



indelible

TO THE ENEMY

THE BOTTICELLI BROTHERHOOD SERIES

J.L. QUICK

Indebted To The Enemy

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J.L. QUICK

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*To all the greedy little sluts
that weren't quite satisfied
fantasizing about getting railed by
one tattooed mafia killer.*

Fine...

You can have two.

Author's Note

This novel is a contemporary mafia dark romance. It contains scenes and descriptive adult content that might be triggering for some readers.

Please ensure you read the trigger warnings prior to beginning this novel.

Trigger Warnings

Criminal Activity

Death

Violence

Profanity

Bi-Sexuality/MMF relationship

Breeding

Arranged/Forced Marriage

Curb-Stomping

Graphic Sexual Scenes

Exhibitionism

Voyeurism

Degradation

Anilingus

Forced Orgasm

Fisting (Reference Only)

Cockwarming

Non-Consensual Sexual Touching

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Prologue

GIANCARLO

Looking out of the window, there is nothing but blue skies and ocean. I've got about another two hours before this plane lands in Teterboro, and I plan to try to get some work done. The last two months have been spent flying back and forth between New York City and Florence, Italy, tending to various family business matters.

To the public, the image I maintain is one of a law-abiding, upstanding businessman. Part of that is true. I am a businessman, and I do own numerous companies around the world. Quite a few of them are even fully legitimate. That's the image I portray. People seem to ignore the fact that I am a Botticelli, the second son to one of the most ruthless mafia dons to ever run this city.

The majority of the companies that I own serve as fronts for the family. The ones we have spread around New York City house our underground casinos and poker rooms. Scattered around the world are others that are heavily cash driven, such as gentlemen's clubs and bars, allowing us to easily launder money from the more illegal of our family ventures. The rest, mostly shipping and trucking companies, provide us with the means to keep the most lucrative ventures of my family in play.

There is no denying that I am my father's son. The Botticelli ruthlessness that I inherited is primarily put on display in the boardroom. It is a stark contrast to my brother. Lorenzo's ruthlessness runs rampant through the city's streets. While that isn't the role my father groomed me for, it is also not one that I am ignorant to. I am more than comfortable with either a knife or a gun in my hand and am more than capable to use them for their intended purpose. Both physically and mentally. Only, my capability of taking a life has always been far overshadowed by Lorenzo's eagerness.

Papa knew what he was doing when he determined that I would be responsible for this side of the business. It would bore the fucking hell out of my brother, just as I would quickly tire of killing and torturing daily. Yet, I fucking love the exhilaration of running boardrooms around the world. Even now as I sit on this plane, returning from my second trip to Florence this month, I look forward to the numerous financial reports I need to review before meeting with Lorenzo to discuss a new club tomorrow morning.

Chapter One

GIANCARLO

Last week, I stumbled upon a building in Chelsea that I immediately wanted. The listing was to rent the portion currently outfitted as a small sports bar, but when I looked into it further, I found that the entire building was vacant.

“Welcome home, brother,” Renzo’s voice bellows through the empty room.

Turning around to greet him, I am surprised to see a beautiful petite blonde standing next to him. Renzo had briefly told me over the phone about the woman, Avalie, he had taken as payment for a debt. He didn’t do her justice when he described their situation or her to me. She is breathtakingly beautiful, and I cannot help but to scan my eyes over her curvaceous body.

“Did you bring me a welcome home present?” I reach out toward her only to watch as Renzo possessively pulls her body flush against his.

“Sorry Carlo,” he places an uncharacteristic, soft kiss on her neck before firmly stating, “This one is mine.”

“Too bad, Bella,” I gently grab her hand and pull it up to my lips before placing a tender kiss on her knuckles, “You are way too beautiful for this asshole.”

“I’m not his,” the words leave her mouth with a firmness that I don’t think any of us actually believe.

“That’s enough, playboy,” Renzo puts his hand on my shoulder and jokingly shoves me away from his girl, “Show me this place.”

“I know it doesn’t look like much now,” I begin walking toward the dilapidated bar, “but I think this place could be amazing with a little renovation.”

“This is the mafia shit?” Avalie questions with a disappointed whine causing me to roar with laughter.

Still chuckling, I respond to her first, “Apparently you are aware of what my family does for a living.”

“Carlo is looking for an investor,” Renzo turns to her, his next words surprising me, “but if it’s ‘mafia shit’ you are really looking for, I have another place we can go after this.”

The two of them follow me deeper into the bar, Renzo whispering something into her ear before she takes a seat on one of the barstools, leaving the two of us to talk business.

As soon as we are out of earshot, I give him a nudge, “Fucking spill it. I know I haven’t been around much lately, but what the fuck?”

“I know it’s fucking crazy,” he glances back at her, “and I know the circumstances make it wrong, but I can’t fucking get enough of her.”

“Is my big, heartless brother in love?” I taunt him.

“Shut up and show me this fucking place before I kick your ass.”

The next few hours are spent wandering the current bar space and showing Renzo the rest of the building. As with me, that is the part that piques his interest in this project. The spaces beyond the bar are what remain of prior massive industrial spaces and warehouses – concrete floors, brick walls, massively high ceilings. He is in prompt agreement that this space and its location could quickly make it one of the most popular, hot NYC nightclubs, and he is more than willing to join on as one of my silent partners.

While I plan to stay, deciding exactly what I want to do with this space a little while longer, Renzo is practically dragging Avalie from her barstool and out the door.

While I am truly happy for my brother, I cannot help but feel a tinge of jealousy. I play for both teams – or walk on both sides

of the street – yet I can't seem to find a man or a woman that gives me that kind of feeling.

He wasn't entirely wrong when he called me a playboy earlier. I have fucked my way around this city and have yet to really meet anyone whose company I enjoy for more than a few hours or a few nights. Needless to say, I have never had someone in my life that I would want to bring into our family like Renzo has with Avalie.

While I am giant fucking man-whore and flirt, I'm also a hopeless fucking romantic. Maybe I can't find that special someone in my life because I am expecting too much. I want the kind of love that takes my breath away. That leaves me longing and aching when we are apart. The all-consuming kind you read about.

Pulling my Range Rover up to the gates, they open and the guards greet me and welcome me home, even though I don't actually live here. Running a few minutes late, I speed up the long drive to my meeting with Papa. He's going to be so fucking pissed. Reaching the house, I throw it into park before taking the front steps two at a time.

Entering the house, I can hear Papa yelling on the phone from his office.

Fuck.

My knuckles tap on the open door as he slams the phone into the receiver and huffs at me "You're late."

"Sorry Papa," I enter and quickly take a seat in the chairs across from him, "I had a meeting with Renzo this morning about a project, and I hit some traffic on my way back."

The traffic part is a lie. I spent too much time wandering the warehouse after Renzo and Avalie left, but he already gives me constant shit about being a dreamer. There is no reason to give him another talking point.

"How are things going?" His voice is gruff, a clear indicator he is inquiring how business things are going and not my personal life.

“The businesses are all doing well,” I begin rattling off the various stats that I memorized last night on my flight.

“We moved a little over five million dollars through both Florence and Tokyo last month,” I watch as he nods approvingly at the increase in laundered monies, “and as of Monday, we will have acquired the antiquities import company in SoHo.”

“Good,” he smiles approvingly, “That means we can increase our weapons imports significantly next month. That’s good work, son.”

I take a small moment to relish in his words of affirmation, as they aren’t exactly something he throws around often.

“What was going on when I walked in?” I ever so slightly overstep my boundaries.

“We’ve had several more attacks over the past couple of weeks while you were away,” his tone implying that I am jet-setting on vacation instead of doing work for the family, “and we aren’t getting any closer to narrowing down which family is behind it all.”

Just as I am about to respond, the phone rings and he promptly snatches it from the desk to answer it, providing me a clear indication that our conversation here is over. Without waiting for him to direct me to leave, I stand and head toward the door.

“Close that,” he pulls the phone from his mouth and barks the command at me when I reach the door, “and stay here tonight instead of going to your place.”

If Papa is requesting I stay here, he must be expecting shit to pop off. Thankfully, I keep enough of my things here in my room that it’s not too much of an inconvenience.

Chapter Two

GIANCARLO

Based on the commotion in the foyer interrupting my morning coffee and ability to read the newspaper, I was apparently correct about expecting things to become significantly worse over the evening.

“Abbassa i toni,” I hear Papa yelling over the commotion at the front of the house, “Quiet down.”

As I make my way from the kitchen to the foyer, the volume of the other voices quickly diminishes.

“This shit ends now.” Papa’s voice bellows over the few remaining people talking, “This family will not be seen as weak. If you don’t know which family is behind this, fuck ‘em all.”

As I make my way into the foyer, I see that nearly every member of the family has gathered together.

“Fuck ‘em all,” Papa repeats, “We hit them all on Monday. The Russians. The Armenians. The Triad. The Yakuza. Fucking all of them. Take the weekend, get your families situated. Monday night we go to war.”

Jesus Christ! What the fuck happened? War? With all of the families?

The crowd in the foyer quickly disperses at Papa’s request, leaving just a few of us standing in the hall. Renzo has Ava huddled against his side, and she is obviously worried about what this means. Next to them are Venecia, her bodyguard Dante, Papa and Luca.

“Because I don’t quite trust you to follow my instructions,” Papa turns toward V, “Dante will be watching over you until these things are situated.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” V huffs back at him.

“I don’t kid about the safety of my family. He will be taking you out of town to some place safe this afternoon.”

“Seriously,” she scoffs, “I have shit to do this week.”

Papa is visibly agitated when he firmly responds, “Venecia. This is not up for debate. I suggest you go pack a bag.”

In true princess fashion, she storms up the stairs stomping her feet.

What I would give to get whisked away with that tree of a bodyguard she has nearly attached to her hip.

“Giancarlo,” Papa turns his attention from his beloved princess to me, “I am putting a guy on you as well. He’ll be posing as your driver as to not raise any suspicion.”

While I know that I am more than capable of taking care of myself, Papa doesn’t see me that way. I don’t know if it’s because I’m not a sociopathic killer like my brother or because he hasn’t quite come to terms with the fact that sometimes I enjoy taking it up the ass.

We don’t talk about it. It was quite apparent when he first found out, in a less than optimal way, that it didn’t quite fit his image of a strong syndicate leader.

* * *

The weekend is spent with the primary members of the family huddled around the dining room table planning for war. Maps of the city are spread across the table, detailing out the various territories of each of the families. Known safehouses, fronts, and hideouts of each family have been flagged as we determine our best options on how to hit them all.

After hours upon hours of arguments and deliberation, it has been decided that it makes the most sense for us to synchronize our attack. If we spread ourselves across the city, ambush all the families at the same time, none of them will

have the opportunity to make preparations to defend themselves against us.

While I am intimately involved in the planning of this attack, Papa makes it a point to exclude me from the actual assault that is going to take place. He attempts to sell it to me from the rational that one of us needs to be excluded in the event things go south.

I'm not buying it.

While the men of this family are out waging war, I will be running surveillance from my office and ensuring the police stay out of our way.

MARCO

Am I on the Capo's shit list? Or did I do something to prove my worth to the family?

In a couple of hours, nearly every member of the family will be setting out into the city to denounce any ideas that the Botticellis are weak. Nearly every member except for me.

While everyone else is showing the other crime families of this city that no one comes after any of us without paying the price, I am going to be tucked away in a high-rise office building keeping an eye on everyone with Giancarlo.

I still haven't quite figured out if Sal is truly protecting him, in the event things go sideways tonight, or he is worried that he won't be able to hold his own out on the streets.

I really hope it isn't the latter. While I'm supposed to be keeping an eye on him, I'd like to know that there is someone watching my six as well.

"You ready, Sir?" I reach for keys to one of the Tahoes before turning to Giancarlo and opening the front door for him.

He passes through and walks toward the blacked-out Tahoe waiting at the bottom of the front steps.

Pulling open the front passenger door to the SUV, he sullenly says, "Can we not do that?"

"Not do what, Sir?"

"That!" His voice is gruff as he climbs into the passenger's side and pulls the door shut behind him.

Quickly traversing to my side of the SUV, I climb into the driver seat and turn over the engine.

"Stop with the 'sir' bullshit," he groans. His voice still aggravated, he continues, "Just call me by my fucking name."

“I’m sorry, Giancarlo,” I press on the brake and slip the transmission into drive.

“Carlo,” he corrects me as I begin making our way down the driveway toward the gate leading into the city.

“We came up in this family together, Marco,” he pulls on his seatbelt, “We fucking grew up together. Got into trouble together.”

“I know,” I attempt not to mumble my reply, “While you were the Capo’s kid back then, you’re the boss now.”

“I’ve always been the Capo’s kid and we all always knew that I would be the boss someday,” he adjusts in his seat to get comfortable, “If it didn’t stop you from letting me suck your cock back then, it shouldn’t stop you from calling me by my first name now.”

Fuck.

We sit in silence as I stew awkwardly at his comment. It’s not a lie by any means. We fucked around a little back when we were in high school. I jerked him off a time or two and he sucked me off from time to time. It was never anything serious, just a couple of guys figuring shit out.

I never thought much of it. It’s not like I fucked around with other guys.

Shit, it’s not like I ever actually fucked a guy.

Besides, I know I fucking love women. I would die a happy man with my cock shoved between a huge set of tits, or with my face buried in a pussy.

Chapter Three

GIANCARLO

I'm a fucking prick.

Did I really need to bring up sucking his cock? Probably not.

But did I enjoy the look on his face for the brief second he pictured his cock in my mouth and mine in his hand? Absolutely.

These days, Marco doesn't look like he used to. He's taller. He's actually now a tad taller than me, making him probably 6'3" or 6'4". He is definitely broader. The man is built like a fucking tank. The ability for his shirt and pants to contain his muscular build is actually quite astounding. If memory serves me correctly, it's also quite impressive that those black skinny jeans have enough room for his cock. Based upon the amount of detailed ink swirling from his fingers to his forearms and spreading up his neck from the collar of his shirt, it stands to reason that there probably isn't much unmarked skin hiding beneath his clothes.

"Up here on the right," I break the silence in the car and pull my eyes from the lines of ink running under his jaw.

Marco pulls the car into the parking garage under the building, and I direct him toward the executive parking. From there, we can use the elevator that will take us straight up to the executive offices.

When the elevator arrives, we both step through the doors and take a spot leaning against opposite ends of the confined space. Swiping my keycard to activate the elevator, my eyes glance over his body before turning toward the lights over the door indicating what floor we are passing.

I could be imaging things, but I am quite certain that his eyes momentarily scan over my body as well.

The bell dings and the doors slide open, Marco holds steady on his spot against the elevator waiting for me to exit first.

When I do, he is immediately behind me, following me through the communal office space. Reaching the back of the large space, I swipe my keycard granting us access to a hallway that leads to one of my favorite rooms in this building.

“Holy shit,” the words slowly draw from Marco’s lips as his eyes pan over the walls lined with monitors displaying various boroughs and views of the city.

“I got everything pulled up as you requested,” Cameron spins around in the high-backed office chair taking Marco by surprise.

Glancing at the monitors around the room, Cameron has hacked into CCTV footage granting us the ability to view all the locations that the family will be hitting tonight. The computer monitor closest to him displays the call signs and posted locations of the on-duty officers in each of the boroughs as well. With this wealth of information in front of us, we will be able to quickly assist if shit doesn’t go as planned tonight.

Grabbing a rolling chair by the back, I pull it from the desk before shoving it toward Marco.

“We’ve got a bit. You might as well get comfortable,” I instruct him as I pull out a second seat for myself. Thumbing through my phone, we all sit in silence occasionally glancing at the monitors waiting for things to start.

MARCO

Just shy of midnight, Carlo stands from his chair and walks to the door. As his hand grips the knob, I stand to follow behind him. An annoyed sigh passes over his lips as he pushes the door open.

“I’m literally just going to grab a bottle of water,” he continues to walk away from me, “You don’t need to follow me everywhere I go.”

“Actually...” I grumble back.

“If you’re going to be this far up my ass,” he motions between us before grabbing a bottle of water from the refrigerator, “can you at least tickle my fucking balls?”

“Is this what things are going to be like?” The words come out angry passing over my lips, “It was stupid shit when we were kids. I’m not like you.”

“You seemed to be pretty ‘like me’,” he air quotes, “when you used to have your cock in my throat.”

Before I can refute his claims, he grips my jaw and he plants a quick, open-mouthed, wet kiss on my lips in an attempt to prove his point.

My fingers lace around his neck as I use my body to shove him backward against the refrigerator. The force at which we hit it causes the contents to audibly rattle inside. Carlo is firmly wedged between my body and the refrigerator, my tight grip around his throat undoubtedly making it difficult for him to breathe.

My chest pressed to his, my face is mere inches from his as I glare down at him. My breathing is rapid, and I am absolutely seething with anger. In contrast, his face is stoic, and his shallow breaths are steady as stares back up at me.

“Tell me again,” he forces out the whisper of words and I feel his Adam’s apple bob against my palm, “how you aren’t like me.”

My free hand crashes against the refrigerator inches from his head, but he doesn’t flinch. Our faces are so close that I can almost feel his skin against mine as his shallow, warm breaths blow across my lips. The pace of my breathing feels as though it is trying to catch up to the rapid beating of my heart. It isn’t until I feel his palm rub against the hardening cock in my pants that I realize this feeling isn’t seething anger from Carlo questioning my sexuality.

It’s fucking frustration from wanting the only man I’ve ever desired.

My already tight grip squeezes like a vice around Carlo’s throat and his mouth opens as he struggles to suck in the tiniest bit of much needed air. Without releasing the strangling hold I have on him, my lips crash against his and my tongue plunges into his mouth.

His lips are soft, in contrast to his stubble that scratches against my face as my tongue violently explores his mouth. I feel his tongue fight back against mine, while also feeling his pulse thumping against my fingers. The rapid beating, a mixture of both his arousal and dire need of oxygen. Even with how badly I know he needs to breathe; he doesn’t fight me off or push me away. Our violent kiss continues while the rapid thumps of his pulse begin to feel soft and thready beneath my grip.

“Giancarlo?” Cameron calls from out in the communal office space, “It’s starting.”

Releasing the grip I held on him, I step backward as he violently sucks in air, the stare from his hooded eyes never leaving mine.

Chapter Four

GIANCARLO

“Coming,” my eyes stay fixed on Marco, as I shout to Cameron while still struggling to catch my breath, “We’ll be right there.”

Still trying to get my bearings, I watch as Marco adjusts the erection trying desperately to free itself from his tight jeans before he turns and abruptly leaves the small kitchen. Quickly adjusting my own throbbing cock, I am immediately behind him as we return to the surveillance room.

Sitting in complete silence, we watch as car after car slowly pulls out from the gates of the Botticelli estate into the city. Once they leave the gates they spread out into the city, slowly making their way onto the turf of the Triad, Yakuza, Armenians, and Russians. After giving everyone time to make their way to their destination, they’ll all strike various fronts at once.

While we wait for everyone to make it to their various locations throughout the city, I cannot help but to occasionally turn my eyes toward Marco. Each stolen glance at him causes my cock to twitch, my body desperately wanting more of his aggressive hands on me.

As the soon-to-be fucking king of this city, people bow to me and worship me. But not Marco. His hands on me were violent and punishing, and I fucking loved it.

I want more of it.

“What the fuck was that?” Marco stands and steps toward one of the monitors displaying the gate of the family estate.

“Don’t touch my shit,” Cameron snaps at him.

Turning to prepare to step between the two of them, the monitor catches my eye and I watch as several motorcycles drive through the open gates of the estate.

“Cameron,” I shout, “pull up the estate.”

“I can’t,” he stumbles over his words, “There are no cameras on the property. Just the ones at the gate.”

Quickly fishing my cell phone from my pocket, I try to contact any of the guys that I know stayed behind at the house.

Nothing...

Oh my God...Avalie.

Swiping my keycard over a cabinet, I pull the door open and grab two Sig Sauers. Stuffing them both into my pants, I yell to Marco, “We got to go.”

Turning the handle and pushing my way through the door, I call back to Cameron, “Call me if you see anything.”

MARCO

My brain is still reeling and trying to comprehend what happened between the two of us in the kitchen, when I watch an SUV plow through the gates of the Botticelli estate. A moment later, a swarm of motorcycles drive through the downed iron, the muzzle flare of their weapons easily visible even on the CCTV footage.

“We got to go,” Carlo yells to me as I watch him stuff two pistols into the front of his pants.

Why is that so fucking hot?

Following behind him, we both impatiently wait for the elevator to take us down to the parking garage. Once at the Tahoe, we both quickly climb in to make our way back to the estate.

“Faster,” Carlo demands, as I am already traveling too fast for the current congestion of the city streets.

His phone buzzes and I watch as he pulls it from his pocket before showing it to me.

CAMERON

I think they all just left.

Six bikes and an SUV.

By the time we make it back to the estate, it is too late. As soon as we pull to the gate, we are met with the bodies of men who gave their lives trying to protect this family. We only pass by more scattered bodies as we make our way up the driveway.

When we reach the house, there are two cars parked near the stairs, both with the doors left open. Quickly climbing from our SUV, Carlo and I make our way into the house.

I hear Sal slamming the phone onto the receiver in his office as Carlo makes his way to the doorway of the Capo's office. Renzo has a look of pure evil plastered across his face as he makes his way down the stairs.

He must catch Sal's attention as he passes by the door, because he calls to him, "Where are you going?"

"To get Avalie," Renzo angrily replies back, standing inches behind Carlo.

"Wait," I vaguely hear Sal call out.

Renzo starts to walk away, his words laced with pure vengeance as he speaks, "Nothing you can say will change my mind. I am going to get her."

"I'm not asking you to stay. Give me five minutes," I hear him shout after Renzo, "I'm trying to reach Dante to check in on Venecia. Giancarlo and I will meet you at the car."

Within a matter of moments, the entire demeanor of every member of this family has changed. They not only hit our sanctuary, but they took one of our own.

Chapter Five

GIANCARLO

The shock of his words leaves my eyes wide and my mouth agape. Papa has never once tried to include me in anything like this before. I wait for a moment as he unsuccessfully tries to contact Dante, after which we both head to meet Renzo out front.

As Papa climbs into the front seat and me into the back, Renzo looks toward us both, “Are you sure you want to come for this?”

“Lorenzo,” Papa’s stares back at Renzo, “I built this family. I am not afraid to get a little dirty. And I have been in your shoes, I know exactly what you are about to go and do.”

“We’re about to get a lot dirty,” Renzo dryly replies.

Reaching my hand toward his seat, I grip his shoulder tightly in an attempt to provide some semblance of comfort, “You are my brother. This might not be the side of the family business that I normally work with, but there are no limits to what I will do for my blood. I am not afraid to get a little blood on my hands.”

Renzo doesn’t respond. He simply slips the SUV into drive and begins making his way down the driveway. Within an hour we are parking in Coney Island, the home of the Armenians.

The sun is starting to rise over the shoreline as Renzo pulls the SUV to a stop behind Dolma Restaurant, a known underground poker room for the Armenians.

Papa pulls his gun from the waistband of his pants as the three of us slide from the SUV, “We got you.”

Approaching the door, Papa shoots the lock and pulls the door open for the two of us to enter the building. We stride toward the stairwell leading to the poker room and are immediately met with a large man who likely heard us enter the building. Without hesitation, Renzo lifts his gun and places a bullet in

the center of the man's forehead. The man hits the ground before the rest of us can react.

Our presence is known now, and the three of us quickly traverse the stairs to the basement, barreling into the poker room with our guns drawn. I enter first and quickly squeeze two rounds into the chest of one of the dealers, in the hopes that it makes the rest of this room quickly compliant.

"I'm looking for someone," Renzo shouts as Papa and I circle the room taking the weapons from the men sitting at the various card tables, "And one of you assholes is going to help me find her."

