



Vincenzo

ANTONELLI

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Contents

[Title](#)

[Title](#)

[Copyright](#)

[1. Vincenzo](#)

[2. Julia](#)

[3. Vincenzo](#)

[4. Julia](#)

[5. Vincenzo](#)

[6. Julia](#)

[7. Vincenzo](#)

[8. Julia](#)

[9. Vincenzo](#)

[10. Julia](#)

[11. Vincenzo](#)

[12. Julia](#)

[13. Vincenzo](#)

[14. Julia](#)

[15. Vincenzo](#)

[16. Julia](#)

[17. Vincenzo](#)

[18. Julia](#)

[19. Vincenzo](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[NEWSLETTER](#)

[Join the ARC Team!](#)

Vincenzo Antonelli: A Dark
Mafia Romance

Brutal Attachments, 3

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Mafia Romance

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Z.Z. Brulant

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Books

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1. Vincenzo

I hadn't been able to get a good night of sleep for the past two weeks. My body was on fire with excitement. I was finally going to be leaving New York. I was finally going to be living on my own. My father had told me a few stories about his time at Harvard, even though he'd only attended two semesters. But I hadn't really paid that much attention while he was talking. I wanted to experience it on my own, without any sort of preconceptions.

I wasn't sure what I wanted to major in. But I knew that I wanted to focus on something, anything, that would have absolutely nothing to do with the family business. If I became a lawyer, my father would figure out some way to have me work for him. And the same thing would happen if I went into the medical field. He would find some way to turn me into an underground mafia surgeon. There was no way that I was going to be like him or my uncle or any of the men in my bloodline.

My older sister Michelle seemed much more interested in carrying on the Antonelli name in the New York underworld than I was. In a year, she would be graduating from MIT with a degree in a specialized field in IT. Before heading off to school, she had vowed to return with an arsenal of skills that would help our father improve his security operations. I'd rolled my eyes when I heard her say that.

But I managed to keep my mouth shut. No matter how eager my sister was to be a part of the family business, I knew our father would remain deeply disappointed if I didn't join as well. Yet, I had to give him some credit. He never outright forced me to follow in his footsteps. And he always made sure

that I had the best possible opportunities to advance down any career path that I desired.

After tossing and turning in the bed for another twenty minutes, I grabbed my phone. It was 0330. I threw off the covers and hopped out of bed. I walked to the window and peered into the courtyard of our family mansion.

As usual, there were two security patrol cars stationed at the front entrance. My friends from private school always found it strange that we had 24/7 private security. They would start asking questions about what my father did. Was he some kind of gangster? Or a high-ranking government official? I would never say much. Because it would be easy enough for them to do their own research and figure out who he was. Who we were.

And that's exactly why I wanted to break away from everything that my family represented. We had lived like this long enough.

"Don't feel bad for thinking like that," my crazy uncle Gianluigi had told me one day. "More than anything your father wants you to be happy."

He pulled the car to a stop in front of a red light. I looked over at him, not sure whether or not he was being truthful. Ever since I'd known him, he'd seemed even crazier about this mafia world than my father was. Which was almost impossible. I also knew that even after all these years, he still didn't really approve of my mother because she belonged to a rival family. I'd never asked him about that. And I never intended on doing so. It seemed like too stupid of a thing to even worry about.

"You really think that? Or is that something that you have to say to make me feel better?"

He snickered and shook his head. The light turned green and he gunned the Porsche forward. For the next few minutes, the silence and tension hung thick in the air. I always felt a little bit uncomfortable around my uncle. I think he knew that. And I think he enjoyed it. Whether it was the tattoos on his neck or the ones on his knuckles or the fiery look in his eyes,

he looked like he could explode and beat the crap out of you at any moment. But according to both my father and my mother, he had matured and mellowed over the years. Just hearing those words sent a shiver down my spine. He must have been a fire-breathing dragon when he was younger.

“I’m not in the business of trying to make people feel better,” he finally said, menacingly. “I guess your father never told you how he got started in the family business.”

I sighed heavily and rolled my eyes. “He’s told me plenty of times,” I replied. “He’d always worked side by side with my grandfather. He had always wanted to take over one day. But after he’d had his fun in school and then...”

“Bullshit,” Gianluigi grunted, slamming his fist into the steering wheel.

Startled, I jumped in the seat. I wasn’t sure what I had said to upset him. That was the story my father had told me on several occasions. I had never bothered to question it because the look in his eyes had seemed so sincere and wracked with pain.

“You mean...”

“I mean that what he told you is complete bullshit. I was the one who would sit side by side with my father in his office, even though I had no idea what he was yelling about on the phone. I was the one that couldn’t wait to be old enough to go to meetings with him. I was the one who wanted nothing more in life than to join the family business.”

“And my father—”

“Wanted to get the hell away from it as soon as possible. He hated everything that had to do with being part of a mafia family. Everything except all the advantages that it gave him in life.”

He laughed bitterly as he finished the last sentence. I wasn’t sure how to respond. My mouth gaped open in shock. My father had told me something completely different. One time, when I asked him why it seemed like Gianluigi was always on edge, why he always seemed to be on the verge of a violent

outburst, my father had said that it was because he never actually wanted to be a part of the family.

“What did he want to be?” I asked, eager to hear his response.

“Anything but what he actually is,” my father had answered, looking away from me, something he rarely did. The answer had seemed strange at the time. But I figured it was best not to poke and probe any further. Now I deeply regretted not asking any follow-up questions.

Why had he lied? What was the point? What was he ashamed of?

The car skidded to a stop in front of passing pedestrians. Some of them turned in our direction with angry faces. The veins tensed in my uncle’s neck. His hands choked the steering wheel. My eyes opened wide, afraid that he was going to hop out and beat one of them to a bloody pulp.

Thankfully, he managed to keep his cool. The light turned green and we continued towards our Midtown destination.

For the next ten minutes, neither of us said a word. We must have both been lost in our thoughts. I knew that I was. Yet there were so many questions that I wanted to ask him.

I was grateful when he finally broke the silence.

“Don’t worry about it, Vinny,” he said, causing me to cringe. I hated when people called me that. Was it so hard to say my whole freaking name?

He continued, “You and your father are a lot more alike, than he and I are.”

I turned towards him, waiting for him to explain. “But I’ll be sure not to bring any of this up when we get to Scarabelli’s. Ok?” He asked with a wicked gleam in his eye.

“Yeah, please don’t tell him what you told me.”

That conversation had taken place a few months ago. And I hadn’t been able to get it out of my head ever since.

As I stood at the window in my room, looking down into the courtyard, I tried to imagine all of the reasons why my father always pretended to not understand my desire to have something of my own. My desire to break from tradition. According to my uncle, he had wanted those very same things for his own life. But then tragedy struck. And he'd been forced to take the reigns. He hadn't chosen to be a part of this ruthless, mafia underworld. It had chosen him.

And that was another reason why I needed to get out of this mansion and out of New York as soon as possible.

Suddenly, a pair of headlights appeared at the front gate. The two security guys walked towards the lights. I looked on with curiosity. It was almost 4' o'clock in the morning. Who could be coming to visit my father at this time of day?

I opened the window to hear what was going on. Seconds later, a black hummer slammed through the iron gates, sending them crashing down. Several more large vehicles followed behind the battering ram. Their lights flooded the courtyard.

Doors opened. Armed thugs hopped out and began shooting at the security guards. They shot back. Then both of them howled in pain as semi-automatic gunfire ripped through their flesh. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. This was the first time that I'd ever witnessed someone die. I wanted to scream out for them to stop. But I realized how useless that would have been.

There was a knock at my door. I nearly jumped out of my skin.

I looked back down into the courtyard. Men with long guns were rushing into the mansion. I froze. My father and mother were on the other side of the mansion. There was no way that I would have time to get over there.

"Vincenzo! Open the door!" It was old man Wilson.

I hurried to the door. I opened it and looked down at the white-haired, wheelchair-bound octogenarian.

Despite his age, his eyes shone brightly with intensity. He had been with the family since before even my father was

born. I had no idea why he hadn't retired and spent his last days laying on a beach somewhere. Maybe this mafia life was just that addictive. Once you were in it, you never wanted out, even if that would have been the best thing for your health.

"What's going on, Wilson?"

"They're back."

"Who?"

"The ghosts from the past."

"What?"

Machine gun fire sounded throughout the house.

I had to defend my parents. I was about to rush out into the hallway. But the old man stopped me and pushed me back into the room.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "I can't just stand here."

"That's right Vincenzo, you can't. You have to go down the secret hatch and get yourself to safety as soon as possible."

"What?"

"Now is your time to take over. It's too late for your parents. It is your time to lead."

"I don't want to lead. I'm going away to college in a week. I don't want anything to do with this."

More machine gun fire sounded in the mansion. The old man's eyes gleamed even brighter.

"AWWWWWWWW!" A woman's screams, my mother's screams, sent a shiver down my spine. My body went numb.

"Take this and get down the hatch," Wilson said, handing me a gun and a cell phone. "When you get to safety, make sure to call your uncle. He'll know what to do."

I wanted to ask more questions but there was no time.

The gunfire and the loud footsteps were getting closer and closer. If I didn't run now, then I wasn't going to make it out

of this alive. Why the fuck was this happening? Why couldn't I have a normal fucking life like every other kid my age?

“Hey Vincenzo, where are you?” A voice rang out. “We'd like to have a little chat with you?”

That was all I needed to hear. I shoved the phone into my pocket. And put the gun on my waist.

“Thank you for everything Wilson, “I won't—”

“Go,” he said as the footsteps and gunfire continued their furious approach.

I went back into the room, ran into the clothes closet, and got down on my knees. I undid the latches on the floorboard and looked down at the hundred-foot ladder that would take me to an underground tunnel that led to one of my father's warehouses.

I sighed heavily and fought back the urge to cry. This wasn't how my life was supposed to be. But here I was getting sucked into the very world that I so much wanted to escape.

2. Julia

As I rode the subway, I tried my best not to make eye contact with anyone. That's what I had always been told. But these days it seemed like you had to be even more cautious than usual. That was just one of the reasons that I was looking forward to getting out of Manhattan in a few weeks.

The fact that I had just graduated high school had barely sunk in yet. I would soon be living on my own, no longer under the watchful eyes of my parents. I wouldn't have to check in and check out. I wouldn't have to explain why I had stumbled home at 2 in the morning. I wouldn't have to ask for permission to bring boys over. Just thinking about it made me tingle with excitement.

I got off the subway at 46 Street and walked two blocks to McCluskey's. I greeted the manager, a tall redhead with a slight Irish accent, then walked to the back table where my father always sat. As I approached the table, he looked up from his phone and smiled.

"I'm glad you made it here in one piece," he said.

I rolled my eyes and sat down. Even though I was eighteen and had been navigating my way throughout Manhattan for my whole life, he still treated me like I was some naive, country bumpkin who couldn't hold her own.

"Yes, Dad. I managed to ride the subway all on my own. Like a big girl," I replied sarcastically.

He snickered and took a swig of his drink, undoubtedly a Scotch on the rocks. He was still a fit, handsome man as he approached 50, with a full head of salt and pepper hair. Yet, I couldn't help noticing the bags underneath his eyes. And there

was something tired and weary about him, even though he was clean-shaven and impeccably dressed. A twinge of guilt pinched my stomach.

He took another swig of his drink and said, “So I guess I’m not going to be able to change your mind. Is that right?”

I sighed and looked away from him. For the past year, he’d been trying to convince me to go to Yale Medical School. But I wanted no part of that. Being a doctor didn’t interest me at all.

“It’s all your fault,” I said. “You shouldn’t have taken me to all those political rallies and fundraisers when I was younger.”

He smiled and shook his head. “I thought that would discourage you from ever wanting to get involved in politics.”

I returned the smile. “Well, it had the complete opposite effect.”

“Apparently.”

While my father wanted me to go to New Haven, Connecticut to attend Yale, I was actually going to Washington D.C. to attend Georgetown University. I couldn’t wait to be in the nation’s capital. I was going to be able to rub shoulders with high-profile political figures from all over the country. I was going to follow in my father’s footsteps into the political world. I still didn’t understand why he was so against my decision or why he so badly wanted me to stay out of politics.

“Did mom tell you what I just found out?” I asked, trying to change the subject.

He raised an eyebrow. “Nope. And I’m afraid to ask.”

“I’m staying right across the hall from Senator Morrissey’s daughter.”

“Morrissey from Ohio?”

“Of course,” I said. “Who else could it be?”

“Better not tell her your father’s just a lowly congressman from New York.”

“Stop it, dad. You were the head of two of the most important committees in the last session.”

He took a swig from his drink and smiled at me with his eyes. “I didn’t know you paid any attention to what I do down there.”

“I do. And since I’m going to be down there soon, I hope you and mom are going to take me out to some nice D.C. restaurants.”

“Don’t worry about that,” he said. “But you should know ___”

Before he finished speaking, his phone began ringing. He reached into his suit pocket and pulled it out. He stared at the screen with a blank expression, then answered the call.

I took my eyes off him and looked down at the menu. It didn’t take long for me to find what I wanted. The usual. Grilled salmon with asparagus. I closed the menu and looked across the table. All the color had drained from my father’s face. He caught me looking at him. His eyes opened wide. Then without saying anything, he quickly stood up and walked away from the table. My eyes followed him as he hurried toward the front entrance of the restaurant.

What was going on? I’d never seen him act like this before. A few minutes later, he stormed back into the restaurant. I felt a knot in my stomach. Something was wrong. Terribly wrong.

“Is everything ok?”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he grabbed his briefcase and cursed under his breath.

“We’ve got to get out here.”

“But I thought we were going to have lunch.”

“Not here. Not today,” he said. “Let’s go.”

There was a cold, intense look in his eyes. Unlike anything, I’d seen before from him. A shiver went down my spine.

Ten minutes later, I was sitting in the back of a government-issued SUV zooming through traffic en route to our suburban

home just north of NYC. My father had been on the phone the whole time, talking to his secretary, and then to one of his congressional colleagues. He hadn't said much during the calls but every now and then he would curse or let out a sigh.

And then I was finally able to catch a piece of the conversation. He must have forgotten that I was sitting next to him. Or he just didn't care.

"So they are all taken care of?" He said. "What? Got away? Did he disappear in thin air? He's got to be hiding there somewhere. Find him and get back to me. This is already enough of a fucking disaster."

He finally hung up and put his phone back into his jacket. Then he turned to me and stared for a few moments before saying anything.

"This is why I don't want you to have anything to do with politics," he said. "It's a dirty, nasty game. Full of dirty, nasty people. It's not a place for someone like you."

"But isn't that why someone like me needs to go into that world? To clean it up. To make change. Isn't that what we're supposed to do?"

"That's what I used to think as well, Julia. But you quickly find out it doesn't work like that. The only thing that changes is you. And trust me, the change is never good."

I swallowed hard. I had never heard my father talk like this before. Despite his occasional self-deprecating comments, I always thought that he really enjoyed and took pride in his work as a congressman. But maybe I had been wrong.

"What do you mean the change is never good?" I asked.

"It turns you into a monster," he replied. "Someone willing to do anything to hold onto power. Even if it means destroying someone, betraying someone. Anything."

"So when I get down to D.C., I'll do my best to avoid those types of people."

"You're not going to D.C.," he shot back.

My mouth gaped open. "What?"

“You’re not leaving, New York. Actually, you’re not even going to be able to leave your room.”

“But Dad, I start school in two weeks.”

“Not anymore.”

I couldn’t believe what he had just said. My entire body got stiff. My tongue felt like it was stuck to the roof of my mouth. There was no way that he could be serious. Even though he had been trying to convince me to go to Med School, he had always insisted that he would be willing to pay my tuition no matter where I ended up going.

Was he really going to pull the rug out from under me at the last minute?

“Do you mean that you’re going to force me to go to Yale?”

For several moments, he didn’t respond. Instead, he stared straight ahead with the most serious, intense expression that I’d ever seen engraved on his face.

“It means that you won’t be going anywhere. At least for the next few months. Maybe longer.”

“But you can’t do that. I’m 18. You can’t just lock me up inside.”

“Julia, there is nothing more to talk about. The decision has already been made.”

Tears streamed down my cheeks. I crossed my arms against my chest and leaned back in the seat. Right when my life was just getting started, it already felt like it was over. During the last year, when so many of my friends had spent their time partying and hooking up, I had made sure to stay on the straight and narrow path. I didn’t want to do anything that could eventually end up on my record and wind up ruining my reputation in D.C.

But now I felt really foolish for missing out on all the fun. What had been the point? Now there was no telling when I would get to attend Georgetown, if ever. Would they allow me to skip the first semester and enroll for the spring? I wasn’t

sure how these things worked and I really didn't feel like having to figure it out.

All I wanted to do was to go to college and finally be out on my own, no longer having to worry about my parents, especially my father looking over my shoulder. But he just wasn't able to let go.

The government-issued SUV finally pulled into our suburban driveway. I immediately noticed that there were two other security vehicles in front of the house. This was even worse than I thought. My father must have really done something. He must have pissed off the wrong people, putting our entire family in danger. And now I was going to have to suffer for his mistake.

I got out of the car and sulked through the front door into the living room. My mother was standing in front of the television, with a wine glass in one hand and the remote control in the other. From the redness and puffiness of her eyes, it was clear that she had been crying.

When she saw me, she immediately rushed towards me and threw her arms around my neck. "I'm so sorry, sweetie. It wasn't supposed to be like this. I promise you it wasn't. I tried to tell your father to stop dealing with—"

"Shut up, Marcy! Just shut your goddamn mouth! There's no need for Julia to know what's going on. This doesn't concern her."

I wiped away the tears that had once again begun streaming down my cheeks. I choked the sobs that were bubbling up in my chest. All I wanted to do was curl up in a ball on the floor and cry. And cry. And cry, until I eventually woke up and realized this had all been a dream. And my college plans were still intact. But this wasn't the time for that kind of weakness. I needed to be present in the moment. I needed to figure out what the hell was going on.

Before my father could tuck himself away in his office and continue his drinking, I yelled out to him, "What did you do? Who did you screw over? Why did you ruin my life?"

He spun around and glared at me. My mother and I were still embracing. She was silently sobbing. I was boiling with anger. And apparently, so was my father

“Ruin your life? You have to be fucking kidding me. What a worthless, ungrateful little brat you are. I’ve done everything to provide for you and your bitch of a mother. And that’s how you show me your gratitude?”

“Fletcher, you did this,” my mother snapped back, raising her head from my chest. “I told you to leave the Antonelli’s alone. I told you that they would be nothing but trouble.”

3. Vincenzo

As I climbed down the 100-foot ladder, I couldn't keep my entire body from trembling. At any moment, I could slip and fall to my death. And the worst part was that it might not even be a fast or immediate death. I could break numerous bones and be forced to suffer in dire agony as the life force slowly drained from my body. I tried my best to push those thoughts away. They would be of no help to me now.

My parents were gone. And least that's what it seemed like. And now I was on my own. An orphan. Nothing in my life had prepared me for this. But maybe I should have expected it all along. Maybe this was the only fate that could have ever befallen me. For all my life, I'd experienced so much privilege and pampering. I'd always had the family name to rely on, even if there were so many things about that name that I couldn't stand. Despite that, I had never renounced any of the advantages it had given me.

But in a matter of minutes, everything had been turned on its head. There would be no more privileges conferred on me because of my name. No more doors were going to open for me. Going forward it would be very difficult for me to ever show my face above ground in public ever again.

As these thoughts swirled around my mind, I continued progressing down the ladder. My hands were beginning to get tired. And so were my legs. But I wasn't going to stop. That wasn't a possibility. I continued climbing, getting closer and closer to the underground tunnel that would take me to safety, at least temporarily.

Because for me, the concept of safety no longer existed. I was a dead man walking. It was only a matter of time.

Suddenly, I stopped climbing. A terrifying thought gripped my chest. My sister. Michelle. She was up in Massachusetts at MIT. Surely, the people who had killed my parents and had planned on killing me as well would be after her. What was her escape hatch?

I felt wracked with guilt. She was the sibling who had always vowed to return home with skills that would strengthen our family. She was the one who was determined to do whatever it took to help my father. And yet in this moment of crisis, she was the sibling who would be the most vulnerable. There was no way that she would be able to fend for herself up against mafia hitmen.

She probably wouldn't hear about what happened until it appeared in the mainstream news. And then it would be too late.

I fought back the urge to cry and the urge to scream.

I looked down. I could see the ground. I was only about thirty feet away. I smiled. Almost there. I hurried down the remaining rungs on the ladder and pumped my fists in the air triumphantly when my feet finally hit the ground. I was running straight toward the destiny that life had prepared for me. I was going to make my father and mother proud. And my sister as well. For once in my life, I was going to properly represent the Antonelli name, whether it was the last thing I did or not.

As I began the six-mile trek through the tunnel to the warehouse in the Meat Packing District, I wasn't able to stifle the tears that came running down my cheeks. I couldn't remember the last time that I had cried. I couldn't help feeling a deep sense of regret. My father had died, never having seen me truly stand up for our family. He had never seen me risk anything to maintain or expand what had been built for me.

I tried not to dwell on those thoughts as I walked at a brisk pace through the dimly lit, humid tunnel. I also tried to ignore the sounds of animal claws scratching against the concrete. I needed to get out of this tunnel and back into fresh air as soon as possible.

I reached into my pocket and touched the phone that Wilson had given me. I wasn't sure whether or not it would be a good idea to turn it on. One way or another, my uncle Gianluigi had probably learned of the attack by now. But it was also likely that he didn't know that I'd managed to escape.

