.

Is it wrong of me to ask for a little bit of action? Not like a shooting, but like, okay, a shooting. Give me the rampage, the blood. I'm craving the need to release a bullet into someone's brain. I might need to seek professional help cause I don't think it's normal to be thinking this way while pouring a cosmopolitan. The sad thing is I know how to make this drink without checking the recipe book now.

I don't see Rett down here slinging drinks like his life depends on it. I can't count the times I've been hit on. I feel bad for Rachael. She deals with this night after night. No wonder why she's such a hardass. She'll try to back it up with her hot shot of a brother. He's a fuckin' douchebag.

I watch a certain crowd walk toward the hallway. I'm not sure they booked a room. In a way, I hope they didn't. I'm

about ready to throw someone out. Our bouncers are capable of handling it, but I need the action. I keep an eye out, waiting, and then I see my opening.

Moving away from the bar, I walk toward the hall, following the crowd of four. The bouncer nods at me. I pick up my pace getting behind the tallest guy. I tap him on the shoulder.

“Sorry, bro, but this area is for guests only.”

He turns around, raising a brow. “Yeah, so.”

My mouth falls into a thin line. Another douchebag. “First time here?”

He snarls. “What’s it to you?”

Our bouncer, Ethan, comes to stand next to me, crossing his arms over his muscular chest. I’m a little jealous of those pecks that Ethan is sporting. I would totally flex those bitches every chance I’d get.

“You heard boss man, either book a room or get the fuck out,” Ethan’s voice booms over the music.

I plaster a shit eating grin and shrug. “I mean, I am sorta like the boss. Either book a fuckin room or get the fuck out. I can assist you to the doors if you want.” I gesture over my shoulder with my thumb.

“Let’s just go. We don’t need this,” the whiney woman says behind him.

“Listen to your woman, bud,” I remark, can’t help smiling at his stupid look.

Ethan escorts them toward the exit, leaving me alone without a fight. Maybe I should’ve spread the conversation out a little bit longer. Oh well, back to the bar I go.



I’m tired by the time I get home, and Tony is already passed out, laying starfish on the bed naked. A sight that I’ll never get tired of seeing—mostly that tattoo on his chest. I still remember when he got the thing. Bitched the entire time that it hurt. God, he’s such a pussy. I showed him up, got a larger piece done, and started to fall asleep while he stared at me, pissed off. Still the best date night we’ve had in a long time.

I head into our ensuite, needing a shower desperately. The stench of bar and sweat is sticking to my body, and if I have to smell myself for much longer, I’m going to yack in the toilet. I definitely enjoy shooting someone more than this shit. I won’t ever tell Lucca this, but he’s lost his way ever since taking over the family. The club was the right thing to do at the time, now, though. He could get back into the drug business. Without his father around, there wouldn’t be that many issues, but I think all the other guys like being in the club business now. Things are settling down, and I’m the only one with the killing bug. I’ll never turn my back on Lucca. He’ll always be

family, and I'll forever have his back, but sometimes I can't agree with him all the time, which I need to work on.

Finishing up in the shower, I quickly dry off, praying that Tony has shifted a little in bed. The one task I hate doing the most is moving that lump of potatoes over. Walking to his side of the bed, I can't help but laugh at him. The amount of drool falling onto his pillow could drown any rat. He's in denial about being a drooler, but the proof is right there. I bend down and kiss his forehead briefly before grabbing a pair of briefs and head downstairs.

I don't think I'll be getting much sleep tonight, it's already three, and I won't be able to fall asleep anytime soon. I pour myself a glass of whiskey more than I probably should've poured, doesn't matter. It goes down faster than I expected. I pour another one. This one, I can taste the burn. I walk toward the window overlooking the backyard. Not like I can see much, it's only hopes and dreams looking out here. One day it would be nice actually to do something with the yard. We don't even have a patio set or a barbeque. We never have time to relax.

“What's wrong, baby?” Tony asked in a groggy voice.

I pivot, looking at him, hair wild, and he's rubbing his eyes. “What are you doing up?” He also threw a pair of sweats on. Bummer.

“I rolled over to an empty bed.”

I hold up my glass. “Couldn't sleep, needed a nightcap.”

He grabs my glass, taking a sip. “Busy night?”

I wrap my arms around his waist, dropping my head into his neck. He rakes his free hand through my hair. “Mmm, that feels so good. It was a stressful night. Ethan and I almost got to kick some ass, but unfortunately, the pussy left willingly.”

His laugh jostles my body. “My poor baby.”

“I know, right? I could’ve left him bloody on the pavement.”

He offers my drink back. “Perhaps next time. Finish up so we can head back to bed. You’re always crabby when you don’t get enough sleep.”

I scoff and roll my eyes. “That’s you, Mr Drooly.”

“I don’t fuckin’ drool.” He hisses.

I walk away laughing. “How wet is that pillow of yours?”

“When you flip it over, it’s dry,” he calls back.

Then he moves to my pillow, but if you can’t love your partner’s flaws, are you in love with them? Drool on my pillow is Tony’s love language, and clothes all over the floor are my love language. If it ain’t dirty, I can still wear it again.



Lucca called a meeting this morning, and if I’m being honest, I rather be sleeping. I’m not my chipper self, and Rett stares at

me like he knows something is up. I haven't called him *cupcake* once since stepping into the office. I can't even hide the yawns that keep pouring out.

"Are we being boring, Nico?" Lucca asks.

"Long night, that's all." I don't bother mentioning how I think it's stupid that I have to work the bar when we were supposed to be hiring another bartender.

"That's why I'm calling this meeting. Since you and Tony are capos, you can do your own thing. You don't need to be working at the club. Since the Brass Devils are irritating, why don't you guys work on bringing the gang down before they come after us."

I look over at Tony, raising my brows. Telling him I'm down if he's down, we both know they've been giving Serafina hell, and I'm sure this is why Lucca has asked us. This would be a perfect way of keeping our eye out for Serafina during the day without becoming overbearing. Because going this long without seeing her is becoming too much, I don't want her to think we only want to see her for sex. So far, that's all that it's been like.

"I'm game if Nico is," Tony says.

Rett shakes his head. "We all know he is. It's his girlfriend that the gang is after, he would be stupid not to take this."

"Cupcake, you know me so well. Lucca, no offence, but take your club and shove it up the pooper." I wiggle my brows. "For the love of God, hire another bartender and soon."

Lucca laughs. “I did. She couldn’t start until tonight. Rachael already trained her.”

“You son of a bitch.” I laugh.

“The boss, remember, if you need any help, call Rett. I don’t know where the gang is hanging out. Whatever info I had, I passed to Serafina.”

“She actually had a little visit from Otto two weeks ago,” I tell Lucca and Rett.

“He told her that he was coming after her mafia and casinos, caught her off guard when she was alone at the park.” Tony finishes for me.

“The fuck,” Rett whispers.

“*Cazzo*, he’s getting braver if he’s seeking her out in public without her bodyguards around. It’s a good thing that you two will be working on finding that cunt. I blame Tito in a way. I secretly think he’s working with him. I only need proof.”

I’ve been thinking the same thing: Tito brought this whole thing up with the gangs, and yet it’s not him getting attacked after all. Maybe we need to look into Tito, too. Something is fishy with that fat cunt.

The sooner we can figure out who is behind everything, the better. I’m glad I don’t have to work at the club anymore. Manifest enough, and shit will happen or whatever they say. The point is no more working with shitty drunks.

I get to see my girl every day. That’s the point here.



I feel like a bag of shit. I've been trying to figure out what is wrong with me, but I can't figure it out. My stomach has been in knots for the past couple of days. There's only one thing to do. Bite the bullet and talk to the only person I can. Or do something more drastic, which I'm contemplating.

Me: Can we talk?

Cause everyone wants to read one of those texts before ten in the morning.

Scar: Talk now! Which dumbass do I have to kill? Because you know I will. I won't even hesitate.

Me: And this is why you're my bestie. But seriously, I need to talk to you in person.

Scar: Come swing by work. I'll let Beth know you're coming down.

I'm hoping a good girl talk will set my stomach at ease. Get some of this shit off my chest. There are things I can talk to the guys about, and then some things they just don't understand. Besides, this is one of those things. Guys get a little weird when girl topics are brought up.

"George, I need a ride," I yell to the bottom of the stairs. I hear him huff.

"Yeah, Ro can drive ya."

I wasn't asking for permission dickhead. I was telling. Huge difference. I finish getting ready and make my way downstairs. Ro is waiting for me, not looking impressed like it's my job to care.

"Got other places to be, Ro?" I ask as I slip my shoes on.

He straightens up. "No, Serafina."

"That's what I thought. I'm in charge. Not George. I think it's best you all fuckin' remember that," I yell. Turning, staring George in the eyes. He bows his head, nodding once.

"Jesus Christ. You guys are going to drive me into an early grave if you don't figure it out by now that I'm not going to roll over. The bitch is in charge, so deal with it." I walk past Ro stepping outside. Time to start wearing the bitch pants from now on. I've let them get away with too much, and I'm tired of it. Serafina, the doormat, is no longer available for them. She's dead.

The drive to Scar is quiet. I think Ro is trying to figure out my mood or is too afraid to speak to me. The fuck off I have written on my face should speak for itself. The SUV is just stopping when I open my door, my hand gripping my handgun. I'm not taking any chances with Otto. I scan the sidewalk and walk into Scarlett's building.

I'm proud of my bestie. She's come so far from her old job and has her own practice. Amazing. The nice thing is she went into family law, with the exception of helping her mafia family, of course. I find Beth at her desk, typing away. I gently tap, getting her attention.

Her head pops up. "Morning, Serafina. She's expecting you. Head on in." She smiles.

"Good Morning, Beth. Thank you." I wave as I walk away.

I walk down the hallway to Scar's office. It's a small law firm. I think there are only four lawyers, keeping it nice and friendly was her main goal. She's tucked her office away in the back. With her and Rett fucking like rabbits all the time, it's a good thing. I would hate to share a wall with her. Good thing she's the boss.

I fling her door open, making her jump in her seat.

"Bitch face. I hate being scared," she scolds me.

I laugh, coming to sit across from her. "Suck it, princess. I'm sure Beth told you I was on the way."

Scar leans back in her chair, crossing her arms. "Not the point. Spill the beans. What did you want to talk about?"

“I’ve been a shit friend since we went out. I got smashed out of my trees, and then things spiralled from there.”

“What did you do?”

I wipe my hands on my lap, drawing a deep breath. “I slept with Nico and Tony while getting into a relationship with them. You know I wouldn’t do anything to get in between them otherwise. I should’ve told you the first time it happened, but things have been so crazy with the casinos and the gang that’s coming after me now that I haven’t had time to—”

“What fucking gang? I don’t care about you sleeping with my brother, and I gave you my blessing. This gang, Serafina.”

Of course, she wouldn’t care about her brother and me. That’s what I love about her, a judge-free zone. However, I don’t want to involve her in the mafia business. I love her, and all but Rett will kill me if I tell her anything more.

“You know I can’t tell you about mafia business, Scar.”

She huffs. “That’s bullshit, fine whatever. So how was sex with my brother and Nico?”

My jaw drops. Her laugh fills the office.

“You want to know how big your brother’s dick is?” I chuckle.

She shuts up. “Ew. When you say it like that, fuck no. I don’t want to know about Nico either, he’s like a brother. They’re safe in my books as long as they treat you right.”

“They do. It’s incredible. I didn’t think they would have that much love to share with another person. I’m grateful they chose me, but I’m afraid I bring too much baggage.” My shoulder sag.

Scar walks around her desk, kneeling in front of me. “What baggage do you have? Who says your baggage isn’t any worse than what Tony or Nico bring into the relationship? Just because you’re the Don might mean that you have bigger fish to fry, but those men love you and will stick by your side no matter what. They get how heavy things have been weighing on your shoulders recently. They would never demand more than you could give, Serafina.”

I understand what she’s saying and agree with her, but I expect more from myself. Maybe it’s because I am a leader, and nothing but the best should be laid out in front of me. I need to give my guys only the best and hide the worst. They don’t need to see my flaws.

“What if they need more?”

“You really think they’ll try to take more than you could give? They’re assholes, but not toward you.”

I shrug. “I went from never dating to suddenly having two boyfriends at once. I fuck it up with one. I’m done with the other.” My eyes sting, but I refuse to let the tears fall.

“That would never happen, Serafina. Trust me.”

My phone rings inside my purse. Scar pats my knee before getting up and moving back to her chair. I dig around my bag

until I find my phone.

Nico: *Fragolina*, enough with the time loss. I'm coming to see you at work.

I can't help but smile. Two weeks is a long ass time without seeing them. They probably would be mad at me if they knew I found time to come see Scar.

Me: Sounds good, *polpetto*. I'll be back at the office in thirty.

Nico: Seriously. Meatball isn't a very sexy nickname.

Me: No, but it suits you.

"You sure have a big grin on your face, let me guess. Nico," Scar says.

I hold my phone to my chest. "Duh, he's the charmer. I should go. He's on his way to the casino. Thanks again for the talk."

"I'm here for ya, girl." She winks.



Ro still hasn't talked to me, which whatever sulk for all I care, the elevator ride is filled with tension that the knife wouldn't even slice through it. If he hasn't figured his shit out by the end of the day, I'll deal with it. Maybe I'll switch him out for Scott. At least that fucker talks to me and gets me food. My

stomach rumbles at the thought of food. I place a hand over my stomach. Perhaps we should've stopped for lunch first.

When the doors slide open, I'm greeted with a beautiful sight—two irresistible men wearing black suits. Nico's hair looks like he's run his fingers through it. In comparison, Tony's is gelled to perfection.

“Hello, gentlemen. Do you have an appointment?” Ro asks, with that condescending tone of his.

I roll my eyes from behind his back. Nico tries to stifle his laugh.

“We do, Tony De Rosa and Nico Romano,” Tony replies.

Ro grabs his phone, calling George. I don't say anything. It's all protocol. Minutes later, George comes storming out of the back offices. I can see his eye twitch from here, it's comical because usually, I'm the only one that could get that twitch. Seems like now my guys can do it too.

“Weapons, gentlemen.” George points to the table next to Nico.

“George, that isn't necessary. They aren't going to shoot me, and you know it.”

The disapproving scowl he shoots me says otherwise. It'll take a while for him to come around to me dating, no one gets in with any weapons. Nico unstraps his Glock, followed by Tony.

“Thanks, guys. You can follow me. You two jackasses stay out here.” I tell George and Ro. “Tell Scott to order me some

goddamn lunch before I get bitchy.”

I lead the guys down the hall to my office. It’s nothing fancy. I haven’t had the time to redecorate and probably never will. Some things are not a priority, and getting a new desk is not one of them.

“Nice digs, girl.” Nico laughs.

“Shut it, *polpetto*. It was Vincent’s old office. I haven’t had the chance to do anything yet.”

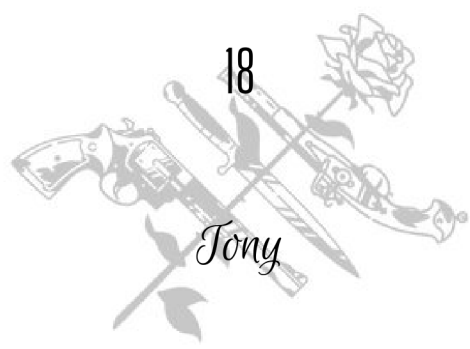
“Ignore him, baby girl.” Tony places a gentle kiss on my lips. “Missed you.”

I wrap my arms around his waist. “I’ve missed you too.” Nico runs his hand up my neck, hitting a sore spot. “Mmm, that feels nice.”

“I’ve missed you too, baby.” Nico kisses my neck, working upward to my ear. “Did you miss me?” he whispers, nipping my ear.

I turn around, pulling at his tie, bringing him closer to me. “I’ve missed you so much that my hand is sore from playing with myself,” I say against his lips.

“Fuck me.” He moans before slamming into my lips.



18

Tony

This isn't why we came to visit Serafina, but I can't deny it's a delightful sight. I could tell that Nico needed this more. He's the one who needs constant love. Thankfully, with Serafina, he can get it with both of us now. I clear my thought.

"Sorry to break up the kiss-feast, but we need to discuss business."

Serafina pulls away from Nico, grinning. "Sorry, Tony. Sit. Let's discuss what you came here for." She moves to her seat, looking all business like. Nico chuckles before sitting next to me.

"Couldn't help myself. It's been a while since I felt those sweet lips."