The look on Renzo's face is like one I have never seen before. The man stalking around this room would have no issue bursting through the Gates of Hell and taking on Lucifer if it meant he would bring Avalie home safely.

When he tucks his gun into his waistband and pulls out a knife, I realize just how brutal and messy this is about to get. Without warning, he slides the knife between the ribs of a man's back who never saw it coming. Blood pools from his mouth as he silently gasps unsuccessfully for air.

"Her name is Avalie," he continues to slowly walk the room while fidgeting with the knife in his hand. It might look like a nervous tick to some. Those of us that truly know him know that playing with the blade brings him comfort.

"Word has it you and the Yakuza took her from me."

"Fuck the Yakuza. And fuck your girl," a man spits from the other side of the room. Papa silences him by emptying three rounds into him.

An older gentleman sitting in the back corner garners Renzo's attention, and he stalks toward him like a predator on the prowl.

"What do you know old man?" The words sound vile as they leave his mouth.

“I don’t know shit,” the older gentleman grumbles back at Renzo as though he is unfazed by the current look in his eyes.

My brother’s eyes fixate on the older man; he slits the throat of the man sitting next to him before removing him from the needed seat. Twirling the knife in his palm, he eyes the man before him, “I am not a man you want to fuck with. What is your name, old man?”

As if to prove he is not afraid of Renzo, he shifts in his seat until they are facing as he responds, “Razmik.”

A quick nod from Renzo, and Papa squeezes a round into the temple of the guy closest to him.

“You do not appear to be afraid of me.”

“I am an old man,” he quietly replies to Renzo, “For the things I have done in this life, I know I am going to hell. I made peace with that a long time ago; I am not afraid to die.”

Placing the muzzle of my Sig against the back of a younger Armenian’s head, I hear a faint whimper come from him as I pull the trigger. The remnants of his face splatter across the table as his body slumps onto it. Razmik does not flinch.

“But are you willing to have the blood of all of these men on your conscience,” Renzo leans closer to him.

“Are you?” Razmik questions back at him.

“I’m Catholic,” he slyly smirks back, “I repent for sins. And I have already found my salvation...my Heaven is here on Earth.”

Almost in unison, Papa and I each execute another man. This room currently reeks of copper, fear, death, and a tinge of desperation from the few lives remaining.

My attention is quickly brought back to the corner of the room when Razmik screams out in pain. The blade previously twirling in Renzo’s palm is buried to the hilt in Razmik’s thigh as he mercilessly twists the handle. The bloody blade is slowly pulled from the wound, and Renzo seethes, “It doesn’t have to be like this.”

Papa places a bullet through the temple of the last man, leaving just the three of us and Razmik in this basement.

Chapter Six

GIANCARLO

The sound of Razmik screaming from Renzo's blade entering his other thigh is nearly deafening. While I cringe a little at the sound, Renzo's expression is unwavering. His voice is deep and quiet as he leans toward Razmik, the knife's handle absorbing his body weight, "I just want Avalie. I want to know where she is. And I want to know why the Armenians and Yakuza are working together to take her."

An audible suction sound reverberates around the room as Renzo pulls the knife from the newest wound, promptly shoving it into him again to make another. He firmly grips his chin to garner his attention, "Razmik, you should know that I am really fucking good at my job. This can continue for hours, as my knife continues to carve through your flesh around anything that would prove to be fatal."

Pulling the knife from his thigh, Renzo lifts it high, preparing to inflict a brutally painful blow.

"Wait," Razmik pleads, causing Renzo to lower his blade.

"Talk," Renzo harshly demands.

Words begin to sputter over his lips through his pain, "She is the key. She is the reason for the truce. She is going to bring the two families together, making them the most powerful in the city."

"She's a poor girl from the Bronx," Renzo shakes his head in disbelief, "How in the world could she be the thing to bring these two families together?"

"She...is...the two families."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Renzo shoves the blade of the knife firmly against Razmik's throat. The pressure is so great that his skin dimples around it.

As he continues to press the blade, I quickly close my distance to the two of them. While I do not want to be on the receiving end of Renzo's blade, I also do not think he has the capacity not to end this man simply for blinking at him funny.

Swallowing hard against the blade, Razmik struggles to push out the words, "Avalie is Gregorian...and Tanaka."

"Bullshit," Papa spews the word from immediately behind me.

"I've carried this secret for twenty-three years. I assure you it is not bullshit. I'm not afraid of you killing me, because I have been waiting for the family to come for me since they found out about her. It was only going to be a matter of time before they found out how her mother disappeared."

We all listen in near silent awe, and Razmik recounts the details of the secret he has been holding. Avalie was the result of an illicit affair between the children of two of the biggest crime families in this city. Her late mother, the daughter of the head of the Gregorian family, and her father the new head of the Yakuza.

"I have been waiting for Karyan and Yuri to come for me since," Razmik continues.

No wonder he is barely afraid of Renzo. He's been waiting for his own family to end him for decades.

"Then that asshole sold her to you and everything about this situation escalated," Razmik continues, "Karyan had to get her from you before Avalie had the opportunity to tell you who she really was, giving your family all the power."

"But you said Avalie doesn't know anything," I question him.

"She doesn't," Razmik replies, "but Karyan didn't know that. She started this war to create a distraction, allowing her time to put her plans into place and get her hands on Avalie."

"The fires?" Sal questions.

"All Karyan," he vaguely details how she has been screwing with all of the families to increase the levels of distrust.

“Tell me where to find Ava and I will end this for you. Quickly,” Renzo stares into Razmik’s eyes. The look on his face finally showing some semblance of humanity.

Razmik directs us to Karyan’s penthouse before Renzo holds true to his promise, quickly putting his gun to Razmik’s forehead and pulling the trigger.

Chapter Seven

GIANCARLO

Walking back to the SUV from the poker room, I convince the two of them to head to my office. While they aren't entirely aware of what I have going on there, I know that the space is more than equipped for what we need right now. With the help of Cameron, and a few of my other guys, we should be able to learn everything we know about Karyan's penthouse.

I make a few calls the moment Renzo begins the drive, letting everyone know the plan and to get started. My emergency men are all provided with apartments in the building, ensuring that they are available at a moment's notice.

I contemplate against it but shoot a text to Marco before putting my phone back in my pocket.

GIANCARLO

We are all headed back to my office.

Meet us there.

Text from the garage and I'll come let you up.

MARCO

Be there in thirty.

By the time we get to the office, my guys have more than proven that they are worth every last dollar I pay them. Spread across the boardroom table are blueprints of both Karyan's penthouse and each floor of the building it is in. Even I am impressed at how quickly they managed to pull all of this information together.

Cameron and one of his nerdy little lackies are scouring the building's security system. Using both the blueprints and

security feed, they have already begun documenting where her security team is located throughout the building.

“Cameron,” I toss my phone at him, “Marco is going to text when he gets here. Make sure someone goes down to the garage and lets him up.”

I have full confidence that my guys have this all under control and have no problem leaving them for a few minutes to clean myself up.

The world of blood and death isn't my norm, and I'd much rather not have some guy's brains scattered across my shirt when I sit at the table to start working.

Leaving the boardroom, I head toward the stairwell that leads up to my residence. Once inside I head straight to the master bathroom. Turning on the shower, I catch a glimpse of my blood-spattered appearance in the mirror. Stripping from my clothes, I step under the warm spray of the water.

The pink-tinted water from the blood rinsing off my body swirls around the drain of the shower. Grabbing the soap and shampoo, I quickly scrub any further remnants from this evening off my body.

Turning off the water, I step from the shower and wrap a towel around my waist. Walking into the bedroom, a very startled, “What the fuck,” blurts from my mouth.

Leaning against the open doorframe of my bedroom is Marco. His posture is the only current relaxed thing about him. The sleeves of his shirt are rolled up, revealing the flexed muscles in the forearms crossed over his chest. His jaw is clenched, which only further accentuates the intricate ink running underneath it. The look in his eyes is brooding and full of rage.

MARCO

My intentions for coming up to his place instead of the office floor are quickly thwarted when Carlo walks from the bathroom wearing only a towel he is tucking around his waist.

Beads of water are still running down his sculpted body, over his tattooed pecs and rippled abs, slowing only when they reach the faint trail of black hair under his navel. My eyes follow it from his navel to the top of the towel, slung so low around his hips that I can just barely see the tuft of hair resting above his cock

I feel my cock begin to harden at the thought of running my fingers, or even my tongue, the length of that forbidden trail.

My jaw clenches tighter, only it is no longer in anger.

I was fucking pissed that he left the house without my protection earlier tonight. Now the only thing I can think about is trying to remember what his tongue feels like sliding down my cock.

“What are you doing up here?” Carlo walks further into the bedroom.

“I came up here to give you a piece of my mind,” the words coming out raspy as the pace of my breathing begins to accelerate, “Making me look like shit in front of the Capo.”

I expect him to argue back with me, but Carlo is his usual calm self. Which is even more infuriating than if we were screaming at each other.

“He tasked me with keeping you safe. I can’t fucking do that if I’m not around. You don’t get to just wander the fuck off and do what you want.”

“I’m the boss,” he walks toward me, standing tall and with authority, “I will do whatever the fuck I want, whenever the fuck I want.”

He is standing so close to me, that I inhale the minty eucalyptus scent of his soap and shampoo with every breath I take.

My fists flex at my sides, as I try to maintain control of myself. It's a war I've been fighting with myself for years, and I am afraid I will quickly be losing this battle.

"Now get the fuck out," Carlo spits the words at me, and I lose every ounce of control I had left. My fingers are immediately around his throat as I shove his body to the wall. The beads of water on his skin instantly dampen my clothes as I firmly press my body against his.

Both of us, unable to fight the need, our mouths are violently assaulting each other's. His hands claw at the front of my shirt, trying desperately to reach the buttons in an attempt to strip it from my chest. In response, I tighten my hold on his throat and press my body harder against his. When I grind my rock-hard cock against his hip, a moan rattles from his throat, vibrating against my palm and into my mouth.

Pulling my mouth from his, but using my hand to keep his body flush against the door, I pull my face a few inches from his.

"You might be the boss on the other side of this door," I glare down at him, my heavy breaths blowing across his face, "but you are not in charge here."

Chapter Eight

GIANCARLO

My cock grows harder at his words and tents the towel covering me. When he takes a step back from me, there is no hiding my obvious arousal.

I am the boss.

I am in charge.

Yet, when his fingers tighten around my throat and he uses his grip to guide my body, I immediately do as he wants. I fall to my knees before him.

My chest heaving with each breath, I stare up at him awaiting further instruction.

“How does it feel?” He releases his grip on my throat and slowly begins to unfasten his belt, “Kneeling before me absolutely fucking powerless.”

His eyes bore into mine as his fingers work the button and zipper on his jeans, and my body all but trembles with need.

“I wish you could see what you look like,” his voice a deep growl as he lowers his pants just far enough to release his massive cock right in front of my face, “on your knees, all but begging to put my fat fucking cock in your mouth.”

My teeth chew at my lower lip and a light groan rises from my chest at the sight of his pierced cock just inches from my face.

“Now give me your fucking hands,” his words dark, gravelly, and demanding.

As if I have no control over my body, I lift both of my arms to give him access he requested. Once they are both over my head, he grabs my wrists. Yanking my arms straight above me, he shoves my hands against the door, forcing my neck and back to arch. Gripping both wrists with one hand, the other circles his cock as he slowly begins to stroke himself.

Marco steps forward until he is straddling my arched body, while he continues to stroke his cock in front of my face. The head is so close to my lips that my tongue could lick the drop of precum beginning to seep from it. My tongue slowly licks my lips, wanting so desperately to taste.

As if to torture me, he continues to hold his cock in front of my face. His hips slowly roll, causing his length to slide repeatedly through the palm of his hand. My lips part slightly, hoping that he will finally give me what I am waiting for. What I need.

MARCO

One hand pinning Carlo's wrists to the door and the other slowly stroking my cock, I hesitate to proceed any further. Feelings that I have fought for years are erupting to the surface.

Doing this is admitting to myself things I have been trying to deny since the first time Carlo touched my cock. Things I haven't been able to stop thinking about since kissing him for the first time yesterday afternoon.

I like the strong, rough feel of his body. I don't like it any more or less than a soft, feminine one – I just like it.

Carlo's tongue pokes between his lips and drags slowly across them as he stares up at me with longing eyes.

Fuck...

"Open your fucking mouth," I position the thick head of my cock against his lips, "Open wide for my cock."

Carlo opens his mouth, his tongue pressing between his lower lip and the head of my cock, and I struggle against the urge to cram all of me into his mouth and down his throat. Still holding firmly onto my base, my hips slowly push forward, sliding my tip across his tongue and into his mouth.

His eyes stay locked on mine and his lips circle around me. I continue to slide myself into his mouth, not stopping until his lips brush against the fist holding my base. Pulling out of his mouth, I continuously thrust myself back in until I feel his lips against my hand. Carlo pulls against my firm grip on his wrists, trying to reach forward and suck as he tries to take more of me.

"If you want more of my cock," I stare down at him, "You're going to take the whole fucking thing while I fuck your throat. Is that what you want?"

In response, I feel him groan around my cock while he tries to nod through my shallow thrusts.

Releasing the hand wrapped around my cock, I place it flush against the door just above where I'm holding Carlo's wrists, while slowly sliding every inch of me into his willing mouth and throat. An animalistic growl rises from my chest when I feel his lips rub against the skin of my base.

"Look at you," I slowly pull my length from his mouth until my head is at his lips, before gently pressing it back inside, "swallowing every last inch of my cock like a good boy."

Pulling out slowly, I thrust back into his mouth a little harder, causing him to gag around my cock.

"Fuck!" The sensation does me in and I pump my cum down his throat.

Chapter Nine

MARCO

Releasing the tight grip I held on Carlo's wrists; I step backward pulling my softening cock from his mouth. Grabbing my saliva-covered length, I begin to quickly tuck myself back into my pants.

"Don't fucking do that," Carlo quickly gets to his feet and closes the distance between us. He hands firmly grab my wrists as I fidget trying to refasten my belt, "Don't fucking run."

How do I tell him that I'm not running from him? I'm running from me. Running is easier than trying to understand what it is I am currently thinking.

"I'm not saying we just shared a beautiful moment and I need you to stay and hold me," Carlo jokes, trying to lighten the mood, "But do not fucking run."

"I can't do this," I mumble, continuing to walk backward until I reach the foot of the bed and take a seat on it. My elbows on my knees, I hang my head in my hands and stare at the floor.

Carlo slowly walks to me and drops to his knees between my feet. Placing his hands on my thighs, he tilts his head so that he can look up at me. He doesn't push or speak. Instead, he quietly waits for me to willingly bring my gaze from the floor to his eyes.

It takes me a few moments to find the words to express everything currently running through my mind.

"It's not you," I put my hands on top of his on my thighs, "Please know it's not you."

"Talk to me, Marco," Carlo looks up at me with genuine care and concern in his eyes, "Tell me what's wrong."

"This," he gestures between the two of us, "When we were kids, mentally, I was able box this up as experimenting. I

convinced myself it didn't mean anything, because my family and church had drilled into my head that it was wrong."

Carlo's hands tenderly squeeze my thighs with reassurance, and I continue, "My father, he was very vocal about men being together. So, I shoved it all inside and ignored it. But I can't ignore this, and the guilt I have over how wrong this is..."

"Can I tell you what my *nonna* told me?" Carlo's voice is soft and compassionate.

"Yes," I stammer.

"God doesn't make mistakes," his eyes stare into mine. "Regardless of what anyone says to you, if you are attracted to women and men, it's because that's how He wanted you to be."

"It's just a lot to process."

"I know," his eyes stay locked on mine, "I've been there, and I will be there for you. I will help you and support you."

Cupping his jaw with my hand, I pull his face up to mine and place a firm kiss on his lips.

"I just need some time," the words a whisper with my lips still almost touching his.

"I'll give you whatever you need," Carlo presses his lips firmly up to mine and I cannot fight the urge to press my tongue between his lips. When I do, I can vaguely taste my salty release still on his tongue. Unable to get enough, our tongues intertwine with each other's until we are both completely out of breath.

Pulling back from our kiss, Carlo's eyes are immediately on mine. He doesn't need to say a word for me to know what he is thinking.

GIANCARLO

My hands still on his thighs, I feel Marco's phone vibrate again in his pocket, "You better see who that is."

Pulling the phone from his pocket, Marco unlocks the screen to find numerous text message from Luca.

LUCA

Where did you disappear to?

Shit is going down

Karyan took out Yuri

Her own fucking father

Crazy bitch is running the whole family now

Cameron just saw them all arrive at the penthouse

Renzo plans to hit them tonight

Need you here to finalize the plans

Where the fuck are you???

"Fuck!" I stand from between Marco's legs and quickly cross the room to my dresser. Dropping my towel, I quickly exchange it for a pair of black boxer briefs before heading into the closet to grab clothes. Pulling black jeans and a Henley from the shelves, I quickly pull them on before returning to the dresser for a pair of socks. Boots in hand, I walk to the edge of the bed and sit next to Marco while I put them on.

While I want to talk to Marco more, this just isn't the time. We've already spent too much time up here when we should

be downstairs. Our current focus needs to be on helping Renzo and bringing Avalie home to him.

“Go,” I gesture toward the door while lacing up my boots, “I’ll be right behind you.”

Following my orders, Marco heads downstairs. After lacing up my boots and grabbing my keycard from the bathroom vanity, I head downstairs to join everyone.

“Hear me out,” I hear Cameron trying to talk over everyone. Frustration from being ignored is written all over his face.

“What you got, Cameron?” My voice commands the others attention, giving him the opportunity to speak.

“If we wait until dark,” his voice is excited, “I can hack the power grid and black out the building.”

“That’s not a bad idea,” Renzo immediately picks up Cameron’s train of thought. “It will buy us just enough time to get into the building without being noticed.”

“Good work, Cameron,” I walk toward him, “Will you be able to hack into public works in time?”

Looking at me, he merely chuckles, before turning back to his computer.

“Forgive me for forgetting that you’re a fucking genius,” I jest before heading to the armory.

Chapter Ten

GIANCARLO

Three SUVs, loaded with our men armed to the hilt, park near the rear entrance of Karyan's building not long after nightfall. Leaving one man behind with each vehicle for a fast getaway, twelve of us exit onto the city street.

The plan we decided upon was for us to split into two teams of six, breaching both the front and rear of the building simultaneously. I'll be part of the team entering through the rear, with Renzo and Marco.

Renzo scales the fence first, the rest of us following right behind him. He picks the lock to the service entrance, stares down at his watch and waits. Exactly on cue, Cameron causes a power surge at one of the transformers down the street.

The loud boom of the transformer blowing is immediately followed by a flicker of lights as the entire block goes dark. The moment the power is out, Renzo pulls open the door stepping inside. In near darkness, he makes quick work of eliminating every member of the security detail standing between us and the service stairs leading up to the penthouse.

Gripping the rifle slung around my neck, to keep it from slamming against my body, I follow immediately behind Renzo. With Marco close behind me, we begin taking the stairs two at a time. All our breaths become heavy as our feet repeatedly ascend the metal stairs.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

Faint gunshots echo through the building, a sure sign that security is aware we are in the building. Renzo yells at us through his already labored breaths, "Pick up the pace."

A moment later, the reverberating bang of a fire door slamming shut a few floors beneath us echoes through the stairwell. It is immediately followed by the sounds of multiple

sets of feet racing up the stairs to intercept us before we make it to the penthouse.

“Go,” Marco yells over the loud stomping of her feet, “Get her, I will hold them off.”

Slowing my continued climb of the stairs, I turn to look back at him. The look in his eyes and the silent nod he gives me, confirms to me that he knows this might be a suicide mission for him. Regardless, he turns and begins silently making his way down the stairs.

Renzo reaches the entry door first and begins to pull the unlocked door open.

That was too easy.

As the door opens further, I watch in silence as a pistol is shoved in his face. Knowing I am immediately behind him, Renzo shifts his body weight to the other foot making just enough room for my rifle between him and the doorframe. Squeezing the trigger, three deafening rounds enter the man standing in front us, dropping him immediately.

More gunshots go off below us. The echo of them through the stairwell is so loud that I barely hear Marco yelling as Renzo and I make our way into the penthouse. With Renzo leading the way, we pick off guard after guard, leaving a trail of bodies behind us as we clear our way to Avalie.

“Get Ava,” I yell to Renzo while continuing to scan the open living area for further threats, “I’ll do one more sweep to look for Karyan.”

“Be careful,” he calls back while continuing to make his way to her.

Quickly going through each of the rooms we have already cleared, I double check inside closets and behind furniture ensuring we did not miss Karyan or any of her security detail.

It is as though she completely disappeared.

Entering the room Renzo is in, I find him holding a battered version of the beautiful girl we came here for. “She okay?”

“She will be,” he nods back at me, carrying her toward the door, “Are you ready to get out of here?”

“Back the way we came?”

MARCO

Fuck...

Not here. Not like this.

I have so much more I need to say.

Never in my life have I walked into a gun fight with so much riding on it.

My heart is thumping in my chest louder than the footsteps echoing off the metal stairs in this confined stairwell, a mixture of both adrenaline and fear. Briefly closing my eyes, I take a deep breath in an attempt to calm myself.

Three gunshots go off from a few flights above me. The repeated sound of them in this stairwell is deafening and disorienting, nearly distracting me from the two men approaching from beneath me.

I manage to squeeze off a round, killing one of them, before a bullet passes through my shoulder throwing off my balance and causing me to drop my gun. As I attempt to regain my footing, another round stabs through my arm.

“You motherfucker,” I yell while rushing toward him. I vaguely hear his gun fire again over my words and the pounding of my heart as I plunge my knife under his chin.

His blood trickles down my arm as his body slowly goes limp, before falling from my blade to the ground. Grabbing the railing, I use it to pull my body up the stairs toward Carlo and Renzo. Struggling to breathe, my body feels heavy as I drag it up a flight of stairs. Exhausted, my legs collapse beneath me and my back slides down the spindles.

Slumped against the stairs, I close my eyes for a moment while I try desperately to catch my breath.

A hand sliding around my neck startles me, and I instinctively shoot my arm forward and latch my fingers around the neck of

the man standing in front of me. Squeezing tightly, my eyes focus to realize that the throat in my hand is familiar.

Carlo...

Releasing my grip, he grabs my hand, pulling my arm around his neck as he helps to lift me from the ground.

“Fuck!” The word shoots from my mouth in a pained groan.

“We’re going to get you out of here,” Carlo wraps his arm around my waist and pulls my body into his, “but I’m going to need you to help me get you down these stairs.”

“Fuck you,” I try to pull from the intimately tight hold he has on me, “I can do it by myself.”

“The fuck you can, you stubborn bastard. You have at least three extra holes in you at the moment,” he aggressively pulls me back into his hold.

Finally making our way to the ground floor, Carlo pulls me through the door at the rear of the building to an awaiting SUV.

I’m shoved into the back of the Tahoe. With Carlo straddling my waist, leaning into my chest, I am no longer able to fight the weight of my eyelids.

Chapter Eleven

GIANCARLO

Stradling Marco's body, my hands are pressed firmly against the blood-sodden shirt sticking to his body, trying to apply pressure to his bullet wounds.

Renzo is rattling off various commands to those in the SUV with us, "Call Doc...Pressure...Faster," but none of them are registering for me. My entire focus is on keeping Marco alive.

It's fucking crazy, but I refuse to lose him.

He's not just one of the guys that works for the family.

He never has been.

I don't know exactly what he is, but after the past couple of days, I want to fucking find out.

In record time, we make it through the city and back to the estate. Doc is ready and waiting when the SUV squeals into the garage. We've no more than come to a stop and the lift gate is rising, several guys immediately helping to pull Marco from the blood-soaked back of the SUV. Relief washes over me when I hear a faint groan of pain from the way he is haphazardly being jostled around. The guys carrying him no more than drop him on the operating table before Doc begins his work.

