

A DARK COLLEGE ROMANCE

A man and a woman are shown in a dark, intimate embrace, nearly kissing. The man is on the left, leaning towards the woman on the right. They are both wearing dark clothing. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their profiles against a black background. The woman's hand is resting on the man's chest, and his hand is on her waist.

DANGEROUS
OBSESSION

S . K . L e t t r i c h

A DARK COLLEGE ROMANCE

A man and a woman are shown in a dark, intimate embrace. The man is on the left, wearing a dark suit jacket with a white shirt collar visible. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark, sleeveless top. They are both looking towards each other, with their faces close together. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting their profiles against a black background.

DANGEROUS
OBSESSION

S . K . L e t t r i c h

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DANGEROUS OBSESSION



THE DEVIL'S SERIES BOOK 1

S. K. Lettrich

*To the girlies who want to get fucked by a psycho.
Domenico sees you, and he is always watching.*

Authors Note

This book is a dark college romance. The main male character, Domenico, is a psychopath. He is a morally gray character. Some of the things he does may be hard to read, so please read the Trigger Warning. If you don't think you can handle it, please *don't* continue.

I do not condone everything that happens in this book, and please remember, it is fiction.

This book is a standalone. xoxo.

For the full list of trigger warnings, please go to my [website](#).

Violence, murder, explicit language, sexual content, drugs/alcohol use, attempted drugging, stalking, cnc, dubcon, torture.

Blurb

Who knew the devil could be so pretty?

I didn't want to catch the attention of a mafia prince.

I didn't even do anything to get it.

I tried time and time again to push him away, but Domenico Guerra does not give up on things he sets his sights on.

At first, I thought I knew who he was—hot and crazy. But really, he's

Dangerous

Persistent

Psychotic

A Stalker

At the time, I had no idea he would be the best and absolute worst person to come into my life.

I tried to run from him, but you can't run from the *devil* forever.

Playlist

Half of my heart - Josh Makazo

Drive you Insane - Daniel Di Angelo

DIFFERENT - Chris Grey

RUNRUNRUN - Dutch Melrose

Dangerous Hands - Austin Giorgio

Eyes don't lie (sped up) - Isabel LaRosa

I'm yours - Isabel LaRosa

Heartbeat - Isabel LaRosa

Renegade (remix) - Aaryan Shah, Zacari

Shut up and Listen - Nicholas Bonnin, Angelicca

You can find the complete playlist on [Spotify](#).

1



Luna

One year earlier

“I’m sorry, Luna, I can’t do this anymore.” Those words... I never thought I would hear those words come from the mouth of someone I believed was the love of my life. But here I am, sitting at an overlook of a big city. On what I thought was a date with my boyfriend of 5 years.

We are sitting on a blanket, having a picnic with the bright city lights glistening ahead of us. “What?” My smile drops, and I turn to look at him. “I don’t think we should be together anymore,” Jack, my boyfriend, says with his head down. I gulp and feel a lump in my throat. I feel tears wanting to pour out of my eyes, but I hold them back. “Why?” I whisper and shake my head. We have been good recently, so I don’t understand.

“I cheated.” He raises his head to look at me with no expression on his face.

Those two words made my heart shatter momentarily, but I push all my feelings down, and my mind goes blank. How can someone I spent the last five years of my life with cheat on me? How could I not have known? I thought I knew everything about him inside and out.

I put an empty expression on my face, matching his. “Okay.” I swallow the saliva in my mouth and rise to my feet, brushing out the invisible wrinkles on the shorts that I’m wearing. “W- Luna- okay?” Jack says, confused, breaking the awkward silence.

He sits with his knees bent and his feet on the ground, his arms hooked around them. “Yes. Okay,” I respond. “I don’t understand. I said I cheated on you. I don’t want to be with you anymore. Our relationship is over.” He stands up and gets directly in front of me.

I nod my head and glare at him, “Yeah, I heard you the first time, asshole.” Shifting my eyes to the city’s beautiful lights, I put my hand in a fist, squeezing my fingernails into the palm of my hand. It’s a thing that I do whenever I get upset or frustrated. It helps keep me calm and my mind on something else.

Jack puts his hands on my shoulders, and the touch makes me look at him. “Who is she?” I ask, tilting my head to the side. “Serenity.” He drops his hands to his side and lowers his head—like he feels guilty.

Serenity Wilson was one of my close friends in high school and captain of the cheerleading squad. She was also the one to introduce Jack and me. “I see.” I back away and put my things into my pocket, tears brimming in the waterline of my eyes. Jack is just staring at me; then I hear his voice choke up like he is trying not to cry as he speaks. “I’m sorry, Luna, you don’t deserve this. I loved you, I really did, but I cheated and owe it to you to tell the truth. She just snuck up on me.”

Liar.

He would not have done what he did if he loved me. I know that. Another thing I caught was he said ‘loved,’ not ‘love.’ I’m not an idiot. I look him in the eyes and let out a deep sigh. Then, I start walking. As I walk away from Jack, I hear him whisper, “I’m sorry.”

I dial my best friend’s, Jordyn’s, number as I walk down to the road. After the third ring, she answers, “Hey babe, how’s

your dateeee?” I can hear the smile on her face. “It’s over,” I respond with a snuffle. “Excuse me?”

“I’ll tell you the details later. Can you come get me?” I ask, trying not to bawl my eyes out. “Already on my way.” She started to leave as soon as I said it was over. This is part of the reason why I love her. She is always there for me, no matter what.

After she picks me up, she pulls into an empty store parking lot. The pole lights that are scattered over the lot are the only things that light up the gloomy night around us.

“Spill,” she says as she puts the car in park. Right then is when I let tears fall and my guard down. “Jordyn. He broke up with me. He cheated.” I cry. An angry expression takes over her face. “Oh, babe. What’s the bitch’s name?” She pulls me into a hug. “It’s Serenity.” I snuffle. She pushes me back but keeps her hands on my shoulders. “Wait, Serenity, Serenity?” She raises an eyebrow, unsure if it’s who she is thinking of.

I nod my head in response, and her jaw drops. “That bitch. We should kill her. I should kill him.” She brings me back in her arms. I don’t know what I want, so I sob—loudly. “Five fucking years, Jordyn. Five years! I thought he was my soul mate!” I yell in disbelief. “I know, baby.”

We sit in silence for a few moments, the only sound being my breathing and sniffling. “It hurts so much, and I can’t even talk to my mom. My parents are dead, no one in my family talks to me, you’re my only friend, and my cheating boyfriend just broke up with me.” I cough from breathing so fast as I cry. Jordyn strokes my hair in a comforting manner as she listens to me.

My parents died in a car accident two weeks ago. It wrecked me. I was close with them, especially my mom. Having Jack with me helped me cope, but he has just destroyed me even more. “I want my mom. I want my parents. I don’t know what to do,” I wipe my snotty nose with the back of my hand. “Who breaks up with someone two weeks after their fucking parents die?”

“Babe, you need to breathe. You’re going to fucking pass out if you keep doing this.”

She picks up a water bottle from her cup holder and hands it to me. I take a sip and breathe in a few deep breaths. When I calm down, she starts driving back to her place. I lay my head against the window and stare at the outside world passing by. My eyes are puffy, and my face hurts from crying. “Can I stay with you until I get a new place?” I live with him, so I have to go somewhere else. I obviously can’t continue to stay there. “Of course,” she responds.

I close my eyes and drift off to sleep for the remainder of the drive. And that is when it starts. I stopped caring, and I stopped feeling. My once big, loving heart turned to stone.

Fuck people.

2



Luna

One year later

Everyone deals with grief in different ways. Some cry and hide away from the world. Others balance happiness and grieving, not letting it affect them too much. Me? I'm not allowing that shit to bother me at all.

People are dancing, drinking, and fucking upstairs as the music blares on the speakers at *Guerra's*, a club in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana. The girls decided we needed a night out to have fun. I've been busy doing schoolwork since it's the start of the first semester, so it didn't take much convincing to get me out. After Jordyn and I met Nova and Chloe, it became our new favorite hangout spot.

Nova is twenty-one. She's a short girl with deep brunette hair and big brown eyes. She's more like me and fucking hates people.

Chloe, on the other hand, is a social butterfly like Jordyn. She's twenty-two, also on the shorter side, and has that curly beach blonde hair. They go to East-view University with us, so it's pretty nice to have people we can call friends. Jordyn has been going there since freshman year. I, on the other hand, transferred here for this year because it's the best university for my major.

Chloe and Jordyn are sitting at the bar talking to some random ass guys while Nova and I are dancing our little souls away. The bass in this place is immaculate, and I can feel it rocking through my entire body. We sway our hips together to the music as I hold my cup in the air.

The way I feel is fantastic. I've had two drinks, a shot, and smoked half of a blunt. It's safe to say I'm kind of fucked up. But I know my limits, and I don't want to get too drunk. This is how I love to be, and it was very much needed. Two songs and empty cups later, we walk up to the bar to get another drink. I put myself between Jordyn and the guy she's talking to.

"I'll take another, please," I say to the bartender with a smile. He nods at me and goes to get my drink. I turn to the guy Jordyn is talking to, put my hand on his hard chest, and lightly push him backward. "Excuse me, but I want my best friend back. Thank you for keeping her occupied, but you're no longer needed." I slur my words a little and smile at him.

He smiles back and lets out a small laugh, then walks away. "Bitch he was hot," she gasps at me. "Yes, well, you can find him again later, but I want you right now, and I am your priority." I throw my arms over her neck and sit on her lap. She laughs as she tilts her head back and wraps her arms around my waist.

I know Jordyn is going to be over my ass by the end of the night, but she loves me. She turns our bodies towards the bar and waves at the bartender. "Can I get some water, please?" she asks him. "Of course." He smiles as he sets my drink down. I go to grab it off of the bar when Jordyn grabs it first. My jaw drops as I watch her take a drink. "Bitch that was mine." I playfully smack her shoulder. "You are getting the water." She sets the glass back on the bar. "I don't want water. I want my drink."

"I think you're good for right now, babe."

"You don't decide when I'm done. I do." I'm getting kind of annoyed. I know my limits, and I know I'm not completely fucked up. I just want to be a little drunk and enjoy myself.

“Luna, you’re drunk. You’re good right now. Just vibe as you are.”

“Yeah, whatever. I didn’t know you were my mom. I thought she was dead.” I roll my eyes and get up off of her lap. I walk my way over to Nova, who is standing next to Chloe and talking with her and another random man. “Hey, bitches!” I yell and swing my arms over Chloe and Nova’s shoulders.

“Oh my god. Hi babe,” Chloe says to me as she sets down her cup. “Who wants to dance with me?” I tilt my head to the side with a smile. “I definitely will!” Chloe says excitedly. “I will be back.” She picks her cup off the bar and takes another drink before going with me.

We’re vibing and feeling the songs and each other when I sense someone staring at me. I stop dancing and stand still, scanning the room with my eyes. I see everyone on the club floor, but I don’t notice anyone looking at me. Maybe Jordyn was right. “Hey, are you okay?” Chloe asks me as she stops dancing as well. I don’t say anything as I continue to look around. I squeeze my nails into the palm of my hand, forming crescent shapes in the skin. Chloe pats my shoulder to get my attention, and I snap my eyes to her. “Luna, girl, what’s wrong?” She turns her head to look behind us. I smile and shake my head. “Nothing, nothing. I’m fine.” I wave a dismissive hand. “Let’s dance!” I grab her hands and start dancing again.

After a while, Nova and Jordyn join us on the dance floor. I lean into Chloe and shout, “I’ll be back. I have to pee.”

“Do you want me to come with you?” she asks me, grabbing my arm. “No, I’ll be fine. I’ll be quick.” I kiss her cheek and walk toward the bathroom. I let out a sigh before I open the bathroom door. I felt someone staring at me again while I was coming over here.

After I pee, I wash my hands and look at myself in the mirror. My makeup is halfway melted off of my face, with my mascara smudged a little on my eyes, and my lip gloss is gone. I grab a paper towel and wet it to wipe off the smudged

mascara. *Good enough.* I throw the towel away and leave the bathroom.

I'm looking at the ground as I walk down the hall and run into a wall. The wall actually being a man. "Oh, sorry." I giggle and put my hands out. A big hand grabs my wrist to help me stabilize myself better. "You have to watch where you're going, Little Moon," a deep voice says, sending vibrations through my body. *Whoa.* I look up to see half of a skull mask on the man's face, leaving only his nose and mouth visible. My smile fades when I look at him. "Yeah, sorry about that. I'm a *little* drunk." I pinch my pointer finger and thumb together with my free hand when I say 'little.' The man smirks and lets go of my arm. He walks into the men's bathroom without another word. *What the fuck?* I shake my head to focus and attempt to process that interaction before walking back to my friends.

Chloe and I are at the bar while Jordyn and Nova are still dancing. My feet hurt from my heels, so I sit down for a bit. I decide to get another drink, but chase it with water instead of what I would usually chase with. Chloe looks at me and laughs. "What are you doing?"

"The water cancels out the alcohol, right?" I respond. "I don't think that's how it works, girl." She puts her hand on her hip and drinks from her cup. I shrug my shoulders and take another drink. "How are you ladies doing tonight?" I hear a man say. I look at him and smile. "I'm so good," I respond. "I'm Chase, and this is Jake." Chase introduces himself and his friend. "I'm Luna, and this is my friend, Chloe." Chase walks closer to me, and Jake starts talking to Chloe. "Nice to meet you, Luna." He sticks out his hand to me.

I put my hand in his, and he brings my knuckles to his mouth and kisses them, making heat rise to my cheeks. Chase looks to be about 6'2". He has a slim build and a couple of tattoos on his arms. His hair is combed so it falls evenly on both sides of his face. When he leaned in to kiss my knuckles, I noticed his other hand quickly slide over my drink. *I guess I'm not drinking that anymore.* My smile fades, and I quickly

force it back out. “You’re cute,” I say to him, pulling my hand back. “And you are gorgeous,” he returns the compliment.

I pick up my glass and take a fake drink of it since I just fucking watched him try to drug me. I set it back down and stand up. “Sorry, give me one second,” I say, acting like I got a text. I go to mine and Chloe’s messages and text her.

Luna: Chlo, don’t drink your drink. I just caught this asshole putting something in mine out of the corner of my eye.

I press send and turn off my phone. “My mom texted me,” which is obviously a lie. “You know how they are.” I force another smile at him. “Do you want to dance?” I quickly change the subject. “I was thinking we could go upstairs.” *Of course he was thinking that.* “You know what? Sure.” I’ll play this game.

He grabs my hand and leads me to the stairs. I pat Chloe on the shoulder when I walk by. When we get up the stairs, he leads me into a room and closes the door. He walks over to me and grabs my waist. Chase leans down and presses his lips into mine, and I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling his bottom lip between my teeth. I bite it and run my tongue over his lip while his hands travel to my back and down to my ass, and he squeezes.

I moan into the kiss, and it heats up a little bit. I don’t want this to go too far, but I want it to go so he thinks he’s getting his way. He pushes me against the wall and runs his left hand down to under my knee, lifting it to his waist. My hands run down his chest and signal that I want to take his shirt off. Letting me take it off, he puts up his arms, and I pull the shirt over his head, dropping it to the floor. Our lips reconnect, and he uses his hands to push my dress up to my hips.

I pull my head back, breaking the kiss. “Wait.” I put my hands on his chest and push him back. He looks at me with a fake, confused look. “Is everything okay?” He asks. He probably thinks I’m not feeling well because of the drugs—asshole.

“Come over here.” We walk over to the bed in the room, and I push him to lie down. I crawl on top of him and press my lips to his. “Do you have a condom?” I ask. I’m not actually going to fuck him, but I want him to think I am. He shakes his head ‘no.’ “That’s fine.” I breathe out and kiss him again. I grind my hips onto him, and he grabs them to move with my rhythm. “You’re so hot,” he groans. I get off him to slowly pull his pants off, discreetly feeling the front pockets to see if there are any more pills in there. He watches me and runs his tongue over his bottom lip. He then puts his head back and closes his eyes.

When he does that, I quickly reach into the pocket I felt them in and grab whatever was in there. I also pull the belt off of his pants so I can tie up his arms. So he won’t have power over me with what I’m going to do. He looks at me with a smirk on his face, and he backs up to the headboard. I go back to straddling him and wrap the belt around his hands and the headboard. Then, I secure the belt in place. “Oh, this is sexy,” he whispers. I lean down and peck his lips.

I reach back and rub his length with the hand that doesn’t have the pills. Now, it is time to put my plan into action. I sit up and move my leg back, so my knee goes right on his dick. He groans in pain. “What the fuck?” His eyes widen. “You think I didn’t see you put something in my drink?” I question. “What? I didn’t. I-“ I go up and slam my knee onto him. He screams. “I *saw* you. You think I don’t have eyes?”

“I- I’m sorry. I don’t-“ I reach forward and shove the pills in his mouth, tilting his head back. “Let’s see how you like being drugged,” I smirk. “You’re fucking crazy!” He yells at me. I press my knee down on him one last time before I get off the bed. “I’m crazy, but you were probably going to rape me,” I laugh and shake my head. After pulling my dress back down, my hands smooth out the wrinkles. “Night night, babe.” I wave at him and turn to walk out of the door.

Walking down the stairs, I immediately scan the room for Chloe. I see her standing with Nova and Jordyn at the bar, so I walk over to them quickly. “Luna! Bitch, are you okay?” Nova asks me with a genuinely concerned look on her face. “I’m

fine. I just had to take care of something.” I put my hand up to the bartender, and he hands me a drink. I chug that shit down and put the glass on the table. That little situation sobered me up a little, and that upsets me. “Vodka, please.” He fills up the glass and slides it back over. I chug that shit down, too, and shake my head at the taste. “Woo! Alright,” I breathe out.

Jordyn, Chloe, and Nova are just staring at me. “What?” I ask. “What do you mean ‘what’? What the fuck happened?” Jordyn questions. I told them what happened, and their jaws were basically on the floor. “What the actual fuck.” Nova says with her hands in front of her. “Are you okay?” Chloe puts a hand on my arm. “Wha- yes. I said I’m fine.” I nod my head at her. My eyes dart towards the stairs when I see the man I ran into earlier walking up them. “Um. How about we get out of here, yeah?” I say and look at the girls. “Yeah. Yeah, sure,” Jordyn nods at me. I order an Uber for us, and we stand outside to wait. When the car arrives, we get inside, and the driver takes off towards mine and Jordyn’s apartment.

“Get back safe,” I say as I step out of the car and close the door. “Goodnight bitches. Love you,” Nova says to me and Jordyn, blowing us a kiss. I return the kiss and walk toward the apartment complex door with Jordyn.

We walk up the stairs to our apartment and unlock the door to step inside. I kick off my shoes and then head to the fridge to grab a water bottle. “Do you want one?” I ask Jordyn, holding a bottle out to her. “Sure,” she answers and leans against the kitchen counter.

“Hey, I’m sorry for being a bitch earlier.” I hand her the bottle. “No, it’s okay. I get it.” She waves it off and takes the bottle from me. “I wasn’t trying to parent you, Luna. I was looking out for you.” She puts her hand on my arm. “I know. I appreciate it, but I can manage myself.” I take a drink of water and close the bottle. “Oh, believe me, I know.” We both laugh, and my phone dings from a text message. I pull it out to look at the message.

Unknown: Impressive, Little Moon. Next time, let me join.

My smile instantly leaves my face. *What the hell?*

“Luna, you good?” Jordyn sees my seriousness. “Yeah. Sorry.” I turn off my phone and set it face down on the counter. “Who was it?” she questions out of curiosity. “Nobody. Just a wrong number.” I brush it off and change the subject, “I’m exhausted, so I’m going to go get ready for bed.” I smile at her and pick up my phone. “Okay. Goodnight.”

I head into my bathroom to wash off my makeup and brush out my hair. Black shorts and a gray, oversized T-shirt are what I choose to wear to bed—the most comfortable thing. Walking into my bedroom, I’m putting my hair in a ponytail when I hear my phone go off again.

Unknown: Goodnight, Little Moon.

“Okay, seriously, what the fuck?” I say aloud.

“*Who is this?*” I type out and press send. After a couple of minutes, I get no response. Shaking my head, I turn off my phone and set it on my nightstand. Whoever it is, is probably bored and trying to prank me or something.

The fluffy black comforter on my bed consumes my body as I let out a sigh, being over this entire day. I turn off the lamp on the bedside table and drift off to sleep.



Domenico

Luna Dallarosa. The green-eyed, short, black-haired, perfect woman. She immediately caught my attention when I saw her and her friends walk into my father's club, *Guerra's*. I kept my eye on her the entire time. Even when she felt me staring, she couldn't see me as I watched her from the upstairs balcony. She is the definition of Beauty. The way her hair hangs over her shoulders and sits on her breasts. The tight, short, black dress she's wearing that shows off her curves, makes her breasts sit pretty, and hugs her perfectly round ass. *Perfetta*. ¹

She says something to her friends and then walks toward the bathroom. *This is my opportunity*. I stand at the end of the hallway and wait to see the bathroom door open. When it does, I stride toward the male bathroom, so she runs into me. "Oh, sorry," she giggles. Her deep green eyes look up at me, and I smirk. She's drunk. "You have to watch where you're going, Little Moon," I say, placing my hand on her arm. After she exchanges another sentence, I say nothing and walk toward the bathroom. I just wanted to feel her. Her caramel skin is the softest thing I've ever touched.

I'm standing in the corner of the room when I see a moron and his tiny dick friend walk up to my Little Moon and her friend, Chloe. My hands ball into fists when I notice him put

something in her drink. *Lo ucciderò*². I stand straight up and watch as she follows him upstairs. After a couple of minutes, I go up the stairs, and before I peek into the room, I hear the man yell. “You’re fucking crazy!” he yelps out.

A smile creeps up on my face, and I peek in to see her knee on his cock. *That’s my girl*. I walk back down to the ballroom floor and wait for her to come out. When she returns to her friends, I step up the stairs to enter the room. I see him barely struggling to move. He looks like he was drugged. My dick strains against my pants at the thought of watching her fuck him up.

I crack my neck and walk over to him while I pull my gun out of the back of my waistband. “Man, what happened to you?” I laugh. “That... that bitch,” he slurs out. I whip the handle of my gun onto his dick, causing him to scream out in pain, “What the fuck, man?”

“Shut the fuck up.” I hit his head with my gun and knock him the fuck out. I pull my phone out and dial my buddy, Elias. “Domenico! What can I do ya for?” My eyebrows furrowed together, and I sigh, pinching the bridge of my nose with my pointer finger and thumb. “Elias. I need you to come grab this dickwad for me and take him to the warehouse.” I say, pointing my gun at him like Elias can see me. “On it! You at the club?”

“Yes. *Grazie*³.”

I hang up and walk out of the room. I spot one of the guards and motion him to come to me. “Don’t let anyone in this room besides Elias,” I order him. He nods his head and stands in front of the door. I walk to the balcony and lean over the gold railing. I don’t see Luna and her friends, so I assume they’re leaving. I walk out to see them getting in a car. My black Ferrari SF90 Stradale sits in the corner of the parking lot, looking like an absolute beauty. It’s almost as beautiful as *her*. I get in the driver’s side door and follow them.

I see a light in their apartment flicker on while I sit in my car across the street. I wait a minute before typing out a text

message, “*Impressive, Little Moon. Next time, let me join.*” After a few minutes, I see the light in Luna’s bathroom come on, and I watch her silhouette slide off her black dress. *Goddamn.* This girl should have blackout curtains on her window because I can see her shadow perfectly. I’ll have to remind myself to fix that for her.

The outline of her body is beautiful. I type out another message, “*Goodnight, Little Moon,*” and send it. A smirk appears on my face as I do so.

When the light in her bedroom turns off, I start my car and drive off to the warehouse. I have business to attend to now.

When I arrive, the gate opens, and I drive inside. My father’s guards nod their heads at me, and I return the gesture. One of them opens the door to the warehouse for me, and I walk inside. I saunter down to the creepy ass basement and open the door to see the asshole tied to a chair. “Elias, Callum,” I say, acknowledging my two friends in the room. “So, what’s the deal? Why’s this asshole here?” Callum questions. “Our little friend here likes to drug women and rape them,” I respond. A smile appears on Elias’ face. “Oh, I’m going to have *fun.*” He jumps up and down like a child.

I walk over to the man and punch him in the face to wake him up. “What’s your name?” I ask. He groans in response and blinks rapidly to focus. “Chase,” he responds. “So, *Chase.* Why do you like to drug women?” Elias cuts in, getting right to the point. Chase doesn’t answer. Elias pulls out his knife and stabs Chase’s left thigh, and he screams in pain. “Fuck, man! What the fuck?” he barks out. “I asked you a question.” Elias gets in his face. “Is it because you can’t get any pussy? Is that why? Are you just fucked up in the head?” He smiles at Chase.

“The girl you tried to drug tonight, Luna. Remember her?” I question. “What about her? She was fucked, and it looked too easy.” He grins at me. I land a punch to his face again. He groans and spits out blood. “See, Chase, you messed with the wrong girl tonight. She fucked you up.” I taunt him. “I mean, she smashed your limp dick with her knee, bro.” I hear Callum laugh in the background.

“Shut up. I almost had her. And man, that would’ve been a nice piece of ass.” He chuckles. I ball my hands into fists and take a deep breath. I crack my neck to the side and flare my nostrils. This asshole is getting on my last nerve. I grab the knife from Elias and plunge it into Chase’s abdomen. He screams in pain again, and a smile creeps to my face.

He starts coughing and spits out more blood. “Okay, man. Fuck! I won’t touch her again. I swear. Just please don’t kill me. I’m sorry.” He spits out more bullshit. “You’re right about that. But you won’t be touching any women ever again.” I grunt. “Y-yeah, I swear. Just let me go,” he cries. I pull the knife out and step away from Chase. He breathes out in relief, thinking we’re done.

“Elias. Callum.” I call out. “Dom,” Callum responds. “Leave us, please. He’s mine,” I smirk. “Oh, come on. You don’t get to have all the fun. This is my thing.” Elias flaps his hands in the air and smacks the sides of his thighs. I turn my head and look at Elias. “This one is mine. It’s personal.” I shrug my shoulders. Elias snickers and waves his hand at me. “Whatever, man.” He stomps his feet out of the room, pouting, and Callum follows behind him.

“What are you doing? I said I wouldn’t touch her man. Please,” he cries out. I drop the knife and take my gun out of my waistband. I point it at his cock and pull the trigger. He makes a noise I have never heard someone make before. It pierces my fucking ears. “Damn, dude. Shut the fuck up.” I say, pushing my finger into my ear. “You’re just as crazy as she is!” he bites out. I gasp like that offended me. “How dare you? She’s not crazy. And I prefer the term, Psychotic.” I shoot a bullet into his right thigh. His head swings back, and another scream leaves his throat. He looks like he’s going to pass out. *Pussy.*

I walk up to him and tap my gun against his temple. “Oh, come on, don’t pass out on me.” I want him to be conscious while I kill him. “Just let me go, man,” he pleads. I scratch the barrel of my gun on the side of my head like I’m thinking. “Mmmm, no.” I aim the gun and shoot him in the chest next to his heart so he will bleed out. He gasps, and his head slowly

goes down as he takes his last breaths. I smile and sigh at the sight. I walk out of the door and to one of the guards. "Get rid of him," I order. He nods and motions for another guard to help him.

I drive back to the mansion my friends and I have and walk in through the door. "Chaos!" I call out to my dog as I toss the keys on the table that's right inside the door. I hear panting and the sound of him running to me. "Hey, buddy," I say, crouching down to pet him. "Protect the house while I was gone?" I ask, like he can answer me. His tail is wagging like crazy, and he licks my hand. "Um, hello? I can protect the house just fine." I hear as Silas rounds the corner. I laugh and pat Chaos' back. "Yeah, I bet. Chaos could do twenty times the damage you can." I'm not joking, either. This dog is incredible.

"Yeah, whatever. Your bitch is in the living room waiting for you," he says, then walks upstairs. I cock my head to the side and stroll toward the room. When I walk in, I see Serenity Wilson sitting on my sofa. I roll my eyes and plop down on the chair next to the piece of furniture. "What do you want, Serenity?" I ask her and place my arms on the armrests. "What do you mean, baby? I missed you." She stands up and sways her hips as she walks over to me.

She straddles my waist and puts her arms around my neck. I run my hand down my face and sigh. Serenity leans down and kisses my neck. "Didn't you miss me?" she asks seductively. I push her off of me and stand up. Fuck no, I haven't missed her. I regret even looking her way. "Where are you going?" She grabs my arm. I quickly turn around and move her body to face away from me, and I grip her hair to yank it backward so her head touches my chest. She gasps and giggles. "Serenity, I want nothing to do with you. You mean nothing to me, and you're acting like a pest." I bark out through gritted teeth. "Leave and do not come back here." I push her head forward, and she stumbles.

I've hooked up with Serenity a couple of times when I was bored. She has never meant anything to me, and never will. No woman does except *her*. "You don't mean that, Nico." She has

tears brimming her eyes from how tight I was holding her hair. “Get the fuck out. Don’t make me tell you again.” I point towards the door. She looks down at the ground and walks to the front door.

“Damn, Nico, harsh much?” Elias says as he walks past Serenity. “Shut the fuck up, dude.” I shake my head. “I’m going to bed,” I say as I undo the buttons on my shirt. “Chaos! Come on, boy.” I whistle. He runs up next to me, and we go up the stairs.

I’m sitting on my motorcycle a little down the road from my Little Moon’s apartment to ensure she gets to campus safely. I’m having Callum track down Chase’s small dick friend. We don’t know if he tried to do to Chloe what Chase attempted to do to her, and we don’t really care. He’s going to have the same fate as Chase.

Little Moon walks out of her apartment complex, and she looks amazing. Her black crop top shows her stomach and hugs her breasts, pushing them together and showing cleavage. She’s wearing black leggings that snug against her perfect, round ass. She doesn’t need much—or anything, really—to look stunning.

I pick up my phone and take a picture of her. *Bella*⁴. She gets in the passenger side of Jordyn’s car, and they take off to campus. When they get a little down the road, I turn on my bike and make my way to school.

Callum, Elias, and Silas are already there, so I pull into the same parking spot as Silas. He and I rode our bikes today while the other two came in Callum’s car. “Hey, Cal, you find out anything yet?” I ask, setting my helmet on the back of my bike. “Yeah, his name is Jake, and he’s a student here.” I pause at that statement. “You don’t say.”

“Yep. Jake Smith. Son to August and Lilith Smith. Goes to EU and majors in Automotive Technology.”

“A mechanic, huh?” I tilt my head with a smirk. “Oh, I know that look,” Elias says, pointing at me. “He’s got an

idea,” he smiles. I nod my head. “Yes, I do.”

1. . *Perfetta* - Perfect

2. . *Lo uccidero* - I'm gonna kill him.

3. . *Grazie* - Thank you

4. . *Bella* - Beautiful

*Luna*

Nova, Chloe, Jordyn, and I meet up in the university's parking lot. I hear Nova and Chloe laughing when we walk up to them. "Hey, bitches," Jordyn says. "Oh my god. Guys, look." Chloe taps on my shoulder. I turn my head to see what she's looking at, and I notice the four devils. I call them devils because they're hot and fucking insane. The real crazy ones are Domenico and Elias. Callum is really smart and good at hacking, and Silas is a very twisted sadist. They're really close friends, basically brothers.

"God, I wish I could be with one of them. Or all of them." Chloe winks at me. "I mean, they are hot, but I wouldn't go that far." I chuckle. Just as I say that, Madison Anderson, the university's biggest bitch, walks by us. "Oh, please. Even if you would, they wouldn't go for you," she snickers. "Why's that, Madison?" I put my hands on my hips. "Because everyone knows ever since mommy and daddy died, you have nothing going for yourself. And I mean, just look at you." Chloe and Jordyn's jaws drop to the ground. *This bitch*. I suck on my teeth and smile.

"Oh, you bitch," Nova barks out and steps forward. I feel everyone's eyes looking at us. I put my hand out in front of Nova, keeping my eyes on Madison, and drop my bag. "You know, *Madison*," I say in a mocking tone. I bring my arm

back, then connect my fist to her face, causing her to gasp and fall to the ground. “I know you’re sad because Silas dumped your ass, and *your* mommy and daddy left you out to fend for yourself, but that’s not really my problem, so go fuck with someone else who might actually give a shit.”

“Yeah, bitch.” Nova spits out, and I hear a few people laughing. “Oh. My. Gosh!” she screams. Her friend runs over to her and helps her stand. She has tears going down her face as her friend looks to see if she is okay. “Anything else you want to say?” Chloe asks her with her arms crossed.

Madison looks at me, clenches her jaw, and walks away. “Exactly.” I smile. “Girl, I fucking love you,” Jordyn says to me in awe. I look over at the boys and notice them all staring at me. Domenico has a smirk on his face, and the rest are just staring. “Take a picture, it’ll last longer!” I yell over to them. All of them besides Domenico chuckle and go back to talking to each other. Domenico keeps staring and gives me a nod. Then, he turns his attention back to the others.

“Girl, they’re crazy, don’t talk to them.” Jordyn laughs. “Yeah, whatever.” I snicker. I grab my bag off the ground. “Let’s go.” The hand I punched Madison with is throbbing, so I run my fingers over my knuckles. *That shit hurt.* We all start walking towards the building to go to our classes. “I’ll meet up with you guys later. I’m going to use the bathroom.” I put my hands on Jordyn and Nova’s arms and smile. Then, I walk to the bathroom. I look at myself in the mirror, grab a paper towel, then wet it in the sink and dab it on my knuckles. They fucking hurt right now. I feel my phone vibrate and pull it out to see a text from the unknown person again.

Unknown: Damn, Little Moon. You keep beating people’s asses without me.

Then, another text comes in from him.

Unknown: You look good today, by the way.

The second text was followed up with a picture of me walking to Jordyn's car earlier. "What the fuck?" I say aloud to myself. He was outside of my apartment. He knows where I live? I think someone is watching me—a stalker.

He said I keep beating people's asses. He has to be referring to Madison. Which either means he goes to this university, or he followed me here. *This is starting to creep me out.* I write out a text back.

Luna: Leave me alone, weirdo.

This time, I got a response.

Unknown: Never. You're too beautiful to leave alone, Little Moon. You will be mine.

Over my dead body.

Luna: Sorry, bud, I don't do relationships.

Unknown: You will.

I turn off my phone and wipe my knuckles again. I'm not going to tell my friends about these texts because I can handle myself and they wouldn't leave me alone about it. Plus, maybe if I ignore him, he will get bored and go away. I walk out of the bathroom and head to my class. I feel someone staring at me as I step, so I pause and look around. There's no one there. *You're being paranoid, Luna.*

I pick up my speed, then hear footsteps behind me, so I turn my head to look as I keep walking. I spot Elias walking toward me, so I stop in my tracks and shift my whole body toward him. Is he who has been texting me? "Listen, Elias. Stop fucking texting me and leave me alone." I point at him. "Whoa. What. The fuck. Are you talking about?" He put his hands up with his palms facing me and eyes wide. *Shit.* "Uh,

nothing. Sorry. What's up?" I quickly change the subject. "Okay? Well, you kicked ass earlier. Good Job," he says and pats my arm. "Oh, uh, thanks?" I reply, tilting my head. "Yeah. That was hot." *There it is.* I laugh and clear my throat.

Elias is about 6'2", has brunette hair that he lets lay messily, and has a couple of tattoos on his arms. He also has a scar on his left arm and another on his cheek. I've never really talked to him before now, but I definitely know who he is. And he is not somebody I want to associate myself with. "Okay, so I'm going to go to class now. But thank you, Elias." I pat his arm like he did mine. I turn away from him and continue to walk to my class.

"He talked to you? What did he want?" Chloe asks, confused. "He told me 'good job' for what happened with Madison," I answer, shrugging my shoulders. "You don't even talk. Why would he say something to you?"

"I don't know, Chlo. If you want to talk to him, walk over and say hi." I shrug my shoulders. She looks at me with wide eyes. "Are you crazy? I can't do that."

"Why not? You're hot. You guys aren't your parents," I reassure her. "That is a true statement. But still, he's, like, crazy now. I hate him, and he hates me." She whispers. "So? You like crazy." I wink at her.

Honestly, I think Chloe and Elias would be cute together. He's crazy, she likes crazy, their parents used to be friends, and they would just go together. I'm not sure what happened, but their parents don't talk anymore, and Chloe hasn't talked to Elias since. It's not my business, so I never asked.

"Do y'all want to go out again tonight?" Nova asks, jogging up to us. "Hell yeah," Chloe responds. "Hey, what's going on?" Jordyn joins us. She walks next to Chloe and me and swings an arm over our shoulders. "Nova wants to go out again tonight," I answer, leaning my head on her shoulder. "I don't really want to, but you guys can go. Take a couple of shots for me."

“Oh, come on.” Nova lets her head fall backward. “Listen, last night was fun, but I have stuff to do.” When I say ‘stuff,’ I mean Jeremiah Bennett. He texted me during class, and I could release some stress after last night.

Nova rolls her eyes at me. “Whatever.”

“Let me guess, the stuff you’re going to be doing is a boy,” Chloe smirks at me. “Yes ma’am.” We’re always honest with each other about this stuff, so it’s never weird to talk about it. “Remember to wrap the willy before you get silly. We do not need a mini you.” I laugh and pick my head off Jordyn’s shoulder. My phone vibrates, and I take it out of the side of my bag to look at it.

Unknown: I’m not too fond of another man touching what’s mine, Little Moon.

The smile instantly leaves my face, and I look around the parking lot. *Seriously?* The only people left here are a couple of students and the four devils. Domenico and Silas are both on their phones. It has to be one of them. What would they want with me? I glare my eyes at them, then turn off my phone. “Luna?” Jordyn gets my attention. “Sorry, what?” I shake my head to focus and look around at my friends to see them staring at me. “What?” I ask again. “We’re leaving now. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m good. Let’s go.” I turn to get in the passenger side of Jordyn’s car.

Before I turn all of the way around, I notice Domenico looking at me. *Maybe it’s him. No, it wouldn’t be.* “I’ll order the Uber for tonight!” Nova yells over to Jordyn, snapping me back into reality. She nods her head and pulls off to the apartment.

During the car ride, I debated whether to tell Jordyn about my stalker. It could be a good idea in case something happens to me, but at the same time, she might tell the others, and I already know how that would go, as I said before. If this goes on for a little longer, then I’ll say something.

When we arrive at the apartment, I help Jordyn get ready to go out. I picked out a tight red dress that's short and has a little slit on the thigh, and I gave her my black heels to wear with it. She picked out cute little gold hoops for earrings and is wearing the necklace her mom gifted her; it's a sun and a moon hugging. "How do I look?" She smiles and does a spin. "Sexy as fuck." I fan myself like it's hot in here. She giggles and grabs her phone. "Okay, the Uber's here."

"Have fun."

"You too. But not too much fun." She points at me. I put my hands up and laugh.

Sorry, Jordyn, but I plan on having as much fun as I can tonight. She grabs her bag and heads out the door. A few moments later, Jeremiah texts me that he's here. I take a deep breath and go to open the door. "Hey, sexy," He says and puts his arms out for a hug.

Jeremiah is 6'0 and a little muscular. He's wearing a white T-shirt that attempts to show off the muscles he has. "Hey." I smile at him and give him a hug. Grabbing his hand, I lead us to the kitchen. On the counter, I have tequila and two glasses set out. "Tequila? What are you trying to do to me tonight, girl?" A smile goes to his face. I chuckle and shake my head. *So much*. "It's good shit too." I open the bottle and pour it into the glasses. "You're spoiling me," he gasps and puts his right hand over his heart.

After a while, we're sitting on the couch, drinking and making small talk. He keeps looking at my lips and down to my breasts. I'm wearing the crop top and leggings I wore to my classes earlier. He runs his fingertips over my thigh, and it gives me chills. I look down at his hand and run my eyes up his body. Then, I grab the collar of his shirt and pull him towards me to plant my lips onto his.

He rests his hand on my hip and squeezes. I move to sit on his lap, straddling him. His other hand finds its way to the other side of my hips, and he moves to grind my body onto his. He lets out a small groan and moves his lips onto my neck. "You're so beautiful," he whispers against my skin.

I moan at his touch, still grinding on him. I needed this tonight: nothing serious, and no strings attached. No thoughts are running through my head other than what I want him to do to me. That text that I got from my stalker earlier is poking at the very back of my mind, though. *'I'm not too fond of another man touching what's mine.'* I'm not his. I don't even know who he is.

Jeremiah stands up, holding me, and I wrap my legs around his waist. We move into my bedroom, and he carefully lays me on my back. I pull at the bottom of his shirt, and he takes it from me to pull it off. His chain dangles from his neck as he leans over me. I scan my eyes over his chest and down his abdomen. He does have a nice build.

He leans back down and crashes his lips to mine, his hands roaming aimlessly around my body. He moves his body lower, kissing as he moves down. Quiet moans leave my lips, and my head tilts back. He pulls my leggings down and removes them from me, tossing them to the floor. Jeremiah's fingers run over my clothed pussy, and he plants little kisses over it. I roll my hips up, pushing me against his face. "Jeremiah," I breathe out. He moves my underwear to the side and licks up my center, then sucks my clit between his lips. I put my hands in his hair and let a moan slip free. "I'm going to make you feel good, gorgeous," he whispers.

Jeremiah walks into my bathroom and comes back with a washcloth. He kneels down and lightly runs it between my legs, cleaning me off. "Thank you," I smile down at him. He leans up and plants a kiss on my lips. "Don't mention it," he winks. I go over to my dresser, pull out an oversized red T-shirt, and slip it over my head. I walk him to the front door, and he puts on his shoes. "Call me. We should do this again sometime," he says as he puts his hands on my hips. "Definitely," *maybe*. He leans down and kisses me, then walks out the door, and I close it behind him.

I walk back to the living room and pour more tequila. After a couple of minutes, my phone buzzes on the table.

Unknown: I warned you, Little Moon.

I put my phone down and run to the living room window to look outside. I don't see anyone on the street. *There's no one there, Luna.* I chug the liquid in the glass, walk over to pour more, and then chug that too. Pulling up Jordyn's contact, I text her.

Luna: How's your night going?

After a couple of minutes, she texts back.

Jordyn: On our way back. Wish you were there though
XOXO.

I sigh and turn off my phone. Thank God she'll be back soon. Walking into my bedroom, I run my fingers through my hair. I sit down on my bed and pull my weed, grinder, and blunt wraps out of my nightstand drawer. I roll myself a blunt, bring it to my lips, and light it. I deeply inhale and hold it for a few seconds before blowing it out. Turning my head to the side, I spot the picture of my parents and me. I shake my head and hit my blunt again. Thinking about them is something I do not need to do right now.

This night has been good, and I don't want anything to ruin that. Not my stalker, and not my dead parents.

After a half hour, I hear Jordyn yell, "I'm here!" Whenever we go out, she never gets drunk. She gets tipsy at most. She's like the mom of our group. I smile and get off of my bed. "Welcome back," I say as I walk into the living room. "I missed you." She strolls over to me and hugs me. "How was your night?" I ask, returning the hug. "It was good. Nobody tried to drug us." "Well, that's a win." I walk to the bottle of tequila that is still calling my name.