Shaking my head, I turn back to Serafina, who's smirking at us. "You two are too cute."

Nico wraps his arm around my neck, pulling me closer and kissing me on the cheek. "I know, right." He pinches my cheek. "He's the cutest around."

"Love you too, baby. Now work, please."

"Nico, let's get to work before he blows a gasket." Serafina laughs.

Why do I subject myself to this shit? I have no idea. But I'll take the abuse if it gets them both to smile and laugh.

“Anyway. Lucca has given us a new task, and we no longer need to work at the club. Since the gang has been adding more pressure on you, he's worried they'll also come after him.”

“Shit, guys, that's not something I want for him.”

“We know that, sweetheart,” Nico says sincerely, “that's why we took this job. As the capos, we can do anything within the mafia, so we are choosing to find Otto and his gang.”

Her face pales, and I scramble out of my chair, coming to her side. “Hey, what's wrong?” I cup her face, and Nico comes around, grasping her neck.

“I don't want either one of you going after him. The way he talked to me, I know he's dangerous.”

“You don't need to worry about us. We've dealt with our fair share of monsters. One loser gang leader doesn't scare us,” I reassure her.

She still doesn't look confident in us. That's fine, as long as we can protect her and be here. That's all that matters. I can only hope we find Otto and his crew before he gets closer to Serafina again. If any man touches her, I'll hunt them down and leave them in a pile of nothing but blood. The cops will need a miracle to identify the corpse.

Her hand runs over my arm. “Promise me you won't do anything stupid.”

“I won't, but no promises for Nico.”

Nico laughs from behind her. “Yeah, if I promise that, I will break it. Because you know, promises are meant to be broken.”

She tilts her head back, looking up at him. “That’s not how that works, you know?”

Nico shrugs. “Been working for me. Why ruin something so good?” He grips her chin, wiggling her head back and forth.

She laughs, smacking his hand. “Antonio, keep an eye on him, please.”

I dip my head tasting her lips one more time. “We need to go, get some lunch, and I’ll call you later, okay?”

With another quick kiss, I move away. Nico quickly kisses her before we leave her alone.



We’ve been back at the townhouse since we need an office to work in now. I’ve been trying to locate the location of the Brass Devils. I didn’t think a gang could be hiding this well, man am I wrong. I’ve searched all the CCTV from where Serafina had her encounter. If we can track him from there, maybe we can figure out where he went. My thoughts keep wandering to Tito. If he is working with a gang, is it this one?

Sadly, some cameras don’t keep records past two weeks. The ones I needed are the ones that delete after forty-eight hours. Go fuckin’ figure. Now I need to figure out a different

way to locate him, and I can't even hack into accounts because his name is fake. It's an eighty-year-old man that died two years ago. So that was another bust. I'm sitting in the dark and getting pissed off the more I think about him.

I think about all the warehouses in the area he could be in or even in surrounding neighbourhoods. It's like searching for a needle in a haystack. Don't underestimate my skills; I'll do anything once my mind is set on it.

"All right, I think I found something," Nico calls from his side of the desk.

"What is it?"

"Probably nothing, but it's the car that Otto drives. It's a '68 Pontiac Beaumont. The douche canoe drives a rare car in the city. You would think he would drive something less suspicious."

"Do you have a license plate number?"

He shakes his head. "That part I don't have. I only caught a glimpse of the car on one of the cameras, but at least we know what he drives. That narrows it down."

There is that. Classic cars are a little easier to spot if you know where to look for them. We need to be careful that when we do look that it's undercover. I might finally have to get the '69 Dodge Charger out of the garage. I haven't touched that beauty in a very long time. In fact, I better get it booked into the mechanic first.

"Nico, we're getting the Charger out."

“Fuck yes! I miss that old girl, especially the back seat.” He winks.

I miss that back seat, too. So many memories happened back there—particularly one memory.

I had asked Scarlett to distract Father while I snuck out of the house. I wanted to take Nico out for a date tonight, more so take the Charger out for a spin. Grandfather gifted me the black beauty when he passed; I haven't gotten to drive it in a long time. I know I was asking her a lot, but she loves me.

Nico is waiting for me outside his house. All smiles like always.

“Wooo! You got the car,” he says joyfully.

“You know it, baby. Get in.”

We drive around for an hour before parking. We've been talking for a while when Nico reaches over, placing his hand in my lap— inching closer and closer to my growing dick. I grab his hand.

“What do you want, baby?”

“I want you, and I'm ready to take it to the next step if you are.” He pulls a packet of lube out of his pocket.

We end up in the back seat, naked, kissing each other until we're breathless. His hand lands on my swollen shaft, and my hand finds his. We've jerked each other off so many times, but taking our relationship in this direction means everything to me—us.

I never thought I would find a person like Nico at the age of thirteen and grow from friendship to boyfriend to lover. He's my anima gemella, my soulmate until the day I die. I don't know many people who find their soulmate at such a young age, but I'll never let him go.

I didn't think I would be this nervous. Squirting lube onto my fingers, I gently rub my finger over his tight opening. "Relax, let me in."

A deep exhale, and he relaxes. Moans fill the car as I slip a finger inside.

"Oh, fuck. Tony." Nico pushes on the panel of the car, driving my finger deeper. When I add another one, he grabs his hard dick, stroking himself.

I withdraw, moving closer, nudging the tip of my dick, groaning when I slip past his tight ring. Nico hisses the more I move, and I pull out.

"Sorry, if I'm hurting you, we can stop."

"Fuck, no. Keep going," he begs.

I push in more this time, groaning. He feels amazing, better than anything I've ever felt before. Grabbing his hips, I pull him into me. He makes some weird noises, but I keep going. I work my hand around his waist, stroking his dick.

"I'm not going to last much longer. Come for me. Be a good little slut for me."

A shiver runs through his body, and his ass clenches around my dick. "Ah, I'm coming, oh God." Hot cum pours into my

hand as I pound harder as my cum empties into him.

Kisses work along my neck, bringing me out of my naughty thoughts. “Thinking about our first time in the Charger?”

“That and about how I knew you were the one for me,” I say to him.

His mouth curved into a smile, and my heart jumps.

“Why do you have to be so good-looking? You can’t be distracting me.”

His laughter fills the office. “How am I distracting you? Think with the head on your shoulders and not with the one in your pants for once.”

“I’m trying. Go have a seat over there.” I point back to his original spot.

He smirks as he walks away. “I’ll get some food. You’re getting hangry on me.”

It’s not that. I have too much shit on my plate, and protecting Serafina is what’s on my mind. I might have taken too much on, and I can’t figure out how to share the load with Nico. I feel like it’s my job to figure it out and only my job. I can’t ask Nico to do more than what’s expected, and I can’t get Serafina involved, even if her men can help. I need to do this alone, and I’ll be able to concentrate better without distractions.

If only things worked out that way, I would need Otto to make another move without involving Serafina, but that coward won’t do anything if we are around her, and I’m not

using her as bait. If anything, I'll be the bait and place that bullet between his eyes.

I only have to go through Nico to get that done.

19



Serafina

Things have been quiet, and I don't do well with quiet, not when it has to do with the casino. I'm waiting for it to go to hell. Because I can smell it in the air today. Hell is coming; it's only a matter of time. I can only wear my boss bitch pants for so long until I fall apart, and the world is waiting for it to happen. Walking into the casino, I stop dead in my tracks. Ro and George almost fall into me.

“What's wrong?” George asks.

“Um, are we expecting the cops here?”

“No, how do you know cops are here?” Ro looks around without seeing what I'm seeing.

I point to the gentleman standing at the blackjack table, he's wearing black slacks and a trench coat, but his shoes are all scuffed up. No businessman would have shoes like that.

George and Ro straighten up, instantly coming to my side. “What the fuck happened for one of them to be coming in here?” George growls.

That's what I would like to know, and I walk toward my unwanted visitor with the sweetest smile I can muster. When I reach him, he turns to look at me.

I extend my hand. “Hello, I'm Serafina Gallo. What can I do for you, officer?”

He smiles but shakes his head. “No officer, ma'am.” He shakes my hand. “I'm Detective Holmes.”

I take my hand back, resisting the urge to wipe it on my pants. “Sorry, Detective. What can I do for you?”

“Could we speak someplace private?” He looks around at all the patrons, gambling their lives away.

“Of course, we can head up to my office. Please, if you don’t mind, follow us.”

This man looks like he’s good at his job. The look on his face tells me he isn’t one to joke around.

The ride to my office is interesting. Ro keeps glaring at Holmes, George keeps staring at me like he’s waiting for me to snap at any minute, and I’m still trying to figure out where Holmes is from and why the fuck he’s in my casino. If a stiff was found outside, we would’ve known about it first, so why is he here?

Everyone is quiet until I sit at my desk, and George clicks the office door shut.

“I know my presence here is keeping you in suspense, Miss. Gallo,” Holmes says.

I chuckle. “I highly doubt you do, and I’ll give you credit for walking into my casino. You have big balls for a cop.”

“Detective, ma’am.”

“Same thing in my books.”

We stare at each other, neither one blinking. I can go all day, bud. I work with men. I ain’t cracking first. I raise an eyebrow

challenging him. He finally blinks. I'm the top dog in this room.

"I have a few questions about a body that was found."

I snap my head to George. "What body and where?" I growl. George gets his phone out and starts texting Scott, I imagine.

"It was found in the back alley a few streets up, and they had some poker chips from your casino on them."

"How is this my problem?" I snap.

"I was hoping to look at your CCTV recording to see if our victim left with anyone," he says vaguely.

It's all about who scratches who's back in the business, and with Otto creeping around, I could really use Holmes on my side, but what if he double-crosses me? I should ask for a warrant. I rub my tired eyes. I knew hell was coming, and if this dead body is a sign, then I'm fucked.

"Do you have a warrant, Holmes?" I sigh. Not wanting to ask.

He reaches inside his coat pocket, producing folded papers. *Fuck*. He passes them to me. "George will take you where you need to go. Thank you."

I watch all three leave my office and drop my head onto my desk with a *thunk*. A dead body. This will bring the police all over the building now. The only good outcome is that Otto won't be creeping around. The shitty thing is it's bad for business.

Things happen in three, right? First, my encounter with Otto. Now a dead body, so one more thing. What else can the universe throw at me to knock me around? Whatever it is, I'm ready—try me. I'm wearing my big girl panties.

A harsh knock on my door lets me know it's George. I guess our good detective has left. "Come in."

"That guy is a dick, and I don't like him one little bit."

I lift my head, watching George make a path on my floor. His expression hardens the more he thinks.

"George, he isn't that bad. He's only doing his job. Besides, I think we could use him if the Brass Devils does try anything."

He stops pivoting to glare at me. "He tried to tell me how to work the computers like I was a toddler, Fina. Do I look like someone that picks their nose?"

I bite back my laugh. "Of course not, George. You would never pick your nose. But you're throwing a tantrum like a toddler."

His jaw drops, closing it with a scoff. "Whatever. He's gone said he would follow up with a phone call. He left his card." He throws the card on my desk.

I still don't like the thought of having a detective snooping around here, but I'm legit, so come search the property. A shiver races down my back.

"What did you find on the cameras?"

“The victim left with another male walking outside, leaving our cameras at the edge of fifth street, we lost sight of them from there. The male never did show his face. Whoever it was, knew to keep his face hidden.”

“So, they came in here before and knew where all the cameras were located.”

“Looks like it.” He nods.

“Perfect. A killer could be here, and we don’t even know it. That makes me feel real comfortable.”

Why would this guy want to kill?

“George, what else did they do while they were here?”

If we can narrow it down to which tables they played at or who they talked to and get to talk to our employees before the cops do, maybe we can figure something out. I’m grasping at straws, but I need to think of my employees. I can’t have a killer walking into my casino again.

“I can check further back on the camera and get Ro and Scott on it.”

“Do it quickly before the cops come back. We need to do this without them breathing down our necks. I have a feeling they will be back.”

He rolls his eyes. “I hope not, and I’m not dealing with him again.”

“Yes, you big baby. I will, don’t worry.”



Two days later, we haven't figured anything out about who the fuck came into the casino. I'm even more tired than before. No amount of coffee is helping. This stress is getting to me. Antonio told me that I shouldn't be worried and he'll help me, but this is my casino and my job. I can't get him involved. I need to figure it out without him, and I don't want to involve them in my work. I need their support that I'm doing the right thing, that's all.

We didn't get very far talking to any of the employees, and they can't remember anything out of the norm. So we came to a dead-end. I don't know what to do anymore. As much as I hate to say this, we might have to wait until this cunt kills again and pray that he shows his face on camera. I told all the staff what had happened to keep their wits about things. If anything seems strange or out of place to, find a guard or one of us. I'm not taking any chances.

My stomach rolls again. Either it's stress or the anxiety that will kill me today. Maybe both, if I'm lucky, at the same time.

"Scott, could you bring me some soup from the deli down the street?"

He looks up from the computer. "Yeah, anything else?"

"A tea, my stomach doesn't feel good."

“Yeah, okay. I’ll be quick.” He touches my arm. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

I smile a little. “I’m fine. I think the anxiety of it all is finally getting to me.”

If almost satisfied with my answer, he leaves. My men are like family and worry about me, and I worry about them. We take care of each other, but they still need to know that I’m the boss. Scott is like the little brother I always wanted, he’s three years younger than I am. He reminds me of myself. Strong, determined and a people pleaser. It’s terrible in a way, but I’m glad he’s with me.

My stomach rolls again. Maybe it’s the breakfast I ate this morning. Did I suddenly develop an intolerance to eggs? I know that can happen when you get older. I’m not even thirty yet. Give me a few more years before my body starts to break. I should’ve got Scott to grab some Pepto.

The more I think about all the shit I have left to do today doesn’t help either. Once I get home, I’m drowning in a warm bath, ignoring the outside world, minus my two men. I don’t want to think about what else can happen today. I’ll leave that for another day.

20



Nico

Serafina called, telling us that Holmes made a little visit telling her about a body that was found a few blocks from her casino. I haven't heard from Holmes in ages. I figured he would've retired by now. I rather him paying her a visit than his partner Frank. I don't think he's forgiven us for shooting him. Now, she's under more pressure to figure out who entered her place. It's another thing to add to our list of things to search for, and I feel Tony won't be sleeping much now.

I've been trying to convince Tony to take a few days off work. I need some time with him. He's going to work himself to death. All I want is to spend some time with my boyfriend without worrying about finding some lowlife for a day. Is that so much to ask for?

Tony won't even let me help. Every time I suggest something, he shoots it down like I'm an idiot and I know nothing. I've tried, but I'm getting tired of coming in second. Serafina's safety is my only concern, but she's safe with her men. However, I could be keeping her safer if she wanted me to.

This is what I wanted, though. I wanted to get out of the club, but I wanted some action—not searching every single camera, trying to find some douche killer. Perhaps he'll slip up and head back into the casino. My stomach tells me that he works for Otto. We find him. We find dickhead.

I'm still lying in bed, contemplating how today is going to go.

Me: Are you busy today?

Me: I need to talk to someone, and Tony is too busy.

Me: You can't ignore me forever, baby. I'll start sending these quicker.

I wait another minute. When she doesn't reply, I send her a dick pic.

Me: If that doesn't get a reply, my heart will surely break.

Me: Don't ignore Nico Jr. He gets lonely without you.

Serafina: OMG! Stop! Put your dick away. Some people work in the morning you know this correct? What if George picked up my phone?

I burst out at the thought of the big guy staring at my junk.

Me: Then he should be so lucky to see my goods, baby. Can you get away for lunch?

Serafina: My God. I don't want anyone seeing your delicious dick besides Tony or myself. I could do lunch, no more nudes.

Me: No promises. I'll see you soon.

Serafina: Wouldn't expect any less. See you shortly. Xoxo

I suppose now I have to get out of bed. I toss on a pair of jeans and a hoodie. I'll call it a casual Tuesday. I'm sure it's Thursday, though. Oh well, can't always be looking good. I find Tony working away in the office. No surprise there. He hadn't even noticed that I walked in, busy scanning the computer with one earbud in. He's zoned right in.

“Lover boy,” I call out.

His head snaps up, and his hair is dishevelled. “What time is it?”

“After nine, why?” I stand next to him, looking at the computer. This is where I should’ve learnt how to hack. Because all I see are numbers, letters and fucking nothing.

“I don’t think I went to bed yet.”

Well, that explains the colds ass sheets. “It’s all right. I came here to tell ya that I’m headed out for lunch with Serafina. Did you want something to eat before I leave?”