Using medical shears, he quickly rids him of his clothing, exposing the four bullet wounds riddling his upper body. Inspecting the wounds further, Doc determines that two of them, the ones to his shoulder and flank, went straight through. There are no exit wounds to those that hit his bicep and chest.

"We have to get these two out," Doc motions between his bicep and chest, "and I'm going to need someone to assist me."

"I'll do it," the words blurt from my mouth without hesitation, as I roll up my soiled sleeves and slide a pair of gloves over

my already bloody hands. As I step toward the table where Marco is laying, I watch as Doc starts an IV and injects anesthetic while I await his instructions.

Starting with the bullet hole in his chest, I follow Doc's detailed commands. I continuously supply him the surgical tools he needs and steadily hold them as necessary while he strategically pulls the bullet from the hole. After assessing for further bleeding, he stitches up the wound.

It takes a couple of hours to clean and close all the wounds. By the time we finish, it looks as though all the blood we were putting into him had poured over the table onto the floor. The two of us are now nearly as bloody as Marco, but the beeping of the various monitors have steadied, and his complexion is no longer gray in appearance.

"You should probably go get cleaned up," Doc pulls off his bloody gloves and tosses them to the floor before turning to Renzo.

"I don't want to make any promises," his voice trembles lightly in fear, "but if he makes it through the night, he should pull through this." The words are comforting as I head up to the house to quickly clean myself up.

Stepping into the bathroom, I catch an appalling glimpse of myself in the mirror. The sight of myself covered in Marco's blood causes me to practically tear the soiled clothes from my body. His blood has soaked through them, staining my skin.

Quickly turning on the hot water, I grab the soap from the counter and begin vigorously scrubbing the traces of his blood from me. By the time I finish, my clean skin is so red it nearly appears to still be covered in blood. Without wasting time to dry myself, I grab a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt from my dresser and quickly dress to head back to the garage.

Renzo has Ava cradled in his arms and is shaking Doc's hand when I walk back into the garage.

"I have to get back to the hospital," Doc replies to him, "someone should stay out here with him. I'll be back in the

morning to look in on him.”

“I’ll stay out here with Marco tonight,” my words startling Renzo, causing him to promptly turn around.

Walking to the couch, my body heavily drops onto it in exhaustion. “Go,” my head gestures toward the door, “Get Ava inside and take care of her. I’ll call you if anything changes with Marco.”

“Call if you need anything,” his voice is sincere as he turns to carry Ava up to the house.

Making a few quick phone calls, I instruct Cameron and his guys to delve through the footage from the penthouse to see what happened with Karyan.

Sitting on the comfort of the couch, the adrenaline slowly seeping from my body, my heart rate and breathing slow until they match the steady pulsing beeps of the monitors connected to Marco. As much as I try to fight it, the rhythmic sounds from the machines slowly lull me to sleep.

* * *

A combination of the sun and an incessant low groan wake me from my sleep. It takes me a moment to realize that the groan is coming from several feet away, Marco expressing his extreme discomfort as he begins to come to.

Chapter Twelve

MARCO

My eye lids are heavy and my whole fucking body hurts, causing me to blow out a small groan with every breath I take. Struggling to open my eyes, things are hazy as they flutter slowly.

The stairwell.

The shots fired.

The searing fire in my chest.

Feeling at my sides, in an effort to find my knife or one of my guns, blistering pain shoots up my arm and through my shoulder. An uncontrollable, loud, painful moan rumbles from my throat.

The faint sound of footsteps and the unclear view of someone in my hazy vision causes me to sit up straight and my eyes to shoot open. My eyes anxiously scan the room, as I try unsuccessfully to focus my vision and place my surroundings.

Where the fuck am I?

The footsteps continue to move closer, and my heart begins to race faster when I realize that they belong to a large, dark-haired man quickly walking toward me. His large, soft, warm hand slides into mine as the haziness begins to leave my vision.

Carlo...

“Relax,” Carlo’s voice calm and soothing, as he reassuringly squeezes my hand, “We got you out. It’s safe here.”

Through the pain, I squeeze his hand back, “Thank you.”

As I say the words, I don’t know if I am more thankful that he pulled me from the stairwell or for his soothing touch in this moment.

“I thought we lost you for a bit,” his words sound almost pained as they pass over his lips. The intimacy of his words both brings me comfort and reignites years of feelings I have been trying to suppress.

Everything I told him last night, still painfully true.

As though he can read my thoughts, Carlo squeezes my hand tighter and lowers his face to mine. Staring into my eyes, his lips nearly dust over mine as he speaks, “When you’re ready.”

Not knowing if I’ll ever truly be ready, I ignore my father’s words running through my head. Gripping the hair at the back of his head with my free hand, I roughly pull his face down to mine until our mouths crash against each other’s. My tongue entwined with his, I cannot get enough of his morning scruff scratching against my face.

Hearing the door, I immediately loosen my grip in his hair and we breathlessly pull away from each other.

“Jesus Christ, just lay down,” Carlo barks inches from my face as Doc walks through the door.

GIANCARLO

As much as I would happily have him claim my mouth in front of whoever is walking through that door, I know Marco isn't ready for the kind of publicity that comes with stepping out of the closet quite yet. Not having time to fully remove myself from him, I lean into him and yell at him.

"I see he's recovering just fine," Doc kind of chuckles at me forcibly holding Marco to the bed. Doc pulls his stethoscope from his pocket as I step back from the bed. I watch as Doc fights with Marco, trying to take his vitals and look at his wounds.

Realizing he isn't going to get much further, he shoves his stethoscope back into his pocket and smiles, "He's a stubborn ass, but he is going to be perfectly fine. Try to keep him still so he doesn't pull at his stitches."

"Would you just lay the fuck down?" Renzo yells at Marco as he walks past Doc with Avalie on his arm.

"Fuck that," Marco yells back at him while tearing the wires from the beeping machines from his skin, "I've still got five fucking lives left, and I feel fine."

"Apparently no one is going to listen to me today," Renzo grumbles while side-eyeing Ava slipping from his arm.

She crosses the distance between her and Marco slowly, looking slightly unsteady on her feet. "Thank you," she leans forward and places a gentle kiss on his cheek, "I know this happened because of me and I will be forever grateful of the sacrifice you made to save me."

Seeing Marco's discomfort at her gushes of praise, I call over to her, "What am I? Fucking chopped liver?"

"I'm sorry, Carlo," she slowly turns her attention toward me.

“Because I didn’t get shot, I don’t get a thank you,” I smile at her playfully as she stretches onto her toes to place a kiss on my cheek.

“Keep it in your pants, playboy,” Renzo glares at me, “we’ve talked about this.”

I am unable to help the toothy grin that spreads across my face. Little does he know; Ava’s delicate lips are not the ones that I want firmly pressed against mine.

“Since no one is going to rest in bed like they’re supposed to, we might as well all head inside to get some breakfast.”

“Fuck yeah, I could eat,” Marco’s face scrunches and a grimacing snarl leaves his mouth when he too quickly stands from the bed.

Reaching forward to grab for him, he holds my shoulder just long enough to steady himself before turning to walk himself toward the house.

His hips are slung low and the muscles in his back flex slightly with every step he takes in front of me. He walks with such a commanding authority, if it weren’t for the dried blood and bandages riddling his torso, there is merely no evidence of the brutal assault his body took last night.

Chapter Thirteen

GIANCARLO

All of us enter the kitchen to find Papa sitting alone at the table with his morning cup of coffee. Looking up when he hears us all enter, his eyes scan over the ragged group in front of him before gesturing to Renzo, “That’s a stubborn fucking bunch you’ve got there.”

“No shit, Papa,” he smiles back before turning with pride to the rest of us.

Everyone takes a seat around the table, while I grab cups from the cabinet and fill them with coffee, “I had some guys working on everything last night. They have scoured the security footage from the penthouse and the entire building. There is no sign of Karyan, and they don’t know how she got out.”

Ava perks up nervously in her seat, her body quickly becoming rigid, “Hold up. You mean you guys have no idea where she is?”

“It’s okay,” Renzo grabs her hand, “you are safe here.”

“You’ve said that before,” she scoffs, “and you do remember how that turned out?”

“I’m not leaving your side. I will not make that mistake again. If she wants to come for you again, she is going to fucking come through me first.”

Giving Ava and Renzo a moment, I continue, “They are currently looking into CCTV footage of the building to see if they can pick her out of the crowd, but so far, they haven’t found anything.”

Papa and Renzo turn the subject to a potential truce with the Armenians, in exchange for helping us hunt down the woman responsible for taking Avalie. Minutes later, they are leaving to return various phone calls.

Finishing her coffee, Ava slowly stands from the table.

“You okay to get upstairs by yourself?” I place my hands on the table preparing to stand.

“I’m good,” she raises her hand to stop me, “but I’m going to go lay down.”

As she leaves us, the atmosphere of the room instantly changes. The somber heaviness in the air of the issues the family needed to address are quickly replaced with the things Marco and I desperately need to discuss and figure out.

Turning slightly in my chair to face him, my knee brushes against his. In response, his eyes slowly look up from his cup of coffee until they meet mine, causing the hair at the nape of my neck to stand on end and my heartrate to rapidly increase.

The ways I want this man to aggressively bend me over this table right now...

“Come,” I slowly stand, my cock twitching in my pants as my leg slides against his, “You’re covered in blood.”

MARCO

Carlo stands next to me, his growing cock more than noticeable in his baggy gray sweatpants, “Come. You’re covered in blood.”

His words prompt me to look down at my shirtless body, and my skin is, in fact, splattered and smeared with the remnants of my dried blood from last night. The fact that I didn’t notice until now, chalked up as an occupational hazard.

Carlo walks from the kitchen and I follow behind him as he walks up the stairs. I expect him to lead me to one of the many vacant bedroom suites on this floor so that I can shower, but he doesn’t. The distinct scents of mint and eucalyptus tickle my senses as he opens the door and gestures for me to enter. I immediately know that this is his room, and I hesitate.

“You need to shower,” Carlo says quietly, “if all you want is a shower, then that’s all this will be.”

He knows, damned fucking well, a shower isn’t the only thing either of us want.

Stepping past him, I walk a few steps into the room before stopping. A mixture of fear and anticipation has my heart pounding, each beat increasingly harder. The throb of each beat vibrating through my cock.

His back is to me as he pushes the door closed, and I am unable to stop myself from closing the distance between us. As the door clicks shut, my body presses his stomach to the door with so much force that we both grunt – him in surprise and me in pain.

Grabbing his hands, I place his palms on the door above his head. His body wedged between mine and the door, I grab the bottom of his black t-shirt and peel it over his head. Throwing it to the floor, my hands slide over his, firmly holding him against the door.

The rippled muscles of his back flex against my body with each heavy breath he takes, while my hips involuntarily grind my hard cock against the thin sweatpants covering his ass. Quiet, needy moans come from both of us as my lips and teeth travel the length of his neck.

“Do you feel what you fucking do to me?” I slide my length along the crack of his ass, “I’ve never wanted to fuck a man, but I can’t stop thinking about burying myself in your ass.”

Carlo pushes against the door, arching his back and pushing his ass firmly against me, increasing the pressure of my cock against him. Grinding back against me, he groans, “I’ve dreamed about being filled with your cock since we were younger.”

My hand slides down his arm and around his broad, muscular chest. Roaming them along his rippled abs, then travel through the light trail of hair until they reach the waistband of his sweatpants while my teeth continue to tease along his neck.

“You’re going to have to live on them a little longer,” my words a gravelly, teasing whisper in his ear, “because I’m going to take a shower. And I will not be fucking you in this house.”

Chapter Fourteen

GIANCARLO

Stepping back from me, Marco gently gives a teasing tug on the elastic of my sweatpants, before walking into the bathroom.

My hands and forehead rest against the door as I struggle to catch my breath. The sound of water cascading against the tile draws my attention and I turn to find Marco standing naked and hard in the doorway. At the sight of his perfect muscular physique and massive erect cock, my hand wraps firmly around the cock throbbing in my pants.

“Don’t even fucking think about it,” his voice is deep and stern as he watches me grip myself, “You’ve waited this long. Be a good boy and wait a little longer.”

His eyes linger on me for a moment before he shuts the bathroom door, leaving me literally holding my dick in my hand. My balls are absolutely throbbing in need of relief, which was only made worse when he told me to be a ‘good boy.’

Do I like that?

Fuck, I do!

There is something I like about him manhandling me and bossing me around.

...And he fucking knows it.

Thinking back, it’s clear now that it was even like that when we were younger.

Bending over to pick my shirt up from the floor, I try to think about anything other than getting fucked right now. It is a poor attempt to will away the blue balls he has left me with.

Pulling on the shirt and walking into the closet, I grab another shirt and sweatpants. Stopping at the dresser, I open the drawer to retrieve boxers and socks, before laying it all on the bed for

Marco to put on after his shower. Just as I am finishing, I hear the water turning off in the bathroom. A moment later, a deliciously wet Marco steps from the bathroom in only a towel.

Fuck...

I'm hard again.

Completely ignoring the unconcealable erection in my pants, Marco walks to the bed and stands next to me before dropping his towel. He enjoys knowing my eyes are fully fixated on him while he gets dressed.

“Thanks for the clean clothes,” his words calm and collected as though the both of us aren't waiting to be sweaty and covered in cum.

MARCO

Part of me wanted to claim Carlo as he was pressed against the door. Pinning him to it and listening to him cry out as I shove every inch of myself inside of him. Taking him as my first and claiming him as he screamed out my name, but not here.

Not in this house with his family.

I don't know what this is. Or exactly what it is I'm doing.

Until I do, this thing between us will be private.

While he hates it right now, mainly the fact that I have left him wanting, I appreciate that Carlo respects that.

“We’re going,” I turn the handle on the door and pull it open for him to pass through first.

While he might bow before me and follow my every command with the door closed, on the other side of this threshold he is the boss. With that, I will ensure anyone watching sees him get the respect that he deserves from the men who work beneath him.

As we make our way downstairs, Sal and Renzo are walking from the office. Both sets of their eyes are immediately drawn to our directions.

“Thank you for allowing me to use your shower, Sir,” I nod to Carlo while continuing the stairs, “I’ll go pull the car around to drive you over to your penthouse.”

Renzo reaches out to stop me as I pass him, “We have other people that can drive him. You need to rest.”

“I appreciate that, Sir,” I nod back at him, “but I can’t just lay around and would prefer to get back to work.”

I've never lied to the family before, and I hate that I'm doing it now.

“Very well,” Renzo releases my arm and I continue my way toward the front door.

* * *

The only sound in the car as we drive through the city is our breathing.

“You’re being such a good boy for me,” my words are slow and gravelly, yet full of praise, “waiting so patiently.”

I don’t have to look in the rearview mirror to know that Carlo is reacting to the words I’m speaking. I can hear his breathing slowly becoming deeper and louder.

Continuing in the same tone, “I wonder how I should reward you for being so good for me. Should I make you take me in your throat first? Or should I take your ass like you so desperately want?”

As I pull into the garage for his building, Carlo’s breaths are shallow and fast. If I had time for a few more minutes of this, he would be ready to burst by the time we hit the elevator.

Chapter Fifteen

GIANCARLO

The tone of his voice has me so fucking hard. My body reacting to each word coming from his lips like they're literally stroking my cock.

Parking in my designated spot by my private elevator, Marco exits the car and walks to my door. Pulling it open, his eyes meet mine before he very professionally states, "Sir..."

I'm still hard as a fucking rock, and yet he can somehow flip it on and off like a light switch.

Marco maintains his professional demeanor as we walk to and wait outside of the elevator. When it arrives and we step inside and we walk to the side opposite from me, proceeding to lean against the wall.

While not a word is spoken during our ride in silence to the top floor, we are practically screaming at each other with need. Licking my lower lip, my eyes scan over his body. Eyeing over every ripple of muscle through his clothes, the only thoughts running through my mind are the many ways he can completely overpower me.

Reaching my floor, the elevator dings as the doors open. Stepping into the private foyer, I dig in my pocket for my keys.

"If you don't hurry up and open that fucking door," his sudden proximity and warm breath against the back of my ear startle me and cause goosebumps to erupt down the back of my neck, "I'm going to take your ass raw right here."

My breathing hitches at the words, immediately recalling being pressed between him and the door with his cock grinding against my ass, causing me to only fumble further with the keys in my hand.

No one has ever made me feel this powerless and out of control.

Turning the key in the lock, Marco barrels us both through the door. Kicking it shut with his foot, his arms immediately wrap around me from behind, his fingers snaking their way around my throat. His teeth, nipping and leaving faint marks in their wake, travel my neck as he aggressively walks me toward the bedroom.

Stepping through the threshold, he shoves me from his body. Abruptly turning around, I find him simultaneously kicking off his boots while peeling the tight t-shirt from his muscular frame. Tossing it to the floor, his voice is deep and commanding, "Shirt. Now."

Grabbing at my shirt between my shoulders, I quickly pull it over my head and throw it to the floor, watching as he pulls the settee from the edge of the bed. Dragging it with ease, he stops in front of the massive floor length mirror leaning against the wall.

"You've dreamed of me taking your ass for years," he begins removing his pants freeing his already hardening cock, "Now you're going to watch as I make you take every last fucking inch of me."

I remove my pants and walk toward the settee as Marco retrieves lube from the nightstand. Walking back to me, his hand is wrapped firmly around his cock, growing larger with each stroke of his hand.

This will by far be the largest cock I've ever taken.

As if he can read my thoughts, he squeezes a generous amount of lube into his hand and spreads it over two of his fingers, "I'll warm you up first, and you'll be begging to take it all."

Grabbing my throat with his un-lubed hand, he pulls me toward him and violently takes my mouth. His tongue aggressively assaulting my mouth, causing me to moan back into his before he abruptly pulls away. Using the tight grip on my throat as leverage, he turns my body until my back is against his front.

His well-lubricated fingers immediately swirl around my entrance as lips and teeth make their way around my neck and shoulders. Biting down at the base of my neck, his two fingers press into me, and I let out a loud whimper.

MARCO

Licking at the bite mark, my fingers work to slowly stretch Carlo's ass. Working my way up his neck, my lips graze across his ear, "Mmmm, *diavolino*. You need to let me stretch this tight little hole or my cock is going to tear you apart."

"Stroke your cock," the words growl into his ear, and he immediately follows my directions. With every stroke, the sphincter around my fingers loosens, "That's a good boy."

Kissing down his neck and upper back, I push against his body to bend him over the bench in front of us. Grabbing the lube next to him, I squeeze a generous amount along his hole and over the head of my cock before pressing it against him.

Holding the base with one hand and firmly gripping his hip with the other, Carlo lets out a loud moan as the large head of my cock presses inside of him.

Fuck...the urge to bore into him is nearly unbearable.

Gripping his other hip, I slowly pull him over me until I am buried to the hilt, before very slowly rocking against him.

"You're doing so fucking good," my eyes meet his lust-hooded ones in the mirror, "Can my *diavolino* handle more?"

"Please," he moans as his hips flex back into me.

Working slowly, I build up to a vigorous tempo. His pecs and abs flex with every harsh breath and relentless thrust he takes, the muscles in his biceps flexing as he grips the cushion beneath him.

Leaning over and laying my sweaty body on his, I continue to pound into him as I begin stroking his cock. I can feel him throbbing in my hand as he begins to tighten around my cock. A loud moan groans from his chest and his head falls forward.

Gripping his hair, I yank his head back until his eyes meet mine in the mirror, "Watch us fucking come."

Ribbons of cum splatter across his stomach and the settee, and he squeezes around my cock as he screams out, “Marco....fuck....Marco.”

As he cries my name, I feel my balls tighten and my thrusts become unsteady. Tightening my pull on his hair, an animalistic growl from my lungs fills the room. Coming with an intensity like never before, I empty myself into him.

My spent body collapses onto his and we both crumble to the settee. Still fully seated inside him, both of us covered in sweat, I roll our bodies and pull Carlo into my embrace. Laying together, our breathing still heavy, my lips find their way to the back of his neck while I stroke his hair.

“What did you call me?” His words breathy and satiated.

“Diavolino...” He lays quietly waiting for me to continue, “You’ve always been a little devil tempting me. I’m just sorry it took me so long to give in to sin.”

Chapter Sixteen

GIANCARLO

As much as I expected him to, Marco didn't run after he fucked me. Instead, he curled up on the tiny settee with me.

"Can I tell you something?" His normally commanding voice sounds timid.

"Of course," my hand squeezes the arm wrapped around my chest.

"You are the only man," he pauses, and I hear him swallow hard, "that I've ever craved."

Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath and relish in his words – ones I thought I would never hear. Carefully turning on the small bench, I roll so that I can face him.

"I've ignored attraction to other men," his hand firmly grips my jaw, "but I've never been able to ignore it with you."

He kisses me softly before pulling away, "I tried to deny it when we were younger, but I always knew that you would be my downfall. I tried like hell to stay away."

Leaning forward, my lips brush over his. "Even though there have been others, it's only ever been you. No one treats me like you do. My whole life everyone has bowed before me. Except you."

"I will happily bow down to your power in public," his lips brush mine and his tongue dips into my mouth as he rolls his body on top of mine and aligns himself with my entrance, "But in private, you will submit to me."

* * *

In the week since the assault on Karyan's penthouse, when Marco nearly died, everything has changed dramatically.

The dynamics between the families has shifted significantly. Even with everything that has happened we are under a truce with the Armenians. In exchange for Lorenzo not eliminating every last one of them from the city, they are helping us to track down Karyan.

Using it in part as an excuse, Marco has barely left my side. By day, we work with Cameron searching for even the smallest digital traces of Karyan. We've come close a few times, but every time we close in, she flees. It's almost like someone on the inside is still feeding her details and helping her stay one step ahead of us.

Nights are spent at my place, where Marco is working diligently to ensure that someone has been sucked or fucked on every surface. It's not just mind-blowing sex though.

Although it is pretty fucking mind-blowing.

We talk. The conversations frequently diving deep until the wee hours of the morning.

It is as though I found my person. We get each other. We complete each other in a way I didn't know was possible.

MARCO

The past few weeks have been a complete whirlwind.

In what seems like no time, I've gone from a lifetime of repressing my sexuality to slowly falling in love with a man I've known my whole life.

Add in flying around the world in search of Karyan, and the only way to currently describe things is fucking chaos. Currently, I am sitting in a small Japanese hotel bar sipping sake while Carlo is upstairs in our room on the phone with Sal and Lorenzo.

What I would give for a good fucking bourbon right about now.

My phone buzzes on the bar.

CARLO

Wheels up in two hours

Come pack

We're heading home

MARCO

Be right up

Home...

Surrounded by strangers the past few weeks, we haven't been hiding behind closed doors. Going back to the way things were just doesn't seem right. While Carlo has been out for years, doing so with a member of the family will affect him too and we need to talk about it.

I'll just blurt it out when I enter the room...

Swiping my keycard to enter our suite, Carlo spins and blurts out, “You aren’t going to believe this shit!”

Moment gone...

The entire time we pack up our things in the room, Carlo gives me the play-by-play of what has been going on between Venecia and Dante.

“I can’t believe she didn’t fucking tell me,” he rambles while zipping up his suitcase.

It’s not like anyone knows about us either.

* * *

The past fourteen hours traveling back to Teterboro have been nearly silent, with me pretending to sleep the majority of the flight.

Climbing into the SUV on the tarmac, Carlo turns to me and blurts out, “What’s up with you?”

Placing my hand on his leg, I squeeze his thigh while continuing to drive. An uncontrollable sigh pushes from my lungs. Carlo doesn’t push. He simply places his hand on mine and waits in silence for me to be ready.

We aren’t far from the estate when I veer the car to the side of the highway and flip on the emergency flashers.