That's better than what happened last time, so I'd call that a successful night. "You want one?" I ask, gesturing to the glass.

“Yes.” She takes a few steps towards me, then pauses. “Wait, did your boy toy drink out of that?” she asks with a raised eyebrow. I nod my head, then walk to the kitchen to grab another glass. I pour the liquid into the cup and hand it to her. “Thank you.” She takes it from me and plops onto the sofa.

“So, spill the details. What happened? Who was it?” she interrogates me. I give a small giggle and take a drink out of my cup. “Jeremiah,” I respond. “Oh, he’s cute. Was it good?” She leans backward. “Yes, actually. It was a good stress reliever.” “Good. You needed to get laid.” “Jordyn!” I gasp. “What? You’ve been a bigger bitch than usual lately.” “Geez. Tell me how you really feel.” I chuckle, bringing the rim of the glass to my lips. “Sorry, but you have. And you can’t even tell me I’m wrong.” I look to the side and think for a second. “No, I don’t see anything wrong.” She laughs and shakes her head. “Are you coming out with us tomorrow?” she asks.

“Why? What’s tomorrow?” “Um, your little devils are throwing a party at their house.”

I’ve never been inside their big ass house, and I could use a party. This could also help me forget about the stalker. If I ignore him, maybe he’ll go away. “You know what, sure.” I finish off the liquid in my glass. “Yay!” Jordyn squeals. “Okay, It’s late. I’m going to bed.” I stand up and grab my phone from the table. “Night babe.” Jordyn props her feet up on the sofa. I walk into my bedroom to settle for bed.

Walking in, I toss my phone on the bed and run my fingers through my long hair. A loud rumbling sound of an exhaust roars outside. I walk over to the window and peek out to see the silhouette of a man sitting on a motorcycle across the street.

Nothing is noticeable about him besides the outline of him and the bike. It looks like he’s staring at me as his black helmet slowly shakes from side to side. I jump backward a little bit and close my curtains. *He’s here.* I run over to my door and hit the light switch to turn off the light. A *ding* noise sounds from my phone seconds later.

Unknown: You can run from me, Little Moon, but you can't hide. And believe me, I enjoy the chase.

*Luna*

It's Friday night. The girls are here getting ready for the party at the devil's house. I put on a short, dark red, skin-tight dress. This dress is one of my favorites. Mostly because my mom got it for me for my birthday the year she died.

I add my red heels to match the dress. I put on stud diamond earrings for jewelry that will blind you if a light shines on them. The necklace I put on has my name on it.

Usually, the parties they have at the house are invite-only, and well, I've never gotten an invite. I've heard they rarely do these all-access parties, so when one comes up, you don't miss it. I may turn down going out sometimes, but my girls and I would never turn down a good party.

The theme for this party is masquerade masks. I go with a mysterious red and black mask with sequins all over it and tiny red and black feathers sticking out of the top left side. Chloe's dress is gold, so her mask is a shiny gold one with some rhinestones on it. Jordyn's mask is plain black, like her dress, and Nova's is a gorgeous royal blue color with rhinestones and blue feathers stuck on the side of hers.

"Okay, y'all, It's nine o'clock. We should get going," Nova says as she takes the thirtieth mirror picture with Chloe. I add the finishing touches to my makeup and turn to look at all of

us. “You guys, we look hot.” I smile. “We need a picture before we leave. Come here,” Nova motions us toward her. We all stand together, and Nova takes a picture of all of us. “Send me that,” I tell her.

When the picture comes through, I post it to Instagram and caption it “*party ready*” with a kiss emoji. “Okay, let’s go.”

As I’m getting my things together to leave, a text message comes up on my phone.

Unknown: you look stunning. Would look even better with my hand around your pretty little throat.

Luna: Who is this? Leave me alone.

Unknown: You will know who I am soon, Little Moon.

The Uber pulls up to the front of the house, guarded by big security guards, and we all step out of the car. “Holy shit,” Jordyn says. “This house is big as fuck,” Nova says in shock. I walk up to Chloe, link my arm in hers, and we all head to the door. “Put this wristband on and put your phone in the bag that matches the number,” the one security guard says, and he holds out wristbands for us. We all look at each other and do as he tells us. #43. He nods his head and opens the door for us. We walk inside and head to the main room that everyone is in. “This is fucking insane,” I say, mesmerized.

We’re in what appears to be a ballroom. The floor is black and gold marble, with a gold chandelier hanging from the ceiling. There are stairs that lead up to a balcony with a wavy, black railing that lines the edge. On the far side of the room is a DJ for music, and a little down from him is a table with a shit ton of alcohol on it. “That table is calling my name,” I say and walk towards the table, leaving my friends. “I’m coming with you!” Nova shouts and follows me.

Nova picks up a bottle of vodka and pours it into two red plastic cups; then, she tops it off with cranberry juice. She hands me my cup and we hold them in front of us. “To a good night, and hopefully some fire sex,” Nova cheers. I laugh in response, and we tap our cups together, then take a sip. Well, I take a sip, the alcohol burning as it goes down my throat. Nova chugs the whole thing. “Damn, girl,” I say. “What? Don’t judge me.” She fills up her cup again. “Never that.” I chug my drink, too, and hold it out to her to refill. She nods her head in approval and fills up my cup.

I’m dancing and having a good time with my girls when I feel that feeling of someone watching me again. I look around and spot a tall man standing near the stairs and wearing a mask, staring at me. *Is that him?* I decide not to let this shit bother me and continue dancing with my friends. *There’s a lot of people here. I’m safe.*

About a half hour later, I’m drinking and talking to some random man, who I can tell is very attractive, when I hear “You can leave now,” come from behind me. The guy I’m talking to nods his head and turns around to walk away. I furrow my eyebrows together and turn my body to see a man towering over me. He’s wearing an all-black suit and a skull mask covering his eyes and nose.

It’s him—the man who was staring at me. I’ve seen him before, he’s from the club. Then, with him being so close, it hits me. That mask walked up the stairs after my encounter with Chase. The text I received after, and all the others. It’s *him*—my stalker. My eyes go wide, and I go to walk away. He grabs me by my arm to stop me from moving. “Hello, Little Moon. It’s time we properly met.” *Oh shit.*

I take a sip of my drink and clear my throat. “What do you want?” I ask, trying not to draw attention to us. “I told you already. You,” he replies. I move my eyes to look around the room, then I look back up at him. “Who are you?” It’s time I know who my stalker is.

A smirk creeps up to his face. He leans down and gets close to my ear, which sends chills throughout my body. “You already know that answer, Little Moon,” he whispers. He

grabs the lobe of my ear between his teeth and tugs on it. I start working my brain to try and think of who he is. “I don’t.” I shake my head. “Come on, you’re a smart girl. Think. Who am I?” He kisses my neck, and I step backward, pulling away from him.

I stare just to the side of him. *Domenico stared at me after I beat Madison’s ass, then I got a text about it. He also stared at me when we left campus, and I was talking about fucking Jeremiah, and I received texts about that. Domenico rides a motorcycle. There was a motorcycle outside of my apartment. Silas rides, too, but he’s shorter than Domenico, and the man in front of me is very tall. Oh fuck.*

My eyes meet his. “Domenico?” I answer. He smirks again and looks up and down my body. “Good girl. I knew you were smart.” He lets me go and walks away. “Wait!” I yell as he goes. I have more questions. Like, I don’t know, what the fuck is wrong with him?

Domenico

An hour earlier.

I slide the skull mask over my eyes and crack my neck. “Elias, you know what to do,” I say, nodding my head towards him. He jumps up and down excitedly and slides his skull mask over his face. I open the door to the garage, and Elias slips inside. I step in behind him. Callum and Silas are sitting in the car, keeping watch through the cameras that Callum hacked into. Elias starts whistling as we make our way toward Jake. According to Callum, Jake is always here late, working on cars and shit.

There’s a car held up in the air, and Jake is standing underneath it while working on it. Elias walks up behind him and whistles. He jumps from being startled and spins around. “Hi, Jakey,” Elias says, then stabs the side of his abdomen. He

groans and hunches over. “What the hell, dude?” Elias pulls out the knife, and Jake drops to the floor.

I find a chair and drag it to the middle of the room. There is a chain on the floor near the wall, so I grab it and slide the leg of the chair through a loop in the chain. Then, I fold it back and put two more through for stability. “Come on, buddy,” Elias says as he picks Jake up by his armpit and tosses him in the chair. I grab the chain and wrap it around Jake.

“What is going on?” he groans out. “What are their names, Nico?” Elias asks me. “Who?” Jake responds. “Luna and Chloe.” A smirk appears on my face as Jake’s eyes go wide. He struggles against the chain, trying to get free. “I didn’t do anything, bro. You got the wrong guy.” He says in a panic. “No, I think we got the right guy,” Elias says, playing with his knife. “Nah, man, Chase-” “Is dead.” I cut in. His eyes widen again, and he yells, “Someone help me!” Elias plunges the knife into Jake’s other side. “Shut the fuck up.”

“No one is going to hear him anyway.” I shrug my shoulders. Jake starts crying. *What a pussy.* “What do you want?” he cries. “We just wanted to have a nice little chat.” He kneels in front of Jake and grabs his hand, holding it in front of him. “That’s a nice ring. Can I have it?” He snaps back Jake’s middle finger, and I hear the bone snap. Jake wails in pain and throws his head around. “Fuck!” he screams. Elias takes off the ring and slides it into his jeans pocket. “Thanks,” he smiles.

Elias gets to have all of the fun with this one until my big finale at the end. “So, Jake,” he starts. Elias stands back up and toys with his knife again. “Chloe’s real pretty, isn’t she?” He tilts his head to the side. “Yeah, I know, I’d fuck her too. But unlike with you, I wouldn’t have to force her.” “I-I didn’t.” Jake shakes his head. Elias gets close to him and pushes the tip of his knife into the underside of Jake’s jaw. “But you wanted to, right? If it wasn’t for Luna, who knows what you would’ve done to Chloe.” Elias tilts his head up, still looking at Jake, as he slides the tip of the blade down Jake’s neck.

A smile creeps on Elias’s face, and blood trickles out of the wound. Jake clenches his jaw and moves his head back.

“Yeah, you wanted to drug her and drag her upstairs to take advantage of her. You wanted her at your mercy.” Elias says through gritted teeth and puts more pressure on the blade. “Stop!” Jake yells and slams his forehead forward into Elias’s face. Elias stands up and smiles. “Nico, he’s really a dead man now.” Elias plunges his knife into Jake’s thigh and drags it down. Jake screams and wails as blood pours. “Oh, look at that beautiful color!” Elias exclaims.

“Are you done now? We have to go.” I tell him. We have a party to get to, and I have a Little Moon I need to see. He nods his head and steps back. “I guess so.”

“Please, I’m sorry! It wasn’t my idea.” Jake pleads. I walk to where the car is held up. “No, no. Please! No!” Jake keeps yelling. “Fuck you,” Elias says, and I release the car, and it comes down on top of Jake, killing him. Elias laughs and jumps up and down at the sight. “Fuck yeah!”

I call our clean-up crew to come take care of this as Elias and I walk out of the garage. We enter the car and drive off to the house.

When we arrive, I shower and prepare for our party tonight. I put on my black suit and slide the skull mask back over my face. I brush out my messy hair and secure the cuffs on my jacket. My Little Moon posted on Instagram a picture of her and her friends dressed up, so I want to look my best for her.

At eight-forty-five, people start flooding the house. We have security at the door to confiscate phones, so no pictures or videos can be taken. This is an all-access party, but it’s still exclusive that way. We have dealt with Jake, more for Elias’ pleasure than mine, but I still need to deal with Jeremiah. I told her I don’t like other men touching what’s mine, and I meant that. I could kill every man that even *breathes* in her direction if I wanted to.

When the clock reads quarter after nine, I see four girls enter the house. It’s clear from her black hair and the curves on her body—and the Instagram picture—that the woman wearing the blood-red dress is my Little Moon. She looks absolutely stunning. I might not be able to stay away from her any longer.

She and a woman wearing a royal blue dress walk over to the drink table.

I stand in the far corner, observing her. I watch her bring the cup to her lips and let the liquid slide down her throat. All I can think about is her pouty lips wrapped around my cock instead. I can't wait to feel how amazing she is. My dick starts pressing against my pants, so I readjust myself. Her existence alone is so sexy. I want to ruin her and hear her screaming my name.

Her eyes start wandering around and lock onto mine. She knew I was staring. I don't take my eyes off her as we have a staring contest. She forces her eyes away and continues dancing with her friend.

I walk over to the drink table and grab a drink for myself. I stir the liquid in the cup and shoot it down my throat. "Domenico," I hear from beside me. I turn to see Silas. "Silas," I respond. He picks up a cup and drinks. "Who's the girl?" he asks. "What?"

"The woman you were staring at. Who is she?"

"Don't worry about it." I take another drink from my cup. "Oh, Domenico Guerra got a crush," he smiles. "Silas."

"What? I'm happy for you. She'd be an upgrade from Serenity," He drinks. "That bitch was fucking annoying." He raises his eyebrows. I snicker and nod my head in agreement. "Got that right." I take a swig of the liquid. "Just, uh, stay away from Luna, and we'll be fine." I pat his shoulder. "That's her name? Damn. Even her name is hot," he chuckles. "Silas. I'm serious." I give him a stern look. He puts his hands up in defense and takes a step back. "Hey, I'm just messing with you, bro. I know how it is."

"Good." I pat his shoulder again and walk away.

Present

Luna knows who I am. Seeing her talking with another man filled my body with rage. I couldn't stay away from her anymore like I have been. I needed her to know who I am. I

walked away from her, knowing she would come find me again. I went up to my bedroom and sat on the bed to wait.

Minutes later, I hear a female voice. The sound gets louder as it gets closer. “Domenico?” I hear. The doorknob on my bedroom door slowly turns and creeps open. Her head peeks inside. “Hello again, Little Moon,” I say. She sighs and steps in, closing the door behind her. I stand up, and she freezes in place as I take a few steps toward her. “Domenico,” she says again. This time, in a quieter voice. I love the way she says that. I bet it would sound even better when she’s moaning it. I walk toward her again, and she steps back when I get close. I go until I have her pinned against the door, leaning down so my face is inches from hers, and her breath hitches.

I lean to her shoulder and breathe in her scent—strawberries. Her breathing is staggered, and she turns her head to the side. *She’s scared.* I smirk and lick a stripe up her neck. “What do you want?” she whispers. “How many times are you going to ask me that?” I ask her and plant tiny kisses on her neck. “Why are you doing this?” I let out a low chuckle and raise my hand to wrap my fingers around her neck. I push up to make her head turn toward me, and I look into her eyes. “Because, Little Moon. You intrigue me.”

“Enough to make you stalk me? That’s fucking creepy,” she barks out.

I use my other hand to grab her mask and take it off of her face. “Call it whatever you want. I’ve been protecting you.” She tries to push me off of her, which only causes me to tighten my grip on her neck. “How the hell is that you protecting me?” she questions, looking into my eyes. “Well, for starters, Chase,” I answer. “I handled that myself.”

“No, you temporarily stopped him. I took care of him, permanently.” I smirk. “Did you kill him?” She widens her eyes. “Don’t worry about that, Little Moon. He won’t be near you ever again.”

“Please let me go,” she whispers. I slowly shake my head. “I couldn’t do that even if I wanted to.”

“I’m going to ask you again. What do you want from me? I have nothing to give you.”

“I want you. I want to ruin you.” I snarl. “I want to fuck you until you’re screaming my name and begging me for mercy.” I push her into the door, and she whimpers. *God.*

I place my hand on her thigh and slide it up. “I want to know what you taste like.” I slide my hand to her center and feel her wetness through her panties, then slide her underwear to the side with my finger and swipe it through her folds. I bring my finger up in front of her face to show her this beautiful mess. “Judging from how wet you are, I’d say you want the same, Little Moon.” I push my finger to her lips, and it slides into her mouth, having her taste herself. She wraps her lips around my finger, and I feel her tongue brush on it. *Fuck.* Her eyes glance down to my lips for a second and flicker back up to my eyes.

“Good girl,” I praise her.

*Luna*

I shouldn't be doing this. This man, Domenico, is a creep. He's been stalking me. He probably killed Chase, which, he did deserve. What is happening right now shouldn't be turning me on as much as it is. His hand wrapped around my throat; his face so close to mine I can feel his breath. I should be screaming, running, doing anything other than this. But I can't help my body shouting at me how hot he is. The skull mask is still over his face; only his mouth is visible, but the way he's towering over me is sending chills through my body and making liquid pool in my underwear.

This is wrong, but my body is saying the complete opposite, and my mind is agreeing with my body. *Dammit.*

He releases my neck, and I try to turn around and open the door. He pushes it closed and presses his body into my back. "You don't want to run, Little Moon. If you do, I will chase you, and I will catch you," he leans down and gets close to my ear. "And when I catch you, I will fucking destroy you." His hands go down to my hips, and my body jerks backward against him in response. I feel his hard length press against me as I do so. *Fuck me.*

His hand slides down and goes between my legs. He slowly trails his fingers up, and he rubs my pussy through my underwear. I breathe out and roll my ass back against him.

“Get off of me.” The words leave my mouth, but my mind is yelling for him not to. “See, you say that, but something is telling me you don’t want me to.” He brings his hand in front of my face to show me my own arousal on his fingers. I swallow and close my eyes.

“This is how you want it. Isn’t it?” he asks. I take a deep, shaky breath and don’t answer him. He brings his hand back and places a hard smack on my ass. I gasp at the instant sting that spreads through my asscheek. “Answer me,” he snarls. “Yes,” I whisper. He smacks my ass again. “Sorry, I didn’t hear you.”

“Yes!” I cry out. I turn my head to see a smile on his face. An actual smile.

I know this is wrong. I shouldn’t want this. I’m about to fuck my stalker. If anyone knew about this and about what he’s done, I would be judged so harshly. But I do want this. I want him to fuck me. It wouldn’t hurt to do this and go back to ignoring him. Maybe then he will leave me alone.

He rips down the zipper on my dress. When it’s at the bottom, I let the straps fall, and the dress slides to the floor. He grabs my throat to make me turn around and face him. “Goddamn,” he whispers and licks his lips as he looks over my naked, exposed body. I look into his brown eyes, and they’re lit up with hunger. He looks like he needs to devour me right this second. “Get on your knees,” he demands. I stand there, glancing at him. He removes the hand from my throat and puts it on my shoulder to push me down. I drop to my knees and am met with the bulge in his pants. He slides his belt through the loops on his pants. “Give me your hands.” I put my hands up, and he pushes my wrists together.

He wraps the belt around my wrists and brings them back to bind the remainder of the belt around the doorknob, securing it in place. His hands return to his pants, and he pops the button off. He pulls them down with his briefs, and his dick springs up. *Holy shit.* He is enormous, and I see a metal bar that goes through his shaft and has two little balls on either side. He has a fucking piercing.

He puts his hand to my face, pressing his thumb against my slightly parted lips. "Open," he orders and pulls my jaw down with his thumb. With my mouth open and my tongue out, he grabs his dick and places the tip on my tongue. He slowly slides it back until it hits the back of my throat. My eyes widen at how big he is as I try not to gag. He groans, and his head tilts backward before meeting his eyes with mine. "Suck." I hollow out my cheeks and slowly move my head back. I let my tongue slide against his cock and the piercing.

When it reaches the tip, I swirl my tongue around it. He thrusts his hips so he hits the back of my throat again. "Shit," he whispers. He places his right hand on my head, holding it still. He brings his hips back and thrusts forward again. "You look so pretty when you're on your knees for me, Little Moon," My eyes roll back, and I let out a moan that vibrates through his dick. He growls in response, so I do it again.

He holds himself at the back of my throat, which cuts off my airflow. I gag when he keeps himself there. My eyes close for a second, and I gag when I feel close to passing out. He notices and pulls out, and I pant, tilting my head down. He grabs a fistful of my hair and forces my head up. "Keep your eyes on me," he states. I nod my head.

I lick up his shaft to the tip and take him in my mouth again. My tongue slides over him as I push my head forward and bob my head back and forth at a slightly fast pace. His head tilts back, and he closes his eyes, a growl leaving his throat. The sight of the muscles in his arm flexing, his head tilted back, and him standing above me like this gives me pleasure. "Fuck, Little Moon. Your mouth feels so fucking good," he praises. His hold on my hair tightens as he takes over with his own fast pace. *I can't do this.*

"Jesus Christ. I want to see my come all over that pretty little face of yours."

I moan around him again, and he pulls out of my mouth. "Keep your mouth open." He strokes himself a few times before his cum shoots onto my face and in my mouth, with a groan leaving his. "So beautiful."

Domenico uses his fingers to swipe up the mess on my face and shoves them in my mouth. “Swallow the mess you made, my little slut.” *Shittt.*

He takes the belt off of my wrists, and I hiss at the pain from them pulling. “Get on the bed.” He nods his head toward what I assume is his bed. I stand up and stand there for a second as my head is spinning. He grabs my arm and pulls me over to the bed, then forces me on it. I lay on my back, with my legs hanging off the bed. He stands between them and leans over me. “I think we can take these off,” he says as he rips my underwear from me. Literally. “Domenico!” I gasp. “Those were my favorite.” I pout at him. He wraps his hand around my throat. “The only thing I want to hear from this pretty mouth of yours is you screaming, begging, and crying. Understand?” I attempt to swallow the saliva in my mouth as I nod.

He slides his middle and ring finger into my mouth to get them wet. He runs them down to my center and pushes them inside of me. He pumps his fingers in and out of me and curls them toward him. I gasp, and a moan escapes from my throat. He pulls them out and puts them in his mouth so he can taste me. “You taste as good as I thought you would,” he smirks. He grabs the base of his cock and lines it up with my entrance. I thought he would ease himself into me, but I couldn’t be more wrong. He slams himself forward, forcing him to go all the way inside me. His fingers could not have prepared me for his size. I scream, “Oh fuck!”

He sits in place for a second before pulling out and doing the same thing again. Except this time, he doesn’t stay in place. His grip tightens on my throat, and my jaw falls open as he repeatedly thrusts into me. “You were made for me, Little Moon. Holy fuck,” he growls.

Domenico removes his hand from my throat and grabs the underside of my knees to pull my legs up. He pushes them back so he can get a deeper angle. He watches my head slowly fall back and leans down to grab my cheeks and pull my head back up. “What did I say?” He slams into me harder, causing

me to scream. “Oh, god!” I yell. “He’s not here, baby. He can’t fucking save you.”

I whimper and roll my eyes back. “Someone’s going to hear me.” I struggle to get out. “Let them. Let everyone here listen to you screaming my name so they know who you belong to. Me.”

The sounds of skin slapping and me screaming fill up the room around us. “Domenico,” I moan. He groans at me, saying his name. “I don’t belong to you.”

“Denial is the first stage.” He picks up his pace, thrusting into me harder and faster. “Shit. Oh, fuck,” I cry. My pussy tightens around him, causing him to growl. “Do that again,” he demands, so I do. “Fuck. Me.” His head goes back. He leans over, with my legs still on his arms, and his hand goes back to my throat, squeezing. My breathing is staggered, and I scream again, feeling an orgasm forming in my lower stomach. I grip the comforter under me, and my body convulses as stars cloud my vision. He keeps his pace, riding out my climax with me.

I grip one of my hands onto his bicep and whine. “Slow down, please.” “No.” He tightens his grip on my throat. “Please,” I can barely speak. My airways are cut off, and my eyes roll back. “Say my name again.” I didn’t even hear him, so I don’t say anything. I am in pure bliss right now. This man who has been stalking me is rocking my shit, throwing me into another dimension.

His motion stops, and he smacks my thigh near my ass. My eyes shoot open and snap to his. He takes the mask off his face and throws it to the side. *Oh my God*. His face is the most attractive thing I’ve ever seen. His deep brown eyes, the scar that runs from his temple down to his jaw at a slant, his chiseled jawline, and the stubble that lines the bottom of his face. It hits me that Domenico Guerra, one of the devils, is actually above *me* right now.

“You might want to listen to what I say, Little Moon,” he leans down and whispers. “Unless you want me to punish you.” He bites down on my neck and sucks on it. The spot instantly stings, and I inhale sharply. He runs his tongue over it

and starts moving his hips again. My hands find their way to his hair, and I tug on it. He groans and thrusts into me harder. “Domenico,” I moan.

A deep rumble forms from his chest as he plants his elbows on either side of my head. I can see the sweat glistening on his neck and feel the vibrations of his voice against my body. He reaches down with his hand and circles my clit. I feel my stomach tighten as my second orgasm stirs. “Come with me, Little Moon.” He thrusts into me a couple more times, and we come undone together. “Please, fuck. Please.” I don’t know what I’m begging for, but the words come out of my mouth before I can think about it. “You’re mine,” he whispers. “No,” I breathe out. He stands at the edge of the bed and grabs me to flip me onto my stomach. “On your hands and knees. Now,” he demands. I push myself up and flip my hair onto my back. I feel his big hands grab my hips and slide me toward him.

I feel nothing for a few seconds until I’m met with the warmth of his tongue on my clit. He sucks the sensitive nub into his mouth and nips it with his teeth. I gasp and turn my head towards him. He looks into my eyes as he slides a finger into me and continues to play with my clit with his tongue. He pumps his finger in and out of me while curling it, hitting a specific, amazing spot in me.

His finger gets replaced with his tongue, and he starts eating me like it’s the last thing he’ll ever taste. My breath hitches as I drop my head down between my shoulders. “You taste so good, Little Moon,” he hums. “Domenico. Don’t stop. Please,” I breathe out. I feel the cool air hit me as he pulls his head away. I whimper in response and turn. “I said don’t stop.” “I heard you. But, I want you to beg for it,” he smirks. I groan and push my head back. “That’s not fair.” He leans forward again and teases my clit with his finger. “Life isn’t fair, Little Moon. Now, beg.” “Please,” I whisper. His tongue licks a stripe up my center. “Domenico, please.” He pulls my sensitive clit between his teeth and nips it. “Fuck. Please,” I beg desperately. “Please, what?” he asks. “What do you want?” “Please, just fuck me.” I don’t like the fact he has me vulnerable like this, but I need to come again. Before I can say anything else, I feel his tip at my entrance again. He runs it up

and down my pussy with slight pressure. I whimper, and he grabs a fistful of my hair and pulls my head back. I hiss at the pain, but it also makes me want him more. I push back into him, and he slides inside me.

He growls and pushes the entire way inside. I can feel his piercing gaze against my walls. “Shit,” I breathe. He pulls out and thrusts back into me, hard. He pulls my head back until it hits his chest. “Is this what you want? You want me to fuck you like you’re a little slut?” he snarls. I moan, and my eyes roll back to my mind. He throws my head forward, and I stick my arms out to catch myself. My back arches as my arms fold onto my elbows. He grabs my hips with his hands, and I start to meet the rhythm of his thrusts. Once more, all you can hear is me screaming and him slapping against me. “Just like that, Little Moon. Keep doing that.” “Oh, f-fuck.” I whimper and throw my head back. “Good girl,” he praises me.

I can’t take this much longer. My pussy is throbbing, and my head is spinning. I can barely keep myself up. I feel another orgasm quickly building, and I scream as waves of pleasure take over me completely. Tears are streaming down my face as I reach back to his thigh and try to push him. He grabs my wrist and forces it against my back. “Don’t try to run now, Little Moon. I told you what would happen.” My pussy clenches around him as I cry from the insane amount of pleasure.

“Shit,” he whispers. I hear a deep growl rumble in his throat as he thrusts into me harder. *I can’t take this anymore.* He leans over me and holds himself in me as I feel his body jerk, and his come fills my insides, mixing with my own. I push my ass back against him and fall onto the mattress, panting. His sweaty, heavy body is pressing onto mine, and I hear his heavy breathing in my ear. “I could stay here forever,” he whispers so low, I’m not sure I was supposed to hear it, and kisses my ear. He pulls out of me, and I whimper at the feeling of him no longer inside me. The mixture of our body fluids starts to leak out of me, and I feel it pool beneath me.

His weight disappears from the bed, and he returns with a towel. He cleans me off and kisses the inside of my thigh,

causing me to hum in response. I lay there like I'm lifeless and brush the hair out of my face with my hand. "Get up," he says. I groan and push myself up. I turn to sit at the edge of the bed and brace myself. When I stand, my legs shake, and I almost fall. Domenico grabs my arm to keep me standing. I look at him and notice him smirking. "Oh, you must be proud of yourself, aren't you?" I tease. "A little, yes," he responds in a cocky tone. I snicker at the comment and grab my dress. "Thanks to you, I have to walk around here without underwear." I roll my eyes. "You could just stay up here," he shrugs his shoulders. "Absolutely not," I chuckle.

I realize I left my friends without telling them where I was going. I look around before I remember my phone was fucking confiscated at the entrance. I sigh and hurry to get my dress and mask back on. "Help," I say. The zipper to my dress is on the back, and I can't reach it. Domenico walks over to me and slowly zips it back up. "I like it better off," he whispers, sending chills through my body again. *No*.

I open the door and turn towards Domenico before leaving. "Now, leave me alone," I say. "Never," he winks, and I roll my eyes as I close the door behind me.

*Luna*

Standing on the balcony, I graze my eyes over the crowd to find my friends. When I spot them, I go down the stairs and struggle to walk towards them. “Bitch where the fuck were you?” Nova asks. “I, um, I got lost,” I lie.

“Tell us before you go off somewhere. For all we know, you could have gotten kidnapped,” Jordyn scolds me. Nova and Jordyn walk off to the drink table, leaving Chloe and me. “What happened to your hair?” Chloe asks me. “And why do you smell like you just got fucked?” She gasps. “Oh my god, did you get fucked?” She smiles at me. “Chloe,” I laugh. “No.”

“Don’t lie to me. Who was he? Was it Jeremiah again?”

“No. It was nobody.” I don’t want to open that can of worms right now. “Actually, I haven’t heard from Jeremiah since he left the apartment.” I realize.

Oh my god. What if Domenico did something to him?

“Okay, well, let’s dance! You can fill me in on the rest later.” She grabs my wrists and starts dancing. “I need a drink right now.” I don’t think I can jump and dance. “Damn, it was that good?”

She has no idea. We walk over to the drink table, and I down two shots. The Alcohol burns as it goes down my throat, but it feels nice. “Oh, that’s good,” I sigh. I take another and

fill up a red plastic cup. “Okay, I’m good.” I nod my head at Chloe.

We walk into the rest of the crowd and dance. I feel a tap on my shoulder and turn around to see a man wearing a white suit and mask. “Hello,” he says. “Hey!”

“Do you want to dance?” he asks. I look around to look for Domenico, and when I don’t see him, I nod my head. “Sure. Come on.” I grab his hand, and he dances with Chloe and me.

“I’m going to grab another drink. Are you good here?” Chloe asks me. “Yeah, I’m fine. Grab me another one.” I hand her my empty cup. “Hey, do you want to go find a room?” The man asks me. “Oh, no, I’m okay.” I smile at him. “Oh, come on. We can have fun,” he says. “Um, I think I’m going to go find my friends.” I go to walk away, and I feel a hand on my arm. I snap my head towards him. “Come with me,” he insists. “Dude, no. Let me go,” I state.

He doesn’t let my arm go, and I hear a voice coming from beside me. “She said she’s good.”

I turn to look and see that skull mask. *Great.* He lets go and puts his hands up. “Sorry, man, I didn’t know she was with you,” he apologizes. The mouth under that skull mask smirks, and he grabs the guy by his jacket. He says something to him, and the man’s eyes widen. When he lets go of him, the guy turns around and walks away.

I turn to look at Domenico with my hands on my hips. “What did you say to him?” I question. “Don’t worry about it, Little Moon,” he smirks. “I can handle myself, you know.”

“I’m well aware. But he touched you. I don’t like that.” The smirk on his face is gone. “I don’t need you to protect me, Domenico.” I point my finger to his chest. “I will always protect you, Little Moon.” He leans down to my ear. *He does that too much.* “I told you, I don’t like other men touching what’s mine.” He kisses my jaw and then my neck. I push him back. “I am *not* yours.”

“You think you aren’t, but you are. And soon, you will realize that.” He brushes my hand with his.

“Sorry that took so long. Here ya go.” Chloe comes back and hands me my cup. I take it from her and chug it down. “Who are you?” she asks Domenico. “Jesse. This is Jesse.” I lie to her. He looks at me with a smirk and looks at Chloe. “Oh, hey,” she says. “Can you get me another?” I hand out my cup to Chloe. “Girl. You kill me,” she giggles, taking it from me. “Thank you.” I smile at her. She walks away, and I turn back to Domenico. “I want to hang out with my friends. Just leave me alone,” I sigh. “You’re drunk.” He points out for no fucking reason.

“I am not. But even if I was, that’s none of your business.” I put my hands back on my hips. I may be a little drunk from the shots and two drinks, but I want him to leave me alone now. “Why don’t I take you home,” he offers. “Why would you do that? I don’t want to leave.” I shake my head, and he steps closer to me. Him being so close to me again makes my breath hitch. “You are drunk, and if I remember correctly, I ripped your panties off of you,” he smirks. “You’ve had your fun. Let me take you home.”

“I think we were going to go to a bar after this.”

“Yeah, no.” I scrunch my eyebrows and jerk my neck back. “No? What are you, my dad?” I say sarcastically. “Little Moon, unless you want me to punish you in front of all these people, listen to me.” I roll my eyes at him.

Chloe comes back over with my drink, and I take it. I chug it down and drop the cup on the floor. “Chlo, I think I’m going to head home,” I tell her. “What? Why?” she asks with a frown. I flick my eyes to Domenico and look back at her. She won’t question me if she thinks I’m taking him back to the apartment. “Ohh. Have fun.” She nudges me with her shoulder. “I’ll tell the girls that you’re leaving.”

“Thanks.” I give her a hug and leave with Domenico. “Number?” The guy guarding the door asks me. “Oh, shit,” I look at my wrist. “Uh, forty-three.” He hands me the bag with my phone. I take it and give him a smile. Domenico nods at him, and the guard opens the door for us.

We walk up to a black car in the garage, and my eyes widen. “Holy shit. Is this your car?” I ask in disbelief. “Yes.” He opens the door for me. “Get in.” He nods toward the seat. I jokingly bow at him and get in the car. “Thank you, sir.”

He gets in and starts the car, then drives off to my apartment. “I would ask if you need the address, but you know where I live.” I glare at him. He shakes his head at me but doesn’t take his eyes off the road. “You know,” I shift my body to face him. “It’s kinda fucking creepy that you stalk me. Why couldn’t you just approach me like a normal person?”

“Because, Little Moon, I’m not a normal person.” He answers. I cross my arms in front of my chest. “What if I just call the cops on you?”

“You don’t want to do that,” he smirks. “Why not? What’s stopping me?” I tilt my head to the side. “Well, for starters, nothing would be done about it.” He shrugs his shoulders. “Why? Do you pay off the cops or something?”

He stays silent for a few seconds. “Don’t ask questions you don’t want to know the answers to.” I roll my eyes and turn to look out of the window.

*Luna*

I woke up this morning with a massive headache. I rarely get hungover when I drink, so I'm not used to this. I drank more after Domenico brought me home, which I am now regretting. "Fuck," I whisper as I sit up in my bed and rub my temples. Thank God today is Saturday, so I don't have any classes. I blink my eyes a few times to gain focus; then I find my phone. A series of drunk texts from Chloe appear on my screen. They consist of her telling me she misses me and hopes I'm having fun. I laugh at the texts and stand up off of my bed. Staring at me on my dresser, there's Advil and a bottle of water, with a note sitting next to them.

For your soreness, little moon.

Domenico. I'm still creeped out by the fact that he's stalking me because, well, it's fucking creepy. But last night was fun. He's a good fuck. The thoughts of what he did to me enter my

mind, and I squeeze my thighs together at the thought. *Not now.* I shouldn't think of him like that. He's crazy, and that's that.

I take the Advil and walk into my bathroom. I brush out my hair and throw it up into a ponytail. When I turn on the sink, water spurts out of the faucet, and I grab a washcloth to wipe off my makeup and clean my face. The clothes on my body are the usual oversized T-shirt and shorts. I'm not too sure how I got into these, considering I don't remember changing.

The smell of pancakes fills my nostrils, and I walk out to the kitchen. Jordyn is standing there, cooking. "Good morning," she says. "Morning," I yawn and stretch my arms. "So, how was your night?" She smiles at me. I return the smile and think about last night again. "It was okay." *That's an understatement.* She nods for me to sit at the counter as she slides a plate over. "Want to tell me who it was?" she asks.

I think about the situation for a second and shrug my shoulders. I know what could happen if I tell her, but I don't need to reveal *everything*. I'll just leave out the major details. "Okay, but you can't tell anybody." I point at her. She puts her hands up in front of her. "Not even Chloe and Nova." "Okay, okay. Who was he?" She asks, sounding intrigued. I drop my hand and look down at the pancakes. "Domenico," I whisper. She audibly gasps. "Domenico Guerra?" she asks. I scrunch my nose and nod my head. "Oh. My. God. Luna!"

I shush her. "It's not that big of a deal." I chuckle. "Not that big of a deal? You came back here with the craziest and hottest guy in our university!" she exclaims. "I can't tell if you're mad at me or happy," I joke. She laughs and shakes her head. "I'm just shocked. Good for you."

Maybe since I had sex with him last night, he'll stop stalking me. I highly doubt that, but it's a thought. "Oh shit, Luna. Look," Jordyn points past me. I turn my head to see a picture of Jeremiah on the television screen. I stand up and grab the remote to turn up the volume. "...of twenty-two-year-old Jeremiah Bennett says he has been missing since yesterday. If anyone has any information, call the local police department." My eyes widen at the words coming out of the

reporter's mouth. "Oh shit," I mumble. "Luna, isn't that the guy that was here Thursday?" she asks. I nod my head and turn to look at her. "Oh damn. That sucks. I hope they find him." She takes a bite of her pancakes. "I'll be right back," I say and drop the remote.

I pick up my phone from my nightstand and text Domenico.

Luna: Did you do something to Jeremiah?

I wait a few seconds and receive no response. *Goddammit!* I would be mad if Domenico did something to him because of me. Not that I care about Jeremiah like that, but I don't want him to be dead just because I didn't listen to Domenico. That's ridiculous.

I sigh and turn my phone off. Then I storm out of my room and head towards the front door. If he won't answer my text, I'm going to his house. He can't ignore me in person. "I'll be back," I say. "Where are you going?" Jordyn asks me. "You're still wearing what you slept in." I close the door when I leave and run down to my car.

I pull up to the gate of Domenico's house. The guard that's outside of the gate holds his hand up. "Let me in," I demand. "Who are you?" he questions. "A very annoyed girl. Now, let me in." He pulls out his phone and calls somebody. "Hey, boss," He says. *Boss?* "There's a woman out here demanding I let her in." He pauses for a second. "I don't know. She's short, black hair," I cross my arms in annoyance as he describes me. "Just let me through!" I yell. "Yeah, okay," he says, then hangs up the phone. The gate slowly opens in front of me a few seconds later. "Thank you," I flash a smile.

I pull up to the front of the house and throw my car in park. I get out, stomp my way up to the front door, and knock on it. My arms cross as I wait for the door to open. When it does, I see a tired Silas. "Yes?" He looks me up and down and crosses his arms in front of his chest, leaning against the door frame. "You must be Luna," he smiles. "Where's Domenico?" I ask. "Trouble in paradise already?" I roll my eyes at him. I don't want to play games with him right now. "Domenico!" I yell

into the house. “Damn, girl. He’s upstairs.” He motions his arms for me to go into the house. I step in and walk into the next room, the living room. “Domenico! There’s an angry girl down here!” Silas yells up the stairs.

A few seconds later, Domenico walks down the stairs. He’s wearing black sweatpants and no shirt. All his muscles and the tattoos that cover his front are on display. He has a sword plunging a heart over his actual heart, a tiger snarling on the other side of his chest, and much more over the rest of him. I also noticed a scar on the side of his abdomen. It looks like he was stabbed. There’s another scar on the other side of his stomach that looks like it was from a gunshot. “Well, hello, Little Moon,” he smirks at me as he walks directly in front of me. “What did you do?” I ask. Silas is standing in the doorway with a big smile on his face. “I just walked down the stairs,” he answers, and I roll my eyes. “Your eyes are going to get stuck at the back of your head if you keep rolling them at me.” “So funny. What the fuck did you do to Jeremiah?” I say, annoyed, and he chuckles. “Don’t worry about him,” he states.

I sigh and wipe my face with my hand. “Domenico- ”

“What the actual fuck is going on down here?” I turn my head to the stairs and see Elias walking down. He looks like he just woke up. “Oh shit, Luna?” He cocks his head to the side, “What are you doing here?” He sees the expression on my face, and he looks at Domenico. “Damn. I didn’t know y’all were a thing.” “We’re not.” I turn my head back to Domenico.

He spins and looks at Elias. “Yes, we are, she’s just in denial,” he smirks. Callum walks down behind Elias and yawns. “What’s going on?” He looks around. “Oh shit.” “I think we’re interrupting this,” Elias says, pushing Callum back up. They disappear up the stairs, and I push Domenico. “Answer me!” I yell at him. “I just saw on the news that Jeremiah is missing. I think it’s safe to assume that has something to do with you.” I point my finger to his chest. “Silas. I thought Callum handled that,” he looks at Silas. He sighs and walks toward the stairs.

“You thought Callum handled what?” I question. “I told you not to ask questions you don’t want to know the answers to.”

He walks past me and sits on the couch. “Why do you care, anyway?” His legs are spread apart as his arms hang over the back of the sofa. “I don’t care about Jeremiah. I care if you killed someone because you were mad that I had sex with him.”

“I did tell you that I don’t want other men touching you.” His shoulders shrug. “That’s on you.”

“Are you insane?” I ask like I don’t already know the answer to that. “I prefer the terms psychotic— different.” My mouth slightly falls open, and I immediately close it back up.

I take a deep breath and clasp my hands together. “Domenico, just because you stalk me doesn’t mean we are together. Get that through your hard ass head.”

“We have reached the angry stage. That’s an improvement.” My eyes roll again, and I stand in front of him. “Maybe you should see an eye doctor for that,” he says with a serious expression on his face. “You are so annoying.”

“Annoying enough that you came over here?”

“You didn’t answer my text.”

That devilish smirk appears on his face. “Coulda called.” I didn’t even think about doing that. I was so annoyed I just raced over here. “Whatever. You probably would have ignored that, too.” I state matter-of-factly. “Don’t kill people because you’re jealous.” I point a finger at him. “I don’t get jealous, baby, I get angry.” I tilt my head to the side and squint my eyes at him. “That’s the same fucking thing.”

He waves a dismissive hand at me. “Call it what you want. You’re mine, and only mine.” He stands off of the couch. As he steps toward me, I ball my hand into a fist and press my nails into my palm. “I’m not yours. Not now, not ever,” I bark at him as he gets directly in front of me. I don’t do relationships, especially not with creepy, murderous stalkers. How many times do I have to tell him this?