His shoulders drop. I’m not sure what he expected. I’m not sitting around here all day while he works on the computer and ignores me. Pass.

“Sorry for not giving you what you need, Nico. This stuff has taken all my attention. I swear I’ll make it up to you.”

“It’s fine, I understand. We need to narrow this down, but I don’t want you working yourself to the bone. Get some rest while I’m away.” I rumple his brown hair before walking away.

I head to the kitchen to make him something simple to eat, and he won’t stop to eat if it’s hot. Whatever I make him, I guarantee will sit beside him for hours before he remembers it’s there. A simple sandwich will have to do. I slip back into the office without him even noticing. Hopefully, he will take that nap. He looks like a bag of shit.



I'm excited to have a lunch date with Serafina. Some alone time with her is what I need. I'm sure she'll be glad to get away from work for an hour. At least, I hope so. I'm nervous. Why am I nervous? She's my girlfriend, for fuck's sake.

Ro meets me once those elevator doors slide open.

"Mr. Romano, she's expecting you."

"What? No, pat down this time?" I hold my arms out wide for him.

He walks away like he's too good to touch this body. He may be taller and a little wider, but I could still take him on. It's all about where you kick him. The back of the knees would do it.

"I'm watching you, Nico," he tells me when we reach her door.

"Why? Am I going to do a trick or something that I don't know about?"

"Ronan! That's enough," Serafina yells from inside her office.

I laugh. "Aww, guess you got in trouble." I pat his cheek. "Better luck next time, big guy." I step inside her office, closing the door behind me.

“That goes for you too, Nico. Don’t piss Ro off. He doesn’t need a reason to kill you.”

“He started it. Like I’m going to do anything to you that calls for that conversation.” I scoff. What a turd.

I sit across from her, crossing my leg over my knee. I wait for her to finish with whatever she’s working on.

“What are you working on?”

She exhales loudly. “A few employees don’t feel safe working here anymore, so I have to hire all new ones. I’m setting up a job fair. It’s the easiest way to hire in a mass. It just takes a while to get my ducks in a row.”

“A job fair. Why didn’t we think of that for Blue Eyes? That would’ve been much easier than hiring one at a time.”

“Tell Lucca it’s less stressful once everything is posted online. Until then, it’s crazy. Do it during the day when the club is closed. It’s like speed dating. I love doing it.”

“Speed dating?” I grin.

“No, jackass.” She laughs. Throwing a pen at me.

“Where did you wanna go to lunch?”

“Could we go to the deli down the street? I love their soup, and it’s quiet.” Her eye lit up as she talked about it.

“Of course, *fragolina*.”

We opted for a walk to the deli. The weather is perfect, and the deli is only a few blocks away. Serafina’s casino is in the ideal location. I keep an eye out for any suspicious people, I

would say no one would try something in broad daylight, but that would be a lie.

I wasn't expecting a deli to be this quiet at lunchtime. It's actually lovely you can hear yourself think. It's wonderful. We place our orders before finding our table.

There's something off with Serafina, but I can't place it. There is so much going on in her world that I don't even know where to start helping. I can't help hiring people, and I can't help any more than I am with finding Otto. I can't guarantee that a killer won't walk into her casino today or tomorrow. I'm useless.

"You all right over there?" She extends a hand over the table, taking mine in hers.

I intertwine our fingers. "I'm good, just trying to figure shit out."

"With work or me?"

I draw in a long breath. "With Tony. He's always working and doesn't even know I'm around anymore. It's like talking to a brick wall. He's so engrossed in finding Otto that he didn't even come to bed last night and didn't acknowledge that I was standing in the office this morning. It's like I don't exist to him," my voice cracking when I finished.

Serafina moves out of her seat, coming to sit on my lap. "Tony loves you, and nothing will change." She brushes my hair back. "He sometimes gets too committed for his own good that the outside world dissolves. That doesn't mean his

love for you isn't there. Nico, do you truly think that he wouldn't want you anymore after all this time?"

I shrugged, not knowing what to say.

She places her hands on each side of my face. "Listen to me, Mr. Romano, if that man doesn't love you, then I have lost all hope in humanity. The way he watches you from across the room could set it on fire. I thought I had seen love once, but you two are something different that I can't even describe. Give him time. You know him better than anyone. He's in his own little world. I can tell him to take a step back if you would like?"

I rest my forehead on hers. "I wouldn't ask that. I can't risk it."

"Would you like to hang out with me for a little while longer? We can work on the job fair posting together."

I know what she's trying to do—distraction and not wanting me to be alone. It's what I need right now; perhaps her men could show me the CCTV tapes of the night of the killing. Never know, I might be able to tell who it is. Stranger things are known to happen.

"I would love that, baby." I kiss her, wrapping my arms around her.

Spending time alone with her does sound perfect. But my mind wonders to what Tony is currently doing.



21

Serafina

Spending the day with Nico yesterday was what I needed to recharge my batteries. I feel like I can take on the world. Today we're hiring new staff. I'm nervous because if someone spills the beans about what is happening. No one will want to work here.

I head into my closet, trying to figure out what to wear. I get tired of wearing pantsuits and skirts. Can't I go to work in sweats and a hoodie just one time? It's almost that time of the month because I feel like a bloated whale, and my breasts ache. I should've been a male. I could just swing my dick around and be happy. But no, the uterus has to be a bitch every month.

I grab my black wrap dress. At least this way, it'll hide the little bloat I got going on and a bralette because hells if I'm dealing with an underwire today. The only saving grace is that the guys have my coffee filled when I get into the kitchen.

"You don't look so hot, boss." Ro steps back.

"I don't. I feel like shit today." I sip my coffee slowly.

George steps closer, placing the back of his hand on my forehead. "You do feel a little warm. Are you getting sick?"

I shrug. “It’s almost that time. It could be that.”

Both guys cringe. They get it. It’s not fun.

“If you need anything, let us know. We can always take over hiring today,” George says.

My stomach rolls. I set my mug on the counter, breathing slowly in and out through my mouth. “Maybe some Pepto. I think I’ll stick with tea today.”

Ro disappears into the bathroom while George stares at me.

“Fina, if you don’t want to go into today, say the word. We won’t think any less of you.”

“I know, George. I can handle it, I promise.”

He pulls me in for a hug. “I’m proud of you, even if I don’t show it or tell you. I want you to know.”

Tears burn my eyes. “Jackass, you’re making me cry.” I wipe away the tears that have fallen. Clearing my throat, I step back.

“Here, Serafina.” Ro hands over two tablets of those pink Pepto pills.

“Thanks. We should head out. I have last-minute prep to finish before everyone shows up.”

I need to shake these nerves. I’ve hired plenty of people before. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.



I still feel like shit that Pepto did nothing to help. These nerves are going to ruin me today. With another deep breath, I flip open the folder housing all the resumes. It's going to be a long ass day. There are over twenty resumes, plus whoever stops by at random.

Ro and George stand by the door to the conference room while Scott sits next to me. We determined this would be the best setup. Scott doesn't look as threatening as they do. He looks like a college frat boy at the moment.

“Doing okay?” Scott asks.

“Yeah, all good. Are you sure you're up for this? We'll be here for the long haul.”

“I'm good. Better than watching cameras all day.” He leans back in his chair, resting his hands behind his head.

“Comfy?” I raise a brow.

He smiles grimly as he sits up. “Sorry.”

George opens the door, and a group walks in, rushing toward us. It's only a job, it's not that exciting, trust me. I could be the worst boss. They have no idea. If they have been living under a rock, they don't know I'm the Don that should freak them the fuck out. I wouldn't want to work for a mafia boss.

Some Dons are fucking crazy and treat their employees like garbage. I'm grateful that Vincent wasn't like that. I remember starting out in this casino when I turned nineteen. I was so nervous, and my father told me it would be good for me to see how things worked, but wanted me to get the whole experience. The entire experience is what I got. I worked my ass off and went from grunt work all the way to manager to running this mother fucking ship.

The shit I saw would make these girls shit their pants. I run a tight clean ship. If I ever found what I had to see, that would be the end of their career. Vincent might have been decent to me, but he let the men do whatever they wanted to with the girls.

I'll castrate any of my men for forcing any woman to their knees.

I need a break. I'm not even sure how long we've been sitting here. I'm almost all peopled out. When I told Nico that this was the best way, it wasn't a lie, and I prefer to get it done and over with in one day. Maybe when I'm not feeling like a bag of shit.

"You can take a break. I can handle this. I know who to look for," Scott whispers.

"It would look bad if the boss wasn't the one interviewing them. A few more, and we can both take a break."

His mouth hardens. "Fine, only because you are my boss, and I can't talk back to you."

“Smart man you are, Scott.” I flip through my stack of resumes. “We only have a couple more to go for this pile. How many more hours are left?”

He checks his watch. “About three.”

“We got this. I’ll treat everyone to dinner since we worked so hard today.”

He shakes his head. “You are too good, Serafina.”

Treat them right, and they’ll treat you right.



I treat all the guys to an excellent supper in one of their favourite places. What is with men and their steak and beer? I’m not going to complain. It’s simple, but out of all the places to choose from, it’s always the same. They never want to try anything new. They spend the entire time chatting about sports and chicks. I should’ve invited Stella so I could at least have a conversation with someone who didn’t burp after every drink of beer. Don’t get me wrong, supper was great. But they forget that I’m with them for the most part. Also, who wants to hang out with their Don?

That’s why I chose to leave early. They can bullshit without me around. After a lot of fighting, I called the driver from the house to grab me. I didn’t want to take George away from supper. It’s not fair to him. He never gets to relax like this.

“George, I’ll be fine at home. It’s guarded like Fort Knox. Take it easy, okay.”

“Fina, I’ll always worry about you. It’s my job.”

I shake my head. “It’s not. Tonight you are off the clock, go have fun. Ron will pick me up.”

He growls. But doesn’t say anything more. He stays with me until Ron shows up.

“I won’t be much longer.” He gives my shoulder a squeeze.

When Ron does show up, George opens my door for me. “I’ll be fine. I’ll probably get some snacks and watch a movie in bed,” I reassure him. “I won’t leave the house, I promise.”

With a nod, he closes my door.

I’ll admit it’s weird being driven around by someone else that isn’t George or Ro. Ron is just a quiet person and doesn’t like to have small talk. I don’t blame him, I’m not up for a conversation at the moment. I have other things running through my head.

“Ron, could we stop at a drugstore? I need to grab a few things before heading home for the night.”

“Of course, Miss. Gallo.”

Some snacks are required for tonight, Ben and Jerry’s ice cream for sure. Snackies will always make you feel better no matter what is wrong. Ron pulls up next to the drugstore, steps out, and opens my door. I already know he’ll come in with me. Unlike George, Ron won’t follow me around.

I walk around aimlessly down all the aisles. I stop in one aisle, looking at the packages. I don't know which one to grab. The one with the most sold has to be the best, right? Fuck it. I grab one and head for the cashier.

My bag sits next to me, taunting me. The quicker I get it into the house, the better I'll feel.

I hope.

I head to my bathroom, closing the door behind me. I shakely take the small box out of the bag. I had a suspicion that I would need this instead of tampons this month. I never get nauseous over coffee. Taking the pregnancy test out of the box, the sight alone makes me want to hurl. I never thought I would be buying one of these quite yet.

I have an IUD in for a reason, but the universe has other plans for me. I never saw myself as a Mom, what if I fail at it? I can't believe I'm peeing on a stick that can tell me my future. One that will take about three minutes or so the directions say.

I only just started dating the guys. Are they even ready to become fathers? Oh, my God. Which one is the father? How is this going to work? Who is going to be called Dad? I'm panicking. I need to calm down before I spiral.

Me: I need to TALK NOW!

Scar: Why? What's wrong?

My phone rings immediately.

“What's going on? Did someone die?” Scarlett practically yells through the phone.

I took a deep, steadying breath. “Scar, I have to tell you something.”

“Spit it the fuck out now, girl, before I come over there and kick your ass.”

“You won’t be able to kick my ass for at least nine months.”

She’s quiet for longer than I want her to be. “You still there?” I ask nervously.

“Yep, are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

“Congratulations, Auntie.”

She screams into the phone. “Oh, my God. I’m going to be an auntie. Have you told Tony and Nico yet?”

“No, I only just took the test. I’m nervous. It’s so early into our relationship. What if they don’t want this.”

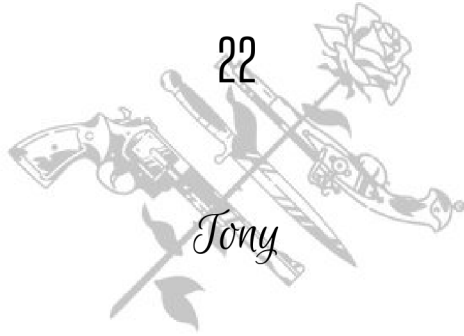
“Serafina, of course, they would want this baby.”

“How would you know? No one is certain for sure only they know that answer.”

“Then you need to talk to them.”

Tomorrow I’ll be changing two more lives.

22



Tony

I'm elbow deep in this hacking program, trying to find just one ounce of information on Otto Watts. I was hoping he was stupid enough to purchase a building in his name, but nothing has pinged yet. It can't be that hard to find one guy.

The lack of sleep has finally gotten to me. After Nico left for his lunch date with Serafina, my body finally reached its capacity with fatigue. My brain can't even figure out what all the letters on my computer screen mean. I've been running each CCTV camera repeatedly to ensure we didn't miss anything from when Serafina had her encounter with Otto. I'm getting frustrated with myself and this stupid piece of shit gang.

I had forgotten about the sandwich Nico had made me. It has been sitting next to me for so long the bread is starting to get crusty. I've been ignoring him when he didn't deserve it. I'm a horrible boyfriend. The least I could've done was acknowledge him when he walked in here earlier. I have to make it up to him when he gets home later today. But I'm having a hard time keeping my eyes open. I rest my head on the back of my chair. Maybe just a quick nap.

Each blink is slower than the last.



“Tony, hey baby, wake up.”

My shoulders rock until my eyes crack open. I look down at my desk at the big puddle of drool. *Shit*. Nico will have a heyday over this.

“I told you you drool.” He chuckles.

“One time. This is only because I’m tired as fuck. What time is it, anyway?” I rub my eyes, trying to gather myself.

“It’s getting late, and I take it you haven’t left this room?”

I watch him poke the dried-out sandwich, disappointedly closing his eyes.

“No, I’ve been trying to narrow all of this down.” I look back at the computer and notice that nothing has changed. My heart drops.

“Well, we know he has his classic car. Start there. We can use one of Serafina’s men to go undercover if we have to. You don’t always have to do things alone. Lean on me.” He forced my chin upwards. “I mean it, Antonio. You don’t need to do it alone.”

His gaze gripped onto mine. I understand where he’s coming from if only my brain would get the point of letting go and asking for help. I need to let him in.

“I’m trying, Nico. But you know how I get. Once I catch an inch—”

“You take the extra mile.”

I shrug. “I can’t help it.”

“Shove over. Let me take a look at something.”

Nico doesn't wait for an answer. He pushes my seat back before sitting on my lap. I wrap my arms around his waist, resting my chin on his shoulder.

“What are you looking for?”

“There is a car show happening this weekend. If we're lucky enough, we can still enter. What are the odds that he won't enter his car in it?”

“That's true. You think Serafina will hand over one of her men to us?” I ask while he quickly types away.

“I'm sure she will. She wants this all to stop. I want Otto to stop before he moves in again.”

We spend the rest of the night in the office, figuring out how to trap Otto and his gang at one of the biggest car shows. I'm not sure it'll work. Finding someone in a public place is always a dangerous one. Anything could go wrong, and if they do catch on that we are after them. I don't want them opening fire, killing all those innocent people.

I'm glad that Nico and I have this time together. This wasn't what I had planned, but I'll take this over nothing. Time together is better than nothing at all.



To say by the time the weekend came, I'd been a nervous wreck. Serafina has agreed to spare one of her men, and she told us that he's young, so he'll have no problems fitting in with the crowd. Yeah, well, when Nick pulled up to the warehouse, he wasn't what I was expecting. I wasn't even sure he was old enough to be driving.

"Seriously, you're twenty?" Nico asks for the hundredth time.

Nick laughs. "I'm positive. Wanna see my license? I get that a lot. It's the baby face. It's a blessing and a curse."

"I'd say it's the face, grow a mustache or something." Nico looks at me. "I don't think this is gonna work. Who's gonna believe a young punk has a car like this?"