Turning and abruptly grabbing each side of Carlo’s face, I pull him toward me, crashing our faces together over the center console. The kiss is hard and aggressive at first, but tapers to one that is soft and teasing before I pull back from him.

“So,” Carlo swallows hard, my hands still holding both sides of his face, “This is the end?”

The expression on his face looks pained, but not surprised. As though he was expecting me to end things when we returned back to the States.

“The end? Fuck no!” I blurt out before planting a firm, wet kiss on his lips, “I fucking love you, *diavolino*.”

Carlo’s eyes close as he takes a deep breath. Leaning back into me, the words sound delectable rolling off his lips, “I love you, Marco.”

Chapter Seventeen

GIANCARLO

The smile spreading across my face feels permanent as we drive the last few minutes to Papa's estate.

"No one will think differently of you. And I don't give a shit what people think about me," I squeeze his hand as we pull through the gates, "Apparently everyone around here is shoving shit in someone's ass anyway."

Releasing my thigh as he pulls up to the house, he puts the SUV in park. I am no more than climbing from the passenger seat when I am greeted by a squealing Venecia running down the front steps, "Carlo!"

Being the closest in age, we've always been super close. Grabbing hold of her when she reaches me, I hug her tightly and lift her small body from the ground before setting her back down, "V, it's time someone says something to you. You're getting fat."

"Fucking asshole," she swats at my arm.

"I'm kidding," I rub my hand over her stomach, "You look absolutely beautiful as usual. Pregnancy suits you."

Marco walks toward us. "We'll talk more later tonight," his hand gently runs across my shoulders, his eyes meeting mine for a moment before he heads into the house.

"Um," Venecia gestures between me and Marco, "What the fuck as that?"

"It's nothing. Just finishing stuff from our trip."

One to always know when I'm lying, she snaps back at me, "Bull-fucking-shit. That's not nothing."

"It's nothing, V," I poorly reiterate.

"Hey," her voice softens and she nudges my chest, "Since when do we keep things from each other?"

“It probably started about the same time you were fucking your hot, older bodyguard in secret,” I grin back her. She is clearly not impressed.

Not wanting to out Marco until I know he’s ready, I am relieved to see Dante walking down the stairs, giving me an excuse to pull myself from Venecia.

“So,” I walk toward him, “You’re the one?”

He barely begins to respond before I’m swinging a hard right hook into his jaw knocking him to the ground, “You’re the one that fucking knocked up my little sister?”

“What the fuck, Carlo?” Venecia yells, quickly stepping between the two of us, before I reach my hand out to him.

“No hard feelings?” I reach to shake his hand, “I didn’t want you to be the only guy to lay a hand on my sister that I didn’t punch in the face. Since I heard my brother already broke your nose, I went easy on you.”

“I got distracted when you took a swing at me,” Dante steps back from me, “your father asked me to hurry up and get you inside for a phone call with Dmitriy Andreyev.”

“For the what?” The mere concept of Dante’s words sound like he got something confused on his way outside.

“I don’t know,” he shrugs back, “I’m just the messenger.”

MARCO

Sitting in the study, I watch as Carlo walks into Sal's office, the door promptly being shut behind him.

After a few moments, the voices in the room become increasingly louder, bits of the conversation echoing through the foyer, "I'm not fucking doing it...you made the fucking promise...you fucking doing it."

"Carlo," Sal's voice bellows clearly through the foyer as several hasty footsteps walk in my direction.

"Marco," Carlo's voice is abrupt and angry, "Get the car."

Hesitating for a moment when my eyes catch and a previously unseen look on his face, he yells, "Get the fucking car."

Turning and heading quickly down the front steps of the estate, I get the SUV. The angry words of Renzo and Sal follow Carlo to the Tahoe, only stopping when he climbs in and closes the door in their faces.

"Fucking go," he demands.

Shifting into gear and stepping on the accelerator, I reach my hand out to comfort him. He angrily pushes my hand from his thigh as an aggressive sigh expels from him.

My fingers grip the steering wheel tightly, and I can feel my nostrils flaring with each seething breath I take.

No less than an hour ago I told him I wanted to be public with him, and now he's fucking pushing me away.

Not a word is spoken on the short drive to Carlo's. The only sounds inside this vehicle are our exasperated breaths and the faint sounds of the city around us.

Pulling into the garage, I pull past his designated parking spot to let him out at the elevator, assuming he wants nothing to do with me at this moment.

“Park the fucking car,” he glares at me while I back into the parking spot, “and get my door.”

His current demeanor is not one I have seen on him before.

It is also not one that I like.

The angry glare continues as the elevator travels to the top floor of the building. I watch as his chest continues to heave with each angry breath, only intensifying when the doors to the elevator open.

Out of respect, I am waiting until we are behind closed doors, but I am fucking seething over the way he is acting right now.

And I know that's what he fucking wants.

Entering the apartment he barks another command at me, “Shut the fucking door.”

Doing as I am told, I push the door shut. Slamming it so hard that one of the picture frames on the adjoining wall falls to the floor. As glass shatters across the floor, I close the distance between us and firmly wrap my fingers around his throat.

My grip nearly carries him to wall I forcibly pin him against. With our face mere inches apart, I growl at him, “Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to?”

Chapter Eighteen

GIANCARLO

Using his firm grip around my throat to pin me against the wall, he continues to expel his hot breaths against my face. His eyes, slowly dilating with excitement, are locked on mine.

I was fucking pissed walking from my family, and I didn't mean to take it out on Marco.

But after that phone call, I need him...

I need him to fucking own me...

Because after this, it might never happen again.

Using his free hand, he unbuckles and pulls his belt from his pants. The tight grip of his hand is quickly replaced with the leather of his belt, being cinched tightly around my throat.

“Get on your fucking knees,” Marco pulls the belt toward the floor. The motion cuts off my ability to breathe and forces me to kneel before him. Holding the belt with one hand, the other grips my chin and pulls my eyes up to his.

“You might be in charge out there,” he quickly undoes his pants, pulling them just low enough to free his cock, “but I think you need a reminder as to who is in charge here.”

With the belt still tight around my throat, my mouth opens as I struggle to draw a breath. Releasing the noose of the belt, I draw in air as my mouth is filled with his cock.

“If you want to disrespect me,” he fists the hair at the back of my head while shoving his full length over my tongue, “I will disrespect you.”

My eyes are locked on his as he forcefully fucks my mouth. Tears well in my eyes at the sheer brutality of his thrusts, but my eyes stay locked on his.

I need this.

It's fucked up, but every demanding stroke down my throat solidifies that I am his...

That everything is going to be okay.

“Look at you,” he slows, keeping his thrusts deep, while removing the belt from around my neck, “How quickly my *diavolino* learns that while he rules hell, I will always rule him.”

Tightly gripping my jaw, he pulls his cock dripping in saliva from my mouth. Using the hold on my jaw, I am guided from the floor and brought to his mouth. His tongue pushes into my mouth with the same force of his cock. Violently delving into my mouth, Marco presses my body against the wall, his fingers clawing at my pants to remove them.

The moment they hit the floor; he pulls his mouth from mine. I am abruptly spun around, and my face is aggressively pressed against the wall. Lips, teeth, and tongue make their way firmly along the back of my neck as a wet finger breeches me.

“Please,” the words sound desperate like I am begging for my life, “Please, Marco.”

MARCO

“Do you need more?” The words a deep whisper in his ear as my fingers work to loosen him up.

Spitting in my hand, I rub it over my tip and press it to his entrance. Gripping his thigh, I pull his leg over my forearm and hold him against the wall, as I slowly slide myself inside.

“Fuck. You feel so good,” I groan into his ear as he pushes back trying desperately to take me more vigorously.

“I gave you what you needed,” my lips whisper against his ear as I continue to slowly press my length into him, “I showed you how I own you. Now let me show you how much I care for you.”

His head falls back against my shoulder with a contented moan, as I finally bottom out inside of him.

“I’m going to savor every second of being buried inside of you,” my hips rock slowly drawing my cock in and out of him.

“Please,” Carlo pleads again, fighting against my hold to press himself back over my length.

“Shhhh,” my breath blows over his ear, “Be a good boy for me, and let me show you what it is you really need right now.”

Taking him soft and slow, my rough kisses leave marks across his shoulders until his body finally relaxes, no longer fighting to set the pace. Slowly, I release the firm grip I held on him, and his body writhes against mine.

“That’s it,” I slowly slide out of him and turn him to face me and removing both of our shirts, before taking us both to the floor, “Let me show my *diavolino* what Heaven feels like.”

Climbing on top of him, laying face to face, my lips claim his as I press myself back inside of him. Swallowing his moans as he pushes them into my mouth, I stroke his cock at the same slow pace of my thrusts.

Moving together as one, both of us are fighting desperately not to come. To savor this most intimate of moments for a minute longer.

“Show me how well you listen to me,” the words airy and deep as I increase the pace of my thrusts and strokes, “Come for me.”

Carlo’s hands grip my biceps, and an erotic groan rises from his chest as his release splatters across his stomach. Listening to and watching him come is my undoing.

“Fuuuuuck,” my cum spills inside of him as my body falls to his. His cum smearing between our bodies, my lips nuzzle into the crook of his neck as my hips slowly pump the last of me into him.

Chapter Nineteen

GIANCARLO

Still laying on top of me, the wet kisses he places along my neck are soft and gentle – just how he took my body.

“I love you,” his words cause me to fight the tears welling in my eyes.

Climbing off me and helping me from the floor, Marco leads me toward the bathroom. Turning on the shower, he tests the water and pulls me in with him.

“No matter what,” lathering soap in his hands, he begins to wash the cum from my stomach, “Please tell me why you are so upset.”

“I’m sorry,” the words sputter off my lips.

“Don’t be sorry,” his rough hands continue to gently clean my body, “Talk to me, *diavolino*.”

Standing under the spray of the water, he continues to gingerly clean every inch of my skin as I tell him the details of everything that transpired behind Papa’s closed office door.

“The night of the raids. The same night Avalie was taken,” the words spill from my relaxed body, “Renzo talked to Dmitriy. He knew our family was responsible for the attacks on his family that night. Because of the situation, Dmitriy made a deal with Renzo.”

Keeping me in the spray of the water, Marco begins to wash himself as I continue. “Dmitriy promised that he would keep our involvement quiet, but in return he wanted a favor. The favor for the debt wasn’t disclosed. Only that when he needed it, he would come to collect. Yesterday, he called to do just that.”

“So,” I watch his hands graze over his abs as he rinses the soap from his body, “What is he asking for?”

“He wants to forge our families together.”

“We currently have a truce with the Armenians,” Marco turns off the water, stepping from the shower and handing me a towel, “What’s the big deal?”

“He wants to bind us permanently,” my eyes drop to the floor as I wrap the towel around my waist, “by blood. We can either join families or go to war. There is no in between.”

Marco gently tips my chin up until my eyes meet his, “What is it that they are asking you to do?”

“They aren’t really asking,” I struggle to maintain eye contact with him, “I am expected to marry Irena Andreyev, Dmitriy’s sister, within the month.”

Marco shakes his head, and it kills me to know that I haven’t even told him the worst of it yet.

“To solidify the bond,” I struggle with the words, “she is expected to be carrying Botticelli seed no later than the second wedding anniversary.”

“What the fuck?” His face distorts, similar to how mine did when I originally heard the terms of this agreement Renzo made.

MARCO

“I told them ‘No’,” Carlo mumbles against my lips, “That was the argument.”

“You know you have to,” the words physically pain me as they leave me. That pain is only made worse when I see the look in Carlo’s eyes.

“*Diavolino*,” I struggle to stay strong for him, “I don’t want you to, and I refuse to give you up.”

“What are you saying?”

“You need to do this for your family,” my hands pull his face against mine again, “We will figure this out.”

Leaving the bathroom, I walk to the front hallway and feel the pockets of Carlo’s pants until I find his cell phone.

“What are you doing?” He questions me as I open his phone and begin texting.

GIANCARLO

I’ll do it

For the family

PAPA

Thank you Giancarlo

We understand what we are asking of you. And the entire family owes you our gratitude.

Set up a meeting with Dmitriy and Irena tomorrow

We need to discuss the terms

I will send you the details

Grabbing the phone from me, Carlo reads the text messages and his face falls.

“Marco,” his voice sullen, “What did you just do?”

“What had to be done,” he steps back from me as I reach for him and grab his wrist to keep him from retreating further, “Come. I’ll pour a couple of drinks and explain everything.”

It’s an outlandish fucking idea, but it’s worth a try.

Grabbing the bottle of Blanton’s and two glasses from the bar, I sit at the kitchen island and liberally pour two glasses. Carlo grabs the barstool next to me and hesitantly takes a seat.

Sitting in our damp towels, sipping the glasses of bourbon, I try to convince both of us that my outlandish idea might actually work.

Chapter Twenty

IRENA

Apparently, we're all pretending we're British now.

Who fucking decided we'd be meeting at The Palm Court for afternoon tea?

Their family is Italian. Shouldn't we be meeting for pasta and vino or some shit?

Having afternoon tea with my brother, Lorenzo Botticelli and Salvatore Botticelli can be checked off the list of things no one would have guessed would ever happen.

My foot quietly taps the heel of my shoe against the floor. While marrying the two families was my idea, although originally technically a joke, nerves are coursing through me as we sit and wait for the other Botticelli brother to arrive.

I can marry and fuck a man to grow our family's empire. Why not? I've probably fucked worse simply for the sake of getting fucked before.

Besides, if he looks anything like the one already sitting at this table, this marriage of convenience might not be too terrible.

But...Lord, help me if he has a tiny cock.

"It isn't like Carlo to be late," Lorenzo states as he sets his cup of tea on the saucer. He continues to say something about calling to see where he is at, but my attention has been sucked in by the two men walking into the restaurant.

Both of them are impeccably dressed in expensive black Armani suits. My eyes scan between them taking in their dark hair, brooding eyes, bulging muscles, and the tattoos swirling along the jawline of the taller man. As he throws his arm over the shoulder of his friend, the matching ink tapering down his fingers catches my eye.

With their well-manicured looks and expensive clothing, they ooze ruthlessness and brutality. A brief thought of how easily

these men would throw me around and the things they could do to me causes my pussy to flutter and cheeks to flush.

The two of them catch me eyeing them over, and I watch as they smile at each other before walking toward our table.

Why are they coming to our table?

GIANCARLO

“Papa is going to be so pissed that we are late. He has this thing about punctuality.”

“I wouldn’t worry about it,” Marco throws his arm over my shoulder as we walk into the restaurant, “He’s probably going to be much more pissed about the rest of this.”

An incredibly beautiful blonde catches my eye. Based on the way her eyes continue to dart back and forth between me and Marco, it is quite apparent that we have done the same. Movement at the table draws my attention, and I realize that she is sitting with Papa and Lorenzo.

Why the fuck is a woman that looks like her settling for an arranged marriage of convenience? Guys must be begging at her feet day and night.

Irena’s eyes already focused on us both, her cheeks pinken a little as we approach the table, drawing the attention of the three men. All of their gazes are immediately drawn to Marco, who none of them were expecting to be at this meeting.

“This is a family meeting,” Papa’s tone is his usual one of displeasure with me, “Marco, you ca-“

“I am well aware this is a family meeting, Papa,” I interrupt him before he has the opportunity to tell Marco to leave, “I invited him, and he is staying for this.”

“What is the meaning of this meeting?” Dmitriy’s eyes shift between all the Botticelli men before settling back on me, “Your father had only mentioned something about needing to discuss the terms of this agreement.”

“That is correct,” my tone and demeanor reflecting the one that I frequently use in the boardroom.

“When Lorenzo made the agreement with me to owe a debt, it didn’t include negotiation of what I needed.”

“Considering that I am the only way this agreement will be moving forward, I recommend that you take a moment to listen to what it is I am proposing,” I pause briefly, giving him the opportunity to mull over my words, “If not, we might as all leave right now.”

At a lack of response from Dmitriy, I push my chair back to stand from the table.

“Sit,” the word doesn’t come from Dmitriy. Instead, it comes from an unexpected sultry, Russian tinged, feminine voice. “I want to hear what you have to say.”

My eyes turning to Marco, I quickly notice that he is also reacting to the petite woman sitting across from us. I have seen enough of that heated gaze to know that thoughts of how to devour her are currently running through his head.

“Irena,” Dmitriy attempts to silence her.

“You aren’t the one doing this,” her voice is soft yet firm, “This decision regarding my life does not belong in entirety to you.”

Marco’s nostrils flare ever so slightly like they do when he is aroused, and I watch as his eyes roam over Irena’s curvaceous chest.

If I should be jealous, I’m not.

And how can I be, if I’m going to be fucking her.

“Tell me, Giancarlo,” her focus turns to me, “What is it that you are asking for?”

“As to not inadvertently offend anyone, I think this is a conversation best had in private.”

Dmitriy and Renzo both open their mouths to object, but Irena speaks first, “Agreed.”

“Leave us,” I command everyone at the table, and they all begin to stand.

“Not you,” my hand instinctively grips Marco’s forearm instructing him to return to his seat. The action does not go

unnoticed by everyone walking from the table.

MARCO

This wasn't the plan. Carlo was supposed to talk to her alone and let her know how things were going to work. Asking me to stay was not what we had discussed, and I am currently at a loss as to what he is thinking.

"Carlo?" I question him while pulling my seat back up to the table.

"You'll have to excuse him," Carlo addresses Irena, "I've gone a little off script."

She smiles at him, and I cannot stop the corner of my mouth from ticking upward while I watch her.

"What is it that you are proposing?" Her voice is soft and smooth.

"I will do what you and Dmitriy are asking. I will marry you," his tone is professional as though we are discussing real estate, "I will get you pregnant, and I will be a father to our child."

"But?" Irena questions, knowing that there is more.

Her eyes slowly make their way to the only other person at this table – me.

"He is obviously not just your driver or your security," she addresses Carlo before looking back at me, "Lovers?"

"Yes," I am surprised at even myself that I am the one who answered her. She is the first person, other than Carlo, that I have been open with regarding my sexuality.

"I'm sorry," Irena states flatly, "but this will not work for me."

"Because I refuse to give him up?" Carlo questions her very matter-of-factly.

"No," her brows furrow a little as though she is annoyed with his question. "Every man I've met is fucking two or three

women his wife doesn't know about. At least with you, I would know."

"Then..." I hesitate to ask my question.

"While I am okay living in a loveless marriage, I refuse to marry a gay man and live in a sexless one."

"He...we..." I stammer, "We both also like women."

Why the fuck did I just say, "We."

"Marrying me would mean you would have both of us in your lives," Carlo speaks, and her eyes widen a little, "What that looks like would be entirely up to you."

A sly smile spreads over her face again and she pulls a card from her purse. Sliding it across the table to Carlo, she looks between us both, "Text me your address. I'll be there for dinner at seven."

She gestures for the others to return before standing from the table, "I expect you both to be there."

Chapter Twenty-One

GIANCARLO

Before the others make it back to the table, Marco and I both stand from the table.

“Is there an agreement?” Renzo promptly asks when he gets to the table.

“We are meeting over dinner to discuss it further,” I keep my answer vague, “Just us.”

Not entirely a lie.

“And the terms?” Papa questions, “What do we need to know?”

“Nothing. The terms I have for this agreement do not affect the family unless we cannot come to a consensus.”

Expecting him to press the issue, I am surprised when he instead drops two one hundred dollar bills on the table.

“Let us know the outcome,” he walks toward the door with Renzo.

Marco and I follow close behind to leave as well.

“What the fuck was that?” Marco’s voice is a mixture of confusion and anger when we get in the car.

“I did what you wouldn’t have asked me to do,” my finger traces along the ink running under his jaw.

“And what is that?”

“I saw the way you looked at her. The way she looked back at you.”

“So, because you’re jealous,” he pulls the car onto the city streets, “you just shit all over the plan?”

“I’m not jealous,” although my tone does sound as though I resent his accusation, “I don’t want to be married to her, while we both pretend to the public that you don’t exist. I can’t do

that. If she wants me, she gets you. I don't know what that looks like, but that's how it is going to work.”

“You think she's just going to be okay with that? Being married to you, knowing that you're fucking her and then crawling into bed with me?”

“She didn't smack either of us and storm off, so she's obviously not completely opposed to it,” I flick my fingers against the business card in my hand, “And she's the one who told us we were having dinner tonight.”

Pulling out my phone, I add her information as a new contact before texting her my address.

IRENA

See you then

GIANCARLO

Any special requests for dinner

IRENA

No

Make whatever you think I'd like

GIANCARLO

I'll make something you'll find irresistibly satisfying

“You did not just send that,” Marco glances at my phone as he waits for the stoplight to turn green.

IRENA

Sounds absolutely sinful

Make plenty, I have a big appetite

IRENA

Was that forward enough?

Too forward? Nah...that's not a thing.

Or are they just going to think I'm hungry?

The way they both looked at me, that's not a look I am oblivious to. They both were thinking about fucking me. Being the base of an Eiffel Tower isn't new to me, although never with two men who were also interested in each other.

Intrigued is an understatement.

Or did I misread this whole situation?

The entire meeting has played on repeat since I left the restaurant with Dmitriy this afternoon. The questions muddling my mind have been compounding ever since Giancarlo said those nine little words.

'What that looks like will be up to you.'

Dinner seems like the most logical way to proceed, because if we were going to discuss this further, alcohol was most definitely going to need to be involved. By now there are so many questions reeling through my brain that I am unable to think about anything else.

After taking a shower to freshen up, I dig through my closet for something to wear. Conflicted as to whether or not I should dress for a business meeting or a date, I opt for a dress – low cut, but not too revealing – and a pair of heels. Underneath it, I've decided on a matching black satin and lace panty set.

Just in case.

Knowing it will take forever to get across the city at this time of day, I head downstairs at six to meet my driver.

“Where are you going?” Dmitriy calls as I walk the study, unaware that he was there.

“Not that it is any of your business,” I turn back to him, “but I’m heading out to dinner with friends.” With what I am currently wearing, he isn’t going to question my response.

“Be back at a reasonable hour,” his tone a tinge parental, “With the pending engagement, the last thing we need is for them to walk away because you’re out whoring your way around the city.”

“Oh, brother,” a wicked smirk spreads over my face, “if I wanted to have your beloved Yankees run a train on me, you wouldn’t be able to do a thing to stop me.”

“Irena,” a look of disgust washes over his face as though he just pictured me getting railed by the team, “Do you always have to be such a whore?”

“I’m doing this for our family, and I can change my mind at any time. So, unless you plan on fucking a Botticelli, you might want to be a little more careful on how you speak to me.”

His eyes are filled with anger, he doesn’t say another word. He knows I’m right. He needs me right now, and he knows it. While Dmitriy has managed to convince the Botticellis that we will not fight their family for power, I know the truth. He quickly learned after father’s passing that he is not prepared to run this family on his own. He needs them. He needs their help.

MARCO

Carlo has been in the kitchen channeling his *nonna* for the past couple of hours. The entirety of which we've still been bickering about the events of the tea party this afternoon and discussing what this might look like.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me that you didn't once think about fucking her."

"Of course, it crossed my mind," my fingers flex around the glass of wine in my hand, "she is a fucking siren. Every man in that restaurant thought about putting his hands on her."

"That's exactly my point," Carlo speaks without looking up from the gnocchi he's currently rolling on the counter.

"I'm not following your point. Just because I briefly thought about fucking her..." My thought trails off, "I thought about fucking Kevin Creekman and Tom Hardy this morning. Just because I thought about it, doesn't mean I'm going to."

"So," Carlo snickers at me briefly, "Was this a one-on-one situation or a three-way?"

"Fuck you," I jokingly snarl back at him while shaking my head and walking from the kitchen.

"What?" He calls to me as I walk from the room, laughing, "I'm just curious!"

"I don't think you heard me," I yell back to him from the bar as I grab two bottles of Cabernet Sauvignon, "I said 'fuck you'."