His hand reaches up, and he strokes his thumb on my chin. “Just wait, baby. Soon, you will be begging for me.” My head jerks backward, and I purposefully hit his arm with my

shoulder as I walk past him and out of the front door. *As fucking if.*

When I'm back in my car, I look at my phone to see texts from our girls' group chat.

Jordyn: Guys, Luna just left me here and stormed out.

Nova: Where'd she go?

Jordyn: I don't know. Come over?

Nova: Coming! Chloe's out, so it will just be me.

Great. Now, when I get home, I'll have to deal with playing twenty questions. Maybe I just won't go home.

I drive around with no destination in mind for a little while—until I reach *Ivory Lady Eatery*. It's a cute little place in the French Quarter. I step out of my car, and a grumbling sound comes from my stomach when the smell of food enters my nostrils since I barely ate any of the pancakes that Jordyn made.

Opening the door, the doorbell rings, and I find a place to sit down. "Hello, little lady. Just you?" A cute, little old waitress greets me. I nod my head as she sets down a menu. "Can I get some water, please?"

"Of course." She shares a smile with me and walks away. After a few minutes, I feel my phone vibrating. "Hello?" I answer the call. "Where are you?" Jordyn responds. I sigh. "I'm at the eatery."

"That's where you stormed off to?" she gasps, "Were my pancakes not good?"

"No, I just stopped on my way back to the apartment," I chuckle. "Yeah, whatever. Come back soon."

“Yes, Mom.” I end the call as the waitress comes back over.
“Are you ready to order?”

*Luna*

I don't know what to do about Domenico. I'm not tied down to him; I want to have fun. But how am I supposed to do that if he's just going to kill everyone I fuck? It's not even like I can do it behind his back. He's always there—always watching. Maybe I just have to find a time when he's busy. He can't always have the time to be with me. I sigh as I pull into the parking lot of my apartment complex. When I turn off my car and the music stops, I hear a motorcycle rumbling behind me. I get out of the vehicle and see a black motorcycle come to a stop on the other side of the street. He's not even hiding it anymore and stalking me in plain sight. My head shakes back and forth as I close my car door and walk up to the front door of my apartment.

"There she is!" Jordyn says excitedly as I walk in the door. I smile and close it behind me. "Hey," I speak to my friends. "So, I was thinking," Nova starts. "Uh oh," I cut in, walking into the living room. Jordyn laughs, and Nova puts an offended look on her face. "Let me finish before the smart comments, please," she jokes. I wave her on. "We should have a night in," she finishes. "Wow, Nova doesn't want to go out?" Jordyn asks, surprised. "No, I definitely do, but we haven't done this in a while."

She's right. We're due for a girls' night in. "I'm thinking we get high as shit and watch scary movies," I suggest. "Halloween is right around the corner."

"Girl, it's like, the middle of August." Jordyn laughs. "Close enough," I shrug my shoulders. "Luna's right. It's never too early to start on Halloween," Nova adds. I point at her and nod my head in agreement. I quickly peek out the living room window to see the bike still there, but the rider is gone. *Maybe it wasn't him.*

"I'm going to take a quick shower, and I'll be out," I say, walking towards my bedroom. "Don't take too long!" Jordyn yells after me.

As I step into the adjoining bathroom, I turn on the light and look up to see Domenico standing before me. "Holy fuck!" I place my hand over my chest. "You scared the shit out of me," I whisper. He smirks and takes a couple of steps toward me. I notice he has a little bit of blood on his bottom lip. It looks like his knuckles are bruised, and his shirt is ripped. "What happened? How did you get in here?" I ask. "Did you come in through my window?"

"Shh." He places his pointer finger against my lips. "What are you—" I start but get cut off when Domenico places his lips to mine—kissing me. I don't kiss back and push him away. "What are you doing?" I ask, surprised. "So soft," he whispers, ignoring my question. "Domenico, you can't be here." My friends are right outside my bedroom, and I don't need them seeing him here. That would open so many things I don't want to open. The fact he looks like he got in a fight doesn't help.

He turns on my shower and comes back in front of me. He wraps his fingers around my throat and pushes me against the wall beside the door. He doesn't squeeze too tight, just tight enough to let me know I'm not in control here. My hand flies up to his wrist, and I grip it. "I had a bad day after your visit, *amore mio*," he says through gritted teeth. I'm unsure what the hell that has to do with me. "Want... to talk about... it?" I struggle to get out. He pulls me forward and turns me around as he pushes me against the bathroom sink.

He uses his foot to kick my legs apart as he grips the back of my neck. Then, he utilizes his free hand to trail a finger from the top of my spine down to the hem of my shorts. “I would rather not,” he answers my question. I look into his eyes through the mirror, and they’re... dark. It’s not the light brown color they usually are. It’s like he’s here, but not at the same time. It’s like his soul isn’t there, and it’s just his body present. He grabs the hem of my shorts and pushes them down.

“Now be quiet. Don’t want your friends coming in here, do you?” He tilts his head at me as two of his fingers run over my still-clothed pussy. “No,” I whisper as I struggle to shake my head. “Good girl.” I whimper at the praise and the feeling of his fingers. *Fucking praise kink*. He moves my underwear to the side and spreads my arousal around. “So wet already?” he teases. I run my tongue over my lips as I continue to stare at him. We were only supposed to have that one time. I didn’t want anything more—I can’t have anything more.

My body is going against me again, and so is part of my mind. Part of it wants this again, and the other part knows what could happen if it does. I don’t usually fuck people more than twice. But knowing who Domenico is, it will be more than that. This could lead to wanting more, and I don’t do that anymore. Not since...

“Domenico. I can’t-” I say, blocking out my thoughts. “What did I say?” He grips my neck harder, cutting off my oxygen. I slightly nod my head and close my mouth. This is going to happen.

He pushes his fingers into me. “Are you going to be good for me, Little Moon?” he whispers close to my ear. I nod my head again. “Say it with words.” He pulls his fingers out and shoves them back in. My mouth falls open and my breathing hitches. “You... said to be... quiet.”

“You speak when I say,” he barks out. “Now answer my question.” He curls his fingers inside me. “Yes,” I breathe out. “Good girl.” He thrusts his fingers and removes his other hand from my neck to run circles over my clit. I bite my bottom lip to keep my moans in, and my head drops down. “*Oh my god,*” I mouth to myself.

My head gets forced back up by my hair. “Look at yourself while I fuck you with my fingers. Look at how weak I have you.” He leans forward and kisses my neck while his hand goes back down to my clit. His fingers feel so good inside me, like nothing I have felt from anyone.

I let a couple of moans slip through my lips when he curls his fingers in the right spot. I feel his fingers leave me, and I turn my head back towards him. He grabs my throat again and turns me around. “Since you don’t know how to shut the fuck up, I’m going to teach you,” he says through gritted teeth as he pulls me down to my knees. “I’m sorry,” I whimper. “Shut. Up.”

My tongue runs over my lips as I try to prepare myself for what’s about to happen. He looks furious, which I know is not going to be good for me. He undoes the button and zipper on his jeans and pulls his belt through the loops. “Lean down,” he orders. Not wanting to make him any more mad, I lean forward towards the floor.

I feel his hand wrap around my left wrist and bring it to my back. “Keep it there.” He brings my other wrist back and wraps his belt around my wrists, securing them in place. *Fuckkkk*. I lean back up as his pants and boxers drop to the floor. His dick springs up, almost hitting my face. I swallow and take a deep breath. “Take another breath. It will be your last for a while,” he says as he strokes my cheek with his thumb. He grabs his cock with his hand and brings the tip to my lips, spreading his arousal on them. “Open.”

I open my mouth and stick my tongue out. He grabs the back of my head with his other hand and pushes my head all the way forward. My nose touches his pelvis, and I try not to gag. He holds me there for a few seconds before pulling back and thrusting himself forward again. A grunt leaves his lips as his head tilts backward. I close my eyes and try to breathe through my nose. “Keep your eyes on me,” he demands. I listen and open my eyes, focusing on his. He pushes all the way to the back of my throat again, wraps his hands around it, and squeezes. He holds himself there for what feels like

forever. I cough and try to move back when I realize. I can't breathe.

I can't breathe.

I really can't breathe.

I try to make a noise, which only causes him to try and push deeper. My eyes roll back, and when I feel like I'm going to pass out, he finally pulls back and lessens the grip on my throat. I suck in a breath and cough. *Holy shit*. Before I can catch my breath, he grabs my head and shoves back into my mouth again. That should not make me as wet as it is. "You learn to keep quiet yet?" he grunts out.

I hum in response because I can't say anything. "Oh, fuck," he moans. My eyes are still focused on his as he thrusts back and forth. He pushes forward again when I feel his dick twitch, and a warm liquid shoots down my throat. "Swallow it all like a good slut."

He pulls himself out of my mouth, and I take a few breaths, trying to compose myself as some of his come and my spit run down my chin. He bends down and pulls his pants back up. I look up at him with pleading eyes as I stand. He reaches down to feel how wet I am, and he smirks. His fingers come to my mouth, and I open, sucking on them. "Only good girls get to come." he says. *Are you kidding?*

I glare at him and pull his hand away from me. He really can't leave me like this after... that. "Come on, please?" I beg. He runs his tongue over his bottom lip. Then, he leans forward and plants a kiss on my nose. "No," he whispers and walks out of my bathroom. My jaw opens and I stand there for a second, my head spinning.

Did he just use me? And why do I like that?

*Domenico*

*E*arlier

“Do you want to tell me what happened?” my father asks, storming into his office with two of his men. After Little Moon left, my father called me, sounding pretty pissed off. He told me to go to his office and wait for him there. I assumed it was because of the Jeremiah thing. My father is a respectable man in New Orleans—the don of the Italian Mafia. He’s very muscular and tall, which adds to his respect.

People don’t want to piss him off if they know what’s good for them. He is especially hard on me because he knows I will be taking over for him one day. Which I will be fully prepared to do. But my father, he’s not a huge fan of that. He has always known I’m different. That is not his concern. His concern is with *how* different I am. He says I’m a monster.

“Father,” I say, acknowledging him. I stand up from the chair that sits in front of his desk to face him. “Domenico. Have anything you would like to share?” he asks irritably. “You tell me. You called me here.” I shrug my shoulders. “Non prendermi per il culo¹,” he states while pointing at me. “That boy on the news, Jeremiah, I heard that was you.” He always seems to have one of his dogs following me around and reporting back to him. It is very annoying. That is a

consequence of him knowing I'm different. He doesn't always trust me.

"Correct," I confirm for him, smiling. "So, tell me, why was it on the news?" he questions in a calmer tone. That's how I know exactly how mad he is. Like me, when he gets to a certain level of anger, his voice is calmer than it should be.

"It was a mistake," I keep my answers short. I won't sell out Callum by telling my father it was his doing. "A mistake," he repeats with a chuckle. "If you're going to do shit like this and take over for me, you can't make fucking mistakes."

"I know. I was supposed to cover it and didn't get to it quick enough," I lie. "You know better than this." He looks over at the men who came in with him and nods at them. My eyebrows furrow together as they both walk towards me. They are both about my height but are much bulkier than me. They look like they do extreme fucking bodybuilding for a living. The one lands a hard-ass punch to my face, and a grunt leaves my mouth—blood immediately spilling from my lip. The other one knees me in the stomach so hard, I hunch over.

"Fuck," I grunt out. My back straightens, and I throw a punch at the first one. I'm not just going to let these fools beat my ass. My fist lands on his jaw, and he barely moves. I fight back with all that I have as I smile, being entertained by this. They land pretty solid hits on me, and eventually, my father stops them. "That's enough!" he orders. They stop, and I straighten my back, taking deep breaths.

The two men leave the room, and my father looks at me. "Fix it," he simply says, then follows his men out. My eyebrows furrow together, and my upper lip twitches.

My mother died when I was younger. She was the most beautiful woman ever—thick, curly brown hair, deep hazel eyes, and freckles that covered her face. My father was so deeply in love with her, and she was the only one who would keep my father in check when it came to me. Once she died, he didn't hold back on how he felt towards me. I know for a fact he wishes he had another son—not me.

I immediately went to Little Moon's apartment after I left my father's office. Usually, I would beat someone's ass or torture somebody to blow off steam. This time, I wanted—*needed*—something else. Someone else. I know when I left through her window, I left her a horny mess. Her face when I was leaving told me she was shocked, but her eyes told me she secretly loved it. When I get back to my motorcycle, I pull out my phone and go to my surveillance app.

I may or may not have placed cameras in her bathroom and bedroom when I was waiting for her.

Okay... I did.

I pull up the camera feed from the bathroom and watch her. She steps in the shower and starts wetting her hair, smoothing it against her head. She has a look of frustration on her face. I'm expecting her to relieve herself, and I feel my cock growing at the thought of it. *Fuck*. Her hands slide down the sides of her face and onto her shoulders. Then, she slides them to her perfect, full breasts.

She looks so good with the way her wet hair sits and the water sliding down her gorgeous body. Her hands cup her breasts, and she squeezes them, closing her eyes and tilting her head back. Suddenly, her hands stop, and her head snaps forward. I turn on the audio to the feed. "Yeah!" she shouts. "You okay in there?" someone yells back to her. "Yeah, I'll be right out." *Dammit*.

I guess there won't be a show today. And my Little Moon has to remain horny. I smirk at that, thinking of how she has to go hang out with her friends like that. Turning to my bike, I grab my helmet off the back and slide it onto my head. My motorcycle roars to life, and I slap the visor on my helmet down.

Pulling up to the gate in front of our house, the guard standing out front opens it for me. I put my motorcycle in the garage and go into the house. I need to clean myself up.

"Hey, Nico-" Silas starts as he jogs down the stairs. "Whoa. The fuck happened to you?" he asks with raised eyebrows

when he looks at me. “Where’s Callum?” I ignore his question. “Living room.”

I walk into the living room and stand in front of Callum. “The hell happened to you?” he asks with a surprised look on his face. “I covered for you,” I smirk. “Oh, shit, man.” He runs his fingers through his hair. “You get it taken care of?” I question. He nods in response. “Good.” I sigh and sit down on the couch next to him.

I hear the front door open and close. A smiley Elias emerges into the room. “What are you so happy for?” I raise an eyebrow. “Don’t fucking worry about it.” He puts his hands on his hips. “What happened to you?”

I stand off the couch and walk towards him. “Don’t fucking worry about it.” I pat his shoulder and step up the stairs. I really need to get this shit off of me.

I pull out my phone to check on the camera when I enter my bathroom. It shows her bedroom and bathroom, empty of her. I sigh and set my phone on the counter next to my sink. Looking at myself in the mirror, my lip curls when I see the cut on my lip and the bruise that surrounds it.

I undo the buttons on my shirt and take it off, revealing the five bruises that cover my torso. “Those motherfuckers,” I mumble to myself. The worst part is I can’t do a damn thing about it. They’re my father’s men. If he wants me beat, I’ll get beat. Retaliating on them would make it worse.

Even though I will be taking over, those men have loyalty towards my father. While a majority of them respect me, the others hate me just as much as my father does.

I run my fingers through my hair and then pound my fists on the counter. I quickly change into another button-up shirt and black slacks. I need to take out this remaining frustration, and I know exactly how to do it. Jeremiah isn’t dead. Yet. This whole issue is because of him. So, I’ll end it with him.

I jog down the stairs and head towards the front door. “Where are you going?” Silas asks, peering his head over the couch. “To kill him,” I smile. “I want in!” Elias jumps up off

of the recliner chair. “This doesn’t have anything to do with you,” I argue. “Nico, buddy.” He walks towards me. “I don’t care. You always have to help your brother, right?” He smiles at me. I shake my head and walk out the front door. Elias follows behind me.

Little Moon told me she didn’t want me to kill people because of her. So this is not because of her. This is for her, and for me too. I can’t help that anytime I see a man touch her—look at her—I want them dead. Sure, I could try to repress those feelings, but where’s the fun in that? Why should I repress what my brain is telling me to do when nobody represses their actions and thoughts towards me?

“Thank god,” Jeremiah says, relieved when Elias enters the room. “God? He’s not here right now. Leave a message,” Elias says. “Let me out of here, please.”

“Now, why would we do that?” I ask, stepping into the room. Jeremiah’s eyes go wide with shock. “How long are you going to keep me here, man?” he cries. “I told you, you can have her.”

“Have her? I *own* her. She’s been *mine*.” I snarl. “I didn’t know that, I swear.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel bad for this?” I tilt my head sideways at him. “I’m not too sure what you did,” Elias starts, walking towards Jeremiah. “But my brother is not happy with you.” He places a hand on Jeremiah’s head and pats it.

“It was just sex. I didn’t even know-”

“Just sex?” I bark out. “You had your cock inside her. Inside what’s mine.”

“I didn’t know. I didn’t know,” he repeats, a tear sliding down his cheek.

I pick my knife out of a drawer that’s in the table near the wall. I open my shirt and point to the bruises with the knife. “And this, this is because of you,” I point the knife at him. “What?” he snuffles. “What are you talking about?”

“This,” I take the tip of the knife and press it to one of the bruises. “This is your fault.” I slide the knife down, slicing my skin. Blood trickles out of the wound and down my stomach. His eyes go wide again, seeing how I just did that with no reaction. “I-I... I don’t-” he stutters.

Elias walks behind him and places his hands on either side of Jeremiah’s head. I walk until I’m standing in front of them and hold the knife up. “P-please. I-I-“ Elias leans close to Jeremiah’s ear and shushes him.

“Be quiet.”

1. Don’t fuck with me.

*Domenico*

“Hello?” one of our guards answers his phone. “Clean up,” I order and end the call. I open my father’s contact and send him a text.

Domenico: Fixed.

When we return to the house, I hop in the shower to clean myself off. I check the cameras in her room again to see if she’s there. When I notice she’s not, I send her a message.

Domenico: I hope you’re not having too much fun without me, Little Moon.

After a few minutes, I receive a text back.

Little Moon: Fuck you.

Domenico: I would love to fuck you again.

It's Monday morning, and I am outside of her apartment again, waiting. After about ten minutes, she and her friend Jordyn walk outside. She looks as perfect as always. Her hair is curled and lays beautifully over her shoulders. Her outfit today is a plain black tank top with camouflage pants.

Personally, I think she has fantastic taste in what she wears. If I heard anyone say anything bad about her, I would cut out their tongue so they couldn't say anything and put it on display as a warning for everyone else.

Before getting into Jordyn's car, she looks around at her surroundings. I assume she's looking for me. I'm a little down the road, but not far enough that she wouldn't be able to see me if she actually were looking for me.

Her eyes lock onto mine through the windshield of my car and I wave at her. She rolls her eyes, shakes her head in disapproval, and gets into Jordyn's car.

I don't have a class right now, but it doesn't hurt to go there with her and ensure she's safe.

Before I can pull off to follow them, my phone rings in my pocket. I check to see who it is, and I notice it's just a number, not a contact I have saved. "Yeah?" I answer the call. "Hi, baby!" a feminine voice responds. "Who is this?" I arch an eyebrow. "Oh, stop. It's me, Serenity."

Click.

I end the call and block the number. She doesn't know how to take a fucking hint. Noticing Jordyn's car is down the road, I turn my car on and head after them.

This time, when I pull into the parking lot, I stay far enough away that I can keep an eye on her, but she won't be able to see me. Just because I let her catch me sometimes doesn't mean she'll get me every time.

She steps out of the car and exchanges a few words with Jordyn before she looks around for me. When she doesn't see me, they head into the building.

Seeing that she got in safely, I decide to go to a little coffee place on campus to waste time. I call Elias to have a useless

conversation with him to help pass the time.

When her class ends, I watch the entrance to the building for her to come out. Students flood the entrance, and I scan the crowd for her perfection. When I see her, I notice someone walking with her who looks nothing like Jordyn. This person is a male. They're smiling as they talk, and his hand brushes her arm. My lip curls as my hands ball into fists.

Hasn't she learned? I stand up from my chair and walk towards them. I quietly follow behind them until they wander in front of an alley between buildings. I grab the back of the dude's shirt and drag him into the alley. Her eyes go wide as she watches, and she follows us.

I shove him against the brick wall, and my fists grab a hold of the front of his shirt. "And who are you?" I snarl. "Domenico!" my Little Moon gasps. The boy looks between us with a surprised expression on his face. "Domenico, what are you doing?" she whispers. My head snaps toward her. "What did I tell you, Little Moon?" I bark at her. My eyes focus back on him as I pull him forward and slam him against the wall again.

"I should hurt you for just putting your hand on her."

"Hey, I didn't mean-" he starts. "I don't care." I interrupt him. "Domenico, stop!" She puts her hand on my wrist to grab my attention. "Let him go."

"You are mine, Little Moon. *Mine.*" I don't take my eyes off of him. "I am no one's. I am a grown woman who decides what I want." She pulls at my wrist. "And I want you to let him go. He didn't touch me." I saw him brush her arm, but I know that's not what she's talking about. My eyes flicker between his as I fight with myself.

If I let him go, that could help me with her. But he touched what's mine. He may not have fucked her, but he still felt her skin. The boy licks his lips nervously as my fists close tighter around his shirt. I grunt and slam him against the wall again before I let go of him. "Go. Now," I growl. He stutters before he runs out of the alley.

“Thank you,” she breathes out in relief. I shake my head before I storm out of the alley myself. It hurts my head to press down the feeling of wanting to beat his face in. I don’t like to push the feeling down. That’s not what I do. But she said she doesn’t want me killing anyone because of her.

I walk to my car with my hands balled into fists. Before I can open my car door, my phone rings. I groan and pull it out. My father’s contact covers my screen, and I roll my eyes. I really don’t want to deal with him. I decline it, and then it immediately rings again. “What?” I snap when I answer. “Hello, Domenico,” he says. I stay quiet. “The girl, have you had a chance to look into her?” he questions, and I let out a sigh.

Even though he hates me, he still wants me to do shit for him. If I want to take over for him, I still have to do some things to be involved in his ‘business.’ So, I will do whatever it takes, even if I don’t necessarily want to.

“Yes,” I answer. “*Bravo*¹.” He sounds pleased. “Has she shown any signs of being involved like him?”

“No,” I sneer. I can hear him nodding in his silence. “*Padre*²,” I add.

“Yes?”

“I’m done. I did what you asked. *Lasciala in pace*³.” With that, I end the call and get into my car.

1 . *Bravo*. - Good.

2 . *Padre*. - Father.

3 . *Lasciala in pace*. - Leave her alone.

*Luna*

“He did what?” Jordyn yells, shocked. I told her what Domenico did in the alley earlier today. I can’t keep this to myself anymore. “Right,” I say. “He really is crazy.” She slumps back into her chair. “I know.” I sigh. “You can’t tell any of this to Chloe or Nova. I don’t need millions of questions.”

“I won’t. Promise.” She crosses her heart with her pointer finger.

“He didn’t actually hurt him, though.” Jordyn raises an eyebrow. “What?”

“Yeah. I reminded him that I didn’t want him to hurt the dude. So he didn’t.” I take a bite of the sandwich that Jordyn had made for me. “That’s... wow,” she sounds surprised. “What?”

“I’m just surprised he didn’t hurt him just because you said not to.”

“Yeah, actually, I am too.” I tilt my head to the side. It’s not in his personality to not do something because someone told him not to. He’s Domenico Guerra. He does whatever he wants. He doesn’t give off the vibes of listening to what other people want.

“Maybe he likes you.” She shrugs her shoulders. *You have no idea.* I laugh at her comment. I’ve shared this with her, but I haven’t told her about the stalking and shit.

“He said he would always protect me.” I lean back in my chair. “It doesn’t matter though. I don’t do relationships.” *And he stalks me. And he kills people.*

“Maybe you should,” she says seriously. I snicker. “Yeah, right.”

“I’m serious, Luna,” she sighs and crosses her arms over her chest. “You’ve only fucked people since you and Jack broke up.”

“So?” I cut in. I’m perfectly fine just fucking people. No feelings, no commitments, nothing. It’s good enough for me. I don’t need a relationship to be happy. I got my girls. And nobody has made me catch feelings for them. Sometimes, I would find a decent guy that I slept with, but I wouldn’t feel anything for them.

“Luna. Think about it,” Jordyn looks dead into my eyes. “Don’t call me crazy, but-”

“You’re crazy,” I interrupt her to mess with her. “I’m serious right now.”

I put my hands up in defense and widen my eyes a little. “Sorry.”

“Since Jack, you have been so different. So... cold.” My throat clears, and I shift in my seat uncomfortably. I have a feeling I know where she’s going with this. “Maybe Domenico would be good for you.”

“Are you insane? Jordyn.” I lean over the table. “He’s crazy. We all know this.”

“Yes. But he did say he would protect you. Who better to protect you than someone who’s crazy.” She can’t be serious right now. “Who are you, and what have you done with Jordyn? She would never say this to me.”

“I know. But think about it.” She stands up from the chair and pats my shoulder. Then, she walks into her room. No, I

won't think about it. I can't. Domenico is just crazy and hot. If I do let someone in, how am I supposed to know they won't do to me what *he* did? We were together for five years; he was supposed to be my high school sweetheart, and he cheated on me like it was nothing. He told me like it was nothing. These thoughts have invaded my mind before, but I always push them away or fuck someone to get it out of my head.

I need a blunt. I shake my head to clear my thoughts and walk towards my room. As I grab my lighter and a blunt I already have rolled, I look at the picture of my parents that sits on my nightstand. My fingers brush along the top and side of the picture frame. A long, quiet breath leaves my lips.

Jordyn is sitting on the couch in the living room when I come out from my bedroom. Criminal Minds, her favorite show, plays on the television. She really is obsessed with that show. I couldn't even count how many times she has watched it.

"Do you wanna watch with me?" she asks, gesturing towards the TV. "I'm actually going to go for a walk," I answer, putting on a jacket. She nods her head at me, and I walk towards the front door.

Smoke from the blunt fills my lungs as I deeply inhale. That "walk" I said I was going on turned into a drive, and I ended up at the cemetery. Sitting in front of my parents' graves, I have my back pressed against the cold stone and my legs crossed at my ankles. "Mom?" I say to the air. I want to talk to her, and this is the way I know how. Even though I can't see her, I believe she can hear me.

I bring the "*happy stick*" to my lips again. "I wish you were here. I miss you." I breathe out, and the smoke dances in the air. "Dad, too." I look around to ensure no one is here and lower my voice to a whisper. "I have a stalker. I know, creepy, right?" A disgusted look plays on my face. "I'm hoping he'll leave me alone. Or at least not kill me." I laugh. It's not really funny, but humor is helpful to me.

I tap the end of the happy stick so the ash falls off the cherry. “I will admit he’s hot, which is insane to say. You’re not supposed to find your stalker hot.” My head tilts back onto the stone, and I take another hit. “I am the family fuck up—excuse my language—after all. So it’s not that surprising, I guess.”

A rustling sound of leaves grabs my attention, and my head snaps toward the sound. My eyes scan the surrounding area. But no one is there. “If I’m not already crazy, I sure am getting there.” I shake my head. The sound of a twig snapping gets my attention again.

“Hello?” I call out. Standing up, I take a closer look around the area. Still, seeing nothing. “Domenico? Is that you?” I ask. When I get no response, I chuckle. “This isn’t funny. Go away.” After a few seconds, he still doesn’t say anything. I take another hit of my blunt before licking the tip of my finger and pressing it to the cherry, putting it out. Then I slide it into my pocket.

Domenico is being an ass, and I don’t like it. “Okay, so I’m going to go. Bye, guys. I love you.” I kiss my hand and place it on the stone.

Heading back to my car, I pull my phone out of my jacket pocket and call Domenico. He answers on the second ring. “Well, hello.” I can basically hear his smirk through the phone. “You know, stalkers aren’t supposed to make themselves known when they’re stalking someone.” I open the driver’s side door to my car and step inside. “Giving me tips now, are you?”

“I was visiting my parents’ grave. You couldn’t have left me alone to do that?” I ignore his comment. My doors to the car lock when I press the button, and I turn the car on. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Little Moon,” he snickers. “Oh, save it.” My eyebrows furrow together.

“Someone followed you there?” He kind of sounds concerned. “Yeah, you. Now stop following me.” I end the call, not letting him say anything else. He must think I’m

stupid or something. Who else would have been there? He's been following me—stalking me—for how long now?

*Luna*

Ever since I called Domenico about the cemetery, he has been more on my ass. It's not really what I wanted to happen. Sometimes, I see him following me; other times, I *feel* him there. That feeling you get when you know someone is watching you? Yeah, I feel that almost 24/7.

I will admit that I have been thinking about my and Jordyn's conversation from three days ago. While I hate that he's stalking me, the protected feeling that comes with it is nice. I know for a damn fact I'm perfectly capable of defending and taking care of myself, but still. He hasn't really talked to me, though. Which is kind of weird, but I can live with it.

I'm sitting in my six o'clock class, calculus. It's my only class, so I considered skipping it, but I don't really have anything else to do today. The professor is just rambling on about a bunch of bullshit I don't understand. Why do they put letters in math anyway? That's so dumb and complex for no reason. I'm about to take a nap when I hear the door open. I don't care enough to know who's coming in late, so I get comfortable in my seat. "Domenico! To what do we owe the pleasure?" I hear the professor say. My eyes snap open and towards the doorway. And sure enough, Domenico is standing there with a fake smile on his face.

“I thought I would join in on today’s lesson,” he says. I don’t think you can just join in on a college class whenever you feel like it. Who would want to do that, anyway? But Domenico Guerra can do whatever he wants, I guess. I know everyone does respect him and his friends. They get away with whatever they please around here. I’ve heard they—especially him—have ties into the mafia? I don’t really know how true that is, though. Imagine someone involved in the *mafia* was stalking me. I know I’m not *that* special.

“Of course.” The professor motions towards the seats. “Sit wherever you like.” She has an even more fake smile on her face. I don’t think she likes him interrupting her lecture. Domenico makes eye contact with me, and I look away, closing my eyes again. A minute or so later, I can feel his presence. “You have been ignoring me, Little Moon,” he whispers. “You haven’t exactly been talking to me.” I sigh, keeping my eyes closed. “My apologies. I’ve been a little busy.”

“I didn’t think you had much time to do anything else considering you’ve been stalking me basically twenty-four fucking seven.”

“Protecting, not stalking,” he corrects me. I open one of my eyes and glare at him. “Stalking,” I state. “Call it whatever you like. You haven’t answered my texts.”

“Didn’t feel a need to.” I shrug my shoulders. I hear him quietly giggle. A few minutes later I hear him whisper, “Little Moon.” A quiet sigh leaves my mouth. I just want to take a nap. A second later, I can feel his warm breath on my ear. “Keep sighing at me, and I will pin you down on this table and fuck that pretty mouth of yours so you can’t breathe. I don’t think the professor would like us interrupting her like that very much. Hmm?” I look at him for a second and close my eyes again. *He wouldn’t.*

I feel a form of butterflies or something in my stomach, and it rushes down to my core. *No. Stop.* I clench my thighs together to help the feeling. “Domenico, what do you want?”

“I’m just here to listen to the lecture. Which, by the way, it doesn’t seem like you’re doing.”

“I’m taking a nap. You usually don’t follow me into my classes, so I thought I could get some me time for a while.” He sarcastically gasps. “You pay that much attention to me?” I roll my eyes and look at him. “Don’t flatter yourself.”

He smirks at me and leans back in the chair. “So, what are you doing today?” He asks, putting his eyes on the professor. “I figured you already knew that answer. Considering you don’t leave me alone.” I tease. He shrugs his shoulders. “I was thinking your plans include choking on my cock and screaming my name.” My jaw drops, and I look around, hoping no one heard him. “Domenico!” I whisper and hit his arm. “No, I won’t be doing that anymore,” I add.

He sighs and puts his arms behind his head. “I guess I could see if that professor down there would want to. She seems like she could use a stress reliever.” I glare at him. I don’t know why, but for some reason, that comment hit a slight nerve inside me. Has he been fucking other women? Is that why he doesn’t talk to me as much?

I mean, I shouldn’t care if he does. We’re definitely not together or anything. That thought adds to that bad feeling in my system. “What?” he asks, noticing my glare. “Nothing.” I shake my head. “If that’s what you want to do, go for it.” I look behind me at a random guy. “I think I’ll ask that guy for his number. I haven’t had new dick in a while.” I pick at him. “What guy?” He looks behind me, trying to see who I was looking at. I chuckle at his reaction.

Domenico looks at me and leans close to my ear. “Go ahead, Little Moon, fuck him. I’ll cut off his dick and shove it down his own throat so he can never use it again. Then I’ll fuck you in front of him while he cries and chokes so he can see how you really like to be pleased,” he whispers. I wipe my smile from my face and clear my throat. “You’re going to fuck her, so why can’t I fuck someone? We’re not together.”

“Oh, but we are together. You really think I want to fuck that old ass lady?” He tilts his head to the side. “I was messing

with you. Seeing if you'd get jealous, which you did," he adds. "I did not get jealous," I say, crossing my arms. "Really? Your glare and statement afterward prove otherwise."

I roll my eyes at him and focus on the professor. "You should go. I need to listen to this." I change the subject and put my hands on the keyboard in front of me to start typing what's on the board. "You haven't listened to shit that's been said, and the class is basically over." He points at the clock on the wall. "I would have been listening if you didn't bother me." I lie, and he snickers. "You were basically sleeping when I walked in here."

I wave a dismissive hand at him and continue typing. I don't understand a damn thing the professor has written on the board. Even Algebra wasn't easy for me in high school, so I'm beyond lost with calculus. For some reason, this shit is required for me to take, so I have to suffer.

I guess Domenico notices my confused look. "You know, Callum can just have you pass the class if you want. You don't even have to do this," he suggests. "Is that what you do with your classes?" I ask. "Some. The ones that I feel actually benefit me for business are the ones I pay attention in."

"You're a business major?" I raise my eyebrows, surprised. "Why does that surprise you?"

"I don't know. I didn't see you wanting to do business for some reason."

"Well, I will be taking over my father's position in the mafia, and I think having some business knowledge could be an advantage for me." He is actually involved in the mafia. Really involved. My mouth slightly falls open at him admitting that. "You're just telling me that here like it's some normal job?"

"Why not? People here already know who my family and I are." I chuckle and shake my head. "Okay, so I think we'll stop here for today. If you have any questions, just shoot me an email," The professor announces. "You're dismissed."

“Thank God,” I whisper to myself. I put my laptop in my bag and raise off of the chair. All of the other students race out of the room. Probably to take a nap or start drinking. I would like to take part in taking a nap. I couldn’t fall asleep last night, so tired is an understatement compared to how I feel. I’m about to walk down to the door when my phone vibrates in my pocket.

Nova: Hey bitch. Drinks tonight?

I smile at the text and am about to respond when Domenico comes into my vision. “Who’s that?” he asks. My smile fades as I look at him. “Don’t you already know?”

“Why would I know who you are texting?” he squints his eyes at me. “Well, I just assumed you would be hacked into my phone too.” He rubs his chin with his pointer finger and thumb in thought. “That’s a good idea. Remind me to do that later.”

I snicker at his comment and go back to the text.

Luna: Sure. Sayyy in an hour?

Nova: Sounds good!

“Seriously, who has you smiling like that? I’ll cut off their fingers.” My mouth falls open as I look back up at Domenico. “One, none of your business. Two, you will do no such thing!” I poke his chest with my pointer finger. I move past his big body and go out the classroom door. He is seriously something else. Who thinks like that?

*Luna*

“Luna!” I hear from in front of me as I exit the classroom. I lift my head to see one of the girls that was in my class. “Hey,” I smile at her. We start walking down the hall together while I try to leave Domenico behind me. “Did you understand anything the professor said?” she asks. I chuckle to myself and shake my head. “Sorry, no. I was sleeping for the majority of the lecture,” I say honestly.

“Damn. This shit is just confusing.”

“I know. I wrote down some stuff on the board at the end, but It wasn’t much.”

“Could you send it to me?” She asks, grabbing my arm. “Of course. I’ll text you when I get back to the apartment.” I had her my phone to put her number in.

“Thank you so much!” She smiles at me. “Little Moon!” I hear as we walk down the hallway toward the main doors of the university. I ignore him and keep walking. “You shouldn’t ignore me.” I turn around to see Domenico getting closer, so I speed up my walking. “Sorry, I gotta go. I’ll text you!” I say to the girl, grab my phone out of her hands, and leave her behind.

A few seconds later I feel someone grab my arm and pull me into an empty room. He wraps a hand around my throat and pushes me against the wall next to the door. “Trying to run

from me, Little Moon?” he asks. Almost immediately, I feel that feeling in my core again, and wetness starts to pool in my underwear. “Get off of me!” I struggle to say as I push at his chest.

He lets go of my throat, and I let out a cough. Looking into his eyes, the usual light brown color that is usually there is now a lot darker. Like that soft color from before doesn’t exist. “You want to run from me?” He puts his hands into the pockets of his black slacks. God, I should not find the way he’s built and the way his face is structured so attractive. The light from the sunset beams through the window and lights him up perfectly, shadowing the right parts.

His deep brown hair is tussled messily, the front strands kissing right above his eyebrows. His lip is curled in the right corner, showing a smirk. He does not look amused at all, though. The look is more full of hunger—lust.

I shake my head in response and look down his hard body. “Go ahead,” he says and motions toward the door next to me. He leans next to my face, his warm breath hitting my cheek. His hand comes up to stroke my bottom lip with his thumb. “Run,” he whispers. I shake my head at him again and go to speak. “I-“

“I said run!” he demands, gripping my chin. I gasp and jump in shock. Quickly turning towards the door, I rip it open and take off down the hallway. There are still a couple of students left in the building. A few of them look at me like I’m crazy as I sprint down the hall. Before I open the back door to the university, I turn my head to see Domenico walking toward me. I quietly shriek and push open the door. There are woods behind the property, so I run towards them. I’m thinking I can lose him in there.

As I enter the woods, I drop my bag so it doesn’t slow me down. I’ll be damned if he catches me because of a damn bag.

I hear the sound of footsteps and leaves crunching behind me as I run. How fast is he? It sounds like he’s directly behind me. Suddenly, they disappear. *Maybe he ran out of breath?* I don’t let that make me go any slower. I run past trees and

bushes, getting minor cuts on my arms from what I assume was a thorn bush. “Shit!” I hiss.

After a few more seconds, I still don’t hear him behind me, so I slow down and almost trip over my own feet. I go behind a big tree, and my body hunches over with my hands on my knees. I turn my head over my shoulder to peek around the tree. Domenico is nowhere to be found.

I cough and try to catch my breath, letting my eyes roam the woods around me for Domenico. *What the fuck? He couldn’t have just disappeared.* My breathing steadies as I continue to scan the area.

“*Twit Twooo*”

“*Twit Twooo*”

“*Twit Twooo*”

A whistling sound appears in the air. It doesn’t sound like it’s directly in front of me, but it definitely doesn’t sound far away, either. “*Luna piccola!*¹” Domenico taunts. My head snaps up, and I look around. I straighten my back, and my breathing picks up again. “*Continua a correre, piccola luna!*²” I want to yell back that I don’t know what the fuck that means, but if he doesn’t know where I am, it will give me away. *Fuck.*

I hear a twig snap a little away from the tree. My hand comes up and slaps over my mouth to silence me. *Fuck, fuck, fuck.* My body presses against the tree, and my eyes close as I try to breathe through my nose silently. “When I catch you, I will *destroy* that sweet pussy of yours,” Domenico says in a voice that isn’t quite a whisper. My eyes snap open wide and I take off running again.

This must be so fun for his crazy ass. Chasing me through the woods like I’m some animal, and he’s a predator. That’s exactly what this is to him. I’m the prey, and he’s hunting me. I don’t know why, but while I am terrified, it’s also kind of fun. The adrenaline rush from the fear of him catching me excites my insides.

Do I... want him to catch me?

“When I catch you, I will *destroy* that sweet pussy of yours,” I say. A second later, I see my Little Moon take off from behind the tree that’s in front of me. I smile to myself and take off after her again. I can’t wait to get her and fuck her mercilessly. To feel that amazing cunt take in my cock is what I’ve been yearning for. This whole thing has had my dick straining against my pants, begging to be let out. *In a second, buddy.*

She takes a sharp right around a tree, almost tripping over it. If she thinks she will actually lose me, she is so very wrong. This is what I like. What the real me likes. The chase, the excitement of catching her and fucking her. Also, messing with her until *I want* to get her.

I disappear into the trees again, so I’m out of her view, but she’s not out of mine. I silently make my way towards her with a smile on my face. I need to catch her... now. She trips over a long stick that’s on the ground and makes an *oof* sound as she falls. She pushes herself up on her hands and knees as she curses herself. Now is my time to shine. I walk towards her and bend down to grab her legs. I pull them back towards me, earning a shriek from her. I reach forward to pull down her leggings along with her panties, then fist her hair.

Ripping her up on her feet, she screams, and her hands fly to my wrist. I couldn’t be easy with her right now, even if I wanted to be. “Hurt yourself?” I ask. She whimpers in response.

“Don’t worry, Little Moon,” I slam her body against a tree, and she cries out. “I’m about to hurt you so much worse,” I whisper with a smirk. “Please,” she whimpers. “I bet you liked me chasing you, didn’t you?” I tilt my head to the side, eyeing her up and down. My other hand snakes around her waist and down to her center. I run my fingers along her folds. *Fuckk, she’s soaked.* I groan and lick my lips. “You did. You’re dripping for me. My needy little slut.”

I pull my hand up and run my fingers along her lips, smearing her arousal on them. I press my hard cock against

her ass, letting her feel how hard I am for her. I need to be inside of her. Right now.

She moans in response and licks the wetness off of her full lips. “Let me go,” she whispers. Wrapping that same hand around her throat, I turn her body around and slam her back against the tree. “No can do, Little Moon,” I squeeze my fingers harder, almost cutting off her air supply. Her lips lightly part, and she puts her hands against my chest. “I told you what I was going to do when I caught you.” Her chest rises and falls at a fast pace. “Nico, please.”

She called me Nico. She actually called me something other than my full name. I’d say that’s more progress.

I have no plan to let her get away or give her any mercy. I’m allowing my natural, authentic self out. She thinks I’m crazy? I can show her crazy. Although, as I have said, I prefer psychotic. I know how I am, and I won’t deny it.

I undo my belt with my hand and push down my slacks to finally let my throbbing cock get what it needs. My hand goes down and wraps right under her ass to pick her up. She wraps her legs around my waist as she groans from her back rubbing on the tree. Surely, that’s going to leave some scratches. *Good.* I grab my dick with my hand and position it at her entrance. A loud gasp escapes her mouth when I thrust into her. My fingers tighten around her throat, now cutting off her air. Her eyes roll back as her mouth hangs open.

“Oh fuck,” she groans out. I growl in response as I thrust into her again. Her cunt feels so fucking good choking my cock. This... this is what I needed.

Choked sobs leave her parted lips when I pound her against the tree. I knew she fucking liked this. “Such a dirty little slut,” I say through gritted teeth. My hand squeezes tighter around her throat, and my other hand finds its way down to her clit—rubbing in small, fast circles. “Ohh- “ she tries to speak as her eyes roll to the back of her head. “Keep your fucking eyes on me.” I go harder while squeezing the air out of her throat. Her eyes focus on mine as her mouth hangs open. *That’s it.*

“Come on, Little Moon, come for me.” My cock hits that magic spot in her as my fingers keep working her clit, sending her right over the edge. Her legs start shaking around me, and I let go of her throat, letting her breathe. “Fuck!” she screams as she milks my cock. “Such a good whore for me,” I smirk. Her mouth opens wider as her head tilts back. So, my Little Moon likes to be degraded *and* praised.