Nick cringes. "It could be my grandfather's car."

I set my palms on the trunk of my Charger. "Just make it believable. You know what Otto drives?"

"Yes, you sent over the paperwork, and I studied it. I'll send you whatever I can, when I can. I have another man working the crowd as a car enthusiast. No one will suspect him."

I pray this will work. We need to know where his hideout is. That's all I want from this. From there, we can do the rest. Lucca's mafia is larger than Serafina's. We have the manpower, not that it's a bad thing. I don't want her to feel guilty if she loses men. She doesn't need to worry about that. I'm kinda surprised that Otto hasn't tried to make another attempt at reaching Serafina. I thought for sure by now, he

would've tried something. It only means he's planning something more extensive than we're ready for. That's why we need to find out where his warehouse is. Finish him off before he can start.

“Okay, head down. Call me once you're parked.”

With a nod, Nick starts my precious car and drives away.

“It'll work out, don't worry. I trust him.” Nico drapes his arm around my shoulder.

With a sigh-growl, I say, “What happens if Otto doesn't show up?”

“Like he would not want to show off his car. Tony.”

Point there. He an egotistical showoff. Of course, he'll be there. I'm going to be on edge until Nick calls. I need a distraction until that happens.

“Breakfast?” I look at Nico.

“I wouldn't say no. I'm always hungry.”

We go to our favourite breakfast spot, where the pancakes are the best. I should bring Serafina here one day. Maybe once everything calms down when we can enjoy having a relaxing day. The constant threats are all part of the mafia world. Sorta like that wack-a-mole game; just when you think things have gotten easier, another asshole pops up.

It's coming up to an hour, and Nick has yet to call. I'm getting nervous. How long does it take to get parked and lift the hood to the car?

“Calm down, baby. It’s fine. He’s fine. I’m sure it’s going smoothly. He’ll call when he has the chance.”

“I know that, but maybe something happened.”

“Like what? He’s where there are a lot of people. Relax, eat.”

I’m about to take a bite when my phone rings.

“Finally.” I grab it off the table. “Nick, tell me something good.”

“He’s here. My guy has already made contact, and we’ll give you the rundown tonight. How does that sound?” he said, speaking low.

“Yeah, that works. We can meet back at Serafina’s.”

“Perfect. I gotta go.”

The line goes dead.

“Well?” Nico asks, not wasting any time.

“We’re gonna discuss everything tonight at Serafina’s. His guy talked to Otto.”

“That’s good. That guy has some serious balls.”

I would call them something, and I’m glad we finally have some information. I’m glad I listened to Nico about asking for help. I would still be staring at the computer screen, getting nowhere.

More waiting, and it’s only morning. I don’t know if I can wait all day without knowing what’s happening down there.



The hiring spree was successful. Scott and I filled every position, and I'm confident they'll be with us for the long run. Training will be the worst part, but luckily it won't take long to catch on. I decided to start training on Monday, cause I don't have the energy to deal with people today.

It's only been a day since I have taken the pregnancy test, but I swear it feels like a week. I only talked to Tony for a little while yesterday when he asked for one of my men. I also don't feel right telling either of them over the phone that they are going to be a dad. Whoever it may be, I'm not going to be that person.

We need to talk about so much, but I also don't want to get too excited. Their reactions could make or break how this will

go. No matter what Scar says, she doesn't honestly know her brother.

I plan to tell them today, but Nico sent me a text informing me that he and Tony will be over later today since Nick and Jordan made contact with Otto. The thought of my men near Otto makes me sick. I'm glad that they weren't recognized. Anything could've happened to them.

I want things to return to normal, but I'm always looking over my shoulder. The thought of someone trying to take my mafia makes me sick. I need to end them. I don't want Nico or Tony doing it, and it's my job. It's my mafia, not theirs.

"George, we need to establish a team and hunt the Brass Devils down. I'm not waiting for Nico or Tony to do it."

We're sitting in my home office, going over a game plan.

"Fina, are you sure about this? We don't have the manpower."

"No, but we are wise. We can do this."

I watch his jaw clench and unclench. "Either way, it's happening. I'm not asking your permission, George."

"Fina," he growls. "This could end in bloodshed. Are you willing to live with that?"

That's where I'm having a hard time. I don't think I'm prepared for bloodshed. This isn't what I want, and I don't wish for Lucca to lose men. I need to do this for my family.

“Do what you must. I want that gang finished before they know we’re onto them.” I stare up at George.

George stands glaring down at me. “If this is what you truly want, Fina. I’ll do it for you.”

“It’s what’s best, George. Otto is after this family. I need to protect it at all costs.”

With a single nod, he leaves. Leaving me alone with my thoughts. My stomach clenches painfully, thinking about the outcome. I could lose George or Ro in this. They’ve been with me for years, but I’m also trying to save Nico and Tony.

They’ll let me have it once they figure out my plan. That’s fine. I didn’t become a Don to lie down and take it from men. I’m a leader and will lead my men into battle if necessary. Just because my boyfriends don’t like something doesn’t mean I have to listen. I need to listen to what is suitable for my family, and ending that stupid gang is what needs to be done. I should’ve started doing more from the beginning, not placing it on the back burner. That’s probably what Otto was waiting for, me to let my guard down. I did that day in the park.

I’m so stupid.



I’m pacing the living room, waiting for Nico and Antonio to arrive. Nick and Jordan came back over an hour ago, looking

stressed. They wouldn't fill me in on what happened. Nick only wanted to repeat it once, which is understandable. I wouldn't want to tell a shit story more than once.

“Sit the fuck *down*, Fina. The floor is going to give out soon,” George shot out.

I stop walking and turn to face him shooting him a dirty look. “I think I'm allowed to walk around *my* house.”

“Leave her alone, man,” Ro pipes up. “She's been through a lot this week.”

“No need to be a kiss ass, but thanks,” I tell him.

Ronan rolls his eyes at me. “I wasn't kissing your ass.”

“Yeah, you were.” George cuts in.

“Oh my God, shut up, will you?” Nick finally says, standing abruptly.

All right, I can tell when to separate the men and diffuse the situation before it explodes.

“Nick, did you want to help me in the kitchen with something, please?” I ask on my way to the kitchen. His heavy footsteps follow behind me.

I open the fridge, wasting time so Nick can cool off. I know when it's time for a breather.

“I'm sorry for flying off the handle, Serafina.”

Closing the fridge, I toss him a beer. “I get what you had to do today was tough. I shouldn't have asked that. I'm sorry, Nick.”

He spins his beer can on the counter. “It’s all good, and we needed it done, but that son of a bitch isn’t someone you want to mess with, Serafina.”

“We’re going to war, Nick. I’m not sitting around waiting for him to show his face again. I would like to hope you will be standing with me when that happens.”

“Of course I will.” He takes a chug of his drink. “Once Nico and Antonio get here, I can unload.”

“Ready to head back in there?” I nod in the living’s direction room.

“Yeah, thanks again.”

When we both step foot into the living room, Nico and Tony are waiting for us. I didn’t even hear them come in. I let out a sigh of relief, and I didn’t know how much I needed to see them until they were here. The stress of everything has officially came crashing down on me. They don’t look any better. Nico’s jaw clenches once in a while. Tony stands with his arms crossed over his chest and keeps eyeing George and Ro.

I don’t stop walking until I’m in front of them, wrapping my arms around Nico first. His arms close tight around me.

Dropping his face next to my ear, he whispers. “I missed you so much today. It’s been one shit show after another. I’m glad to have you in my arms, finally.”

I smile when he pulls away. “Same, I’ve been stressed. I’m getting a headache.”

Tony walks behind me, and I turn around, wrapping my arms around him. I smile while massaging the frown from his brows. “What’s wrong, baby?”

“Shitty day, baby girl.” He covered my mouth, deepening with possession.

My hands fold into his shirt, wanting him closer to me, needing him with me at all times. After the conversation I need to have with them, I’m not sure where they’ll stand.

“Okay, let’s have this conversation because I’m tired as fuck,” Nick cuts in.

Nico guides me to the couch, making me sit in the middle. He takes my right, and Tony takes my left. Nick stands by the front window staring outside while Jordan waits with George and Ro. We all wait patiently for him to start talking.

Nick clears his throat. “As we know, Jordan was the one to make contact first with Otto.” He takes a deep breath. “Turns out this car show was just a cover-up for Otto. He was recruiting.”

I raise my hand. “How do you know this?”

Nick smirks. “Otto isn’t afraid to ask any male if they ever thought of joining an organization that’s a brotherhood. That is a wonderful way of saying join a gang. Otto started acting weirdly when Jordan asked what his ‘*organization*’ was called. Every time Jordan would walk around, Otto would point at him, and one of Otto’s crew members would start to follow Jordan.”

“Jesus Christ, Jordan. Why didn’t you call one of us? We could’ve helped you,” Ro tells him.

Jordan shrugs. “It’s no big deal. I can handle myself.”

“Not the point, Jordan. I would hate to see something happen to you because of him,” I cut in. Shaking my head. “What else happened, Nick?”

“That went on for most of the day. I wanna say Otto thought Jordan was an undercover cop. Why else would he freak out like that? Then he came over to check out the Charger. He kept asking how a kid like me could afford a car like that. He wouldn’t accept the fact that I’m twenty, the way he kept talking. I don’t know how to explain it.”

“It felt like he was sucking your soul. He’s the devil,” I say.

“Yeah, he’s frightening, and he doesn’t even need to say anything,” Jordan adds.

“What are we going to do now?” Nico asks, looking at me.

I look at George since he knows my plan, and I swallow the lump forming. “You and Tony aren’t doing anything. This is my fight to fight, and my men will be handling it from here on out.”

Nico stands, staring down at me. “The fuck you will be.”

I clench my jaw. “I said what I said, Nico. Either get on board or get the hell out of my house.”

The room goes quiet.

“Are you kidding me?” He hisses.

I look at him. “No, I’m not sacrificing you or Tony.”

“Serafina, you won’t be. We won’t be getting killed,” Tony says, grabbing my hand.

I need them both here. “I’m not taking that chance. I will not be raising this baby alone.”

Well, that’s one way to announce the pregnancy.

24



Nico

“You know what? I’m gonna leave you three alone. Congratulations,” Nick says while moving to the front door. Jordan nods and follows.

“Fina, if you need anything, let me know. We’ll talk later.” George says before leaving, taking Ro with him.

I have no words. My mind is trying to process, but it’s not processing. I think I broke my thinker. A baby, she did say a baby. As in, might be pregnant with my baby or Tony’s baby.

When the hell did this happen?

I’m having a hard time following along here, and also, she wanted to kick me out of the house for wanting to help her with Otto. Why should I be punished for wanting to help? If anything, Serafina needs to be punished.

“Nico.”

Can’t I be the protective boyfriend and want to help? It’s my job; besides, I have more experience in killing than she does.

“Nico!”

I blink a couple of times, “What?”

“We were trying to talk to you,” Serafina says, looking at me all worried.

“Sorry, I was thinking.”

“About what, Nico?” Tony asks warily.

“I thought you were on birth control, so how did this happen?”

She shrugs. “I’m not sure. Are you not happy?”

I stare at her wide eyed. “Oh, fuck no, baby, I am. I’m still in shock, that’s all.”

“Maybe we should head upstairs. It’s more private.” Tony suggests.

I stand, reaching for her hand. “I have other ideas we can do upstairs, maybe a little punishment, since you wanted to kick me out of your house,” I whisper in her ear.

I smack her ass, sending her up the stairs first. I look over at Tony and smirk.

“We have so much to talk about,” Tony says.

“Tell me about it. My mind is having a hard time catching up with everything.”

Tony looks up the stairs and then back to me. “We can’t keep her waiting. We can figure everything out later.”

He’s right. I race up the stairs leaving him in my dust. Serafina is in for a real treat tonight. Expect I’m in for a treat when I push the door open. Tony runs into me as I stand there with my mouth open.

“The fuck, Nico.”

“The fuck indeed, baby. What are you doing?” I slowly make my way over to a naked Serafina.

She smiles, spreading her legs open. “Figured I’d help with that punishment.”

I swallow hard. Her pussy is already glistening. Tony’s hand works around my waist, slipping inside my jeans and gripping my dick.

“Fuck, Tony.” I groan.

“Yeah, you like that, don’t you, baby? What about you, Serafina? Do you like watching Nico getting his dick stroked?”

She works her fingers down her body until she reaches her clit, and a small moan fills the room.

Tony rubs me faster. My head falls back on his shoulder.

“Ugh, you feel so good.” I love when he plays with my dick, but in front of Serafina is even better. There is something about having an audience that sends me.

“Yeah, do you like when she watches?”

“I think I do, but I love that she’s playing with herself more.”

I go back to watching her rubbing her clit before she slides a finger inside her wet entrance. Her eyes stay focused on us, but not for long. They close as she moans.

“Here’s how this is going to work. Nico is going to lie on the bed. You’re going to sit on his face, and I’m going to fuck you from behind.”

“Dear God.” She moans.

“God isn’t here to help you, baby,” I tell her. I flick open my jeans, sliding them down my legs. Tony does the same. Once we’re both naked, I climb onto the bed.

I kiss Serafina deep, nipping at her bottom lip. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

I lay with my head at the foot of the bed, pulling her onto me. Her wet pussy glides against my throbbing dick. Tony stands at my head, gripping the back of her neck and pulling in for a kiss. I pinch her nipple, making her cry into his mouth.

“Turn around, take Nico in your mouth.” Tony helps her turn around, and I pull her hips down.

The first pass of my tongue on her clit, almost has me coming undone. Her hand clasped around my shaft, her small strokes sending shivers down my back. I suck her clit, making her thighs clench around my head. Wanting more of her, I grip her thighs holding her close. I bit her clit gently.

“Oh, shit.” She cried out.

“Lie down, take his dick in your mouth,” Tony says quietly.

Her warm mouth consumes me, making my dick stiffen more. I flex my hips driving deeper into her throat.

“Give me that mouth, Nico,” Tony’s husky voice says from above me.

I push Serafina’s hips up, tipping my head back to see Tony’s dick. I open it wide for him to slide inside. I hollow my cheeks, sucking as he fucks my mouth. I dip a finger inside Serafina, and her moans vibrate around me.

“Look at you, taking his dick and being fingered by him. Such a good girl.” Tony pulls out of my mouth, pulling her hips back. Stroking his dick against her clit he pushes into her entrance. I can’t help but watch as his dick moves in and out, getting coated with her wetness. I reach upwards, licking them both with my tongue.

She releases me to moan into my thigh, biting me. I pull her back down and suck her clit until her thighs tremble. I stop sucking, making her whimper. Tony slows his thrusts down.

“I told you I would punish you.” I groan. I go back sucking her clit until she trembles. Tony picks up his pace again, and when I stop, he slows down.

She’s panting, gripping my dick tight with her hand.

“Okay, I get it. Please let me come,” she begs.

I look back to Tony, and he winks. I flick my tongue and get her close. This time Tony doesn’t stop until she’s screaming.

She starts stroking me fast, flicking her thumb over the tip. I don’t want to finish yet, but when her tongue darts out, licking me. I can feel myself getting closer.

Tony pulls out. I tilt my head back. “Lick her off me.”

I suck his dick clean, tasting her on him. The way they taste together is my undoing. Serafina doesn't stop stroking me, and when Tony slides back in her. She wraps her lips around me, sucking me deep.

"Fuck, baby, I'm going to come." I groan as I come down her throat.

"Good girl," Tony praises her.

I reward her with another suck, lick, and bite to her clit. Her legs start to tremble.

"No stopping yet, baby girl. I'm not finished with you yet." Tony trusts in deep. "Come for me so that I can finish in Nico's mouth," Tony says.

Fuck, if I didn't just finish, I would explode again just from his words alone. Serafina's thighs tremble more around my head, and her moans grow louder. I press my finger into her clit, bringing her over the edge.

Tony's hand grips my hair, tilting my head back. When he pulls out, I open my mouth. He strokes his dick before coming down my throat and on my face.

"Goddamn." He groans.

Serafina rolls off me, and I lie there momentarily, trying to catch my breath. Tony comes over with a face cloth to clean my face off. I move to the head of the bed, patting the middle. Serafina moves next to me while Tony lies next to her.

"How are you feeling?" I ask her, wrapping my arms around her middle.

“Tired now, I didn’t think I would be.”

Tony places a kiss to her forehead. “You’ve been working a lot lately, and dealing with gang bullshit isn’t easy.”