A terrifying thought entered my mind and stopped me dead in my tracks. What if my uncle was the one who called the hit on my mother and father? What if this was all part of his plan to take control of the family business, once and for all?

Chest heaving, sweat bursting out on my forehead, I dropped to my knees. I couldn't help remembering the conversation I'd had a few months ago with my uncle while we were driving to Scarebelli's for a family dinner. I couldn't help remembering the anger, the bitterness, the resentment in his voice as he talked about my father not wanting to take over the business until he had no choice but to do so.

Was my uncle capable of murder? Absolutely, there was no question about it. Even though I had never seen him do anything like that myself, I had no doubt based on things that my father had said.

I took several deep breaths and got back to my feet. Two rodents scampered past me.

I nearly jumped out of my skin. The fright snapped me back into the present moment. I had to get to the end of this tunnel.

Was I walking directly into a deadly trap? There was no way to be sure. I didn't think my uncle would actually be that ruthless, but in this twisted mafia underworld, people were willing to do anything for power. Even if that meant taking out your own family members. And that's exactly why I wanted nothing to do with this world.

About an hour later, I finally arrived at the end of the tunnel. Fear and adrenaline coursed through my veins. I wasn't sure whether or not I could trust my uncle. But I also realized that I didn't have any other options. Without his protection, I would be a sitting duck.

I opened the control panel on the wall. A keyboard with nine buttons lit up in red. I punched in the code that my father had forced me to memorize years ago. Every few months he would burst into my room and demand that I repeat it to him. It always seemed crazy to me how obsessive he was about that damn code. I never imagined that one day, I would actually need it. The image of my father's face made my chest tight. I quickly pushed away any thoughts of him. This wasn't the time for grieving. This was the time for action.

A side panel in the wall opened. Then the doors to an elevator opened. I stepped inside and pressed the up button. Minutes later the elevator doors opened. I cautiously stepped out of it and began walking down a back hallway.

I froze when I heard several sets of footsteps coming behind me. Maybe this was it. Maybe I had walked right into the trap. I wanted to run, to scream, to hide. I wanted to be anywhere but here. But I was unable to move. My feet felt like they were stuck to the floor. And my legs felt like they were made of jello.

And just when I thought I couldn't feel any worse, my colossal-sized uncle appeared from around the corner, followed by three of his henchmen. They marched toward me menacingly. Not one smile between the four of them. Their eyes drilled holes into me. There was no way that I was going to be able to trust any of these guys.

As Gianluigi came closer and closer, with his eyes still locked on mine, a weird feeling went through my body. Suddenly, I sensed that I would be able to trust him.

He and his men stopped directly in front of me, with only a couple of feet separating us. Several moments of silence passed. His eyes looked puffy and red. I couldn't believe it. Had he actually been crying? I never would have imagined that such a massive mafia henchman, tatted from head to toe, would be capable of spilling tears, even if it was for his own brother.

"I'm very sorry, Vincenzo," he said, lowering his head and shaking it from side to side.

“Are my parents—”

He quickly raised his head. “Yes.”

“And my sister?”

“No. Michelle is fine,” he said. “Your sister was a little too clever for whoever ordered the hits.”

“What do mean?”

He spent the next few minutes explaining to me that a package, which was in fact a bomb, had been delivered to my sister’s Boston apartment. Sensing that something was off about the surprise delivery, she had refused to open it and had immediately contacted the Boston Police Department. She’d also been able to slip out of town before the police arrived on the scene.

“So where is she now?” I asked.

“Right now she’s en route to our secret command center up in the mountains.”

“Secret command center?” I asked, confused. “What are—”

Gianluigi waved his hand in the air, cutting me off. “Don’t worry about that. It’s none of your concern. The most important thing right now is to get you out of New York and to a safe location.”

I frowned. I didn’t like the sound of that.” What do you mean? Why can’t I go to the secret command center and join my sister? Or stay here with you?”

He stepped forward and put one of his massive hands on my shoulder.

“Vinny, you know that you don’t want anything to do with the family business. You’ve said it yourself. This is not the kind of thing that you want to get caught up in.”

“But I’m already caught up in it. Someone came into our home and killed my parents. And they were hunting for me.”

He bit down on his bottom lip, shook his head, then squeezed my shoulder. I winced.

“This going to be bloody. And it’s going to be ugly. It’s going to be a war,” he said.

“Then I’m ready to be a warrior.”

“No. Your father would kill me if he knew that I let you get involved in this.”

For a few moments, we stared at each other in silence. Neither one of us was willing to concede.

“My father’s dead,” I finally said. “And my mother. Now it’s my turn to join the family business. This is my destiny.”

“But if you get—”

I took his hand off my shoulder, my eyes still fixed on him. “If I get killed defending my family name, then I will have lived an honorable life.”

A tear trickled down my uncle’s cheek. He took another step forward and wrapped his massive arms around me.

When we finished embracing, we walked to his office. There were several computer monitors on his desk.

He told me to have a seat on the couch. He sat down at his desk and began typing on his keyboard. I couldn’t help smiling. It was strange to see someone so large and menacing working at a computer.

Maybe I was being naive. Maybe I was fooling myself. But I felt both excitement and pride about going to war for my family name. For the first time in my life, I felt like I actually had a purpose. I was no longer searching for a direction, searching for a path to take. That path was now clearly laid out in front of me.

Revenge. That’s all that mattered.

Everyone responsible for my parent’s death, from the top of the operation to the bottom, would be forced to pay the ultimate price.

4. Julia

As I lay on the floor of my bedroom, curled up in a ball, I still couldn't believe that this was happening. My father had somehow got himself tangled up with a New York Mafia family and now all of our lives were in danger. And apparently, he couldn't go to the police for protection because that would involve implicating himself in various crimes. And that would mean going to federal prison.

I had been so freaking naive. I had always seen my father as an honest, sincere, hard-working politician. One of the good guys. Someone who would never be caught up in anything illegal or corrupt. What a joke. Apparently, he was knee-deep in corruption.

It was starting to become a lot clearer to me why he didn't want me to follow him into politics. He had known all along that the image he projected for me, was just that, an image. It wasn't real.

It made me sick just thinking about it. I had spent so many years believing that he was someone who he was not. Suddenly, this whole life of the upstanding, successful, affluent family seemed completely fake. So much lying. So much pretending.

“It's all your goddamn fault!”

“Fuck you, Marcy!”

My parent's drunken screams echoed throughout the house. I tried to cover my ears to block out the noise. But it was no use. Their voices were too loud, angry, and hateful.

“And I know you've been screwing your secretary. Or whatever you call her.”

“What was I supposed to do? Wait for you to be in the mood?”

Hot tears rolled down my cheeks. Everything around me was falling apart. I had never heard my parents argue like this. And before today I never would have imagined that it was possible for them to be so cruel to each other. But maybe everything in their relationship had been a facade for what was really bubbling underneath the surface. Maybe pretending to have a great marriage was just another part of my father’s political game.

There was no way that I would ever be able to live a life like that. A life spent pretending to be something that I wasn’t. Anger surged through my veins. I had to do something. Sitting in my room, feeling sorry for myself wasn’t going to get me anywhere.

Staying here, listening to my parents argue, wasn’t going to get me where anywhere either. Their relationship was falling apart and so was my father’s career. That was clear. But I still had all of my life in front of me. I was set to start my first semester of college in a week. There was no way that I was going to give up that opportunity.

One way or another, I was going to get to Georgetown by the start of the fall semester.

Adrenaline and hope surged through my body. I hopped off the floor and began pacing around my room. What were the best ways to get from New York to D.C.? Bus, plane, train, or automobile? The bus would be too long and slow. And I would probably have to make it down to New York City to catch any buses going that far. Flying would require getting to LaGuardia or Kennedy airports which were too far away. My best option was probably to catch the daily Amtrak trains that ran up and down the east coast. At least two of them passed through my town’s station each day.

I quickly sat down at my desk and fired up my laptop.

Ten minutes later, I booked 1 ticket on the Acela line Amtrak train running from Boston to D.C. It would pass through the Scarsdale station at 8:37 am.

I looked at the clock. It was 0215 am. So still another 6 hours. However, I realized that the best time to sneak out of the house would be under the cover of darkness. And that's exactly what I planned on doing. Once I got to D.C., would I contact my parents to let them know that I was safe? Maybe. I would make that decision sometime during the train ride.

For the moment, the only thing that I was concerned with was getting the hell out of here.

Fear and excitement shot through me.

I was finally going to be out on my own. And I was probably going to have to figure out a way to survive without my parent's support. At least for the time being. They would probably be far too caught up in their own conflict and imminent divorce to have time to worry about me.

I sighed heavily and choked back the next stream of tears. Then I began filling my backpack with the essentials that I would need on the trip.

Once I had everything that I thought I would need, I realized that I wasn't going to be able to walk out the front door and take the fifteen-minute trek to the train station, where I would sleep for the next few hours until the train arrived.

I tiptoed out of my room into the hallway. My parent's yelling had subsided. The entire house was dark and quiet. When I got to a window, I looked down into the driveway. One of the two security cars had left. That would make things a little bit easier. But I still wasn't going to be able to go out through the front door.

When my parent's found out that I had left without telling them, they were definitely going to be pissed. And they might even be concerned for my safety, given what my father had done. But that was something that I would worry about later.

I slowly made my way down the wooden steps, terrified that I would trip and fall, terrified that one of my parents would suddenly wake up from their drunken stupor and come looking for me. Thankfully, I managed to make it downstairs

without making too much noise. I walked through the kitchen and slowly opened the door which lead into the backyard.

The next few moments seemed like a complete blur as I sprinted through our yard into the neighbor's. Several dogs started barking. I kept running and running until I made it to the main road. My chest burned. I was sweating, even though the night air was cool. The barking died down in the distance.

I could feel the adrenaline starting to wear off. I couldn't wait to get to the train station and sleep for five hours or so until my ride to freedom arrived. And I was also looking forward the sleeping even more on the train.

With those thoughts in mind, I continued walking toward the station which was only a few miles away. These suburban roads really weren't intended for pedestrians. So I basically had to walk in the street. During the day, I would have been worried about being hit by a car. Fortunately, at this time in the morning, in this affluent town where hardly anything interesting ever happened, there weren't any cars on the road.

Fifteen minutes later, I could see the lights from the train station a few blocks away. A bright smile lit up my face. My entire body felt completely drained. I couldn't remember the last time that I'd felt so tired.

The sound of a car coming from behind me, jolted me wide awake. I turned around and had to shield my eyes from the bright headlights. I also had to move as close as possible to the side of the road. The car zoomed by, nearly knocking me over. My heart began racing. What the hell was that about? There was no reason for them to be going so fast. Or to be coming that close to the edge of the road.

I took several deep breaths. I just needed to keep my cool. There was no sense in getting upset about something stupid like that.

I noticed that the car that had nearly knocked me over had stopped in the middle of the road about 40 feet away. I looked around me. Everything was dark except for the street lights. I was all alone out here.

The car began slowly backing up, coming right towards me. This was weird. Really weird. And really scary.

It continued backing up, getting closer and closer, 25 feet, 15 feet.

I turned to run, lost my footing, and fell into the middle of the street. 10 feet, 5 Feet.

My eyes opened wide with fear. I wanted to scream but suddenly my mouth didn't work. The car was about to slam into me, run over me, and flatten me into the concrete.

The tires screeched. The car came to a skidding stop.

The back bumper was only inches from my face. I shielded my mouth and nose from the exhaust fumes.

I waited for the car doors to open and for someone to get out. But for several moments, which seemed to stretch on forever, nothing happened. I wasn't sure whether or not I should get up and run. Or whether I should stay in the middle of the road and pretend that I was hurt.

Why had they backed up? What did they want from me?

While I was trying to figure out those questions, I noticed the high beams from a large vehicle possibly a van or an SUV barreling towards me.

Now I had to get up. I had to get away.

I grabbed my backpack and started running.

The large vehicle skidded to a stop. The doors opened. Several men spilled out.

They rushed after me. But they weren't going to be able to catch me. I was too fast. Had too much adrenaline surging through me.

And then BOOM! I ran into a concrete wall and fell to the ground with a thud.

Actually, it wasn't a wall. It was one of the largest, meanest-looking people that I'd ever encountered. Even in the darkness, I could see the hateful expression on his face.

“It’s nice to meet you, Julia,” he said. “My name’s Gianluigi.”

“Please, don’t hurt me,” I pleaded. “I’ll give you all the money you want. Just take me to an ATM and I’ll empty my account. Please. My father is—”

“Shut the fuck up!” He yelled. “I know exactly who your father is, you spoiled brat.”

“Just call him. He’ll give you everything you want.”

“That’s right, Julia, he is going to give me everything I want. But in the meantime, I’m going to take very good care of his little girl.”

“No, no, no, please. I’m a virgin.”

“Don’t insult me like that, you whiny little bitch. I’m not interested in what’s between your legs.”

A bit of tension left my body. I still didn’t know what he wanted from me. But at least he wasn’t going to assault me here on the side of the road. If he had wanted to do that, there would have been nothing that I could have done to protect myself.

He took several steps forward, then squatted, bringing our eyes level. He smiled and stared intensely into my eyes. The closer he came to me, the more evil he seemed. This was the kind of man who would haunt my dreams forever.

He reached out and ran a finger down my cheek. I quivered.

“I’m not interested in what’s between your legs, Julia. But I know some other men who would be very interested. And more importantly, they would be willing to pay a very high price for it.”

“What? NOOOO!” I screamed.

He clamped his hand down over my mouth. Without thinking about what I was doing, I bit down on his fingers.

“AHHHHHHH!” He howled in pain.

I dug my teeth deeper into his flesh. I wasn’t going to let go. I wasn’t going to submit.

“You fucking bitch,” he grunted, before cocking back his other hand and slamming it into the side of my face. The blow made my ears ring. It also knocked my head back onto the concrete.

My body went limp. My eyes fluttered. And everything went black.

5. Vincenzo

As I sat in the backseat of the Black SUV in between two of my uncle's henchmen, my blood continued to boil hotter and hotter with rage. Apparently, the people who had stormed the family mansion and killed my parents had also seen fit to burn the historic 80-year-old home to the ground. The message was loud and clear. They wanted us, the Antonellis, wiped out of the annals of New York City history. They wanted our legacy reduced to nothing but ash and soot.

There was no way I would allow that to happen.

I never would have imagined that I could feel so much pride for what our family had done since our first ancestor arrived at Ellis Island, almost 100 years ago, not knowing a word of English or having a penny to his name.

On several occasions, my father tried to tell me the story of our family. But I would always roll my eyes and change the subject. I didn't want to hear about it. I didn't connect with it. I had never experienced any kind of struggle or conflict in my life. I was a rich kid who went to one of the most exclusive private schools in the city. I lived in a mansion. I took tennis classes and piano lessons.

Why would I want anything to do with our Mafia past or present?

But the last few hours had made it clear to me that no matter how privileged and pampered my life had been, the threat of violence had always hovered over me. And days like today were exactly what my father had been trying to prepare me for.

"How you feeling, Vinny?" My uncle asked from the front passenger seat.

I hesitated before answering. There were so many conflicting emotions swirling inside of me. I really wasn't sure how I was feeling.

He turned his head toward me. There was no point lying to him. He had a foolproof bullshit detector.

"I'm not sure," I said. "But I'm willing to punish anyone who had a part in my parent's death."

He slowly nodded up and down, keeping his eyes fixed on me. After a few moments, he turned back around and faced the road.

My thoughts turned back to my father. Maybe he had wanted me to join the family business because he knew that no matter what I decided to do in life, the world would always treat me like an Antonelli. Meaning that there would always be danger. There would always be someone lurking in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to harm me.

The fact that I never listened to him, never asked him to tell me about his life, filled me with sadness and shame. There was so much that he could have taught me if only I'd been willing to listen.

I sighed. My uncle spun around, glaring. He didn't say anything. We stared at each other in silence for what felt like forever. He finally turned around.

It was becoming clearer and clearer that I would always have to be on my toes around him. I couldn't understand how someone could walk around every day, bubbling with tension and rage, capable of exploding at any minute. If I was going to be a part of this world, I wasn't going to carry myself like that. There had to be another way.

A loud, police siren exploded behind us. Flashing red lights flooded the vehicle.

Everyone began looking around nervously. The two goons sitting on either side of me both had guns in their laps.

I was the only unarmed person in the bulletproof vehicle. If something went down with the cops, there wasn't going to be

much that I could do. I wasn't sure whether that was good or bad.

Seconds later, three cop cars zoomed past us, doing well over 100 miles per hour. Their sirens and lights disappeared in the distance. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

“Stay ready, boys,” Gianluigi. “We'll get to the Scarsdale exit in about ten minutes.”

Scarsdale? I had definitely heard that name before. A few of my Dalton classmates lived there. It was an affluent suburban town just outside of Manhattan. Not the kind of place where I would have expected to find members of the Italian Mafia.

Before getting in the car with my uncle and his henchmen, I hadn't bothered to ask where we were going. Of course, I was curious. But the last thing I wanted was for him to get annoyed with me. So I'd held my tongue. I couldn't help wondering whether or not that was the right decision. What was I getting myself involved in? What did I sign up for?

When the car finally exited the highway, I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. I felt like I was about to pass the point of no return. I had a strong feeling that my uncle was going to force me to do something that I would deeply regret. Something that would seal my fate and make it impossible for me to ever leave this world.

But maybe that would be the best thing for me. Maybe not having any choice but to fully commit would put me at ease. Full commitment would remove a lot of fear and doubt. I would be able to focus entirely on taking action.

I closed my eyes and leaned my head back.

The sound of a phone ringing snapped me back to the present moment.

“Where's she going?” My uncle said into the phone. “What? The train station? We'll be there in 2 minutes!”

The driver put his foot to the pedal and we sped through the dark, deserted streets of this affluent suburban town.

“Our local guy says the girl is trying to get away,” Gianluigi said. “But unfortunately for her, that’s not going to happen. She’s going to pay for what her old man did.”

I wasn’t sure what he was talking about. But from the menacing tone in his voice, I could tell that whoever he was referring to, was going to be in for a world of pain. I braced myself for whatever was going to come next. We continued speeding through town. Adrenaline surged through my body.

“There’s his car!” Gianluigi screamed, pointing straight ahead. “Wait...the girl’s in the middle of the road. Stop!”

The SUV skidded to a stop. All three of us in the back seat were thrown forward. It took a few moments for everyone to recover from the sudden jolt.

“Sorry about that boss,” the driver said, trying his best to appease my uncle.

Instead of responding, Gianluigi cursed under his breath and got out of the car.

It was early in the morning and the street was dark except for a few lights overhead. I couldn’t hear what was going on but I saw what appeared to be a girl get off the concrete and begin running away, carrying a large backpack. She didn’t get very far before running directly into Gianluigi. She fell back onto the concrete and lost hold of her bag. He towered over her. A shiver went down my spine. But I also felt a strange tingling sensation in my pants. I reached down and squeezed my crotch. I couldn’t believe it. Was seeing a girl in such a vulnerable position actually turning me on? If so, did that mean that there was something wrong with me?

I tried to brush away those questions and focus on what was going on in front of me.

Gianluigi kneeled down in front of the girl, bringing them eye to eye. Because all the windows were rolled up I couldn’t hear what they were saying.

The back and forth continued for a few minutes. And then the girl started screaming so loudly and desperately, that even with all the windows rolled up I could still hear it. Then the

screams ended. Gianluigi put his hand over her mouth. And seconds later, I saw him cock back his fist and slam it into her face. Her head rocked back and hit the concrete.

He stood up shaking his hand and walking around in circles.

Two of his goons got out of the car and went to his aid. I stayed rooted to the seat, not sure what I was supposed to do. And really curious about who this girl was. What did she have to do with the deadly attack on my parents?

Gianluigi picked the girl's limp body off the concrete and carried her back to the car. He opened the back door and stood there, cradling her in his arms and smiling devilishly.

"What do you think nephew? She's all yours if you want her."

My mouth gaped open. What the hell was he talking about?

The girl looked young, eighteen or nineteen. She had pale skin, light brown hair, and a slim, fit physique. I couldn't tell what color her eyes were because they were shut.

"Shouldn't we take her to the hospital?" I said. "It looked like you hit her pretty hard."

The smile disappeared from my uncle's face. He glared at me.

"Are you fucking kidding me? This little bitch is our prisoner now. We're going to take very good care of her."

Every time my uncle spoke, he seemed more insane. "Our prisoner." What the hell did that mean?

Were we just going to grab and girl off the street and whisk her away? Wasn't that kidnapping? Wouldn't that put the police hot on our trail?

There were so many questions that I was afraid to ask.

Something about the unconscious girl seemed so pure and innocent. It was impossible for me to imagine that she could have had anything to do with my parent's death. Or the bomb that was sent to my sister.

“She’s all yours,” he said. “Unless your too much of a pussy to have your way with her. And speaking of pussy, apparently, hers has never been fucked.”

My face flushed red. I didn’t see why he had to be so vulgar. I wasn’t a prude or anything like that. It’s just that there were other ways to say things. I also wasn’t a virgin but it wasn’t like I had been with a ton of girls either.

Without asking, he plopped the girl on my lap.

I cradled her limp body in my arms. Her head fell into my chest. Her brown hair swept across her face. I gently brushed it away, then ran my hand down her cheek.

My uncle got back into the passenger seat. The goons who had gotten out also came back into the car.

“That’s the daughter of the bastard that took out your parents. Fletcher Mathews. One of the dirtiest, most cowardly politicians in all of New York City.

“But what does that have to do with her?” I asked, my voice quivering, terrified that my uncle would explode at any minute.