Just as I am putting the much needed emphasis on my expletive, the doorbell rings.

Shit!

"You better get that," Carlo shouts from the kitchen, "It might be Tom or Kevin...or maybe both of them!"

Walking to the door, I can hear him nearly giggling at himself from his self-induced amusement.

This. This is the man I decided to fall for...

Opening the door, my breath hitches at the sight of Irena. She is fucking beautiful. Her long blonde hair is lightly curled, resting over her shoulders, and hanging just past her breasts. The white dress she is wearing is modest yet hugs every inch and curve of her. Standing next to her, she seems so tiny and delicate. Even in heels, I am nearly a foot taller than her.

“So, Big Guy,” her eyes dart around me to the apartment behind me, “Are we going to stand in the doorway with your mouth open all night? Or do you plan to actually invite me inside?”

Not fucking delicate.

“Yes,” I uncharacteristically stammer, “Please come in.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

IRENA

Stepping over the threshold, the apartment before me is positively gorgeous. From the doorway, I can see straight into the main living space, which leads directly to floor-to-ceiling windows showcasing the city skyline.

The décor is impeccably well done. Wood floors, leather seating and accents, neutral tones and black trim. It's classy, sophisticated, but still has a tinge of bachelor pad to it.

"Your place is beyond beautiful," I get a better view of the city as I walk further into the apartment.

"Carlo's place," Marco corrects me.

"You don't live here together?"

"No," he tenses just a little as I ask the question, informing me that I have inadvertently touched on a nerve, "I have my own place."

"That he never sleeps at," Giancarlo walks into the room, wiping his hands on a dish towel.

"Carlo," Marco's tone is sharp as though he is agitated.

"What? I'm assuming tonight is an interview of sorts," Giancarlo walks to where we are in the living room and looks at me.

Nodding my head, I agree with his statement.

I want to know exactly what it is that I am walking into.

"Why don't we pour some large glasses of *vino*, eat some gnocchi, and get to know each other a little?"

"I think we could all use a glass of wine," I look at both of them and smirk, "maybe two."

"So, I'm not the only one who thinks this is awkward as fuck?" Marco blurts out.

“What? Having dinner with the stranger I’m promising to marry and his lover?” I snark back at him sarcastically, “I did the same thing last Tuesday.”

Both of the guys crack slight smiles as Marco extends his arm to escort me to the kitchen.

“Oh, the big guy is a gentleman,” I wink at him while sliding my hand into the crook of his arm, my hand wrapping around his bicep.

“Mmmm,” spills from my lips as I step into the kitchen, and I feel Marco’s arm flex a little around my hand, “It smells absolutely delicious in here.”

“Carlo has been in here cooking for hours,” Marco releases my arm and pulls out a chair for me at the small in-kitchen dining area.

“You cook?”

“Is that such a surprise?” Giancarlo questions.

“My father and brother are barely capable of making toast, let alone an entire meal that smells this good.”

“I spent quite a few years and summers with my *nonna*.... Sorry...my grandmother, in Italy when I was growing up. There wasn’t much to do except play soccer and cook,” Giancarlo shrugs, “So I did both.”

“And what about you?” My eyes turn to Marco.

“Me? I can’t cook for shit,” he smirks as he pours three generous glasses of red wine, “Cab okay with you?”

“Yes,” I nod, taking the glass he is extending, “that is perfect.”

As I am taking a large sip from my glass, Giancarlo returns to the table with two plates of food. Setting them down before us, he returns to the counter to grab the third for himself.

GIANCARLO

“A toast,” Irena raises her glass, prompting the two of us to do the same, “To new friends and new beginnings.”

Our glasses clink together over the center of the table and awkward smiles are passed between the three of us before we all take a generous drink from our glasses.

“Please. Eat,” I gesture at the plate before her.

Irena gathers a couple of gnocchi covered in sauce onto her fork and delicately slides it into her mouth, her lips closing around it before slowly pulling it from her mouth. Her eyes close slightly and she lets out a quiet growl before swallowing her mouthful.

“Oh my God, Carlo,” she slowly groans, “this is delicious.”

Her words might have been meant for my food, but they traveled straight to my cock.

After one bottle of wine, we have finished our food and the typical first date conversation. Polishing off the second bottle, conversation between us all has slowly started to become a little more flirtatious. Comfortable, even.

“One more bottle?” Irena smiles as she finishes the last of her glass.

“Come,” Marco stands from the table and reaches his hand down to her, “We can grab a bottle from the bar on our way to the living room.”

Following behind them, Irena releases Marco’s arm when he gets to the bar and takes mine the rest of the walk to the couch. When we reach the couch, she takes the seat in the middle without hesitation. Due to the size of the couch, the two of us will each need to take a seat on opposing sides of her.

Returning to us with the wine, Marco has a smile on his face as the sight of the two of us on the couch. Standing before us,

he refills both of our glasses and then his own, before taking the open seat next to Irena.

As he sits, she crosses her legs, subtly pressing one against my thigh and ever so slightly rubbing against the front of Marco's knee.

It could be deemed an accident, but she knows exactly what it is she is doing.

Taking a long, savoring sip of her wine, Irena bends forward and places her glass on the table. As she sits back, her fingers delicately brush against each of our knees closest to her before dusting up to our mid-thighs.

“Don't get me wrong,” her head slowly turns, giving her the opportunity to make eye contact with both of us, “I'm having a great time, boys, but before I have too much wine, I think we need to talk about this arrangement.”

I fucking love her confidence and brazenness.

Chapter Twenty-Three

MARCO

Irena's hand softly running along my thigh causes my cock to twitch, and I subtly shift my weight to alleviate the pressure it causes against my pants.

If Carlo and I hadn't been so open, discussing this all afternoon, I would probably feel guilty as sin right now.

"I'm going to be really fucking blunt," her hands simultaneously tap our thighs as she stands from the couch and sits back down on the coffee table so that she is facing us.

"I'd prefer you were," Carlo smiles and nods back at her, "That's what we're all here for."

"If we come to an agreement, the two of us," she gestures between her and Carlo, "will be getting married."

Carlo nods in agreement at her and she continues, "But the two of you are together, and that will not be ending?"

My eyes dart to Carlo and back to Irena before I respond, "No, it will not be."

"So, what does this look like?" Irena questions.

"Like we said earlier this afternoon," I am the first to answer her, "This can look like whatever you are comfortable with."

"And what does that mean?"

"Whatever you want," Carlo repeats my words as he leans forward until his forearms are resting just above his knees. "Have you ever been in a relationship with two people before?"

"I've fucked two men at the same time before," she states very matter-of-factly, "but it was merely sex, no strings or connections. What you are asking is not something I have ever thought about."

“Have you?” Her voice rises nearly an octave in curiosity as her eyes dart between the two of us.

“I briefly dated two sisters once,” I shrug, “but it wasn’t really anything serious.”

“And what was that dynamic like?” Her eyes don’t leave mine as she slowly lifts her wine glass and takes a small sip.”

“It wasn’t any weird incestual shit. Well, not too weird anyway. Romantically, it was as if each of them was dating me. When it came to sex, I fucked both of them.”

“Together?” Irena questions.

“Yes. While they didn’t touch each other, they had some voyeur-exhibitionist thing of being there for each other. Like I said, it wasn’t any weird incestual stuff.”

“You say that,” Carlo looks at me with a slightly furrowed brow,” but I have no desire to watch Renzo rail the shit out of Ava.”

As Carlo shudders at the thought of watching his brother have sex, Irena and I both laugh.

IRENA

“And you?” My questioning turns to Carlo.

While I would consider myself sexually progressive, I am happy as hell that this conversation is being partially fueled by our wine consumption.

“A few,” he responds.

“Tell me about them.”

“They were each unique. I’ve been in one with a married couple and I only ever had sex with the wife. Sometimes we would be alone. Sometimes her husband would watch.”

He pauses as I take a sip of my wine, “I’ve been in a relationship similar to Marco’s, where I was a hinge. I dated a man and a woman. While we would do things together and occasionally have sex in each other’s company, both were only involved with me. Not with each other.”

I am about to take another sip when Carlo immediately delves into the third relationship, “I’ve also been in a closed throuple.”

“Excuse my ignorance,” I interrupt, “A closed throuple?”

Apparently, I am not as sexually progressive as I thought.

“That relationship was equal between all three of us. Think of it like a normal couple relationship, just with three people. Everyone was involved with each other in all aspects.”

“Is that what you want?” I am unable to control the slight inflection of my voice, alerting both of them to my hesitation.

“We have no expectations,” Marco leans forward, taking the same position as Carlo. The two of them truly engaged in this conversation and ensuring I remain comfortable.

“Can I make a proposition?” Carlo reaches out and takes my hand. Marco quickly, yet gently, grabs the other as I nod my

head in agreement.

“Move in,” Carlo gently squeezes my tiny hand enveloped inside of his, “spend thirty days with us.”

“You’ll have your own room,” Marco interrupts when he reads the trepidation written all over my face.

“Whatever happens, happens,” Carlo slides forward to the edge of the couch, closing the distance between. “You can spend as much or as little time with us as you please.”

“It will give you the opportunity to learn whether or not you will actually be comfortable with our relationship,” Marco gestures between himself and Carlo.

“And what my role might be?” The inquisitive words roll off my tongue and over my lips.

“Yes,” both the boys respond in unison, the tone of their voices soft and sincere.

“Rules?” I stammer slightly, “I mean, ground rules.”

“Communication,” Carlo quickly responds, “We all need to be open with one another.”

“I meant...sexually.”

“None,” Marco replies looking toward Carlo, “Anything and everything between the three of us is on the table, but there are zero expectations.”

We sit in silence for a moment as I mull over their words and the proposition they have placed before me.

The sexual attraction between the three of us is nearly palpable, but can I truly be involved with two men? I guess there is only one way to find out.

“Okay,” I stand from the table, “Thirty days.”

Chapter Twenty-Four

IRENA

What the fuck did I agree to?

Sleep was extremely limited last night, as more time was spent tossing and turning in my bed than actually getting any rest. My stomach has been a ball of nerves all day, still trying to wrap my head around this proposition.

If it weren't for packing up my things today, I probably would've managed to talk myself out of this.

“Excuse me?” Dmitriy questions with a very displeased tone to his voice, “You’re packing your shit to do what?”

“I am moving into Giancarlo’s place.”

“Marrying him is supposed to be a business arrangement,” Dmitriy shakes his head in obvious disgust with me, “Not some weird fucking three-way.”

“It’s funny. You’ve never really cared who I let between my legs or up my ass before,” my tone is dry and slightly bitter, “Or when I’ve had two or three men between my legs.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, Irena,” my words eliciting a mixture of pure shock and repulsion from him.

Good. Don't be such a judgmental bitch.

“Fine,” I shrug, “I won’t do it. We’ll call the whole thing off, and you can be the reason our family crumbles.”

“You can be a real fucking bitch sometimes.”

“All the time,” I snark back at him, “Don’t fucking sell me short like that.”

Dmitriy storms to his office, likely to sulk, as I roll my last suitcase to the front hall. My driver returns to grab the bag, “That the last one ma’am?”

“Yes,” I turn to take a quick look around the home I have spent my life in, before grabbing the knob and pulling the door shut

behind me.

It doesn't take long before my car is pulling up in front of Carlo's building. My eyes follow the height of the building to the penthouse floor, the place that as of today is going to be my new home. When my eyes return to the sidewalk, I am surprised to find Carlo and Marco walking from the building. Both have smiles on their faces as they walk toward my car.

Carlo reaches the door first, opening it as Marco extends a hand to help me from the car. My small hand slides into his large, rough one and I step from the car.

No turning back now...

We exchange awkward kisses on the cheek before they grab all my bags from the trunk. The boys walk me into the building and to a private elevator that goes straight to the residence.

I finally understand the saying, 'you could cut the tension with a knife.' The confines of this elevator are nearly suffocating.

"I have a key for you in the apartment," Carlo breaks the silence, "It will give you access to this elevator, the one in the garage, and the apartment itself."

By the time he finishes, the elevator doors open to the residence. They both step out. Hesitating for just a moment, I close my eyes and take a deep breath, before stepping behind them.

GIANCARLO

Opening the door, I gesture for Irena to enter first. With Marco and I following immediately behind, with all her things.

“Why don’t I show you around,” I place her bags on the floor and offer my arm to her, “and Marco can take your things to your room.”

“I’m just a bunch of muscles to you,” he jests as he begins to carry her things to her room.

Slowly walking through the penthouse, we revisit the areas she has already seen to ensure she is familiar with the main living area of the apartment. Reaching the floor-to-ceiling windows she enjoyed so much being here last night, I flip the latch and slide the discreet door open, allowing us access to the balcony.

“I didn’t realize how large this was when I was here last night,” she walks along the railing taking in both the outdoor living space and the view, “but no pool?”

The smile that spreads across her face is fucking adorable, making it very apparent she is making a joke about how nothing else is missing from this apartment.

“If you want a pool, *mia regina*,” I jest back, “I will get you one. But it is really going to fuck with the architecture of this building.”

She continues to smile as she walks along the balcony back to me, sliding her hand back over my forearm.

Her hands feel so fucking good sliding over my skin.

“Down this hallway are the bedrooms. This one,” I gesture to the double doors on my left, “is my room, which is also where you will find Marco.”

Continuing a few steps, I gesture to the slightly ajar door on the right, “This one is yours.”

Pushing the door open, we are greeted with Marco laying on the bed – feet crossed and hands behind his head – thankfully still fully clothed.

“Would you mind getting your shoes off my bed?” Irena smirks at him and he promptly kicks them off to the floor.

Releasing my arm, Irena walks around the room taking it all in. I had V pick out some more feminine décor for it with me this morning, in hopes of making it feel more as though this was her space.

“Anything you don’t like or want to change,” I try not to sound anxious, “let us know and we will take care of it.”

“This room is beautiful,” her fingers run over the peach throw pillow on the cream settee sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, “I don’t want to change a thing. Thank you.”

“We’ll leave you to unpack,” Marco climbs off her bed, “Unless you want help.”

“Maybe we wait a day or two before you’re elbow deep in my panties, okay?” Her words causing Marco and I both to let out a brief chuckle.

There’s a mental image I’ll be enjoying for the rest of the evening.

“My club is having a soft opening tonight. If you are up for it, you should come.”

“Yes,” she nods her head, “I would like that.”

“Does nine give you enough time?”

“I’ll make it work.”

Chapter Twenty-Five

IRENA

It took a while to figure out where I wanted to put all my things and to actually get them unpacked. The boys were beyond considerate though, I needed nothing as I unpacked. The closet was ready with more hangers than the amount of clothes I had brought, and the bathroom drawers were set up with storage for all of my toiletries and make-up.

Pretty sure I might need to thank Carlo's sister at some point...

After putting the last suitcase into the back corner of the massive walk-in closet, I grab my phone to skip the current song on my playlist. As the screen lights up, I have a small moment of panic when I realize it's already eight. Pulling my hair into a messy bun, I walk to the bathroom and switch the playlist to my Get Ready Mix. After turning on both my curling iron and the shower, I start stripping out of my clothes as Good As Hell by Lizzo starts blasting from my phone.

Testing the water with my hand, I step into the walk-in shower. Being careful not to get my hair wet, I wash my face and body. This is one of those times I am thankful as hell for electrolysis, because I don't need to waste time shaving my legs. Turning off the water, I step out and grab a towel to dry off. The fact that it's the same beautiful shade of peach as the throw pillows and blankets in the bedroom is not lost on me.

This definitely had to be his sister...

Wrapping the towel around my body, I pull at the elastic holding in my bun causing my blond hair to cascade down my back. Working meticulously while dancing to Pump It by The Black Eyed Peas. I make my way around my head leaving large tight curls. Once done, after flipping off the curling iron, I begin working on my make-up.

The glittery, neutral-colored smokey eye took me a little longer than anticipated. But as I sweep on the perfect wings with my eyeliner, I realize the time spent was definitely worth

it. Rifling through my lipstick, I mull between a natural pink gloss or a matte plum.

Fuck it!

The lip stain immediately transforms my look from stunningly beautiful to devilish.

Why keep it subtle? I'm going on a date with two gorgeous fucking men. I might as well look as sinful as I feel.

Walking into the closet, I flip my fingers through the hangers, stopping on a spaghetti-strapped, silver, sequined mini dress. Dropping my towel, I pull on a black thong before sliding on the dress. After struggling to pull the zipper up the back, I grab a pair of black, strappy stilettos before heading back into the bathroom.

Flipping my head upside down, I quickly comb my fingers through the curls to loosen them. Standing back up, I take one quick look in the mirror before grabbing my shoes and heading out to the living room.

Fuck...I'm going to be in trouble.

My breath hitches as my eyes find Marco standing by the windows drinking a dark-colored liquor. He is dressed in black dress pants that deliciously hug his massive legs. The black button-up tucked into his pants has the top several buttons undone, and the sleeves rolled up, displaying more ink I had previously seen on his neck and hands.

He must hear my stuttered breathing as I take him in, because he turns to face me.

MARCO

Taking a sip of my bourbon while turning to acknowledge Irena was a bad idea. I struggle not to choke on the sip in my mouth when I take her in. While I am successful at hiding that reaction, I don't know if I will be able to say the same for the currently growing cock in my pants.

"You look absolutely fucking gorgeous," my tone is deep and unable to hide my arousal at her appearance.

She blushes slightly while walking to the couch. The tiny, little, sparkling dress she is wearing just barely covers her perfectly-round ass.

"Are you trying to make me get in a fight tonight?" I walk toward her and sit her on the table, taking her shoes from her hand. Placing my hand at her knee, I slide it slowly down her calf before lifting her foot onto my thigh. Sliding one stiletto onto her tiny foot, I draw the strap around her ankle and buckle it.

"Why would you get into a fight?"

"Regardless of where things go with all of us...Whether you are with me, or with Carlo,"

I set her foot down and lift the other onto my thigh to put on her other heel. "Not too tight?"

"No," her voice is soft and nearly a whisper, "It's good."

Standing, I offer my hand to help her from the couch. Even in those heels, I notice that she barely reaches to my shoulders as we walk toward the front door.

"Are we not waiting for Carlo?" She questions as we step into the entryway.

"It's just us for now," I open the door for her, "Carlo had to head to the club early to deal with a small issue."

Her hand wrapped tightly around my bicep, we make our way to the garage, and I lead her to the Bugatti Chiron. Opening the door, I help her into the low seat of the car and shut her door.

Using the car for only a bit of its potential, we quickly make our way to Chelsea. Pulling up to the curb in front of the club, I quickly step from the car to get Irena's door. The valet beats me to it and extends his hand to help her from the car.

"You don't fucking touch her," the words growl from my chest as I step in front of him and reach out my hand for her. Gently lifting her from the car, I turn back to the valet, "You never fucking touch her. No one does. Understood?"

"Yes," his eyes are wide as he nods his head quickly ensuring I see his understanding, "Yes, Sir."

"Good," I place the keys into his hand and lead Irena to the entrance.

"That was very unnecessary," her eyes look up to me as we reach the bouncer, "I am fully capable of taking care of myself. Besides, he was just helping me from the car."

"I know you are a ferocious little lioness, and I do not doubt that you can handle yourself," my hand slides to the small of her back to lead her through the club, "but he doesn't deserve the honor of having his skin touch yours."

"But you do?" She raises a brow at me.

Fucking feisty as hell.

"Yes, *Leoncina*," I lean down to her ear to ensure she can hear me over the volume of the music, "Because I would fucking worship you like the queen that you are."

Chapter Twenty-Six

GIANCARLO

From the bar at the back of the club, I notice Marco and Irena entering. It's nearly impossible not to notice the two of them, and they are drawing the attention of the patrons as they make their way through the club.

How could they not? They are both undeniably gorgeous.

Marco is dressed all in black, with the most perfect amount of ink showing on his arms, chest, and neck. Irena looks absolutely fucking delectable, the sparkling dress she is wearing just barely covers her perfect, petite body. I can barely pull my eyes from her.

They look as though they are getting quite comfortable with one another, and I had intended to give them a little more time alone before joining up with them. However, Marco notices me behind the bar and begins walking in my direction.

When they reach me, I stand from my stool to greet them. Stepping to Marco, I place a wet, but gentle, kiss on his lips to greet him before leaning down to Irena. Placing my hand on her hip, I leave a soft kiss just to the left of her mouth, before they dust along her cheek until reaching her ear.

“Do you have any idea how beautiful you are?” I feel her smile against my cheek, “You are fucking stunning.”

“And that dress,” my hand slides down her thigh, “I can't decide if I want to keep it on you or tear it off.”

Presumptuous? Yes.

I didn't exactly gain the playboy rep for being afraid to tell women...and men...exactly what I wanted from them.

Flagging over the bartender, I yell my order over the bar, “Two double bourbons,” before looking down to Irena.

“Double vodka soda with extra lime,” she shouts to the bartender and turns to us with a shrug, “What? I'm Russian.”

Marco places his hands around Irena's waist and lifts her onto the barstool I had previously left unoccupied. The unexpected movement results in her letting out a tiny, and adorable, squeak.

Her back to the bar, both of us promptly take a place on each side of her. It's as though instinctively we both have the need to protect her, while simultaneously ensuring that everyone knows who it is she belongs to.

Gently pulling her wavy, blond hair over her shoulder, my fingers trail along her back to her neck. As they gently grip the base of her neck, her eyes meet mine for a fleeting moment. Watching her chest rise with a heavy breath, my eyes follow hers to find Marco's hand slowly dragging up to her thigh to the high hem of her dress.

The comfort that we have with one another does not feel as though we just met her days ago.

Reaching for his hand, she locks eyes with Marco as she slowly drags it back to her mid-thigh. "Maybe we have a few more drinks and a dance or two before you think we are at a place where you can check to see if I have panties on under this dress."

"Does that mean there is a possibility you aren't wearing any?" Marco's voice has a playful excitement.

"Would you like to know," she jokingly snaps back at him.

Just as I am about to lift her off the stool and drag her to the dance floor, a commotion just outside of one of the lounge areas catches my attention. While I have hired plenty of security to deal with things like this, Marco and I are going to get to them fastest, hopefully ending the fight before it starts.

IRENA

“Wait here,” are the last words I hear from the boys before they start bulldozing their way through the crowd. Looking in the direction they are headed, I realize quite quickly that they are getting to the two drunk frat boys about to go to blows.

“Can I buy you a drink?” Some guy, with a few too many gym muscles, slides up to the bar way too close to me.

For fuck’s sake. My skin is still warm where the boys had their hands on me.

“Thank you,” I lift my new vodka soda from the bar, “I’m good.”

“Another for the lady,” he drops a twenty on the bar as his hand slides down my back, immediately causing me to tense.

“I said I’m good,” I push his arm away from me.

“Listen sweetheart,” his voice is no longer carrying the fake good guy tone, “Girls that look like you only dress like that when they’re looking to get fucked.”

“I said I’m good,” his hand returns to my lower back as the other grips my thigh. Trying to keep his hand from sliding under my dress, I try to get the attention of the busy bartender. When I am unsuccessful, I try to look over his shoulder to where the boys went, but they are nowhere to be seen.

“Don’t worry baby,” he pushes harder against my hand, his fingers inching toward my panties, “No one is watching.”

“I’m fucking watching,” I hear Marco growl as the man’s hands quickly leave my skin.

My body quickly spun on the bar stool, Carlo’s hands are gently cupping my face as he draws my eyes up to his. “Are you okay, *mia regina*?”

Still a little shaken, I skittishly nod my head at him.

“Did you fucking touch her?” Marco’s tone is pure hatred and anger. When no answer comes from the man, I turn to find Marco slamming his face against the bar. He hits with such a thud that it draws the attention of everyone around us.

“Not here,” Carlo’s voice commands attention in a way I have not yet heard from him, “Outside.”