“I just want it all to end. I didn’t want this when I took over the family business.”

I make small strokes over her stomach. “Whatever we can do to help, you let us know. Don’t do anything by yourself.”

She sighs. “It’s hard to rely on other people.” She turns over onto her back.

“Well, we aren’t other people. We’re your boyfriends,” Tony says.

My only wish was that she wasn’t stubborn, and she says I’m stubborn. She needs to be open to help. We aren’t going to be judging her or look down on her because she asked for help. If only she could figure that out. I watch as she slowly falls asleep. Glancing at Tony, he’s watching her too.

Hopefully, one day she’ll see that we have her best intentions at hand.

25



Serafina

Things have been going smoothly—when I say smoothly, I mean. Not even a fuckin snowstorm could destroy how I’ve been feeling. The new hires have been a dream to work with, and none of them have been an issue. Even Otto and his gang haven’t tried anything.

I have an ultrasound appointment today, and Tony and Nico are joining me. I’m a little nervous about them joining me. Bringing two Daddies with you is going to raise a lot of questions. I shouldn’t care, but I do. People judge so much what others do it’s hard even to want to go out in public anymore.

I told Tony that I would meet them both at the clinic. I have some things to take care of at the casino before the appointment and will get George to drive me. I had some paperwork show up from my accountant that I wasn’t expecting. Sometimes owning your own legal business sucks balls. I hate proving that I needed to buy new office supplies or a new monitor. Obviously, it’s for the casino. Why else would I buy the goddamn things?

“Fina, calm the hell down. It’s just your monthly statement.” George laughs as he opens the envelope.

I stop what I’m doing and stare at him. “Are you kidding me?” I rip the piece of paper from his hands. “Those assholes usually email this crap to me. Why would they suddenly mail it?”

“I don’t know, but your face is priceless. You need to relax.”

I cringle the paper in my hand. “You wanna carry around a baby all day and deal with mood swings, worry if today is the day that a gang leader will come into the casino? Or let’s add the fact that a killer is still on the loose.”

He flinches. “Yeah, okay. You have a point. But the detective says they have a man in custody.”

“You believe that shit?”

He doesn’t need to say anything. The look says it all. *No, I don’t. I don’t trust cops.*

“Either way, it’s better than nothing, besides I’m sure if it’s related to the casino, Holmes will keep us updated. Right?”

George sighs. “I suppose. All that matters is that we keep the danger outside of here.”

I would still like to know why someone was lured to their death, and it has to be because of Otto. My gut is telling me he’s responsible for it. Why else would there be a death near my business? It doesn’t make any sense.

“All right, give me a ride. Time to see the little mafia baby.” I rub my stomach, getting nervous all over again.

George escorts me to the SUV, helping me into the backseat. When I announced to the room that I was pregnant, I thought George would indeed fly off the handle, telling me I was irresponsible. It’s been the opposite—he’s been the best. When Tony or Nico aren’t available, he’s the one that insists on

helping. He's the only family I have left on my side, and I need him more than anything.

"I'll get a ride home from one of them. Keep an eye out for anything suspicious. I don't trust Otto. I've been having a feeling of him watching me."

"Let him try something, and I'll kill him before he has a chance."

Nope, not going to continue this conversation. I'll be crying my eyes out, thinking about losing him. Instead, I step out of the SUV and make my way into the clinic. I'm excited to see the baby finally. Nervous but excited. With the amount of water I had to drink, the dam will burst at any second.

Nico and Tony are already inside, flipping through pregnancy magazines. It's a weird sight, but a beautiful one. After signing in, I take a seat in front of them. They still haven't noticed me, but their conversations is very entertaining.

"Babe, did you know that little bean is already the size of a raspberry?" Nico nudges Tony's arm.

"Not so much a little bean, more like our *lampone*."

"I can't wait to see our *lampone*. Think it'll look like a baby or an alien?"

Tony laughs. "It's not going to look like an alien, Jesus."

"How the hell am I supposed to know? I ain't seen a baby in one of those machine things before."

I can't hold back my laughter. "It's an ultrasound, and yes, it'll look like a baby. I think."

They both look up and smile. "Hey, *fragolina*. Didn't see you come in." Nico comes over, kissing me on the cheek.

"How you feeling, Momma?" Tony asks, kissing my other cheek.

"I'm great, can't wait to meet our *lampone*. Then take a nice long pee."

"Soon enough, baby girl." Tony takes my hand while we wait.



The ultrasound tech keeps looking between all three of us. It's pissing me off. Can't people get over the fact that other relationships are not conventional? I send her a glare as I slip my shirt over my stomach.

"Could we move along? I have a busy day, and I assume you do, too."

She huffs but squirts the jelly on my stomach. The wand swirls around, and the next thing, the room is filled with a tiny heartbeat.

"Oh my, that's the sweetest sound I've ever heard," Nico whispers.

"It gets better," the tech says. "There's another heartbeat."

Bewildered, I ask, “What?” I turn to look at the screen.

Tony and Nico move in closer. We are all looking at the same thing. Two tiny babies appear on the screen.

“I’m sorry, we’re having twins?” Tony’s voice softened.

Nico took a deep breath. “As in two babies?”

I haven’t said anything. I’m in shock. Two babies. I’m responsible for two tiny humans now. My mind can’t get over that, and I can only hope I have enough love to spread between them both.

“Serafina. You all right?” Nico takes my hand, gripping it tighter.

“Yeah, you?” My gaze swings to his. A smile danced across his lips.

“I’m overjoyed, baby.”

Tony is silent, staring at the screen. The tech busies herself before she prints off a couple of pictures.

“I’ll leave you alone, and the washroom is across the hall when you are ready.”

Once she’s gone, Tony takes the photo off the desk, running his finger over the black-and-white image.

“I can’t believe we made such tiny humans. I can’t wait to be a Dad, to teach them how to ride a bike and throw their fists for the first time.” He lists things off on his fingers.

“Um, no. Tony, my babies will not be fighting.” I go to sit up, and Nico quickly helps me. “Nico. I can handle it still.

Please.”

“Sorry.”

They can't stop talking about the twins on the ride back to the casino. I would feel jealous of being forgotten, but it's too damn cute. They've already planned out the next eighteen years without including me. I can only hope these babies turn out to be boys because of what they have planned. I don't want my girls to be running the streets. It's hard enough for me, and I don't want them to struggle.

“The conversation was a delight, boys, but I need to get back to work. Shall we do dinner later?”

“Shit, sorry Serafina. Guess we got a little excited.” Nico cocks his head, frowning.

“It's all right, I understand.” I lean forward, kissing them both on the cheek. “I'll see you later.”

Tony grabs my arm. “I'll walk you to the door.”

I don't see the point in arguing, he'll do it, anyway. I also know why he's doing it, the streets might not be safe, even if the walk to the door is barely three feet. Anyone could be out here, and I'm also carrying a gun around. I won't be caught being unprotected again.

“Be safe today, please,” I cup his face once we reach the door.

“Why wouldn't I be?”

I shrug. “I have a strange feeling, that's all.”

He holds my chin, running his thumb along my cheek. “Baby girl. I’ll be safe, I swear.” He lowers his lips to mine, claiming me as his. I lean back and smile at him.

“I’ll see you tonight.” I give him one last quick kiss before entering the casino.



I should’ve gone home. That snowstorm has officially hit. What a nightmare this day has turned into.

I barely made it into the office before George pounced on me with a note. Usually, when notes arrive, evil things follow.

“Have you read it yet?” I hold this note feeling the weight of it, without knowing what it entails.

“No, I was waiting for you,” George says cautiously.

With shaky hands, I unfold the paper.

Dear Serafina,

I suppose congratulations are in order. Such a pity, isn't it? Getting pregnant while a gang leader is still after you. You wouldn't want anything to happen to your child, now would you? Did you like the dead body I left you? I know Detective Holmes won't find me. Do the right thing and hand over your mafia while you still have the chance. I would hate to start shooting up your casino.

Otto

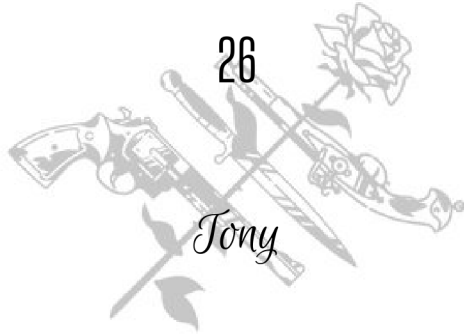
“Fina? Hey, sit. What did it say?” George comes over and helps me into my seat.

“Otto, he’s declared war.” I hand him the note.

“What?” George reads over the note. “That son of a bitch. We’ll think of something, don’t worry.”

I can’t let Otto get close to my mafia or my babies. I need to start getting my men ready to go into battle. The last thing I need is to get caught unguarded.

26



Tony

Serafina has been distant for the last couple of days. She ditched out on dinner the day we dropped her off after the ultrasound appointment, and even now, she won't return any phone calls or texts. The same goes with Nico. She's been ghosting both of us. I tried stopping by the casino and her house, but they wouldn't let me in. I'm at a loss for what to do.

In the meantime, I've been trying to locate Otto. We started tracing his licence plate from the information Nick and Jordan gathered. I thought I was getting closer, a hit turned up, but it wasn't for Otto. I should've expected it. Why would he register a vehicle under his name? I'm so stupid sometimes.

Ugh! I'm feeling so frustrated with myself and with Serafina. Why is she doing this suddenly?

"Nico! Where are you?" I walk through the townhouse looking for him, and I need to blow off some steam before I really blow my top.

"I'm up here."

"Basement, now." I don't wait to hear him reply. I head downstairs to the gym. I pull my shirt off, tossing it on the treadmill.

"Why are we down here?" As he reaches the last step, Nico pants and throws me a pair of gym shorts. He knows me so well.

"I need to spar, I'm getting pissed off and driving myself crazy."

He nods, getting on the mats. I toss him his wraps, and we get to work in silence. The adrenaline working through my body has my toes tingling. Nico bounces around on the balls of his feet, waiting for me.

I know all his moves. He never attacks first. We move around, looking for my opening. When I see it, I move. The first strike lands on his ribs, and he stumbles backward

“Shit, you fucker.” He grunts.

He raises his fists again and stalks around me. I smirk, knowing what he’s trying to do.

“Don’t bother. I’ll end you before you can try it.”

He shrugs. “Worth a shot.” He lunges, punching me in the stomach.

I wasn’t expecting that. I guess Nico has some tricks up his sleeve, after all. But after the punch to the face, I’m not playing nice anymore. I won’t go easy—he has this coming to him now. I think of why Serafina could stop talking to us with every punch I land. Is she angry that we got her pregnant? Or that it’s twins? I know we ignored her, but that’s no reason for her to pull this shit.

“Tony, stop.” Nico groans.

I snap out of my thoughts, taking in Nico below me. His face is covered in blood, and his left eye is swelling closed. I scuttled backward, falling to the mat. I take in my hands covered in blood—his blood.

“Nico,” I whisper. I crawl to his side. My handshakes as I gently touch his cheek. “I’m so sorry, baby. I didn’t mean to hurt you this badly.”

He laughs. “This badly? So you did mean to hurt me.”

I breathe heavily. “That’s not what I meant.” I help him up, assessing the damage some more. “I was too deep into my mind, I shouldn’t have been.”

“It’s fine, you can be my doc, and I’ll promise to be a good patient.”

I help him up. “I’m not the best doc, but I’ll try.” He kisses me, blood and all.

“I love you, baby. Maybe next time, go a little easier on me. Did you want to tell me why this came on all of a sudden?”

We walk upstairs, heading into the kitchen. “Serafina. I don’t get it.”

“The radio silence?”

I grab the first aid kit from the top of the fridge, moving to Nico at the table. “Yeah, she hasn’t gone this long without talking to us before. I can’t figure out what happened, it’s making me go insane.”

I work on his busted cheek first, wondering if I am going insane.

“We could always force our way into the casino. We are mafia men are we not?”

“We are. I’ll get you cleaned up, and then we’re getting our girl. I’m done with her shit.”

He formed a cheeky smile. “Fuckin’ rights we’re getting her. Hand me an ice pack. I’ll get dressed.”



Parking across from the casino, it looks deserted. It’s mid-afternoon the place should be packed full. Nico leans forward to look around me.

“Umm... What’s going on?” he asks, confused.

“That’s what I want to know. Why would Serafina close her casino?”

Nico rubs his shoulder. “It’s gonna be harder to sneak in now. If she closed, that means something happened.”

I check my Glock, sliding in the magazine. If anything is going on in there, I’m ready. I’m not letting her go through anything without Nico or me. I wish she would learn that.

“I have a plan. We can try the back door. When we dropped her off, I noticed it was not very well guarded. That’s our best chance.”

I try to remember if it was guarded or not. I don’t recall a single person manning the door when she walked in. Which isn’t smart, but whatever, that’s a talk for another day. More important tasks are at hand at the moment.

“All right, so we’ll sneak around back. Once inside, stay alert cause I have no idea what the fuck is going on in there, and that makes me nervous as fuck. For all I know, Otto could be holding the entire place hostage.”

Nico loads his gun, taking a deep breath. “He better not be inside, or this first bullet is his.” He opens his door and steps out.

I try calling Serafina again, but it goes directly to voicemail. We cross the road, heading down the alley as we figure the back parking lot is empty. I’m still confused as to what is going on. Sneaking toward the door, I try the handle. Wishful thinking, I find it locked. Nico taps me on the back with the lock-picking kit.

“Thanks. It shouldn’t be long now.”

“Take your time. I have your six.”

It doesn’t take me long for the click of the deadbolt to be unlocked. I gradually pull the door open and, holding my gun up, step into the darkened hallway. The main floor has dead bodies lying everywhere. Who they are or belong to, I can’t tell. It’s too dark. It’s so eerie shivers roll down my back.

“We’ll take the stairs. They have to be in her office.”

Nico nods as we creep along the back wall until we find the door for the stairs. Nico’s hand rests on my shoulder before I open the door.

“One... Two...” I turn the handle and aim my gun. “Shit, we have a dead body.” I bend down, touching his neck, feeling

for a pulse. “He’s dead. What the fuck is going on?”

“Whatever it is, I’m not liking it,” Nico says, sounding cautious.

I move to the stairs, taking them one at a time. When we reach the second floor, my heart is ready to jump out of my chest. Whatever is waiting for us behind this door could be a disaster. I’m not even sure if Serafina is still alive or not. I push those thoughts into the furthest corner of my brain, she’s alive, and that’s all I need to think about.

I test the handle, finding it locked. This time Nico moves in to pick it, maybe we should’ve called Lucca and Rett for backup. Nico pulls the door open a crack, and we listen for footsteps. When the coast is clear, we move in.

“Serafina’s office is down the hall. Let’s move in that direction,” I whisper.

“Sounds good.”

The closer we neared her office, the louder voices appeared. I hold my fist up, halting Nico.

I place my finger over my mouth, then cupping my ear. He nods in understanding.

“Serafina, just do what I asked. It’s not that hard.”

“Fuck you, you piece of shit.”

I turn to Nico, his eyes are wide and are saying. *What the fuck?*

I hunch my shoulders. Moving closer, things become a little clearer.

“Don’t be such a stuck-up bitch. I wanted this mafia, it belongs to me. Hand it over.” Otto’s voice booms into the hallway.

“You can get it when I’m dead, asshole.”

Oh, fuck no. Why is she the way she is? I rush in, kicking the door in.

Otto, three of his men, Serafina, George, and Ro, are all held up in her office. Serafina is sitting in a chair in the middle of her office while George and Ro are restrained on the couch. As we step inside, three guns move in our direction.

“Ah, I see your backup has arrived. Such a pity, really, that I’ll have to kill them.” Otto’s gun is held to Serafina’s head.

“I wouldn’t if I were you, Otto. This is one fight you won’t win,” I spit out.

“Mmm, since we’re in a casino, should we place bets? Her life, or yours?”

Nico moves forwards. “Mine.” He lowers his gun.

“Nico, no. Don’t,” Serafina cries out.

Nico threw his gun to the ground, and I saw the world open up. I’m not losing him today. My world is not ending today.

Otto turns his gun to Nico. “It doesn’t matter who dies. Either way, I’ll get what I want.” His deadly laugh rang loud.

I move fast, pushing Nico out of the way, and when the guns sound goes off, I drop to the ground.