He glared at me. “You still don’t get it, do you?” His voice was filled with disgust. “I blame your father for how clueless you are. I shouldn’t have to explain these things to you.”

I looked away from my uncle’s enraged face and down at the angelic young woman laying on my lap. I ran my hand through her hair several times before quickly stopping. I had to get control of myself. This woman was my enemy. That’s what he was trying to make me understand. In this world, everyone was always guilty by association. That was part of the code that everyone lived by.

Suddenly, I felt my hard dick pushing up against the girl’s back. I didn’t like that feeling. Not at all. It wasn’t going to be easy for me to control the desire that I felt mounting inside of me.

6. Julia

I struggled to open my eyes. I had a pounding headache, unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. I tried to raise my arm and heard a clinking sound. I slowly turned my head and realized that I was handcuffed to a bed.

I looked around frantically. Where was I? I was surrounded by bare walls. It appeared to be a hospital room. But I wasn't in a hospital, or at least I didn't think I was. I had to get out of here. I yanked on the handcuff several times, hoping that I would be able to break it. But it was no use.

I considered screaming for help but decided against it. If I was going to escape, I would have to do it while no one was watching me. I swung my legs out of the bed and planted my feet on the floor.

"AHHHHHH!" I screamed as I made eye contact with a handsome guy with piercing green eyes. "Help! Help!"

He stood up and towered over me. He was wearing a light blue, button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled and a pair of light grey slacks. He looked about my age. But he seemed much more mature than the boys that I had graduated high school with a few weeks ago.

"Please don't hurt me," I said. "Just tell me what you want from me."

His eyes remained fixed on me. He seemed completely calm, not in the least bit concerned that someone may come rushing into the room at any moment.

“It’s nice to meet you, Julia,” he finally said. “My name is Vincenzo. Vincenzo Antonelli.”

A shiver went down my spine when he said that name. Antonelli. It was the same name my mother had used the night before. These were the Mafia people that my father had gotten involved with. They were the reason that my father wanted to bunker down in our suburban home with armed security outside. They were also the reason why he told me that I wouldn’t be able to attend what was supposed to be my first semester in college.

As I sat in this strange room, cuffed to a hospital bed with this sexy stranger hovering over me, I couldn’t help thinking that maybe I should have listened to my father. Maybe I should have stayed in the house for the next couple of weeks until the danger had subsided.

Unfortunately, I’d been too stubborn and hard-headed to listen. And now there was going to be hell to pay. Begging and pleading seemed like my only options. So that’s exactly what I started doing.

“I’m so sorry. I really am. I don’t know what my father did to your family. But I’m sure he can repay you in some way. Was it money that he didn’t pay back? Or maybe he made you some kind of promise and he broke his word. I’m sure that whatever he did there is—

“He had my parents killed,” he said, his eyes narrowing and his face darkening.

My mouth gaped open. I felt a pit in my stomach. I couldn’t believe what I’d just heard. There was no way that could be possible. My father would never have anything to do with something like that.

“No, no,” I said in earnest. “There must be some kind of mistake.”

He turned his back on me, picked up a remote control, and turned on the TV that hung on the wall in front of me. He flicked through a few channels and landed on CNN, then turned up the volume.

“These are shocking images from outside Manhattan Federal Court today as disgraced US Congressman Fletcher Mathews was arraigned on charges ranging from racketeering to bribery, and the most serious charge, conspiracy to commit murder. Mathews, once thought to be a rising star in New York politics, is a suspect in the double murder of Leonardo and Lucy Antonelli. The couple was slain by armed men two days ago in their Upper East Side mansion.”

I nearly fainted when I saw the image of my father in handcuffs being led by police officers, and surrounded by the media. I felt light-headed and nauseous. Nothing in my life had prepared me for this. Everything was falling apart.

“If convicted of all charges, Mathews faces life in prison. To put it mildly, the entire city is on edge, particularly those in the political world. Authorities fear that there may be an uptick of mafia violence in the coming weeks as retaliation for the brutal double murder.”

He turned the TV off and sat down next to the bed.

The silent tension was unbearable for me. I would have much preferred if he had started yelling at me, insulting me, and threatening me. But instead, he sat there silently as if he were waiting for me to say something. But what was there to say? I had nothing to do with his parent’s murder. Until the last two days, I had no idea that my father would be involved in something like this. Tears welled up in my eyes. With my free hand, I quickly wiped them away. Seeing me cry would probably just piss him off even more. That was the last thing I wanted.

“Now, do you understand why you’re here?” He asked in a calm voice.

I swallowed hard before answering. “I’m really sorry,” I said. “But I had nothing to do with that. Hurting me is not going to—”

The door opened. Both of us looked towards it. If I wasn’t already scared enough, the appearance of that hulk of a man in the doorway nearly made my heart stop. He was probably the most menacing human being I had ever seen with tattoos and

muscles everywhere. There was a savagery about him that terrified me. He seemed like the complete opposite of the young man who was sitting by my side.

“I see the bratty bitch finally woke up,” the man said with a snarl. “That’s good. Now we can take her down to the dungeon and start to have some fun.”

I looked towards Vincenzo.

He was glaring at the hulk. From the look in his eyes, I could tell that he didn’t have the best relationship with the new visitor. That was something that I would have to try to take advantage of.

“Gianluigi, I’m handling the situation,” he said. “There’s no need for you to be here.”

They stared at each other intensely for a few moments. My eyes shifted from one to the other. I didn’t want to have to trust either of these Mafia-affiliated men but I was probably not going to have a choice. I was going to need to win over at least one of them. And it was clear which one that was going to be.

I would pretend to like him. I would flatter him. I would even submit to him, or at least appear to. But the entire time I would continue plotting my getaway, looking for any opportunity to gain my freedom from these mafia goons. And most importantly, I would escape their evil clutches with my virginity and purity still intact.

“You’ve got a lot of nerve,” the monster said. “I captured her for you. So that you could punish her for what she did.”

“I didn’t do anything!” I blurted out, unable to contain myself. I immediately regretted that. Both of them glared at me. “I’m sorry. I’ll just shut up.”

That seemed to appease them because they quickly turned their attention away from me and back to each other.

“I didn’t ask you to capture her for me,” Vincenzo said. “And she is right that she didn’t do anything.”

I sighed with relief as if a huge weight had been lifted off my chest. I was going to be able to trust him after all. He was the only thing that stood between me and the brutality of the beast who was still standing in the doorway, looking like he could explode and fly into a rage at any moment. And I had to admit to myself that I was a little bit turned on by how this smaller, younger, and the more refined young man seemed fearless in the face of the older, tattoo-covered brute. He wouldn't give an inch. He didn't show the slightest sign of fear. I was looking forward to being alone with him. Hopefully, I would be able to win his trust and he would decide to let me go.

He continued, "But as we all know, whether she had anything to do with it doesn't matter. That's not how this world works."

My heart sank.

"So what are you going to do?" The beast asked.

Vincenzo took a moment before answering. He sat back in the chair and interlocked his fingers. Then he stared off into the distance.

What had I done to deserve this? I didn't want to have anything to do with the mafia. Or the crazy men who inhabited this world. Why did my father allow himself to get mixed up with these people? He should have spent his time trying to get them put behind bars and eradicated from society. But instead, he had gotten into bed with them. And now he was in a jail cell. And his only child was handcuffed to a bed, relying on the mercy of men who didn't seem to know the definition of the word. And where was my mother? Probably drinking herself to death and crying in front of the television.

Suddenly, Vincenzo sprung up from the chair. He grabbed my legs and swung them back onto the bed. Then he pushed me back on the pillows.

"First, I'm going to allow her to get some more sleep. I want her to fully recover from the vicious blow you decided to give her."

I winced as the pain in my head began pounding. In a flash, I remembered the large vehicle skidding to a stop while I lay in the middle of the road, only a couple blocks away from the train station. Then I remembered a huge man towering over me menacingly. And then he knelt down. And I started screaming. He tried to cover my mouth. I bit down on his hand and then seconds later everything went black. It must have been one of his gigantic fists that had knocked me into the darkness.

“And then, I’m going to bring her to the dungeon and unleash all of my pain and anger on her virginal flesh.”

“No, please. Don’t do that. Anything but that.”

“Are you satisfied?” Vincenzo said, staring at his nemesis. “Do you see how terrified she is? I didn’t have to curse or call her names.”

“Congratulations. Maybe I can be more like you someday.”

“I doubt it,” Vincenzo shot back.

“What did you say?”

Footsteps came down the hallway. The man in the doorway pulled a gun from his waist and spun around. Three men appeared in front of him. He put his gun away, talked with them for a few moments, and then walked away with them.

That was a relief. If I could just talk to Vincenzo alone, I felt like I could persuade him to pity me and let me go.

“You’re not really going to hurt me are you?” I asked. “You just said that to please your—”

“My uncle. Yes, you’re right I did say that to please him.”

I smiled. “Thank you. That was really sweet of you. I hope that one day I can pay you back.”

I stopped talking and stared at him. There was a strange glint in his eyes that worried me. Why was he looking at me like that?

“You’re very naive, Julia. But you’ll learn how things work soon enough.”

“What do you mean? You’re going to let me go right?”

A devilish grin spread across his face. “The only place your going is down to the dungeon.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

“Anything I want.”

7. Vincenzo

After leaving Julia alone in the medical room, I headed to the office that my uncle had set up for me down the hallway in his mansion. I didn't feel comfortable staying here, not with him and his bloodthirsty goons. But in the meantime, I didn't have much of a choice.

Up until a couple days ago, I'd spent my entire life living in my family's Upper East Side mansion. That majestic home had been reduced to ash. I had considered going by the property one last time to see the destruction and maybe to reminisce a bit as well. But I'd decided not to. It would be too painful. I already had enough anger and rage bubbling inside of me. It was taking every bit of my self-control to stop from exploding and lashing out. Yet I knew that eventually, I would have to release this energy on someone or something.

A wicked smile crossed my face. The image of Julia unconscious on my lap flashed back into my mind. When she finally woke up in the medical room, I was shocked by how beautiful her blue eyes were. They were like those of an angel. And her pale white flesh looked so soft, delicious, and delicate. But it wasn't going to stay like that. I was going to cover it with bruises, turn it black and blue as she screamed and howled, begged and pleaded for me to hit her harder and harder.

I leaned my head back and sighed. Then I reached down and grabbed my dick, which was hard as steel. I wasn't sure where these twisted, sadistic thoughts were coming from. I'd never fantasized about this kind of stuff before.

Something had changed within me over the last few days. Maybe it was that all these wicked impulses and desires had

been inside me all along. But it took a traumatic incident to bring them to the surface. I no longer felt the need to repress them. I no longer felt the need to be an upstanding, high-achieving young man, who stayed out of trouble.

The only reason I had worried so much about those things was that I wanted my record to be squeaky clean when I entered the corporate world. But now it wouldn't matter. I would never enter the corporate world. I wouldn't even be attending Harvard in a couple weeks to start my first semester. The entire life path that I had envisioned for myself for the last few years had been burned to the ground.

I slammed my fist against the desk, got up, and paced around. This wasn't the way that things were supposed to go. I rubbed my temples. I felt like my head was going to explode. Nothing had prepared me for the amount of pressure that I felt weighing on my shoulders.

I sat back down at the desk. If I was going to get through this, then I was going to have to think things through logically. I had seen my father do that before. He rarely lost his cool, unlike my uncle, who rarely seemed to be in control of his emotions. I would have to assemble a team around me. Yet I wasn't sure who I could really trust.

My eyes lit up. Michelle! Of course! My older sister, the computer whiz! My uncle had told me that she was stationed in the Catskill mountains in one of our secret security centers. That sounded really intriguing. I was really curious about what she was working on.

I wasn't sure whether or not I would be able to reach her on her regular phone. But I didn't have any other number of hers, so I gave it a try. The phone rang several times, then went to voice mail.

I sighed with disappointment. The last thing I wanted to do was ask my uncle how I could get in touch with her. He either wouldn't tell me or he would ask me a million questions before giving me her contact information. It wasn't worth it.

Before my thoughts continued further down a gloomy path, my phone began ringing. I reached for it and smiled at the

name on the screen

“Nice to hear from you,” I said. “I assume you’re calling from a protected line.”

“Of course,” Michelle replied, her voice tinged with sadness.

The smile disappeared from my face. It was great to hear her voice. But given the circumstances that we were in, there was really nothing to smile about.

“I’m glad you made it out of there alive,” I said. “I didn’t think you’d have a chance on your own.”

She snickered. “Still underestimating your big sister? I was surprised you managed to survive, Mr. Preppy.”

“Yeah, I think I’m in the process of an image makeover.”

“What does that mean?”

I spent the next few minutes filling her in on everything that had happened since the attack. When I finished bringing her up to date, there were a few moments of silence. I wasn’t sure whether she disapproved of the way we had handled things or not. If I had any chance of navigating through these turbulent waters, I was going to need her help.

“So what do you plan on doing with the girl?” She asked.

I hesitated before answering. I had a very clear idea of what I planned on doing to sweet, virginal Julia once she had been checked out by the doctor. Yet I didn’t think it was the best idea for me to tell my sister all the lurid details.

“I don’t think you want to know,” I replied. “But rest assured I’m going to take really good care of her.”

“Vincenzo, do I have to remind you that I have much more experience in this world than you do?”

“No, I’m just—”

“Cut the bullshit, Vinny. I know how this stuff works. And I know the consequences that someone like her will have to face. I don’t have a problem with that. I just have one request.

And if you don't follow it, I swear I'll do everything possible to ensure that your leadership is a failure."

A sickening feeling took hold of me. I had no idea what she was going to ask of me. I didn't want to do anything to anger her. And I didn't want to lie to her either. But depending on what she asked of me, I might have to do both.

"Ok, don't make me wait any longer," I said. "What's the request?"

"I don't care what you do to her. And I mean you. Take her to the dungeon, tie her up, whatever. Make her cry, scream. It doesn't matter to me."

"That's not what I'm going to—"

"You don't need to lie to me, Vinny. There are a lot of things that mom and dad never told you about their relationship. They didn't exactly have the healthiest or most normal introduction to each other."

"What do you mean?"

She sighed. "Let's not worry about that right now. The next time we see each other in person, we can talk about it."

"Ok, fine. But you still haven't told me your request."

"If you let Gianluigi or any of his thugs, put a hand on the Mathews girl, I swear I will never speak to you again. And I will make the rest of your life a living hell. Do you understand?"

"Yes! I can't even stand the way he looks at her. It makes me sick. Supposedly, she's a virgin and—"

"I don't want to hear any of the details. I've got more important things to worry about. Do what you have to do. But keep her away from them. Got it?"

"Absolutely."

When the call finally ended, I sat in my chair for a few minutes reflecting on how much my life had been turned upside down in the last 48 hours. I couldn't help wondering

what my father would've thought if he could see me now. For all my life, I'd rejected the role that he had wanted to groom me for. Yet fate had intervened and now I had no choice but to assume this role.

A desire for action surged through my body. I left the office and walked down the hallway to the medical room. With each step, I grew more and more excited. I had never dominated a girl before. I had never made one beg and plead. That's exactly what I was going to do to Julia. I would make her scream my name. I would make her renounce her family. She would no longer be a Mathews. Her father had already disgraced that name so what sense would there be to hold on to it?

I was going to make her one of us. But before she could call herself an Antonelli, I was going to make her suffer. I was going to make her experience a pain greater than anything, she would have ever imagined possible.

My cock throbbed. I squeezed it and closed my eyes. My balls desperately needed to be drained. I couldn't remember the last time that I had ejaculated. Whenever it was, it had been far too long.

Ten feet away from the medical room, I stopped.

The door opened.

I held my breath.

Was it my uncle or one of his henchmen? I was ready to kill anyone on them. I reached for the gun on my waist. I had always hated violence. It had always seemed stupid and unnecessary to me. But now I felt completely different. I realized how important and necessary violence actually was, especially between men. Without it would be impossible to enforce codes of conduct.

Instead of running from conflict, I was now prepared to run straight toward it.

The tall, white-haired doctor and his plump brunette nurse emerged from the medical room. Relieved, I took my hand away from my weapon.

“Doctor Johansson, it’s nice to see you,” I said. “Is she going to be okay?”

Before answering, the doctor looked down and appeared to wipe a tear from his eye.

My entire body tensed up. What the hell was going on? There was no way that something bad could have happened to her. I’d been down the hall the entire time. I didn’t hear anything.

Unable to control myself, I grabbed the doctor by his shoulders and shook him.

“What’s wrong? Tell me!”

He sniffled, then raised his head.

“I did everything I could, Vincenzo. Once I heard the news, I got to the mansion as quickly as possible. I was ready to spend day and night by their side to save them if that’s what was required. But there was no use. The bullets ripped through all their organs. And the headshots...” His voice trailed off and he mumbled a few words to himself.

Clearly, he was talking about my parents and not Julia.

“Doctor Johansson, you’ve been working with our family for decades. I know my father and mother greatly appreciated you. They always spoke so highly of you.”

“Thank you for saying that. “Your family have been my best clients. Except for your uncle, of course,” he said with a smile.

We both laughed. “I know exactly what you mean. I hope that you’ll continue working for us as I transition into a leadership role.”

His eyes opened wide. “Leadership role?” He asked, his voice filled with surprise. “Aren’t you supposed to start school at Harvard in a couple weeks? During his last checkup, your father couldn’t stop talking about how proud he was of you.”

“Really? He said that?”

He nodded up and down. “Of course, he would have preferred for you to take over the family business someday. But he said that it took a lot of guts to go out in the world and try to build something for yourself.”

Now it was my turn to wipe a tear away. The idea that my father could have been proud of me had never crossed my mind. All I was ever able to focus on was the disappointment that he sometimes expressed.

“Thank you for sharing that with me, Doctor. It means a lot.”

He nodded.

“By the way,” he said before walking away. “The girl is fine. She might need a couple Advil for the headache. Besides that, there’s nothing wrong with her.

We shook hands. He headed towards the exit.

I took several deep breaths before I stepped into the room. I couldn’t wait to see her angelic face.

I closed the door behind me.

She was laying flat on the bed. She turned towards me and smiled.

My cock jumped. I wasn’t going to be able to resist any longer. I had to have her.

8. Julia

When the doctor and the nurse finally left the room, I felt a sense of calm come over me. All I wanted to do was lay in this quiet room for a few hours without having to interact with anybody.

So much had happened over the last couple of days. It was still almost impossible for me to wrap my head around it. By turning on the TV and flipping to the news stations, I probably could have gotten an update on my father's legal situation. But I was terrified of doing so. And getting more information on the case wasn't going to do anything for him anyway. There was nothing I could do for him. He'd gotten himself in way over his head. And now he was going to have to face the consequences.

He'd also potentially ruined my life and my mother's as well. His fall from grace hadn't completely broken my desire to go into politics. But it certainly dimmed my enthusiasm quite a bit. Finding out that he wasn't anything close to the man that I'd imagined him to be was devastating. It was something that would probably haunt me for the rest of my life.

Why would he ever need to get involved with gangsters? What use could they have ever possibly been to him? Just imagining him at a dinner table with that tattooed brute, Gianluigi seemed completely ridiculous. What could two men who were so different possibly have in common?

I sighed and leaned my head on the pillow. The pain in the back of my head had returned. Not as sharp and throbbing as before but it was still a reminder of the brutal treatment these Antonellis had dolled out to me.

Well, I couldn't really blame Vincenzo for any of that. He at least seemed like he had manners and respect for women. But I still couldn't trust him. That would have been crazy. He was probably just better at keeping his inner beast repressed below the surface. If he was actually a kind, gentle soul there was no way he would have been able to survive in the world. And since he appeared to be about my age, he had probably been living in it from a very young age.

Suddenly, my thoughts turned in a different direction. A warm feeling spread throughout my body. I couldn't help wondering what he looked like underneath the button-down shirt and slacks. He was tall, probably 6'2" or 6'3". He wasn't big and bulky but rather built like a swimmer, lean and muscular. The lack of fear when standing face-to-face with his much bigger uncle indicated that he probably had really big balls, literally and figuratively. So he probably also had a really big...

I shook my head from side to side. I couldn't believe that those sorts of thoughts were going through my mind. What the hell was wrong with me? Why would I ever be attracted to a guy who had been raised in this twisted, sadistic world? As my mother had tried to warn my father, these were the type of people that you steered clear from. If you allowed them into your life, they would only bring you trouble.

Unfortunately for me, I hadn't been able to choose whether or not they would be brought into my life. My father had made that decision for me. But I did have a choice whether or not I would let them between my legs. But what if I was wrong about that? Gianluigi had already threatened to sell me to other men who prized virgins. He'd also mentioned bringing me down the dungeon and doing vile things to me.

There was nothing more horrifying to me than the thought of losing my virginity against my will to a violent thug. I wanted to have my first sexual experience with someone I cared about and who cared about me, someone I had a lot of things in common with.

I had planned on crossing that threshold during my first semester at Georgetown. I had spent so much time thinking

about it during my senior year at Spence School. You might think that going to an all-girls private school would make it easy to avoid hookup culture and just focus on your studies. But that was hardly the case. Girls in those environments might spend even more time worrying about and obsessing over guys, precisely because there aren't any around.

And make no mistake, when the weekend came everyone knew where all the hot guys from the other prestigious schools would be hanging out. I was one of the few girls who never really went anywhere on the weekends. That was mainly because for years my parents had preached to me about the importance of protecting the family name. My father was an up-and-coming political figure in New York City politics. His work in Washington D.C was slowly garnering him national attention. He had plans of running for senator someday. And if he did well in that role, he would surely have aspirations about running for president.