Holding the man by the back of his shirt, Marco all but drags him to the emergency exit just left of the bar.

“Let me take you to the car,” Carlo helps me from the seat, “and I’ll take you home.”

“No,” I grip his hand and pull toward the door, “I want to see.”

“You don’t want to see,” Carlo shakes his head at me.

“He is punishing that man for putting his hands on me. He’s doing it for me,” I pull harder, “Whatever he does should be on my conscience too.”

He might as well learn now, there is no arguing with my convictions.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

MARCO

Not smashing this drunk asshole's face in at the bar took all of the willpower I had. Now that we are in the alleyway, I cannot get enough of the sound my fist makes as it crashes against him.

"Did...you...fucking...touch...her?" I feel one of his ribs crack as my fist makes contact with it, resulting in a loud pained groan.

"She's just some club slut," he grumbles back, barely able to lift his head to make eye contact with me, "Why do you fucking care?"

"Because she isn't some club slut," my fist comes down hard on his cheekbone, "She's with fucking me."

"And me," I am surprised to find Carlo stepping into the alley with Irena on his arm.

Landing my next punch in the man's gut, his knees buckle, and he crumbles to the ground. The only thing keeping him upright is my grip on the collar of his shirt.

"People don't fuck with what is ours," my voice is raspy, and my breaths are heavy, as I fight the urge to end this sorry excuse for a man.

"Come," my hand with bloodied knuckles reaches for her, "Let's see if this piece of shit is ready to apologize to you."

Without hesitation, her hand slides into mine. With a regality about her, her head held high, she closes the distance between us until she is pressed against my side.

"Please," a groveled moan echoes through the alley.

"That's not a fucking apology," she savagely spits the words back at him.

Holding the battered man in one hand, the other grips her jaw, lifting her eyes up to meet mine. "My *leoncina*," my eyes meet

hers with pride, “so fucking brave and powerful.”

Pulling her onto her toes, I dip my head until our mouths crash together. Her lips part without hesitation, allowing my tongue the access I so desperately want. Delving into her mouth, I aggressively explore it with my tongue before pulling back from her. She is breathless and her eyes hooded with lust.

“Tell me what you want me to do with him.”

“How many?” She looks down to him as she asks her question. “How many women have you put your hands on when they very clearly told you ‘no’?”

“The lady asked you a fucking question,” my hand grips his face, in a more aggressive manner than I had on Irena, and I yank his face upward so that he must look at her.

“How many?” She repeats her question.

“I...I...” He whimpers like the pathetic man he is, “I don’t know.”

“So there have been others?”

“Yes...” He cries.

“End him,” her words are icy as she steps back from me.

My leoncina is a beautiful fucking savage.

Dragging his nearly limp body to edge of the street, I stand over top of him and place his face against the curb, “Open your fucking mouth.”

“I’m sorry. Please,” he opens his mouth to beg for his forgiveness, and I use it as my opportunity to slide his teeth over the edge of the concrete curb.

His body too exhausted from the beating he has already taken, he lays limp with his teeth wrapped around the curb waiting for the inevitable. Lifting my right foot, I bring it down hard on the back of his head, splitting his face around the concrete in his mouth.

Not a sound comes from behind me, and I am surprised to find both Carlo and Irena watching me as their chests heave.

“Take her home,” I nod to Carlo, “I’ll make sure this gets cleaned up.”

IRENA

Having been involved in this lifestyle my entire life, things don't affect me quite the way they should. I felt nothing watching that man's head crack like a watermelon.

Except maybe whatever the opposite of remorse is.

He had no problem putting his hands all over me as I constantly told him 'No'. I wasn't the first, and I know I wasn't going to be the last. Only the next girl might not have had two ruthless killers step in to rescue her.

I couldn't have that on my conscience.

"Are you okay?" Carlo reaches across the console of the Tahoe for my hand, which I do not hesitate to let him take.

"Yeah," my voice is quiet, "I'm okay."

"Are you sure?" He gently squeezes my hand, "That was pretty fucking brutal."

"I actually feel," I pause to search for the word, "...relieved? Men like that don't deserve to walk this world."

Carlo lifts my hand to his mouth and places a gentle kiss on the back of my hand. "We both meant it, you know?"

"Meant what?" I question as he pulls the car into the garage, but he doesn't respond. He simply parks the car, exits and walks to my side to open my door. Taking my hand, he walks me to the waiting elevator.

Stepping inside, he swipes his keycard and takes my other hand into his and pulls me against his body, "People don't fuck with our things. When people learn that you are with us, they will respect you. They will fucking fear you. Men like that would take their own lives before they even thought about laying a finger on you."

His words cause goosebumps to trail down my neck, the tingling sensation traveling straight to my pussy. My eyes

locked with his, my heart begins racing as I wait for him to kiss me. Just as he begins to lower his face to mine, the elevator dings and the door opens.

Releasing one of my hands, he leads me into the apartment and bends down at my feet. His fingers work quickly to undo the straps of my stilettos. Partially standing, he firmly wraps one arm around my waist. His hand slides down the back of my calf and he helps me remove my feet from each heel.

His eyes lock on mine and his hand slowly slides up my leg as he stands, not stopping when he reaches the bottom of my dress. My heart is racing and my chest heaving as his hands slide dress over my hips until it is around my waist.

“That was a yes to panties,” he raises an eyebrow at me as his fingers slide over the silky material as he slowly walks me backward until I am gently pressed against the wall.

Bending down just far enough for his lips to dust against mine, he whispers against them, “I’d like to show you what else comes with being with us.”

Pushing onto my toes, I slowly press our lips together. He gently kisses me back, his tongue running along the seam between my lips. I feel his fingers slide my panties to the side as his tongue dips into my mouth. He slowly presses a finger inside of me and I moan into his mouth.

He continues to work the finger in and out of me, curling it at just the right angle, as he continues to gingerly explore my mouth. Adding another finger, his palm begins to rub over my clit with every thrust.

I can feel my release building at my core as I struggle to maintain my balance on my toes. My hips rock against his hand and he pulls back from our kiss. Pressing his forehead against mine, his lips hover so close to mine that I can almost still feel them.

“Come for me, *mia regina*,” his whispered words tickle my lips as his fingers curl harder against my walls, causing me to come undone.

Clawing at his back, my release comes, escaping me as airy whimpers against his lips as I ride his hand. Pulling his fingers from inside of me, he puts my panties back in place before pulling my dress back over my hips.

Opening his mouth, he places his wet fingers on his tongue. I watch as he savors my taste before cleaning them.

“Mmmm,” he groans as he pulls them from his mouth, “With a cunt that tastes this good, the next time you come it’s going to be on my tongue.”

Bending down he retrieves my heels from the floor and hands them to me with a smirk, “See you in the morning.”

I’m really fucking doing this...

Chapter Twenty-Eight

MARCO

It took longer than expected to clean up the mess from that asshole at the club last night. By the time I made it home, both Carlo and Irena had gone to bed. Not wanting to disturb either of them, I took a quick shower in the spare bedroom to clean the blood and death from me.

Because I was still wound up as hell, I went to the living room to watch a little ESPN. Someone's poor attempts to be quiet in the kitchen stir me from my sleep, informing me I might have been a little more tired than I had thought. The sun is shining through the windows means I was out for quite some time.

Stretching as I sit up on the couch, I glance toward the kitchen to see what all the noise is. Irena is slowly opening and closing each of the cabinets, obviously trying to find something. After making my way quietly to the archway leading into the kitchen, I quietly lean against it while continuing to watch her.

Her hair is pulled into a tousled bun on top of her head. She is wearing a long Nirvana t-shirt that barely covers her ass. Her legs bare, excluding the adorable knee-high 70's style athletic socks.

It appears she was looking for coffee beans, and she has found them. Only, because of her short stature, she can't quite seem to reach the shelf that they are on. With one hand on the counter for balance, she is standing on her toes stretching to reach them. As she stretches, the shirt is no longer long enough to fully cover her, exposing part of her pert ass cheek to me.

I continue to watch her struggle for a moment, my eyes fixate on her ass as my cock slowly grows in my sweatpants. Stalking across the kitchen, I sneak up behind her. She lets out a startled gasp as I reach for the coffee beans above her and my body presses against hers. Pulling the coffee from the

shelf, I set it in front of her on the counter before placing my hands on the counter and boxing her in.

My lips slowly make their way up her neck to the back of her ear as my hand travels up her thigh firmly cupping her ass. Dusting my lips against her ear, I whisper, “Good morning, *leoncina*.”

Her body tenses with excitement as I spin her around and lift her onto the counter. Using my hands to spread her knees apart, her eyes look down as I step between her thighs. Watching them widen when she sees the size of the cock that was previously grinding against her ass, causes a cheeky smile to spread on my face. Her eyes dart between my smile and my cock.

“Am I interrupting?” Carlo walks into the kitchen with a travel tray full of coffees and a bag likely full of bagels or pastries.

“Oh my God, coffee!” Irena exclaims, giving me a gentle nudge to back up.

“Maybe we can resume this later,” her hand taps my chest, and she winks at me as she says the words, “Big Guy.”

“Fucking cock blocked by Starbucks,” I half mumble under my breath and they both laugh.

“What makes you think anything was happening with your cock?” She takes a coffee from Carlo and lifts her shirt just high enough that I can see the lace covering her cunt, “Maybe I was merely planning to serve you breakfast.”

A disappointed sigh passes over my lips.

“Too bad I bought breakfast because what you were making sounds delicious,” Carlo smirks, “...and I did say the next time you would be coming on my tongue.”

“The next time?” I question. “What the fuck did I miss last night?”

“You’re the one who wanted to go play with dead bodies instead of bringing me home,” Irena chuckles as Carlo stands

behind her wiggling his fingers like a fucking kid in junior high bragging about his sexual accomplishments.

IRENA

As weird and uncomfortable as I had envisioned this situation would be, it is anything but.

Heading to the table, Marco drags me onto his lap as he sits, “If he got to put his fingers in your cunt, I at least want to enjoy the warmth of it on my thigh while I eat my bagel.”

Leaning backward and placing my head on his shoulder, I tilt my head up toward his and place a kiss on his jaw, “Is my big guy jealous?”

His hand firmly grabs my jaw, and with the same aggressiveness of last night he takes my mouth. By the time he pulls back, I am breathless.

“I don’t need to be jealous,” his hand lifts my shirt just far enough to expose the damp spot on his pants, “I know exactly how badly you want me to touch your cunt.”

Grabbing my knee, he pulls my leg over his until I am straddling his thigh. His hand roughly drags up my inner thigh stopping high enough that he must feel my throbbing clit.

Instead of going for my panties, he grabs the bottom of my shirt. Pulling it over my head, he exposes my breasts to both of them. I feel two sets of eyes on me, as my chest heaves with heavy breaths of excitement.

Tearing through the thin lace of my panties, they are stripped from my body and the rough pads of his fingers are immediately on my clit. His other hand roughly palms my breast, and he works over and around my clit as though he knows exactly how I like to be touched.

“That’s it,” he growls into my ear as my hips begin quivering against his thigh, “Let us hear you come.”

His fingers roll my clit, and I scream as the orgasm rattles through my body. I’ve barely begun the descent from my

release, when Marco firmly pinches my nipples and plunges two of his large fingers inside of me.

“Fuck!” I cry out in both pleasure and pain as he stretches me so quickly.

He isn't soft and gentle like Carlo. Instead, he is brutal, his fingers demanding that I come again.

“She’s so fucking tight,” he groans the words in my ear, but they are for Carlo, “She’s going to milk our massive fucking cocks.”

“Open your eyes, *leoncina*,” his teeth nip at my neck while his fingers draw another orgasm from me. His fingers work harder and faster. Not allowing me to come down from my climax, instead forcing me to chase another more powerful one. “Eyes on Carlo. I want you to see what watching you come does to him.”

Doing as Marco demands, I open my eyes to look at Carlo. His breathing is heavy, and he looks as though he’s going to crawl across this table and pounce on the two of us.

“*Mia regina*,” he groans as he rubs his hand against his cock under the table, “You’re so fucking beautiful when you come undone.”

“Did you hear that?” Marco’s voice a deep whisper in my ear, “He said he wants to see you come again. Do it. Do as he asks and come all over my hand.”

Marco doesn’t leave me a choice. The fingers inside of me continuously rub over my g-spot while his thumb begins firmly circling my clit.

My hands claw at his as my body violently explodes on his lap, primal screams leaving my body as a string of orgasms rattle my body.

Marco finally slows his assault, and I think I’m going to have a minute to come down.

Carlo stands, his palm rubbing over the erection fighting for room in his pants, and he walks toward us. Bending down, his

fingers slide under my chin to tilt my face to his. He places a soft, lingering kiss on my lips.

“Can you handle more?” His eyes are locked on mine, waiting for a response.

A breathy, “yes,” is the only word I can muster.

“Good,” he unzips his pants, partially freeing his massive erection, “because I want to watch you take Marco’s big, beautiful cock.”

Chapter Twenty-Nine

GIANCARLO

From the looks on both of their faces, the words coming out my mouth were not what either of them were expecting.

Grabbing a chair, I sit down so that I am facing the two of them. Marco lifts himself just enough off the chair to pull his sweatpants to his thighs, his cock springing free and brushes against Irena's hip.

"Your tight little cunt is soaking wet," I watch Irena's eyes travel to Marco stroking himself, "Do you think it can handle my big fucking cock?"

Leaning forward, I rub the pad of my thumb over her lower lip before pressing it into her mouth. She eagerly rubs her tongue over it and sucks it gently, "Let me watch how hard he can make you come with his cock."

"If you want it," he lifts her from his thigh, standing her between his legs, facing away from him. Pushing his sweatpants over his knees, he continues to growl, "you're going to have to fucking take it."

Grabbing his cock at the base, he holds it upright for her. Stepping backward and reaching between her thighs, she wraps her small hand over his and aligns the fat head of his tip with her entrance.

Her mouth sucks harder on my thumb as she slowly lowers her body, struggling to take him in. Pulling my thumb from her mouth I gently rub it over her clit, "Just relax."

My thumb softly working her clit, I pepper her jaw with wet kisses while Marco sucks and nips at her neck, "You can take him."

She lets out a heavy breath and I hear a groan rise from Marco's chest. Without looking, I know his tip has pressed inside of her.

“You’re doing so fucking good,” I step back from her. Admiring her heaving tits and Marco pressing into her cunt, I begin unbuttoning my shirt.

“Fuuuuuck,” Marco groans, a mixture of agony and ecstasy, obviously struggling not to drag her over his cock.

Tossing my shirt to the ground, I drop to my knees on the floor and pull Marco’s sweatpants from his legs. Slowly sliding my hands up her thighs, I gently pull her open for him.

“Nice and slow,” my eyes lock on hers, my thumb rubbing over her clit as I hold her open for Marco, “we’ll help you.”

She nods when his hands wrap around her hips, and he begins slowly pulling her toward him. Once he has buried every inch of himself inside of her, he stills, giving her the opportunity to adjust to the fullness of his size.

“Hands on mine,” Marco whispers against her ear, “Tap me if it’s too much.”

She grips her hands over his. I watch his grip tighten, as he begins slowly dragging her over his cock. A few inches at a time, until he’s moved her over the length of him with ease. His cock glistens with her arousal as I watch it slowly slide in and out of her.

“Oh, *leoncina*,” he groans against her neck, “She feels so fucking good wrapped around my cock.”

Nothing comes from Irena but whimpers, shallow cries, and heavy breaths. Her body currently being pushed to the brink.

An edge I intend to take her well past.

“Are you ready for more?” I wrap my hands under her thighs just above her knees.

“More?” The airy question trembles from her lips.

IRENA

I don't know if I can take more...

Carlo lifts my legs up and spreads them over Marco's thighs as his firm hands hold my hips steady. When he lowers my legs, I am fully seated on Marco's lap. From this position, Marco will have full control of my movements. As Carlo's eyes gaze over my center and he lowers his pants enough to free his cock, I realize that it is going to give him better access to me as well.

"Don't worry, *mia regina*," Carlo's hands slide up my thighs and I watch as he settles himself between our legs, "I simply intend to make do on my promise from last night."

Marco's firm grip rolls my hips over his cock. My lips tremble as I stare down at Carlo, struggling through the pleasure to keep my eyes on him.

My body is beyond overwhelmed right now, and I can't remember what he had promised me last night.

"I told you the next time you came it would be on my tongue," he runs the tip of it slowly up the length of my pussy, leaving with a firm flick on my clit.

"Since you were a greedy little slut," Marco's teeth run along my neck, "now you're going to come on his tongue with my cock buried in your cunt."

Fuck...

My whole body trembles from his words and the mere thought of Carlo eating my pussy while Marco fucks me.

"Based on how hard her needy little cunt is squeezing my cock right now," Marco groans against my neck, "you might need to make her come several times in order to ensure she's satisfied."

Without wasting a moment, Carlo buries his face in my pussy as Marco drags me over his length. It takes a minute, but they

find their rhythm. When they do, I can barely breathe.

Pulling my hand from Marco's, it slides through Carlo's hair. The groan he releases as I fist it throws me over the edge and I scream out Carlo's name.

"He isn't the only one who made you come," Marco increases his tempo, almost as a punishment for screaming out Carlo's name. Carlo doesn't hesitate to increase his tempo and pressure on my clit.

"Fuck!" I scream, my thighs shaking as another orgasm comes hard and fast.

"*Leoncina*," Marco growls into my ear, "That's not my name."

Neither of them slow their brutal assault of pleasure on my body. Held open by Carlo's hands and Marco's thighs, my thighs are shaking violently.

It feels as though my body physically cannot handle any more.

Just as I am about to tap out, another orgasm tears through my body.

"Scream my name," Marco's fingers dig into my hips as his thrusts become more ruthless, "Carlo is going to suck your clit black and blue, if you don't scream my name."

"Fuck...I can't...fuck," the words tremble over my lips as Carlo sucks my clit into his mouth. He doesn't let up this time. He continues to suck while rolling it against his tongue.

My whole body is shaking uncontrollably. The overwhelming pleasure these two are providing me is blissfully painful.

I need to tap out, but I want to see how far they can take me.

"I don't think you can take much more," Marco thrusts hard and deep as he commands, "Come for **me**."

"Come all over my fucking cock," he growls while quickly burying the full length of himself inside of me again.

"Marco..." I scream, coming with an intensity that I didn't know was possible. My body twitching, mini orgasms

continue to wreck me even as Marco stills and Carlo releases
my clit.

Chapter Thirty

MARCO

Releasing my bruising grip on her hips, I stay nearly motionless as I hold Irena. Her body trembles violently against me as my hard cock warms inside of her, waiting patiently for her to be able to take more of me.

Leaning back from Irena's cunt, Carlo's face is covered in her arousal. As he stands, I wrap my fingers around his throat and pull him toward me. My tongue swipes across his lips before pressing into his mouth. The moan from my chest fills his mouth as I savor the taste of her in his mouth.

"You taste so fucking sweet," I drag the tip of my tongue along the edge of her ear, "I'd devour your fucking cunt right now if I thought you could take it."

Her whole body shutters again, and I whisper a promise into her ear, "Next time."

"You did so fucking good," Carlo's hands cup her face, and he leans in to place a gentle kiss on her lips. "Can you handle a little more? Or do you want us to finish without you?"

"What?" Our words not fully connecting in her current exhausted mental state.

"If you've had too much," I speak slow and soft against her neck while watching Carlo slowly stroke his still hard cock, "We can finish with each other."

A drop of precum falls from Carlo's tip, and I watch as Irena slowly licks her lips.

"Maybe she hasn't had enough yet," Carlo smirks at her reaction.

"Does our greedy little slut want to have her mouth and cunt filled with cock?" My cock twitches inside of her and she clenches around me.

“Please,” she groans, leaning forward to a position that will allow her to be able to take his cock while still on my lap.

“Claim me,” her words begging and needy as though she is asking for air, “Make me yours, and mark me with your cum.”

Gently gripping the hair at the back of her head, Carlo guides her mouth down to his waiting cock. She licks the tip, moaning at the lingering taste of his precum. I watch as she wraps her lips around his tip, and slowly swallows his length until her lips reach the flesh of his pelvis.

“Damn,” Carlo groans as she slowly slides back up his length, catching her breath while stroking him with her hand.

Sliding my hands under her thighs, I lift her legs and place them between mine. Wrapping my arm around her waist, I hold her tight, keeping my cock buried in her as I stand us both up. Bending my knees to keep my cock in her cunt, I lower her feet to the ground.

“If it’s too much, let us know,” I squeeze gently with the arm I have wrapped around her waist, “Just tap me and we’ll stop.”

“Let us know you understand,” Carlo tips her face up to his.

“If it’s too much,” her breaths are already becoming rapid, “I tap out.”

“Good girl,” my arm tightens around her waist.

IRENA

“You can do this, *mia regina*,” Carlo encourages me as Marco begins sliding in and out of me. With one hand on his cock and the other in my hair, Carlo guides my mouth over his cock.

Carlo gently slides my mouth up and down his length, while in contrast Marco thrusts deep and hard into me. His thrusts become so deep and savage that they continuously jolt me forward, forcing me to continuously take Carlo to the base.

“You’re fucking beautiful,” Marco growls from behind me, “bent over and filled with our cocks. Soon to be filled with our cum.”

My legs shake harder with every thrust of Marco’s cock, the release continuing to build but not crest. His arm wrapped tightly around my waist, the only thing keeping me standing right now.

“Fuck *leoncina*,” I feel Marco harden inside of me as he approaches his release. His cock throbs as he empties inside of me. It is too much. Unable to scream as I come, I groan hard around Carlo’s cock in my mouth.

Just as I am coming down, I am pulled from Carlo’s cock as the boys stand me between them. Reaching down to grab my thighs, my legs are pulled around Carlo’s waist with Marco still buried in me.

My arms wrap around Carlo’s neck for more support, my whole body too weak to support itself. Marco grips the back of Carlo’s head and pulls him over my left shoulder. I watch with hooded eyes as he claims Carlo’s mouth with the same ferocity he claims mine.

Releasing Carlo, Marco gently grabs my hands and untangles them from Carlo’s neck and pulls them above me. He wraps my arms around his own neck, leaving my upper body leaning against his while my legs are still wrapped around Carlo.

Carlo lifts my hips, and I groan as I feel Marco being pulled from me. Pulling my hips closer to him, Carlo's eyes are locked on mine as he lowers me slowly onto his cock.

"One more," Carlo rolls his hips, "We just need one more from you."

Marco's lips are kissing and sucking up and down my neck as Carlo softly and steadily presses the entirety of his length into me.

"Your cock looks so good," Marco growls against my neck to Carlo, "coated in her cream and my cum."

His hands slide around me, cupping my breasts and playing gently with my nipples as he watches Carlo slowly fuck me.

My legs start to flex around Carlo as another orgasm begins to build. Rocking my hips to meet his, I force him to take me a little harder. Carlo's face is strained, as he struggles not to come.

"Please...Please, Carlo," I fight through labored breaths as my orgasm builds, moments before I scream out in pained release.

"Fuck," Carlo groans as my pussy involuntary squeezes around him, causing him to spill his cum with Marco's inside of me.

"You are ours," Marco's tone is deep and gravelly against my ear as he steps forward, sandwiching me tightly between the two of them.

Every ounce of me feels satisfied, but it is nothing in comparison to how wanted these men make me feel.

Chapter Thirty-One

IRENA

Grabbing my arms from around his neck, Marco gently wraps them around Carlo's. My body is exhausted as it slumps against Carlo, my head resting on his shoulder.

Struggling to stay awake, I feel Marco's lips press firmly against the side of my neck. Lifting them so subtly before speaking, his words vibrate against my skin, "I'm so fucking proud of you."

The fucking accomplishment I feel from his words...

My back suddenly feels cool when Marco is no longer pressed against me, but I am too tired to lift my head to see where he is going.