27



Serafina

After receiving that note from Otto, I felt uncomfortable being around Tony or Nico. I don't want to bring any heat to them. With that in mind, I ignored them. I didn't call them to go to dinner. The next day, I made the most significant decision of my life. I closed all my casinos. I couldn't risk Otto following through with his threat.

I've been held up in my office for the last few days, ignoring the world. I'm trying to think of a plan. I might have enough to cover this casino if I pulled my men away from the house. Barely, but it'll work.

"Fina, I don't like this plan."

"It's the only one that I can think of. It has to work, George." I run my hands through my hair, trying not to get stressed.

George walks to the window with his back to me. He says, "What if he attacks the house or a different casino? Then what?"

"I don't think he will. I have a feeling he's watching me." I turn to look at George. "He knows exactly where I am."

I should've kept my thoughts to myself.

Scott rushes into the office out of breath. "We're being attacked. They came through the stupid back door."

"Fuck! I knew we needed more people." I slam my hands on my desk, rushing for the door.

Scott grabs my arm. “Where the hell do you think you’re going? You’re pregnant. I’ll go. Get Ro up here.”

“Be careful, please. Find Nick or Jordan if you can.” I watch him leave the office, and I feel dread surrounding me. If I close my eyes, I can hear gunfire ring out below. I’m not sure who is getting shot at, and I feel like a horrible captain. I should be going down with my ship.

I head to the window, but unfortunately, we face the wrong direction. The street is clear. I’m learning you will always have a weak spot. I wanted to be prepared, goddamn it. I smack the window.

“Fina, we’ll be okay. We need to get to the armoury fast.”

“Yeah, all right.” I gather myself, letting George lead. As he opens the door, Ro pushes his way in.

“You can’t go out there. It’s too compromised. It’s the Brass Devils.”

“Otto?” I ask.

Ro shakes his head. “Haven’t seen him. He’s here somewhere. Therefore, you are not leaving this fuckin’ room.”

George checks his gun and looks at Ro. Ro shakes his head. Worry snakes through me. If we can’t protect ourselves, then what? George grips my shoulder, pushing me behind him. I rest my forehead on his back, praying everything will turn out, but even I know that’s a huge lie. I brace for what’s about to come because I know Otto is about to come. I can only hope

Scott had found Nick, but they can't do anything against a gang. Two against how many? Please let him be safe.

The office door is flung open seconds later, making me jump. I grip George's shirt tighter.

"Aww, it's like a little family reunion in here. Such a pity that I have to ruin it." The tone of Otto's voice makes me sick to my stomach. How could one man be so evil?

"I'd leave if I were you," Ro demands sharply.

More than one set of footsteps enter the room, but George still won't let me move. I'm not stupid—the odds are not in our favour: two guys and a pregnant lady. We aren't leaving alive. I need to be strong, and I'm the motherfucking Don of this family. I step aside, facing Otto.

"Ah, there she is. The woman of the hour." He flicks his gun at his men as they move around the room.

Ro follows one of them with his gun.

"Two options, Serafina. I don't shoot these two men if you hand yourself over, or I shoot them and take you."

"You aren't taking her," George growls, stepping closer to Otto.

His two goons walk on either side of Ro, each cock their guns holding them to Ro's head. I grabbed George's arm.

"It's fine. I got this." Stepping away from him. "What do you want, Otto."

"Sit, Serafina." He points to the chair in front of my desk.

I sit down as Otto moves to me, holding the gun to my head.

“Don’t fuckin move. Tie them up.” Otto bosses his men around.



When the door is kicked in, I wasn’t expecting to see Tony or Nico. My heart can’t handle it anymore. Why did they have to come here? I think I was handling things.

Nico steps forward, and my world stops. Tony shoves him aside right as Otto shoots. I don’t waste time. I rush out of my chair, sliding on the floor to Tony’s side.

“Tony, you idiot. I had it handled.” I press my hands on his chest.

Gunshots ring out around me, but I’m too focused on Tony to care about them. He’s bleeding so much it’s everywhere, and my hands aren’t doing enough.

“Baby girl,” he gasps.

“Shh, don’t talk. I’m here.” I tear off my blazer, stuffing it on his chest. He hisses when I get on my knees to apply more pressure. “I’m so sorry.”

“You don’t have anything to apologize about,” he whispers.

“But I do. I have so much to say. What if I don’t get the chance to say it.” I kiss him so gently. “I love you so much, Tony. I should’ve told you sooner and not like this.”

He coughs, blood splattering on his lips. “I knew all along, baby girl.”

Nico finally comes to my side. “An ambulance is on the way. Otto and his douchebags got away. How is he?”

I look him in the eyes. Shaking my head, the tears I’ve been trying to hold on to fall. I can feel my hands start to shake. Nico places his hands over mine, adding more pressure on Tony’s chest.

“He’s going to be fine, Serafina,” his voice comes out hard.

A large hand lands on my shoulder, I tilt my head up, and George is there with blood splatter on his face, but there’s something else written on it. *Scott*.

I drew in a shaky breath. “Where is he?”

“Stairwell,” his voice shook.

A sob lashes from my chest. Nico takes over for me while George wraps me in his arms.

“It’s okay, Fina. He died for what he loved the most, he protected you, and that’s all he ever wanted to do. He loved you.”

“It’s not going to be fine, George,” I spit out. “Scott is dead, and Tony could be dying right now. And where the fuck are the paramedics?”

“Serafina,” Nico calmly says.

My throat tightens when I take him in—covered in the man’s blood he loves. I can’t imagine what is running through

his mind, and he's been with Tony since they were kids. My heart drops into my stomach.

“Nico.” I drop to his side, wrapping my arms around him. “I’m here.”

The commotion at the door pulls me away from Nico. Three paramedics storm into the room, rushing to Tony’s side. I back away, making room.

“We have it from here, thanks,” the female paramedic says.

Nico stands, backing up, never taking his eyes off Tony. Tony doesn’t say a word as they load him on the gurney. His pale face is the last thing I see before they wheel him away.

“Nico, go with him. He needs you.” I turn to him. “I’ll be right behind you.”

He nods his head wordlessly and runs out of the room.

I close my eyes, letting the tears fall. “George, I need a ride to the hospital. Find Ro now.”

I’m trying to be strong, I’m going to fall apart at some point.



If I thought anything in this world would be a great big colourful, happy bubble, I would shoot it down in a heartbeat. What a delusional dream that is. There is no happiness in the

world. Everything should be dark, cold, and gloomy. Why are people walking around with smiles and laughter?

I want everyone to suffer like I have to suffer. My heart will never be able to beat without thinking of this day or the way I had dreams. Why should anyone else get to enjoy that? I don't think anyone will understand what it's like to have your entire world ripped away from you.

Only one person can pay for all of this, and I won't rest until I'm the one that places that bullet into his heart and rips away his world as he did to mine.

Otto Watts is a dead fucking man.

I'll show you what it's like to mess with my family.

"Fina, he's going to be just fine."

"How the fuck do you know that, George? No one has even bothered to come to tell me anything because I'm not family." I get up, moving to the window. "And where the fuck is Nico?"

I lean my head against the window. My thoughts keep drifting between Scott and Tony.

"We need to call Scott's family." There goes my heart, clenching tight again in my chest.

"I did. You worry about Tony from now on. Ro is looking for Nico."

"I need him, George. I need him so bad." My body finally has enough, and I collapse to the ground.

28



Nico

I felt like dying when I placed my hands over Tony's heart. My entire world came crumbling down around me as I tried to stop the bleeding. Why did he have to push me out of the way? I could've handled everything on my own—such a stupid idiot.

I kept gripping his hand the entire ride to the hospital, whispering that I would fight with him and not let him down. We would go out fighting no matter what—one last ride.

I don't want to blame Serafina, but Jesus, she could've called sooner. I try to think of something other than my boyfriend dying in the hospital operating room. Pacing this empty hallway isn't helping either, I know I should be with Serafina, but I just can't. If I went to her now, I would break. I need to be strong for Tony and her.

I've been in the hospital for hours, waiting for someone to tell me anything. Tony's been in surgery since we arrived. They rushed him into the operating room, telling me to wait with my family. I knew I should be out there, but I still couldn't leave this hallway.

“Mr. Romano?”

I pivot around to face the nurse. “Yeah, that's me.”

Her face softens as her eyebrows draw together. My chest tightens with pain, and I start shaking my head. I already know what's coming. Tears pool, and when I blink, they roll down my cheek.

“I am sorry to inform you that Mr. Antonio De Rosa has died.”

I’m unsure if she continues to talk or not—I’m trying to stay afloat. My knees buckle before I crash to the floor, arms catch me.

“I have you, brother.”

I grip Ro’s shirt tight. “He’s gone. He can’t be gone.” I try to breathe, but it hurts so damn much.

“It’s okay. Scream, cry, whatever you need to. Let it out.”

I don’t want to think about it, and thinking brings on pain, and pain is something I can feel. I don’t want to feel anything—I desire the emptiness.

“Nico,” Serafina’s soft voice cuts into my thoughts.

I look up and see her struggling to walk down the hallway. I slowly stand, opening my arms for her. Her tiny body slams into mine.

Her arms wrapped tight around me; I didn’t think this was what I needed the most. Her comfort soothes me in places I didn’t know needed soothing.

“*Fragolina*, Tony. He’s—”

“Shh, don’t. Think of happy memories. He loved you so much, Nico. Every day he lived and breathed for you.” She brushes my hair off my forehead. “I’m so sorry, Nico. I would do anything to bring him back, and I promise to find Otto and bring him to you.”

“No,” I growl. “I’m going to find him first. I’ll be the one he looks at as I pull the trigger. You aren’t doing anything.”

“Don’t. We are going to find Otto together.”

I would take her determination any other day, but not today. I want today to end, and this is only a nightmare. When I wake up, everything will return to how it was.



The moment I step into the townhouse, my heart breaks all over again. This is the part no one talks about, where you must face all their belongings.

“Oh, come on, Nico. It won’t be that bad.”

I drag in the nine-foot Christmas tree. “This thing will not fit, and I’m certain of that, asshat.”

Tony laughs from somewhere inside the house. “It’ll look amazing. You just wait once the lights and decorations are on it.”

We’re gonna have to trim the shit out of it, and I’m good at cutting, but only bodies, not trees. I don’t see his vision. I don’t want to be the Debbie downer, but. As I set the tree in the tree stand, I’m proven correct.

“So, hotshot. Now what?” I raise my brows at him.

“Okay, so you were right, and I was wrong. A nine-foot tree is too big for this space. I’ll check the garage for a saw and

see if I still have those lumberjack skills.”

Dear God, he's going to lose a limb for sure.

I look away from the front window. Tony's lumberjack skills were not on par that year. We ended up getting a fake tree. He hacked the shit out of that poor tree. I laugh as I enter the kitchen and take in his used coffee mug on the counter.

The front door slams shut.

“Nico, where are you?” Scarlett calls out.

I walk into the living room, holding his mug. Scarlett's standing there, face red, tears flowing steadily.

“Serafina called, I... I um.” A sob breaks from her. “Goddamn him. He always wanted to one up me, the prick.” She laughs.

I walk to her, gripping her around the shoulders. “He loved you, Scarlett, don't ever forget that.” I pull her in tight, and her body shakes.

“He was such a dumbass,” she sniffed.

“That he was, till the fuckin' end,” I said numbly.

“The guys are on their way, and so is Serafina. She can't be alone, and neither can you. She needs you, and you need her.”

“I need to be alone for a second.”

She eyes me as I walk up the stairs. Instead of going to our room, I head to the guest bedroom. Also known as Rett's old room. Sitting on the bed, I bury my head in my hands.

Small gentle hands brush through my hair, and Serafina's scent seeps into my nose. I grip her hips pulling her closer, burying my head into her stomach. I lift her shirt, kissing her stomach where the babies are.

“He loves you so much, *lamponi*.”

Serafina's body shakes as a cry rips through her. “We'll never stop saying it.”

I look up, resting my chin on her stomach. “Will it always hurt?”

“I'm not sure, baby. We'll have our good and bad days, but we'll always remember him for what he was.”

“Overconfident dickwad?” I joke.

She laughs. “Well, go with that.” She went to her knees and kissed me. “Don't you ever be afraid to reach out to me, but I need you to do me a favour.”

I frowned, not knowing where this was going. “Okay?”

“Shower, I need these clothes from you, too.”

Shit, I haven't even thought of that yet. The only thing I did was wash my hands.

“I'll be here if you need me. I'll get you a change of clothes, and you can use the shower in here.”

I grip her hand tight. She smiles with a nod before getting up and leaving. That's Serafina's love language. She knows exactly what I need when I need it. She's going through grief and being so strong. She hasn't fully had time to process

everything, and I don't want to be selfish or say that my grief is more important than hers. I just don't want her breaking alone.



Tony never wanted a grand funeral. Small, intimate is what he always said. I want to give everything he wants, but I'm struggling.

“Nico? You good still?” Lucca asks.

I wipe away a tear before turning to him. “Yep, all good. Um, no church, just the priest and um.” I clear my throat. “And family, nothing big, you know how he was.”

Lucca chuckles. “Yeah, he always hated large crowds. We don't need his ass haunting us.”

“He would love that too much,” Rett laughs.

“I could see it now. All my shit would be moved around.”

Lucca smiles at me. “So, a small funeral, I can get that arranged for him. Anything else you need?”

I close my eyes because I'll cry again if I think of what I want the most in this world. “I'm good. Thanks again, guys. I need to see Serafina. Rett, how is Scar?”

“She'll be okay.”

After we finalize Tony's funeral, I leave. In two days, I'll be saying goodbye to my *anima gemella*. I need Serafina. She's

been staying home lately, trying to find out where Otto is, and as much as I want to help, my mind just isn't in it.

I'm trying not to think of her hunting that motherfucker, because if she faces him alone, I'm not sure how I'll handle that.

She's so stubborn it drives me up the wall. But I wouldn't change her for the world. I've fallen in love with that stubbornness. I would be lost without it now.

29



Serafina

Every day is a reminder of my actions. Of how I was a selfish bitch. Today we lay Tony to rest, and I lock my emotions down tight. Nico stands next to the coffin with his hand resting on top. I reach for his hand when his eyes lock on mine and knots coil in the pit of my stomach. His eyes are red, but he still gives me a small smile.

“I’ve got you,” I tell him.

I hear him take a deep breath before backing away. “Thanks, baby,” he whispers.

Scarlett steps forward, and a small whimper leaves her. Rett quickly wraps an arm around her. She drops a small flower on his coffin, leaning her head over it. When she stands, she wipes her tears. Nico squeezes my shoulder.

I step forward, placing the ultrasound picture in the center of his flower arrangement.

“I love you so much, Tony.” I breathe deeply, looking upwards. “I’ll watch out for Nico for you. Lord knows he’ll do something stupid soon.”

One by one, our friends say their goodbyes.

I encircled my arms around Nico's waist, holding him tight to my body. His arms wrap around my shoulders. I rub his back in small circles as his body shakes when his cries start.

We're the last to leave the cemetery, and I get George to drive us back to my place. I don't want Nico to be alone tonight.

"Did you need anything?" I ask as I climb into bed.

"I'm good, Serafina. What about you?" He wraps his arms around me, pulling me closer.

Looking over my shoulder, I clasp a hand behind his neck. I shift, so I'm lying on my back. "Nothing, but promise me one thing." He bobs his head. "Don't go after Otto alone. I won't allow it."

He laughs. "You won't allow it, eh."

"Nope. I've been working hard, and I think I've narrowed where he's been hiding out."

He shuffles away, looking at me surprised. "How the hell did you figure that out?"

I wiggle my fingers. "Magic. I'm not telling you anything until you promise me."

He growls while rolling on top of me. "You'll tell me either way."

I raise an eyebrow. "Excuse me, sir. You and what army?"

Nico's fingers closed around my chin, turning my face slowly toward his. As he moved closer, his mouth hovered

over mine. “I’m the army, Serafina. It’s in your best interest to tell me everything.”

My breath catches in my throat. “I can’t tell you unless you swear that I’ll be a part of it. I’m not letting Otto get away again. I need this too.”

“I know you do, baby.” He rolls off me, taking me to his side. I bury my face into his chest.

“I want that prick to suffer.”

“I’ll make it happen. Let’s get some sleep.”

Revenge isn’t always best served, but in this case. Otto has it coming, and I can’t wait for it to be dished.

Three days later, we’re laying Scott to rest. I’m trying to hold it together again. I clutch my hands tightly together in front of my stomach. As the priest continues to talk, I can feel Nico watching me, like I’m about to fall apart without warning.