Unlike a lot of my friends who did everything in their power to rebel against their parents, I was eager to fall in line and conform to what they asked of me. It was in my self-interest that he make it as far as possible in the political world. That would only make things easier for me when I began to move through that world.

I had repressed my desire to hang out and party in order to ensure that I wouldn't get caught in any embarrassing situations that would reflect poorly on my father. But apparently, while I was doing that, he was doing business with the type of people who would end up destroying everything that he had worked for. The pain of the irony was almost unbearable.

Maybe going to sleep and trying to empty my mind would be the best thing for me. Sitting here in this bed, feeling sorry for myself, and wondering how things had gone so wrong wasn't going to do anything positive for me. It was just going to pull me further and further down this gloomy pit of self-despair.

I tried to raise my arm. I winced. My wrist was still cuffed to the bed. That was yet another reminder of how screwed I

was. I threw my head back on the pillow and closed my eyes.

But before I could drift off into a peaceful sleep, getting my body some much-needed rest, I heard the door handle turning and the door opening.

My eyes opened wide. I turned my head and I couldn't help smiling when I saw Vincenzo's intense green eyes fixed on me. A tingling sensation shot through my body. I felt a wetness between my legs. My face flushed red. This couldn't be happening. I wasn't supposed to feel like this. As attractive and intriguing as I found him, I couldn't let myself forget that he was my captor. I was the captive. I was just a piece on the board in this deadly game that he was playing. He didn't give a shit about me beyond the value that I held for him in this high-stakes chess match. Once I was no longer of value to him, he wouldn't hesitate to get rid of me.

He closed the door behind him and walked around to the other side of the bed, his eyes locked on me the whole time. What was he thinking? Why doesn't he say something?

He eventually sat down in the chair right by the bed. He leaned back and interlocked his fingers.

He was going to drive me crazy. And maybe that was the point.

"I hope you're feeling better," he said. "I apologize for how my uncle treated you."

I took a moment before responding, not sure whether or not he was going to continue.

"It's not a big deal," I finally said. "I just have a bit of a headache. Do you think that I will be able to leave here soon?"

His eyes narrowed and a wicked smile spread across his lips. My body quivered. I didn't like that look. Not all. Maybe I shouldn't have added that last part. Maybe I needed to get him to let his guard down, start trusting me and stop suspecting that I wanted to get away from him. That probably would have been the wisest course of action. But the nervousness and fear had made me say something that I was probably going to regret.

“If you don’t mind my asking,” he said. “Let’s say I was to let you go, where would you be headed?”

My mouth opened and then quickly closed. I hadn’t expected him to answer my question like that. I wasn’t sure what game he was playing. Was he trying to learn more about who I actually was? And if so, what did he plan on doing with that information? There was no way for me to know. But I had to keep in mind that I was dealing with a mafia operation that probably had a very sophisticated security and surveillance apparatus. If I lied to them, they wouldn’t have much trouble figuring it out. Might as well tell the truth, I thought.

“Before I answer your question, can you tell me something?”

“Maybe,” he replied.

I sighed and continued, “I just want to know why you’re asking me. Can you tell me that?”

“No,” he said sharply. “Answer the question. And please don’t forget that I’m the only thing standing in between you and my uncle’s savagery.”

I felt a lump in my throat. I swallowed hard. What a nice guy I was dealing with. He just had to give me a friendly reminder that I could be brutally assaulted at any moment. I had never felt so helpless and alone.

“Thanks for not letting me forget,” I snickered. “I hope that ___”

“Answer the fucking question!” He barked.

My eyes opened wide with fear. He was glaring at me. Once again that tingling sensation spread throughout my body. And the wetness between my legs increased.

“I’m supposed to start school at Georgetown in a couple weeks. I’ve always wanted to go into politics. And that’s why I choose a school in D.C.. But now that dream is completely ruined. And it looks like my whole life is as well.”

There was a strange expression on his face. He was staring off into the distance, lost in his own thoughts.

“You mean you wanted to go into politics, even with all the shit that your father was doing?”

Anger took hold of me. If I wasn't chained to this hospital bed, I would have lunged at him and tried to wrap my hands around his throat.

“I had no idea my father associated with mafia people. I wanted to be just like him because I thought he was one of the good politicians.”

With his eyes still staring off into the distance, he asked, “You wanted to be just like your father?”

“Yes, of course. Don't you? Isn't that why you're in this world, instead of going to school or working at a company or something?”

Instead of answering, he stood up and turned his back to me. For several minutes, he paced back and forth in front of my bed, mumbling to himself. I wasn't sure what was going on. Hopefully, I hadn't said something to upset him. Or maybe I had triggered something. All I was trying to do was answer the question truthfully. Maybe I should have lied.

Right when I was going to ask him if everything was okay, he raised his head and came towards the chair, and sat down.

“I'm sorry that the life you had imagined will no longer be possible,” he said. “I know what that feels like. It hurts like hell.”

He paused to wipe his eyes.

It must have been his allergies or something. There was no way that his eyes were watery with emotion. That wasn't possible.

“Does that mean that you're going to let me go?” I asked, immediately regretting those words.

His eyes gleamed. “It means I'm going to take out all my anger on you.”

“No!”

“Yes, Julia. I’m going to make you scream, beg, and plead. I’m going to break you and make you mine.”

“No, please! I’m still a virgin.”

He licked his lips. “By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be proud to be my personal whore.”

“Nooooo!”

9. Vincenzo

“Scream as loud as you want, Julia. It’s not going to make any difference. No one is coming to save you.”

“But why do you have to hurt me?” She asked, tears streaming down her face. “I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“I understand that your father never explained to you how this underworld works. If he had, you would know that when you involve yourself in mafia affairs, you also involve everyone who is close to you.”

“So this is what you’ve wanted to do your whole life? Torture innocent people? Don’t you think that’s pathetic?”

Her words stung me. I wasn’t sure whether I wanted to lunge at her or tell her the truth about how I had actually ended up in this position.

I stood up from the chair and paced around the medical room. Her eyes were on me the entire time. She must have been terrified. She had no idea what I had in store for her. And to be honest, neither did I.

I felt so many conflicting emotions pulling at me. There was an anger and rage inside of me that needed to be let out, otherwise, I would end up exploding and doing something foolish. I also had a strong desire to protect her from my uncle and his goons. And then there was something else that I could feel gnawing at me. It was a desire to spend more time alone with my captive. I wanted to know more about her. She certainly seemed smart and ambitious, the kind of young woman who could be a real asset to someone like myself who was going to need trusted confidants.

But before I could allow her to ascend to any such role in my life, I would first have to break her. At the moment, she had nothing but contempt and disdain for this mafia world. That would have to change.

I stopped pacing back and forth. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the key for the handcuff that chained her to the bed. Her eyes grew wide with anticipation.

“Please, please. Are you going to let me go? I’ll do anything you want. Please.”

I smiled wickedly. It was so nice to hear her beg. And there was no question in my mind that I wanted to hear more of that. And I knew just the place to take her to.

As I was about to put the key in the handcuff and let her free, I stopped and stared at her.

“Did you call me pathetic?” I asked, narrowing my eyes.

Her mouth opened, then closed. Her eyes darted around the room. Her fear made my dick hard. It was begging to be released. It was going to take all of my self-control for me not to pull it out and shove it down her throat.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” her voice quivered. “I just wanted to—”

I reached out and wrapped my fingers around her throat and squeezed. Fear shone in her eyes. I smiled. I never knew how much pleasure it would give me to have a woman in a submissive, defenseless position. I slowly tightened the pressure around her neck. I wasn’t sure how far I should go.

I brought my mouth down close to hers. I was going to kiss her but decided against it. I pulled my head back and then released my grip on her neck. She gasped for air and began coughing.

I waited for a few moments until she had recovered from the surprise attack.

“Are you starting to understand how things work here?”

“What the hell does that mean?” She shot back. “The only thing I’m starting to understand is that you might be just as big

of an asshole as your uncle.”

It felt like she'd punched me in the gut. That was all I was going to be able to take. I was on the verge of violently lashing out at her.

“What did you say, you spoiled bitch?”

“Fuck you! Fuck your family! Fuck your—”

My open palm slammed into her face cutting her words short.

She stared at me in stunned silence. She touched the part of her face that had received the blow. It was red. And it probably stung.

My cock throbbed. I had never done anything like that before. I'd never even imagined doing something like that. But for some sick, twisted reason it felt really good.

She finally spoke, “So is that how you—”

I slammed the same open palm into the side of her face again, knocking her back onto the pillow. Then I pounced on her, lifting up the hospital gown and pulling off her panties. I spread her legs and stared hungrily at her sweet, pink-lipped pussy. I lifted my eyes and stared at her. Neither of us said anything.

I slipped one finger inside of her. She gasped, moaned, and closed her eyes. I licked my lips. I wanted to be the first man to truly penetrate her, the first man to pump and pound her pussy into submission and to bond her to me. But there was no rush. Before I stuffed my thick Antonelli blood sausage her into tight, virginal pussy, I was going to feast on her with my tongue and mouth.

I positioned myself so that my head was between her knees. Then I began kissing the inside of her thighs, slowly making my way up to her wet cunt. Each kiss made her quiver. My cock felt like it was about to explode. I tried to ignore that. Seeing her shaking with pleasure was more enjoyable than any orgasm of my own could have ever been.

“Oh, no. What are you going to do?” She asked.

I raised my head. “I’m going to eat, suck, and slurp on this dripping, wet pussy,” I said. “Do you want that?”

“Yes, yes, please. I’ve never—”

“You never been eaten out before?” I asked, surprised.

“No, No. Please be gentle.”

“Don’t worry about that.”

I went back to kissing the insides of her thighs, getting closer and closer to her unexplored temple of love. Finally, it was right in front of my face, begging to be licked and kissed.

I flicked my tongue against her engorged clitoris. She moaned and her entire body spasmed. She was so damn sensitive to the touch. I’d never experienced anything like this. Several more quick, cat-like tongue flicks followed. I had to hold her down to keep her from rolling off the bed and hurting herself. Then I turned my attention away from the clit, and began licking up and down and diagonally against her beautiful pink labia. Goddamn! I loved eating pussy. It gave me such a thrill to bury my head between a girl’s legs and make a feast of all that sweet pussy meat and juice. I licked hungrily, desperately, like a man who hadn’t eaten a good meal in months, while at the same time trying to hold her in place as her body writhed and quivered with orgasmic ecstasy.

“Oh, my god, that feels so good,” she moaned. “Don’t stop, please don’t.”

With my face covered in her juices, I looked up for a moment and smiled. She pushed my head back down between her legs, then she began thrusting her pelvis toward me. I laid my tongue down flat against the wet lips and let her move against them as she wanted to. It was crazy to me how much pleasure a man could give by just holding his tongue in place. The pussy was such a magical, hypersensitive, supercenter of orgasmic pleasure.

A sheen of sweat covered her flesh. She shook wildly for about 30 seconds before she fell back on the bed and lay completely flat, panting and glistening.

I looked down at my dick. It was brick hard and tingly. I don't know how I managed not to cum while I was eating her out. I rubbed the head of my meaty cock against her labia, up and down, and back and forth. She let out another set of moans. She wanted it. I knew she did. She wanted to be fucked, pumped and pounded. And I was going to give that to her. But not now. Not yet. She would have to earn the privilege of being penetrated by an Antonelli cock.

I stopped rubbing my dick against her pussy lips. We still hadn't shared our first kiss, which was long overdue. I wanted her to taste me and to taste herself. I pressed my lips against hers. She immediately shoved her tongue deep into my mouth and we began kissing lustfully and passionately. With her free hand, she pulled me down towards her as if she wanted to swallow my head.

I had to pull away for a moment to catch my breath. "Damn, that was fucking hot," I said.

"I'm so wet. That was incredible. Are you going to fuck me?"

I didn't answer right away. Instead, I let the tension hang in the air. She wasn't ready yet. She wasn't hungry or desperate enough. I wanted to hear her beg and plead for me to fuck her. That wasn't going to happen here in the medical room. I needed to bring her to a more private place in the mansion.

"No, I'm not going to fuck you," I said.

Disappointment clouded her face. She looked like she was about to pout and whine, like the spoiled little bratty bitch that she was. I loved that.

"Why not?" She said. "I thought that's what you wanted."

"It is what I want. Make no mistake about that."

"Then why don't you do it? My pussy is wet and aching for you. I thought I would be afraid and nervous my first time. But that's not how I feel at all. All I feel is hunger and desire."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I replied cheekily.

"Why?" She asked, sitting up in the bed.

“Because you’re not going to get it today.”

She looked away from me, pissed off.

“But what if I let you taste it? Would like to feel my fat cock moving in between your pretty lips and then deep down into your throat?”

Her eyes gleamed. She licked her lips. I reached down and slipped a finger into her pussy. I pulled the finger out and then pushed it into her mouth. She hungrily sucked on her juices as our eyes remained fixed on each other. For a young woman with such little experience, she was certainly a fast learner. She knew how to let down her inhibitions and allow her dirty, naughty, kinky side to come to the surface. I liked that. A lot.

I thought about undoing her handcuff but decided against it. It would be better for her to stay in this vulnerable position.

I got out of bed and walked to the side of it. I stripped off my clothes, revealing my lean, muscular physique. All of that time I’d spent both in the pool and the weight room had paid off over the years. She looked me up and down, her eyes on fire with lust. With her free hand, she began rubbing her clit. I grabbed my dick and stroked it back and forth as I watched her. Goddamn, this was so hot! I felt like I was going to explode.

“Open your mouth,” I said.

She ignored me. Or maybe she couldn’t hear me.

“Open your fucking mouth,” I growled, the anger and lust rising inside of me.

This time she obeyed, opening her mouth as she continued playing with herself. Before I could even shove the hard dick meat in between those pretty, puckered lips her entire body began quivering.

I grabbed her throat. And then shoved my rod into her mouth. Her eyes rolled back into her head. Her body spasmed wildly. Her lips clamped down on my cock. And that was it. I couldn’t take any more.

“AAAAAAHHHHH!” I groaned as a huge load of cum exploded in her throat, it kept cumming and cumming, shooting and shooting. Her mouth clamped down even tighter on my geyser-like dick and she greedily sucked up every last drop.

I stood over her panting, exhausted, and covered in sweat.

She swallowed the load, then licked her lips.

“Holy shit,” I said. “That was amazing.”

She looked up at me smiling, her eyes twinkling with desire.

10. Julia

The first time I felt his open palm slamming into my face, I was shocked, stunned, and confused. I had no idea what I'd done to make him that angry. And even if I had said something to upset him, I couldn't believe that he would lash out at me like that. But the second time he slapped me, I felt a tingly, excited sensation spreading through my body. And I'd also felt a wetness developing between my thighs.

Because I had basically no sexual experience, outside of the french kissing and groping I'd done with a couple guys, I had no idea whether my feelings were normal. Was I supposed to like the rough treatment? Was I supposed to be turned on by a guy releasing his anger on me? I had no idea. And unfortunately, I had no one to ask. I was just going to have to figure this out on my own. Or maybe I wouldn't figure it out. Maybe I would just enjoy it while it lasted, instead of worrying about whether someone else would consider it a good thing or not.

It felt so good to know that I could inspire that kind of passion and desire in a guy. That was something that I had never thought possible. And it wasn't just any guy. Vincenzo belonged to one of the most powerful mafia families in the city. There was no shortage of young women who would have lined up to be where I was: chained to a hospital bed, panting, covered in sweat, with the taste of his hot cum still in my mouth.

Before leaving the room about ten minutes ago, he kissed me deeply and told me how sexy I was. He also said that he'd never cummed so hard in his life. When he said that, I couldn't help giggling and blushing. Obviously, no guy had ever said

that to me before because I'd never made a guy cum before. Like I told Vincenzo, I had always expected my first sexual encounter to be filled with fear, nervousness, and awkward moments. But what I had experienced with him had been nothing like that. There was no time for me to be afraid or nervous. Passion and lust took hold of us and everything happened so fast and furiously. And there certainly wasn't any awkwardness. Everything had felt so natural.

I closed my eyes and slipped my hand down between my legs. I could still feel the wetness of my desire. So many of my own juices had oozed out of me while he expertly pleased me with his tongue. That was so freaking incredible! I couldn't wait for the next time he went down on me. The way he flicked at my clit with his tongue almost made me jump out of my skin. I had no idea that I could writhe and spasm like that. Now I understood why my classmates were always so horny and eager to hook up with hot guys.

Yet, I didn't feel like I had missed out on anything. Actually, I was really happy that had I waited.

Having my first real hook-up with someone as sexy and dominant as Vincenzo made it seem even more special. I felt that I was at the beginning of a really great relationship. Things could only get better from here going forward. Our connection was only going to grow deeper and deeper.

Where was he? When was he coming back? If he was laying next to me in this bed, I would cuddle up inside his arms as we spooned and whispered sweet nothings to each other.

If I had any regrets about what we did together, it was that he hadn't penetrated me. Even after our hot, sexy, uninhibited encounter, I was still a virgin. That was a little disappointing. I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him to make me cry from both pain and pleasure as his huge rod, and oh my god it was so damn big, pumped in and out of me.

The girls I went to school with were always comparing the sizes of the guys they hooked up with. It had never made much sense to me. From the times that I had played with myself, my

vagina had felt so tight that I couldn't imagine a penis having to be that big for it to be more than enough to fill me up.

Vincenzo's member certainly looked like it could fill me up. Actually, it looked like it could break me in two. For some weird reason, that really turned me on. The idea of being fucked into oblivion, fucked until I could barely walk, fucked until my pussy was achy and swollen, really turned me on

Suddenly, I felt a pit in my stomach. Maybe I was getting ahead of myself. Maybe this was something he did all the time with girls much more attractive and experienced than me. Maybe he had a serious girlfriend and he only saw me as some fun on the side.

No, no. I shook my head from side to side to shake those thoughts out of existence. His energy, his desire, and his words had all seemed so genuine. That was one thing that I liked about the people in this mafia world. They were more than willing to tell you exactly what was on their mind. And they didn't give a crap about hurting your feelings. I wished my father could have been more like that, instead of living a lie for so many years and leading me to think that he was a completely different person than he turned out to be.

But I didn't want to think about my father's deception. Those feelings of sadness and disappointment that I felt toward him would soon turn into anger and bitterness. I didn't want to go down that path. I still had my whole life in front of me. And besides, if it weren't for his missteps then I probably would never have met Vincenzo. So in one way or another, maybe everything was going to work out for the best.

While the sexual play between us had been incredible, and something I would remember for a long time, there was a lot more than just lust to how I was beginning to feel about Vincenzo. I might have been going crazy but I couldn't help feeling that we really might have some things in common.

I wanted to know more about his story. I figured that he had wanted to be involved in mafia activities from a young age. That was probably the way he had been raised. But he probably didn't expect his parents to be killed while he was

still so young. As bad as I felt about the way things were falling apart in my family, my parents were still alive. I could still reach out to them. Well, that technically wasn't true for the moment. But in a few weeks, when things calmed down, I was sure that I would get a chance to see them again, to hug them, to cry with them. Or maybe to yell and argue. There was no way to be sure.

Vincenzo would never again get the opportunity to do any of those things. That must have created an unbelievable void in his life and in his heart. I had to keep that in mind the next time I saw him. There was so much that he was going through that I couldn't really understand. And the emotions were still so raw for him as well. Whatever type of emotional support he needed from me, I would be more than willing to give him.

I had never felt anything like these emotions ever before. It was exciting but also terrifying. What if he didn't feel the same way? What if I pushed him away by being too needy? That last question really worried me. I absolutely felt like I needed him around both for companionship and protection. I didn't want him to ever leave my side, even though I knew that would have been an impossible thing to ask from him.

The sound of the door handle turning cut my thoughts short. I held my breath. Was it Vincenzo coming back to see me and maybe invite me to his bedroom? I couldn't wait to spend time with him while not being handcuffed to a bed. Of course, if he wanted to handcuff me as a part of some sexual play, I wouldn't have been against that. Not at all. Actually, that idea seemed really freaking hot.

But maybe it wasn't Vincenzo but rather his psycho uncle. I shivered.

The door finally opened and my impeccably dressed, green-eyed devil appeared before me. My face lit up with happiness. For some reason, he didn't return my smile. That seemed weird but I didn't want to make too much of it. He's probably got a lot of things to worry about, I said to myself. Running this type of family business can't be easy, especially for someone so young.

“Is everything, ok?” I asked as he walked into the room, without saying anything and barely making eye contact with me.

He sat down in the chair next to the bed and stared off into the distance as if I wasn't right next to him.

To my surprise, he pulled a key out of his pocket and undid the handcuff.

I was finally free. Did this mean that he was going to let me leave?

“Thank you,” I said. “I was starting to worry that you would leave me chained here for days.”

“No, you've spent more than enough time here,” he said, still not making eye contact.

I swung my legs out of the bed and planted them on the floor.

His eyes seemed so distant and so different from how passionate they had seemed less than an hour ago. I had no idea what could have happened in such a short period of time. Maybe I had done something to turn him off. Or maybe after orgasming, he had come to his senses and realized that he really didn't want me around. That possibility made my heart sink. I would rather be chained in this room, knowing that he still desired me, than free knowing that he no longer wanted anything to do with me.

“Are you going to move me to another room?” I asked.

He sighed before answering. His brooding was beginning to make me very nervous.

“I think it's time for you to go home to your mother, Julia. She needs you right now.”

My body froze. I was terrified of what he would say next. But I couldn't resist asking.

“What does that mean?”