Carlo holds me against him with one hand under my thigh, the other continues to softly stroke the hair from my face while gentle kisses pepper my forehead. "*Mia regina*," he whispers against my forehead, "you did such a good job."

Again...

The pride these men make me feel about taking dick...

Carlo begins walking, carrying me across the apartment. Thinking he is carrying me to my bedroom, I am surprised when he turns into his instead. Walking past the bed, he brings me into the bathroom where I am surprised to find Marco waiting.

"Let's get you cleaned up, *leoncina*," Marco's voice is unusually soft and comforting as he steps into the massive shower, "You too, *diavolino*."

Water sprays from the overhead rain shower as well as the smaller jets on the walls. It sprays warm water over all of us, as Carlo carries me into the shower.

"We've got you," I feel Marco's hands on my body, as Carlo lifts my legs from his waist. Together, they lower my spent

body until my feet touch the tile floor.

Taking turns to support my unsteady body, they each spread lathered soap over my skin. Their soapy hands slowly and meticulously roam every inch of me, each of them leaving soft kisses on my clean skin.

Wrapped in Carlo's arms, I watch Marco lather more soap between his palms. Only this time, his hands travel over Carlo, cleaning him with the same nurturing touch both the boys had just shown me.

"Take her to the bed," Marco instructs Carlo, and he promptly complies. Walking me from the shower, he wraps a towel around me and then himself. Carefully rubbing the towel over my skin, he dries the water from my skin. Steadying me against the counter, he very quickly dries himself.

Lifting me into his arms, he carries me from the bathroom. My body melts into his, and I am nearly asleep by the time he pulls the covers back. Placing me on the bed, he slides in with me, pulling the blankets over us both. His arms wrap around me as my head hits the pillow. The last thing I remember as my eyes close is being drawn into the warmth of his body.

MARCO

Stepping into the bedroom, Carlo turns his head to me and raises a finger to his lips before mouthing the words, “She’s sleeping.”

Sliding into the bed behind him, I inch closer until my front is pressed to his back, draping my arm over the two of them. Pressing my lips to the back of Carlo’s neck, I lay my head on my pillow.

“I think we wore her out,” Carlo whispers with a slight chuckle, “She barely made it to the bed before she fell asleep.”

“I’m surprised she made it through the fucking shower,” Marco whispers back to me, “That might have been a bit much for our first time.”

“If it was too much, I would’ve fucking tapped out,” Irena groans from her pillow while rolling to face us both. Her arm stretches over Carlo until her hand is resting on my side, sandwiching him between the two of us. “Now, can we all shut up so I can get a little rest? Coming that much is fucking exhausting.”

Pressing my lips to Carlo’s ear, I whisper quietly, “I love you, *diavolino*. And *leoncina*, she’s fucking perfect for us.”

The three of us curled up together, things feel oddly complete. Holding them in my arms, I listen as Carlo’s breathing slows until he too falls asleep.

The sun starting to rise wakes me from my sleep. Fluttering my eyelids, I smile to myself at the sight before me. Carlo is on the other side of the bed and Irena is curled up between the two of us, both of them still appear to be sound asleep. She hasn’t slept in her own room since the morning we shared her over breakfast.

It’s been nearly four weeks since Irena moved in with us, and things between the three of us have fallen into place with ease.

There is no tension. No awkwardness. No jealousy. She fits into our lives as though she has been here the whole time.

If someone had told me a year ago, the man I love would enjoy watching me devour the pussy of a woman I'm quickly falling for or that I would enjoy watching him fuck her as much as I liked fucking the two of them, I would've fucking laughed in their face.

Yet, here we are.

Rolling toward Irena, I wrap my arm around her waist and pull her against me as my lips press against the side of her neck. Still groggy, she tilts her head giving me better access to her neck and I promptly take advantage. As I suck gently over the pulse beating beneath her skin, her hips flex, pressing her ass firmly against my hardening cock.

“Good morning, *leoncina*,” I whisper against her ear when she startles slightly at the feeling of my cock. Pulling her firmly back against me, I slide my hand between her thighs and rub my fingers around her entrance.

“You’re already wet,” I dip my fingertip inside of her, “Were you having sweet dreams?”

“Yes,” she whimpers quietly as my finger slides the rest of the way inside of her.

“Shhhhhh,” my lips vibrate over her ear, “We don’t want to wake Carlo. Can you be quiet for me?”

She nods her head, and I begin to work my finger inside of her. Working to a steady pace until her breathing starts to become faster and more erratic. From her shallow panting breaths and her teeth chewing at her lower lip.

“You’re doing so good,” I plunge another finger inside of her, wanting her screams of pleasure to wake Carlo from his sleep. Her panting breaths quickly turn into airy moans. When I add my thumb, she’s unable to hold back.

A short scream leaves her mouth, and Carlo’s eyes open as an excited groan rattles from his lungs. “Good morning,” he

slides his hand over my hip and places a soft kiss on Irena's lips, "Does he feel good?"

"Yes," a breathy scream leaves her mouth.

"Let me hear how hard he can make you come," my fingers work faster as I watch Carlo suck her nipple into his mouth. Her back arches as I work her, watching his mouth toy with her nipple, and she screams out as she comes.

Chapter Thirty-Two

IRENA

“Fuck, *mia regina*,” Carlo groans as he grabs my hand and drags it to his cock, “Do you feel how fucking hard I get when I watch him make you come?”

Wrapping my fingers around his shaft, I slowly slide my hand up and down his length.

“I want to know what it’s like,” my free hand rubs along Marco’s thigh while I continue to fist Carlo.

“Know what what’s like?” Carlo groans as I tighten my grip around his base.

“What it’s like to watch Marco make you come.”

Shit!

Did I actually just say that?

I’ve been thinking about it since we met, but I can’t believe I just asked to watch them.

Marco’s lips dust over my neck before he whispers in my ear, “You want to watch me fuck him?”

“Please,” I nearly beg, “Both of you get off watching me. I want to know what it’s like to watch.”

“Such a dirty fucking girl,” Marco groans in my ear, before he slides from the bed. After grabbing lube from the nightstand, he takes my hand gently pulling me from the bed. Holding my hand, he walks me to one of the chairs in front of the window, where I take a seat.

“Are you going to come give her what she wants?” Marco turns to Carlo, who promptly climbs from the bed. I watch him stroke his cock with each step he takes toward us.

Marco’s hand grips Carlo’s throat, pulling him close and roughly takes his mouth. I cannot take my eyes off them as

their hands wander each other's bodies. When they moan against each other my pussy throbs with pleasure.

No wonder they both enjoy this so much.

“Hands on the chair,” Marco demands, “And bend over.”

Carlo does as he is told, and I watch as Marco squeezes a generous amount of lube along the length of his cock, promptly spreading it from tip to base. Gripping his shaft, his eyes fix on mine, as I watch Marco slowly press himself inside of Carlo. A rattled groan draws my eyes to Carlo, and his face is pure ecstasy.

Fuck. This is a thousand times more intense than watching a porn.

My chest is heaving, and my eyes cannot decide what to watch. Directly in front of me is Carlo's face, and watching his pleasure is intoxicating. Looking lower, following down his chest, Carlo is fisting himself. But if I look higher, down his back, Marco's hips are thrusting his cock in and out of Carlo's ass.

All of it is fucking amazing to watch.

“Oh *leoncina*,” Marco's hands flex around Carlo's hips as he looks at me, “Look at you, fucking dripping with excitement watching your men fuck.”

My men...

He isn't wrong. My pussy is so wet that I am ruining the upholstery of this chair. My eyes continuing to roam over my men, my fingers slide through my slick pussy and circle around my clit.

GIANCARLO

“You got to watch,” Marco’s voice is gravelly as he continues to work my ass, “Do you like cock in your ass?”

“Yes,” Irena moans as her fingers audibly plunge into her cunt, quickly working herself toward an orgasm.

“Do you want Carlo to show you just how good it feels to have a massive cock stretching out your ass?”

The mere thought of being the first of us to take Irena’s ass causes my cock to get even harder in my hand. But when she nods and pulls her feet onto the chair to provide me access, it nearly pushes me over the edge.

“Give her what she wants, *diavolino*,” Marco growls behind me, “Stretch that tight little hole with your cock.”

She shivers when I squeeze the cold lube against her hole, pressing it into her with my thumb. The moans she makes as I stretch her has precum gathering at my tip.

Aligning my tip with her hole, I need to fucking take her. I’m not going to last much longer with Marco thrusting behind me. Gripping my shaft, I push forward and slowly slide into her welcoming ass.

“Fuuuuuck,” the moan rises from my chest.

It’s almost too much...

Taking up a rhythm, my hips mimic Marco’s and the three of us fuck in tandem.

“You both look so fucking good filled with cock,” Marco groans while burying himself to the hilt, “I’m going to need to you work that firm little clit, *leoncina*. The way he’s clenching around my cock, he isn’t going to last much longer.”

He’s not wrong. Every thrust is a struggle not to spill inside of her before she comes.

Watching her moan and writhe beneath me as her fingers work her clit, causes my balls to clench and I struggle not to bust yet.

Shoving two fingers in her cunt, I work them fast and hard, “I’m going to need you to fucking come for me, *mia regina*. I want to hear you screaming my name as I fill your ass with my cum.”

With her fingers strumming her clit and me filling both of her holes, she comes so fucking hard. My name screams from her lips and her back arching so far, she nearly levitates from the chair.

“Fucking hell,” Marco’s fingernails dig into the flesh of my hips, his cock throbbing inside of me, as I feel him fill me with his release.

“*I miei amore*,” the words a sputter from my lips, my cock pulsing as I empty every drop of my inside of her.

Carefully pulling myself from her ass, my arms wrap around her and pull her nearly limp body into mine. The three of us breathing heavy as we crumble to a sweaty, messy pile on the floor.

“You are both fucking amazing,” Marco voice is soft as his hands stroke my and Irena’s sweaty hair from our faces.

Our heavy breathing the only sound in the room, we lay together in silence for several minutes.

“Carlo?” Irena’s voice is soft and airy, “I don’t speak Italian. What did you say when you came?”

“*I miei amore?*” I repeat the words and she nods her head.

“My loves,” Marco whispers, while drawing us both closer to him.

Chapter Thirty-Three

MARCO

The phone vibrating on the nightstand draws me from my sleep. Pressing the buttons to silence it as I pick it up, my groggy eyes take a minute to focus.

Fucking three in the morning?

Seriously?

Why the fuck is Davit texting me?

Carlo and I haven't heard from him since we went to Japan with the Armenians. With how long it's been, we've both kind of assumed that Karyan was gone with the wind. Living out her life in hiding, too afraid to show her face.

Fumbling to enter my passcode, I open the phone to see that there are actually several texts spanning the past hour.

DAVIT

Just got new word on Karyan

One of my guys swears he just saw her walking into Hotel La Soleil on 36th

Looking into it now, will text when I know

It's her.

Brown hair now, but unmistakably her

Room 413 under the name Karen Clark

MARCO

We'll be there within the hour

Quickly pulling up Renzo's contact info,

MARCO

Armenians found Karyan

She's in NY

Hotel La Soleil on 36th. Room 413

We'll be there in less than an hour

Rolling back toward the two still sleeping next to me, I nudge Carlo. “Wake up. We’ve got to go.”

“What are you talking about?” he groans, “We don’t have anywhere to go today. And it’s still fucking dark out.”

“Davit just text me. They found Karyan.”

“The fuck?” He promptly sits up, startling Irena awake, “Where?”

“Hotel La Soleil.”

“Fucking Midtown?”

“What’s going on?” Irena’s voice carries concern, as she watches the two of us scramble from the bed to pull on our clothes, “What’s wrong?”

“We have to go, *mia regina*,” Carlo looks at her as he pulls on a pair of black pants, “They found Karyan downtown.”

“The one that took Avalie?” Her face shows concern, “And killed her own father?”

“Yes, *leoncina*,” I begin walking toward the bed while pulling on my shirt, “That is the one.”

Wrapping the sheet around her body, she climbs from the bed and walks to the two of us. “My men,” a soft hand presses against each of our chests as she looks up to both of us, “please be careful. I don’t know what I would do if anything happened to either of you.”

MARCO

Stepping on her toes, Irena reaches up to Carlo while pulling him down to her. She places a soft, longing kiss on his lips and I watch as she whispers something into his ear. Pulling back from him, he nods his head before leaving the room to hit up the armory.

As he steps away, she reaches up to me and places a desperate and needy kiss against my lips. Pulling her close, her lips travel to my ear and she whispers, “The two of you are the great loves of my life Take care of each other and come home to me.”

Gripping her jaw, I bruisingly kiss her lips, needing just one more. My lips still almost attached to hers, “We love you, *leoncina*. Satan himself couldn’t pull us from you.”

By the time I step into the living room, Carlo is returning with an arsenal of weapons. Loading my pockets and tucking two guns into the back of my pants, I hear Irena’s tiny feet padding across the hardwood floors.

Her eyes watch us with concern as we begin walking toward the door. His hand on the handle, Carlo turns back to her, “We’ll be back for breakfast, *mia regina*.”

Stepping through the door with Carlo, an ominous feeling swells in my stomach at the thought of leaving her behind and I quickly shake it from my thoughts.

You don’t walk into a gun fight thinking you’re about to die. That shit is how you end up dead.

With the early hour, it only takes us about thirty minutes to pull up outside Hotel La Soleil. I’m no more putting the car in park when the headlights of Renzo’s Maserati turn the corner ahead of us.

The three of us step from the cars and onto the city streets, and it is though you can almost feel our need for vengeance slide

out with us. Walking in unison, we make our way to the entrance and cross the lobby walking directly to the elevators.

Renzo pushes the button for the fifth floor, “We’ll take the stairs back down a flight. It’ll be quieter and safer than the elevator.”

“Davit made no mention of her having a security team with her,” I inform him.

“That doesn’t mean she doesn’t have one,” he retorts as the elevator doors open on the fifth floor.

Exiting, we quickly make our way to the end of the hall. Opening the stairwell door, it’s quiet as we descend the flight of stairs. All of us pull our guns as Renzo cracks the door to the fourth floor, “There’s no one.”

Looking at the numbers on the two hotel rooms next to us, Renzo gestures his head to the left and we stealthily follow him down the hall to her room. Listening for a moment, we hear no sounds from the other side of the door.

Placing his silencer between the door and the frame, where the lock would sit, Renzo fires off a round and push the door in for the three of to quickly enter and ambush her.

Stepping inside we are met with Karyan. She is sitting dead center in the room, legs crossed, nails drumming over the arm of her chair as though she has been waiting for us. Looking up from here there has to be twenty men armed to the teeth sitting around her.

My eyes span the room trying to quickly determine our next move, “Davit?”

It’s a fucking trap.

Something cracks the back of my skull, crumpling my body to the floor as things quickly go black.

Chapter Thirty-Four

GIANCARLO

What the fuck?

My head is fucking pounding, and my eyelids flutter as I try to force them open. A groan rises from me when I try to turn my head and take in my surroundings.

“Marco?” The fear in my voice apparent as I call out to him. His hands are bound, his body strung from the ceiling, while his bloodied head falls limp to his chest. “Marco!”

Relief floods through me when I see him make the slightest movement when I yell his name.

“Shhhh. Quiet Carlo,” Renzo whispers from behind me.

Trying to turn to see him, I realize just how tightly I am bound to the chair beneath me. My body is barely able to move. My torso and extremities tied to the chair as though they’ve been taking Shibari lessons from Renzo.

Bound to a chair, probably about to be tortured, and I’m fucking entertaining myself with sex jokes about my brother. I’m so fucked...

Five men storm through the door, the distinct sound of heels clicking on the floor behind them. Karyan clicks through the threshold, and I immediately notice Davit’s hand on the small of her back.

“You fucking two-faced bastard,” I spit at him. While we knew someone was helping her stay ahead of us, I never would’ve imagined it was him. The man who literally helped us hunt her around the globe.

“Fucking hell, Davit,” Marco groans as his eyes open.

“You did such a good job, baby,” Karyan’s finger traces along Davit’s jaw, “bringing me all of these Botticelli boys.”

Grabbing her roughly, Davit pulls her to him and forces his tongue into her mouth as though he is claiming his prize. His

eyes closed as he relishes in exploring her mouth, he never sees it coming.

A tall, dark-haired man with cold eyes quietly walks toward the two of them. Lifting his gun to the side of Davit's head, he pulls the trigger. Blood splatters across the side of Karyan's face, staining her hair, as his limp body falls from her mouth. Wiping his saliva from her face, she spits on his dead body.

"The fucking shit I did...or shit I fucked...to get my hands on the two of you," her eyes travel between me and Marco, "Men, always so fucking predictable."

"You've got us," Renzo's tone is calm and calculated, "Do you intend to torture the fuck out of us and kill us? Or are you just going to kill us?"

"Neither," her heels click across the floor as she walks to him, "I intend to use the two of you to get back that little slut you so inconveniently took from me."

"You're fucking delusional," Renzo scoffs at her, "You still think that she's the key to you ruling this city?"

"Look at how powerful she has made your family," her words almost sound manic, "Truces with all the families. Botticellis running fucking everything."

"It'll never happen," Renzo's voice is deep and firm, "My father would never turn her over to you."

"I'm pretty sure you have no idea exactly what your father would do for his family," Karyan clicks to the door, "Exactly what he would do to ensure his sons return to him alive."

IRENA

Filled with nervous energy, I wasn't able to get back to sleep after Carlo and Marco stepped from the apartment. To keep myself busy, I showered and spent about three hours making enough muffins to probably feed the men of both of our families.

My need to keep occupied, and the fear growing inside of me, only worsened when they didn't return for breakfast, my texts going unanswered. With every wordless hour that has passed, my fear has only compounded. At nearly noon, my feet have traversed every last inch of this apartment with my pacing.

Grabbing the phone from the counter overflowing with muffins, I try them one more time. No answer. Rifling through my contacts, I pull up Avalie.

IRENA

Have you heard from Renzo?

AVALIE

No. Nothing. You?

No. They should have been back hours ago.

Something isn't right.

Grabbing my things and heading to you

Be safe

Quickly crossing the apartment to the bedroom, I slip on my sneakers. Grabbing my purse and the keys for the Bugatti, I frantically tap the button for the elevator. When it arrives, I step in and quickly press the button for the garage. As the

doors are closing, I finger jabs against another button, taking me down a single floor.

Please be here...

I walk so quickly across the office that I may as well be jogging. My fist pounds on the door to Cameron's office.

"Jesus Christ, boss. What's the emergency?" he mumbles while opening the door, before taking in my panic filled face on the other side. "Irena?"

"Something is wrong," the words vomit from my mouth. "Carlo and Marco left at three. They went to Hotel La Soleil for Karyan. They haven't come back. I can't reach them. Avalie hasn't heard a word from Renzo. Something happened."

"Okay. Okay," he attempts to comfort me, "Have a seat and I'll start working on pulling up security footage from around the hotel."

Crossing his office to the desk, I pick up a pen and scribble my cell phone number on a piece of paper, "I'm not staying here. I'm heading over to the Botticelli estate. Let me know the minute you find anything."

Quickly making my way back to the elevator, I am relieved that the doors open the moment I press the button to call it to my floor. Stepping in, I pull out my phone to make use of the short ride to the garage.

IRENA

I need help

DMITRIY

Are you okay

Yes. Something went wrong.

I can't reach Carlo or Marco

Relax, I'm sure they're just out working

They were supposed to be home hours ago.

They went after Karyan

I'm leaving now

Don't go to the apartment, meet me at Salvatore's

Sliding into the Bugatti, I quickly adjust the seat for my height, and peel out of the garage into the city.

Chapter Thirty-Five

MARCO

A bloodied fist crashes into my jaw, knocking my head back, and causing my body to sway in my restraints. Snapping my head back up, I am fucking infuriated as I watch one of Karyan's men batter Carlo with punches to his gut.

"You lay another fucking hand on him," the words seethe from my lips, "and I'll gut you from fucking cock to sternum when I get loose."

"Isn't that fucking cute?" The guy pummeling Carlo laughs as he leans down into his face, "Your big scary boyfriend trying to stick up for you."

Another fist rattles my head. And another. Followed by a hard jolt to my stomach that momentarily leaves me unable to breathe.

"What makes you think you will be getting loose to save him?" The words coming from the man hitting me are so drenched in his Armenian accent, I can barely understand him as he walks to a table next to Carlo.

Trying to keep a brave face, I watch in terror as his fingers dance over several knives, finally stopping on a large one with a serrated blade. He steps behind Carlo and my breathe rattles as he slowly brings it up to his throat.

No. Please God, not him.

Gripping his hair, he yanks Carlo's head back as he drags the knife across his throat. I wince momentarily before opening my eyes. Carlo deserves for the last thing he sees to be my love for him, not the fear and rage coursing through me in this moment.

The knife is drawn across his neck with precision, barely slicing into his skin. Relief does not even begin to describe the feeling I have when I see only a miniscule trickle of blood drip down his neck.

“We need this one,” he smirks at me as he roughly releases Carlo’s hair and begins stalking toward me, “You on the other hand. You aren’t actually a Botticelli, so I think you are pretty fucking expendable.”

The moment of relief quickly vanquishes when the knife makes a thin slice similar Carlo’s along my flank. My eyes stare angrily at the man slowly scoring lines into my skin like I’m a fucking piece of roast.

“I’d like to see how fucking brave you’d be with that knife,” I gather the saliva in my mouth and spit it in his face, “if we weren’t all bound.”

Taking a second to disgustedly wipe my spittle from his face, he jams the butt of the knife hard against my gut. Struggling to suck in air, I continue to push at him, “I’m pretty sure Lorenzo over there would thoroughly enjoy showing you how to properly carve up a body.”

“Fucking piece by piece,” Renzo’s voice devoid of any emotion, “Keeping you alive, while carving away chunks of you and sending them to your family. With a skillful hand, you’d be amazed at how long the human body can survive being slowly taken apart.”

Fuck. I half expected it, and his words still caused me to cringe a little.

“That’s enough of this bullshit,” Karyan stomps into the room and tosses a phone at the man in front of me, “We aren’t killing anyone quite yet. Take some proof of life pictures and meet me upstairs.”

IRENA

Barely slowing as I reach the gates to the estate, it only just opens in time for me to pull through it. Parking at the base of the front steps, I quickly plow through the front door of the house as though I live here.

“Salvatore?” I yell while making my way down the foyer, “Avalie?”

Avalie barges toward me from Salvatore’s office. While I don’t yet know her well, her arms immediately wrap around me. Breathing deep, we both lean into each other – physically and emotionally.

My phone dings and I immediately release Avalie to pull it from my pocket. Her eyes are as wide as mine waiting to see who the text is from.

“It’s Cameron,” her face quickly changes from hopeful to defeated.

CAMERON

The definitely met up with Karyan

She walked out the service exit early this morning, several guys carrying Carlo, Marco, and Renzo.

I’ve been tracking them on street camera footage

You’ll never believe where they are

Staring at the phone, I wait impatiently for him to tell me where she took them, but he doesn’t send anything.

IRENA

WTF? Are you really waiting for me to guess right now

They're at The Empire.

Bitch is crazy but she's smart

No one would think to look at her place

“Ladies,” Salvatore calls from his office, “They’re alive.”

We both scramble to get into his office to learn what it is he knows.

“That crazy bitch just text me pictures of them. They’re taking a beating, but all of them are still alive.”

Before Avalie and I have a moment to look at the photos on his phone, it rings. Putting it on speaker, he places it on the desk.

“Good afternoon, Salvatore,” her voice sounds shrill and psychotic through the phone, “It’s been a long time.”

“Fuck the pleasantries, Karyan,” the tone of his response to her can only be described as controlled anger, “What the fuck do you want?”