I grab her chin with my free hand and pull her head down. “Keep those pretty little eyes right here.” I continue to thrust into her pussy, fucking her through her orgasm. Her eyebrows are pinched together, and tears start to gather in her eyes. That sends me closer to my own release. I want to see her cry for me first.

My hand wraps around her throat again, instantly stealing her air as I fuck her into the tree harder. “Please,” she chokes out. “Please, what?” I ask. I let go of her throat just a smidge so she can speak. “Please. Stop,” she pants. “I can’t take it.”

“You’re *my* fucking whore. You will take it.” My fingers squeeze again, and tears slide down her cheeks seconds later. I lean forward and lick the saltiness from her face. “That’s it. Cry for me,” I growl.

I stop for a second and push her legs down off of me. Spinning her body around, I grab the side of her face with my hand to push her front against the tree. She yelps at the force.

My cock throbs at the feeling of not being inside her. She has me fucking addicted. Being inside of her feels like peace. I guide myself back to her entrance and thrust into her again, causing her to groan. I grab her wrists and pin them to her back, pushing them up a little bit to cause her pain. She hisses at the strain and tries to free her hands.

I pull out of her until only my tip is remaining, and I slam back into her. “Oh god!” she moans. “Oh, my little slut, god can’t save you from the fucking devil.” Her body starts convulsing again as another orgasm rips through her.

The sight of the tears running down her face, and her body shaking for me makes my balls tighten. “Oh, fuck. S-shit,” I breathe out as my body stills against her. Her pussy squeezes

my cock as my come fills her. “Fuck,” I whisper. “You’re such a good whore.” She whimpers as her body sags, becoming loose in my grip. I pull out of her and reach down to swipe my come off of her thighs. I push it back into her pussy, saving every drop. “We have to keep that in there, Little Moon,” She lets out a breathy moan and closes her eyes.

“You did such a good fucking job.”

1. . *Luna piccola* - Little moon

2. . *Continua a correre, piccola luna.* - Keep running, little moon.

*Luna*

It's been two days since Domenico chased me through the woods. That was the best thing I have experienced, and I hate admitting that. I know I like kinky shit, but that was something else. I shouldn't have enjoyed it as much as I did. I mean, my stalker chased me through the woods and then fucked me into oblivion.

This resulted in me being late to hang out with Nova, and boy, did I get questioned.

I try to take a step forward, but my legs give out on me. Domenico catches my arm before I can go down. I look up at him and see that annoying smirk on his face. "Oh, shut up." I hit his arm and roll my eyes. He lets out a chuckle and wraps one arm around my back and the other under my knees. "I can walk, you know," I say as I wrap my arms around his neck. "I highly doubt that, considering you almost just collapsed."

He starts walking, and I realize what state I'm in. My hair is a complete mess, mascara is running down my face, and my pants are ripped on the ground. "Nico, wait," He stops in his tracks. "I don't have any clothes."

He puts me down, takes off his dress shirt, and hands it to me. He picks me back up and nods to the shirt. I drape it over my bottom half, covering what is exposed. Thankfully, no one

is outside campus when he walks me out to his car. That could have been extremely embarrassing. I don't need everyone at school talking about this.

I get in his car and set my head back. I don't care about where he's taking me and why I can't drive myself. He closes my door and slides himself into the driver's side.

"Someone will come for your car," he says. I nod and close my eyes.

I finally know where we are going when a big gate comes into view. He took me back to his house. When I remember three other people live here with him, I look at him. "Don't worry, they're not here," he says, reading my mind again. "If they were, I would have to kill them for seeing you like this. And I tend to like them, so that would be disappointing." I chuckle at the comment and shake my head. "You're crazy." I smile. "I prefer psychotic." He shrugs his shoulders. Because that's a normal response to that.

We walk inside, and a dog runs to the door to greet us. "Oh my god! He's so cute!" I smile and kneel to pet him. "That's Chaos," Domenico says. "Chaos. Who's a good boy? Yeah, you are." I pet his head and give him a kiss. Dogs are the cutest creatures ever. So fluffy. He barks at me and licks a stripe up my face. I giggle. "Okay, you can leave. I like the dog better." I wave Domenico off.

He chuckles and walks over to pet the dog as well. "He is a good boy. But you will like no one—nothing—more than you will like me, Little Moon," he says. I shake my head in response and stand.

We make our way up to his bedroom, and I'm sitting on the bed—per Nico's instructions—as he runs a bath for me in the bathroom. I check my phone for the first time in a couple of hours to see several texts from Nova.

Nova: Ready when you are.

Nova: Luna? Did you forget about me already? :(

Nova: Girl, where are you? Jordyn said you're not at the apartment.

Nova: Bitch, hello?

Oh shit. Nico's little hunting game made me completely forget that we were supposed to be hanging out right now.

Luna: Hey girl. I am so sorry.

A few seconds later, I receive a reply.

Nova: Omg. I thought something happened to you. Where the hell are you?

Luna: I got sidetracked at campus.

Nova: Did something happen? Who are you with? Are you okay?

I don't like lying to the girls, but I don't want to just say, "Yeah, sorry, Domenico Guerra chased me through the woods and then fucked the shit out of me. My bad." I'll just hide the truth a little bit.

Luna: Don't worry, nothing happened. Someone just needed help with the homework.

That's not a complete lie. Someone did need my help.

Two days later, I am still in Nico's room. He has been... not creepy. Nico actually joined me in that bath two days ago. He washed my hair and my body for me. Kind of sweet, right? Who would have thought a crazy—sorry, psychopathic—person like Nico could do sweet things?

He has kept me locked in his room since I got here, though. The only times he would let me go anywhere else in the house is when his friends weren't home. Which I'm not too mad about. Elias isn't that bad, and I've never spoken to Callum, but Silas? He is an ass. Everything that comes out of his mouth is either sarcastic or rude.

I need to go back to the apartment today. I haven't answered my friends much the past two days because Nico has kept me occupied. I've been getting good dick, so I'm not complaining. But I do miss my bitches. They haven't been spamming me with questions or anything, which is good because I don't know what I would tell them.

It's not really too out of the ordinary for me to disappear for a few days. They know I like my time to myself sometimes. Whether it's to draw or just clear my mind. Since I answer them occasionally, they know I'm safe and won't freak out.

"Hey," Nico says as he walks into his bedroom. "I want to go home today," I declare, sitting on the edge of his bed. He tilts his head to the side with a confused expression on his face. "Why?"

"Because, Nico, I have friends that I want to see, and I can't just stay here," I reply. "You could. You've already been here for two days." He takes a few steps closer to me. I stand off his bed and pick up my phone off the nightstand. "Yeah, two days too many." I step towards Nico to leave since he's in front of the door, and he grabs me by my neck when I get close to him. "Come on, Little Moon. You've enjoyed these last two days," he smirks.

"Ehh. I've had better," I lie. No one has ever fucked me like Nico has, and that's a problem. He turns us around and pushes my back against the door.

“You’ve had better?” He grits his teeth. “Are you sure about that, Little Moon?” His face is inches from mine, and I can feel his breath on my face. He reaches under my shirt and pulls on my nipple. I whimper at the feeling and clench my thighs together. Pain is something else I have a thing for. Something about being in pain just makes me wet.

“Maybe I need to remind you who I am.” I shake my head the best I can in response. “No,” I say. “Sorry, what was that?”

“No, I’m sor-ry.” He squeezes my throat harder, cutting off my air. I reach my hand up and wrap it around his wrist. “Please,” I choke out. “Strip and get on the bed.” He releases his hand from my throat, and I take a deep breath, followed by coughs.

“Now!” Nico barks out. My hands tremble as I remove my clothes—both in excitement and in fear.

After I’m naked, I stumble over to his bed and lay down on it. I see Nico go into his closet and grab a few things. When he turns around, I notice a rope in his hands. He makes his way over to me, and I shake my head as I move backward. He stands on the side of the bed and sets the other items on his nightstand. “Lay in the middle,” he orders. “Nico...”

“Little Moon. Lay. In. The Middle.” I gave him a safe word the other day. Part of me is saying to use it, but a lot of me is saying not to. *Do it. Punish me.* But I don’t know what he’s going to do to me. I do as he says anyway and lay down in the middle of the bed. He grabs my wrist with his free hand and wraps the rope around it in a Single-column Shibari Tie. “Is that too tight?” he asks. I shake my head ‘no’ in response. He pulls the rope tighter, causing me to hiss. He moves to the other side and does the same with my other wrist.

Domenico moves down to my legs and wraps another rope around my ankle, securing it on the bedpost. I try to pull at the rope, but it doesn’t budge. Me pulling just makes it tighter. “Every time you try and pull on it, it will tighten,” he says.

He then pulls a black bandanna from the back pocket of his pants and leans over me. “Domenico, please,” I plead. He puts his finger to my lips and shushes me. “They say when one of

your senses gets taken away, the others become heightened.”
He places the fabric over my eyes and ties it at the back of my head.

*Domenico*

What a pretty sight. My Little Moon is tied up, and all spread out. I just have one more thing to add to make it perfect. I pick up the red ball gag that sits on my nightstand and tap on her lips with my pointer finger. “Open.”

“What are you doing?” she asks. “I said, open,” I ignore her question. This is a punishment, a reminder. She doesn’t get to ask the questions.

Her full lips open, and I place the ball into her mouth. My hands run along the leather to the end, and I pull them outwards. “Lift your head.”

Her head slightly lifts off of the bed, and I secure the gag in the back. “Good girl,” I praise her, and she whimpers. I trail my hand down her neck and onto one of her perfect tits, squeezing and pulling her nipple. She tries lifting her back off the mattress to ease the sting. I then lower my head and put my lips over it, tugging at it with my teeth and running over it with my tongue. Low moans escape her gagged mouth, and her head goes back.

I reach over onto the nightstand once more to pick up the vibrator. I slide it down her chest and stomach until I get to her soaking cunt. I run it in circles, getting it wet with her arousal. “Mmm, you’re so wet for me.” She tries to speak, but it just

comes out as muffles. I bring the vibrator to my mouth and lick her wetness off of it. “And you taste so good, too.”

I put the toy at her entrance and push it inside of her. She groans at the feeling, and her legs pull at the restraints, tightening it more. I pull my phone out of my other pocket and go to the app that controls the vibrator. Turning it on the second lowest setting, she tugs at the rope again. “Every time you make a sound, I turn it up.” I put it on the fourth setting and set my phone beside me on the bed. “Do you understand?” She nods her head the best she can and tries to make a ‘uh huh’ sound. I slide my finger on the app to turn it up once more.

Her back attempts to lift from the mattress again and goes back down. She looks so fucking perfect when she struggles like this. I want to fuck her so bad, but this is supposed to be a punishment. I can’t reward her with my cock, no matter how bad I want to.

She’s trying so hard not to make any noises, just like I told her not to. Such a good little whore.

I stand up and walk back over to my closet, pulling nipple clamps out of it. I then go back to her and clamp them onto her. A moan comes out of her gagged mouth, and I tisk. “Now, what did I say?” I take my belt out from my belt loops and fold it. I swipe it across her thigh, making her yelp.

My head shakes back and forth, and I strike her other thigh. “Be. Quiet.” I toss my belt on the bed and turn the vibrator up by two. Her body convulses on the bed as her head tries to go back again.

“Do you want to take your statement back yet?” I ask, sitting down next to her on the bed. She makes an attempt to nod her head up and down. “Mmm, see, I don’t think you do.” I turn the vibrator to the max setting and turn off my phone.

Her body jerks and her legs and arms pull on the restraints. I use one hand to rub circles on her sensitive clit. The other hand goes to one of the clamps, and I tug on it. A scream erupts from her, and her body shakes as she comes. “This is supposed to be a punishment, and you’re enjoying it. My dirty

fucking slut.” I reach up to her face and slap her on the cheek, causing her to cry out. “I bet you like that too, little whore.” She whimpers in response, and her body sags on the bed, her legs lying spread apart and weak.

I slide the vibrator out of her and slowly push it back in. I repeat the action a couple of times before I completely take it out and turn it off. Now, I need to fuck her. Really remind her who she belongs to. Whether she likes me or not, she is *mine*.

Pulling my slacks off, I look over her gorgeous body. “Remember who you belong to now?” I ask. She nods her head, and a gagged ‘yes’ comes from her. “We’ll see.” I climb onto the bed and grab her hips, pulling her down as far as the ropes let her. “There you go,” I say. My hands wrap around her legs and push them up, tightening those restraints as well. She lets out a choked sob.

I position my cock at her entrance and push inside of her the whole way. I pull back out, not letting her adjust to my size. I groan as I slide back in, loving how the fuck she feels. Her hands grab the ropes, and she tries to pull herself up. But I put my hands on her thighs, not letting her go anywhere. “You want to see better, Little Moon? I can show you better.” I pull back and slam into her, causing her to yell out. Muffled cries leave her mouth as her head goes to the side.

“You belong to me, understand?” I ask, knowing she can’t give a proper response. “Mhmm,” she mumbles. I reach forward and grab the gag, ripping it down. “I own you. You’re fucking mine.”

“Yes,” she whispers. “Louder.”

“I’m yours. Oh, fuck. Nico, I’m yours!”

“Good girl.” I thrust into her a few more times and pull on the nipple clamps as I do so. “Fuckkk. Yes. Yes,” she moans. “I’m sorry. God. I’m so sor-ry.” Her back is arched, and her head is tilted back as she comes again. I let out a moan and slant my head back when her pussy clenches around me. “Fuck you feel so fucking good.”

“Please,” she says when I keep going into her. “I can’t. Please. I can’t anymore.”

“My whore is going to take it. You wanted better,” I respond. My hand reaches between us, and I rub small circles on her clit again. “Oh, fuck.”

Her head shakes back and forth as her body shakes again. “I- ple-ase.”

I thrust into her a few more times, and then my balls tighten as I feel my own orgasm coming. “Fuckkk,” I groan as I still inside her.

I pull out of her and move back on the bed. Reaching my hand down, I gather our come that is leaking out of her. Pushing it back in, I look at her blindfolded eyes. Her head is to the side, and she’s panting with her wrists relaxing and her legs shaking. “Remember, every drop.” When I pull my fingers out of her, I bring them to her mouth and push them inside. “Suck it off.” Her lips close around my fingers, and she sucks and licks the come off of them. “Such a good girl.” My other hand pets her hair and her head leans into my touch.

I pull my fingers out and go back to the vibrator. I grab it and run it over her pussy before pushing it into her again. I go back to the app on my phone and turn it on to the second setting. “No, please,” she begs. “I’m going to leave this on inside of you to see how many more times you can come,” I smirk to myself and turn my phone back off.

Soft moans leave her dry lips, and she grabs the rope again. I lean up and plant a kiss on her forehead. I grip the gag and put it back into place. “You better get some sleep. You have classes tomorrow.”

She spits out muffled sounds as I walk towards my bathroom—leaving her blindfolded, tied up, and gagged. I think I should leave her like this every night. She looks even better like this.

Walking into my bathroom, I take my shirt off and toss it to the side. I turn the water on to the shower and step inside.

After my shower, I leave myself naked and go back into my room. I see my Little Moon shaking and pulling on the ropes, trying, but not succeeding, to get free. I walk over to her and run my fingers along her leg. “You’re not sleeping. How many times did you come while I was showering?” I ask. “Show me with your fingers.” She holds up three fingers and immediately drops her hand. “Good job. But I want more.” I go back to my phone and turn the settings up by one more.

I untie one of the ropes and move it over to where the other one is, so it gives me room to lie down with her. I make sure the door to my bedroom is locked because if one of my brothers came in here and saw her like this, I would have to kill them. Like I told her before.

I slide my naked body into the bed next to hers and lie down. *She’s so fucking beautiful.* All fucking worn out and shaking. What a fucking sight. And she’s all mine to look at and fuck like that. No one else. I think she finally fucking realized that. Took her long enough.

I don’t care how long it took her to accept it. I would never let her go. Ever.

“Since you were so good, I’ll take these off of you,” I say, removing the nipple clamps from her. She lets out a relieved sigh, followed by moans.

“Now be an even better whore for me and come again,” I say, going back down to her swollen and throbbing clit. “I want you cumming to be the last thing I see before I sleep.” I rub her in fast circles, and her body shakes even more as she screams into the gag. “That’s it. Let it out.”

*Domenico*

I woke up in the middle of the night the other night and took the vibrator out of her. I wanted to punish her, but I didn't want to fucking kill her.

I've let her body rest for one day before I fucked her again. I felt like she needed to be reminded again. I did decide to make her wear the vibrator when she went to her classes, though. I wanted to add a little spice to her day and see if she could stay quiet and unaffected.

She ended up going to the bathroom a couple of times. I had to punish her for that by leaving her blindfolded and tied up again. She'll learn. I also want to get rid of that gag reflex she has. I'm going to have to train her for that. I'm not complaining; it means I'm going to get a lot of head.

"Nico. Hello?" Elias says, snapping me out of my thoughts. "What?" I respond. "What the fuck are you staring at, dude?" he questions, looking in the direction I was. "Don't worry about it."

"Ohhh. Luna. That's right."

"Elias, don't even think about it. I don't want to kill you right now. Plus, you've got your own plaything. What's her name?" I rub my chin with my thumb and pointer finger. "Chl-"

“Yo! Shut up,” He smacks my chest with the back of his hand. “It’s complicated.” He runs his fingers through his hair. “Trouble in paradise?” I tease. “Nico, you know it hasn’t been paradise with her for a long time.” He reminds me.

“You know, we haven’t done much together since you’ve been so fucking occupied.”

“Aww. You miss me?” I put my hand over my heart. “Yeah, you wish.”

He is right, though. My Little Moon has been distracting me these past couple of days. I need to get back into the swing of things. I’ve never been so occupied like this. We never let pussy get in the way of work. But this pussy isn’t just that. I want to be inside her all of the time. I would let her consume me if she desired to. I’d cut myself open and give her my heart.

I never want another man touching her, *looking* at her. She is mine and will only ever be that. I own her, and I’ll kill anybody who tries to get in the way of that.

I get pulled back into reality when my phone rings. I pull it out of my pocket to see “father” on the screen. “Hello,” I answer. “Domenico.”

“*Sì, padre.* ¹”

“I need you to come to the warehouse. *Ho un lavoro per te* ².” I give Elias a look and nod toward my car. “On our way,” I say to my father, then hang up the phone. “Let’s go,” I say to Elias.

I pull up my Little Moon’s contact and write her a message.

Domenico: I have to go. Be at the house after class and be naked on the bed.

I put my phone in my pocket and head to the warehouse with Elias.

The gates open as we pull up to the warehouse. The guard gives me a nod, and I return it. I park my car and we walk inside. My father walks down the stairs and over to us. He does not look happy. But then again, when does he ever? He has the two men who were with him the last time I was at his office behind him. “Domenico, Elias,” My father says. “Sir,” Elias responds. “Come with me.” He motions for us to follow him.

We walk up the stairs and into his office that he has here. “Stay out here,” he tells the two men. They give him a silent nod and stand on either side of the door. Elias and I walk into his office, and Elias sits down on one of the chairs in front of father’s desk. I stay standing.

My father walks behind his desk and sits in his chair. He types on his computer and turns the monitor towards us, showing a man I haven’t seen before. “You see that man?” he asks. I give him a nod and cross my arms. “What about him?” I ask. “He owes me money,” He leans back in his chair. “And I’m tired of waiting for it.” That tells me all I need to know.

I’m assuming the man is a new dealer of my father’s, and he gave him stuff to sell. And well, he hasn’t returned the money for it yet. I don’t know why he wanted another dealer anyway. The ones we have are fine. I won’t do dumb shit like this when I take his position. My father is an intelligent and powerful man, but sometimes he acts like a fucking idiot.

“Why did you want another dealer?” I ask out of curiosity. He crosses his arms and squints his eyes at me. “Not another dealer.” He answers. What? What does he owe him money for, then?

“Then who is he?”

“That is none of your concern, Domenico.” He reaches forward and turns his monitor back towards him. I give Elias a ‘what the fuck’ look, and he does the same. “Just go get him and bring him here. Understand?” He glances between the both of us. I nod my head and walk toward the door. “His name is Marco.” My father says as I open the door.

“That’s fuckin’ weird,” Elias says as we walk out of the front door to my car. “Whatever. Let’s just do this.” My phone vibrates with an incoming text from my father. It’s a picture of the man. I pull my phone out and go to Callum’s contact.

It rings a couple of times, and then he answers. “Dom,” he says. “Callum, I need you to find a location for me,” I say as I open my car door. “Name?” he asks. “I only have his first. Marco.”

“Okay, that’s not very helpful.”

“Yeah, no shit. I can get a picture to you.”

“Alright. Get me that picture, and I’ll have the location in no time.”

“Thanks.” I end the call and get that picture to him. Minutes later, he responds with a ping of his location. That man is good. Send him a picture, and he gets the exact location. I don’t know shit about hacking or anything like that, so I need Callum.

I’ve known Callum and the other two since I was a kid. We grew up together, so we’re basically brothers. Elias and I have always been the closest, though. Our brains are basically the same, so we work well together. Basically, he’s psychotic like me. Callum is a hacking genius, and Silas is more of a sadist—an asshole.

I drive us to the location that Callum sent, and it’s a house. *Great.* We have to break into someone’s house. I take my phone out and call Callum again.

“Hey, this is a house,” I say when he answers. “Yeah?”

“Is there anyone else that could be inside? Children?”

“Umm,” he says, then I hear typing. “No children. No wife.”

I hang up and look at Elias. “Okay, let’s go,” I say to him. He claps his hands like a child and gets out of the car. The house isn’t big, so finding him won’t be hard. I just hope there aren’t other men in there. Not because I don’t want to kill them. I would gladly do that. The cleanup would be insane, though.

We walk around the house to the back door. I figure since he's dumb enough not to pay my father, he would be dumb enough to leave his back door open. I twist the handle and pull on it to see that I was correct. "It's unlocked," I whisper to Elias. "Idiot," he says.

I pull the door open and step inside. I have my gun in the back of my pants in the waistband for easy access. Elias, of course, has his knife out and ready. He's like a child with that thing. Always ready to use it and get bloody. We walk through the house, clearing every room. We head up the stairs to the second floor, and I hear talking as we get closer to the top. He's on the phone with someone.

It sounds like mumbling until we get closer. "No, I haven't been able to get her yet. She's been with that fucking kid," he says to whoever is on the phone. I look at Elias with my eyebrows furrowed together. "I know, I know."

Silence.

"No, I'll get her." I push the door open and pull my gun out. "Get who?" I ask as I step into the room. He turns around and looks at me with wide eyes. "I got to call you back," he says into the phone and tosses it to the side. "Hey, listen."

"I don't think so," Elias says as he runs up to him and stabs him in the side of the knee. He cries out and drops to the floor. He tries to take a swing at Elias but fails when Elias stabs him in the arm. "Fuck!" Marco yells out. "Who the fuck are you supposed to be getting?" I ask him again. He doesn't answer me, so Elias knocks him out cold.

"Elias. What the fuck?"

"What?" he shrugs his shoulders. "Bastard didn't answer."

"I wanted to know. I could have gotten it out of him."

"Why do you care anyway?" he asks as he walks to Marco's side and puts one of his arms over his shoulder. "I just... wanted to know," I lie. I don't want to tell him the real reason I was asking. "Right. Sure. Just help me get him to the car." He nods his head toward the door. I put Marco's other arm around my shoulder and help Elias get him out.

When we get to the car, we throw him in the trunk and drive back to the warehouse. “So, what’s going on with you and the woman now?” I ask him as I drive. “I don’t want to talk about her right now,” he responds. *Whatever*. I nod my head. Elias and Chloe have a little backstory. I know Elias, though, and he’ll get what he wants. We always do.

When we arrive back at the warehouse, we pull Marco out of my trunk and drag his ass inside. A few people look at us as we drag him through the warehouse. “Get back to your shit,” I yell at them. “Nothing to see here.” We continue walking until we get to the basement.

We put him in the chair and chain him down. He’s still knocked out, so I won’t have to deal with his yelling. Although, the sounds people make when we torture them are like music to my ears.

I pull my phone out and call my father to let him know he’s down here. “Domenico,” he answers the call. “He’s here. In the basement,” I say. “Good. You can leave.” What? Since when do we leave this shit to him? “You don’t want us to handle this?” I ask, looking at Elias. His face drops and a sad expression shows on it. “No. Not this one. Leave,” he says and ends the call. “He’s being fucking weird,” I convey to Elias. “Why doesn’t he want us to handle this?” Elias asks. I know he only cares because he was hoping to let out some frustration.

“Don’t ask me. He’s being all hush-hush,” I tell him. My father is keeping something from me. And I’m going to find out what it is.

1. . *Sì, padre* - Yes, father

2. . *Ho un lavoro per te* - I have a job for you

*Domenico*

I'm driving back to the mansion to see my Little Moon. She better be naked and on the bed like I told her to be. At the same time, I'm kind of hoping she's not so I can punish her again. I love punishing her. It's so fun for me.

Pulling up to the gate, I nod my head at the guard, and he lets me in. I park it in the garage and pull out my phone to look at the camera. I open the screen to see my Little Moon exactly how I wanted. Her staying at my place has finally got her to change her mind about me. She still acts like she hates me occasionally. But deep down, she feels the opposite. She can pretend like she hates me all she wants. It won't change a thing.

Elias and I walk into the house and are greeted by Silas. "Where the fuck have you two been? Blowing each other?" Silas asks, striding up to us. "Oh, shut up. You wish you could blow me," Elias responds, walking past him. "My father had us do a job for him. He was being weird about it, though," I say to Silas, ignoring Elias' statement. "Weird, how?"

"Had us go get some guy 'cause he owes him money. He wouldn't tell us what for, though." I pull out my phone to look at the camera again. She's still lying on the bed, waiting for me like the good little slut she is. She lies on her back in the middle of the bed, scrolling on social media I assume.

“Why wouldn’t he tell you?” Silas asks, getting my attention again. “Hell if I fucking know. He wouldn’t say shit,” I say. Silas nods his head. “Weird. Whatever. I’m leaving,” he says, grabbing his keys from the table next to us. “Where are you going?” I ask him.

“Don’t worry about it,” he responds, walking towards the door. I’m sick and tired of people telling me not to worry about shit. All these damn secrets are getting on my nerves. If one more person tells me, ‘Don’t worry about it,’ I am *going* to kill them. I only have so much patience, and it’s not a lot. At all.

I walk up the stairs to my room and open the door. Stepping inside, I see my Little Moon still lying on the bed. Her head snaps toward me when she hears me walk in. “Well, hello,” I say, taking my shoes off. “Hi, sir,” she responds. *Sir?* I kind of liked that. And the way she says it? I’m going to need her to say that more often. There was one other time she called me that, and it made me want to fuck her on the hood of my car. She sits up on the bed, gets onto her hands and knees—crawling to the bed’s edge, and sits on her legs.

I walk towards her and lift my fingers under her chin. She looks up at me with wide eyes, and I run my thumb over her bottom lip.

My phone starts ringing, interrupting us. *God dammit!* I pull it out of my pocket and look at the screen to see Elias is calling me. “This better be important,” I answer.

“Yeahhh sorry to interrupt your fuck sesh, but uh-“ he starts. “What, Elias?” If this isn’t important, I’m going to murder him. “Serenity is here,” he finally spits out. My eyes snap toward my Little Moon, who is still kneeling before me. *Jesus Christ, I’m going to kill that delusional bitch.* I hang up the phone and lean down to kiss her forehead.

“I will be right back. Stay here, just like this,” I say to her. “Where are you going?” she asks. “I just have to handle something downstairs, Little Moon. I’ll be fast. Promise.” I kiss her forehead again and walk out of my bedroom door.

I walk into the living room to see Serenity arguing with Elias. “None of your fucking business, bitch,” Elias says. *Oh god.* “You’re getting on my last fucking nerve.” He puts his finger in her face. “What is going on?” I ask, stepping towards them. “Good. You’re here. Goodbye,” he says and then walks out of the room. *Dickhead. Leaving me by myself.*

“Nico, babe, whose car is that outside?” she asks as she walks up to me. “None of your business, Serenity,” I answer. “It’s another girl, isn’t it?” She crosses her arms over each other, pouting. “If it is, it’s still none of your business. We are not together,” I say. “We never were, and we never will be.”

“See, you don’t mean that. We were together, and I’m going to get you back.”

“Serenity, I swear to God. My little patience that I do have is running *very* thin right now.” I hold up my thumb and pointer finger, pinching them together. “You were just a fuck for whenever I was bored. Nothing more. And now you’re a fucking rodent. Annoying. If you don’t leave, I *will* put a bullet through your fucking brain.” She huffs in annoyance and walks toward the front door.

“Well, tell that *bitch* you have upstairs that she better watch her fucking back,” she says, then walks out of the door. Believe me, Serenity, you should be the one watching your back now.

I hate her. Serenity Wilson is as annoying as they come. I never regret fucking anybody that I have because I don’t care about any of them. But Serenity, I’m regretting that one right about now purely because she’s become ten times more annoying. I can’t think of how many times I’ve told her I want nothing to do with her. Something in her head keeps telling her I want her—I don’t. I thought I’ve made that pretty clear by now.

I return to my room and open the door to see my Little Moon sitting where I left her. *Good.* Her eyes look up at me again, and a smile flashes on her face for a second. *I saw that.*

I step towards her again and put my hand underneath her chin. “Today, I’m going to train that little throat of yours,” I

say, looking over her facial features. She takes a shaky breath and her lips part. “Wha- what do you mean?” she asks. I smirk at her fear and run my thumb along her cheek.

“I’m going to fuck your throat until I get rid of that gag reflex.” Her green eyes widen, and her head jerks back a little bit. I move my hand to the back of her head and grip her hair. I pull her toward me, and she whimpers.

“Are you going to be a good little slut for me?” I ask, looking down my nose at her. “Yes,” she whispers. “That’s a good girl,” I praise her.

My free hand undoes my belt and pulls it from the loops. “Stay right there.” I move to the other side of the bed, behind her. Grabbing her wrists, I pull them toward me and cuff them together with my belt.

“Get on the floor,” I order. She sits down and swings her legs in front of her. She then slides her body onto the floor, resting on her knees.

I walk back in front of her and run my fingers through her black, wavy hair. My other hand undoes the buttons on my slacks and pulls them down. I grab my cock with my hand and rub the precum on her lips.

Tapping her mouth with the tip of my dick, her mouth opens, and her tongue sticks out. *Good girl.* I guide her mouth onto me and slide it to the back of her throat. *Mmmmm shit. She feels so good.* She gags when it touches the back, and I pull it out.

“Let’s try again.” I pull her head forward and push my cock in as far as it will go, holding it there. She coughs and blinks her eyes. “Relax, Little Moon,” I groan. “Open for me. You got it.” I feel her swallow, causing me to inhale a sharp breath. Her throat relaxes, and she breathes through her nose. “There you go. Good job.”

I push forward more and feel her start to gag again. She tries to push back on my hand, so I pull her forward more. Looking down at her, I see a tear fall from one of her eyes. So pretty.

I hold it there for a few more seconds before pulling it out again. She coughs and takes a few breaths. “You’re doing so good,” I praise her. She looks up at me and licks her lips. “Thank you, sir,” she says. *That word again.*

I put my cock back into her mouth and push forward again at a fast pace. “I’m going to fuck that throat now. Are you ready?” I ask, not that I care if she says no. We have a safe word. She can use it if she wants to during the small chances I’ll give her when I let her breathe.

Holding her head with both of my hands, I thrust into her throat, over and over. When I thrust for a third time, she gags. I reach down and pinch her nipple, pulling on it. “Don’t gag,” I tell her. She moans around me, and my head goes back. *God damn.*

Grabbing her head again, I thrust back and forth into her throat. I make sure her nose touches my pelvis each time. If she’s going to learn, she needs to get used to the worst, right?

“There you go, Little Moon,” I praise. “Fuckkk. Look at you. Swallowing me like the good little slut you are.”

Tears stream down her cheeks as she looks up at me through her eyelids. *She’s so fucking gorgeous.* I’m going to end up completely ruining her. And I’m fine with that.

*Luna*

My throat is so sore from ‘training.’ Domenico said he wants to get rid of my gag reflex, and while that’s hot and all, my throat is not too happy.

I don’t know how I feel about Nico now. And that scares me. I don’t want to have feelings for him. I shouldn’t. But he’s so attractive. And the way he fucks me is nothing I’ve ever experienced. The stalking still isn’t good, but at least I know I’m always safe... I guess.

After what just happened, we got in the shower, and he fucked me in there as a reward for taking him so well. I think that’s the first reward I’ve earned.

He said he had to go somewhere, so I’m sitting in his room, alone, again. I’m not sure if anyone else is here, but I’m hungry. I pull open his bedroom door and look both ways in the hallway before stepping out. I’m just wearing a pair of his boxers and one of his shirts. I really need to go home and put on my own clothes.

Walking down the stairs and into the kitchen, I’m greeted by Nico’s dog, Chaos. “Hi, buddy!” I walk up to him and crouch down to pet him. He turns his head and licks my hand. “Aww. Does this mean you like me?” I ask, like he could respond.

I stand up and walk over to the fridge. “What should I eat, Chaos?” Looking around, I decide on a sandwich and pull everything out that I’ll need.

I put everything on the counter and start to make my food.

“What are you doing?” I hear from beside me. I turn my head to see Silas standing in the doorway. *Great.* “Um. Making food?” I respond. “Did Domenico say you could?”

“I wasn’t aware I needed his permission to eat.” I continue making my sandwich. He walks over and stands beside me with his arms crossed. I pause and look up at him. “Do you need something?” I ask. A smile forms on his lips, and he looks me up and down.

“I was kidding, by the way. You know we have a chef, right?”

“I’m capable of making my own food. Thanks.”

After I finish making my food, I start to put everything away. “Let me help,” Silas says as he picks up the knife and the cheese. “Um. Thanks.” I’m not sure why he’s being nice to me right now. He’s usually always an ass.

“Wouldn’t Nico be mad if he knew you were talking to me right now?” I ask him, and then I take a bite from my sandwich. “Well, I heard someone in my kitchen. Of course I was going to see who was in here.”

“Right.” I go to walk past him to go back to Nico’s room. “Luna,” he says, grabbing my attention. I stop in my tracks and turn my head. “Nico is my brother. I know that he’s... different. If you can’t handle that, leave.”

I don’t say anything to him as I walk toward the stairs. *If I can’t handle that? I didn’t want this.* But *he* wouldn’t leave *me* alone. Not the other way around. I wanted to be left alone, which is how it should’ve been. I didn’t want to catch the eye of a psychopath, but somehow, I did. But now I’m starting to be okay with that.

Walking down the hallway to Nico’s room, I hear little footsteps behind me. I turn around to see Chaos following me. I smile at him and crouch down to pet him again. “I don’t

know if you're allowed in his room or not, so don't tell him I let you in here with me," I say and pat his back.

I walk into his room and set my plate on his nightstand. I don't remember if I had something to smoke in my bag, but I hope I did. I could smoke before I eat. I grab my bag off the floor and start looking through it. It's the one thing I had with me whenever Nico brought me back here. I don't find anything in the big pocket besides my phone charger, wallet, and a few other things. The front left one doesn't have anything. Reaching into the front right pocket, I feel something circular. I pull it out to see it's a blunt. *Bingo*.

I grab the lighter that was next to it and go to stand by the window. I will smoke in here, but I'll try not to have it stink up his room. I put the blunt to my lips and light it, dragging in the smoke. I blow it out of the window and sigh in relief. *I needed this*. After taking a couple more hits, I put it out with my finger and set it next to me. I grab my sandwich from the nightstand and eat it. After I finish it, I put the blunt and the lighter back into my bag.

"What's going on in here?" I hear from behind me. I turn around to see Domenico closing his bedroom door. "Nothing," I answer, like he didn't see me. Somehow, he sees everything. "Why do you smoke?" he asks, walking towards his bed. He sits down and looks at me. "Because I want to?" I giggle. "No, really. I'm curious. Does it help you deal with emotions or whatever?" Why is he asking me this?

"Um. I guess so."

"I don't feel emotions the same way you do. I want to understand."

"Yeah, I guess you had it right. It helps me feel better whenever I'm upset and whenever I'm bored." That's true. I like to smoke whenever I'm upset over the whole, nobody in my family talks to me, and my parents are dead, thing. I don't like the feeling of being upset, so it helps me push it away. I walk over to the bed as well and sit down next to him. "What made you upset?"

"What?"

“You smoke when you’re upset. So, why are you upset?” He really doesn’t have a filter. “Well,” I take a deep breath. “I’m just going to be honest. The thought of having feelings for you and being with you scares me.” He nods his head and flicks his eyes between my lips and my eyes. “You don’t ever have to be scared of me, Little Moon,” His hand cups my chin. “I will burn anyone alive who tries to take you from me so they know how it would feel for me to live without you.”

What. The. Fuck.

Since Jack and I broke up, I haven’t been able to catch feelings for anybody. Him cheating on me two weeks after my parents died broke me. Yeah, I would still fuck people. That was easy. There are no strings, no feelings attached. I couldn’t trust anybody. But, for some reason, I trust Domenico. I trust that he won’t let anybody hurt me, and he won’t hurt me, not like that.

“I can’t give you all of the emotions and everything. But I can give you what I do have of me.” *Fuck*. He leans toward me and connects his lips to mine—our first *real* kiss.

Pulling away from me, he looks me up and down. “I want to fuck you so bad right now, but tonight can be a break for you. A reward.” Another reward? I didn’t even do anything to earn this one. I nod my head, not wanting to argue with that. “Thank you, sir,” I say. He leans forward again and kisses my forehead. “*Brava ragazza*¹.”

“What does that mean?”

He smiles at me and tilts his head to the side. “Get some sleep, Little Moon. You’ll need it.” He doesn’t have to tell me twice. I climb into the bed and get under the blankets.

I wake up early in the morning and feel my throat is dry. Turning on my phone to check the time, I see it’s 5:30. I get up, walk to the mini fridge in his room, and grab a bottle of water. I didn’t know that it was there until earlier today. It would have been great to notice that when I was dying from him fucking me. I close the door to the fridge and take a drink

from the bottle. I set the bottle on his nightstand and go into the bathroom. Looking at myself in the mirror, I study my face and body. *“I can’t give you all of the emotions and everything. But I can give you what I do have of me.”* Those two sentences that he said replay in my head.


Give to me? There’s nothing special about me. I’m a nobody. A woman whose parents died, and her family doesn’t talk to her. How could I have caught his attention? Why do I now want his attention? I really need to go home today, just for today. I need to be in my room, alone.

Walking back into his room, I grab a piece of paper and a pen off his desk.

Had to go back to the apartment for something.

Will be back later.

XOXO



I set the paper up on his desk, facing his bed. I change out of his boxers and back into my leggings, keeping his shirt on. I gather my shirt, bag, and phone, leave his bedroom, and enter the hallway. I look around everywhere to make sure nobody else is awake yet. When I don’t see anybody, I start walking down the stairs.

I freeze in place when I hear voices coming from downstairs. “She pisses me off, dude.” I hear a voice say. “Elias, she’ll come around.” The other one speaks. “I know, but she needs to hurry up. Our parents don’t like each other, but I don’t care about that.”

He’s talking about Chloe. Is she finally speaking to him again? I mean, from what I’m hearing right now, it doesn’t really sound like it. Personally, I think they would be cute together. Elias is a good guy, except for the fact that he’s almost exactly like Domenico. I take another step down to try and hear them better.

Creak.

Oh shit. I snap my head up and press my body against the wall. *Please don't tell me they heard that.*

“Nico?” Elias calls out. *Shit. Shit.* I turn to go back up the stairs when I feel a presence behind me.

“Luna.”

1. Good girl

*Luna*

“Luna. We can see you.” Shit. I slowly turn back around and see Silas and Elias standing at the bottom of the staircase. “Hi,” I say awkwardly. “Domenico!” Silas calls up the stairs. “Shhh. What are you doing?” I walk down the stairs to try and slip past them. Silas wraps his arms around me and pulls me into him. “I don’t think so,” He grunts.

Silas. Let me go!” I slap at his hands and try to push him away. “Silas!”

“Luna. Relax,” Silas says to me. This asshole! I just want to go back to my apartment, just for the day. It’s not like I was going to leave forever. “What’s going on?” I hear that deep voice come from up the stairs. I look up to see Domenico standing there with nothing but his pajama bottoms on. “Silas. Why are you touching her?” He asks. His hands are in fists at his sides, and he looks *pissed*.

“She was trying to make a run for it,” Silas explains. “We caught her eavesdropping.” He smiles. *Fucking rat*. I get they’re close and all, but there are some things they should keep to themselves. “Okay. So why are you *still* touching her?” Nico asks. Silas releases me and puts his hands up. I’m trapped. Elias and Silas are standing on either side of me, and Nico is at the top of the stairs. “I- “

“Save it,” He cuts me off. He walks down the stairs and stands in front of me. Bending down, he wraps his hands around me and throws me over his shoulder. “Hey!” I yell. “Let me go!” Why are these men so fucking strong? This is so unnecessary. He turns us around and walks up the stairs. I lift my head to see Silas and Elias smiling. I flip them off with a smile on my face. “Nico, she just flipped us off!” Elias yells up to him.

A second later, I feel a smack on my ass, and I yelp in surprise. “Fuck you guys!” I yell, which is followed by another smack.

As he walks us toward his room, I smack his back and his ass. “Nico!” When we enter his room, he saunters to his bed and tosses me onto it. I scurry backward until my back hits the backboard. “What did I tell you would happen if you ran from me, Little Moon?” he asks, walking to his closet. *Shit.* “That... you would fuck me,” I answer. “That’s correct.”

“Nico, I just wanted to go home for the day. I was going to come back.” I say like that’s going to change his mind. “If you want to go home, I will take you. Do not just wake up at the ass crack of dawn and leave.” He walks over to me, holding two things in his hands. “Take off your pants.” He orders. I sit there for a second, shaking my head.

He brings his hand down onto my thigh, smacking it. Causing me to whimper and butterflies to form in my stomach. “Off.”

I struggle to hurry up and get my leggings off. I take them down my legs and toss them onto the floor beside the bed. “Now get on your hands and knees.” Doing as he says, I get on my knees and move down a little before placing my hands on the mattress in front of me. I feel a weight on the bed behind me seconds later as he pops the cap off something. I feel a cold liquid on my ass. “What is that?” I ask. He doesn’t answer and rubs the liquid over my ass and my pussy.

A few seconds later, I feel him start to push something into my ass. My head whips around, and I pull myself forward. “What are you doing?”

“This is part of your punishment, Little Moon.” He pushes the plug into me. *Part of?* “Hold on,” I say, going to push myself up. Nico pushes down on my back, making it arch. “A punishment is a punishment. You’re going to lay here and take it like my good little slut would. Understand?” I nod my head in agreement and try to relax myself.