Tears start to fall when the coffin begins to lower into the ground. Nico pulls me into his side, placing a kiss on my head.

“It’s all right, baby.”

I shake my head. “It’s not. This is my fault. I shouldn’t have sent him off alone. If Ro or George had gone with him, maybe he would still be alive. He didn’t deserve to die the way he did, and he died alone, Nico. In the fucking stairwell, and no one knew,” I bit out aggressively.

He squeezes me tighter. “It wasn’t your fault. Stop saying that bullshit. Scott would’ve done it either way.”

“That’s what everyone keeps telling me, but I should’ve known better as the leader.”

Nico cradles my head against his chest with his other hand, he rubs my back.

“I’m so tired of death, Nico. When does it end?”

“When Otto dies.”



“Two weeks. That’s how long it’s been since I’ve seen your handsome face. It’s been one day since I cried and three days since I saw Nico. Tony, I don’t know what to do. I’m going out of my mind here. I never should’ve told him that information on Otto. That was the stupidest thing I’ve ever done.” I roll over in the bed staring at the ceiling. Wondering if Tony thinks I’m crazy for talking to no one. I need to get out of this house.

George hasn’t let me leave since the attack on the casino unless accompanied by someone else. It’s bullshit if you ask me. I understand why they are doing it, but I would love to leave and return to work. My casino has been sitting empty, not making a profit. Not that I could ever go back there. I might tear it down or sell it. It needs to be gone.

I need to find out where Nico disappeared, too. He won't text me back, and I have the worst feeling that he went off and found Otto without me. I redial him, and it goes straight to voicemail.

“Motherfucker!”

I should've turned on that tracking app and treated him like a child, especially since he's acting like one. I make my way downstairs and find George in the kitchen.

“Hey Fina, how ya feeling?”

I shrug. “No different from any other day. Could we perhaps get out of the house today? I need a change of scenery.”

He finishes pouring his coffee, then goes about making tea for me. “I was thinking of heading to the other casino if you wanted to come.”

“I guess it's been a while since I've been there. I have no choice but to make that the new office now.” With a tight-lipped smile, I nod. “Thanks, George. I can't force myself to go back in there. I know I should, but I can't.”

He sets my tea in front of me, resting his hand on mine. “No one says you need to. You take the time you need to at the pace you need to. If anyone says you are moving on too fast or too slow, that's their business. Only you know what you need.”

Here come the tears. Guess I didn't make it a whole day without crying after all. George gently wipes my tears away.

“When you are ready, we'll leave. I think you need this just as much as I think you do.”

What I really need is Nico. Send me a message saying you are safe or something. At this point, I don't care what you're doing. I won't even be mad. I head upstairs to get ready. I can resume my search for Otto at the office, I was tracking his steps from the cameras. He got messy when he left and didn't cover his tracks. I was close to finding his warehouse, but the trail went cold. I need to get him out of hiding again.

I have a way, but it's dangerous, and I don't think it'll go over well if I tell anyone the plan. Maybe if I talked to Lucca, he could help. His resources are better—I wish Vincent focused more on guns and less on gambling. I'm stuck up shit creek.

The drive further into the city has me all up in nerves. I hardly ever come to this casino, and it's for a reason. It's in the worst part of the city. The crime is outrageous. I made sure to wear my shoulder holster, as I was not taking any chances. George and Ro both sit in the front seat, scanning the area as we drive. Every once in a while, George will speed through the red light. Cause that makes me feel so much fucking better.

Maybe I should've stayed home.

This casino has underground parking, which is great for sneaking inside.

“We're clear. Come on, Serafina, quickly.” Ro holds my door open while George walks alongside me. Ro rushes ahead to open the door for the elevator. Once inside, I can breathe.

“Remind me again why I have this casino?”

“I honestly don’t know. I hate this one,” Ro says with a shiver.

“Glad I’m not the only one. Have you guys heard from Nico lately?” I look between them, but Ro doesn’t meet my eyes, and George shakes his head.

“Ro, tell me what you know. Now.”

“He called earlier, telling me that he found Otto.”

I hit the emergency stop button, and the elevator rocks us violently.

“I’m sorry, he what?” I turn to look at Ro, taking in a deep breath. “You have one second to tell me exactly where he is before I shoot you in the fucking dick.”

I reach for my gun as Ro backs away into the corner.

“Serafina, I’m not supposed to say anything. He told me not to say a word,” he stumbles over his words.

“Mmm, that’s nice. A second is up, Ro.” I cock my gun, watching Ro go pale.

“Fina, don’t do this,” George demands.

“Shut up. He knew I needed him and didn’t say a word. How can I trust you if you can’t tell me things about my boyfriend, Ro?” I raise my gun slowly.

“He’s east of the city,” he yells.

I hit the button, and we continue our journey. “Was that so hard?”

When I get your ass Nico Romano, you’re done.



30

Nico

I had to get out of that house. It's nothing against Serafina. I felt overwhelmed. It's too hard to explain. I know I should've told Serafina where I've been, but she can't know. The second she finds out what I've been up to, she would demand that she come help.

Once she told me the information that she had, I was off and running. I asked Rett a favour, and who would deny a man in mourning? Antonio wouldn't be proud of me, but I had to do what I had to do. Besides, the information she gave me was Otto's last known location. She tracked that motherfucker down so well that I'm so proud of her. Unfortunately, this is where she stops.

I march into the cemetery with a bottle of whiskey. It's easy to tell which grave is Tony's. The fresh grave is easy to spot from the far side of the cemetery. Walking closer, my heart cracks open again. I sit next to his headstone, tracing his name with my finger.

"Hey, baby." I crack the top off the whiskey bottle. Swallowing a mouthful, feeling the warmth fill my stomach. I pour a small amount on top of the dirt.

"I'm so close to finding Otto for you. I can feel the victory already. By the end of this week, he'll be gone. Serafina wants to help, but I can't let her. I can't risk the babies getting hurt. I've been ignoring her, and I feel like a shit boyfriend. I know I shouldn't and should call her, but." I take another large swig from the bottle.

It's a cold day today, but I wouldn't be elsewhere. The thought of sitting some place else sends my heart dropping to my stomach. The next swig of whiskey doesn't burn like the last, and if I don't quit now, I won't be leaving here today.

"I miss you every day, baby. I don't know how to live without you." Teary-eyed, I numbly get up.

I pour the remainder of the whiskey on Tony's site and turn to leave.



I'm hiding out in the scums. Otto is here—I can feel it. I only wish I knew exactly where. That little cockroach hasn't shown his face since that day. Fuckin' coward, that's why I'm down here. I need to find his hideout, the last time he was seen was in this area, but then he dropped off the planet. I ended up telling Ro where I was. It didn't feel right not to let someone know where I was. I can't tell Lucca. He would be here without question. This is something I need to do alone.

Instead, I'm held up in some seedy motel, trying to track him. The Brass Devils are one gang that can't get around without someone mentioning them in this neighbourhood. Even if it takes weeks or months, I will find Otto Watts.

I'm up early, and I plan on heading out before dawn. My first stop will be closer to Lake Ontario. I bet with everything that dickwad has property on the waterfront. I discovered that

Tito has been working with Otto and has a warehouse down by the docks. He wanted help building a more extensive empire, it was a surprise to him when Lucca called him out on his shit. He still won't give up the location on Otto. But if he has been working with Tito, he has to have a warehouse close to the docks if he's dealing drugs. It would be the quickest way to distribute them within the city and country. There is only one dock where he could potentially be stationed at.

I'm packing my bag when a bang comes to my door. I reach for my gun. I'm not expecting anyone, and no one knows where I am except Ro. I silently creep toward the door, peeping through the peephole. I relax and then instantly get mad.

I fling open the door. "The fuck are you doing here?" I said, agitated.

Serafina stands there holding a bag. Jaw tight. The scowl would be cute if she weren't standing here.

"I'm here because you are being a fucking idiot, and clearly, someone needed to talk you off the ledge." She pushes her way inside and tosses her bag on my bed. "So, what are we doing?"

I watch her unpack the bag she brought: guns, magazines, grenades and more.

"Baby? What's all this for?"

"I'm here to help. We're in this together. Don't ever disappear on me again."

I reach for her hand. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to. I needed to do this for Tony.”

A lone tear falls from the corner of her eye. “I understand that, but you can’t do it alone.” She wraps her arms around my waist. “Now, what’s the plan.”

The plan wasn’t meant for her. Fuckin’ Ro. “You wear this.” I shove a bulletproof vest at her. “I need you alive and to protect these babies.” I rub her stomach. I’m going to regret this—I can already feel it.

“I’ll be fine, trust me.” She steps closer to me. “I don’t want you to treat me differently because I’m pregnant. I’m not breakable. Now, let’s go find that mother fucking asshole.” She grabs her gun and smirks.

The sun is rising by the time we leave the motel. This is not how I had this morning planned. Not that I would change it now, in a way, I’m glad she found me.

“Do you know where to start looking?” She asks as we near the docks.

I laugh. “Not a fuckin’ clue, baby. But how hard can it be?”

She rubs her temple. “Nico, I love you and all. But your planning skills are horrible. Give me a second.”

She pulls her phone out. Her fingers fly over the keypad a mile a minute.

“Who are you texting?” I try to lean over the center console, but she shifts away.

“No one. Don’t worry. I do have connections. Surprising, isn’t it.”

I raise my hands in surrender and continue to drive. “So, wanna tell me what the plan is, oh Miss Genius.”

“You’ll see. Trust me. This should work.”



Pulling up to the docks, cops are everywhere.

“Serafina, what did you do?”

“I called a favour in with a friend. If this doesn’t fish that cunt out, then I don’t know what will.”

“Language, I don’t need those babies hearing such vulgar. And what friend?”

She laughs, then the back door opens. I swing around in my seat.

“Oscar? What the fuck? How do you know Serafina?”

“Oh, um. Long story.” He laughs, adjusting his glasses.

“He was my assistant before leaving me for bigger, better things. I believe that’s what he said. It’s a long ass story and a very small world.”

Small indeed. Oscar has been holding out on us this entire fuckin’ time. I narrow my eye, and he gives me a smirk.

“Sorry, bro. I like to keep things tight lipped.”

“No shit, asshole. What else are you hiding?”

He shrugs. “So, every building is being evacuated for a gas leak. If your man is hiding out here, they should be here. The cops aren’t letting anyone leave. I’ve been keeping an eye out, but nothing so far.”

What the hell? I thought he would be here for sure. He has to be here. I watch every face, ensuring I don’t overlook Otto, and I didn’t realize how busy these little warehouses are.

“Are you sure he’s here, Oscar?” Serafina asks.

He moves in between the both of us.

“Seriously?” I look at him.

He grins at me. “Yeah? I think? I can’t keep a look at every single face. I’m only one man.” He rolls his eyes.

Serafina laughs.

“That’s enough out of you.” I turn to her. She tries to stop laughing but fails.

She clears her throat. “Sorry, all right. Let’s split up. If we spot him, we call. Don’t make contact; he knows what Nico and I look like. Oscar, you are safe, but don’t get close. The guy is a psycho.”

“Serafina, I don’t know. What if he spots you?” Oscar said, looking alarmed. “I can’t keep an eye on you and Otto.”

“I’m with him. You stay in the car,” I tell her.

I could see the wheels turning in her head. Instant regret forms because I know what’s coming, but it’s for the best. Just

because I agreed for her to come along doesn't mean I want her to follow through with it. I'm not risking dickshit. Before I can say anything, she throws open the door.

"Serafina!" I yell. I stumble out of the SUV after her. Oscar follows. "I knew this would happen."

"Maybe try not to control her so much," Oscar called out as we tried to run after Serafina.

"Watch that mouth of yours, asshole. I don't need to bury another loved one."

He reaches for my arm, stopping me. "That's not what I mean. She's stronger than you think."

"I know this. I also don't need her to get hurt. Now, let's hurry up and find Otto before something happens."

He takes off in one direction while I go the opposite. I watch everyone as they run past us. I'm looking for any gang tattoos. No luck so far. I haven't heard from Serafina or Oscar, so I don't think they have, either.

I'm heading south between two warehouses, where hardly anyone is, when I hear a few voices. I flatten against the closest building inching closer to the open window. I rub away the dirt and peek in. Two bodies stand in the middle of the room; it's too dark to tell who they are.

"Listen to me. I swear it's a trap. There is no way that this could be a stupid gas leak or whatever they claim it to be."

The second body walks back and forth. "You don't fuckin' say." That voice will haunt me. Otto.

I send a quick message to Oscar, telling him where I am. I don't wait for a reply. I'm going in. I waited long enough to end this asshole.



I can't believe Oscar came through. Out of everyone I could call, he was someone I could rely on who wouldn't ask a thousand questions. If I asked Ro or George, they would stall until they showed up and ruin everything.

This crowd is getting out of hand, and I can't get past too many before getting turned around by a cop. As much as I want to tell them where to go, I turn and dart around to another group of people. I'm sure Nico is mad I ran away, but he'll get over it. I need to help, and I can't stand around and wait while he risks his life. I'm not ready for that again.

I move toward the water, climbing on a cement block. I got a better view of the area. Honestly, I had no idea how many people worked down here. It's a sea of people rushing to get away. My phone buzzes in my back pocket.

“Hey, any news?”

“Yeah, Nico texted he was by the back warehouse. Meet me by the big yellow sign.”

He hangs up, and I take off, a big yellow sign that shouldn't be too hard to find. I run and scan, yellow, yellow where the fuck is this sign. He could've told me more details about it. Finally, I see him jumping up and down, waving his arms.

“You look like a wacky inflatable arm man,” I pant.

“I try my best, babe. Ready?”

I take a deep breath and stare at Oscar. Am I ready? I have no idea what to expect, and can I face Otto after what he did? I have no choice. I need to do this. I have to finish what Tony and I started. This ends today.

“Let’s go.” Oscar grabs my hand, and we move together.

He’s always been a great friend—I never should’ve let him go. But I didn’t need to keep him around, and when I came into the mafia world, I didn’t want him in it. Turns out he fell into it, anyway. I won’t be able to protect anyone, but I swear I’ll protect my babies from this life.

“This way, he should be around here.” Oscar slows down. “Where the fuck is he?”

“What?” I look around between the two warehouses, not seeing a soul.

“He said he was here, that fucker.”

I look around again for any sign of Nico. I can’t find any indication that he was here. How does he just disappear? Why would he tell us he was here if he wouldn’t stay put? Oscar whistles, motioning his head for me to come closer.

“You found him?” I race closer, damn near tripping over my feet.

Oscar steadies me. “Yeah, looks like someone was watching through this window. Looks fresh, so this has to be the spot.

I'm going out on a limb here and guessing Nico didn't fuckin' wait."

"No shit. I think I figured that out." I look around for a door. Fucking Nico, he knew better. If this is payback for me leaving the car, I'll punch the shit out of him. This is far worse. I move away from Oscar, heading toward the back of the building. Once I get my hands on Nico. Drawing my gun, I peek around the corner.

"One guard? How many do you think are inside?" Oscar whispers in my ear.

"Sneak up on me again, and this bullet goes in your kneecap. My only concern is how Nico got inside." I glance behind me. Oscar snaps his finger.

"I'll go out first. Distract him from you."

"Oscar," I warned. "Just because you want to be the hero doesn't mean you should." I bend down, picking up a large rock. I throw it with all my might, smashing out a window on the warehouse down from us. The guard swivels in a circle looking for what happened. I pick up another rock and throw it at the guard. It smacks him in the head, taking him to the ground.

"Nice hit, hotshot." Oscar pats me on the back. He quickly moves in, kicking the guard's gun away. "I think you knocked him out cold." He bends down, poking him in the cheek.

"We don't have time for this." I drag him by the sleeve toward the door.

I push the door open, and the warehouse isn't what I was expecting. It's packed full of boxes. I don't want to know what's in them. It stinks in here, and the dust is everywhere. I don't think Otto actually uses this place. If he did, it wouldn't be this dirty. This is definitely a phoney for another hideout.

"I don't have a good feeling about this," I whisper.

"Same, chicki."

I take a deep breath before I walk further in. Oscar grips my shoulder.

"I'll lead. That vest will still hurt like a bitch if you get shot."

"This isn't what I wanted for you when I let you go. You know that, right?"

He chuckles. "Oh, I know. But the life found me with Charlie. I love it." He shrugs, moving down the dark hallway.