He finally turned towards me and stared into my eyes. “Your father's dead. He hung himself in his jail cell.”

I put my hand over my mouth. My eyes opened wide with shock. The tears began flowing down my cheeks.

I wanted to scream. But for some reason, no sounds came out.

He got out of the chair and wrapped his arms around me. I let my head fall into his chest and I continued crying.

“As long as you stay with me, I promise that I won’t let anyone hurt you. Do you understand?”

I looked up at him and nodded.

“But if you want to leave, I will do everything to make sure that you and your mother are safe.”

“No, no,” I said through the tears. “I don’t want to leave. I want to stay with you. Please don’t abandon me.”

“I’m never going to abandon you,” he said squeezing me even tighter. “I promise you that.”

11. Vincenzo

When I walked into my uncle's office, I immediately got the feeling that things weren't going to end well between us. He was sitting at his desk, his eyes shifting back and forth from various computer monitors. His three henchmen, who seemed to be everywhere he was, were standing up looking as grim-faced as ever in their dark grey suits.

I hoped that things would never get to the point where I would need three dudes to constantly follow me around to feel safe. Nothing about that seemed appealing. But maybe my opinion would change as I got more accustomed to this new role that I would be playing.

I sat down in the chair in front of my uncle's desk and waited for him to acknowledge me. After a couple minutes of typing away at his keyboard, he took a swig from a large coffee cup and made eye contact with me.

"I hope you've been getting enough sleep," he said.

Even when he said things that were seemingly harmless or innocent, I couldn't help suspecting that there was a deeper meaning behind his words. He might have been trying to test whether or not I was too soft for mafia activities. Maybe I didn't have the mental or physical stamina to handle the responsibilities that would be put on my shoulders. Nothing was ever harmless or innocent with him. That's probably what made him good at what he did. It's also what made him an unpredictable, psychopath.

"I'm doing alright," I said. "Once I get into a routine I should be fine."

He nodded up and down. “It’s unfortunate what happened to her old man. He seemed like a really great guy.”

His eyes gleamed sadistically. I wasn’t sure how to respond. I understood that Julia’s father hadn’t hung himself in his jail cell. The guy had too much money and too many connections to end things so abruptly. He would’ve been able to hire the most powerful lawyers in the country and they would’ve put up a hell of a defense.

But ironically, the reason that he had to get taken out before he could sit down with the district attorney and cut a deal was precisely because he had too many connections. He knew where too many of the skeletons in New York City politics were buried.

He wasn’t the only prominent politician getting in bed with the mafia. The entire city was rife with that sort of corruption. I wasn’t sure how knowing the truth would affect Julia. But eventually, she would find out what really happened.

“He knew what he was getting himself into,” I replied.

“Do you?” He shot back, his voice filled with hostility.

Our eyes locked on each other. This bastard just couldn’t resist any opportunity to test me. Knowing that his three goons were standing behind me, forced me to resist the urge to go back and forth with him. I had my gun on my hip. But all four of them were armed as well. I wasn’t going to win a shootout. I had to keep my cool. And not fall into the traps that he was setting for me.

“I’m new to this, of course. I would never pretend otherwise. And you’ve been in this world for almost twenty years. I get that. And that’s why I value any advice that you can give.”

He smiled. He could sense that I was full of shit and didn’t really care about his opinion. But I think he appreciated the fact that I was smart enough not to say that.

“I’m glad to know that a young man like you understands the importance of respecting his elders. And by the way, I do have some advice for you.”

My jaw tensed. There was no way that he was going to tell me anything that would benefit me.

“Sure. I’d love to hear what you have to say.”

He hesitated before responding, then gave his customary head nod.

“I think it would be in your best interest, and in the best interest of all parties involved if you handed over the girl to us.”

I clenched my fists and narrowed my eyes. I hadn’t been expecting him to say that. It caught me off guard. And it pissed me off. There was no fucking way that was going to happen. For him to get control of Julia, he was going to have to kill me. I wasn’t sure how my father would have handled this situation. But I suspected that if he had even a little bit of concern for a young woman, he would never hand her over to Gianluigi and his merciless thugs.

I unclenched my fists, got control of my emotions, and even managed to flash a smile.

“Is there any reason in particular that you want the girl?” I asked.

He smirked and leaned back in the chair.

“Listen, nephew, I heard the sounds coming out of the medical room yesterday. So I guess the prize of her virginity is gone. Oh well, it would have been nice to pocket a few million for her on the open market. But that’s off the table now.”

I could feel the veins bulging in my neck. Rage bubbled inside of me. I felt like I could explode at any minute. This asshole had been thinking about selling Julia on the black market? He wanted her to become a sex slave to another mafia family? I knew that my uncle was a sick, heartless fuck but even for him this seemed beyond the pale. I tried my best to mask how disgusted I was. But I was more determined than ever to never allow him to get his hands on her. Besides, I had promised my sister that I would do whatever it took to protect Julia from the beast sitting across the table from me. And that’s what I was going to do no matter what that entailed.

A smile flitted across my face when I thought about the fun Julia and I had yesterday. I hadn't realized how loud we were. I'd been too caught up in the moment. Of course, I hadn't penetrated her. So she was still a virgin. But there was no need for my uncle to know that.

"Now that she doesn't have much market value, what do you plan on doing with her?" I asked.

"Why do you want to know?"

"The night we picked her up, you said that she was my prisoner. And I could do whatever I wanted to her."

"Are you starting to catch feelings for this girl?"

I knew he was testing me. He wanted me to react emotionally. I wasn't going to take the bait.

"The only feelings that I have for her are disdain and contempt. And that's why I plan on punishing her until those feelings have been drained from my body."

"That sounds good," he replied, looking past me and making eye contact with his men. "But we have other things to take into account."

"Like what?"

I listened in horror for the next several minutes as he explained to me that other prominent mafia families wanted to take their turn enjoying Julia's charms. Their encounters with her would be filmed and photographed. They wanted to send a message to the political class. Stay out of our world or the people closest to you will suffer grave consequences. It made me sick listening to him talk about that kind of depravity as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

My first instinct was to tell him exactly what was on my mind. I wanted to yell and scream and make it absolutely clear that under no circumstances would I ever agree to something like that. But that approach wasn't going to work. Anger and rage were not going to get me anywhere with him. He would always beat me in that sort of contest. I would have to be clever. And I desperately needed to buy time for myself. The

only way to do that would be by pretending to go along with his plans.

“I don’t have any problem with that,” I said, trying my best to mask the lie. “But I’m not done punishing her. A few more days and she should be completely broken. Once that’s been achieved, I will be more than happy for the other families to have their way with her.”

It hurt my soul to have to utter those words. But given the circumstances, I really had no other choice.

My uncle seemed skeptical. He kept his eyes locked on me for a few moments before finally smiling and standing up. I stood up as well and kept my hand near my gun. I wasn’t going to win a shootout. But that didn’t mean I couldn’t take out a couple of them.

He walked around his desk and stopped in front of me. He put his hand on my shoulder and gently squeezed. My first instinct was to push it away. But I didn’t want to betray how I was actually feeling.

“Your father would be very proud of you,” he said. “You’re learning quickly what it’s actually going to take to be a part of this.”

I bit down on my bottom lip to keep from responding. I couldn’t help remembering Dr. Johansson’s words about my father being proud of my desire to make my own way in the world. My father was already proud of me. I just wish I’d known that while he was still alive. But there was no need to share any of that with my uncle.

“One more thing,” he said. “I hope that you’ll let me spend time with our whore before we turn her over to the other families.”

He stared down at me with the most sickening smirk I’d ever encountered.

It took every ounce of my self-control not to punch him directly in the throat. What a fucking sadistic, pig.

“Of course,” I said. “After I’m done with her, it would be my pleasure to hand her over to you.”

We shook hands and I left his office.

When I got back to the room my uncle had set up for me in his mansion, I went straight to the bathroom.

Julia was laying in bed watching TV. “Is everything ok?” She asked as I walked past without acknowledging her.

I locked the door and turned on the sink. Then I got down on my knees and held my head over the toilet. I vomited several times. The encounter with my uncle had made me physically ill. I knew that I had to get out of this place as soon as possible. But I had no idea how I was going to pull that off. He had cameras everywhere. And in addition to the three goons that followed him around like a bunch of mindless puppies, he had a lot more security surrounding his property. There was no way I was gonna be able to just walk out the front door with Julia.

I washed up in the sink, splashed water on my face, and did my best to get a grip on my emotions.

Whenever my father had gotten into tricky situations, he would either call on Gianluigi or Wilson. I didn't have either of those two options. Wilson was dead. And Gianluigi was the person that was creating the tricky, potentially deadly situation for me.

There was only one person for me to call. And she wasn't a bad option. Not at all. Within a few years, she would probably be one of the most sought-after cyber security professionals in the underworld. But for now, she was still just my big sister Michelle.

The phone rang a couple times before she picked up. It was great to hear her voice.

“How you holding up?” She asked.

I sighed. “Not too bad. But I've got to get the fuck out of here.”

“Yeah, I was getting ready to tell you that. Gianluigi's got something planned for you.”

12. Julia

After wrapping his arms around me and squeezing me tightly for several minutes, Vincenzo brought me into his room and laid me down on the bed.

“I’ve got to take care of some business,” he said. “Don’t open the door for anyone, while I’m gone. Understood?”

I nodded up and down.

He kissed me on the forehead and then he left, locking the door behind him.

After what felt like an hour or two, the tears finally stopped flowing. My body had finally stopped shaking with sobs. But I still hadn’t quite wrapped my head or my heart around what Vincenzo had told me. It couldn’t be real. This had to be a terrible dream that I was going to wake up from at any moment.

My father hung himself in his jail cell? How could that be possible? Didn’t they have guards regularly checking the cells to prevent that kind of thing?

Of course, the charges were very serious and the prosecution probably had a ton of evidence against him. But he had the money to hire the best lawyers in the country and put up a real fight. It didn’t make sense that he would give up and decide to end his life before the proceedings had even got underway.

The more I thought about it, the less I believed that he had committed suicide. There had to be more to the story. I needed to get in touch with my mother as soon as possible. If my

father had been killed, then surely her life would be in grave danger.

Just a day ago, I had taken for granted that I would get to see my parents again. We would have time to laugh, cry, and make up. I would apologize for running away. And I would apologize to my father for saying that he had ruined my life. That was far from the case. All the privileges and advantages that life had so far provided for me were the direct result of his hard work and ambition. I felt like such a spoiled brat for not being able to say that to him and let him know how truly grateful I was.

That sense of regret and guilt would eat at me for a long time. I had no idea how I was going to get over it. But hopefully, there would be something that I could do in my life that would honor his legacy.

The sound of a key in the door made me sit up in bed. I wiped my eyes dry, reached for the remote control, and turned on the television. I didn't want Vincenzo to think that I had done nothing but cry for the whole time he was gone, even though that's all I'd done. I didn't want him to look at me as a burden that he was going to have to bear.

The door finally opened. Vincenzo stormed into the room. He walked passed me without saying anything. I immediately thought that I must have done something wrong. Or maybe he'd found out something about me that he didn't like. That possibility made my stomach hurt. But I was jumping to conclusions. I had no idea what was really wrong with him.

"Is everything ok?" I asked, my voice shaking with nervousness.

He didn't answer. Or even look in my direction. It was as if I didn't exist.

He went into the bathroom and locked the door.

I sighed and put down the remote control. Maybe this is what relationships with men in the mafia were like. One minute they were full of passion and love, and the next minute they were cold and distant. One way or another you were in

for an emotional rollercoaster. I wasn't sure if I could handle those highs and lows, the extreme heat and cold. It probably would have been better to find a guy who was mild-mannered, stable, and predictable. That was the kind of guy that would make a great long-term partner. There was no way that Vincenzo would ever be that guy. It wouldn't be possible. This mafia underworld was a place of extremes. Being middle of the road just wouldn't cut it.

I crossed my arms against my chest. I felt so foolish. I'd let a few moments of passion convince me that I might actually have a future with him. That was crazy. I was so freaking naive. He would never really want someone as inexperienced as I was.

The only sound that I could hear coming from the bathroom was the running of the sink. I got out of bed and tiptoed to the door. I gently pressed my ear against it. It sounded like he was talking on the phone. I could only make out a few words here and there. The sink water cut off.

And then I heard, "I love you too. Can't wait to see you. It's been too long."

My heart sank. With my head hanging low, I trudged back to the bed and got under the covers. Of course, he had someone else in his life. Why would I think that someone so attractive with so much to offer wouldn't already have someone? And it was probably serious, which meant that I was nothing to him. Just a plaything, a sex toy. The only reason he wanted to take my virginity was to have a sense of conquest. And that's the only reason that he was interested in protecting me. It had nothing to do with actually caring about me as a person. It had nothing to do with wanting to get to know me and eventually bring me fully into his life and world.

I was tired of crying. I was tired of being deceived. I wanted to scream. And I wanted to be on my own. Love and close relationships just weren't for me. I wouldn't get my hopes up anymore.

When Vincenzo finally came out of the bathroom, he had a smile on his face. I looked away from him and smirked. I

guess all he needed to brighten his mood was to talk to his girlfriend. What a jerk. I couldn't believe that I fell for his kind, compassionate, caring act. It was all bullshit. The only thing he wanted was to get between my legs. There was no way I was going to give that to him.

In a matter of minutes, I'd gone from being certain that he would be the first man to penetrate me to being certain that there was absolutely no way that I would let him between my legs. At this point, even the idea of him touching me seemed revolting.

With his back turned to me, he started unbuttoning his shirt. I tried not to look at his lean muscular back but I couldn't help sneaking a peak. Then he unbuttoned his pants and stepped out of them.

Propped up against a bunch of pillows, I had my arms crossed against my chest and a frown on my face. A tingly feeling began spreading throughout my body. But I wasn't going to give into my base desires. I wasn't going to allow him to seduce me.

When he turned around wearing nothing but his light blue boxer briefs, my eyes immediately fixed on his crotch. It was impossible to miss the outline of his huge dick. Without thinking about what I was doing, my hand slipped in between my thighs. My mouth opened and my tongue moved back and forth across my lips.

He smiled lustily, grabbed the huge bulge, and jiggled it. My pussy flooded with desire. There was clearly something wrong with me. There was no way that I was going to be able to control myself around this man. And that's why I needed to get away from him as soon as possible.

If I let him between my legs again, I might become hooked. I might become addicted to his dick. I might let him turn me into his sex slave. So many licentious, dirty, naughty thoughts went through my mind. It made me angry that I would let a guy dominate me like this. I was supposed to be a strong, ambitious, independent woman. I was supposed to be the kind of woman who didn't swoon over guys and didn't allow them

to drive her crazy. I was too focused on my own goals to worry about what boys are doing. At least, that's what I'd told myself for a long time.

He got into the bed and laid down flat on his back. He had that stupid, sexy smirk on his face that I hated to look at it, but couldn't turn away from. He reached into his boxers and began stroking his dick. I bit down on my bottom lip. Then I closed my eyes and sighed. The memory of him pumping that majestic rod in and out of my mouth came flooding back to me. And then I remembered him grunting and groaning as he shot his huge, hot load of thick, sticky cum into my mouth. I didn't hesitate before swallowing every last drip and drop of his seed. It had seemed like the only thing to do at the time.

But thinking about it now, I felt embarrassed. What if he thought that I was some kind of whore, a young woman with no self-esteem who would be waiting around all day for him to shove his big, beautiful dick into her mouth and slurp down all of his juices?

My face flushed red. I couldn't believe what I had done.

"You know that you can go back in the bathroom and do that, right?" I said, unable to hold my tongue.

Hopefully, he would get the message that I wasn't interested in doing anything sexual with him ever again.

"You're right," he said. "I apologize. How rude of me."

I flashed him a quick smile in appreciation.

What he did next made my mouth gape open. Instead of taking his hand out of his pants and just laying in the bed like a normal freaking person, he pushed his boxers down his legs, revealing his long thick erection that stretched past his belly button. Seeing it from this angle, I had no idea how I would ever be able to take something like that inside of me. There was no way.

Disgusted with myself and with him, I hopped out of the bed and turned my back on him. I had to get out of here. It was clear that he only wanted one thing from me. And I was

determined not to give it to him, even if my body was crying out for it.

“Can I ask you a question?” He said, still in the bed stroking his rod back and forth, smiling devilishly.

I spun towards him, arms crossed against my chest, and trying my best to keep my eyes fixed on his without letting them drift down to where the real action was taking place.

“I don’t know, maybe. It depends.”

He chuckled. “You’re a funny girl.”

“And you’re a jerk,” I snapped back.

“You don’t believe that.”

“What’s your question?”

“Why did you get out of bed to listen at the bathroom door?”

I swallowed hard. My eyes opened wide. Shit.

“Were you worried about me?” He asked.

“No, why would I be worried about you. I don’t even know you.”

He smiled and shook his head. He could see right through me.

“I promised my sister that I would take good care of you.”

“Sister?” I couldn’t refrain from saying out loud.

“Yeah, my big sister Michelle. That’s who I was talking to. She’s the real brains of the family.”

I took my arms away from my chest and walked towards the bed. Instead of getting back in it, I stood at the edge.

“And you told her about me?”

“I told her that you’re a spoiled brat. But you have a good heart.”

I smiled and blushed. Damn it. He was pulling me back in.

I finally got into bed. It was like there was a magnetic charge pulling me toward him.

I put my head on his chest and stared up at him.

He ran his fingers through my hair. I put my hand on his dick and let it rest there.

“She said that if anything bad happens to you, she’ll never talk to me again.”

“I think I like her already. I hope I get to meet her someday.”

“You will,” he said. “She’s coming to New York soon.”

13. Vincenzo

As good as it felt to be laying in bed with Julia's head resting on my chest, I knew that I wasn't going to be able to stay here forever. My uncle's mansion felt more like a prison than a safe haven from the violence that awaited me outside. For the moment there didn't appear to be any safe spaces for either of us. Even with that being the case, there was only so much time that we could stay huddled in this room before we both started to go crazy and eventually lashed out at each other. I didn't want that to happen.

I gently moved her head from my chest and laid it on the pillow. Then I got out of bed naked, my big flaccid cock swinging between my legs. I paced back and forth in the room, trying to find a solution to the conundrum.

I couldn't help wondering how my situation would have been different if that sexy, smart, ambitious girl who was laying nude in my bed had never come into my life. If she wasn't there maybe there would be a lot less tension between my uncle and me. Maybe I would be able to completely focus on guiding the family business through these turbulent waters. Maybe I would have been able to join my sister in the mountains. Without a doubt, I would have been able to dedicate much more energy to fight for the glory of the Antonelli name.

So why was I getting involved with her, if I knew that it would only slow down my pursuit of power? I wasn't sure. I also wasn't sure whether I really cared about her or if I just wanted to make sure that my uncle wasn't able to get his brutish hands on her. Just thinking about him touching her made me sick. Yet I had to admit that he was only going to be

willing to wait for so long before he made his request for time alone with her. That gave me a sense of urgency.

Whether or not there was going to be a relationship between us, we had to get out of my uncle's mansion as soon as possible. Certainly, these Manhattan streets were filled with danger, particularly mafia goons who were salivating at the chance of catching both me and Julia out in broad daylight. But that was a danger that would have to be faced head-on.

I slowly began putting on my clothes. The weight of responsibility seemed to grow heavier by the minute. How would my father have handled this situation? I wasn't sure. But I couldn't imagine him allowing his feelings about a woman that he hardly knew to get in the way of him making the best decision for the family. A deep sense of regret gnawed at my stomach. These were the kinds of things that I should have asked him while he was alive.

The next time I saw my sister, I would be sure to ask her to tell me the story of how our parents met. During our call a couple of days ago, she suggested that there was a lot I didn't know about that story.

Suddenly, I heard what sounded like a large explosion. It also felt like the mansion had been shaken. I wasn't sure whether I was just imagining it until I turned around and saw Julia sitting up in the bed, her eyes filled with fear. Neither of us spoke. But it was clear that we had to get out of there. She didn't need me to tell her to start getting dressed. She hopped out of the bed and began gathering her clothes.

I finished dressing, then I grabbed my gun off the dresser counter.

“BOOOOM!”

Another loud explosion. This one seemed to nearly knock the house off its foundation.

A loud alarm began going off. And then lights started flashing in the room. My uncle hadn't had time to tell me about his emergency procedures. So I wasn't sure what he and his men would be doing. But I didn't really care. This was our

opportunity to escape. We would have to take advantage of the chaos in order to get back our freedom. It was risky but probably not as risky as staying and waiting for Gianluigi to finally lose his patience with me and decide to do something drastic.

“What’s going on?” Julia asked after she finished slipping into her stylishly ripped jeans and white t-shirt, which showed off her c-cup breasts. These were the same clothes that she’d been wearing the night we’d picked her up as she tried to run to the train station. Despite the madness of the moment and imminent danger, I couldn’t help looking her up and down and licking my lips. What a hot piece of ass. And she was still a virgin! Once we got out of there, I was going to change that as soon as possible.

“Come here,” I ordered.

She lowered her head, brushed a tangle of blond hair behind her ear, then hurried towards me. She wrapped her arms around me and rested her head on my chest. I smiled. It felt really good to know that she was relying on me for protection.

I squeezed her ass and pulled her tightly to me. She giggled and looked up at me with desire. Then she reached down and grabbed my hard dick, which was throbbing and pushing up against her stomach.

“I’m still waiting for you to fuck me,” she said.

“Trust me, I can hardly think about anything else. But first things first.”

“Ok, but promise me one thing,” she said, her expression and the tone of her voice suddenly changing.