He pushes it into me again, and I tense, then force myself to relax. The more relaxed I am, the easier it will be. At least, I hope so. “Fuck,” I whisper. “*Brava ragazza* ¹,” Nico says. He pushes it in farther, and I clench my teeth. *This hurts.* “Now, keep that there.”

I go to get up again, and he pushes me back down. “Oh, you’re not done yet, Little Moon.” I whimper and grip the mattress, preparing for whatever is next. “Try to run from me again, and I *will* fuck you. Use you. You got that?” He pushes what I’m assuming is a vibrator into my pussy. “Uh-huh,” I moan out. “You’re wet. You liked me filling your ass, didn’t you? Such a dirty little whore.” He pushes it all the way in, and I moan in response. “Next, I’ll have to make it my cock. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You’re going to keep both of these inside you until I say.” He stands off of the bed. I sit up on my knees and look at him. He grips my chin with his hand, so I keep my focus on him. “If you remove either of them, I will know.” I nod my head and lick my lips. “Good girl,” he praises and leans down to kiss my forehead. “Now get dressed. We’re going out.” He starts to walk toward his door. I remember I don’t have any of my clothes with me besides what I showed up in. “Wait. I don’t have anything to wear.” I stand off of his bed.

“I know. We’ll stop at your apartment.” He walks out of his room and closes the door behind him. Finally, I get to go home. He said this was a punishment, but I don’t see how. He’s taking me home and taking me out. What about this is more of the punishment?

I struggle to rush and put my leggings on. Every time I move, I feel the butt plug and vibrator inside me. It feels good

and hurts at the same time. I've had a vibrator stay in me before, as Nico has made me keep one in. But not a butt plug, and certainly not both at once. I go into the bathroom to wash my face, then go downstairs.

"I'm ready," I say with a smile on my face. "What's she all smiley for?" Silas asks Nico. "I'm taking her out," he responds. "Ohhh. I see," He nods his head. "Have fun, Luna," he smirks and disappears into a different room. *What's that about?* Nico walks over to me and grabs my hand. "Let's go." He motions toward the door. He leads me outside, and I step in front of him, letting go of his hand. When I walk towards his car, I freeze in place, and my knees buck as I feel a vibration between my legs.

"Ohh. Nico!" I turn around to see Nico holding his phone, smirking. "No. Turn it off. Please," I beg. This causes him to turn it up more. "Fuck," I breathe out, trying to keep my balance—this asshole. Now I get how this is going to be a punishment. We're going to my apartment and going out somewhere, but he's going to fuck with me the whole time using this damn vibrator. He approaches me and grabs my arm, leaning close to my ear. "You're not allowed to come," he whispers, then turns the toy up.

I moan and grab his arm. "Nico, please. Turn it off." He smiles and turns it off. "Thank you." I start walking again, and almost immediately, I feel the vibrating again. "Thank you, what?" he teases. "Thank you, sir," I whimper, and he turns it off again. He walks up and stands next to me, placing a kiss on the side of my head. "Good girl," he says and goes to his car.

I was in my college class the last time he made me wear this. He fucked with me then, turning it on every five minutes or so. I ended up having to go to the bathroom to calm down. That earned me a punishment later that day. I guess I was so excited about going home that I forgot that he has an app on his phone that controls it. This is going to be a long day.

1 . Brava ragazza. - Good girl.

*Luna*

When we arrive at my apartment, I basically jump out of the car before he parks it. “Hey!” Nico calls out. I stop and turn towards him. “You wait until this car is in park before you get out.” I roll my eyes and walk up to the building. I hope Nico stays out here. I can get ready and get clothes by myself.

I walk up the stairs and to my door. Knocking on it, I slowly open it and peek my head inside. I’m not expecting Jordyn to be awake yet. I walk in and go to the fridge to get water. I grab a bottle and twist off the cap. I’m about to take a sip when I feel the vibration again. *Oh fuck.* I grasp onto the fridge for stability and try to stay quiet. “Hello?” A voice from behind me says.

Turning around, I see Nova’s head pop up over the couch. She gasps when she sees me. “Luna! Bitch I missed you!” She practically runs over to me and throws herself around me. “Hi!” I say. “Are you okay? Where have you been?” she asks, pulling away to look over me. “Yeah. I’m f-fine.”

“Whose shirt is that?”

“Nobody. I got it from a thrift store,” I lie. I walk over to the island in the kitchen and sit down, feeling the butt plug in my ass and the vibrator more. “I’m a thrift store?” That deep voice says from the doorway. I freeze and look at Nova. She has a

shocked look on her face when she sees who is standing there. “Luna,” Nova says, keeping her eyes on Nico.

“Um. Hi Nova,” I say with a fake smile on my face. “Is that who I *think* it is?” she questions, moving her eyes to mine. “Domenico Guerra. *Not* a thrift store, by the way,” Nico says as he walks towards us. “So, um. Are you guys...”

“Together,” he interrupts. “We are.” Her jaw drops basically to the fucking floor as she looks between us. “Bitch I’m offended you didn’t tell me!” she smiles and walks over to me, hugging me. I shift uncomfortably in my seat as the plug pushes into me, and I can feel the vibrator against it. I look at Nico with pleading eyes, wanting him to turn it off. He pulls out his phone and turns the vibrator off. I sigh in relief and hug Nova back.

“We’re not *together*, together.”

“So you’re fucking?” she asks casually. My cheeks turn a light shade of red, and I look away from her. “Can we not talk about this right now? Please.” I motion toward Nico. Saying I don’t want to talk about this with him right fucking here. “Why not, Little Moon?” he asks. “Nico, could you wait outside for me?” I avoid his question. “Sure.” He leans down and kisses the top of my head before walking out.

A few seconds later, I feel the vibrator again on a lower setting. “Fuck,” I breathe out. “Luna, what’s going on with you?” Nova asks. “Bitch I’m not gonna lie to you. I have a vibrator in right now as a... punishment.”

“Luna!” she exclaims. “You lucky bitch.” Lucky? What about this is *lucky*? He was my stalker who I fucked—more than once—and now I don’t know what he is. I don’t get feelings for men anymore. That’s my thing. But Domenico Guerra is fucking that up. And now I’m sitting here with a butt plug and a vibrator inside me. How is this lucky?

“I can’t believe you’re with Domenico fucking Guerra and didn’t tell me,” she says, walking over to the fridge. “I didn’t know what to say,” I answer honestly. “You could tell me the truth? We’re best friends.” The vibration stops and I sit back, relaxing.

“Yeah, but I don’t know. This is all confusing for me. You know I don’t like to talk about feelings.”

“That is true. Well, whatever you choose to do, I’m happy for you.” She comes over and gives me another hug. “Thank you, Nova, I appreciate that.”

“Of course. You can always talk to me. You’re my best friend.” I hug her for a needed minute. I’ve missed her. I’m actually happy she was here this morning. After a second, I realize Nova is here, but Chloe isn’t. “Where’s Chloe?” I ask, pulling away. “I... don’t know. She was here. I guess she left.” I’m guessing she’s with Elias. After hearing the conversation with Elias and Silas this morning, it kind of makes sense. “Hm,” I say, nodding my head. “Well, I better go get ready before he gets impatient.” I stand up from the chair. “I feel like Domenico isn’t the type to have any patience,” she giggles.

Walking into my bathroom, I take off my clothes and hop in the shower. I want to take out these damn toys. I mean, how would Nico actually know if I took them out or not? He’s not in here. I’ll take them out just for the shower, then put them back in. He won’t know. Leaning over, I slide the vibrator out first and place it on my shelf. I do the same with the plug.

After I’m done with my shower, I take the plug and bend over. I slowly slide it back in. “Oh, shit,” I whisper to myself. I grip the shelf tightly, thinking that it will somehow help. It’s not as bad as when he first put it in because I’ve been wearing it for a little. Next, I pick up the vibrator. That’s a lot easier to get back in.

I get out of the shower, dry off my body, and then my hair. I put on some mascara and call it a day. I realize I have no idea where we were going, so I walk out of my room in my towel. I’m expecting Nico to still be in the hallway, but I’m met with him sitting on my couch. “Oh. I thought you were outside,” I say. “I was. I decided I wanted to be in here.” I tuck a piece of hair behind my ear. “So, where are we going?” I ask, tucking the towel into itself more. “Well, you’re going to need to put on clothes first, Little Moon.” *Yeah. No fucking shit.* “I need to know how I should dress.” I shift in place, tightening the towel around my body again.

“You look perfect in anything.” His eyes travel up and down my body. “Nico.”

“Casual, nothing fancy. We’re going to get breakfast,” he finally answers my question. He’s taking me to get breakfast? I can’t see Nico being the cute, romantic, breakfast date kind of guy. “A breakfast date?” I ask, raising my eyebrows. “If you want it to be a date, you could call it that.”

Right. This is my punishment. Not a very good one, though. I could get used to him just fucking with me like he’s been. Unless he has something else planned. My stomach turns at that thought. He probably does have something else planned. There’s no way this is it. “Go get dressed,” he says, snapping me out of my thoughts.

I turn on my heels and return to my room, dropping my towel before closing my door. I know he was looking at me. I put on black leggings, my go-to, and a grey turtleneck knitted sweater. I dry my hair with a hair dryer, leaving it to sit how it does naturally. I spray perfume on me and walk out to the living room. “Pack some clothes, Little Moon,” Nico says as soon as I walk out. “Um. Can’t I sleep here? This is my apartment.”

“You will be wherever I want you to be. Whether that’s here or at the mansion.”

I nod my head, agreeing. “You can either pack some clothes, or I can buy you new ones.”

“I’ll pack some.” I go back into my room to throw clothes into a bag. I grab a few things from my bathroom as well. I want to see Jordyn before I leave. She hasn’t seen me in a few days, and she’s been my best friend since forever. I crack open her door to see her sitting on her bed. She looks up from her phone and gasps in excitement. “Luna!” She jumps up and runs over to hug me. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too. I’m sorry I haven’t been here. I’ve been at Nico’s.” She pulls away and smiles at me. “So, things are happening between you two?” she asks, raising her eyebrows. “I don’t know what we’re doing. I know I missed being here. I missed you.”

“Girl, I missed you too, but you’re figuring yourself out and maybe getting a new relationship. You need this.” If only she knew the things I’d been doing with him. And the entire story. Maybe I’ll tell her eventually. “I’ve always been your best friend and always will be. I’m good here,” She reassures me. I sigh and place my arm on hers. “Good. All of us should have a girl’s night soon. Boy, do I need it.”

“We should. I’ll text the group chat later and set it up.” I nod my head and flash her a smile. “It looks like you have somewhere to be. Go.” She pats my hand and releases me. “Love you,” I say as I give her another hug. “Love you too.” She squeezes me a little before letting go. I walk out of her bedroom, closing the door behind me. “I’m ready,” I say to Nico, smiling. He stands from the couch and walks toward the front door. “Nova,” he states, nodding at her. “Domenico. Treat her right, or I’ll kill you,” she says, pointing at him. “I highly doubt you could kill me. But you can try,” he smiles. I roll my eyes at both of them and walk out of the front door.

“What is this place?” I ask as we walk up the building’s front doors. “A place my father owns,” he responds, opening the door for me. Of course his father owns it. What *doesn’t* he own? We walk inside the restaurant, and he nods at the hostess. She nods back and hands him two menus.

This place is gorgeous. The interior is all red and black, with a lot of roses everywhere. It looks too fancy for the way I am dressed.

Nico walks us to a table and pulls out my chair for me. I sit down, and he pushes the chair in. “Nico, I thought you said this was casual,” I say with a fake smile. “It is,” he responds as he sits in his own chair. “This place is kind of fancy. I’m wearing leggings and a sweater.” “I told you, Little Moon, you look perfect in anything.” “Yeah, but I feel under-dressed.” I smooth out my shirt and leggings while shifting in my seat. “You’re fine,” he reassures me. I understand *he* thinks I look fine in anything I wear. But I hate feeling under-dressed or overdressed. It’s a little embarrassing.

A waiter walks out of the doors to the side and makes his way over to us. “Good morning, Mr. Guerra. Are you ready to order?” he asks. “Yes. I’ll take waffles with strawberries.” Nico says, then picks up his phone. “Miss Dallarosa, what can I get for you?” He looks at me. How does he know who I am? Nico nods to me, and I quickly glance over the menu. I go to take a breath before speaking when that fucking vibration comes back. My breath hitches and my eyes snap up to meet Nico’s. “Miss Dallarosa?”

“S-sorry,” I flash the waiter a smile. “I’ll, um. I’ll take-“ Nico turns it up to a higher setting. “Could I have a water, please? And another m-minute to decide.” The waiter nods to me and walks back to the kitchen. “Nico,” I state. “Are you alright over there?” he asks. *Asshole*. “Fine,” I lie. He turns it up higher and I squirm in my seat. “Are you sure?” he teases. “Nico, please,” I whimper. “Please?” His head tilts to the side. “Turn it off. Please.” He shakes his head and sets down his phone. I grab the sides of my chair, and my head goes back slightly. “Remember what I said, Little Moon.” The waiter comes back with my water. “Have enough time to decide?” he asks as he sets down my water.

“Can I just ha-have pancakes?” I say the first thing that comes to my mind. “Of course,” he responds with a smile and writes it down on his little notepad. I clear my throat and adjust myself. “Miss Dallarosa, are you alright?” he asks, a hint of concern showing on his face. “She’s fine. Just a little bit of an upset stomach,” Nico answers for me. The waiter nods at him and walks away from us.

*Domenico*

My Little Moon struggles to eat her pancakes as I keep turning down and turning up the speed on the vibrator. God, she's so gorgeous. I can't get enough of her. Also, seeing her struggle? Or cry? I *love* seeing her like that. Watching those salty tears stream down her cheeks when I fuck her mouth. What a fucking sight. My dick gets hard just thinking about it. It might be time for another session.

I saw her take the toys out while she was in the shower earlier. She thinks I didn't witness it, but of course I did. I see everything. There's nothing she could do that I wouldn't know about. I turn off the toy, and she slumps back in her chair. I have to watch how long I keep it on. I don't want her to come.

"How is your food?" I ask with a smirk. She squints her eyes at me and doesn't answer. *Okay, we can play this game.* I turn the toy back on. "I asked you a question, Little Moon."

"G-good. It's good." She answers. I turn it off and lock my phone. "Good girl," I say as I take a bite of my waffles.

A few minutes later, the waiter comes back out. "How is everything tasting? Do you need anything else?" He asks. "It was good, thank you. I think we're good," I reply. "Miss Dallarosa?" He turns his attention toward her. "She's good,

thank you,” I answer for her. He doesn’t need to speak to her unless he *has* to. And right there, he didn’t have to.

He turns his attention to me and gives me a fake smile. I know he doesn’t like me. Only a few of my father’s staff do. And I’m fine with that. Soon, I’ll be taking over, and they’ll have to listen to whatever I say. I call that a win. They can hate me now, but I’ll be the one they kneel for in the future. The waiter nods his head at me and walks back to the kitchen.

“So,” I clear my throat. “Have you taken the plug or the vibrator out at all?” I ask, leaning back in my chair. I want to see if she’ll lie to me. She freezes for a second before clearing her own throat. “Um. No, I haven’t,” she answers shyly. *Lie*. “Are you sure?” I cross my arms in front of my chest. “Yes, Nico. I haven’t taken them out.” She looks down before taking the last few bites of her food. I nod my head and smile to myself. So she took them out *and* lied to me about it. She must really want to be punished more.

“Okay, let’s go,” I say, standing out of my chair. “Go where?”

“It’s a *surprise*,” I raise my eyebrows and widen my eyes when I say ‘surprise.’ “We have to make a quick stop first,” I tell her, holding out my arm for her to grab. “Where?” she asks. “You ask a lot of questions, Little Moon.” I avoid the question and walk us out to my car.

I open the passenger door for her, and she steps inside. “Thank you, sir,” she says. *Fuck me*. I nod my head at her and walk to the driver’s side. The warehouse is the place we need to stop before the big surprise. I need to grab a thing or two.

I turn on the vibrator before driving so I can hear her little whimpers and moans that are like music to my ears. “Nico!” She twitches in her seat when I first turn it on. I smirk at her and pull off towards the warehouse.

“Stay here. Do not get out of this car,” I tell her before I get out of my car. She nods at me and folds her hands in her lap. I

turn the vibrator on one of the lower settings to keep her on edge.

Walking up to the doors, a guard opens it for me, and I walk inside. “Domenico! This is a pleasant surprise,” One of the men say to me. I give him a nod and walk to get what I need. There are a couple of men that try to kiss my ass, so I won’t be hard on them when I’m in charge. It’s not going to work, but it’s funny to see them try. Why not fuck with them now and then fuck with them even more when I’m their boss.

Walking into the back, I grab what I need quickly and go back out. The less people that see me and interact with me, the better.

When I go back outside, I see one of the men staring at my car. “Hey!” I shout at him. “The fuck are you looking at?” I ask. “That girl,” he answers. “What about her? Mind your fucking business.”

“That’s her, isn’t it? She *is* my business.”

I wrap my hand around his throat and squeeze, cutting off his airflow. “You don’t tell anybody she was here, or I *will* hang you upside down and let all of your blood slowly drip out of you until you die, understand?” He taps my wrist with his hand and nods his head. I release him, and he hunches over, coughing. “What the hell, man?” He looks up at me, grabbing his throat. “Do you understand?” I ask, wanting him to say it. “Yes,” “Good.” I return to my car and put what I came here for into the trunk.

Getting back in, she looks at me with worried eyes. “What was that about?” she asks. “Nothing. Don’t you worry your pretty little head about it.” I lean over to kiss her head. I turn my car back on and drive off of the property. Stopping a little down the road, I turn to her. “Turn around, facing the window,” I say. She does as she’s told and faces her back towards me.

I reach into my back pocket, pulling out a bandanna. I fold it up so it’s thick enough that she won’t be able to see through it. Placing it over her eyes, her breath hitches and her hands fly up to it. “Put your hands down,” I order. “Where we’re going

is a surprise. You can't see the drive there." I explain as I tie the bandanna at the back of her head. "Nico-

"Don't ask questions." I interrupt. If she wants to lie to me, she can face the consequences.

After I secure the bandanna, I grab my phone and turn the vibrator back up. She grips both of her thighs with her hands as she leans back in the seat. "I'm leaving this on until we get there. Be a good girl for me, and don't come." I say before I put the car in drive and continue driving... to the church.

*Domenico*

I pull into the parking lot of the building, smirking to myself. My Little Moon keeps making those pretty little noises next to me. I can't wait to fuck her—hear her scream. I lean over, getting close to her ear. “We're here,” I whisper. She slightly jumps to the side and looks toward me, still blindfolded. “Can you turn it off?” she asks. “No.” I open my car door and step out. Nobody should be here today because this church belongs to someone who works for my father. I texted him on the way over, telling him I was going to need this place to be empty for me. “Stay your pretty self here for a moment,” I say, leaning into the car.

I walk to the trunk and open it, pulling out what I need. I take it all inside the church, setting it next to the altar at the front. I set up the first thing I'm going to show her. Clearing off the altar, I placed everything onto the side near the wall.

When I go back outside, I walk over to the passenger side and open the door for her. “Get out.” I grab her arm to help her out of the car. She stumbles before standing. Which I don't blame her for. I've had the toy on for a while. Her legs shake as we walk towards the doors. “Nico, please turn it off,” she whimpers. “Walk. You can do it,” I encourage her, knowing she's going to continue to struggle. “There are steps here. Be

careful,” I tell her before climbing the stairs. She slowly makes her way up, using me for guidance.

When we step inside the doors, I turn towards her and bend down, wrapping my arms around her ass. I lift her over my shoulder and walk up to the altar. I lightly drop her to the floor, and her legs collapse under her. I can hear her heavy breathing as she blindly looks around. I grab the chains off of the floor and walk behind her, tying her wrists together. “What’s going on?” she asks. “You sound scared, Little Moon,” I taunt. She licks her dry lips as she presses her thighs together. I grab her arm and pull her up to her knees. I turn her around, so her front is facing the altar.

Going back behind her, I untie the blindfold and let it fall before her. She looks at the cross hanging on the wall in front of her before looking around. “Wh-what are we doing here?” she asks with a shaky voice. “You’ve been a naughty little slut, Little Moon,” I say, walking over to the projector I brought. Her head turns, following my body. “Wha-“ I cut her off by turning on the projector. An image of her in the shower appears on the wall. “Is that...”

I play the video, and she watches herself in the shower. “I told you not to take them out. And you did. Then, you lied to me about it,” I say, walking towards her. Her eyes trail up my body until they reach mine. I place my hand under her chin, lifting it. “Lying is a sin, Little Moon. You’re here to confess that.”

“I-I’m sorry,” she says with pleading eyes.

I grab her arm and force her to her feet. Taking her over to the altar, I hold part of what is remaining of the chain. “Spread your legs as wide as you can for me,” I say, using my shoe to start to part them. She spreads them apart as wide as she can, and I press on her back, leaning her over. I wrap one part of the chain around her ankle, tying it to the leg-post. I move to the other side and do the same.

Going back to my stuff, I grab the ball gag and place it in her mouth. Gripping the hem of her leggings, I rip them off of her. I’ll just buy her new ones. I reach down to the plug that’s

in her ass and slowly pull it out. She moans at the feeling and rolls her head to the side. “Look at that. All stretched out for me,” I say as I rub my hand on her ass cheek. I undo my belt and pull it from the loops. Bringing it in front of her face, I wrap it around her neck and pull it, letting the rest hang down her back.

I take off my pants and toss them aside before running my fingers down her back. “You thought all of that was your punishment?” I ask, smacking her ass. She whimpers in return and breathes heavily through her nose. I spit on her ass, letting it trail down before rubbing it on her hole. I grab my dick with my hand and position it at her ass. “It didn’t stretch you all the way, but it will do,” I say more to myself than her before pushing inside her. *God damn.*

She cries out while lifting her head back. I push her head down onto the altar, with my other hand grabbing her hip. I slide out to my tip before thrusting back in. If she wants to lie, she can suffer the consequences before I make her beg for forgiveness like a bad little slut should.

I thrust in and out of her ass, with the vibrator still going in her cunt. I bet she’s *dripping* right now. My hand goes down to her pussy, feeling how wet she is. “Just like I thought,” I say before bringing my hand to her gagged mouth. I rub her arousal on her lips and the gag. “Bad girls don’t get to *enjoy* a punishment. I pull back before slamming forward into her.

Her moans and screams fill the air as she gags every so often from the rubber that’s in her mouth. I look down at my dick to see a bit of red on it. *Fuck, yes.* I pull out and rub my hand along my dick, smearing the blood on it and my hand. “Look at that. The perfect lubricant,” I say before pushing inside her again. The part of me that I was repressing during this can’t be held back now. She’s *bleeding* for me. I smear some of the blood that’s on my hand onto her back before I grab the loose end of my belt and pull it—pulling her head up and restricting her air.

I bend over her body, placing my head next to her ear. “Are you ready to confess?” I whisper. A muffled “Yes” leaves her mouth as her eyes roll into the back of her head. I thrust into

her a couple more times before pulling out. I have more plans for her. I can't come yet. I undo the chains around her ankles, and she goes to fall to the floor, but I grab her before she does. "On the altar. You're not done yet."

I help her get on the table and onto her stomach. I wrap the chain around her throat, on top of my belt, and down her back before wrapping it around her ankles. I pull it tight to make sure it's secure. I crouch down in front of her face and remove the gag from her mouth. "I'm sorry," is the first thing she says. I smile and bring two fingers up to her mouth. I push them to the back of her throat and hold them there. She wraps her lips around them, and I can feel her trying not to gag. "Good girl."

I pull my fingers out of her mouth and grab my phone, turning the vibrator off. Then I grab my cock, setting it on her lips. "Tongue out," I say. She opens her mouth and sticks her tongue out. I slap my cock on her tongue before grabbing her head as I push to the back of her throat. She coughs and blinks up at me as I groan. Her mouth feels better than anything. Her cunt is definitely a close second, but this mouth. This throat. I push my hips forward, trying to go further. I let her head go back a little before I hold it in place.

Thrusting back and forth at a fast pace, I fuck that perfect throat of hers. She groans and only gags once before I push all the way forward. "There you go. Take this cock in that throat. Gag on your fucking lies." I tilt my head back and pull out of her mouth, leaving her coughing and sucking in breaths. "Please, sir, I'm sorry." I grab her hair and push it inside of her again.

I grab the belt again and pull it tighter as I thrust. "Oh, fuck," I moan. Her eyes roll back in her head, and she closes them. "Look at me. You want to lie and not listen to me? Look me in the eyes while you choke." She moans around my cock, and I see her hands loosening and tightening around the chains.

Her face turns red as I fuck it. I continue for a few seconds, pulling out and releasing the belt right before she passes out. Choked sobs immediately leave her mouth as she tries to breathe. "P-please." I pick her up and place her behind the

altar, right below the cross hanging on the wall. As I pull her up onto her knees, she goes to sit back, but I pull on the belt to keep her from doing so.

I put my cock back into her mouth, with my hand wrapped around her chin. I thrust all the way back, then pull out to the tip. "Confess," I say. She swallows before parting her lips to speak, her voice husky and tired. "Forgive me, for I have sinned."

Thrust.

"How have you sinned?" I ask. "I have not listened to you, and I have lied."

Thrust.

"Please forgive me--"

Thrust.

"I realize what I have done is wrong, sir. I'm sorry."

I thrust once more into the back of her throat, holding myself there. "Such a good girl," I grunt before cumming down her throat. "Swallow all of it." She gags once and blinks up at me, beautiful tears streaming down her face.

*Luna*

I'm lying on the floor of a church—crying, shaking, and sore because Domenico Guerra just ruined me. That was a punishment because I lied to him. I hate to admit that I liked it because of how intense it was. I mean, what sane person would enjoy being fucked over an altar and then forced to confess their sins with a dick down their throat? Me, apparently.

Seeing his power over me, the way I just submitted to him. “Little Moon,” Nico calls for my attention. I pick my head up off the floor and look at him. “Come on, let’s get you home.” he says, picking me up bridal style. *Home*. I do want to go home. But where is that? My *home* disappeared when my parents died. My *home* was with Jordyn at the apartment. But now? Now I have no idea.

Nico carries me out to the car and carefully places me in the passenger seat. I now realize I really have feelings for him. That, I can admit. I don’t know how I will fully accept it—accept us. But I can admit that I want him. Getting into the driver’s seat, he dials a number on his phone and calls it. “Yeah, I need someone to come get this shit from the church and take it to the warehouse. *Grazie* ¹.” He hangs up the phone and places it in his pocket. He finally took the vibrator out of me after he was finished with me. *Thank God*. I don’t want to

upset him for at least a couple of days. My pussy is throbbing, my throat hurts, and my ass is in pain.

I sit more on my side in Nico's car, not wanting to put pressure on anything. "Here. Take these," he says, handing me three pills. I clear my throat. "What is it?" I ask. "Ibuprofen."

I pop the pills into my mouth, and he hands me a water bottle. I take a sip of the water and swallow the pills. "Thank you," I say to him. He nods his head and runs his hand along my hair. "Did you learn your lesson? Will you lie to me again?"

I shake my head as an answer, knowing in my mind that I probably will sometime in the future. I might be sore as hell, but damn was that something. Taking me to a church like that and making me 'confess'? That shit was so hot. It was definitely a punishment, don't get me wrong. But *damn*. I've never experienced anything like that before. Not even close. And I kind of wouldn't mind experiencing something like that again.

He starts up his car and drives us back to the mansion. When we arrive, he carries me inside. Thankfully, the other guys are either not there or in their rooms. Nico carries me up the stairs and takes me to his room. He sets me down on his bed and disappears into the bathroom. I'm assuming he's running a bath for me. It's what he always does after something like this. Or any time he fucks me, really.

He might destroy me during the act, but he always takes care of me afterward. Aftercare is essential to me, and it makes me happy to see some normality in this. After a few minutes, he walks back out and approaches me. "Come here, Little Moon," he says, picking me up. I wrap my arms around his neck and lay my head on his chest. I'm going to need a massive nap after this. Taking me into the bathroom, he sets me on the counter and helps me take off my clothes.

He helps me get into the bath, and I see him taking off his own clothes. He hasn't gotten into the bath with me before. He usually sets me in and helps me clean myself from the outside of the tub. I wouldn't really mind him joining me, though. I

look up at him and watch him undress, staring at all of his tattoos and scars. “I really like that one,” I say, pointing to the tattoo over his heart. It’s a human heart with a sword through it. “What does it mean?” I ask.

He climbs into the bath behind me, putting his legs on either side of me. “Lean back,” he tells me. I lean back into his body, sighing in relief. My body lays into his like a perfect glove. My curves mold into him like I was made for him. “I got it sometime after my mother died,” he says, running his hands up and down the front of my body.

I had no idea his mother died. I mean, I heard his family was involved with the mafia. So, I guess it makes sense. Is that my future with Domenico, too? Death?

“Tell me about her,” I say, closing my eyes and reaching back to run my fingers through his hair. “Sorry, Little Moon. Not this time,” he whispers in my ear, sending shivers down my spine. I would have loved to meet Nico’s mother. I bet she was stunning. “You don’t express your feelings very much, do you?”

“Expressing feelings would require one to actually feel the emotions.”

That’s right, Nico doesn’t feel things the same way I do. Things don’t process in his brain the same way they do in mine. That scares me a little when I think about how I feel about him. What if I come to love him, and he doesn’t feel the same? Is he even capable of feeling love towards someone? I know it’s not his fault; he didn’t choose to be wired like he is. I’m sure he would be able to show love in his own way. He has to be able to.

I stare at the wall in front of us as he grabs a cup and pours water onto my hair, getting it wet. He grabs shampoo from the lowest shelf and lathers it in my hair, giving me a massage as well. This is a different side of him I haven’t seen before. Whether he knows it or not, this is a good emotion. He cares.

After cleaning my hair and body, he helps me out of the tub and grabs a towel to dry me off. “I can do this myself, you know,” I say to him with a smile on my face. “I know, but I

want to do it.” He crouches down and wraps the towel around my legs, drying them off.

I stare down at him as he does so, admiring his features. His perfect, dark brown hair that messily lays on his head. His stunning light brown eyes, the scars on his face. *He’s so... pretty.* I haven’t seen anybody that looks like him before. He’s perfect. His eyes flicker up at mine, and he catches me staring. “Like what you see?” he smirks. I roll my eyes at him and look away. “I would like to put clothes on. It’s cold.” I ignore his question. “There you go with the eye-rolling again. That might be a real issue,” he jokes. He rises to his feet and wraps the towel around my shoulders. “And I think you’re fine like this.”

Grabbing the towel off of my shoulders, I quickly continue to dry the top half of me off. I put my clothes back on and toss the towel to him.

I return to his room to sit on his bed while he cleans the bathroom. Looking around, I stare at the details of his room. His walls are dark gray, with three pictures above his bed that are in black and white. The two on the sides are of his motorcycle at different angles. The one in the middle is a picture of the road from his point of view on his bike. The bed is shades of gray and black. The comforter and pillows are black, and the sheet is gray. He has a plant sitting on the floor next to his nightstand. *Cute.*

A person’s room shows who they are. Nico’s doesn’t have a lot of decorations or color. He keeps it simple.

When he walks into his room, I turn to look at him. “You should decorate in here,” I tell him. He glances around his room before looking back at me. “Why?”

“Because it’s really plain in here.” I chuckle. “It’s how I like it. It’s not messy or too much. It’s simple.”

“Like you?”

“Like me.”

I hum to myself as I continue to look around. Nico walks up to me, and his tall frame towers over my small one. “Would it

make you happy if I added a few things? Maybe put up some pictures of you naked?” he asks, running his hand up and down my arm. “No,” I laugh. What if someone would come in here and see those pictures? No thanks. “It’s your room.” Why would I want him to change anything for me? “Stand up,” he says like a command. I rise to my feet, our bodies basically pushed together.

“Anything you want, you get. Whether it’s something small like changing something in my room or adding a few things of your own. If you want it, it’s yours.” His eyes flicker between mine and my lips. A small smile creeps onto my face as I look at him.

“If you asked me to carve your name into my chest, I would,” he adds, reaching up to tuck a piece of my still-wet hair behind my ear. “You’re crazy.” Carve my name into his chest? Who would want to do that? His idea of doing something romantic is so different than mine. But at least he tries. And that’s something I like about him. He does things nobody else would—that nobody else would think of. The killing people for touching me thing is a *little* extreme, though. Thankfully, I have barely been going anywhere, so he hasn’t had another chance to do that shit.

“I know,” he responds. He bends down and wraps his arms around me under my ass. Picking me up, he tosses me back on his bed, making me squeal. “Nico, hold on.” I giggle as he climbs over me. He attacks my neck with kisses and little bites. “Nico! I can’t do this again.” I put my hands on his chest, pushing him up. My ass still hurts a little from earlier. Most of the pain was taken away because of that Ibuprofen—*thank God*.

“You’re my slut to play with when I want. And I want to play. You can do it. Be a good girl for me.” He reaches his hand down my shorts. Those fucking words. They make me melt every time. I would do anything he said if he always talked to me like that unless I felt like being a brat.

“Yeah, okay,” I say, smiling. “Good girl.”

1. *Grazie*. - Thank you.

*Luna*

I wake up to the sound of my alarm going off. Because of Nico, I haven't really been going to my classes, which I need to do. Don't get me wrong, I have never really liked school, so I have no problem with not going. On the other hand, my grades might have an issue with it.

I get out of bed and go to Nico's bathroom to wash my face and get ready. Heading back into his room, I go over to my bag to get clothes. I don't have all of them here, so my options on what I can wear are limited. Looking in, I see some T-shirts, a sweatshirt, sweatpants, leggings, and shorts. I think it's supposed to be cold today, so the hoodie and sweatpants it is.

I kind of *want* to go to class today so I can see my friends. I haven't seen Chloe in God knows how long. I miss her energy. If it's possible, I want to talk to her alone so I can ask her what's going on with her and Elias. I mean, I hear Elias telling Silas that shit isn't going so great, but I want her side of the story. Personally, I wouldn't see it as a bad thing if they did end up together.

Right before I'm about to walk out of the door, I hear a throat clear behind me. *Fuck*. "Going somewhere?" Nico asks. I slowly turn on my heels and face him. "School," I answer. He takes the comforter off his body, revealing those oh-so-

gorgeous muscles and tattoos. He doesn't sleep with a shirt on, which is a win for me. I get to see that stunning body that's *covered* in gorgeous tattoos.

He moves around to stand off of his bed and makes his way over to me. "What did I tell you about leaving?" he questions, putting his hands in the pockets of his black, checkered pajama pants. "If I want to go somewhere, you'll come with me?" I answer unsurely. "Yes. So why am I waking up to see you about to leave my door?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I should have woken you up." I bow my head to look at the floor. I do not want another punishment right now. "Mmm. Yes, you should have." He makes his way behind me before reaching his hand in front of me and wrapping it around my throat. "Should I punish you for this?" he whispers. "Yes," I answer in a breathy tone. I know that is the answer he wants. Saying 'no' to that question would probably get me a bigger punishment, knowing him. "Today, while we are at the university, you will only address me as 'sir.' When we get home, you'll have another training session. What do you think about that?" he asks, squeezing my throat. "Yes," I whisper, barely able to breathe. "Yes?"

"Yes, sir." I lick my dry lips and attempt to swallow. "Good girl." He plants a kiss on the back of my neck before releasing his hand. I suck in a breath and press my thighs together. That turned me on. *Dammit*. "Give me two seconds to get dressed, and we'll leave." He walks into the bathroom and closes the door. I sit on his bed to wait for him and scroll through social media.

There's nothing really new. The university posts about sports—primarily football. Nova has a new post of her, Chloe, and Jordyn having breakfast this morning. I can't wait to see all of them today. Now that Nova and Jordyn know about whatever this thing I have with Nico is, it won't be so awkward when I show up at the university with him today. I'm somewhat happy I finally told Nova about this, so I no longer have to lie to her or hide where I am.

I pull up the group chat in my text messages and start typing.

Luna: Hey bitches! I'm coming to class today.

A few minutes later, I receive a reply.

Nova: Thank God!

Jordyn: Good! You need to stay on top of your education.

I roll my eyes at Jordyn's message before replying.

Luna: Yes, mom. I'll be there.

I giggle as I send the message, and Nico walks out of his bathroom. "What are you laughing at?" he asks, running his eyes up and down my body. "The girls. I miss them," I answer. I stand up and slip my phone into my pants pocket. "You ready?" he asks, walking toward his bedroom door. "Yeah." I stroll over to him, but he doesn't open the door. He just stands there, staring at me. "Little Moon," he warns. I quickly realize why he hasn't moved. "Yes, sir. I'm ready," I correct myself. "Good girl." He opens the door and places his hand on the small of my back, guiding me out.

Arriving at the school, Nico opens the door to his Ferrari for me—the gentleman he is. Elias drove him and Callum in his car today. Which I have no clue what it is. Silas rode his motorcycle, an R6. I know more about motorcycles than I do about cars because of my dad. When I was little, he always used to take me on bike rides. Whether just down the street or riding around the city, he loved hearing my excitement when he rode along the roads. He taught me a few basic things about them, of course. He also always showed me different ones he thought I would like.

I really miss my dad...and mom, too. They were taken from me way too soon by a drunk fucking driver. I will never understand why people think it's okay to drive while they're drunk. Do they not care about their lives? Or anybody else's?

They got to go to the hospital and live while my parents are six feet in the ground. I don't know who it was that killed them. I was just told it was a drunk driver, and they lived.

"Glad to see you're still here, Luna," Silas says, pulling me out of my thoughts. I glare at him in return. "I'm not glad to see you," I respond. "Don't lie to yourself." "Silas. That's enough," Nico says, interrupting us. Silas is such an ass! I genuinely think he doesn't have a single nice bone in his body. He could fucking use one, though. I wonder if he ever gets tired of being an asshole.

A few moments later, I spot Nova and Jordyn walking towards us. "Hey!" Jordyn says as they reach us. "Where's Chloe?" I ask, walking up to hug her. "She should be here soon," Jordyn returns the hug. "Walk to class with me?" I ask Nova and Jordyn, wanting alone time with my girls. "Of course," Nova replies.

Nico was there the last time I got to see them, so I couldn't *really* talk to them. I walk up to Nico, interrupting his conversation with Elias to let him know. "I'm gonna go with them. I'll text you," I tell him, and he turns his attention to me. "Is that okay, sir?" I add, remembering my punishment. I'm not trying to do anything to add to this. I already have after class to look forward to. I didn't even mean to "run away" from him. I was trying to go to class for once. But I didn't wake him up, so he sees that as me running away.

"Sir? Somebody got into trouble," Silas snickers. "Oh shut up," I snap. "I don't think I want to missy." Missy? What am I, a child that got in trouble? "You know what-"

"Leave her alone, Silas," Nova cuts in.

What is she doing? I don't want her to get involved. "And who are you?" he asks, walking up to her. "None of your business," she replies with her arms crossed. He hums to himself and looks up and down her petite body. "Silas, leave them alone," Nico yells to him. "Yeah, leave us alone," Nova repeats. "I don't think I want to leave you alone."

"Silas, can you stop being an ass for two seconds?" I ask him, annoyed. He puts his hands up and steps away.

He starts conversing with Elias, but I notice his eyes keep going over to Nova. Silas is dark, intimidating, and rude. Nova doesn't need to catch *that* type of attention. "Should I let you go? Or should I bend you over the hood of my car?" Nico whispers in my ear, bringing me out of my thoughts. "Nico!" I playfully smack his arm, looking around to see if anyone heard that. He turns toward my friends, smiling. "You ladies go ahead. She'll catch up in one second," he tells them. They look at me with concern on their faces. "It's okay. I'll catch up." I smile.

After they walk away, he turns toward his friends. "Yep. Got it," Elias says, backing away. "Good luck," Silas smirks at me as he walks away. When they're gone, and we're left alone, Nico wraps his hand around my throat and pushes me against his car. "Do you want to make your punishment worse?" he asks through gritted teeth. The brat in me wants to say yes, but I decide against it. "No, sir," I answer. "Then do as I say."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry," I struggle to get out. He releases my throat and plants a kiss on my forehead. "Good girl. Now go catch up with your friends," he says as he runs his hand through my hair. "You're gonna let me go alone?" I question. That doesn't seem like him. "Don't worry, Little Moon. I'll be watching. I always am."

*Luna*

After class, I meet up with Nova and Jordyn in the hallway. As we walk down the hall, I can feel eyes on me. I know that it's Nico. He's watching me. He always watches. With the way he's always around, you would think I have a bounty on my head or something. Which I don't. I'm not that interesting. At least he's letting me walk with them by myself so I can talk to them.

A few minutes later, I see that short, blonde girl walking toward us. I pick up my pace to get to her. "Chloe!" I gasp. Wrapping my arms around her, I pull her in close to me. God, I missed her. "Luna, you're squeezing a little tight there, babe," She laughs. *Oops*. I pull away from her and rest my hands on her arms. "I missed you. It's been days." "I know, I know."

The other two girls are laughing as they catch up to us. I want to ask her about Elias, but I don't know if Nova and Jordyn know about this. I assume she wouldn't want them to know for the same reason I had. "How is everything?" I ask, giving her a knowing look. She doesn't have to tell me everything right now; I just want to ensure she's good. Elias and Domenico are pretty similar, so I feel like we can relate with some things, even though her situation is different.

"Good. Everything's good." She gives me a smile. She's lying. I know her well enough to tell when her smiles are

genuine or not. I give her a nod and wrap my arm around her shoulder. We start walking down the hallway again toward the front doors. Thank goodness that class is over. I remembered why I don't like school when I got in there. Seeing my friends is good and all, but sitting through an hour-and-a-half-long class... not so fun.

I'm a graphic design major. I've wanted to be a graphic designer since I was about thirteen. Creating art has always been a passion of mine, whether it's on a computer or paper. However, these last couple of weeks have me wanting to change my major to something else. I could still create my art and do what I want to do, but something else has captured my interest.

When we walk outside, I spot Elias, Callum, and Silas by their vehicles, talking. I turn around to look at my girls and put my hands on my hips. "Do you guys want to go get breakfast or something tomorrow?" I ask. Nova, Chloe, and Jordyn look at each other before responding. "Of course! We can catch up," Jordyn answers for them. "Where do you want to-""She has had a lovely time talking with you ladies, but we have business to attend to." Domenico interrupts, sliding his arm around my waist. Chloe looks at me with wide eyes and flickers them between us. "When did..." she trails off. I give her a shy smile, and Nico starts to pull me away. "I'll text you! Love you!" I shout as I get dragged through the parking lot. Yeah, this is definitely how I wanted Chloe to find out about whatever this is.

I pull myself away from Nico and walk back to his car on my own. Silas is looking at us, smirking, like usual. "Oh, shut up." I snicker as I get into the car. Nico says bye to the boys and steps into the driver's side of his car.

"Are you ready?" he asks, turning on the ignition. I take a shaky breath and look at him with a slight smile. "Yes, sir."