My heart flips as we walk further, and there is still no sign of Nico or Otto. I thought by now we would hear voices, or at least a sound, but nothing. My mind wanders to the worst case. What if Otto got the jump on Nico and knocked him out? Are they even here anymore?

I check the first room. Empty.

Oscar checks one and shakes his head.

What the hell? Where are they? We only have two rooms left, and blood rushes in my ears as I push open the door. I freeze in the doorway.

“Nico?” I cautiously say, walking deeper inside.

The room is dark, but a body lies on the floor. The closer I get, the more I can make out it’s not Nico lying there, and it’s not Otto. I’m getting pissed off now. I whip out my phone, dialling Nico. It rings. I get up and move to the door, listening. I don’t hear it anywhere in the warehouse.

Oscar’s there waiting. I point to the phone. He moves around, looking for any sign of Nico. I dial again. I pull it away from my ear.

“It keeps ringing. Do you hear it?”

“No, that means one thing, Serafina.”

He’s not here anymore.



“Why couldn’t he fucking wait for us?” I’m so pissed. Oscar is driving us back to Nico’s motel room. I’m hoping, if anything, he might find his way back there. I doubt it. Deep down, I know Otto has him; now, this will turn into a rescue mission. One that I’m going to win at.

“Don’t worry, Serafina, we’ll get him back. I called Lucca. He’s going to meet us at the motel. He and Rett can find that fucker. He’s only suicidal because... well, you know.”

Yeah, I know. I don’t think he’s suicidal, though. Stupid, yes.

“Why can’t one thing go right, Oscar?” I lean my head against the seat.

He reaches over, placing a comforting hand on my knee. “I’m not the best at this, but sometimes you have to go through hell to get to heaven. I believe that you are in for a world of amazing things, Serafina. Life may have thrown you a shit ton of lemons, but you have this. Only a few more bumps, baby, and it’s a home run.”

My eyes swarm with tears. Jerk and his words. “Thanks, asshole.”

“Anytime. Now, we need a new plan because I’m not good at tracking men.” He shrugs.

“To be honest, I’m only good with casinos, so I’m praying Lucca and Rett can help.”

When we reach the motel, Lucca is already waiting for us, bags sitting by the door. Whatever is in them, I only hope they can find Nico.

“Hi, Serafina. How are you feeling?” Lucca asks as soon as I get out of the SUV. He comes closer, bringing me in for a hug.

“I’ve been better,” I mumble into his chest.

“I know, *dolcezza*. Let’s find Nico then.” He steers me toward the motel door, where Oscar and Rett are waiting.

“You haven’t heard anything from him?” Rett asks.

I shake my head. “His phone only rings. If he did take Otto, where would he go?”

“The only place would be the warehouse, but I never got a notification that the alarm was turned off. I might be able to track his phone.” Rett goes about the motel room, setting up his computer.

“What should I do?” I look around the room at all the men going about their tasks. It’s crazy that this is what they do for their family.

“I could use some help. You know your guns, right?” Lucca holds up his Glock.

I move over to him and help load magazines. “Rett will find him?”

“Without a doubt, Rett is good at what he does, Serafina. Please don’t stress. Nico, although smart sometimes, does do stupid shit without thinking.”

“No shit.” I interrupt.

Lucca chuckles. “I am sure it’s with the best intentions. Either way, Rett will find him, and then we can kick his ass together.”

I’ll be doing more than kicking his fuckin’ ass when I see him.

32



Nico

Am I being a spontaneous dumbass and not waiting around for Oscar and Serafina to get here? Yep. But I am not letting Otto get away from me this time. He's been slipping away too often, and I'm not doing it again.

I wait for the douchebags to stop talking and go their separate way. I think this window is the only way I can get inside without being noticed. I'm glad I have that upper body strength now because jumping this high using my arms, Jesus, I can feel it already. Landing quietly is difficult when the whole room is made out of concrete, and it echoes.

I'm here for one Otto Watts, and I'm not leaving until I have him.

I jog down the hallway, and only one room has a light on. It's like a lighthouse guiding me home. Thanks, asshole. I kick the door down, scaring the shit out of Otto and the other asshole that's in the room. I hastily shoot that ass in the head, so it's only Otto left.

"The fucking fuck!" he yells, reaching for his gun.

I aim my gun at his head. "Don't even try it. Touch the gun, and I'll blow your brains out."

Otto slowly raises his hands. “What do you want?”

“I’m sure you know the answer, and if you don’t, let me remind you. Stalking my girlfriend, killing my boyfriend. Does any of this ring a bell?” I walk closer, thinking of my options.

“What’s the plan, then? You want to fight this out? One-on-one because I don’t see your backup.”

I have to think faster before Oscar gets here. I move quickly, striking Otto in the back of the head with my gun. He crumbles to the ground. Not ideal for moving him with cops in the area, but I’ll make it work.



I have no idea what I’m doing. Otto is tied in the back of the SUV, and I left Serafina behind—total dick move, but one that needed to be done. I can’t go to the warehouse, so that leaves one place that no one will think of looking—Serafina’s casino.

It’s the perfect ending for him. He ended two lives there, and now I’ll end his. I haul him inside, strapping him to a chair. I find another chair placing it across from him. I go off in search of tools that I can use. That motherfucker is not getting it easy. It’s bad enough that he let me grab him without a fight.

I find what I need and make my way back to Otto. My phone has been blowing up, but I can't tell them where I am. Not until I finish this job. I take a seat and kick Otto awake.

"The fuck, man."

"Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey."

"Just get it over with," he spits out.

"See." I get up walking to where I laid the tools out. "That's not going to work for me. You made my life hell, so I will make you feel it before you die." I grab a knife, twirling it around as I near him.

He fights his restraints when I lower my face to his. "This is for Scott, and he didn't deserve to be shot down. He was a good kid." I slam the knife into his thigh.

His screams fill the empty casino. I haul off and hit him in the face to shut him up. I add another one for the fun of it.

"Can you tell me one thing, Otto?"

He spits on the floor. "Make it a worthwhile question, and I might answer it."

I walk back to the tools grabbing the pliers. I hold his finger, getting it in between the pliers. "This might hurt." I snap the pliers shut on his knuckle, breaking it.

"You son of a bitch," he cries. His knuckle is already swelling.

"Anyway, back to my question. I never understood why you wanted Serafina's mafia."

He laughs, that deep cynical laugh. “It wasn’t about her mafia. It was about taking over the city’s most powerful casinos. I would be in control of drugs and money. I was so close, too, until you showed up.”

“I should’ve killed you then.”

“I did have a gun to your woman’s head. Did you want to risk it?”

I slam my fist into his nose and throw a punch into his stomach. When a hand grips my shoulder, I swing backward. Rett catches my fist.

“That’s enough,” he growls.

I heave angry breaths and leave it to Rett to find me. “Go away, Rett.”

“Not happening. I’m here for you.”

This stupid ass, he can’t leave me alone for thirty minutes, can he? I just need some time for a bit of revenge, that’s all. Why can’t anyone understand that I need to seek revenge for what he did to me? What he did to my family.

“Aw, what’s the matter? Did your little friend break up your little party?” Otto laughs.

Rett turns to Otto, punching him in the jaw. “Shut your fucking mouth. Are you ready to end this?” He faces me.

I pick up my gun. I know Serafina wanted to do this, but I can’t let her live with that on her conscience. I’m used to killing; no matter what, I need this.

I take a deep breath, aim and watch Otto take his last stupid smirk.



“How mad is Serafina?” I ask on the way back to the motel.

Rett groans, “She’s super pissed, man. I’m not sticking around for that fight.”

“Thanks a lot.”

“Just be grateful she called Lucca and me. She rescued you. You didn’t have to turn destructo. Should we be worried about you, Nico?”

I stare out the car window, wondering if they should be worried or if I’m finished now. The motel comes into view, and so does my *fragolina*. She’s so beautiful. I feel horrible for neglecting her.

“Send everyone home. I need to spend some time with Serafina.”

“Can do. We’ll be here if you need us.”

I cautiously walk toward Serafina. She opens her arms for me.

“I’m sorry, baby,” I tell her, tightening my arms around her shoulders.

“Don’t you ever pull that shit again. I was so worried about you. Lucca had to stay behind with me when we found out you went to the casino.”

I get her inside the room, closing the door behind me. “Hey, it’s okay. I’m fine. It’s done. Otto will never touch us again.”

She sits on the bed, shoulders slumping forward. I kneel in front of her, placing my hands on her knees.

“He’s really dead?”

“I’m not giving you details, but yes.”

“I thought I would feel some relief or something, but nothing. I’m still angry,” her voice coming out harshly.

I lean forward, tilting her chin up until her eyes meet mine. “You’ll always be angry, baby. We can be angry together for the rest of our lives, but we need to let that man go. He can’t rule our lives anymore.”

She closes her eyes. “Okay, I can try.” When she opened her eyes, desire slams into me. I should feel guilty wanting to feel pleasure again, but I can’t deny myself or her. Pushing her onto her back, she gives me a small smile.

“I love you, Serafina.” I kiss her along the jaw, working toward her ear. “It’s gonna be a quick fuck, baby,” I whisper.

She chuckles. “That’s fine, just hurry. I need you.”

We work fast to remove our clothing. It’s going to be so quick I’ll owe her one shortly after. I dove into her, sinking further with each thrust. Her sweet moans drive me crazy.

“Fuck, baby. Your pussy feels so good.”

Her fingernails dig into my back. “Nico, harder, please.”

I grab her ankles, place them on my shoulders, and wrap my arms around her thighs. I pick up my pace fucking her harder. Her cries fill the motel room, flicking her clit with my thumb, causing her to tighten around my dick. I can't help the small moan that leaves my lips.

“I need you to come for me before we finish together.” I rub her clit faster, her leg trembles and her moans grow louder. “Yes, fucking come for me while I fuck you.”

I slam into her deeper, hitting her g-spot.

“Nico.” She moans my name.

“Yes, baby,” I growl as pleasure rips through me.

Breathing heavily, I lower my forehead to hers.

“I love you, Nico. But I swear if you ever pull a stunt like that again, you can save your own ass. I can't do this again.”

“I know, and I'll forever be apologizing for it. What I'm not sorry for is your safety and those babies' safety.”

“Stubborn *polpetto*.”

“Damn rights.”

I press a kiss to her lips, sealing my love with her. Tony will always be my first love, but Serafina will be forever.

Epilogue



Serafina

As my due date nears, I'm getting nervous. I swear danger lies around every corner. Even after all these months, I think Otto is still coming after me. I think if I had been there to witness his death, my mind would be at rest. Every day is a reminder of what Tony is missing out on, and I can't forgive Otto for that.

Walking into the twin's nursery gives me a sense of peace. Nico has been working so hard to get this room set up. We both talked about not finding out the genders until they both arrived. I could tell that he wanted to know every time we went for a checkup. He would inch closer to the ultrasound screen.

I sit in the glider, looking between both cribs. I still can't believe I'm having twins and how my life has changed in the past nine months. I sold my casinos. I couldn't reopen the one, and the other was too risky to be at. Instead, I invested in a bakery for Stella. I knew she wanted to open one for the longest time, it's her passion, and I would love to see it through. She deserves it.

"Baby, what are you doing in here?" Nico leans against the door frame.

I give him a small smile. "Thinking that's all."

"Yeah? About what?" He pushes off the frame walking toward me.

I shrug, rubbing my stomach. “Everything, I guess. I’m not sure.”

“George made some lunch if you are hungry.”

I laugh. “That man will never let me go hungry, will he?”

“Don’t tell him this, but he’ll make the perfect grandpappy.”
Nico laughs.

If he only knew that, George asked if the babies could call him grandpa. It was the sweetest conversation. Since we both don’t have family, these babies are all we have.

Nico helps me out of my seat. I’m slower these days and not afraid to admit I need help. As we descend the stairs, I get a sharp pain in my lower stomach. I grip the rail.

“Holy shit,” I hiss.

“What’s wrong?” Nico comes in front of me, touching my stomach.

I close my eyes, breathing through my mouth. “I think, the babies.” I breathe deeply. “Are coming.”

“Are you sure?” he croaked horrifiedly.

I stare at him. “Yep, I’m pretty sure,” I say, agitated. “Get the bags. I’ll be in the car.”

“I didn’t mean. Never mind.” He runs back upstairs.

“George, it’s time!” I shout.

George helps me to the SUV while Nico loads the bags. I can’t believe we are going to be meeting the babies soon. My contractions kicked into overtime on the drive to the hospital. I

thought I was prepared, but I was in denial. Having two babies is hardcore.



What got me through childbirth was knowing that Antonio was there with me. Whenever I wanted to quit, Nico would whisper in my ear that Tony was so proud of me. I didn't think I was strong enough to push two babies out, but holy fuck. I did it.

I brush the top of my daughter Amara's head, and she looks so much like her daddy, Nico. There is no denying that. I look over at Nico, holding our son, the spitting image of Tony. I asked the doctor if having twins from different fathers was possible. She told me it was. It's called Superfecundation twins.

I think back to our first time together in the office. We made these babies together without even knowing the impact that they would have on our lives.

“Serafina, you are truly amazing. Look at what you created.”

“I didn't do it alone, Nico.”

He hands me Anthony, and I hold both babies in my arms.

“Baby, you hold my entire world in your hands, and I don't have enough words to express my love to you. I will never

forget the past year, our struggles, our losses and most of all, life. These two have so much hope and love, and I can't wait to show them that." He leans over, kissing them each on the forehead.

He looks me in the eyes. "I love you with everything, Serafina." He cups my cheeks, wiping my tears. "Are you ready to live it with me?"

"Yes, you're my *polpetto*."

"We need a new nickname." He laughs.

"Meatball suits you. You can fight me on it." I meet his lips before he can say anything.

He groans. "Doesn't mean I have to like it." He smiles.

If you were to tell me over a year ago, when I first met Nico or Tony, that I would be here today, I wouldn't believe you. But I'm so glad I went with my heart. My little family will do great things; I can't wait to see it. Anthony and Amara are the future of the Buratti Mafia. Even if I don't leave much for them, they will build a new mafia together and change the future.

THE END.

Bonus Epilogue



Nico

5 years later

Dear Tony,

I can't believe you've been gone for five years. The twins are growing fast, and they find a new way to surprise Serafina and me every day.

They started kindergarten this fall, and oh boy. I tried not to cry, and I would like to say that I didn't, but you know me. I bawled like a motherfucking baby. Serafina, God, she's so strong. She didn't drop a single tear. When I grow up, I want to be like her.

Anthony is a mini you. He sets goals and smashes them. He didn't want to start school with training wheels on his bike, and he spent all summer learning how to ride his bike without them. Poor Amara was so upset because she still had to have her training wheels on. His confidence sometimes gets him into trouble, but luckily I know how to deal with him. I chalk it up to all those years of dealing with your ass.

Amara, sweet Amara. She's going to be just like her momma. She may have my brown hair but has Serafina's grey eyes and attitude. I'm going to have a problem with boys, Tony. I thought I was ready to be a girl, Dad, but now with her going to school. I'm not prepared.

Serafina, God. She's amazing. Every day I'm blown away by her. You would be so proud, and she visits you every

weekend. Not a day goes by that she doesn't talk about you to the children. She tells them stories all the time.

I love you, Antonio. I can't wait to see you one day. To kiss you on those beautiful lips. Until that day, continue to look over us.

Love forever,

Nico.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dear Diary,

We have come to the end of the Russo Series. Did I shed a few tears while writing this book? Hell yeah! Did I have to do what I did? Um, yes. Yes, I did. How mad are you at me? It's okay. It was still a lovely story.

I had a wonderful time writing all these books, every character holds a special place in my heart, and I won't forget about them. But it's time to move on. Perhaps you'll see another book in the future; I'm not sure yet.

Until then, I would like to thank everyone that stuck by my side during my crazy phase. Thank you to everyone that read the series. Honestly, I would've quit writing after book two.

Catch you on the flip side,
CL Easton

ALSO BY

A HITMAN'S DUET

MYLES
CARTER

RUSSO MAFIA SERIES

UNBROKEN
UNBEARABLE
UNDENIABLE

STRANGERS OF EASTWOOD

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT
STRANGERS OF THE TOWN

STANDALONE

CHRISTMAS UNWRAPPED

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

C L Easton lives in Alberta, Canada with her husband and two children. She loves all things horror, whiskey, true crime and things that don't involve people. Her dark sense of humour shines in her books, and is the least bit of a romantic. Funny, isn't it. She loves to procrastinate, so it's amazing she finished this book. Kidding. She works great under pressure.

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