Something about the way she was looking at me shook me to my core. I didn’t want to know what she was going to ask me next. But I had to ask.

“And what’s that?”

“Promise me that no matter what happens, you won’t let your uncle or any of his men,” she said, frowning, “put their hands on me and...”

I covered her mouth to keep her from finishing the sentence. She had said more than enough. But apparently, she didn't think so.

She pushed my hand away and glared at me. "Let me finish. I would rather you kill me than allow that. Do you understand?"

I hesitated before responding. What was I supposed to say to that? Of course, it made me sick to think about the scenario that she was alluding to. I had promised my sister and myself that no matter what happened, under no circumstances would I allow my uncle to do anything to her. But if things somehow took a turn for the worst, did she really want me to kill her? I couldn't tell whether she was just saying it in the heat of the moment or if she truly felt that strongly about it. Either way, it was a noble stance to take. And I definitely respected her for that.

I brushed the hair out of her face and then kissed her forehead. I felt like I could swim in her big blue eyes. I was going to do every fucking thing in my power to protect her.

"I promise," I finally said. "But I'm going to make sure that it doesn't come to that."

"Thank you," she said, her eyes wet with emotion.

"Enough talking. We've got to get out here."

"Where are we going?" She asked.

"I'm not sure yet. But whatever happens, especially if there's any shooting, just stay behind me. Ok?"

She nodded up and down.

I closed my eyes, took several deep breaths, and steadied my nerves.

I pulled out my gun and walked to the bedroom door. I peered out the keyhole, fearful that we might be walking into an ambush. I couldn't see or hear anything.

Adrenaline surged through my body. It was both excitement and fear. Excitement because I was hungry for action. Sitting around waiting for things to happen made me feel like a

coward, someone my father would be ashamed to call his son. But I had to admit to myself that I felt a lot of fear because I had no idea what we were going to face on the other side of that door.

And I also felt fear because it was more than my life that was at stake. Julia hadn't asked to be part of this. Her fate had been sealed by her father's foolishness. She didn't deserve to die for that.

I undid the lock and slowly turned the door handle. I could feel Julia's breath on my neck.

I opened the door, stepped into the hallway, and quickly turned from side to side, gun drawn and ready to fire. There was nobody there.

"Let's go this way," I said.

We began jogging down the hallway towards a stairway that would take us to a back exit. The alarm, a loud beeping sound and the flashing red light, was still going off.

I got to the stairway door and pulled on the handle. It didn't budge. This couldn't be happening. I pulled on it several more times. Nothing.

"Fuck!"

"What's wrong?" she asked.

I ignored the question. My eyes began darting around. I wasn't sure where the other exits were.

I grabbed her hand and we began running in the other direction.

We stopped short and nearly fell over. Two of Gianluigi's men appeared in front of us. They had their guns drawn and pointed at us.

We spun around and began sprinting in the other direction.

Once again, we stopped short.

Gianluigi and another one of his henchmen came out of nowhere from around a corner. My head turned back and forth. We were trapped. This was it.

“Do it,” Julia said. “Shot me!”

The gun shook in my hand. My mind went blank. This couldn't be real. It had to be a bad dream that I was going to wake up from at any moment.

She tried to grab the gun from me. “I'll do it myself,” she said. “Give it to me.”

I managed to push her off.

I threw the gun towards my uncle and put my hands in the air.

The alarm cut off and the red light stopped flashing.

I could hear my heart pounding in my chest.

From both sides of us, the men began approaching, their guns still drawn. This was exactly the kind of situation that I had been trying to avoid. Unfortunately, we had fallen right into it.

Gianluigi stopped about ten feet from us. He put his gun away and then picked up mine.

He turned it over in his hands. “Not bad,” he said. “My first gun was a snub-nosed .38 as well. Make sure to keep it clean and it will last you a long time.”

He walked towards me and handed me the gun. I couldn't believe it. This must have been some kind of trap. But instead of asking any questions, I holstered my weapon.

“As you might have heard, we had a little security breach,” my uncle said.

He spent the next few minutes explaining that a group of men had thrown Molotov cocktails into the mansion. That's what the loud explosions were. And that's what had set off the alarm system.

“Any idea who could have done it?” I asked, not quite sure whether I believed his story. Whether he was lying or telling the truth, I was going to have to play along and pretend as if I believed him.

“Yeah, we’re pretty sure we know who did it. But you don’t need to worry about that right now.”

“Why not? It seems like a pretty important thing to worry about,” I said skeptically.

He took several menacing steps toward me.

My hand slid down towards my holster. His eyes followed it.

“I hope I don’t end up regretting saving your ass,” he said.

“Saving my ass? You mean like how my father had to always save yours?”

His lips quivered with rage. I was pushing him to the brink of an explosion. It might not have been the smartest thing in the world. But at that moment I didn’t give a shit.

“Boss, they’re back,” one of his men said. “We have to get down to the basement.”

14. Julia

My heart raced as I walked down the darkened staircase. Every few steps I would turn around and look at Vincenzo who was right behind me. I could tell by the expression on his face that he wasn't sure about what we were doing. But I trusted him to figure it out. Two of his uncle's men were walking down the stairs in front of us. While his uncle and another man were behind us. So basically we were trapped. But supposedly we were going to the basement, which was the safest part of the mansion. Whatever the case, I was tired of running. I wanted to lay my head down in my bed. I wanted to be able to walk around the city streets like a normal person.

I had no idea when I would be able to return to that life but the first chance I got, I would be sure to seize it.

"How much further?" Vincenzo asked, his voice echoing off the concrete walls.

The sound of our collective footsteps continued for several moments before the question was answered.

"Just another 30 seconds, nephew," his uncle answered. "Your patience is greatly appreciated."

I spun and looked at Vincenzo. He didn't seem pleased by his uncle's tone. I didn't see how two people who were so different would ever be able to work together. There would inevitably be a power struggle and there would only be one winner. As much as I wanted to believe that Vincenzo would come out on top, it was impossible not to recognize that the odds were firmly against him.

A loud explosion shook the staircase. Everyone stopped. Seconds later the alarm began ringing and a red light began

flashing.

“One more flight of stairs and we’re safe ladies and gentlemen,” Gianluigi said.

We finally arrived at the bottom of the stairwell. A narrow hallway with an unpainted concrete floor and walls took us to a steel door with the kind of handle you might see on a bank vault. Vincenzo’s uncle stepped forward, entered a combination, then placed his hand on a finger print reader. Five seconds later, the massive door opened.

“There’s not much to look at,” Gianluigi said. “But they could drop a bomb on the mansion and we’d still be safe in here.”

I looked at Vincenzo, not sure whether it would be safe to be locked in this bomb-proof shelter with these men. He squeezed my shoulder and nodded. I sighed and shook my head. I didn’t like where this was going. But the last thing I wanted to do was get into an argument. I was going to trust him. He was going to do everything in his power to protect me.

I walked into the shelter and nearly fell over when I saw a thin, frail woman standing in between armed men, dressed all in black, whose faces were covered with masks.

Without warning, Vincenzo put his arms around me and pulled me into a corner.

“What the fuck is going on?” He yelled. “Who are these people?”

Gianluigi stepped forward, a serious expression etched on his face. “I don’t know why I’m doing this. But I’m giving our friend Julia a chance to leave our world and disappear.”

“What are you talking about? She can’t leave. I have to protect her. I’m the only thing standing between her and a certain death.”

“I understand that you’ve developed feelings for the young woman. But I think that she would be much happier living a normal life. She isn’t built to be a part of a mafia family.”

My head was pounding. And I had a strong desire to scream at the top of my lungs. Listening to two men discuss what would be best for me while I was standing right there was infuriating. If this was what life was going to be like in this family, then the best thing would be to leave right now and never look back.

For the last several minutes, my mother had been standing between the armed and masked men with her hand covering her mouth and tears streaming down her cheeks. I still couldn't believe that she was actually here. I needed to touch her, hug her, and cry in her arms to make sure it was real.

I began walking toward her. Vincenzo grabbed my arm and pulled me back.

I knocked his arm away. "What are you doing?" I said. "Get your hands off me."

His eyes narrowed and shot daggers at me. Then he whispered, "It's a trap. If you go over there, we'll never see each other again."

I wasn't paying attention to his words anymore. I wanted out. I was done with this. I wanted my life back. I wanted my mother.

He tried to grab me again. But I pushed him away, this time even more forcefully.

"Let her go, nephew. It's what she wants."

Pain and hurt shone on Vincenzo's face. But that wasn't my problem. He had chosen to be a part of this. I hadn't. This was my escape hatch. I wasn't going to miss my opportunity to go through it.

I slowly walked towards my mother, each step bringing more tears to my eyes. She seemed so small, broken, and frail. She moved her hands away from her mouth. She seemed to be just as shocked as I was that we were reuniting.

"I'm so sorry this happened to you, sweetie," she said.

We hugged each other tightly and sobbed as if we were all alone and not surrounded by a room full of armed and

dangerous men.

“Julia, I hope that you don’t make the same mistakes your father did,” Gianluigi said. “Remember that your kind is not welcome in our world.”

My body went cold. I couldn’t believe that asshole had the nerve to talk to me like that. It was at that moment that I knew he was in some way responsible for my father’s death. There was no way it was suicide. Once I got out of there, I would dedicate my life to getting justice for my father.

I wiped my face and turned toward him. Everything about him disgusted me. Then I looked at Vincenzo. I couldn’t tell whether he was angry or sad. Either way, he definitely wasn’t happy with me. I wanted to embrace him one last time, and thank him for protecting me.

“I’ll be right back, mom. I just need to say goodbye.”

Fear filled her eyes.

Before I could take two steps in Vincenzo’s direction, he barked, “Stop! Don’t come over here. You’re no longer my responsibility. Get out of my sight!”

I felt like I’d been kicked in the stomach. Why was he talking to me like that? What would he have done in my situation?

I sighed heavily and turned around without saying anything. I wrapped my arms around my mother and the armed masked men led us to a door that took us into a tunnel. The door shut behind us. My legs were wobbly. Sweat burst out on my forehead. Something was wrong. There was no one to defend us.

But before I had any more time to worry, we were stepping out into the bright sunshine and blue sky of an autumn Manhattan afternoon. I smiled and looked up at the buildings towering over me.

There was a black SUV waiting with the doors open in a back alley. I helped my mother into the backseat. Then I got inside next to her.

I immediately clasped her hand and held it in mine. It seemed cold and lifeless. I turned to her and asked if everything was ok. There was no response. She continued staring straight ahead as if she hadn't heard me or she was completely unaware of my presence.

A cold shiver ran through my body. Something was wrong. Very wrong. She wasn't drunk but she appeared under the influence of something. She was never this calm or this quiet. I didn't know what to make of the strange way she was acting. Maybe I was being too paranoid. This might have just been her way of reacting to the trauma that she'd gone through recently. I couldn't blame her for that. I was still trying and failing to make sense of everything that had happened.

For the next fifteen minutes or so, as the car continued to weave in and out of Manhattan traffic, I couldn't help reminiscing on the time that I'd spent with Vincenzo over the past few days. He had sworn that he would protect me from his uncle and he had been true to his word. I would be forever grateful to him for that. He could have treated me in whatever way he saw fit. He could have been really cruel and sadistic. But instead, he'd been really kind and caring.

I only wished that he would take his life in another direction. The mafia underworld didn't seem like the right place for someone like him. But what did I know? Maybe everything between us had been an act. And now that it was over, we would probably stop thinking about each in a very short period of time.

I hated thinking like that. But there was no point lying to myself. He would easily be able to find a woman to replace me. And once I got back to my normal life, I wouldn't have trouble finding attractive guys who came from good families and had good careers. Solid reliable guys that I could build a life with.

Walking away from each other before our attachment or connection grew any deeper was definitely the best option for both of us. Even if it did hurt in the present moment, each day it would hurt a little less and we would go on with our lives.

I looked out the windows and noticed that we had entered the Chelsea Piers section of Manhattan. I was tempted to ask the driver and the armed man sitting in the passenger seat where we were going. When I got into the car, I'd assumed that we were being taken back to our home in the suburbs. And I'd also assumed that the masked and armed men would serve as our personal security guards. If that were the case, why hadn't we gotten on the Henry Hudson Parkway and headed north?

The SUV turned down a dead-end street and came to a stop. The east river was in front of us. On either side of us, there were warehouses.

Panicked, my eyes darted all around. I saw two cars coming down the street towards us. They parked. My heart pounded in my chest.

"Excuse me, sir, can you take us to our home in Scarsdale? I don't feel comfortable here."

The two men in the front of the car looked at each other.

"Don't worry, young lady, the five families are going to take very good care of you," the soldier said. "It shouldn't take long before you feel right at home."

My jaw dropped. What did that mean? I had never heard of the five families.

Suddenly, my mother squeezed my hand and turned toward me. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"I'm so sorry, Julia," she said. "I didn't have a choice. They were going to torture me, then kill me."

"We're still going to torture and kill you, you worthless bitch," the soldier said. "But we're going to have a lot more fun taking your daughter's virginity."

I began trembling. I'd walked directly into a trap. They'd used my mother, a broken, frail woman to lure me away from Vincenzo. And I had been stupid enough to fall for it.

"Please let me go, please! I didn't do anything to you!"

My eyes kept darting around. Several men got out of the cars parked behind us.

Moments later the door to my right opened. A bag was thrown over my head.

“NOOOOOO!”

15. Vincenzo

When she pushed my hand away and rushed into her mother's arms, I felt like my heart had been ripped out. This wasn't the way that things were supposed to end. I was going to protect her. I was going to prove my bravery and strength to her. And then she was going to reward me with the gift of her virginity. And then we were going to ride off into the sunset together and live happily ever after.

As I paced around the room, it made me sick just thinking about all the lies that I had told myself. The only thing that I needed to focus on was continuing my father's legacy and fending off the attacks from the five families. For the first time in a long time, maybe since our conflict with the Bratva almost two decades ago, we were perceived as being weak and vulnerable.

Everybody in the mafia underworld knew that my uncle was a hothead who was incapable of leading. He was too irrational and too quick to anger. So they were going to try to provoke him into entering a war. I had a choice to make. I could encourage him to retaliate against whoever had attacked his mansion with Molotov cocktails or I could try to convince him to be patient and not take the bait.

I was leaning toward encouraging him to take the bait and launch himself into a war in which he would be greatly outnumbered. That would allow me to keep my hands clean as he perished on the battlefield. With him gone, I would be able to take the family business in a different direction. Maybe it was time for the Antonellis to move on from New York. Maybe that's what the burning down of my parent's historic mansion symbolized.

Shortly after Julia had exited the bomb-proof shelter with her mother and the heavily armed security men, the alarm

system shut off. That's when my uncle said the coast was clear and we could leave the shelter.

That was about two hours ago but I still couldn't quite make sense of the sequence of events.

Was it just a coincidence that Julia's mother was in the shelter waiting for us? If not, why was she there? I squeezed my temples. I felt like my fucking head was going to explode. I had the strong urge to storm into my uncle's command center and demand an update on Julia's status. But I realized how foolish that would be. I didn't want him to think that I suspected him of doing something underhanded to Julia and her mother. Even though that's precisely what I suspected.

When I tried to hold Julia back, I whispered to her that it was a trap. And if she went over there we would never see each other again. Those words had come out of my mouth instinctively. It was just something I felt at that moment. Now after thinking about it a little, it seemed almost certain to be the case.

Should I have fought harder to keep her from going over there? If I had, would things have turned violent in that relatively small enclosed space where I was outnumbered 8 to 1?

As much as I wanted to help Julia, I couldn't overlook the fact that she had made her own decision. She was given a clear choice. She could return to her family. Or she could stay by my side. She had chosen to return to her family and the life that she had envisioned for herself before her father's fall from grace. Even though she would be returning to a broken, incomplete, disgraced home, she choose that over what I could offer her.

It would be pathetic for me to spend time worrying about her when she had rejected me. I'd been willing to put my life on the line to ensure that nothing happened to her. But instead of accepting my offer, she had sought safety and refuge in the cold, decrepit arms of her mother.

I couldn't help feeling that maybe there was something wrong with me. Maybe she didn't believe that I would truly be

able to protect her. Maybe she could sense just how inexperienced I was in the mafia underworld. Whether that was true or not was something that I would never know. She had made her choice. And that choice didn't include a life with me.

There was nothing that I could do about it. That was just something that I would have to accept as much as it hurt.

I turned to the empty bed and looked at the spot where she had slept. It was so nice to have her head on my chest. So nice to gaze into her blue eyes.

I sighed and put my head in my hands. There was no point torturing myself. But it was going to be difficult for me to completely forget her, even though she probably wouldn't have such a hard time forgetting me.

Once she got to Georgetown, she would be able to meet so many attractive, eligible guys who came from long lines of wealth. But not the Antonelli kind of wealth. Not the kind that had started off in the criminal underworld and then had gradually migrated into legal activities while still keeping their hands dirty in criminal endeavors. No, she would be able to meet the sons of doctors, hedge fund managers, investment bankers, and of course other politicians.

A knock on my door snapped me out of my thoughts. I looked around and quickly spotted my gun.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Your uncle wants to see you in his office."

"One second," I answered.

I holstered my gun on my hip. I definitely wasn't in the mood to talk to Gianluigi. But sitting in this room alone and feeling sorry for myself wasn't going to do me much good. On the other hand, I did have a few questions that I wanted to ask him. But I would have to do it in a way that didn't lead him to believe that I thought he had lied. I didn't want to give him any excuse to lose his cool and violently lash out at me.

Before opening the door, I looked through the peephole. One of my uncle's grey-suited goons was standing right

outside.

When I sat down in my uncle's office, I looked around curiously. All the computer monitors had been removed from his desk. And there were large packing boxes all around the room.

He was reclining on a leather couch smoking a cigar. There was something strange about him. He seemed so peaceful and content. I wasn't sure what to make of that. But it definitely made me nervous. Something big was going on. And I needed to get to the bottom of it as soon as possible.

"I hope you aren't too heartbroken," he said, blowing a big cloud of smoke into the air.

I grit my teeth and clenched my jaw. Here we go, I said to myself. Of course, he's going to taunt me. What a complete fucking asshole. It was going to take every bit of my self-control to keep from lunging at him and knocking his teeth in.

"I'll be fine," I said. "I just hope that everything works out for her."

"I'm sure everything is going to work out exactly the way it's supposed to," he shot back.

Our eyes locked. Then he smirked and took another puff on the cigar.

I didn't like the tone of his voice or his cryptic words. He was trying to get an emotional reaction out of me. I had to play it cool.

"Where are your three puppy dogs?" I asked, noticing that for the first time in what seemed like forever that his three loyal goons were not right by his side.

"They're busy packing and preparing to get on the road."

"Packing? You going on vacation?"

"I wouldn't say a vacation. More like a permanent move."

He spent the next few minutes explaining that he planned on moving out of Manhattan and permanently relocating to the Bahamas. For a few decades now my family had owned a

significant number of properties and businesses down there. It had long been our safety valve location, the place to go when things got too hot in NYC. But no matter how much time was spent down there enjoying the white sand beaches, the clear blue skies, and majestic ocean views something about the fast-paced, dangerous, and unpredictable life in New York always seemed to pull people back in. This was the life we had always known. It was in our blood. And we could only be away from it but for so long.

“You really think that you can stay away permanently?”

“It’s what Lucy wants for the kids. And I’m sick of arguing with her. Anyway, without your father to guide the ship, I don’t think that we’re gonna make it through a war with the five families.”

I still didn’t believe him. I’d never heard him mention sacrificing anything for his wife and kids. So why would he suddenly be doing that now? Saying that he wouldn’t be able to make it through a war without my father’s guidance sounded good. But it was still bullshit. Making the most rational or logical decision had never been my uncle’s strong suit.

“Is that why you called me in here?” I asked. “To tell me that you’re leaving and that I need to find another place to live?”

He chuckled. “That’s part of the reason, yes. But also wanted to make sure there were no hard feelings about the girl.”

He blew out a large cloud of smoke and stared up at the ceiling. I was waiting for him to continue.

“I didn’t have any choice,” he said. “It was either hand her over or they were going to lay siege to the mansion and capture all of us. And at that point who knows what would have happened.”

I felt like time had stopped. This couldn’t actually be happening. Had I really just heard him right? My tongue felt like it was stuck to the roof of my mouth. For a moment, I

forget how to form words and sentences. There was a tightness in my chest. I nearly fell out of the chair.

“What do you mean you had no choice?” I finally managed to say. “Where is she?”

“I had to hand her over. That was the deal I made.”

He went into further detail explaining that after the initial Molotov cocktail attacks, he had hastily negotiated an agreement with the five families. They were sick of waiting to have fun with Julia. They didn't care whether or not she was still a virgin. They wanted to take hold of her immediately.

“And you sold her to them?” I asked, rising from the seat as the anger bubbled inside of me.

“That's the way things work in this world, Vinny. And that's why I think that you should go to Harvard. Doesn't the fall semester start in a week or two?”

“You could have told me that they weren't going to wait any longer. You could have given me a chance to escape with her.”

He started laughing and up sat up straight on the couch. He took a couple quick puffs on the cigar and put it in the ashtray.

“You're fucking adorable,” he said. “You really are like your father. Willing to risk everything for a woman that you should have nothing to do with. Pathetic.”

I was going to explode. My hand moved down to my holster.

“What the fuck did you say?”

“I said you're just like your father. He decided to marry one of our enemies. The fucking Chambers. And it's no wonder he produced such a worthless son such as yourself. With a worthless bitch like your mother it was—”

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!”