When I drive up to the mansion, I see that the boys aren't back yet. Perfect. I turn the car off and open my door to step out. I walk over to the passenger door and open it for her, sticking

out my hand for her to grab. She puts her hand in mine and steps out of the car. She is so stunning; I can't stand it. It makes me want to chain her up in my room and never let her out. Have her be only for me to see, forever.

We walk up the stairs to the main doors and make our way up to my room. It is time for that training session—the second half of her punishment. She's gotten better with the gagging. Which I am proud of her for. I know it can't be easy to get rid of, which is part of the reason why we have these. The other part is just so I can fuck that gorgeous face of hers. I really do enjoy it.

Opening the door to my room, I let Little Moon walk in first. "On the floor and on your knees," I order. She nods her head at me and goes to kneel. I reach forward, wrapping a hand around her throat before she goes down. "What did I say?" I say through gritted teeth. She really is testing my patience today. I might just have to fuck that throat a little bit harder. "Y-yes, sir. I'm sorry," she stutters. I release her throat, and she drops to her knees in front of me.

I take my belt off and walk behind her to wrap it around her wrists behind her back. I can't have her trying to push herself away because she wants to gag. That won't get her anywhere. When I get back in front of her, I undo the buttons and drop my slacks and boxers to the floor. She licks her plump, pink lips as she stares at my cock, probably trying to mentally prepare herself. I grab the base with one hand and place the other on the back of her head. "Tongue out," I command. Her eyes flicker up to mine as she opens her mouth and sticks out her tongue.

God damn, what a face. I would be completely fine if this were the way she always looked at me. Those big green eyes staring up at me with her mouth wide open, ready to take my cock in it. I bring her head forward and slide my dick into her mouth, slowly at first. "Open up that throat and breathe through your nose," I tell her. I feel her relax a bit as I push farther into her mouth. When I get closer to the back, I don't hold back anymore and drive back as far as I can. "Mmm, there you go."

After a few seconds, she gags a bit, and I try to push myself forward more, the piercing on my dick giving me more pleasure as her tongue moves on it. I can see her attempting to breathe through her nose, and I smile at myself. I pull myself back, allowing her to breathe. She sucks in a breath and licks her lips again. Thrusting myself back in, I pause at the back again. This time, I'm there for a little longer before I feel her throat close around my cock for a moment. I hiss in a breath and grip her hair with my hand. "Your throat feels so good, Little Moon," I praise. She blinks up at me, and I feel her try to push forward more on her own. A moan escapes my mouth as I press myself against her.

"My perfect little fucking slut. Look at you." I groan. A tear escapes her eyes and slides down her cheeks—*my favorite*. I pull out of her entirely for a second to let her breathe again. I take a step back and lean down a little bit. "You're doing such a good job, aren't you?" I plant a kiss on her forehead. "Yes, sir," she pants. "Are you going to be a good girl for me from now on?" I ask, grabbing her chin with my hand. "Yes, s-sir." I straighten myself back up and move my hand to the back of her head again.

She sticks her tongue back out, getting ready for me again. *So needy*. I need to fuck her face now. Put her to the test. Grabbing the base of my dick, I slide it up her tongue and thrust myself into her mouth. I pull out a little bit before pushing back in. "Fuck, you're such a good slut for me," I whisper as my head tilts back a little. I hold her head in place as I thrust back and forth into her throat. She only gags once when I touch the very back of her throat, which is better than last time.

Thrusting in again, I hold myself there for a few seconds, and I feel her attempt to swallow. "Fuck, yes. Swallow it," I grunt, trying to push farther than I can. She gags and tries to pull her head back, but my hand stops her from doing so. She was doing so well up until now.

I fuck her throat faster and harder, feeling complete euphoria. If this is what love feels like, consider me in love. These should become an everyday thing. My balls tighten, and

the muscles in my dick pulse as my orgasm starts to wash over me. I still in her mouth, grunts and moans leaving my lips. “Oh, fuck.” My head tilts back as I spill down her throat. “Be a good girl and swallow it,” I groan out to her. She bats her eyelashes at me as she works to swallow.

Pulling out of her mouth, saliva and come leak out. “You’re so gorgeous, Little Moon.” She pants and coughs as she tries to catch her breath and calm herself. “Th-thank you, s-sir.”

I walk behind her to free her hands from my belt. When I do so, she brings her hands in front of her and rubs her wrists. “Was that too tight?” I ask. She shakes her head ‘no’ as she licks the liquid from her lips. “You did good, but you’re not quite there yet. We’ll try again tomorrow,” I say, getting dressed again.

She looks up at me and smiles. *Fuck me.* That smile covered in spit and come makes me want to do that again. She stands up from her knees and goes to walk toward the bathroom. “No,” I say, making her freeze. “I want you to stay just like that.”

“But- “

“No buts. Consider it part of the punishment.” I want to see me on her face. Another way of showing she belongs to me. She nods her head and walks over to my bed. “Yes, sir.”

*Domenico*

My Little Moon is going out with her friends today. I'm not too fond of the idea because I can't be there to watch her, but I have Callum watching her location and being close by. He didn't want to do it, but I told him I'd let him take my bike out. He's wanted to take her out for a while, but my bike is my baby, so that was hard for me to agree to. I don't let anybody backpack for me, let alone take her out themselves. I told him if he crashed her, I would torture him. I like him too much to kill him, so that would have to do.

I couldn't go with Little Moon myself because I had to meet the dealers again to collect the money. And I have a meeting with my father. He said he needed to talk to me about something but wouldn't tell me what.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I roll the sleeves of my white dress shirt up a little and flatten them down. I pull at the collar and finish the look by putting one of my chains around my neck. *Good enough.* I run my hand through my hair and head out the door. Elias and Silas are waiting for me when I walk down the stairs. They wanted to come with me for this, and I can't say no to them when it comes to a job. If you want one of us, you get all of us. Besides Callum, he has more important things to do for me at the moment.

I hear little footsteps sprinting on the floor before my dog, Chaos, comes into view. “Hi, buddy. Keep the place held down for us.” I give him a few pats on the head before walking into the kitchen to grab a water bottle. “Nico.” I hear Elias call out from behind me. “Yeah?” I respond, closing the refrigerator. “It’s one of the guards,” he gestures to the phone in his hand. “He said there’s some dude outside walkin’ around the gate.”

I take a sip of the water and set it on the counter. If the guard doesn’t recognize him, and we aren’t expecting anyone, then this is going to be fun. We are a tight-knit group of people. The guards know everyone who is supposed to be here, and if they’re not on that list, keep them in your sight. “Tell him to go,” I say to Elias with a head nod. He nods back at me and heads out of the kitchen. “Yeah, grab him for us.” I hear him say to the guard.

I walk out to where Silas is and tell him we have a little visitor. Before we walk to the basement, I call my father to inform him I’m going to be a little late. “Father,” I say when he answers. “Are you on your way?” he asks. “Not quite. You’re going to have to get someone else to meet the dealers,” I inform him. He pauses for a moment before speaking. “And why is that?” He does not sound too happy with me. Oh well. I honestly couldn’t care less. “I have something to take care of at the house first.”

“Be quick.” He ends the call. Sliding my phone into my pocket, I walk toward the door that leads to the basement to wait.

A few minutes later, one of the guards walks in with a struggling man. Our guards are enormous, so it would not be easy to escape from them. They’re all about 6’5 or so and very muscular. I’m the son of a mafia boss, and I need big guards who can protect themselves and the house. The man he brought is about 5’9 and a bit scrawny. Whoever this guy is, he’s insanely stupid.

The guard throws the man onto the floor and gives me a nod before walking back out. I return the gesture and look at the guy on my floor. Silas and Elias walk over to him, each

grabbing him by the arm. They bring him to the chair in the middle of the room and set him in it before tying him to it. Elias holds his hands behind the chair as Silas wraps a chain around his body.

He kicks and yells as they do so, like that will do anything for him. “And who is this meathead?” I ask, closing the door to the room. “I just got lost, man,” He lies. I’m not an idiot. The mansion is basically surrounded by the forest. You couldn’t just ‘get lost’ and end up at our gate.

“Try again,” Silas says, punching him in the face. Torturing is what Silas likes to do. Elias and I can easily kill somebody, but Silas, he’s more of a torture guy. Personally, I think he’s scared of what would happen to him if he spilled too much blood like that. His mind is a bit...darker than ours. He’s more dark and twisted, and I feel he could easily get lost in the blood lust.

The man doesn’t say anything as Silas starts to walk around him. Elias hands him one of his knives, and he twists it in his fingers. “See, people don’t just *show up* here,” Elias says. “Well, I did, asshole.” The guy barks out. Silas shares a look with Elias before walking to stand in front of the guy. “Excuse us, we’re not being very nice,” he says sarcastically before plunging the knife into his shoulder. A scream erupts from him as he starts kicking again. “Keep trying to fucking kick me like a child, and I’ll cut your damn legs off,” Silas says as he pulls the knife out. He really would do that, too.

I roll my eyes and step forward. “Can we speed this up? I have somewhere to be, and your unexpected intrusion interrupted that,” I try to move the conversation along. I see a smile quickly flash onto his face. *What was that about?* “So,” I say, walking up to him. “Why were you at our gate?” I question. *Silence...* “Silas,” I say, stepping backward. “Yeah, brother?”

“You guys can get him to talk,” I say and turn my back, leaving the room to check in on my Little Moon. As I walk out, I hear grunts and groans coming from the man as terrifying laughs come from Elias and Silas.

Domenico: Callum. How is she?

Callum: She's sitting and eating with her friends, Dom. The same place she's been for the past half hour. This is pointless.

Domenico: Hey, I told you I'd let you ride the bike.
Suck it up.

As I slide my phone back into my pocket, I go back into the room to see the man bleeding from his face and his legs. He has a stab wound on each leg and one on each arm. "Someone got a little stab-happy," I snicker. I know Elias is the one who did that. He's a knife guy. "What can I say? Red is a beautiful color when it's coming out of someone." Elias shrugs his shoulders. I shake my head at him with a smile and walk closer to the man again. "Is he ready to talk?" I ask the boys, and I stare into his eyes. "You're probably going to kill me anyways, so fuck it." he says, spitting blood onto the floor.

Whoever the hell sends these guys is very fucking dumb. They all rat out who sent them after a little bit of torture. What is the point of that? Get better men. I nod at him to tell him I'm listening, and that stupid ass smile creeps onto his face again.

"Someone is looking for that little bitch of yours," he says. I pause at his words and flick my eyes up to Silas. "Why is that?" I ask, ignoring the fact he called her a bitch, for now. "You know why. Domenico Guerra." He spits blood onto my shoes and smiles. "What's he talking about?" Silas asks. *Fuck. Fuck.*

"And *you* were sent *here*? Fucking idiots." I shake my head as I speak. "I was sent here as a distraction, *idiot*¹," he chuckles. What the fuck does he mean as a distraction? I'm so fucking close to killing him, but I want him to talk more. "Distraction?" I question. He straightens his back and leans in

as far as the chains let him. “Your bitch, she’s as good as fuckin’ dead.” He smiles before he erupts into a burst of dark laughter. My jaw tightens at his words, and I clench my fists at my sides. “You’re bluffing,” I smirk at him. He tilts his head to the side and looks at Silas and Elias. “Am I? She’s at that little cafe with her friends, isn’t she?” He laughs again. I straighten my back and bring back my fist before connecting it to his face.

“Elias. Silas,” I state. “Go,” Silas says before Elias gets stab-happy again, and Silas starts beating on his body parts with a crowbar. I storm over to the door before swinging it open as the sounds of laughter and grunts fill my ears, and darkness clouds my vision. I pull up Callum’s contact on my phone and call him. We’ve been with this motherfucker for a while. Callum is my best bet right now if he’s telling the truth.

The phone rings a few times before Callum finally picks up. “Go get her,” I demand before he can get a word out. “What?” he asks. “Don’t fucking question me right now. Go fucking get her and bring her here. I don’t give a shit if you have to drag her!”

“Yeah, got it,” he says before hanging up. I shove my phone into my pants pocket and return to the room. The man’s head is hanging down as he slowly breathes.

Elias hands me his knife as I walk over to them. I bring it back and stab it into his lower abdomen. I position myself above him and use my strength to drag the knife up the center of his torso, splitting him open. I pull the knife out and continue to stab various parts of his body until Silas comes up behind me and pulls me away. “Let me go!” I yell. It would not be wise to fuck with me right now. My vision is dark, and my hearing is clouded. I am *pissed*. That fucker had better been lying. “Nico! Stop!” Silas yells, basically into my ear.

I rip myself away from him and throw the knife onto the ground. I wipe my bloodied hands onto my pants and pull out my phone to call her. It rings...and rings...and rings. I end the call and dial again.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

“Answer me, Little Moon,” I whisper to myself. When I still get no answer, I pull up Callum’s contact. One of these two better fucking answer me.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

“Fuck!” I shout, almost throwing my phone to the ground. I need to get to her. To make sure she’s okay. “Why the fuck aren’t they answering?”

“You know where they were. Let’s go,” Silas says, already walking out the door and toward the stairs.

[1](#). Idiot.

*Luna*

Two hours earlier

“Do you think this looks good?” I ask Nico as I look at myself in his bedroom mirror. He walks up behind me and snakes his arms around my waist. “You always look delicious,” he says as he plants small kisses on my neck. Delicious? Of course he would say that. I have to remind myself that asking him how I look will not help me at all. I know these are my friends, so it doesn’t matter how I look, but I’d still like to look presentable.

Sliding myself away from him, I grab my jewelry off of his dresser. I put on little stud earrings and my necklace that has my name on it. “Wait. I got you something.” He hurries over to his bedside table. He got me something? He doesn’t seem like the type that would buy gifts. Trust me, I’m not complaining. I’m just stating this doesn’t seem like something he would do. He grabs whatever it is out of his nightstand and walks in front of me. “Stand in front of the mirror,” he says, placing both of his hands on my shoulder. A smile creeps onto my face as I turn around and face the mirror. He does something behind my back and brings the present over my head.

It’s a necklace. He lets it sit on my chest as he clasps it together in the back. *Oh my god. It’s stunning.* The necklace

has a black chain with a black heart connected to it that is covered in tiny diamonds. On the one side, there's a skeleton hand attached to the chain that holds onto the top of the heart. Another skeleton hand is connected to the inside, which bears a tiny, red diamond in the center. I gasp and place my hand on the necklace. "Nico- "

"That heart on the inside is mine. I might not be able to feel everything that you can feel, but I want you to know that you own my heart like I own yours. This represents that," he says as he rubs his hands up and down my arms.

I am speechless. I have no idea what to say. "Nico, it's... stunning. Are these diamonds real?" I ask, turning my head to look at him. "Of course they're real. Why would you ask me that?" I chuckle at his words and turn toward the mirror again to look at it. This is now my favorite thing ever. I've never received a gift like this or gotten anything that carries that much meaning.

"I really love it. Thank you." I smile. He nods his head and kisses the top of mine. "Okay, I have to leave," I say, wiping the tears that are trying to escape. I just put on mascara, and I can't have that ruined already. Turning around to look at him, I go up on my toes and quickly place a kiss on his lips without thinking about it. I freeze for a moment because we don't kiss. I believe we've only actually kissed once, maybe twice. It's just not something we do. He freezes as well before he brings his hand to my face and connects his lips to mine. This kiss is cute and passionate. Better than the last one. This one feels like it has more meaning behind it.

I pull away from him with a smile on my face and turn to walk out the door. "If you need anything, call me!" he yells out to me as I walk away. I'm not going to lie, I'm surprised he's letting me go out alone. I would've thought he wanted to come with me. I mean, he told me he has stuff he has to do, but still. Knowing him, he would have canceled it to keep an eye on me.

Pulling up to the cafe, Chloe, Nova, and Jordyn sit outside waiting for me. They're having their own conversation until Chloe spots my car. Her face lights up, and she points toward

me. I turn off my car and step out to join them. “Hi, ladies,” I say, smiling. “Hi, love!” Nova says excitedly. We really needed this. Talking to them is the light of my day. Their amazing energy and presence are just what I need.

After an hour and a half of eating and talking, the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, and I feel someone staring at me. I look around, but I don’t see anyone. I just see other people walking, talking on their phones, and playing with their kids—usual shit. But I can’t shake that feeling. Someone is definitely watching me. “Luna?” Chloe calls my name. “Yeah?” I ask, turning my attention back to them. They’re all looking at me like I’m a ghost. What the hell? “What?” I question. “You’ve been doing that a lot.” Chloe points out. I have no idea what she’s talking about. I tilt my head at her and furrow my eyebrows.

“Looking around and getting distracted. Is everything okay?” she asks. “Oh. Yeah. I just felt like someone was staring at me. It’s nothing.” I quickly wave it off. I wouldn’t be surprised if it were Nico. He probably decided to blow off whatever it was he had to do. He might just be sitting at a store across the street or something, keeping an eye on me.

We talk for a little more when I spot a man in the distance behind the girls. He makes eye contact with me, and a creepy ass smile shows on his face. *What the fuck?* I go to pull out my phone to call Nico when I feel someone come up behind me. “Callum?” Chloe asks with a confused look on her face. “Hi.” He places his hand on my arm to get my attention. “Luna, we have to go,” he says. “What?” The man that was in the distance, looks at Callum and stops walking toward us. “Let’s go. I’ll explain later,” he says, pulling on my arm. I get up willingly because he has a concerned look on his face.

He turns toward my friends and flashes them a smile. “You ladies should get going as well. Just in case,” he adds. They all look at me confused, and I shrug my shoulders. I have no fucking idea what’s going on. “Um, maybe you should listen to him. I’ll call you girls when I get to the house,” I say, grabbing my things. They nod at me and stand as well. I walk

off with Callum toward his car. Maybe he's the one I felt staring at me.

He speed walks with me over to where he is parked, basically dragging me behind him. "Can you tell me what's going on and where the hell you came from?" I ask, trying to keep up with him so I don't fall to the ground. He ignores my question and opens the car door for me to get in. "Callum?" Stepping inside, I look at him, waiting for an answer. I want to know what the hell is going on. He races around to the other side and quickly enters the driver's side. Okay, he's being weird as hell, and it's starting to scare me.

I put on my seatbelt, and Callum starts the car. He barely lets it turn on before he's speeding out of the parking lot. "You're scaring me," I say. I want to call Nico and see if he'll tell me what the hell is happening. "Nico called me to get you and bring you back to the house. You know as much as I do," he says, not taking his eyes off of the road. If that last part was supposed to help, it doesn't. He races down the road, going through red lights and stop signs. If we have to get to the house, we have to be fucking alive to get there.

"Callum, what- "

Crash!

My head whips to the side, smacking off of the window, and the car and road around me go dark as something smashes into us.

Waking up, I hear muffled voices around me and what I think is someone stepping on glass. I groan and move my head to the side. I blink my eyes to try to focus on what is around me. "C-Callum?" I ask, reaching over to feel for him. "She's awake. Knock her back out!" I hear from an unknown voice. "Shit!" Another voice says. When my eyes focus a little bit, I see someone dragging an unconscious Callum out of the car. It's upside down. I'm upside down. Panic starts to set in as I realize what happened. We crashed. Someone crashed into us. "Callum. Callum," I repeat, like he can answer me.

The door next to me creaks open, and I feel someone reach over me. "Stop. Wait," I groan. I hear the seatbelt unbuckle,

and I crash onto the roof of the car. “Fuck!” I yell out. Holy fuck, that hurt. Whoever is doing this to us, I’m going to kill them myself. My head is fucking throbbing, my body aches, and I just fell out of my seat. God knows what the hell is happening to Callum right now. When Nico finds out about this, it’s going to end badly for them.

“You got her?” one asks. “Yeah.” the other one crouches down next to me, and I open my eyes to look at them. “What the hell?” I mumble when I realize who it is. “Shhh. Back to sleep,” they whisper before I feel something pinch in my arm, and my vision gets blurry. My eyes close, and I’m consumed by the darkness again.

“Luna!” I hear from downstairs. My eyes snap open, and I’m met with the white popcorn ceiling in my room. I rub my eyes to focus and wake me up. Sitting up, I turn to the clock on my nightstand to see what time it is. 7:06 AM. Way too early for me. I slide my comforter off of me, swing my legs to the side of the bed, and stand up. I stretch my arms and body. Getting ready for the day, I slide on a black ‘Chase Atlantic’ hoodie. I put on my black leggings, going with a basic outfit for today.

Walking down the stairs and into the kitchen, I see my father sitting at the table near the window and my mom standing at the stove. “Good morning, Peanut,” my father says when he notices me. He has always called me ‘Peanut’ since I was a baby. He says it’s because of how small I was when I was born. “Morning,” I yawn. Sliding in next to him, I pick up the pitcher of apple juice, which is so much better than orange juice, and pour myself a glass. I take a sip of the juice and notice my dad looking at me. “What?” I smile at him. “Orange juice is better,” he argues. Wrong! How could he think that?

“Incorrect. Apple juice is better,” I argue back. He shakes his head at me and continues reading his newspaper. He still reads the newspaper like we’re in the old times. He prefers life that way, living like it’s still the 1900s. I find it kind of funny. “Mom,” I say, getting her attention. She giggles and turns her head for a second to look at me. “Yes, honey?” She stirs the

scrambled eggs in the skillet on the stove. "What do you think? Apple juice or orange juice?" She's the one to break this tie. She better say Apple juice.

"Oh, apple juice. One hundred percent." She nods her head with a big smile on her face. My dad looks at me, and I stick out my tongue. "Told you," I say and pick my cup back up. "You girls are crazy." He folds the newspaper up and rises from the table. He walks over to me and kisses me on the top of my head. "I have to leave for work," he says as he approaches my mother. She turns toward him and wraps her arms around his neck, and he wraps his arms around her waist. They kiss, and he slightly lifts her off of the ground. "Gross, guys. Please," I joke.

They laugh and kiss each other again before my father leaves for work. I hope to have love like my parents one day. He would do anything for her, and her for him. They have an unconditional love that I've never seen before. They're high school sweethearts, which is the cutest thing ever. It's not common for people who date in high school to make it through marriage. But I have no doubt they have always been soul mates.

Every time my father walks into the room, my mother smiles like she hasn't seen him in months. It's so cute it makes me want to throw up. How do you block your parents IRL?

My father has always been obsessed with my mother. Who can blame him? My mother is gorgeous. The most stunning woman I have ever seen in my life. She has black, curly hair that barely touches her shoulders. She has the same eye color as me, green, and cute, heart-shaped lips that always have a pink color on them.

My mother takes the food off the stove and brings it to the table. "There you go." She sets the food down and takes off her apron, setting it over one of the barstools near the island in the middle of the kitchen. "Your father and I have an event to go to tonight, and we'll be back late. You know the rules. Don't stay out too late," she says, walking back over to me. She runs her fingers through my hair and smiles at me. "I'm an adult, you know," I say, putting food onto my plate. "I

know. I just want you to be safe. You're my only baby." She slightly shakes her head at me.

"I know. I will. Now go before you're late." She giggles and kisses the top of my head as well. "Alright, I love you," she says. "I love you too, mom."



Domenico

I speed down the road in my car with Silas in the passenger seat. Elias drives his own car behind us. I know she was going to that little cafe, that I don't remember the name of, in the French Quarter. I swear to God if something happened to either of them...

As we're driving down the road, I see smoke coming from an object in the street in the distance. I press the pedal to the floor and race to it. When we get closer, I realize it's Callum's car. I skid the vehicle to a stop and we all jump out of the cars. I notice Callum on his hands and knees, crawling to the side of the road. "Callum!" I call out. He groans and falls onto his side. Jesus Christ. I run over to him and place my hand on his shoulder. Silas and Elias are walking around the car, looking for *her*.

"Hey, talk to me. What happened?" I ask, trying to get him to look at me. "I-I don't... know," he coughs out. Silas runs over to us and crouches down next to me. "Nico. She's not here," he informs me. Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck! I sigh and take a deep breath, trying to keep my focus. "Callum. Try to think. What happened?"

He coughs and spits up a little blood. Oh, shit. "I g-got her. Like you s-said," he starts. He might be internally bleeding. We need to get him to a hospital. "Come on." I grab his arms

and help him get up and onto his feet. “Ahh!” he yells out in pain when one of his feet touches the ground. His leg is broken. Shit. “Silas,” I say. He nods at me and gets on the side of Callum, wrapping Callum’s arm around the back of his neck. “Come on, buddy,” Silas groans out. We slowly walk him over to my car and set him in the back seat.

“Silas, get us to the hospital,” I say, tossing him my keys. I’m too pissed off and not in the right state of mind to drive right now. I just need to know what happened to my Little Moon and ensure my brother is okay. “What else do you remember?” I ask him as Silas gets in the driver’s seat and drives off. I’m assuming Elias is going to meet us at the hospital. We have one closer to where all of my father’s buildings are. Its primary use is for us and people we know. We have the best doctors in the country there.

Callum groans as he tries to sit up. “Um. S-she was asking me questions,” He closes his eyes to attempt to bring back memories. “I started dri-driving. And that’s all I can remember. I’m s-sorry.” He starts coughing again, and a little more blood comes up. “When I woke up,” he licks his dry, chapped lips. “I was in the middle of the road, and she was gone. I’m sorry.” He takes a shaky, deep breath, and his eyes start to close.

“Callum, hey. It’s okay.”

“I’m so s-sorry.”

“We’ll find her. Just stay awake.” He blinks a few times before his eyes close and don’t open again. “Callum! Stay awake!” I tap his cheek with my hand, but he doesn’t budge. “Silas, go faster!” I yell. I can’t lose both my brother and my girl. I won’t. Silas puts all the power into the car that it can take as he swerves through the traffic. He’s one of the best drivers, so I can trust he won’t fucking kill us.

“Is he still out?” he asks, flicking his eyes to the rear-view mirror. I nod and continue to shake his chest, trying to wake him up. “Don’t fucking die on me, brother. We need you here, you piece of shit!” I yell at him, hoping that will wake him. “Silas, drive faster!”

“Nico, I’m going as fast as I fucking can!” he yells back at me. I don’t know what this feeling is, and it freaks me out. I’m...scared? No. I don’t get scared. They’re going to be okay, and It’s going to be fine. But for some reason, I feel like butterflies are in my chest, and I’m breathing kind of fast. What the hell is happening?

Callum is going to be okay, and I’m going to find her. I’m also going to kill every fucking person I come across until I do so. I don’t give a shit.

Silas finally pulls up to the front of the hospital and helps me get Callum out of the car. We walk as fast as we can through the doors and inside. “We need a doctor!” Silas yells out. “Get me a fucking doctor!”

Nurses run over to us with a wheelchair, and we set him in it. “What happened?” One of them asks. I don’t say anything. I just stare at my brother’s unconscious body in the chair and replay everything he said to me. “Car accident,” Silas answers for me. “He was in a car accident.” The nurse nods at us and wheels him back. Silas places a hand on my shoulder and guides me to a chair. “We gotta find her,” That is the only thing I say. “We will. Trust,” he responds, patting my shoulder. A few moments later, Elias runs into the hospital and over to us.

“Okay, I got Callum’s laptop and made a few calls,” he says, sitting down across from us. “What did you find?” Silas asks, bouncing his knee. “I got street footage from when the crash happened,” Elias opens Callum’s laptop and types for a few moments before turning the computer around to us. I reach forward and press play. The footage shows Callum’s car entering the frame, and a second later, a van crashes into the side of them on the driver’s side. The car rolls over twice, landing on the roof.

A few seconds later, two people wearing black hoodies jump out of the van. They both run over to Callum’s side and drag him out of the car. I fast-forward through the video to see if we can get a face. They look like women, considering their build and how they fill out their clothes. You can’t see much detail, though, because of the quality of the cameras. One of the

people goes over to my Little Moon's side and opens the door. They kneel and do something before pulling her out as well. She is unconscious, too. My fists clench and unclench together as I get more and more mad. I'm going to torture and kill these people. They both drag her over to the van and put her inside before driving off, leaving Callum in the street.

We gathered nothing from that video other than seeing the people who took her may be women. That does not help whatsoever. "Oh, I got this out of the car, too," Elias says, pulling her phone out of his pocket. He hands the shattered phone over to me. Fuck. I can't track her now. God dammit.

"We'll have to wait for Callum to wake up. That's all we can do," Silas says, leaning back in his chair. I think you could see part of the license plate on the van in the video. If we can get it, that could help us figure out where she is. "Can I see the laptop?" I ask, holding out my hand. Elias nods and hands it over to me. He asks Silas questions about Callum as I rewind the video, looking for a license plate.

I play the start of the video, and seeing the van crash into the car again makes me cringe. I stare at the van the whole time as I slightly fast-forward through the video. You can see a glimpse of it near the end when they pull away. I pause the video and pull out my phone, pulling up the contact of one of my guys. The phone rings twice before he answers. "Hey, Simon."

"Domenico! What's up?" he answers. "Yeah, I'm going to forward a video to you, and I need the license plate off of the van."

"I got you. Send it my way. I can get it to you in a few minutes."

"Thanks." I end the call and forward the video to him. As I do so, the doctor walks into the waiting area. "Are you boys here for Callum Ashford?" he asks us. "Yes. How is he?" Silas asks, standing from the chair. We follow him and stand as well, needed good news. "So, he came in pretty banged up," he starts. No fucking shit. I don't need any fucking bullshit. I need to know he's alright. "He had some internal bleeding, a

broken leg, a broken rib, his arm is sprained along with his wrist, and he has a mild concussion,” he tells us Callum’s injuries. *Holy shit.*

“Is he going to be okay?” I ask. “He needs time to heal, but he will be okay.” Thank you to whoever the hell is in the sky. I don’t know what I would have done if he wouldn’t have made it. I would have brought him back and killed him myself. Him passing out might have shaken me up a bit. “Can we see him?” Elias asks the doctor. “He is not awake yet, so no. But we will let you know once he is, and you can see him.” He nods to us. “Thank you,” Elias says and sits back down. He smiles at us and walks back through the door he came in.

I get a notification on my phone from Simon. Simon is one of my guys, not my fathers. He’s equally as good at this shit as Callum is. He can find and figure out basically anything. I read the message telling me the plate number, and I freeze. I stand from my seat and straighten out my shirt. “I have to go,” I tell Elias and Silas. “What happened? Whose plate?” Silas questions, standing as well. “The van belongs to my father.”

*Domenico*

Storming through the warehouse doors, I look around for my father. “Where is he?” I yell to the room. I’m not talking to anyone in particular. I want to know where the fuck he is. “Someone better start talking, or I start killing people!” Some of the workers go to hide, and the others look around at each other—worthless pieces of shit. I storm my way over to one of the workers and pull my gun out of my pocket. I put a bullet in the guy’s head, and everyone screams. “Start talking!” I go over to someone else and raise the gun to his head. He puts his hands up in front of him and pleads. “I don’t know where he is. I swear!”

“Well, someone better fucking tell me.” I smile at him. “No? Okay.” I pull the trigger, and the man falls to the ground. “Domenico Aurelio Guerra, what the fuck are you doing?” My father shouts at me from the top of the stairs. “*Dobbiano parlare, adesso!*” I yell back at him as I walk toward the stairs. Walking up to them, I keep the gun pointed at my father. He puts his hands up and looks at the gun. “Let’s go in my office, son, and we can talk,” he says in a low, calm tone. I motion toward his office with the gun, and we walk in there.

“Where the fuck is she?” I get straight to the point. “Who are you talking about, son?” he asks like he doesn’t know what the fuck I’m talking about. He must think I’m an idiot. “You

know who. Now tell me where she is!” I demand. He smirks at me for a quick second before shaking his head. “Now, why would you think I would have her?” he plays dumb with me. “Don’t act like I’m stupid. One of your vans crashed into Callum’s car and took her. I’m only going to ask one more time. Where. Is. She?” I get closer to him, pointing the gun at his head.

“Son, it was only time before someone got her. I don’t know where she is,” he states, shaking his head. I take a deep breath and my top lip twitches. I am so close to pulling the trigger on him, but I need him alive for the moment. “I’m going to find her. And when I do, I am going to *kill* you. I promise.” I point the gun at the family picture that sits on his desk. It has him, my mother, and me on it. We’re smiling like some perfect, happy family. What a joke. I pull the trigger, shattering the glass and ripping a hole through the picture where his face is.

I leave his office, going to look through the warehouse. Nobody better get in my way. I’m in the mood for a murder spree until I find her. I walk into each room, not seeing her in any of them. Silas runs in next to me, helping me search. Elias is still at the hospital, calling people who could help and waiting for Callum to wake up.

We go to the cellar door, hoping she could be in there, although I doubt she is. My father took her, and he wouldn’t be stupid enough to hide her somewhere that I would find her so easily. It doesn’t hurt to look anyway. “Hey! What are you doing?” I hear a deep voice ask from behind me. I turn around to see one of the guys my father always has with him. “Don’t fuck with me right now,” I tell him as I go to open the door. He starts to walk toward me, so I turn and point my gun at him, putting a bullet between his eyes. I said don’t fuck with me, didn’t I?

I open the cellar door and we walk down the stairs. There’s a couple of men in little rooms down here, none of which has her in it, of course. We go into the big room, seeing a table in the middle of the room and tools on a cart next to it. “I didn’t think she’d be here,” I say, looking around the room. “What is that?” Silas asks, walking over to something that lies on the

floor next to the table. He brings it over to me and holds it out. Taking it from his hand, I notice it's the necklace I gave to her.

She was here. My father definitely fucking has her. I swear when I find her, he is one dead fucking man.

Luna

“This is hard for me to admit, but I have feelings for you,” I tell Nico, looking at the floor beside him. “Finally,” he says. I look up at him to see him smiling. “What do you mean ‘finally’?” I ask. “I’ve been waiting forever for you to realize this,” he says with a smug look on his face. He’s such an ass! He has no idea how hard that was for me to be okay with and accept. “Yeah, whatever.” I roll my eyes at him and walk over to his bed, sitting on it. He comes over to me and sits next to me. I pull his hand into mine and hold it in my lap.

I look over all the tattoos on his arms and trail my eyes to his. “Do you think...” I start. I take a breath and close my eyes for a second. “Do you think you could ever love me?” I whisper. I know he doesn’t feel things the way I do. But I think I want him to love me, or be able to eventually. “Little Moon,” he says. “I don’t know what love is,” My eyes move down to our hands, those words hurting me just a little bit. “Look at me,” I look back up at him and sigh. “I don’t know what love is, but I would kill anybody that ever touched you. I want to kill anyone that even looks at you. I want to protect you and fuck you so hard you never even think of another man.

“I want to keep you here for myself and never let anything happen to you, Little Moon. So if that means I love you, then I love you.”

I groan and blink my eyes a few times, trying to gain focus. I look around the room and see it is very empty. Where the hell am I? I attempt to move my arms, realizing they're tied to the chair that I'm sitting in. The room is basic, with gray brick

walls and cement floors. There are little tables with items on them, but I can't quite see what they are.

My head is throbbing, and my entire body aches. I remember the car accident and remember seeing Callum in the street. I don't know much after that.

Moving around in the chair, I attempt to free some part of my body, like that would be possible. I try to kick my legs and move my arms, grunting as the rope burns against my skin. *Fuck me.*

I hear the door creak open, and a feminine voice fills my ears. "That's not going to work, you know." My head snaps toward the voice, and I see *her* walk in. Serenity fucking Wilson. What the actual fuck? What the hell could Serenity want from me? *She* took *my* boyfriend. Not the other way around. She fucked the guy that she set me up with. We used to be friends, so what the hell?

"Serenity?" I question. "Ding ding ding, pretty girl," she giggles at me. She walks over to one of the tables near the wall and picks something up—a knife. I start to struggle with the ropes again and attempt to move. "What do you want?" I ask. "You took something from me, and I want it back," she says, cocking her head to the side. Took something from her? I haven't done shit. I barely even thought of the bitch after she took my boyfriend. "What the hell did I take from you?"

"Hmm. You should know. Was it because I took yours?" she asks, getting closer to me with the knife. Took mine? What the actual fuck is this lunatic talking about? I took something from her, and she thinks it's because she took mine? Jack? Nico? But Nico didn't belong to her. She drags the knife across my thigh, splitting the skin. "Fuck!" I groan. I jerk my leg away, and the room fills with laughter. "Domenico. He was *mine!* And *You* took him from me." She holds the knife under my chin, lifting my head. I clench my jaw tightly and breathe through my nose.

"He never belonged to you," I say through gritted teeth. "Oh, but he did," she nods her head. "He was mine until you came along and took him from me!" She swipes the knife

across my thigh again, causing me to yelp. The door creaks open again, and another person enters the room. She steps into view, and I immediately recognize her. “Madison?” I ask. The actual fuck is going on? I didn’t know these two were friends.

“Hi, Luna,” she says. “See, Madison and I, we both dislike you very fucking much. So when I went to the building and overheard his conversation, I thought we could help.” Serenity says, walking around me. “Serenity. What are you doing? I don’t know if he’ll be happy you’re messing her up without him here.” Madison sees the cuts on my thigh and her holding the knife. She walks over to Serenity and reaches for the knife. Before she grabs it, Serenity swipes it across my upper arm. Could she please stop fucking doing that, and who is ‘him’?

1. We need to talk, now!

*Luna*

I hear pounding on the door before it opens, waking me up from my sleep. I blink my eyes a few times to register what is happening. Did I pass out? The last thing I remember is Serenity and... and... Madison mentioning a ‘him.’

Trying to move my limbs again, I realize I’m still trapped in rope. Fantastic. As I try to shift my leg, I’m instantly shot with throbbing pain. I hiss and look down, seeing the cuts on my thigh. I also think my ankle may be sprained or something from the car accident. That shit hurts like a motherfucker.

I need to find a way out of here, or Nico needs to hurry up and figure out where the hell I am. Although, as I look around, it comes to me that *I* don’t even know where I am. It seems like a basement. But where?

“Wakey wakey, Princess.” I hear a deep, low voice speak as he enters the room. He wears black jeans, a plain black hoodie, and a ski mask under the hood. I lick my dry, cracked lips and look into his eyes. *Don’t show fear.* If I show that I am scared, it gives them an advantage. I can’t let that happen.

He stalks over to me, crowding my vision with his large frame. Is this the ‘him’ they were talking about? “How’d you sleep? Good?” he asks like he gives a shit. “How’d you sleep,” I mock him. “Save it.”

A second later, a throbbing sting covers the left side of my face. He fucking slapped me. “I guess you just want this the hard way,” he sighs. He picks up a metal bar off a table and comes back over to me. “You know, you are very pretty. Do you think your little boyfriend would mind if I got just one taste?” Those last words set off alarms in my head. *No, no, no.*

“Stay the hell away from me!” I shout at him. A deep, grumbled laugh sounds from him as he runs his hand down the side of my face. I pull my head back as much as I can, trying to get his disgusting hand off of me. “Relax, Princess. I’m messing with you. I don’t want anything that comes from that dirty Dallarosa line,” he snarls.

How does... he know my last name? He circles around me, dragging the metal bar around me. “You know, you’re a lot like your father. He was just as pathetic and idiotic as you are,” he whispers that last part in my ear. “When Nico finds me, he’s going to kill you,” I bite at him. He laughs in return, throwing his head back. “Do you think I’m afraid of my own son?”

What? WHAT? His own *son*? Don’t fucking tell me...

He brings the hood to his sweatshirt down, grabs the ski mask’s top, and pulls it off. It reveals the face of a man who looks exceptionally similar to Nico. No fucking way. A mafia boss kidnapped me? What in the world could a mafia boss want with me? I’m a nobody—a broke college student. My lips twitch as I look him in his eyes. He has a bright smile on his face like he’s a kid that just got a puppy for Christmas.

“Let me introduce myself,” he grabs another chair from the side of the room, drags it in front of me, and sits in it. “I’m Armando Guerra.” He sticks out his hand to me like I can shake it. “Oh, that’s right. You’re a bit tied up, sorry.”

This fucking asshole. I’ve never wanted to kill someone before today, and I don’t think it would bother me that much if I killed this guy. Does that make me crazy? No. It’s a survival instinct, right?

“Listen, princess,” That nickname sounds so disgusting coming from him. I want to throw up. “My son has formed an

obsession for you. Or else this would have been done a long time ago.” He leans back in the chair, playing with the metal bar in his hands. Done a long time ago? What is he talking about?

My eyebrows furrow together for a moment in confusion. It would be fantastic if he would stop playing stupid games with me like this. Just get to the point, please. “You know, you’re very quiet,” He rises from the chair and tosses the metal bar to the side. Thank God. “I think we should spice things up a little bit.” He turns around and exits the room, closing the metal door behind him. “What the hell?” I whisper to myself.

A few seconds later, I hear a hissing sound surround me, and I’m met with a very fucking cold mist. “Shit!” I hiss out, pulling at the ropes. That motherfucker turned on some system that sprays some freezing water or something in here. My body instantly starts freezing. “There we go.” I hear his voice over a loudspeaker. My head turns, looking around the room in front of me. Looking up, I spot a speaker in the ceiling.

My teeth are chattering, and my entire body is shivering from the cold. “You can try to move as much as you want, but you won’t get anywhere.” He says, sounding bored. *Can he see me?* My head slowly turns again. This time, I look behind me and spot a mirror covering the back wall. I’m assuming it’s a two-way mirror. He can see me, but I can’t see him. I whip my head back around, not letting him see my face.

After a few more seconds, the freezing air stops. *Jesus Christ.* “Your father used to work for me,” he starts. “See, he owed me a lot of money after he stole drugs from me,” The freezing air comes back. I grunt and struggle in the chair. Worked for him? No. My father was an accountant. Not a worker for the mafia. “He refused to pay me for the drugs he stole. So one night, when we threw a party, we invited your father,”

I am so cold that his words aren’t even really processing in my brain. My father lied to us? To me? No. He wasn’t a liar. Armando is just fucking with me—torturing me. He knows my parents died in a car accident and is making this bullshit up. Why? I have no idea.

The freezing air stops again, and I suck in a deep breath. “You’re lying!” I yell out. I use this time to blow hot air from my mouth onto my shaking body. “What do you want from me?” I ask, not expecting a truthful answer at this point. I want to go home. I want Nico to find me or wake me up and tell me this is a nightmare. This can’t be real. A mafia boss kidnaps me and tells me my father worked for him? No. That’s not realistic.

That stupid fucking air starts again, but this time, it’s colder. *Fuck! Fuck, fuck!* Why is this happening to me? “On his way to the event, a van crashed into his car, triggering a bomb that was under the car. It exploded, and well, you know what happened.” *No, no, no, no.* His voice has no emotion behind it. He’s telling me this like it’s some random bullshit on a Tuesday afternoon. My breathing stops for a moment as I rack my brain trying to process what he said. “Your mother wasn’t supposed to be there. I am sorry about that,” he adds like it’s nothing. A quiet, choked sob sounds from me as my head drops down. My father... my mother. Domenico’s dad killed my parents? This can’t be true. Hot tears start to stream down my face as I think about them—my perfect, loving, caring parents.

They’re gone because my father stole some fucking drugs from the mafia. I feel as if my whole life up until this point has been a lie. The air gets put on hold again, revealing the sounds of my cries. My body and mind go numb because of his words, not feeling the cold anymore. “When I found out Rowan had a daughter, and she was attending the same college as my son, I sent him out to keep an eye on you. To see if you were like *him*.