“I want what you took from me. What your boys took from me,” she pauses for a moment, “I want my sister’s whore of a daughter back.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding,” Salvatore cannot fully contain the mild amusement he gets from her words.

As he is about to say more, I press the mute button on the screen of his phone, “Say, ‘yes.’”

“The fuck?” Avalie snaps her head to me, “I am not risking winding up in her hands again so you can live out your days happily getting dicked down by Carlo and Marco.”

“Christ, ladies,” Salvatore huffs.

“I know where they are,” I look at Sal and back to Avalie, “Tell her that you’ll do it. And it’ll buy us a little bit of time to get them all back.”

Pressing the button to unmute the phone, Sal hesitates for a moment before firmly stating, “I give you Avalie and you give me back my sons. No bullshit. Fair trade.”

“You want the boyfriend too?” she questions smugly.

“Fuck Marco,” his voice is rough, “I only care about my fucking sons.”

Hanging up the phone, he nods his head at the two of us.

He sold the shit out of that.

Chapter Thirty-Six

IRENA

“I’m sorry, Avalie,” I quickly turn to her, “There wasn’t time to say anything.”

“No,” she places her hand over her mouth, “I can’t believe I made a comment about living your best life taking all the dick. I’m sorry.”

“Even when my sons are being held hostage and tortured.” Sal scoffs, “We can’t go a single fucking day around here without talking about someone taking dick. At least this time it’s not one of my kids.”

“In full transparency,” I can’t stop the words from falling from my mouth, “he takes his fair share of dick.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Salvatore rolls his eyes, as Avalie stifles a chuckle, “Can we get back to business?”

“Sorry, Salvatore,” words continue to nervously vomit from my mouth. “Cameron, the guy that works for Carlo, he text me when you called us in here. He managed to track the guys and Karyan from the hotel to where she is holding them. She’s at The Empire.”

“The same fucking place she held me?” Avalie seems in disbelief.

“It’s smart,” Dmitriy says from the doorway. “Sorry, your security guys let me in.”

Salvatore motions for him to enter the office and Dmitriy continues, “It’s smart. Crazy, but smart. Of every building in this city, none of us would fathom the notion that she would return to her home.”

“Karyan is crazy, not stupid,” Salvatore paces behind his desk, “We’re not waiting for her to let us know the next move. My boys and Marco could all be dead by then.”

“What do you need from me?” Dmitriy questions.

“Men,” Salvatore picks up his phone and begins texting as he talks, “As many fucking armed men as you can get to Midtown in the next hour.” He tosses the phone back onto his desk, “We’re going to hit them hard and fast. So many fucking men they don’t stand a fucking chance.”

“What do you want us to do?” Avalie motions between the two of us.

“I need the two of you to stay here, where I know you’ll be safe.”

“That worked out so well for me last time,” Avalie replies sarcastically.

“You’re not coming,” Salvatore’s deep, bellowing voice is firm, “Neither of you are trained for what we are about to walk into. Neither of you are leaving this fucking house.”

Both of us nod like children who have just been scolded.

“If you want to help,” his voice still firm, “Stay here. Get in touch with Cameron. Make sure he keeps an eye on the fucking building.”

“Okay,” I nod quickly.

“Let him know I’m going to be fucking pissed if Karyan figures a way out of the building again.”

“Okay.”

“And text me if he sees or learns anything that might help us.”

I don’t get a chance to respond again before Salvatore and Dmitriy quickly heads out of the door, leaving me standing in the office with Avalie.

Back to pacing and more fucking waiting.

GIANCARLO

It feels like it has been hours since Karyan's men left us alone in this room. They last we saw them; they were taking proof of life photos of us all. Marco took two more solid punches to the face, and they haven't been back.

"We need to figure something out," Renzo whispers loudly. "They aren't going to need us much longer, which means we're all dead."

"We've been gone for quite some time," I try to keep my voice quiet, "If she wanted proof of life, it was to tell someone that she had us."

"And that means someone is on the way for the two of you," Marco chimes in.

"You might not be a Botticelli by blood," Renzo responds before I get the opportunity, "but you are still a fucking Botticelli. That means I'd go to war for you just like I would for my blood brother. Don't you ever fucking forget that."

"What the fuck is all the chit chat in here?" Three of Karyan's men angrily come back through the door.

"We're just trying to figure out which of you fucking assholes we're going to kill first," I provoke them, even though I know I shouldn't.

The same man that previously drew his knife across my neck, drives his fist into my temple. The impact reverberates through my head and I struggle against everything going dark. Still not sure if I'm going to win the fight with maintaining my consciousness, I watch as he draws his arm back to swing another punch at me.

"I told you if you laid another fucking hand on him," Marco's tone is vicious, "I was going to fucking kill you."

The fist that was about to smash in my face just a moment ago is now heading toward Marco. When they are only about two feet apart, Marco quickly lifts his legs and wraps them around the man's neck. Locking them together, the man struggles to escape as Marco flexes and tightens his grip.

“Think about coming any closer to any of us,” Marco yells when he draws the attention of the other two men the room, “and I’ll snap his fucking neck.”

A loud explosion echoes throughout the building, shaking it beneath us. The echoes have barely subsided when the distinctive sound of gunfire take their place.

That’s a lot of gunfire.

It sounds like a fucking massacre out there.

Every shot fired sounds closer than the last. The gun fight on the other side of this door inching closer and closer to us. When they sound as though they are nearly on the other side, everything goes silent.

The only sounds are the struggled breaths of the man held in the vice of Marco’s thighs, the shuffling feet of Karyan’s other two men preparing for the attack to breach this room, and the faint shrill screams of a woman.

“Don’t shoot!” The woman’s voice sounds panicked absolutely terrified, “Don’t! Don’t fucking shoot!”

When repeated cries are immediately on the other side of the door, I realize the voice is Karyan. The door opens and she is shoved through it to the floor. Immediately behind her are Dmitriy, Dante, and Luca, who quickly empty a couple of rounds into the two men thrown off by Karyan’s entry.

Dmitriy quickly crosses the room to Marco and places a gun to the head of the guy still being strangled with his legs.

“Don’t you fucking dare.” Marco snaps at him, “Just fucking cut me down.”

Chapter Thirty-Seven

MARCO

“Let go of him,” Dmitriy reaches for the man in my leg lock.

In response, I merely shake my head at him while furrowing my brows.

At this point, my legs are exhausted from holding him. Holding both of our weight in the air, my hands and wrists are fucking burning from the rope wrapped around them. His face is an interesting shade of reddish-purple from lack of oxygen, his body now so exhausted his arms just hang limp at his sides as I continue to slowly suffocate him.

I refuse to let him go.

“Just fucking cut me down!”

Grabbing one of the knives from the table by Carlo, Dmitriy slices it through the rope above my hands. My body hits the floor with a thud, my legs clenching around the man between them refusing to involuntarily let him go.

“Give me the knife,” I reach my hands up to Dmitriy.

“I’ll cut you loose, just give me your hands,” Dmitriy replies, not understanding what I am asking.

“Give. Me. The. Fucking. Knife. Dmitriy.”

Gripping it by the blade, he places the handle into my hands. Wrapping both of my hands around it, I release the hold I have around his neck. Quickly sitting up and lunging forward over his body, the blade stabs into his lower abdomen. It plunged into him with such force, I am not certain if the tip stopped at his spine or the floor.

What little air he had in his lungs, exits him as a scream of pain. He has nothing left to expel the agony he feels when my knife saws up his body until it hits his sternum. His insides spill from the nearly two-foot wound running through his torso, and we are both surrounded in a pool of his blood.

“I told you not to fucking touch him,” my legs push the dead man from my lap.

Standing from the floor, evidence of my wrath is written across my body. My hands are stained red with the blood of the man I killed, and my clothes are soaked through from it.

“This family is fucking crazy,” I vaguely catch Dmitriy mumble under his breath as I walk toward Carlo.

The bloody blade in my hand makes quick work of cutting through the ropes binding Carlo to the chair while Luca frees Renzo. As the ropes begin to loosen and fall from him, I realize that he is looking up at me with huge doe-eyes. With the most impressive, and annoying, impression, he says, “Ferris Bueller, you’re my hero.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” I grumble trying to hold back my smile, pulling the last of the ropes and freeing him from the chair, “You are such a fucking brat.”

“You fucking love it,” he quips as he stands up from the chair and storms toward where Karyan is cowering on the floor.

I can't even fucking argue with him.

GIANCARLO

For a woman who was so fucking powerful a few hours ago, Karyan is currently huddled in the corner like a feral animal.

“Not so fucking brave when you don’t have a bunch of idiots doing your dirty work,” Renzo steps next to me and points a blade at her, “Get the fuck up.”

Twitching in fear, her body presses further into the corner.

“I don’t torture women,” Renzo’s voice is terrifying, “but in your case I’m willing to make an exception. Now, get the fuck up.”

Reaching down, I grab the shoulder of her dress and pull her body from the floor. As I am forcefully walking her to the chair I had spent the last few hours bound to, Papa walks into the room. He doesn’t say a word, but the expression on his face speaks volumes about the relief he has in finding us alive.

“Tie her up,” the command is spoken to no one in particular, but Renzo bends down and picks up the rope around the chair. He makes swift work of securing her.

Fuck, I was wrong earlier.

I wasn’t tied to that chair nearly as tightly as I would have been if it was with Renzo’s Shibari knots.

“What are you going to do with her?” Papa questions from the doorway.

“The only thing we can do,” my eyes span the room, looking at Papa, Renzo, Marco, Dante, Luca, and Dmitriy for their approval and agreement.

“We fucking kill her,” the words I knew were coming, surprise me when they are spoken by my brother. His unwillingness to inflict harm upon the fairer sex has always been an issue of contention between him and Papa, yet here’s ready to end Karyan’s life this second.

“She took one of our own,” Luca steps toward the chair.

“We all know that she will never stop,” Dante’s tone is logical,
“She will keep coming for Ava.”

By the time Dante finishing talking, the seven of us are standing in nearly a circle around a trembling mess of the woman that was previously Karyan. This woman is so afraid, she doesn’t even attempt to argue for her life.

Or she realizes that it is absolutely futile.

“If you aren’t okay with this,” Renzo steps closer to her, the blade he holds rolling around his palm, “Fucking leave now.”

Not one of us moves.

All of watch as Renzo takes a strike of vengeance, the knife plunging into her stomach with a force fueled by all the hatred, anger, and fear that Renzo was holding from the night he thought he had lost Avalie.

Without a word being spoken, the rest of watch as we each press a blade through her skin. Each of making her pay for attempting to hurt our family. Her murder is literally blood on all our hands, forging the bond between the seven of us. Binding us, and our families, as one.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

IRENA

I cannot get down the front steps fast enough when I hear the Tahoe pulling up out front. My men are barely out of the car, and I am jumping into their arms. Their blood-soaked clothes stain mine as I press into them, but it doesn't faze me. They might be battered and bruised, but they both came back to me.

"Irena," Dmitriy interrupts our reunion, "They can explain, but the arrangement is off. Do what makes you happy."

Without any further explanation, he kisses each of my cheeks, shares a few words with Salvatore, and climbs into his car.

My eyes dart back and forth between Carlo and Marco, silently demanding an explanation for my brother.

"He has forgiven our debt to your family," Carlo looks down at me, his hands cupping my face, "He is no longer forcing me to marry you."

"Jesus, Carlo," Marco interrupts him, "Shove your foot a little further in your mouth. What he is trying to say is that while it already didn't matter, the two of you...the three of us...can be together because you want to be. Not because you have to be."

"We can explain it more later," Carlo steps from us, "But for now, can we all head inside to get cleaned up?"

Following Carlo, the three of us head upstairs into the room that he keeps in Salvatore's house. Closing the door, he walks in the bathroom, turns on the shower and immediately begins stripping from his clothes. My eyes wander over his well-defined body as he momentarily stands naked before us before stepping into the shower, my pussy tingling when I reach his Adonis Belt.

Marco is half undressed before he even makes it into the bathroom. When he steps in front of me, my eyes trail the ink running along his jaw, down his perfectly chiseled torso, until they settle on his big, beautiful cock.

Picking their trail of clothes from the floor, I am about halfway to the bathroom when I realize the water in the shower has already turned off.

That was fast.

A small scream escapes me when a very wet, and very hard, Marco presses against my back.

“Arms up,” his large hands grip the bottom of my shirt, “You have way too many fucking clothes on for what we want to do to you.”

As my shirt is clearing my head, I feel another set of hands undoing the button of my shorts and quickly working them over my hips. When they are done, I am left standing in my bra and panties.

“This just won’t do,” Carlo falls to his knees while smirking up at me, “This is still entirely too much.”

Hooking his fingers under the fabric, he slowly slides them down my legs as I feel Marco undoing the clasp of my bra.

“Yes. That’s much better,” Marco groans against my neck and his hands palm my breasts, “Now spread your legs wide, so I can watch Carlo feast on your sweet cunt.”

My knees are no more than parted, and Carlo is throwing one of my legs over his shoulder. From this angle, it almost feels as though I am riding his face as I grind my hips over his tongue.

“Eyes open,” Marco’s fingers wrap around the front of my throat, “Watch how fucking hungry he is to make you come. How hard he’s sucking and licking your clit to make you scream his name. Give him what he wants, *leoncina*.”

Marco’s teeth bite against my neck and his fingers pinch and pull my nipples. When Carlo sucks my clit hard between his teeth at the same time, I completely lose control. The two of them suck and lick at me as I come down.

Leaning back from between my thighs, Carlo’s face is covered with my arousal as he licks his lips.

MARCO

She also sounds so fucking heavenly when she comes.

I'm greedy and now I want her to fucking come for me.

Sliding my hands down her back, my body follows them. By the time they reach her hips, I am on my knees with her perfectly round ass in my face.

She gasps when my hands firmly grip her cheeks and pull them apart, exposing her perfectly taut little asshole for me. The way she shivers as the tip of my tongue circles around it, makes my cock twitch with need.

It's like it wants this tight little hole as much as I do.

Carlo rises to his feet and pulls her arms around his neck, knowing that it is only going to take a few minutes before her legs begin struggling to hold her up.

“Oh my God, Marco,” she cries out as she presses her hips backward increasing the pressure of my tongue.

“So needy, *mia regina*,” I hear Carlo whisper as my tongue forcefully swirls around her hole drawing continuous whimpers from her, “You’re going to get exactly what you want soon enough.”

Adding a finger to her cunt and plunging it hard and deep, I feel her tight little hole pucker against tongue as she screams out my name. Pulling out of her, I slide my slick finger up her crack and press it into her ass as I stand up.

“I can’t wait to finally take this tight little ass of yours,” my words vibrate against the back of her ear while my finger works to stretch her hole for my cock, “But first you’re going to show us just how bad you want it.”

My hands on her shoulders, I press down gently encouraging her to take her place on her knees before us. She eagerly drops to her knees and opens her mouth for Carlo’s cock. He doesn’t

wait to shove his tip in her face, and she immediately meets it with her tongue as she draws him into her mouth.

Carlo groans as she takes him deep, swallowing him down her throat. Sucking hard, she slides her mouth up and down his shaft, her eyes looking up at both of us as she fists my cock. Pulling his cock from her mouth, she turns her head and sucks my tip into her mouth, sucking me down with the same vigor she took Carlo.

As she continues to go back and forth between our cocks, my mouth takes Carlo's. Our tongues wrestling together, both of us needy for more.

Opening her mouth wide, her tongue licks over both our tips before sucking them into her mouth together. "Such a greedy little slut," I groan as she struggles to take us both deeper in her mouth, "wanting to be filled with two cocks."

Placing my finger under her chin, I tilt her head up to us encouraging her to stand. She does as I want, and slowly stands before us. Taking in her flushed skin and the arousal glistening on her thighs, the need to violently claim her mouth is overwhelming. My lips crash against hers and I cannot get enough of swallowing her moans.

Carlo has climbed on the bed, and is slowly fisting his cock, waiting for the two of us to join him. I wrap my hands around her waist and lift her onto Carlo before taking a seat next to them on the bed.

"Ride his cock for me, *leoncina*," I slowly stroke his cock while urging her to lift her hips with the other hand. She follows my lead and lifts herself high enough so that I can align his tip with her entrance. Holding his cock steady, she slowly slides down his length. "Use him to make yourself come."

Chapter Thirty-Nine

IRENA

Both of their eyes are fully focused on me, I begin rocking my hips and sliding myself over Carlo's length. Working over his length I start taking him harder and deeper, needing so desperately to come again.

"You feel so fucking good," Carlo groans as his hands firmly grip my hips, "I need fucking more."

"Please," I don't even know what I'm begging for, I just need more.

"Give her what she wants, *diavolino*," Marco's words vibrate against the back of my neck as I feel him settle behind me, "Make her fucking scream for you."

Carlo's fingers on my hips become bruisingly tight, holding me steady as he thrusts up into me. His thrusts are deep and steady, slowly working to a faster pace until he is pounding into me from below. His face is red from exertion, and he is groaning through each thrust, but he is relentless.

Pulling me back against his chest, Marco wraps his hand around my throat. He squeezes just hard enough to make it difficult to breathe, allowing me only to take short, shallow breaths. His other arm wraps around my chest, and he uses it to further hold my body still for Carlo to fuck me.

"He's going to make you come so fucking hard," he relaxes his grip on my throat, "And when he does, I'm going to fill that tight little ass with my cock."

A loud scream vibrates from my lungs as an orgasm explodes through my body. Everything is trembling, and when Marco releases his hold on me, my entire body collapses onto Carlo who is now slowly working himself in and out of me.

"I fucking love the way you come for me," Carlo peppers my forehead with soft kisses.

“Lay still for me, *leoncina*,” I feel Marco’s massive cock press against my ass, and I tense.

Carlo is still buried to the base in my pussy. I can’t take both of them like this.

I was nervous enough about taking Marco’s cock in my ass...

“You can do it,” Carlo’s words are soft and encouraging as his fingers stroke my face. “You were fucking made to take us both. Just relax, and let him in.”

Carlo lays still, continuing to gently stroke my skin and speak words of encouragement as Marco slowly presses his tip inside of me before stopping.

“Fuck,” Marco and I both groan. His likely from the tightness of my ass around his cock, and mine from how quickly he is stretching me.

“I’m going to give you a little more,” he slowly pushes himself further inside and I can feel the unfamiliar sensation of his barbell piercing in my ass. “Just a little bit more.”

Everyone is motionless for a moment, giving me time to acclimatize to the feeling of having both of them inside of me. My body feels so fucking full.

“If it’s too much,” Carlo brushes the hair from my face as Marco slowly works his length in and out of my ass, “tap me and we’ll stop.”

It takes a few minutes, but I begin to adjust to Marco and each thrust into me begins to feel better than the last. At the sound of my moans, Carlo rocks his hips and resumes fucking my pussy.

“Oh my God...” I am unable to stifle my cries. The two of them filling me feels like nothing I have experienced before.

MARCO

“You are so fucking perfect. Taking my fat cock in your ass, while Carlo’s thick fucking cock stretches out your cunt.”

While I know we need to be somewhat gentle, so we don’t hurt her, the need to slam my hips against her ass while pounding my cock inside of her is nearly overwhelming.

“I need to fuck your tight little ass,” my hand firmly grips the top of her ass while the other fists her hair and pulls back on her head, “I don’t know if I can control myself and be gentle. Can you handle what I want from you?”

“Yes,” her response is soft and airy, “Fuck me hard and let me feel how badly you both need me.”

Carlo’s hand wraps over Irena’s mouth a moment before both of us draw out of her and slide back in. In unison, we do it again and again. My need to fuck her hard and fill her with cum only increases with each moan and scream partially silenced by Carlo’s palm.

“You’re doing so fucking well,” Carlo pants from beneath us as we both work toward a punishing pace, “keep coming for us, *mia regina*.”

At this pace in this tight little hole, I know I’m not going to last much longer.

She comes again, clenching around both our cocks and neither of us can take it. She screams out in undying pleasure while we fill her holes with cum until she’s leaking.

Pulling our cocks from her, I hear her whimper.

“Are you okay?” My hand slides down her spine as Carlo checks on her, “We were pretty fucking rough with you.”

I worry a little that her stubborn ass wouldn’t tap out even if it was too much.

The last thing either of us want is to actually hurt her.

Still trying to catch her breath, I feel her nod her head.

“You are amazing, *leoncina*,” my fingers glide along her back, “and you did so fucking good.”

The three of us lay in bed together for quite some time, gentle kisses and roaming hands occupying our time.

“You said you wanted us to show you how much we need you,” Carlo is the first of us to speak, looking over her body at me.

Knowing what he is thinking, I sit up and pull Irena’s naked body onto my lap as Carlo climbs from the bed.

“We had planned something a bit more elaborate than this,” I hold her body against me, “but after today, I don’t think that matters anymore.”

Carlo returns from the closet with a small box in his hand and climbs back into the bed with us.

“We both need you,” Carlo says, “You are like a piece of the puzzle we didn’t know was missing until we found it. Neither of us could imagine what we would like without you.”

The words he says mirror those running through my mind.

“Will you marry us, *leoncina*?”

“Be our wife,” Carlo pulls the toi et moi ring from the box and slides it onto her finger, “have our babies, and grow a big, beautiful life together.”

“I guess I don’t have anything better to do with the next fifty years of my life,” she smirks.

Epilogue

IRENA

It's hard to believe that the three of us met ten years ago over tea to discuss a business arrangement of a sham marriage. If someone had tried to tell me that this is what my life would look like today, I would have never believed them.

I walked into this expecting a forced child to be the only love in my life. Yet somehow, I am absolutely surrounded with love and family. I have two amazing husbands, who would give me the world, and together we have made four beautiful babies. Making us yet another house on this Botticelli compound overflowing with love and laughter.

Those four beautiful babies have also shown me how unbelievably soft the brutal men I am married to are capable of being. They are the most dotting fathers I have ever met.

These are the things I think about, cuddled with my men, watching the sun rise through the window, as I live out my days...

What was it Avalie said all those years ago?

As I live out my days happily getting dicked down by Carlo and Marco.

While this is not the life I thought I was going to have, I literally could not imagine anything more perfect.

Thank You For Reading

I hope you enjoyed Giancarlo, Marco and Irena's story!

If you did, the best support you can give to an indie author, like myself, is to tell others about my book. Reviews left on [Goodreads](#), [Amazon](#), or anywhere else you are comfortable truly mean the world to me.

* * *

Giancarlo, Marco, and Irena's story is part of an interconnected, stand-alone series. Want to know about what started the chaos? Check out her brother Lorenzo's story [*Sold To The Syndicate*](#).

Next up in this series is Salvatore's second chance at love in *Falling For The Mafia Dom*.

Also by J. L. Quick

SOLD TO THE SYNDICATE: THE BOTTICELLI BROTHERHOOD SERIES

Lorenzo Botticelli is like royalty. His family runs this city. He is brutal, ruthless and always in control. He is not a man to be messed with.

Avalie is a sassy, sarcastic woman who has spent her life learning how to fend for herself. She is not the type of woman you control.

Lorenzo owns her now, sold to him to pay a debt. Avalie quickly shows him that she is not going to roll over and play nice as a hostage.

A steamy battle of wills ensues as they fight to determine which of them will break first. Will it be her? Or will it be him?

IGNITE THE FIRE: BURNING FIRE BOOK ONE

Most kids grow up afraid of the monsters under their bed. Not me. I grew up terrified of the one that crawled into mine.

As an adult that same monster still haunts my dreams. My nightmares.

The monster has ruined me and taken away my ability to be touched.

Until him. We met in passing, by pure chance, one night.

His touch is the first that doesn't repulse me. His touch makes me feel alive. And it's terrifying.

SCORCHED EARTH: BURNING FIRE BOOK TWO

The love of Liam's life, the first person he ever truly cared about, has been taken from him.

Hunting down the monster that took her from his life is personal, and he is determined to ensure they pay.