I emptied the clip into him and kept squeezing the trigger even after there were no more bullets left.

His big body lay slumped on the couch, then rolled off and fell to the floor.

16. Julia

After they threw the bag over my head, something slammed into my face several times. I lost consciousness and was plunged into darkness.

When I woke up I was in a dark room with my hands tied behind my back. They had stripped away all of my clothes except for my pink bra and panties. My pale flesh felt cold and dirty pressed against the linoleum floor. This was what I got for trying to return to my old life and some sense of normality. What a nightmare!

I heard loud, drunken, male voices.

I wish I could say that there was no telling what they were going to do to me. But in reality, it was very clear what they were going to do. They were going to ravage my body, penetrate all my holes, and take the precious treasure of my virginity away from me in the most brutal of ways. I would be forced to live the rest of my life with the trauma and the pain.

It was my foolishness and stubbornness that had put me in this situation. All I had to do was resist the urge to run into my mother's lifeless arms. All I had to do was reject the lying and pretending that my parents had taught me to embrace throughout my life. Vincenzo was offering me something real. It was dangerous, it was crude, it was violent, but it was real. That was something that I had never experienced.

But I'd been too afraid to believe him, too afraid to let him protect me, and take me somewhere where I had never gone before. And now I was going to pay the price.

Where was my mother? The last thing I could remember was the pathetic explanation she'd given me of her betrayal.

Now within the space of a few days, I had been betrayed by both her and my father.

I was never going to see Vincenzo again.

Hot, bitter tears rolled down my cheeks.

Suddenly, the light in the room flicked on. It took my eyes several moments to adjust to it. I opened them and closed them. And when I saw that grotesque, half-naked body standing in front of me, I almost wished that someone would have ripped my eyes out.

A fat man with his shirt off, exposing his sweaty belly, stood in the doorway. He had a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. His face was bloated and red. At that moment, I couldn't have imagined a more disgusting sight.

My mind quickly flashed back to what I'd said to Vincenzo before we left the bedroom in search of an exit. I told him that instead of allowing me to be captured, I wanted him to kill me. I wanted him to bring things to an end before I experienced the humiliation of being ravaged by multiple men.

Never in my life, had I imagined that those words would come out of my mouth. And I meant every one of them. Unfortunately, Vincenzo wasn't there to save me or to put me out of my misery.

"Nice to see you're awake, sleeping beauty," the brute said, leaning his head back and taking a long swig of his beer, then belching loudly.

I frowned in disgust. My entire body quivered.

Moments later, several armed men appeared at the entrance. They pushed the shirtless, sweaty drunk out of the way, cursing and threatening him. Maybe these men are here to save me. I couldn't help thinking. Maybe it was Vincenzo who had sent them. He had figured out what his uncle had done, and even though he was disappointed and angry with me, he still had seen fit to rescue me.

About ten of the armed and masked men filed into the room. The sound of the boots stomping against the floor was terrifying. They formed a semi-circle around me and took off

their masks. Their twenty to thirty-something faces all seemed to blend together into one hideous, menacing visage.

Once they had assembled around me, a tall man in a well-tailored suit came into the room. I figured he was the leader. Maybe I can win his sympathy, I told myself. And he'll somehow end up sparing my life.

He stood over me for a few seconds, then kneeled down so that we were looking eye to eye. He was devilishly handsome but there was certainly something mean and sinister about him. I knew immediately that I wasn't going to be able to trust him.

"It's nice to meet you, Julia," he said. "My name is Ricardo Caravaggio."

"Please, I didn't do anything wrong. I don't know who you are. And I don't know anything about this mafia world. All I want is to get back to my normal life."

He smiled, then he extended his hand toward me.

Instinctively, I recoiled.

When he saw my reaction, the smile disappeared from his face.

Immediately, I regretted my reaction. If I had any chance of making it out of there alive, then I was going to have to hide my true emotions. And I was also going to have to remain as calm as possible, something which seemed like it was going to be nearly impossible given the vulnerable and nightmarish position that I found myself in.

"You've probably never heard my name, Julia. But I am the son of Dino Caravaggio. When I was only a child my father was tortured and killed by the Antonellis. That thug Gianluigi pulled the trigger. But it was Leonardo who called the hit."

"Please, I don't know anything about what—"

"SMACK!"

He slammed his open palm into the side of my face cutting my words short and knocking me on my back.

“I’m sorry to be so rough with you. But I would prefer if you would shut up for a few minutes and allow me to explain why you’re here.

There wasn’t much I could do. Shutting up and listening to him seemed like my best option.

“I wasn’t a fan of your father. But that’s just out of principle. I despise all politicians. Yet I’m very grateful for the role he played in eliminating Leonardo and his wife. That should have been done years ago. So I want you to understand that you’re not here because of anything that your father did.”

“Does that mean you’re going to let me go?” I couldn’t help asking.

He stared at me coldly, then smiled and ran his finger down my cheek.

“Don’t you worry about that, sweetheart. It’s not our intention to keep you here any longer than you need to be. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I said nodding up and down. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. But let me finish explaining why you’re here. Okay?”

Once again, I nodded up and down. Nothing was reassuring about the way he was looking at me, the tone of his voice, or the way that he continued rubbing his finger up and down my cheek.

“It’s come to my understanding that you’ve spent a lot of time lately with Vincenzo Antonelli, the son and nephew of my two arch nemesis. That’s disappointing. That’s not the type of person a young woman such as yourself should be associating with. And from what I’ve heard, you two have done a lot more than just associating with each other. Isn’t that right?”

My face flushed red. Why did this man, who was a complete stranger to me, care whether or not I hooked up with Vincenzo? Why was that any of his fucking business? But of course, I didn’t say that. It would have only earned me another hard slap.

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about but I—”

“SMACK!”

The hard slap that I feared came anyway, knocking me back and banging my head on the floor.

“Don’t lie to me, you stupid bitch. You let him fuck you and take away your virginity. You gave it away to an Antonelli. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, it is,” I replied defiantly, knowing that lying might be my only chance to escape. “I gave it to him. He fucked me. I’m no longer a virgin. So why don’t you find another girl who is and leave me alone?”

“Did you like getting fucked, Julia? Was it everything you imagined and more?”

“I loved it. It was incredible.”

He smirked and stood up. Towering over me, he put his hands on his hips and shook his head from side to side. “I’m very glad to hear that young lady. And so are my men.”

I swallowed hard. Maybe I said too much. I just couldn’t keep my damn mouth shut when I needed to.

“If you enjoyed fucking one guy, think of how much more fun you’ll have with 10.”

My eyes open wide with shock. He really wanted to go through with this. What a sick bastard. I’d hoped that lying and saying I was no longer a virgin would be a turnoff. I thought they wanted something pure and untouched. They wanted to ravage it, sully it, break it, and scar it for life.

But apparently, that didn’t matter. The fact that I was young and vulnerable was all that they cared about. They could have their way with me. That’s what was most important to them.

“You men should probably begin undressing. She wants it. You can hear the hunger in her voice. Only 19 years old and she’s already a whore. Your daddy would be so proud. Too bad he’s dead and can’t witness it with his own eyes.”

“Fuck you! I’m glad the Antonellis killed your father. It’s probably what he deserved. And once Vincenzo finds out what you did to me he’s going to kill you.”

After a few tense moments of silence, he exploded with laughter.

“Vincenzo? The preppy kid who’s only been in this business for three days? That’s who I’m supposed to be afraid of?”

I wasn’t sure how to respond. I didn’t know if there was any truth to what he was saying. I had assumed that Vincenzo had been a part of his family’s business for all of his life. Actually, I hadn’t had the opportunity to question him about that. Our time together has been so short. But also so memorable. Where was he? I needed his strong arms, his piercing green eyes, and his huge powerful dick. I needed all of it.

“I guess Vinny didn’t tell you that he never wanted anything to do with his father’s business. He’s supposed to be going to Harvard in a couple weeks.”

I couldn’t hide my surprise. Vincenzo hadn’t said anything about that to me. Harvard? Wow. That was an even better school than Georgetown. So apparently there was a lot more to him than the image that he tried to project.

“You know what I’m going to do because I’m in a generous mood?”

I kept silent. I was terrified of the next words that would come out of his mouth.

“I’m going to allow your lover boy, Vincenzo to watch as all my men have fun with you. I have to warn you that none of them have had sex for the last two weeks. So please don’t be surprised or offended if they’re a little bit rough. It’s nothing personal.”

He pulled out his phone.

There’s no way, I said to myself. He couldn’t possibly be doing it. No human being could be that sick and cruel.

“Vincenzo,” he said. “It’s nice to see your face again. I think I have someone here who would also like to see your face.”

He turned the phone towards me.

Vincenzo’s eyes narrowed. His lips quivered with rage.

17. Vincenzo

I spent a few moments standing over my uncle's lifeless body.

I couldn't help wondering what my father would have thought about what I did. Would he have been ashamed? Angry? Or bitterly satisfied?

In some ways, I had known for a while that this day would come. There was no way that Gianluigi and I would ever be able to coexist. It would have been nice if we could have come to an amicable split. But in this underworld, as I was quickly learning, things never ended amicably. When things ended it was violent and bloody. There was no other way.

I had to get out of there. And I had to find Julia. If I didn't get to her before she was...

I didn't want to think about what could happen to her if she was in a room alone with bloodthirsty mafia thugs. The images that came to mind were too disturbing. I quickly brushed them away.

I spent the next ten minutes rummaging through my uncle's office in search of guns, bullets, and any other type of weaponry. I managed to find a couple pistols, three boxes of bullets, and a smoke grenade. It wasn't much. But I was going to have to make do.

As I turned to leave the room, I heard footsteps rushing towards me. His three henchmen. They would all be heavily armed. I took several deep breaths and steadied myself.

"Boss! Boss!" They screamed.

I quickly opened the door, then hid behind it. One by one, they rushed into the room.

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

Three headshots dropped them to the floor before they even had a chance to fire their weapons. I stood over them smiling. I immediately recalled the shooting lessons my father made me take as a child. “Whether you’re going to come into the family business or not,” he would say. “You still need to learn how to shoot.”

At the time I never really enjoyed it. I just didn’t see the point. None of the kids I went to high school with ever went shooting with their parents. And they all seemed to think it was strange when I told them about it.

But once again I had to thank my father for his foresight. He must have known that eventually, it would come to this, no matter how much I resisted, no matter how much I wanted to go in a completely different direction with my life. This was who we were. This was our fate. There was no escaping it.

Just a week ago, I never would have imagined that anything like this was possible. I never would have imagined that I’d be standing in a room with four lifeless bodies. All of them my kills. Within a matter of 20 minutes, I’d killed four people. Something evil had been unleashed in me. There was no telling what I was capable of now. There was no way that I could return to normal society.

Go to Harvard, study hard, and land a job at a Fortune 500 company. What a fucking joke. Sitting in a classroom, working in an office, those kinds of activities would never be enough to satisfy me. The dangerous, mafia life was all that I wanted. A life in which you broke the rules that everyone else in society followed. And you followed rules that normal people had no understanding of.

But I wasn’t going to do it alone. That wouldn’t have been possible. The first chance I got, I would ask my big sister

Michelle to come work with me. We would be an unstoppable team. Together we could restore the glory of the Antonelli name.

But I was going to need more in my life than just this world, this violence, this power. What I experienced in the days I spent with Julia was unlike anything I'd ever imagined. I wanted that feeling back. I wanted her in my arms. I wanted to look into her blue eyes and run my fingers all over her pale flesh. And I couldn't wait to get between her soft, tender thighs, to spread them wide, and then to feast on her pink virginal pussy lips, my tongue lapping up her juices, my finger gently moving in and out of her in a come hither motion while her body shook and quivered and she begged for more and more. And then I was going to push my rod deep inside of her, pumping and pounding her as she wrapped her legs around my torso and begged and pleaded for me to go harder and deeper. And eventually, I wouldn't be able to take it anymore, the grip of her pussy on my dick would be too much and I would flood her womb with my seed.

I was going to make her my woman. My wife. The mother of my children. I felt an insane amount of energy coursing through my veins. I felt like I could shoot fire from my nostrils.

I loaded the guns. It was time to find her.

Right before I left the office, I heard what sounded like a groan. I spun around. It was my uncle. Apparently, he wasn't dead yet. His eyes flickered open.

In a whisper, he said, "It's too late. They've already taken her. She's now a mafia whore. She'll be passed around from family to family. What are you going to do?"

The gun trembled in my hand. I felt like I was going to bust a blood vessel. I wanted to kill this motherfucker and finish him off once and for all. But I had to resist the urge.

I kneeled down right next to him. He was struggling to breathe. I kept my eyes on the bullet wounds in his chest and arm.

“Why are you still here?” He said. “She’s getting fucked in the 67th Street warehouse right at this moment. You should—”

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

I let off three shots right in his face. It was ugly. Some of his brain matter splashed against me. Some of his splattered against the wall. I resisted the urge to shoot him anymore. I would need those bullets. And I didn’t have any more time to waste.

I took out my phone and called my sister.

“What’s going on?” She said. “I haven’t been able to get in contact with anyone for the last half an hour. Where’s Gianluigi?”

“He’s gone.”

“Gone? Did he leave for the Bahamas?”

“He’s dead.”

I spent the next several minutes explaining what happened. She listened in silence. When I finished speaking, she sighed.

“This isn’t good,” she said. “And it’s not what dad would have wanted. But I understand. Now you need to get up to the mountains. Manhattan is way too dangerous for you.”

“I have to save Julia.”

“Where is she?”

I told her Gianluigi’s last words before I’d blown his brains out. She was going to try to hack into the warehouse security system. That would allow her to access their cameras and give me a precise idea of where they were holding Julia. There were no guarantees it would work. But it was worth a shot. I had faith in her. She was a cybersecurity genius. If anyone could do it, she could.

“Please be careful, Vincenzo,” she said. “The streets are running red with blood.”

“I’m not worried about myself right now. Julia is the only thing that matters.”

The taxi dropped me off a couple blocks away from the warehouse. It took every ounce of my self-control not to strangle the driver during the ride. Every few seconds my eyes would turn to my phone. I was desperately waiting for my sister to get back to me. If she couldn't hack into the system, I would be going in there blind without any idea where Julia was being held. And of course, there was the possibility that Gianluigi had lied. But I doubted that.

It was much more likely that he wanted to send me into a firefight in which I would be outnumbered 10 to 1.

He had always hated my mother. She was a Chambers. We were Antonellis. Our blood was never supposed to mix. So he had always hated me as well, the offspring of that forbidden union. And of course, he had never forgiven my father.

I heard a helicopter overhead and looked up. The sun was shining bright. There were only a few clouds in the sky. It was a beautiful fall afternoon in Manhattan.

I noticed that I felt a completely different energy being around all these normal people. Something that I never felt before. Taking a man's life opened up a whole new world to me. I had gone someplace where so few human beings dare to venture. And there was no turning back. If I could kill one, I could kill ten, I could kill 100. After a certain point, it didn't matter.

I tried to shake those thoughts from my mind.

I didn't want to become a bloodthirsty savage. I'd only shed blood in defense of my life. And now I would shed more in defense of Julia's. She was pure, untouched, and virginal. She was precious. And she needed to remain that way. At least, until I got my hands on her.

Never before had I felt such thoughts about a woman. I didn't know whether it was healthy or not. But at that moment I didn't give a shit. This love that I felt for her was the kind of emotion that gave men the courage to risk their lives on the battlefield. It was a privilege to experience this kind of emotion. It was something sacred and holy.

I turned the corner on 67th Street. It was a one-way. The East River was right in front of me. I could smell the salt coming off of it. If I played this wrong, I might end up at the bottom of that body of water. And I probably wouldn't be the only mafia corpse submerged down there.

My phone buzzed. I smiled when I saw the name on the screen.

“Got it!” Michelle said. “I’m going to link you to the security cameras.”

Seconds later, I could see the inside of the warehouse on my phone. There were several armed guards by the front door. I clicked on different rooms. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

Frustration built inside of me. Where was she? Had they moved her? Was she already dead? I clicked on several more rooms. Still nothing.

My phone started ringing. It was a face time call from a private number. I didn't want to pick it up, assuming it was just spam. But something told me that it might have been my sister calling me from a different phone. I answered the call.

What I saw on the screen nearly made my heart stop.

I had never seen that face before. He looked at least a few years older than me with a chiseled jaw, brown eyes and hair. I knew right away that he was a mafia guy. I didn't know him. But by the look in his eyes, I could tell that he knew exactly who I was.

“Nice to see you, Vincenzo,” he said. “And I think there’s someone else here who would like to see you.”

He turned the phone. I never knew that I could feel so much rage all in one moment.

Julia had been stripped naked, except for her pink bra and panties. Her hands were tied behind her back.

“If you touch one hair on her head, I swear I will rip your fucking heart out.”

“Don't worry, Vincenzo,” he said. “I'm not going to touch her. But my soldiers are very anxious to start playing with her.”

Do you want to watch?"

18. Julia

My handsome tormentor held the phone in front of my face. No words came out of my mouth. There were too many conflicting emotions swirling inside of me. Vincenzo didn't say anything either. Yet his rage was palpable. I had turned away from him, rejected the protection and provision that he had offered me and this is where I had ended up: in the middle of a war between feuding mafia families and corrupt politicians.

Ricardo turned the phone away from me and back to his own smug, sadistic face.

I couldn't help looking at the soldiers who surrounded me. They had laid down their weapons, and taken off the top part of their gear and their shirts, revealing ripped chests and abs. Some were tattooed, others weren't. As attractive as these men were, nothing about this scenario was turning me on. Maybe some women would have experienced a perverse pride knowing that they were able to inspire this kind of lust and desire. But I felt none of those emotions. Deep down I knew that what they were preparing to do to me had nothing to do with their desire for my young, pale, vulnerable flesh. Any woman no matter how ugly, old, or decrepit would have been enough to satisfy their savage desires.

For their boss, I was a prisoner of war. As he had said earlier, he hated all politicians. This would be his way to send a message to the political class.

"Vincenzo, you're a little quiet. Is there anything you want to say before we get started?"

After a few moments of silence, Vincenzo finally answered, "I don't know what my father did to you. And I don't really

care. But whatever it was, it has nothing to do with her.”

Ricardo’s face darkened. “You don’t care that your father and your uncle tortured and killed my father?”

“This is a dirty game. You know that,” Vincenzo said. “But the girl is innocent.”

“Nobody is innocent!”

“If you let her go, you can take me as your prisoner.”

Ricardo laughed and turned around and looked at his men. They had stripped down to their boxer briefs. Their hard bulges looked menacing.

“Did you hear that, guys? Vincenzo is willing to sacrifice his own life to save his Damsel in Distress. That’s really adorable.”

“I’m serious,” Vincenzo said. “Check security camera 17-A. I’m right outside.”

The smile disappeared from Ricardo’s face. Fear replaced it. He looked around frantically, then started screaming at his soldiers.

“Why the hell are you just standing there in your underwear? Go check the—”

Before he could finish, the room began filling up with smoke. Within seconds it was impossible to see anything.

Gunshots rang out.

“What the fuck?”

“Where’s the shooting coming from?”

“Who’s—”

“AWWWWW!”

The soldiers cursed and howled in pain. Their bodies dropped to the floor.

Others groaned, “I’m hit. Medic!”

“I’m bleeding.”

Because my hands were tied behind my back, I wasn't able to protect my mouth or nose from the smoke. I started coughing and choking. I felt lightheaded and dizzy. I struggled to keep my eyes open.

I wasn't going to be able to hold on much longer. I could feel myself slowly losing strength, losing consciousness. My head banged hard against the floor. My eyes flickered. Then something tugged on my arm and dragged me across the cold floor, through the smoke, past the groans and screams.

A man's strong arms picked me up and threw me over his shoulder. I still couldn't see his face. The entire warehouse was filled with smoke. An alarm was going off. Loud, desperate voices echoed from every direction.

Gunshots whizzed past my head.

"We're almost safe," the man carrying me said.

More bullets whizzed past us.

I knew that voice. Vincenzo. There was no way we were going to make it out of there alive. Too much gunfire. Too much smoke. Too much chaos.

He kicked a door, then grunted. He kicked it again, then cursed.

"Where's the girl?" someone screamed.

"She's not in the room!"

"Find her!"

Gunfire ricocheted off the walls.

"I'm hit!" Someone yelled.

He put me down on the floor. "Keep quiet. We're almost there."

I could barely see his face through the smoke. If my hands weren't cuffed behind my back, I would have wrapped them around his neck. I would have grabbed his face and kissed him deeply, sharing a moment of passion with him in the midst of all this madness and danger.

He had come to save me. He had risked everything for me. Even after I walked out on him, stubbornly refusing all that he had to offer, he had still come back for me. That's how strongly he felt for me.

He backed away from the door and took several deep breaths. Then he ran forward and slammed his shoulder into it, knocking it off its hinges. Sunlight flooded into the warehouse. And so did the sounds of the city street.

Vincenzo picked me up and threw me over his shoulder again.

“The door! They're getting away! Shoot! Shoot!” Voices behind us screamed.

We weren't going to make it.

“AWWWWWW!” Vincenzo groaned. He lost hold of me. I fell to the concrete. He lay next to me. He reached for his shoulder.

“Fuck,” he said. “They shot me.”

More bullets blazed toward us. The footsteps of the soldiers came closer and closer. We were sitting ducks.

If they captured us and brought us back into the warehouse, there was no telling how brutal and sadistic they would be. They would give Vincenzo the ultimate punishment for his bravery. But before they killed him, they would force him to watch as they put me through an unimaginable hell.