“Of course, with my son being so...different, he apparently became fucking obsessed with you. He told me you weren’t like him, but of course, how could I believe him?” he relays the rest of the information out to me. Domenico has been lying to me this whole time? I don’t believe it. No. I don’t say anything, making the cold air start for the fourth time. “Dammit!” I scream. “Nico loves me! You’re lying!” I refuse to believe he would do this to me... keep this from me. Tears fall from my eyes again, and I continue to cry. “*My son* is not

capable of love! He's nothing but a monster. I'm most likely doing you a favor!" he yells into the speaker, irritation and rage filling his deep tone.

No, no, fucking no! I can't believe him. I won't. If I believe this, I lose everything. I don't have anybody or anything anymore. "W-what do you want f-from me! Why are you... telling me th-this?" My speech becomes slurred and slowed as my head falls again. My entire body shakes from the air, and my hands and feet are numb.

Does this mean Nico...isn't coming to save me? Am I going to die here? I want to keep believing that he wouldn't do this to me, to us. But why would his father kidnap his son's girlfriend and make up lies like this? Unless he really is that sick. I feel like my body is starting to shut down and give up on me. The numbness spreads throughout my arms and legs, and I stop trembling. I'm going to freeze to death.

"I thought you should know the truth about who my son is and what happened to your parents before I killed you, finally finishing the Dallarosa family."

That's the last thing I hear before my vision fades and the room turns black. I don't do well with this much pain and this much cold. At least my brain cut me off and made me pass out before I die from the cold or before he kills me another way. Or maybe I didn't just pass out. Maybe this is it for me.



Luna

“We’re leaving now!” My mom yells to me as she comes down the stairs. She’s putting her shiny silver earrings in as she walks into the room. She looks stunning. She’s wearing a sparkling silver dress with white stilettos and a gorgeous diamond necklace my father got her for one of their anniversaries. “Mom, you look beautiful,” I say, unable to take my eyes off her. “Thank you, honey,” she replies with a broad smile on her face. “Rowan!” she yells up the stairs. “We’re going to be late!”

“Coming, sweetheart!” he answers, running down the stairs. “I’m ready.” He wraps a hand around her waist and kisses the side of her head. “Don’t be too late and be careful!” I lecture them. “If you get drunk, call me, and I’ll come get you.”

“Yes ma’am,” my dad says, saluting me as I laugh and shake my head. My mom grabs her little bag off the hook on the wall and walks over to kiss me on the head. “I’ll see you later, honey,” she says. “Have fun. I love you,”

“Love you too, Peanut.” My dad blows me a kiss before opening the front door for my mother to walk out.

While my parents are out at the event, I decide to sit and watch the “Scream” movies. My favorite scary movies. I know

it's not even close to Halloween—it's February—but it doesn't matter. I love horror movies. It doesn't need to be creepy outside for me to watch creepy things. In the middle of the first movie, I hear a knock at the front door. I toss the blanket I have covering me to the side and go to answer the door. I open it to see a police officer standing at the entrance. "Oh, hi," I say, confused. Why the hell would a police officer be coming to my house? Did my dad get arrested or something?

"Hello. Are you Luna Dallarosa?" he asks, looking down at a small notepad that he holds in his hands. "Mhm," I answer, crossing my arms over my chest. "Listen, if my dad got arrested or something, just take me down to see him." I wave a dismissive hand and turn to grab a jacket. "Miss Dallarosa," he says, putting a hand up, stopping me. I turn to face him, confused as shit. Another officer walks up next to him. This one has a soft look on his face like he feels bad. "What's going on?" I ask, looking between them.

"Miss Dallarosa, your parents got into a car accident." he says, putting the notebook down to his side. My heart drops. A car accident? How? What? "A-are they okay?" I don't know if I want to know that answer. "I think you should come with us." He nods his head, trying not to just drop a bomb on me. No, no. Not my parents. I have to be dreaming right now. This isn't possible. You hear stories of this happening to other people, but you never think it could happen to you. We're just an average family. My parents go to work every morning, and I go to college. We eat dinner together and celebrate the holidays. How can this happen?

I sit in silence in the back of the police car, hearing different voices come from their police scanner. My mind feels numb. My parents are gone. All of our memories play through my head as the police officers drive down the road. I'm never going to see them again. I'm never going to get to smile and laugh, or argue if orange juice is better than apple. "What happened?" I ask, breaking the awkward silence between us. "Um," the officers look at each other. "Drunk driver," The one in the passenger seat answers. Drunk driver. I can't believe this is happening. My parents are gone...

One week later

“Wakey wakey, princess.” I hear those disgusting fucking words again that I’ve heard for the past fucking week. I thought he was going to kill me. Get it over with at this point. My ankle is still sprained, not being able to heal because I’ve been tied up for the past week. The fact they keep making me walk on it to use the bathroom does not help. The cuts on my thigh and my arm don’t look like they’re healing, either. They have dried blood and red surrounding them. The other day, fucking Armando cut open the ones on my thigh again. God did that hurt like a bitch.

Now, he has me hanging by my wrists. Chains wrap around them and connect to the ceiling, leaving me dangling there. My feet barely touch the ground, and I feel like my shoulders are about to pop out of their sockets. *When will this end?* My head hangs between my shoulders as I wait for him to return. I barely get any sleep, and I eat, use the bathroom, and get tortured. That is how my days go. I have a routine. I know whenever it is night because he gives me fucking butter bread to eat every night. He said he was going to kill me, so what is the point of this?

I hear that damn metal door creak open again, and another man that wears a black hoodie and ski mask enters the room, standing beside Armando. “I said wake up, princess,” he repeats, hitting my stomach with that metal bar from last week. I grunt and suck in a breath. *Fuck me.* My head slowly lifts to look at his face. “Aren’t you going to kill me?” I ask, tired of this shit. I rest my head on the side of my arm as I stare at him. He laughs and walks over to where the chain is anchored to pull me up off of the floor a little.

My legs dangle in the air while my arms strain, and I hiss in pain. God dammit. I’m getting sick of this. At this point, I want to die to get it over with. “You’re paying me back for the drugs your father stole,” he says, walking over to that table on the side of the room. He picks up a long metal tube. It’s a little longer and skinnier than the metal bar he’s been playing with.

He walks in front of me and turns it on; the tip of it quickly starts to glow a dim shade of red. Oh, fuck me. My head falls back for a moment, and I try to prepare for what I think is going to happen. “Look at me, princess,” he orders like he can tell me what the hell to do. My head slowly tilts forward again, and I make eye contact with him. “There you go,” he says, bringing the hot bar to the left side of my abdomen. He drags it across the surface, and the air fills with the smell of burning flesh. “Oh fuckkk!” I scream, trying to kick my legs to kick him away. But I can’t because my legs are tied together at the ankles with fucking chains.

My eyes open, my vision is blurry, and I blink a few times to focus. Did I just pass out? I feel dried tears on my cheeks, and my lips are so dry I feel like they could break off. “Wakey wakey. You don’t get to pass out on me,” Armando says, tapping the side of my head with that other metal bar. I groan and try to move my body. I wince when my abdomen shifts. He fucking burned me. He burned me! I remember what happened only moments ago. He burned me, and then I must have passed out from the pain. Oh god. It’s throbbing. My stomach feels like I just laid down in a fire pit.

“There she is,” I see that annoying ass smile on his face. “We’re going to do this every few hours. See how much you can take.”

I bring my face forward and cough, then spit saliva onto his face. He immediately smacks my stomach with the metal bar in the place he just burned me. I cry out in pain, fresh tears streaming down my face again. “You fucker! He’s gonna kill you, you know that?” I shout at him as he turns to walk out of the room, leaving me to deal with the pain again. I hang here, in this empty ass room, with nothing but the pain and my thoughts. Where is Nico? He should have found me by now. Is he even looking for me?

Tears stream down my face as choked sobs leave my throat. “Nico. Please,” I cry out. “I need you.”



Domenico

Two weeks later

It has been three weeks since my father took my Little Moon from me. Three fucking weeks, and we have nothing. I don't understand how he's hiding her this well. Are we just stupid? We have checked up and down every building and every house that belongs to my father. I don't know what else to do. I would never give up on her, ever. But I'm at a loss, and it's killing me. We figure shit out. Callum finds shit out for us and gets locations; we go and fucking destroy people. It's so fucking easy every other time, so why is this different?

I feel like I have failed her. *I* should have found her by now. She fucking needs me, and I'm fucking failing her. I don't like this at all. This feeling that is stirring inside me is brand fucking new. I don't even know what to call it. I just know I want it gone, and I want her back.

I'm sitting in my room, my head in my hands. This is fucked up. Domenico Guerra doesn't lose. Never has and never fucking will. I pick myself up, not wanting to feel sorry for myself. It's my fucking fault anyway. If I had gone with her, it would have been fine. This wouldn't have happened. But no, I decided to work for my father. That was probably all just a setup, too—a distraction. Fuck this. I stand from my bed and make my way down the hall toward Callum's room.

On the plus side, he's healing well. He still feels a bit of pain in his ribs and leg, which is understandable. The shit is broken. He was allowed to come home two weeks ago, though. So that's good. He's just been lying in his room, on his laptop, nonstop, trying to find anything. I know he feels guilty for what happened to her as well. It's not his fault, though, and I hope deep down he understands that.

I turn the doorknob to his room and walk in, seeing him still on his laptop like I expected. "Hey," I say as I step into the room. "Found anything?" I ask, hopefully. He shakes his head 'no' and continues typing away on his keyboard. I have no idea what he could even be looking up at this point. He's probably hacking into shit and talking to his other hacker friends.

"You know this isn't your fault, right?" I ask, walking toward his bed. He sighs and finally looks up from his screen. "Dom, I'm the one that lost her. She was under my protection, and I couldn't protect her," he said, shaking his head and taking a deep breath. "So I'm helping you find her. No matter what it takes." His eyes go back to his screen.

"Callum, it wasn't *your* job to protect her. It was mine. *She* is mine. I'm the one that failed her," I reassure him.

"You haven't failed her," he pauses his typing. "You're going to find her. We all are going to find her. I'll let you know the second I find out anything."

I nod and leave his room, closing the door behind me. Fuck.

Walking down the stairs, I see Elias and Silas sitting in the living room. Both of them are on their phones. "I'm going out," I say, grabbing my bike key from the side table next to the couch. "Where are you going?" Elias asks.

"Want us to come?" Silas adds. Okay, wow. "I'll be fine. Stay here in case you hear anything." I turn and walk out of the front door. I need to blow off steam.

Getting on my bike, I ride down to the front gate. The guard opens the gate for me, and I speed out. I need a ride to clear

my head, which is progress for me. I could be killing people. I *want* to be killing people—specifically my father.

I race through the streets of New Orleans, the last moment I spent with her and everything after that replaying through my mind. Speeding up, I shift my bike to the next gear as I swerve in and out of traffic.

“Nico- “

“That heart on the inside is mine. I might not be able to feel everything that you can feel, but I want you to know that you own my heart like I own yours. This represents that.”

I shift to the next one, picking up my speed.

“I really love it. Thank you.” That kiss. That was a passion-filled kiss. It was probably the best thing I have ever felt.

“Son, it was only time before someone got her. I don’t know where she is.”

I shift again.

“I’m going to find her. And when I do, I am going to kill you. I promise.”

“What is that?” I notice it’s the necklace I gave to her. She was here.

The thoughts race through my mind on repeat. Playing like a broken fucking record. Shifting to the highest gear, I’m pushing my bike to its fullest, which is not the best idea. But I don’t give a shit. My vision blurs as I blow through traffic lights, and people beep their horns at me. I’m speeding and thinking, but not thinking clearly. The wind on my body feels so freeing. It’s like I’m on a high that I don’t want to come down from.

Ring, ring, ring.

I hear my phone buzzing from my helmet. It tells me I have an incoming call from Callum. I press the button on the side of my helmet and answer the call immediately. “Yeah?” I answer.

“Dom, get your ass back here right now. We fucking found her.” I hang up the call and whip my bike around, almost

wiping out. *Jesus Christ, chill the hell out.*

I speed back through the streets, getting back to the mansion as fast as I fucking can. I'm coming for you, Little Moon. And those fuckers don't know what's coming for them.

Pulling my bike back into the garage, I turn it off and hop off. I set my helmet down next to it and run inside. Getting inside, Elias is still downstairs, and I'm assuming Silas is upstairs with Callum. "So?" I ask him, waiting for where the fuck she is. I start to run up the stairs, Elias following closely behind. "She's at some fucking building in bum-fuck-nowhere," he answers. Right, thanks, Elias. That is so helpful.

Bursting into Callum's room, Silas is leaning over the bed, looking at his laptop screen. "Where the fuck is she?" I feel like I've asked that question thirty times in the past three weeks. When I get her, I am never letting her out of my sight again. "Look." He twists the laptop around in his lap to face me. An old ass looking building shows on the screen. It really is in bum-fuck-nowhere. It's surrounded by the forest. How the shit did he find this?

"I set up my laptop to get a notification whenever that van or any of your father's main cars are seen. And it finally got a hit," he explains how he got the location. "Okay, I get that, but we gotta go. Send me the pin," I cut him off and rush out of his room. Silas and Elias follow close behind me as we run out to my car. We pile in, and I start the car. I barely let it turn on before ripping out of the driveway. I finally fucking got her.

"When we get there, you keep them alive—every single one of them. Tie them up, knock them out, I don't care. But I want them alive," I tell them. I have plans for those motherfuckers. "You got it," Silas responds. I know that will be easy for him. He doesn't kill. Elias, on the other hand, I know that will be a little bit tougher for him.

I pull up the location Callum sent over and make my way there. Get fucking ready, you pieces of shit. I'm going to ruin you.

Pulling up outside of the building, there's no one outside. Dumbasses. How are you going to kidnap the girl of one of the most dangerous and psychotic men out there and not have the outside protected? We have to be careful in case it's a trap.

"Be silent," I tell Elias and Silas before we get out of the car.

We silently make our way up the driveway, staying out of plain sight just in case. There's still no one outside. Good. We walk around to the back and go inside. As we step down the hallway, we hear two male voices coming from the opposite direction. *Shit*. I look at the boys and place my finger over my lips.

Hiding behind the wall, we wait for them to round the corner. When they do so, I step out and hit one over the head with the butt of my gun. Elias comes from the other side and puts him in a chokehold until he passes out. I nod my head at him, and we keep walking.

"Please, stop!" I hear that high-pitched voice I've longed to hear for the past three weeks. My head snaps up in the direction it came from, and my fists clench. "Nico," Silas whispers to me. I can barely hear him. My mind focuses on nothing but her at the moment. We inch closer to the door where the voice came from. "Nico!" I hear her scream. She's screaming for me, waiting for me. I'm right here, Little Moon. I'm here for you.

We're right outside the door; I'm so close to her.

Bang!

A gunshot rings through the air. "Luna!" I scream and barge through the door.

*Luna*

Three weeks. It has been three weeks of me in this hell. I know this because Armando makes it his priority to tell me when it's a new week. I've never been in as much pain as this before. I feel weak. I feel like giving up. For the past two weeks, when I don't think Armando is watching, I've just been crying. He still has me hanging from the ceiling, and I swear my arms are out of their sockets by now. I can't really feel from my shoulders down to my wrists. It's numb. And now, so am I.

If Nico were looking for me, he would have found me by now. Yes, I am pissed at him for what he did, but at the same time, I want nothing more than for him to burst through those doors and get me the hell out of here. Then I can walk away. I really don't want to die in here.

Every day that passes, that 'I don't want to die in here' thought leaves my mind piece by piece. I want so badly to get out of here, but how long can I wait? How much longer can I go through this torture?

"Wakey wakey, princess." Okay, fuck everything I just said. Shoot me, now. Every fucking day I'm met with that exact saying. Every fucking day. It just repeats like a broken record.

My head hangs low, and my eyes are closed as I hear the metal door close. I don't lift my head to look at him, partly because I don't want to and partially because I have zero energy. Hanging from the ceiling and getting tortured every day really takes a lot out of a person. Moments later, I feel that scorching hot sensation hit my thigh. *Oh god, please.*

"Hmpf," a struggling sound leaves my lips. My legs jerk backward, attempting to move away from the heat. I have so many burns, cuts, and bruises all over my body. There aren't nearly as many burns and cuts as there are bruises, though. I wouldn't be surprised if my ribs were bruised, too. This isn't just a nightmare anymore...I'm in hell.

"How are you feeling princess?" Armando asks, moving his head so he can see my face. "Fuck...you..." my voice comes out as a husky whisper. I sound like I'm extremely dehydrated, and I smoke three packs a day. I'm so exhausted. You don't get much sleep when you're constantly upright and in pain. I have passed out a few times, though; those naps were pretty good.

"Here, have a drink." He brings a water bottle to my lips. I tilt my head back, taking in as much as I can. I swallow a bit of it and spit the rest out onto his face. He takes a deep sigh and shakes his head. "Haven't you learned by now?" His voice is filled with disappointment. But I don't care. I will continue to fight him as long as my body lets me. Fuck this guy.

"Today's the big day!" he shouts, turning away from me with his hands up in the air. Big day? What is he talking about? My head rolls to the side as I breathe heavily, trying to calm my body down.

I stare at him with heavy eyes as he turns back toward me. He pulls a gun out of his back pocket and points it at me. "Wait, ca-can you just let me go, p-please?" I beg, my head dropping back down. "Princess, you know I can't do that."

My head slowly shakes from side to side. "Please," I whisper. "Nobody will know, I swear."

He chuckles, and I hear the gun cock back. "Seems like I was right about your boyfriend. It's been three weeks and," he

holds his arms out to the side, showcasing that we're the only ones in the room. "He's not here," he laughs again. "What a sad fucking story. Your parents die, your boyfriend doesn't care about you," His head tilts to the side as he points his gun at me again. "And you're about to die. What a shame."

My head continues to shake back and forth as my breathing picks up. "No." My voice, again, comes out as a whisper. It seems that's the only level I can speak at right now. He takes a step closer, still laughing like a maniac. "Please, stop!" I manage to get my voice louder. My fight-or-flight instincts are screaming at me to do something—anything.

"This is the end of the Dallarosa line. Goodbye, Princess."

"Nico!"

Bang!

The shot rings in the air, and my body is jerked backward a bit. My ears ring, and it takes me a second to realize I wasn't shot. The bullet grazed me. "Luna!" I hear from the distance before Domenico barges in through the metal door. He... came for me.

Domenico

I burst through the metal door and let off a gunshot. "Ah!" I hear before I let off another one, grazing my father's leg. I never miss my shots unless it's on purpose, and I know where I can shoot so he won't instantly die. I said I wanted them all alive, and that includes him.

My vision is entirely clouded with darkness. The voice in my head argues with me to kill them all. Let all of them suffer and end their lives. I hear another gunshot fill the air. This time, it didn't come from me. It came from him. I move to go behind a pillar in the room, and the bullet barely misses me as somebody else grabs my arm with the gun in it, twisting it. I grunt as it twists, and I turn my body to grab a hold of the guy.

Another man grabs my other arm and brings it back as he presses the tip of a gun to the side of my head. “Domenico, calm down, and we can discuss this.”

“Fuck you!” I shout and jolt forward. They push me onto my knees, and I hear Elias throwing around cuss words and threats as he’s dragged into the room and forced down next to me. “Nico!” That angelic, soft voice yells my name again, and I look up to see my father holding a gun to her head. I growl at the sight and thrash in their hold. “Stop moving!” one of the men holding me yells, pushing the gun further.

I look over at Elias, then look to my other side. *Where the fuck is Silas?* “Domenico,” my father grabs my attention. “Look at this big family reunion! We got everybody here.” I look up and down her body, noticing all of the injuries on her, and how her beautiful, silk skin is dirty. God dammit. I knew I should have tried harder, faster, to find her. She looks at me with pleading eyes as tears fill them. “Tell her, Nico. Tell her the *truth*.” He pushes the barrel of the gun into the side of her head. He wants me to tell her I don’t love her. To tell her that the only reason I was with her was to get information.

I can’t. It’s not true. Yes, my father told me to keep an eye on her. But when I saw her for the first time, I knew. Her beauty took my breath away and snatched up my soul. After I saw her, I knew I couldn’t do it. She might have hated me at first, but she is the angel who is making the devil better. My feelings and invasive thoughts aren’t as bad whenever I’m around her. The constant anger is tamed and quiet when she giggles or speaks. When she breathes, even.

“Tell her everything was a lie,” my father whispers. “No,” A hint of guilt quickly runs over my face as I answer. She picks up on it though, because her face softens and her body isn’t as tensed. *I told her I would always protect her, and never hurt her.*

My father doesn’t notice it as a gunshot goes off, followed by a loud groan, then a laugh. Turning my head, I see the last of Elias’ smile before the men holding him up push him forward. “Elias!” I yell out and break free from the men. They were distracted by the shot for a second, so this was my

chance. I punch one guy in the face, knocking him out. The other one grabs my arm, and another shot goes off.

Turning my head, I see Silas enter from a different door. Not sure where the fuck that came from. The guy cries out, so I quickly turn, grabbing his gun. I hit him over the head with the butt of it, knocking him out. Using his gun, I shoot the guys that were holding Elias in the shoulder. Silas and my father are fighting as Silas is trying to grab his gun from him.

Another man runs into the room and comes directly at me. He lands a punch to my face, then I feel a sharp sting on my arm. As me and this man are fighting, another gunshot goes off. I ignore it for the moment as I grab the man's head and bring it down while I throw my knee up, putting him the fuck to sleep.

I turn my attention to my father and Elias, I aim the gun in his direction and pull the trigger, shooting him in the leg. He yells out in pain as his knee bucks, and he falls to the ground. Silas knocks the gun out of his hand and kicks it away.

I walk up to him to him, and pull back my fist, then connect it to the side of his face. As I beat on him, I get angrier and angrier, and my hearing tunes in and out. "Fucking,"

Punch.

"Piece,"

Punch.

"Of shit!" My fist lands on his face again, and he falls to the ground. I take a deep breath and step backward.

My head snaps up toward my Little Moon, ignoring them, and I see her hanging from the ceiling with blood dripping down her abdomen. *Fuck, fuck!* "Silas! Help me get her down!" Silas runs over to me and grabs my gun. I wrap my arms around her, ready for her to fall. Silas lets down the chain, and she falls limply into my arms. "I got you, Little Moon. I got you," I whisper as I follow her to the ground. I take my shirt off and rip it to stick in her wound.

A second later, I hear another shot, and my shoulder bounces forward. The action is followed by an "Umpf" sound

behind me. I turn my head to see Silas standing over my knocked-out father. He nods at me, and I look to notice a graze wound on the side of my arm, and a slice on another part of that arm from earlier. That can wait. I continue to pack her wound as best as I can. Picking her up bridal style, I walk her over to Silas. "Get her and Elias to the door," I tell him as I hand her off. He nods to me and walks away.

I see a little bottle of lighter fluid on one of the tables near the wall. *Sick fucks*. I grab it and squirt it all over the room, especially all over my father. "Rot in hell, bastard," I say as I retrieve a lighter from my back pocket. I brought it from the house, knowing I was going to need it.

Silas hands my Little Moon back over to me, and we head toward the main doors of the building as it is about to burn to the ground.

As we walk out of the building and make our way toward the car, an explosion erupts behind us, the windows and doors blowing open. I keep walking as I hear the screams from the men who were left inside. I look down at my Little Moon's dirty, bruised, and bloodied face. "I told you that I would burn anyone alive who tried to take you from me." I lean my head down to kiss her forehead.

Silas takes my car keys from me and gets in the driver's seat while I go in the back with her and Elias. I lay her across my lap and keep pressure on her wound with one hand, while my other keeps pressure on Elias'. "You two are going to be okay, I promise." Silas starts up the car and drives us toward my hospital.

When we arrive, I jump out of the car before Silas can even put it in park. I pick her up bridal style again and run into the hospital, Silas following behind me with Elias. "Help!" I yell out. "Help us!"

A nurse runs over with a stretcher. "What happened?" she asks, panic covering her face when she sees the state they are in. "S-she was shot, and in a car a-accident, and kidnapped," I tell the nurse as I stroke the hair out of Little Moon's face. "He was shot," Silas tells another nurse about my brother. I start to

walk with them when they wheel them back, but one of the other nurses stop me. “I’m sorry, sir. This is as far as I can let you go.” She has her hand placed on my chest. I smack her hand away. “Do you know who I am? I want to be back there.” I don’t give a fuck about hospital rules or any of that bullshit. I own this damn building now, so I can go wherever the hell I please.

“I know who you are, but that doesn’t change the fact that I can’t let you back there,” she starts, backing away from me. “I’m sorry.” She disappears behind the doors. “Dammit!” I yell out. “Nico, hey. Come sit down.” Silas places a hand on my shoulder. “I should be back there,” I tell him. He wraps a hand around my nape and presses his forehead against mine. “Hey! Listen to me, brother. They’re gonna be fine. We have the best damn doctors in the country here.”

I nod my head against his and take deep breaths. “Silas, I swear to god, if either of them dies,”

“I know, brother. I know.”

*Luna*

My eyes blink open to be met with bright ass lights. *Holy shit.* The last thing I remember is a fight breaking out. Silas and Nico’s dad were fighting when... his gun went off. He shot me. And Elias... he shot Elias. *Oh, no.*

After that, the room went dark—I passed out. I fully believed I was going to die in that moment. I didn’t want to die, but I wanted it to end. The pain, the crying, *him.*

I hear muffled voices come from beside me as I look around with squinted eyes. It would be fantastic if someone could turn off the gates to fucking heaven. Am I in a hospital? I hear the sound of a heartbeat pattern and turn my head to see the heart monitor thingy. The thing that manages your vitals or whatever.

I go to move my hand, but it’s held down. Looking down, I see Nico’s hand on top of mine. My eyes travel to his face, and I notice he’s sleeping. He looks...peaceful.

I try to use my other hand to push me up, but I stop and groan when I feel pain and tightness in my abdomen. “Shit,” I whisper to myself. “Hey, you’re awake.” Nico’s voice sounds from beside front of me. I look up to see him looking at me. He has what looks like a genuine smile on his face.

I don't respond. My mind instantly replays what his father said to me. "*When I found out Rowan had a daughter, and she was attending the same college as my son, I sent him out to keep an eye on you.*" How could he keep that from me? How could he do that to me?

"How are you feeling?" He runs his hand through my hair and down the side of my face. "Fine," I answer blankly. I need to talk to him about this. "Nico," I keep my eyes focused on the bed before me. I do not want to look at him right now.

"Yes, Little Moon?"

"Is it...true?"

Out of the corner of my eye, I see him cock his head to the side and his eyebrows furrow together. "You knew your father killed my parents." His facial features relax, and he grinds his molars together. "Yes, I did."

"How could you?" I blink away tears as I speak. I've done enough crying these past three weeks. "I didn't have a choice."

"You knew, and you kept it from me. Were you planning to give me over to him? Has everything been a lie?" My voice chokes. "No, Little Moon," I don't want to hear that nickname anymore. He has known this entire time and kept it from me. I thought he was supposed to protect me and tell me the truth. I was stupid to believe that could actually happen.

"I would never do that to you." He runs his hand down my arm, and I pull away. "Get out," I order. "Little Moon- "

"Get. Out." My eyes find his as I hold back tears. "Please, just go."

His jaw clenches, and he takes a deep breath. He stands from his chair and leans over to kiss me on my head. I flinch at the touch and keep my eyes directed away from him. My fingernails dig into the palms of my hands, and I try to breathe to calm myself down.

A few seconds later, my friends walk in. "Hi, pretty," Nova says as she enters the room first. Jordyn sees the look on my face and walks over to me. "What's wrong, hun?" The moment she sits on my hospital bed, I break down. I haven't

cried in front of Jordyn like this since my and Jack's breakup. That was horrid. It does feel good to know that I will always have someone there for me, no matter what. And she does, too.

Chloe and Nova stand at the end of the bed, each having a hand on one of my legs. Jordyn climbs into the bed next to me and rests my head on her shoulder as I cry. "It was him," I whisper through the tears. "What?" Nova asks, her hand pausing its movements on my shin.

"Nico. He knew what really happened to my parents." I sniff and wipe my nose with the back of my hand. "Oh, babe," Nova breathes out and sinks onto the bed as well.

I notice Jordyn and Nova carefully looking at me, like if they look too hard, I'll shatter or disappear again. I mean, I can't blame them. I was gone for a few weeks, and they had no idea what happened to me. They are probably thinking the worst. I will be able to tell them what happened at some point. I just don't think I can right now. I think they understand that without me having to say it.

After a long, comfortable silence, we get interrupted by a knock on the door. I don't even open my eyes to see who it is. My parents are dead, and my girls are here, so whoever it is can fuck right off. "Silas, no. She doesn't want to see any of you right now," I hear Nova say before the door closes, and their voices turn into mumbles. "How is Elias?" I ask no one in particular, but my question is aimed at Chloe. "He's okay now. Don't worry about him," Chloe answers, nodding her head. I didn't see where he was shot. I just know he was.

Fuck all of this shit, dude. I need to go back to sleep. When I'm sleeping, my problems don't exist. As I lay in the hospital bed with Jordyn by my side, the noises and voices slowly fade until I hear nothing but silence and see nothing but black.

Domenico

It's been about five weeks since my Little Moon and Elias were in the hospital. Five weeks of her not talking to me. Five weeks of me watching her every move, even when she was in the hospital. She won't look at me when she notices me there, let alone speak to me. So I have to go back to my stalking—I mean, *protecting* ways. Okay, no, I mean stalking. And I don't even care.

I understand she's mad about what my father told her but come on. I've given her five weeks of as much space as I could bring myself to give her. It's so difficult for me not to just run toward her and rip her fucking clothes off and fuck her until she forgets everything.

I swear, she teases me a little bit sometimes, too. Like when she's changing her clothes and sways her hips a little more than she should be. Or when I'm watching her through the cameras, and she touches herself while saying my name.

She can be mad at me all she wants, but I know she still wants me deep down. She can't forget about the way I touch her, tease her, fuck her, care for her.

Another downside of her being mad at me is that she's been staying at her apartment with that Jordyn girl. It's not *too* big of a problem because I sit outside until I see all of the lights are off.

Like right now.

I'm sitting on my bike across the street from her apartment, patiently waiting for the lights to go off. I check my phone for the time, as it's getting closer to when I usually sneak inside. My Lock Screen reads 11:25 pm. Five minutes.

I pull the little piece of paper out of my pocket and unfold it. Every night that I'm here, I have a note with me that I spray with my Cologne, and I go into her room to leave it somewhere in there. I assume she throws them away, but I still do it anyway. I leave a flower there too, a red carnation flower—her favorite.

My attention is drawn away when I see the light in her room flicker off. *Finally*. I stand off my bike, walk across the street,

and up the fire escape.

I think part of her likes me sneaking in here. Every night, I assume the window is going to be locked to keep me out. But every night, I get surprised when the window slides right open.

When I step inside, I make my way over to her bed. She looks so peaceful now. Her head is tilted slightly to the side, and her arm is lifted above her head. I smile to myself at the sight. I don't know what I would have done if I had lost her or Elias. Actually, yes, I do. I would have killed everyone and burned down the world.

I pull her blanket down a little and trace my finger along the burn scars on her stomach. She is still so beautiful with these scars. They show she had made it through something—she's a fighter. I grab her arm and lower it to rest on her stomach, so it doesn't fall asleep. Waking up with your arm numb because it fell asleep is horrible. And then it gets that pins and needles feeling. Gross.

Reaching down to her face, I swipe a loose piece of hair off her cheek. I let my knuckles linger on her skin for a few seconds. Her skin is as soft as silk, and she has a slight pink color to her cheeks. I will never get enough of her.

A quiet moan escapes her lips as she shifts on the bed. "Dreaming of me, Little Moon?" I whisper with a smirk. I lean down to press a kiss to her temple. Turning around, I walk over to where I left all the other notes—her dresser.

I want to add something to the note, but I don't just keep a fucking pen on me. It's fine; she's got to have one. She draws and shit. I head to her desk for a pen and open the first drawer. I'm met with...all of my other notes. I thought she threw them away.

A smile tugs on my lips as I look at the notes and flowers that sit in a pile. She definitely still wants me. I knew it.

I close the drawer and notice a pen on top of the desk. *Oh*. I grab it and write my add-on. I put it back where I found it, like the gentleman I am, and place the note and flower on her

dresser. She doesn't answer my text messages, so this is where that got her. Me sneaking into her room.

I give her one last look before I go back out the window and down to my bike. I hang out here for about an hour or two and have the camera in her room pulled up on my phone. I said I wasn't letting her out of my sight anymore, and I meant that shit.

My phone starts vibrating in my hand, and I see the name 'Elias' pop up on my screen. I sigh and answer the call. "Hello, brother," I answer. "Dude, where the fuck are you?"

"None of your business. Do you need something?" I answer with an annoyed tone. He's interrupting my favorite show. I've been trying to be nicer to him because he almost fucking died, but I'm with my girl right now. This is different. "The fucking garage is on fire!" The fuck? "On my way." I hang up the phone and set it on my phone holder with the camera app pulled up. I slide my helmet onto my head and start my bike.

When I arrive, there's a bunch of chaos outside. Firefighters are putting out the fire, some people are standing outside the gate, and Callum is with the dog while Silas and Elias question the guards.

I walk over to Silas to see what's going on. "Silas," I say as I walk up to him. "Hey Nico. The guards said they saw some man with a beard, dark brown hair, and glasses running away from the garage just as the fire started."

"Do they know how the fuck he got inside?"

"Well, it is the middle of the fucking night."

What is the point of having guards if they can't guard the fucking house at night? Are they only a daytime thing or some shit? I turn around to walk toward my car that wasn't in the garage. "Where are you going?" Silas calls behind me. I don't answer as I get into the car.

I know exactly who did this, and I'm going to do to him exactly what I told him I would.

*Domenico*

Pulling up to my father's—I mean, *my* warehouse, I barely put the car in park before jumping out. I burst through the front door, and everyone's heads snap toward me. These are my people now. They answer to me, they work for me, they *live* for me.

I look toward the back and see the motherfucker that I came here for. I catch up to him pretty quickly and tackle him to the ground. I land a couple of punches to his face, earning grunts from him.

If he thought coming back to the warehouse, where I could easily find him, was a good idea, he's an even bigger dumbass than I thought. Yeah, go back to the place where one would assume you went. Smart.

I grab the collar of his shirt and drag him up before hitting him again, knocking him out. Picking him up, I sling him over my shoulder and take him to my car. This fucker is going to die. I left him with a threat last time, but he turned it physical.

Arriving back at the mansion, the firefighters and the audience have left. Silas is still outside, sitting on the steps. "The fuck did you go?" he asks as he stands. I don't say anything as I open the back door and pull the man out of the car. "Who the fuck is this?"

“The asshole who burned our garage,” I answer as I throw one of his arms over my shoulder. “Help me take him to the basement, would you?” I add.

Silas laughs and walks to the other side of the man. “How do you know it was him?” He questions. “Trust me, it’s him.” I nod my head, and we walk down to the basement.

When we get down there, we dump him on the floor in the middle of the room. I walk over and grab the chain that sits near the wall to wrap it around his ankles. Silas pulls it up, making the man hang upside down.

“What’s goin’ on down-“ Elias starts as he enters the room. “Who the fuck is this?”

“Apparently, the guy who set our garage on fire,” Silas answers for me. “How do you know?” Elias asks, looking at the man. “It makes sense,” I grab a needle and one of the vials of adrenaline out of a cabinet as I speak. “I took Luna to the warehouse one day, and when I returned, he was staring at her. So I might have threatened him,” “As you should.” Elias nods his head.

I point at him and nod. “Exactly. Anyways,” I walk back over to the man and insert the needle into his body. “Based on that interaction, I don’t think he took the threat well. And then I kill my father.” The man hanging in our basement gradually wakes up and blinks his eyes. “He was one of my father’s minions as well, so put it all together.” I fill the syringe with more adrenaline and crouch down in front of the man.

“Good morning, sunshine.” I smile at him. “Domenico,” he says bluntly. “The one and only. Let’s cut to the chase, why did you burn my fucking garage?” I tilt my head to the side and hold the syringe up in front of me. “To send a message,” he smiles. “What message? That you’re an idiot? I already knew that.” I rise to my feet and insert more adrenaline into him. “This is going to wake you up a bit.” He hisses and thrashes his body. “Now, do you remember what I told you I would do to you?”

I reach out toward Elias, and he puts his knife in my hand. The man tries to move as best he can, considering he’s

hanging upside down. “You are the biggest disappointment to the Guerra name. You’re going to fail your father and turn La Cosa Nostra to shit,” he grits his teeth as he speaks. Who the fuck does this *sciocco*¹ think he is?

I smile at him before I bring the knife up and put multiple stab wounds in his abdomen, letting him bleed out like I said I would.

Nobody threatens my people or burns down my property and lives. Nobody.

I turn back to see Silas and Elias staring at me. Elias has that big goofy grin on his face, and Silas is just staring. The darkness in his eyes shows he enjoyed that just as much as I did. Callum was never really one to get involved in stuff like this. He usually keeps to himself in these situations unless I call for him to be here.

I hand Elias his knife back, and the sick fuck licks the blade before wiping the rest off on his clothes. There’s something seriously wrong with that kid. And that’s coming from *me*. I love him for it, though. It adds to his character, and I personally wouldn’t want him any other way. I think the day he stops doing shit like this is the day we really have to worry.

I leave the room, Silas and Elias following, and go to one of my men that stay down here. “Let him hang until he’s dead. Then clean it up,” I tell him. He nods silently and stands in front of the door.

Walking up to my room, I leave Silas and Elias to themselves. I enter my room and take my bloody clothes off. I throw on my black plaid pants and get into my bed. Pulling up my camera in my Little Moon’s room, I see she is still sound asleep.

God, I can’t wait until I can get my hands on her again. To feel her soft skin on mine. Tie her up and use her pussy for as long as I want. To shove my cock deep in her throat until she can’t breathe. *Fuck*. Just thinking about it is getting me hard. I want to punish her ass for ignoring me for five weeks as well. I can’t believe I’ve left her alone for that long. Well, I haven’t really left her alone, but you know what I mean.

My cock strains in my pants as I look at her on the camera and imagine all of the things I'm going to do to her. Fuck me, I can't take it. I have to get this out of my mind, and I should be okay. I use my free hand to take my dick out of my pants and spit on my hand to rub it along my shaft, getting it wet.

I stare at her on the screen as I stroke myself. *Fuuuck*. I imagine myself on top of her, rubbing my cock against her pussy, getting the tip wet with her arousal before I push inside of her from behind. She looks so innocent when she's sleeping, so peaceful. Thrusting into her a couple of times, quiet moans start to come from her as she begins to wake up.

Her fists close around her sheets, and she blinks a few times before looking back at me. "Shut up and take it like the good little slut you are," I grunt out.

My breathing picks up as I stroke myself faster. "You're doing so good for me, Little Moon," I moan. My orgasm starts to build as the scenario plays out in my head.

I thrust into her harder, gripping her hips to pull her up on her knees. I land a hard smack on her ass and wrap my hand around her throat. The thought of her pussy clamping around my cock sends me over the edge. My balls tighten, and I stroke myself a few more times before come spurts onto my stomach.

After a few seconds, my breathing slows down, and I groan to myself, "Fuck this. I need her, now."

[1](#) . Sciocco - dumbass

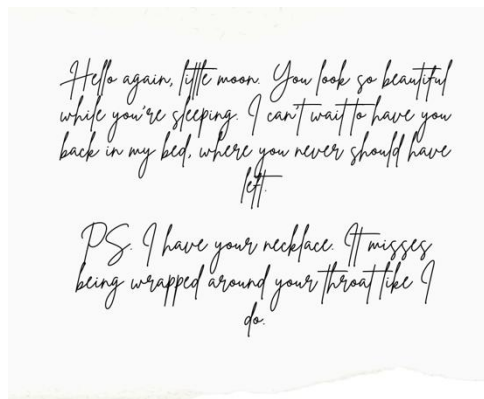


Luna

It has been five weeks since I last spoke to Domenico. I am so pissed at him. Not only did he know his father killed my parents, but he kept it from me. And I can't even trust that everything that happened between us was real. He is a psychopath, after all. That could have just all been a part of some fucked up plan.

He has given me the space I wanted. Kind of. He's been following me everywhere and leaving notes in my room every night. I wanted to throw them out, but I couldn't. The asshole left his scent on them so I would be reminded of him. I just threw them all in a drawer on my desk, hoping I could bring myself to throw them away. But I don't know how I'm going to do that if he keeps leaving more.

In the last one, he told me he had the necklace he gave me.



I lost the necklace when his father kidnapped me. I don't remember much from that time. I just recall having it one second and not the next. Anyways, he can keep the fucking thing.

Now, I'm just trying to get back to typical day-to-day life as it was before him. I did it once. I can surely do it again. Starting with going back to my classes.

I have my math class in about ten minutes. Jordyn is giving me a ride because we're back to carpooling. I think she enjoys driving me to the university so we get more time together, even though we live together. I haven't really been out of my room. When I don't have to be in public, I'm not. I like smoking by myself in my room much better, thank you.

We're in the car when both of our phones vibrate with a text. It's the girls.

Nova: Want to go out for Halloween?

I haven't been out in a while. Maybe I could use a good night out with the girls. I'm not getting a costume, though.

Luna: You know what, sure.

Nova: Yes! Oooo girl, I've missed you.

I chuckle to myself and shake my head. "It's Nova," I tell Jordyn. "She wants a night out."

"Fuck yes, please." Jordyn agrees. She'd never turn down a chance to relax. She never gets as drunk as the rest of us, and I look up to her for that. She really looks out for us. I've never asked her why she doesn't *really* party. It's probably just a personal preference.

As we pull up to the university, I see that damn R1 pull up with his friends. I didn't think he had class on Thursdays. I guess it doesn't matter if he does or not. I'm here, so he is too.

I step out of the car and don't even look in his direction. "What's he doing here?" Jordyn asks as she walks over to me. I finally felt okay enough to tell her everything the other day. She is *not* too happy with him.

"Unfortunately, he goes here, Jordyn." I laugh. "Well, can he drop out?" she asks in all seriousness. She shoots a glare his way and flips him off. That annoying ass smile creeps onto his face, and he looks at me. I quickly turn away and grab my bag from the car. "Let's just go."

We walk into the University doors and wander down the hall. She's been walking me to my classes too. I'm assuming it's because she doesn't want me to run into and talk to him. I don't plan on speaking to him, but Jordyn thinks otherwise.

As we reach the doors to the classroom, Jordyn turns toward me. "I will see you after class. If he comes up to you, ignore him." He hasn't come up to me since I was in the hospital, so I doubt that will happen. But at the same time, I know him. I'm not sure how much longer he can stay away from me. And I'm dreading the day he can't take it anymore.

I'm putting mascara on my bottom eyelashes when I hear a knock at the door. A few seconds later, Nova enters my room. "Nova!" I gasp when I see her in the mirror. "Hi, my love."

I turn around and wrap my arms around her. I haven't seen her much these past weeks. When we let go, she looks me up and down. "You're so hot," she shakes her head.