He finally got back to his feet, pain etched on his face. He tried to pick me up but it was no use. His arm was badly wounded. We were going to be captured.

With his one good arm, he lifted me to my feet. I stumbled and nearly fell over. He pulled me tight to him. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, taking in the scent of his courage, strength, and bravery. His raw masculinity made my legs weak and my pussy wet. If he had asked to, I would have let him fuck me right there in the back street we were running through.

I didn't care about getting away. I didn't care about returning to my normal life. The only thing I wanted was him. I wanted his hands all over me. I wanted his mouth locked on mine. And I wanted his big dick inside of me, breaking my hymen, pounding me into submission, making me feel a pleasure and a pain that went beyond anything that I could have ever imagined.

That's all I wanted.

He turned around. His eyes grew wide with fear. I turned. A huge black SUV was barreling towards us. It was going to run us over. This was the end of the line. He jumped on top of me, shielding me from the impact. The SUV came to a skidding stop inches in front of us. The license plate was right in front of my face. Massachusetts.

The driver-side door opened.

A tall, brunette with ripped blue jeans and a white tank top got out. She had a huge black gun in her hands, some type of semi-automatic rifle.

"Vinny!" She yelled. "Get in the car!"

She started firing. Soldiers screamed and groaned.

"Retreat! Retreat!" They yelled.

The mysterious woman continued firing.

Nearly all of them scurried back into the warehouse.

Vincenzo raised himself from the concrete and picked me up as well. We both limped to the SUV and got into the backseat. The woman fired off several more rounds, lowered the gun, and rushed back into the driver's side seat.

She slammed the door shut, revved the engine, and we were off.

But they weren't going to let us get away so easily. Bullets followed us, breaking the glass. I screamed. Vincenzo put his hand over my mouth. I stared at him, terrified. He looked like he was about to pass out. My chest heaved. My semi-nude body was covered in sweat and dirt. I tried my best to calm down.

The car turned onto a main city street and it wasn't long before we were on the highway.

As we sped along the Henry Hudson Parkway, heading north away from Manhattan, I lay my head on Vincenzo's lap. He ran his fingers through my hair and then kissed my forehead.

I looked toward the front mirror. The brunette who had saved us was staring at me. She smiled with her eyes.

"Nice to meet you, Julia," she said. "I hope my younger brother did everything to protect you."

I nodded up and down. "Yes, he did," I managed to say, looking up at the man who had risked everything for me.

"I'm glad to hear that. Maybe he can be a gentleman and get that blanket from the back seat and put it over you."

Vincenzo smirked and shook his head. "Thanks, sis. Where would I be without you?"

"Probably dead and buried."

"Dad always said that you would be the right person to take over the family business."

"That was only because you didn't want to."

"No, it was because he knew that you're fucking brilliant. And you have really big balls."

She didn't respond right away. Instead, she smiled.

"Thanks," she finally said. "Except for the balls part."

They both laughed. I smiled. It was nice to see him interacting with his sister. The energy was so much different from how he interacted with his uncle. As an only child, I had always wondered what it would be like to have a sibling, especially an older one.

"I almost forgot," he said. "I need to get you out of those cuffs. Even though they do look really sexy on you."

"Vinny!" His sister yelled, annoyed with him.

"I'm just telling the truth," he replied.

“I have a tool kit under the seat,” she said. “You should be able to find something in there.”

He spent the next few minutes rummaging through a toolkit. He found a small screwdriver.

He fiddled with the lock and after a few tries opened the cuffs. I shook my wrists. The metal had dug into my flesh and left its mark.

Then I did what I had been desperate to do for the last few hours. I grabbed his face and brought our lips together and held them there. I pulled back and then pressed my lips against his again. Our eyes twinkled. An electric sensation shot through my body.

“Not here in the car you guys,” Michelle said. “Once we get to the cabin, you’ll have plenty of alone time.”

“Cabin?” I said.

Vincenzo explained that we would be spending some time up in the Catskill mountains. It would be the safest place until the blood dried in Manhattan. That was fine with me. I couldn’t think of anything more romantic than spending time in a mountain cabin with the man who had risked his life to protect me. And I was looking forward to getting to know his sister as well. She seemed cool. And totally badass.

I would have loved to listen to them talk while we drove. But my body was too weak. I couldn’t keep my eyes open. And soon I drifted off into a deep sleep.

19. Vincenzo

I opened my eyes and looked out the window. The rolling mountains and the dense greenery brought a smile to my face. It was nice to be out of the city. The darkened sky signaled that a storm was on the way. I looked forward to laying in bed as the rain pattered against the cabin. This was exactly the type of peace and serenity that I needed in my life.

As I tried to sit up in the bed I winced. Then I looked towards my shoulder where the pain had come from. It was heavily bandaged. My head felt groggy. The doctor must have given me some serious painkillers. The memory came flooding back to me. We were on the verge of escaping as the hot lead kept flying at us. But then a bullet struck me right in the shoulder. I fell to the ground. I lost my grip on Julia and she fell next to me. More and more bullets flew toward us. It seemed like all hope was lost. We weren't going to get away. They were going to drag us back into the warehouse. And make sure that we never saw the light of day again.

There was a knock on the door. When it opened, my sister was standing in the doorway.

"You feeling better?" She asked, coming into the room and standing over me.

"I've been in this business for less than a week, and I've already got a bullet hole in me. I don't think that's a good omen."

She grinned and shook her head. "You know the fall semester at Harvard is nine days away. If you want, you can —"

"No fucking chance," I shot back, quickly cutting her off.

“You’re really something else, Vincenzo. It’s like you’re a completely different person from the last time I saw you.”

I closed my eyes and leaned my head back on the pillow. I wasn’t sure how to respond to that. So much had changed in such a short period of time. I felt disconnected from the young man that I’d been before I accepted my destiny. I also felt ashamed. I’d been a worthless, entitled, spoiled brat. I’d been a boy. But the pain, the danger, and the violence of the last few days had made a man of me.

I had finally gone through the rite of passage that every Antonelli man has had to pass through for the last hundred years. Somehow I had convinced myself that I would be able to avoid that treacherous test. But fate had other ideas. And I couldn’t be more grateful.

“Yeah, I guess your little brother is finally growing up. Does it seem strange?”

“Honestly, a little bit. You never wanted anything to do with this.”

“And you never wanted anything to do with anything else.”

“That’s not true, Vinny.”

“Please stop calling me that. You know that I hate it.”

She smirked. “That’s why I still call you it. It’s to remind you that I’m your big sister and I used to beat you up when you were little.”

“You loved smacking me in the head with those big pillows,” I said, recalling some fonder childhood memories in the mansion.

“And tickling you until you begged me to stop and mom started yelling at me,” she said.

We both got quiet. A feeling of sadness gripped my chest. My eyes got moist. My mother had died in the attack. I could still hear her screaming as Wilson advised me to take the phone and the gun and go down the escape hatch.

“I should have done more,” I couldn’t help saying.

My sister's eyes opened wide. "What do you mean?"

"That night. I should have tried to save them. I shouldn't have run away. That's not what—"

"Stop it," she said firmly. "Don't ever start thinking like that. You did what you had to do. There's a reason why Dad built that escape hatch in your room. And there's a reason why he spent so much money constructing an underground tunnel."

I sighed heavily and wiped away a tear.

"I'm glad you're here," I said. "But what did you mean when you said that it wasn't true that you never wanted to do anything else? That's what it always seemed like."

She lowered her head and bit down on her bottom lip. That was strange for her. She slowly raised her eyes toward me. There was a sadness and a melancholy in her face that I couldn't remember ever having seen. It was as if she was peeling back the layers of her true personality. I was seeing a new side of my big sister.

"What I meant was that I felt extra pressure to join the business. Because I knew that you never would. And I knew how much that hurt dad. But don't get me wrong. I'd always dreamed about this kind of life. I always thought it would be really cool to be a badass mafia woman. But not the kind that was in the background, taking care of the kids, and dealing with a violent and unfaithful husband. I definitely didn't want to be that type of woman."

She paused and stared off towards the mountains. The sky continued to darken. The storm crept closer. Thunder sounded in the distance.

"I wanted to be the type of woman in this underworld that was respected for her mind, for her cunning, for her ruthlessness. I wasn't interested in a whole lot of public attention. But I wanted the right people to know exactly who I was."

"So you have always wanted to do this," I said, fascinated by her response but still waiting for her to answer my initial question.

“I’ve had my doubts along the way. Maybe it’s not what I want. Maybe I should just get a six-figure cyber security job build a great portfolio of skills, gain lots of industry connections, and then start my own business. And at times, I think that maybe I just want to get married, have children, and be a stay-at-home mom.”

I nearly burst out laughing when she said that last part. It was hard to imagine my sister as a stay-at-home mom, taking care of children or putting up with a husband’s bullshit. She didn’t seem cut out for that kind of life.

“What’s so funny?” She snapped back, crossing her arms against her chest and glaring at me.

“I’m just picturing you as a stay-at-home mom. In the kitchen with your apron on, baking cookies or something.”

Her face relaxed and she uncrossed her arms. “I’m not much of a baker. But I can cook a really good steak.”

“Well, that’ll help make up for some of your flaws.”

“My flaws? And what exactly are those?”

Before I could answer, the sound of footsteps creaking on the wood floor distracted me. A smile lit up my face. A surge of adrenaline shot through me. Julia. It felt like I hadn’t seen her in forever. I wanted her in my arms. I wanted to stare into her eyes. We were together. We had survived.

Dressed in a light blue nightgown with her feet bare, she stood in the doorway. She brushed a tangle of blonde hair behind her ear, and slowly raised her eyes toward me. She blushed and her face flushed red. Satisfaction spread throughout my body. I could feel the blood rushing to my cock. I wasn’t going to be able to control myself much longer. I wanted to take her right here.

My sister’s eyes moved from me to Julia. She shook her head. “I think it’s time for me to go,” she said. “I’ll be staying in my cabin which is about 2 miles west of here. If you need anything, you know how to contact me.”

“It was nice talking to you, sis.”

“I wish I could say the same,” she replied like a smartass. “And I’m really looking forward to you telling me what my flaws are.”

“Don’t worry. There’s a long list that I’ve been compiling over the years.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“You’re lucky that you’re laying in bed with a bullet wound in your shoulder. Or else I might kick the shit out of you, like I used to do when we were younger.”

I chuckled. “Get to the cabin before the storm starts. And stop being so damn sensitive.”

She turned away from me. “Nice to see you again,” Julia. “I hope you slept well.”

The woman that I wanted to make mine, who I wanted to be the mother of my children, nodded up and down. “Yes, I really like it up here. It’s so cozy and peaceful.”

Thunder rumbled.

We all looked at each other.

“Yeah, most of the time it’s like that,” Michelle said. “But every now and then we get a little bit of drama.”

She nodded to both of us and left.

Julia floated into the room like an angel, like something out of a dream. Her blue eyes locked on mine. I wanted to get lost in them. I wanted to drown in them.

She sat down on the bed next to me. I wrapped my good arm around her and pulled her close. She rested her head on my chest.

“I’m sorry you got hurt,” she said. “It’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have run away. If I had just listened to you, none of this would have happened.”

I smiled and ran my fingers through her hair. “But if none of this would have happened, then we wouldn’t be here in bed together in the mountains, listening to the thunder roll towards us and watching the lightning flashes.”

“But aren’t the five families going to come looking for us? Isn’t there a war going on?”

“In this world, we’re always at war,” I replied. “This is what I signed up for. It’s my fate. And there’s no escaping it.”

She raised her head off my chest and stared at me. After a few moments of silence, she finally said, “But aren’t you supposed to go to Harvard in a couple weeks?”

My eyes narrowed. “Did my sister tell you that?” I asked.

She shook her head no. “It was that creep. The one that called you from the warehouse. Caravaggio, I think his name was.”

I smirked and shook my head. Until my parents’ death, I had never given much thought to the mafia world. But apparently, people in this world had been keeping tabs on me for a long time.

I spent the next few minutes explaining to her the plans I had for my life before that fateful day. I explained that I never wanted anything to do with the family business. I was going to strike out on my own. I wasn’t going to lean on the Antonelli name anymore. She listened intently, her eyes fixed on me.

When I finished speaking, she leaned toward me and pressed her lips against mine.

She pulled her head back. Blue outlined her dilated pupils. I had never seen a more beautiful woman.

“I love you,” she said. “And I want to stay with you. No matter what that requires or what sacrifices I have to make. I’ll do it for you.”

“I love you too,” I said. Then I grabbed the back of her head and pushed our mouths together. Our hands roamed up and down each other’s bodies. Our tongues thrust in and out of our mouths.

My blood-filled, rock-hard, pulsating cock was going to explode. I reached between her legs and felt the wetness of her desire. She closed her eyes and moaned.

“Please fuck me now, “she said. “Take my virginity. I can’t wait anymore.”

Epilogue

Julia

This was the moment I'd been waiting for. It was finally here. My entire body was quivering with excitement and anticipation. His fingers gently rubbed up and down my wet pussy lips, teasing me, and preparing me for what was yet to come. I closed my eyes and moaned.

Like a woman possessed, I lifted his shirt up over his head, then tore off his boxers and tossed them on the floor. His big, beautiful, menacing cock popped out. I paused for a moment to stare at it, licking my lips hungrily, my pussy flooding with desire.

A loud burst of thunder shook the sky. Heavy rain began to fall on the cabin. Those primal sounds of nature sent shock waves of lust through my body. I wanted him to fuck me with the same force of the sky-shaking storm. I wanted him to make my virginal pussy overflow and drip like the sky was releasing its juices onto the mountains.

He pressed his body on top of me. Our lips locked. He thrust his tongue deep into my mouth, I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him tightly to me. This kiss was unlike any other I'd ever experienced.

It feel like he was kissing my soul, touching something deep within me that no one had ever reached before. I grabbed his dick. It felt so full and hard in my hand. As we continued kissing, I rubbed it up and down against my pussy lips. When

the huge head hit my clit, an uncontrollable spasm took hold of me.

He reached out and grabbed my neck. I opened my eyes wide with fear and excitement. I never would have imagined that five strong fingers wrapping around my throat would be such a turn-on. But that's exactly what it was. This felt so dangerous. Even though he only had one good arm, he could still so easily overpower me. He could do whatever he wanted to me up here in the mountains. There was no way I'd be able to defend myself. But I trusted him with every fiber of my being. I would beg, grovel, and plead. Whatever he wanted from me I would do it. That was terrifying. But so fucking exhilarating.

He took my hand off his cock. For a moment, I thought that maybe I had done something wrong. Did he not like how my fingers felt wrapped around his beautiful, man meat?

"Be patient," he said. "I'm going to give it to you. But you're going to have to wait."

"No, no," I moaned. "I've already waited long enough."

His grip around my neck tightened, making it hard for me to speak or breathe. I nodded up and down in submission, letting him know that I was willing to do anything he wanted. If he wanted me to wait, then I would wait. I just hoped that it wouldn't be too long.

He finally took his hand off my throat. For a few seconds, I gasped for air. He looked down at me, smiling wickedly, his pupils dilated with desire. Sweat glistened on his lean, muscular torso. When I finally caught my breath, I ran my hands down his sculpted pecs and abs, admiring their hardness.

Lightning flashed in the sky. The rain pounded against the wood cabin.

He cupped my breasts in his hands and began gently licking the nipples, swirling his tongue around them, and then he gently bit and nibbled on them. I arched my back, closed my eyes, and moaned. He had complete control of me.

When he finished pleasuring both of my breasts, he began kissing a long, slow trail down my stomach, each kiss bringing him closer and closer to my never explored temple of love, the doors of which were aching with hunger, desperate to be penetrated, pounded and pumped, fucked into oblivion, fucked until I lost complete control of my body, until electric orgasmic shocks took hold of me and turned me into a woman.

The closer he got to my pussy, the more my legs trembled. I'd waited so long for this. But he was determined to make me wait even longer. At any moment I felt like I was going to explode and start screaming.

Thunder exploded in the sky.

He lifted his head up and smiled.

"I'm almost there," he said. "Do you think you can hold on much longer?"

"Yes, yes. Keep going. Please!"

He lowered his head and continued kissing. When he was just inches away from my love mound, he skipped over it and put his head down by my knees.

He was taunting me, teasing me, taking me to my breaking point, then pulling me back. He kissed the insides of my thighs gently, moving from one to the other, getting closer and closer, and then he slipped one finger inside of me.

I leaned my head back and gasped. He pushed the finger in and out of my tight, virginal cunt.

While the finger continued its back-and-forth movement, he began licking up and down, across and diagonally on my wet pink, pussy lips. Then he took the finger out, and licked from the bottom of my pussy to the top, flicking his tongue against my clit. He repeated that motion and each time he hit the clit, I nearly exploded. He laid his tongue flat and I thrust my pelvis into him aggressively, moving my pussy up and down his tongue as I pleased.

What an incredible feeling!

"Stick it in! I can't wait anymore."

He held my hips firmly in place and pushed me back down onto the bed. Then he started sucking on my blood-engorged clit, like there was some secret, sweet, sacred nectar inside of it. I never imagined I could feel so much pleasure surging through my body. My legs quivered and I would have fallen off the bed if it hadn't been for his strong grip on my hips.

The trembling and quivering wouldn't stop. I lost complete control of myself. Where his tongue had just been licking, now he rubbed the head of his big cock.

He stopped abruptly, then grabbed my neck.

"Look at me," he commanded.

It took me a few moments to get control of myself and to keep my eyes from floating around so that I could focus on his face.

His intense eyes were fixed on me.

"Are you sure you want this?" He asked. "Do you really want my cock to penetrate your virgin pussy?"

I wasn't sure why he was asking me these questions. Wasn't it obvious that I wanted it? That I was desperate to have it? That I was going to die if he didn't give it to me?

"Yes!" I screamed. "Yes! I want it! More than anything I've ever wanted in my life!"

Lightning flashed.

He pushed the head of his cock inside me. My mouth opened but no sound came out. He was so fucking big. His cock was going to split me in two. But that's what I wanted. And what I needed. The pain and the pleasure of his giant rod breaking me and making juices explode from my cunt.

He pushed inside deeper and deeper, making my walls expand, making me wetter and wetter. I wrapped my legs around his torso. His strong hands gripped both of my ass cheeks. The walls of my cunt tightly gripped his majestic rod. It was so fucking long and thick. But it felt like it was perfect for me. It also felt like it was going to rip right thru me and

destroy my insides. That possibility filled me with a perverse pleasure. I wanted it. I needed it.

Gradually, his rhythm began to pick up as he thrust his hips into me harder and harder. The bed creaked and shook as if it was going to give out under the force of our fucking. I didn't care about that. I needed it harder and deeper even though it already felt like he was going to break me.

I pounded my fists against his chest and then clawed into his flesh.

“Fuck me!” I screamed.

Thunder boomed and shook the sky.

“Harder!”

He put his hand over my mouth and squeezed tightly. I had no choice but to shut up. And then he really started pumping, slamming his hips into me as another orgasm took hold of my body.

“Cum on my dick,” he yelled, pounding harder and harder. “Cum all over it. And keep shaking you dirty fucking slut. I'm going to turn you into my personal whore.”

He took his hand off of my mouth.

“You want that? You want to be my little Mafia whore?”

“Yes, yes,” I said. “Please make me your whore. Don't stop. I'm cuming. I'm cuming. Oh my god!”

“Shut up,” he grunted, then tightly wrapped his fingers around my throat.

Goddammit, I loved when he did that. He could keep his hands wrapped around my throat for as long as he liked. Any time of the day, in or outside the bedroom.

“Are you going to cum?” I asked, hoping that it felt as good for him as it did for me. “I want you to shoot your load inside of me. Please fill me with your seed.”

He smiled, then cocked his arm back and slapped me hard across the face.

I was stunned and dazed. He slapped me again, making my ears ring. It was an exhilarating feeling. My face stung and flushed red. My legs were still shaking.

Suddenly, he stopped pumping in and out of me. We were both panting, our bodies covered in sweat.

I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him toward me. We kissed, our tongues swirling in and out of each other's mouths. And then he pulled back.

“Did you cum me yet?” I asked.

He continued panting for a few moments, then said, “We’re going outside.”

I looked towards the window. The rain was coming down relentlessly. Lightning lit up the sky. Thunder groaned angrily.

“But there’s a storm,” I said. “It’s not safe to go out there.”

Instead of responding, he wrapped his hand around my neck and pulled me out of the bed, then he marched me butt naked out of the room and down the hallway. The cold, wooden floor creaked beneath my feet.

He opened the door. The sounds of the storm exploded in my ears. This was insane. It was pouring. Our naked bodies were going to get soaked.

He marched me off the front porch and that’s when the rain began drenching us. He spun me around and grabbed my ass cheeks, then hoisted me into the air, thrusting his huge cock inside of me. I threw my head back and gasped. He was killing my little, pink pussy. I squeezed him tightly, then bit into his shoulder. Wild, primal emotions took hold of me as the rain came down on us as the lightning flashed and the thunder boomed. His cock thrust in and out of me as he grunted and groaned. I could feel it expanding.

I dug my nails into his back as he thrust deeper and deeper.

And then he exploded inside of me, letting his cum gush into my pussy. Out of breath and exhausted, he gradually slowed down.

He held me in the air with my legs still wrapped around his torso and my arms wrapped around his neck as the rain poured down on us, and our collective juices leaked out of me. I had waited so long for this day. And it was greater than anything I could have imagined.

He carried me back inside the cabin, his rod still deep inside me.

“I love you,” I said. “Please don’t ever leave me.”

“I love you too. You’ll be mine forever.”

END

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