I have on a crop, black T-shirt with black jean shorts and fishnet leggings that go onto my stomach, slightly covering the ugly burn marks there now. My shoes are just plain black sneakers, and I have on the necklace with my name on it with small hoop earrings. This is now my go-to outfit when we go out. I love it, and Nova approves. "Stop, or I'll kiss you," I respond to her as I turn back around toward the mirror. I finish applying the mascara on my lashes and put the tube back in my makeup drawer on my desk. "Where's Chloe?" I ask, looking at Nova through the mirror.

I thought she was coming with us. “She didn’t feel up to it,” Nova yells over to me, then starts a conversation with Jordyn.

“Are we ready?” I ask with a smile on my face. I’m so ready to get extremely fucked up. The girls add finishing touches to their looks, and we head out the door. We stand outside the building and wait for the Uber to pick us up.

I chose for us to go to a different club this time, hoping that it would give me a smaller chance of Nico being here. Since his father is dead, the ownership of his buildings has gone to him. I didn’t see him anywhere outside of the apartment building, so that’s a good sign.

We enter the club and go straight to the bar. “What can I get for you pretty ladies?” the bartender greets us. She is hot. She’s about 5’9, with dark brown hair, and it looks like she has some freckles on her face. “Vodka, please,” I answer. “You want anything mixed with that?”

“No, thank you.” I smile at her. She raises her eyebrows and chuckles to herself. “You’re wild,” Nova says next to me. “I plan to get fucked up tonight.” I grab the glass from the bartender and drink it all in one sip. It burns in my throat a little, and I make a slightly grossed-out face. I put the glass on the bar and signal her for another one. She smiles as she fills the glass and hands it back to me. “What’s your name?” she asks me. “Luna.”

I’m dancing with my friends, drinking, and enjoying the music. I think I needed this tonight. It’s good for me. By now, Nova and I are a little drunk, and Jordyn is basically sober. I notice a man from the side of the room wearing a Michael Myers mask looking at me. He’s tall and looks like he could throw me around like a ball. Maybe I’ll dance with him or something. As I look at him, he starts moving toward me. I smile and continue dancing with my friends.

A few moments later, he comes up next to me and places a hand on my arm to get my attention. “Well, hello,” he says as he takes a drink from his cup. “Hello yourself,” I reply and take a drink from mine. I notice Jordyn and Nova take a few steps to the side to leave me alone. “Wanna dance?” Hell, yes,

I do. I flash him a smile and start dancing with him. I don't care if Nico is here or not anymore. We're not together. He can't control what I do.

We move along to the beat, him taking control. He's actually a good dancer. I take the last sip of my drink and turn to face him. "I'm gonna grab another," I tell him.

I walk up to the bar and set the empty cup on the counter. "Can I get water, please?" The bartender flashes me her pretty smile and turns away. "Having fun?" I hear that deep voice that I've been dreading to hear. The voice that fucked up my entire world. My smile instantly drops, and I turn my head until my eyes connect with a Ghostface mask. He pulls it up to reveal his face.

There he is. The sexy-ass man who ruined my mind and my body. The man I said I wasn't going to speak to or see anymore. I don't want to see him. I don't even want to acknowledge him. But I can't help it. Seeing him this close to me fucks up my whole plan. Why does he have to be him? "Domenico," I state and turn away.

"Miss me?"

*Luna*

Did I miss him? Fuck yes, I did. But I'm mad at him. He kept something from me that I can't get over. I just can't. It would be fucked up of me to get back with him after that. They're my parents. I should get away from him before I do something I definitely wouldn't regret.

The bartender returns with my water and hands it to me with a wink. I wish I was gay right now. I really do. Nico takes a step in to me, closing the space between our bodies. His hand brushes my hip, and I tense, remembering how it felt to have his hands on me. I instantly feel butterflies in my stomach and wetness starting in my shorts. *Fuck me, relax Luna.*

He leans in close to my ear and whispers, "You didn't answer my question, Little Moon." I'm trying so fucking hard not to fold right now. *Jesus Christ.* I clear my throat before answering, "And what was that?" I fling my hair over my shoulder and keep my eyes focused on my water. "Are you having fun?" he repeats and plants a kiss on my ear. Shivers run through my body at the act, and I instantly straighten my shoulders. "I am," I answer honestly.

I can feel him smirking as he kisses my ear again. "Who was that man you were dancing with?" I smile to myself at the opportunity I see here. "Why," I finally turn my head to look

at him, and this time, I'm the one whispering to him. "Jealous?"

"You should know I don't get jealous by now, Little Moon. I get violent."

"We're not together anymore, and you don't own me." I take a sip of my water and turn to walk away from him. He puts an arm across the small of my back and grabs my hip, stopping me. "That's where you're wrong. We are very much together, and I own every. Single. Piece of you."

I take a deep, shaky breath and turn toward him. "You lied to me." I point a finger at his chest, and he grabs it. "Come with me." He nods his head toward the door. I shake my head in response, and he chuckles. "It wasn't a question, Little Moon. Come with me." He slides the mask back over his face. My jaw clenches as thoughts run through my head. I'm not an idiot. I know damn well what is most likely to happen if I go with him.

But for some reason, I listen to him anyway and nod my head. Jordyn is going to kill me.

Before I get the chance to go with him, the man I was dancing with comes up to us. "Hey, you coming back to dance?" he asks, looking between Nico and me. "Uh- "

"No, she's not. Now get lost." Nico answers for me. I sigh and look at the floor. "I was asking her, buddy. Not you." *Oh god.* "Listen, *buddy*. She's my girlfriend. The only reason she was dancing with you is because *I* let her. Your time is now up." Nico pushes me behind him and gets in the man's face. He laughs and looks at me. "Do you really know this dude?" He points at Nico.

Just fucking walk away, man. Save your life. "I do, and we're leaving." I grab Nico's hand before he can do anything to the poor guy and walk toward the exit.

Before leaving, I look for my friends and see them both together, dancing and enjoying themselves. Nico walks in front of me and leads me out the door. This is going to fuck me. Literally. He leads me through the parking lot and to his

car. If I were completely sober, the fact that he has been so calm would be setting off sirens in my head. But I'm drunk and annoyed, so I don't really care.

He removes the mask, and starts driving. I stare out the window in silence as he drives for what feels like forever. Eventually, he pulls into a very familiar parking lot. "Why are we at the school?" I ask, confused. The building and surrounding area is captured by the darkness, looking kind of fucking creepy. Why is he bringing me here? He doesn't answer my question as he puts the car in park and keeps the doors locked. "Domenico- "

"You need to listen to me," he cuts in. Alright then, excuse me. My eyes widen a little as I slump back into the seat. "Yes, my father asked me to look into you- "

"Tell me something I don't know." I roll my eyes and pick up my water to take a drink. "But, when I saw you for that first time, I didn't want to do what he asked. I couldn't," he shakes his head as he speaks. "You were the most gorgeous woman I have ever laid my eyes on, and I instantly got this... feeling." I can tell he is choosing his words carefully, as he should.

"Feeling?" I question. "I don't know how to describe it. I just knew that you were going to be mine. I had to have you, no matter what. My father called me one day and asked about you. I told him you were nothing like your father and to leave you alone. Clearly, he still had other plans." He lowers his head for what I think is the first time ever. I really believe he's telling the truth. But my parents. "You kept it from me. You kept everything from me. You knew what really happened to my parents." The last sentence comes out in a choke.

Please don't fucking cry right now bitch. The last thing I want to do is cry in front of him. I'm stronger than that. "Why didn't you tell me?" I whisper. "Because, Little Moon. I was protecting you. I will always protect you. Even if that means you hate me." He places a hand on my knee, and I instantly pull away. His jaw tightens at the act, and he grinds his molars together.

“Just let me go, Nico. You need to let go.” I breathe out. My life has been way too fucked up for this. Dead parents, no family. I could live with being alone. At least, I thought I could before he came into my life like a fucking wrecking ball.

“Fine. You want to be let go?” he asks more like a challenge than a question. He turns around for a second and I hear the car doors unlock. My eyebrows furrow together in confusion as I look at him. “Go. Run,” I go to open the door, but his words make me pause. “You can run from me, Little Moon. But you can’t hide,” I remember those words. They were one of the first messages he sent me before I knew who he was.

“And *when* I catch you, I’m going to punish the fuck out of you.” The words make my heartbeat speed the fuck up, and I grab onto the door handle, pushing it open. I step out and make a run for it toward the woods. Now I know why he brought me here. This was his plan. These woods are the place he hunted, fucked, and ruined me, and he wants to do that again.

One foot quickly follows the other as I run into the woods and through the darkness. I turn my head back, and the moonlight lights up a tall, dark figure striding toward me. Maybe I can run through to the other side and wave down a car to pick me up. I run around the trees and through sticks and leaves.

I don’t know if my heart is beating so loud, I can’t hear him coming after me or what. How can he be so silent? I stop to take a breather for a second. I am so not in shape. I put my arms up and take fast breaths, trying to catch my breath before he gets close to me. He could be close to me right now. I scan the area for him and see him nowhere. How is this possible?

I hear a twig snap somewhere next to me and turn the opposite way. I go to start running again, but I hit a wall. A human wall. My body stops, and I fall to the ground. Looking up, I’m met with a fucking Ghostface mask. Somehow, even though they’re blacked out, they’re still filled with something else besides darkness—anger, lust, *hunger*.

I slide backward a little before attempting to turn around and run. An arm wraps around my middle and drags me backward. I rise to my feet and am pulled against his front. “Caught you,” he whispers. His tone filled with darkness. I thrash my arms in his hold, trying to get him to release me. Obviously, that does nothing, as he is fucking huge.

“Let me go!” I yell. His hand snakes around my middle and slides into my shorts, his fingers slowly rubbing over my clit. “No panties? You weren’t going to let someone fuck you, were you? I would love to have to kill somebody,” he whispers the last sentence. I grunt and try to move, try to get away. “I told you what would happen when I caught you. So go on, Little Moon. Fight me.”

*Domenico*

I hold her upright against my chest as my hand slides into her shorts. She tries to thrash in my hold like that will do anything. I think she likes to fight me as much as I like the fight. She wants me to force her. She wants me to treat her like she's my whore.

I slide my fingers through her folds, feeling how wet she is for me. Bringing my hand to the mask, I lift it and slide my fingers in my mouth, sucking her taste from them. "You're so wet for me, aren't you?" I tease. "Here, have a taste." I bring my fingers to her lips and slip them into her mouth.

"Taste," Her tongue slides along my fingers, getting every drop of her arousal from them. "Good girl." My hand slides back to her pussy, and I push two fingers inside of her.

She gasps as her body slightly relaxes into me. "Nico, please," she whimpers. "Begging already? We're just getting started." I pick up my pace, curling my fingers every time I thrust them inside of her.

Pushing as deep as I can, I hit that magical spot that makes her breathing pick up and her body slump into my arms. Her lips part, and her head falls back. "Mmm, you like this, don't you? The fact anybody could walk through here and see me finger-fucking you. See you fall apart in my hand. Such a dirty

little slut. Disgusting.” She whimpers at the last sentence as she rocks her hips.

“Please,” she breathes out. “Let me go. Stop.”

“If you wanted me to stop, you wouldn’t be riding my hand, now would you?” I lick a stripe up her neck and plant small kisses. She slightly leans her head to the side, giving me more access. *Exactly*. I kiss another spot and pull the skin into my mouth, leaving a mark. My mark. She belongs to *me*.

“Oh, fuck,” she moans as she gets closer and closer to a release. I go harder and faster, bringing her right to the edge, before I pull my hand back and stop. She whimpers at the loss and puts her head back. I unbutton her shorts and slide them down her legs, then rip the fishnet leggings off of her. She doesn’t need those anymore. Pushing her forward, she falls to the ground and gets up on her hands and knees. I drop to my knees behind her and rub my fingers through her center. I slowly slide two fingers back into her.

She pushes her hips back, trying to get me to go faster. “You missed me, huh? Look at you being so fucking needy,” I tease. “Shut the fuck up. No, I didn’t,” she says with a breathy tone. I smile to myself and continue at this painfully slow pace. My goal is to drive her crazy. This is a punishment, after all. She ignored me for five fucking weeks. What is she expecting?

I use my free hand to undo my belt and slide my pants down. I grab my cock with that hand and move closer to her. When I pull my fingers from her, I position myself at her entrance and thrust into her. Hard. *Oh, I missed this*. This is where I belong. If I could live inside of her, I would. She screams out and drops to her elbows. Wrapping her hair in my hand, I pull her upward. “Stay the fuck up,” I say through gritted teeth. She moans at the pain, like the pain slut she is, and pushes back against me. I pull myself back and thrust into her again, continuing to move at a hard pace.

The air around us is filled with lust and need. All I can hear is my own heartbeat and the sound of me slapping against her, the best song I’ve ever heard. “Nico, please,” she whimpers. “Slow down, please.” I love me some begging. But who would

I be if I gave her what she wanted? I thrust into her harder, bringing her close to the edge. “Do not come,” I order and wrap my hand around her throat, bringing her back against me. I squeeze hard, cutting off her airflow. I slam into her over and over, chasing an orgasm. Her eyes roll to the back of her head after a few seconds, and I release her throat. She coughs and tries to breathe as I keep pounding into her. “Please, Nico. Please. Let me come. Please,”

“So greedy,” I respond and smack her ass. Pushing her back down, I grip her hips. When I can tell she’s about to come, I pull all the way out of her. She groans in frustration and lays the top half of her body on the ground. Is she really going to pout right now? I land another smack to her ass. “Don’t pout like a fucking brat. You’re my good girl, aren’t you?” She pushes herself onto her elbows, arching her back and giving me the perfect view of her fantastic ass. I remove the mask from my face and toss it on the ground.

Her head turns back toward me, and she whispers, “Yes, sir.” I spit on her ass and smack it again as a beautiful moan leaves her lips. I rub my hand on her ass and over her pussy, getting my fingers wet. I bring my hand to her back hole and slowly push a finger inside. She hisses at the intrusion but pushes herself back. “I didn’t hear you.”

“Ye-s, sir. Oh, fuck,” she says with a moan. She’s so fucking gorgeous; I can’t stand it. She’s more crazy than I am if she thinks I could have stayed away forever. Silly girl.

I grip her hips again and bring her back. “That’s my good girl,” I groan as I slide into her ass. God, do I love her ass. She screams out in pain, not being used to this. I move slowly for a few seconds before picking up speed. Her screams quickly turn into moans as I do. “I own you, don’t I, Little Moon?”

“No,” she breathes. Not only is she lying to herself, but she’s lying to me. I smack her ass again and lean over her to wrap my hand back around her throat. I pull her up against me and squeeze until she can’t breathe. I continue to pound into her ass and snake my other hand around her to rub fast circles on her clit. Her mouth hangs up, and her head hangs back as she tries to make a sound.

I bring her right to the edge again and push her forward, pulling out before she can come. “Fuck!” she yells as she tries to breathe. “Nico, please. I need to come, please,” she begs as she lays on the ground. The look on her face alone shows how desperate she is. I lean over her body and slowly rub her throbbing, soaking wet pussy. “Say it,” I whisper in her ear. She shakes her head and pushes her ass back against me. “Say. It.” I pull my hand back and deliver a smack to her pussy this time.

She yelps as she thrashes her body. “Please, please, sir,” she whines as she pushes back again. “Say it. Tell me that you belong to me.”

“I belong to you,” she repeats after me like the good girl she is. I guide my cock to her entrance and push inside of her. “You own me,” she moans as her head goes back. I wrap her hair around my hand and pull. “Such a good fucking girl.” I go harder as I feel my orgasm coming on. “Come on, baby, be my good little slut, and come for me.”

That was all she needed to bring her over the edge. “Oh, fuck. Yes, yes, yes!” she yells out as her pussy clamps around me, and her body starts shaking. “Nico, fuck.” I continue thrusting into her, riding out her orgasm as my own is right there. She squeezes my dick again, and I’m done for. It crashes into me as I spill inside of her.

I stay there until I come down from my high. I reach down between us and use my fingers to collect the cum that drips out of her. “Remember, Little Moon,” I say as I push it back inside of her. “Gotta keep that in there.” I smack her pussy again before putting my fingers up to her lips. She immediately opens her mouth, and I slide my fingers to the back of her throat. She closes her lips around them and sucks on my fingers. “Good girl. Taste us.”

She has always been mine and will always be mine. No matter what. She can say she hates me all she wants, but I know the truth. She is just as addicted to me as I am to her.

*Luna*

He took me back to his place after our game in the woods. Thankfully, no one else was there when we arrived. I didn't want to face anybody after that. We made our way inside, and he carried me up the stairs. I immediately passed out when my head hit the pillow. I'm not going to lie, I missed it here. Being here with him felt safe. It felt like home. Him, me, and Chaos. A little family.

When we woke up the following day, he fucked me again and destroyed my throat. Afterward, he took care of me in the shower again and dressed me. He hands me a small pill after getting me back into his room. Advil. *Thank God.* I take it from him and swallow it. "I could have gotten you water," he says with a smile. "I'm fine," I dryly respond.

I hear paws tapping on the floor in the hallway before Chaos enters the room. I gasp when I see him and pat my thighs. "Hi, buddy!" He barks at me and jumps onto the bed. I lean over and wrap him in a hug. "I missed you so much." I smile to myself as I pet his back. Seeing Chaos again distracts me from my tiredness and my pain.

He barks again and wags his tail in the air. When I pull away, he starts to lick my face. "Alright. That's enough," I giggle. "You're cute, but don't lick my face."

“Yo! Nico!” A familiar voice sounds from the hallway. “In here!” Nico yells back. “Hey- oh shit. You’re back,” Silas says when he sees me sitting on the bed.

Oh, great. I give him a fake smile and turn my attention back to Chaos. “Silas is annoying, isn’t he? Yes, he is,” I speak to the dog. “I missed you too, darling.”

“Watch it, Silas.” Nico cuts in and nods for them to go out into the hallway. Nico closes the door behind him, leaving me alone. I jump back in the bed and pat the spot next to me for Chaos to lay with me. I don’t care if Nico allows him on the bed or not.

He snuggles up in front of me and looks like the cutest thing I have ever seen in my life. His big brown puppy eyes stare at me while his head rests on his paws. This is *my* dog now. Fuck Nico.

After a few minutes, Nico comes back into the room. “Let’s go.” His voice breaks the peaceful silence. “Where are we going?” I ask, still lying down. “Shopping. We have a date tonight.” He smooths out the nonexistent wrinkles in his shirt.

I sit up on my elbows and look at him. “You know I haven’t fully forgiven you, right?” I remind him. Sure, talking to him and fucking him again reminded me I couldn’t just push him away that easily. But he still pissed me off. “As long as you are here and safe with me, you can hate me all you want, Little Moon.” He sticks his hand out for me to grab. “Let’s go,” he repeats. I pet Chaos one last time and stand off of the bed. Walking over to Nico, I put my hand in his and stroll out the door.

“Have fun, love birds,” Silas yells out to us as we pass the living room. I flip him off behind me and continue walking. I guess that’s the type of friendship Silas and I have now. If you can even call it that. He pokes at me, and I give him snarky replies.

As we walk to the car, I notice the garage is being rebuilt. I didn’t notice that when we got here, but I was also exhausted. “What happened?” I ask as I step into the car. “Don’t you

worry your pretty little head about that. It's dealt with," he answers before closing the door for me.

Dealt with? So, he killed somebody. I'm not too sure how I can wrap my head around him killing people. I mean, I know they deserve it. But how does one be okay with that? How is he okay with that? I want to understand more, but I don't want to push a bunch of questions onto him. I know how I can understand him myself.

The driver's side door opens, interrupting my thoughts. Nico gets in and starts the car. "Wait. I don't have my card," I say, feeling around my pockets. "Little Moon, you don't have to worry about money with me."

"No. I don't like people buying things for me." I shake my head. I have always been like this. I could never ask someone to buy something for me, and I always say no when people offer. "Hey," he rests his hand on my thigh. "My money is your money. Whether you like it or not." *This asshole*. Okay, yeah, that's extremely nice of him, but this asshole.

I sigh and turn away from him, looking out of the window as he pulls out of the driveway.

When we arrive at the store, I go to open my door. Before I can, Nico clicks the lock. He gets out of the car and comes over to my side, opening the door for me. He makes it so hard not to love him.

The first thing I see when we enter the store is the perfume section. Naturally, I go over there first. I pick a few up that smell really good. One is a vanilla scent, another is a rosy smell, and the last is like a lavender. I stare between them for a couple of seconds, not being able to choose.

Eventually, I just go with the vanilla one. You can never go wrong with that. I put the others back and walk away. I notice Nico isn't following me, so I look back for him. He grabs the other two I was looking at and one he picked out. "What are you doing?" I ask, walking back up to him. "You clearly wanted these two as well, and I like the smell of this one. So, get them all," he answers with a smile on his face. He's so

pretty, it's annoying. I take a deep breath and shake my head. "Well, thank you."

Turning back around, we make our way over to the dresses. A dress has to be stunning for me to want to wear it. And I only really like to wear them for special occasions. Nobody will ever see me wear a dress around the house just for the hell of it. We browse through a few racks, not finding anything interesting. "What about this one, Little Moon?" Domenico asks from behind me. I turn around to face a black, sparkly dress. It has thin straps that are crossed over the back as well, leaving most of it open. It's a little shorter than knee length and has a slit on the thigh.

It's gorgeous. I nod my head and snatch it from his hands, wanting to try it on immediately. As I change into the dress, Nico's hand swings over the top of the door, holding a pair of black heels with red bottoms. "How do you know what size shoe I am?" I ask when I see the heels. That was a dumb question. Of course he knows. He did stalk me.

I take the heels from his hand and set them next to me. I get the dress the rest of the way on and complete it with the heels. I look into the mirror that's on the back of the door, and I fall in love with myself. I fluff up my hair with my hands and carefully look over myself. *I love it.*

Opening the door, I see Nico sitting on the couch that the store provides. A smirk appears on his face when he notices me, and he runs the tip of his tongue along his bottom lip. "*Perfetta,*" he whispers. I walk toward him, and he pulls me onto his lap. "What does that mean?" I ask curiously. "Perfect." He places kisses on my neck. I let out a quiet moan and tilt my head to the side for him. He runs his hands down my arms and lets one fall to my stomach while the other goes to my thigh. He runs his hand down to the hem of the dress and slips underneath it, pulling it up to my hips. The other one traces where my burn scars would be.

"Nico," I whisper. "Beautiful." He ignores me and starts teasing my clit over my panties. "Nico, we're in the store." My head tilts back as he continues. I couldn't care less about where we are, but there are other people here. He slides his

hand into my underwear and runs his fingers over my pussy. “You better be quiet then,” he says and bites on my shoulder.

He slips two fingers inside me, and I gasp, then immediately cover my mouth with my own hand. “Shhh,” he shushes me as he fingers me in the fucking dressing room. The thought of someone coming in here and finding us turns me on more.

He picks up his speed, bringing me closer and closer. “Nico,” I moan his name and grab onto his wrist. “Come for me, Little Moon. Be a good girl.” His words and actions bring me to the edge. He pushes his fingers deeper, hitting that magical spot, and I lose it.

I push my hand onto my mouth as I come. My legs shake, and I press myself into him. “Yes, yes, yes,” I mumble against my hand. “Good girl. Now go change. We have somewhere to be,” he says as he pushes on my back for me to stand. I stumble forward as I walk back into the stall. I slide the shoes and the dress off, being silent the entire time, and change back into my clothes.

Nico and I check out at the front and head back to his car. We got the four perfumes, the dress, and the shoes. I have some jewelry at my apartment that I can wear if Nico will take me there. After we enter the car, I turn to look at him. “Could we stop at my apartment before going back?”

“No. You still have your earrings in my room,” he answers while he starts the car. Knowing he won’t change his mind, I nod and slump back into the seat.

*Domenico*

Arriving back at the mansion, we go inside to get ready. I still have all of her stuff here from... before. I planned on taking her back to her apartment after this dinner. She needs to get the rest of her things out of her room. Now that I have her back, she is never leaving me again. Whether she's mad at me or not, she will be here.

We enter my room, and I hand over the bag that has her dress in it. "Change," I say as I hand it to her. "Can I do my makeup first?" she asks, not taking the bag from me. I nod once at her and set the bag on my bed. She doesn't need makeup, as she is beyond stunning without it. But I know she likes to do her couple of little things, so she can do as she pleases.

I change into a black button-up shirt and black slacks. I complete the outfit with a black diamond belt, a silver watch, and a silver chain necklace. I add a couple of rings for fun and fluff up my hair. Going over to my closet, I pick out my black dress shoes and put those on. I spray a couple of sprays of my cologne to complete the look, and I sit on my bed to wait for her.

She chose to get dressed in the bathroom so she could show me the finished look without seeing the process. I'm not too sure why, but I'll roll with it. After waiting patiently for a

while, she opens the bathroom door. She stands there with her hair slightly curled, laying evenly over both of her shoulders. The dress sits so perfectly on her, like it was made for her. Her makeup consists of mascara, lip gloss, and a bit of filling-in on her eyebrows. “You are stunning, Little Moon,” I say as my eyes take in every curve and detail of her body and face.

She walks up to me and runs her hands up and down my chest before connecting them behind my neck. “Why thank you, sir,” she says, her voice sounding sexier than usual. I place my hands on her hips, running them up her sides, then back down and around to her ass. I squeeze her a little before smacking her ass with both of my hands. She jumps a little and giggles. I lean down, bringing our faces so close together that we’re basically breathing each other’s air.

Our lips connect in a deep, passionate kiss. We never really kissed, which I am thinking should change. She moans into the kiss and presses her body to mine. I pull away, tugging at her bottom lip. “We should go before I fuck that dirty mouth and ruin your pretty mascara,” I say as I slap her ass again. She blushes at my words and turns away from me. She picks up her heels and goes to put them on. *I don’t think so.* “Let me,” I say and grab the heels out of her hands.

I get down on one knee and pat it with my hand. She lifts her foot, and I grab her ankle, sliding the heel on and fastening the fancy strap that goes around it. She runs her fingers through my hair, and I look up at her. She looks so sexy. I seriously want to fuck her right now. But we have other plans. I remove her hand from my head and rise to my feet as I kiss the back of her hand. “Go wait in the hallway for me. I’ll be right out,” I tell her. She turns on her heels and walks out of the door. I quickly go over to my bedside table and grab what I need out of the drawer, then go out with her to leave.

When we arrive at the restaurant, I open her door for her and stick out my hand for her to grab. She steps out of the car, and we make our way to the front doors. The reason for this little outing is so I can give back to her what she should have never had to lose in the first place.

We get sat at our table, and the waitress takes our drink order. “Those will be right out for you!” The waitress says to us and flashes a fake ass smile that every person who works with customers does. I never understood why they do that. If you’re not happy, why fake it? It is much easier to just show that you don’t care. I mean, I guess they have to if they want to keep their jobs, right?

I look back at my Little Moon and take in her beauty. I really did get so lucky with her. I mean, I never really gave her a choice of being with me or not, but still. She is the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen, and I will forever say that. Even when we’re old and wrinkly, she will still be absolutely perfect.

“Why are you staring at me?” she asks, breaking the comfortable silence between us. I tilt my head to the side, then bite and lick my lips. “If I would like to stare at what is mine, I will do so,” I answer. She flashes a quick smile and turns her head. “Don’t look away from me,” I say, leaving over the table slightly. “I have something for you.” I reach into my pocket and take out the thing I brought with me. She sits straight up in her chair and looks a little bit nervous.

“Nico, I haven’t done anything wrong,” she whispers, thinking I’m going to give her a vibrator or some shit. “No, no. Nothing like that, this time.” I smile at her nervousness. She’s cute when she’s scared. I clear my throat to distract myself before I get hard. Anything she does can turn me on, and that’s a bit of a problem. I stand from my chair and walk behind her. I drape the necklace in front of her and clasp it around her neck. She gasps when she sees it and wraps her hand around it. “My necklace!” she says, surprised.

Her head follows me as I go back to my seat. “I can’t believe you got it back.” She plays with the heart on the necklace with a big smile on her face. The smile that can light up any dark place. The smile that lights up all of the darkness inside of me. “I found it in the warehouse. I told you that I had it.” I lean back in my chair. “Thank you, Nico,” she says sincerely. “Still hate me?” I tease her. She can continue to say she does, but I think it’s the complete opposite. She laughs and

shakes her head, not giving an actual answer, which tells me all I need to know. We order our food and eat, making small conversations throughout our... date. I guess that is what this is after all, isn't it? A date. That's weird to say that I'm on a date. I don't do dates, but for her, I would do anything.

I give the waitress a \$200 tip. This is one of my restaurants now, so I want to help out my employees a little—something my father would never do.

I take my Little Moon's hand and walk us back out to my car. Opening the door for her, she gets in the car, and I shut the door behind her.

"Luna. What the fuck is this?" Jordyn asks her when she opens the door for us because she forgot her key. "Hey, Jordyn," she responds shyly. I know she is probably so nervous right now. She told me on the way here that her friends are no longer fans of mine. I don't think they really were to begin with, but after what Little Moon has told them, they definitely dislike me now—no questions about that.

"Luna," she repeats. "Okay, listen," she says as she enters the apartment. We all walk over to the living room and she and I sit on the couch. Jordyn sits in the chair across from us. She tells Jordyn the entire story, including my side of the story. I sit back and let her explain, cutting in when she forgets something. "So, hold on. Wait. Hold on," Jordyn tries to process everything that was said to her.

"You," she turns her attention toward me. "You really didn't mean to hurt her? You told your father to stop?"

"Yes," I answer honestly. "I could never intentionally hurt her. Especially not like that, and especially not for him."

She nods her head and leans back in the chair, thinking. "I still don't like you," she reminds me. "Respectfully, I don't care if you like me or not."

She hums at my response and goes back to thinking about what the fuck ever. "As long as you're happy, Luna. I mean, *really* happy, I'm happy for you. You know this," she admits to

her. “Really?” Little Moon sits up straighter with that smile. “Really.” They stand and hug each other. I guess since she lost both of her parents, Jordyn is the one she looks up to.

“You should pack the rest of your stuff, Little Moon,” I say when they release each other from their hug. “What,” she turns to look at me. “What are you talking about?”

“You are going to be staying at my place.”

“What? Why? I can’t just leave.”

“I am going to give Jordyn the money to cover the rest of the lease and some. I think you would be safer if you lived with me.”

“But- “

“Little Moon,” I interrupt her. “You will be *safer*.”

She is with a mafia boss now. If any of my father’s enemies, now my enemies, find out about her, she could be put in danger. I don’t want anything like that ever happening again. So, living at the mansion with the guards and us is the safest place for her. The danger just comes with me. I wouldn’t say I like that she will be in danger just by being with me, but that is how it is. And I can protect her. I always will.

“Yeah, okay,” she agrees and turns back to Jordyn. “Will you be, okay?” she asks her. “Yes. We can’t live together forever, babe,” Jordyn rubs up and down her arm. “And he’s right. You will be safer. You can still hang out with me all the time. It’s not like you don’t have my number.”

“Are you sure?”

“Luna, yes. Be happy, girl. You deserve it. Even if it’s with him.” She quickly flashes her eyes to me. They finish up their talking, and my Little Moon packs up the things she needs.

We put everything in my car and start heading back toward the mansion. “Nico, can we stop somewhere before we go home?” *Home*. Yes, it is our home for now. “Anywhere,” I answer. “Can you take us to the cemetery?”

*Luna*

In Loving Memory

Rowan Calista

Dallarosa Dallarosa

Two souls together forever.

We walk up to my parent's grave, and the words on the cold stone stare at me as I look it over. I need to come back here and clean it up a little bit. I had Nico stop at the store before we arrived here so I could get flowers—red roses—my mother's favorite. I place the flowers on their grave and take a step back. "Nico, I have never brought someone to my parent's grave. Not even my friends," I say as I take his hand in mine, intertwining our fingers.

"This place holds the biggest spot in my heart. It always will. I wanted to bring you here to introduce you."

"I appreciate this, Little Moon. This is special to you, so it is to me too." He brings our hands up to his lips and places a soft kiss to the back of my hand. "Don't call me crazy for this. I always feel them here," I say before I say what I wanted to. "Mom, Dad," I start. "This is Domenico, my...boyfriend. He pisses me off a lot, and I still am a little mad at him. But, if you guys could meet him, I think you would like him. He does everything you guys wanted a boy to do for me."

Tears start to gather in my eyes, and he squeezes my hand. “Dad, I know you would think nobody is good enough for me, but he protects me. I think you would have grown to tolerate him.” I giggle at the thought of him actually being able to meet my father. I know exactly how that would go. My father would stand all big and tall and lecture him and threaten him. And my mom would tell him to leave Nico alone and that he should be happy.

A tear slides down my cheek and Nico surprises me when he brings his free hand up to wipe away my tears. “I will always take care of you,” he whispers in my ear, sending chills down my spine. “I promise you guys won’t have to worry about me with him, and if he does anything, Dad, Jordyn will *attempt* to kick his ass.” We laugh at my words, knowing Jordyn would attempt it, and Nico could flick her forehead, and she’d fall over. I love her to death, but he is a big man.

Nico turns me toward him, and he leans down to kiss me. When he pulls away, he rests his hands on my cheeks. “I don’t think you’re crazy for that. I used to talk to my mom all the time when I was younger,” he admits. Is he actually telling me about a part of him? “Why did you stop?” I sniffle. “I don’t really know. I guess I just lost hope that she was listening.”

“Of course, she’s listening. She is always with you, always by your side.” I lean up on my toes and place a quick kiss on his lips. “Nico,”

“Yes, Little Moon.”

I want to say it. Just say it, spit it out.

“I love you.”

I actually said the words to him. I was so mad at him, and a tiny part of me still is. But I do love him. And I think I have for a while now. He’s crazy, smart, pisses me off, says all the right things, stalked me, and more. He’s everything I’ve ever wanted and everything I didn’t at the same time.

“I love you,” he says it back. He actually spoke the words. He’s said it before, in his own way, when I asked him if he

could love me. But this time, he said the words. “I always will.”

I got myself moved in and settled into Nico’s room. He split the bathroom sink in half for me, so we have our own little places. He even put a desk in his room so I could have somewhere to draw and do my own things. It’s weird to think I’m actually going to live here with him. Yes, I have stayed here, but now I live here. Weird.

I haven’t lived with a partner since Jack, so constantly having someone else in my space like that is something I am not used to anymore. I obviously lived with Jordyn before this, but living with a boyfriend is different. Especially since I know I’m going to live with him for the rest of my life. I’m just going to have to get used to it. It’s not like I have a choice either way.

I know that just being with him puts me in danger. He’s in the mafia, and if I want to be with him, I have to accept that. I also have to accept how he is. I’m not too sure how I’m going to accept that he kills people, though. That is a little...

But I have decided I don’t want to change him. He is who he is, and I love him for that. I would like to be able to understand how his brain works, though. So, I decided to switch my major in college. I can still do art and all that stuff outside of school, so it’s not really that big of a deal. Nico said I don’t have to work if I don’t want to, so I’m choosing to major in something I’m interested in—his brain.

I switched my major to psychology. This way, I can understand him and more. I have my first class today, and I’m a little bit nervous. I’m not sure why, though. Maybe it’s just because there will be new people and a new professor.

I turn off the water to the shower and step out, wrapping my hair in a towel and drying off my body with another. I put in stud earrings and put on the necklace that Nico gave me. I’m only ever taking this shit off for showers. I was so upset when I realized it was gone after I got taken. I have it back now, though, and that is all that matters.

“Are you ready?” Nico peeks into the bathroom. “I just got out of the shower,” I laugh. He steps inside and puts his hands on my naked hips. “If I would have known you were getting a shower, I would have joined you,” he says as he kisses my shoulder. “This is exactly why I didn’t tell you. I don’t want to be late on my first day.” I look in the mirror and start applying my mascara.

“We could have had so much fun, though,” he whines. This is what I mean when he is such an ass. It took everything in me not to tell him I was getting a shower. Showers with him are incredibly fun. I suck his dick after I wash his body, and he fucks me against the wall. Him kissing on me and me thinking about it is making me horny. I turn around to face him, and he goes down on his knees. He rubs his hands up and down my thighs before rubbing one of his hands over my pussy. “You’re so wet for me already,” he says before leaning forward and flicking his tongue on my clit.

I run my fingers through his hair and tilt my head back for a second. When I look back down at him, he’s already looking at me, and my mouth makes an ‘o’ shape. “Nico,” I breathe out. He slides two fingers inside of me and pumps them in and out of me while he sucks on the small bud. “I will only ever get on my knees for you, Little Moon. Remember that.” He curls his fingers inside of me and thrusts them harder. His free hand slides up onto my stomach as he runs his fingers along my scars. “Bella¹,” he whispers against me. I reach down and place my hand on top of his, intertwining our fingers. “Oh, fuck,” I moan. My orgasm builds fast. His fingers and mouth work in sync, and my legs start to shake as it takes over my body. “Nico, oh my god.” The waves crash into me, and I gasp. He keeps going, riding out my high. When I come down, I see him bring his fingers to his mouth, and he sucks my come from his fingers.

“Nico, seriously, I didn’t want to be late,” I say between breaths. He stands back up and kisses my forehead. “Fine. We will finish this after class. You better be ready for me.” I turn back around, and he smacks my ass before walking out of the

bathroom. I smile at myself and shake my head as I continue getting ready.

After I'm done, I brush my hair one more time and walk out of the bathroom. "Now I'm ready," I tell Nico. He insisted on driving me to my classes. He says it's part of his 'boyfriend duty,' but I know it's mostly because he's protective. "Here, put this on," he says as he hands a jacket out to me. "Why am I wearing this?" It's like seventy degrees outside. "We're taking the bike."

Oh my god. He's letting me on his bike! I don't think he lets anybody on his bike, besides Callum that one time. I honestly think that thing is, like, his most prized possession. I jump in excitement and put the jacket on. It fits me perfectly, which is surprising. I didn't know he bought this for me. He hands me gloves to wear as well, and I slide those on my hands.

We go down to the garage, where his bike is, and he hands me a helmet that he also bought for me. "I set everything up so you will be able to talk to me," he says as he secures the helmet in place. He starts telling me stuff about riding, and I giggle as he speaks. "My dad had a bike, Nico. I know how this works," I inform him. It was cute listening to him talk, though. "I'm just making sure. I want you to be safe." His protectiveness is so cute. However, I'll never tell him that. He puts his helmet on and gets onto the bike. I get on behind him and wrap my arms around his torso.

He takes off out of the driveway and toward the school. I'm so excited and nervous to start this chapter of my life. I know my parents would be proud of me.

[1.](#) . Beautiful.

*Domenico*

It's been a few days since Little Moon's new class. I think she likes her new major. She won't tell me what it is or anything about it. But, every day, she just says, "My day was so good! It's so interesting." So, I'd say it's going well.

Since then, we've been trying to find Serenity and her friend Madison. I guess they've been scared shitless since they heard what happened to everyone at that building. *Good*. They should have known better than to cross me, especially Serenity. She's been around me more than Madison has, so one would think she wouldn't be that stupid.

Elias, Little Moon, Silas, and I are all crowded in Callum's room. It's been like this for the past few days. Callum has gotten into everything; all the street cameras, store cameras, hotel cameras, and probably fucking house cameras. We're waiting for somewhere to get a hit. I don't know how it's taking this long, though. They need to shower and get food. So where the fuck are they? Are they really so scared they're starving themselves?

We obviously went to where they live first and cleared the place out. One of their friends told me the last time she saw either of them was three weeks ago. Serenity said to her that they were going on a little getaway camping trip—good excuse.

After a few hours of waiting, a screen pops up on Callum's monitor with Serenity and Madison's faces on it. "Gottem!" Callum shouts. "Where are they?" I ask, looking back at him. "Sending you the location now," he replies as he types on his keyboard. "Let's go," I say to Little Moon and Silas. I wasn't too fond of her coming with us, but this has to do with her. Elias is staying behind with Callum to help him keep track of them.

We all pile into my car, and I pull the location up that Cal sent me. "Everybody in?" I ask, starting the vehicle. "All good," Silas responds, tapping the back of my seat.

I stop the car behind the gas station they went into, assuming they would come back here thinking there weren't cameras. Turning to the backseat, I see Silas open the case we brought with us. Two syringes sit inside of it with a tranquilizer inside of them. Silas takes one out and fills it. "Little Moon, you're going to stay in the car," I say as I face her. She gives me a look and sighs, sitting back in the seat. I said she could come with us. I never said she could do anything.

Silas hands me a syringe, and he fills up the other one for himself. I call Elias' phone so they could tell us when they're leaving. "Okay, where are they at?" I ask. "They're checking out at the register," Callum tells me. We got here just in time, perfect. Silas looks out the car window, and up at the camera behind the store. He presses his middle finger against the glass at the camera. "Yeah fuck you too, pretty boy," Callum snickers, and Silas bursts out in a laugh.

"Okay, Dom," Elias interrupts. "They're headed your way."

"Get ready," I tell Silas. He nods at me and grabs onto the door handle. We wait a few seconds, and they come around to the back of the store. They walk past the car, and I nod at Silas. We both open the car doors and quietly run up to them. I wrap my hand around Serenity's mouth and stick the syringe into her neck. She stumbles a little before falling limp in my arms.

Silas and I carry them over to the car, and put them in the trunk. I would have just tied them to the roof of the car if I could. We both get in the car and drive back to the warehouse.

When we arrive, Silas and I carry them into the basement through the back doors as Little Moon walks ahead of us. We walk down the stairs and chain them up in the middle of the room the way she was. “Go out there with Silas and wait for me to call you in. You’re getting your revenge,” I tell her. She nods her head and gets up on her toes to kiss me.

They leave the room, and I sit in a chair in the room connected to this one, and I wait.

And wait.

And wait.

Finally, after what felt like three fucking hours, Serenity starts to wake up. She groans and pulls her arms. “W-what the fuck?” she asks aloud and looks around the room. When her eyes land on Madison, she tugs her arms again. “What the fuck?” she asks louder this time. “Madison,” she kicks one of her legs out toward her friend. “Madison.” The girl’s head slowly starts to lift, and she looks in front of her. “Wha- “

“Finally. Fuck,” Serenity cuts her off. “Serenity,” Madison asks, confused. “Where are we?” I stand from the chair and open the door. “I don’t- “

“Good morning, sunshines!” I interrupt Serenity as I lean against the door frame. Both of their heads snap in my direction, and Serenity’s face goes ghostly white. “Nico,” she says in a shaky breath. I give her a smile and walk toward them. Serenity grunts and struggles in the chains. “That’s not going to do anything for you,” I inform her. “I’m not sure if you realized this or not, but those are chains.” She gives me a dirty look. “W-why are we here?” Madison stutters, playing dumb.

“These chains hold you up the same way they held up Luna. Remember her?” Serenity grinds her molars as she grabs the chain above her. “Little Moon,” I call out. “Come in here, please.” The door leading to the hallway opens as she steps

inside. Silas, Elias, and Callum enter the room behind her and stand against the wall. She walks in front of me, standing before the two women. “Luna,” Serenity states. “Ding ding ding, *pretty girl*,” she taunts her. “See, Nico *is* mine. He will always *be* mine.”

I smirk behind her and step back with the rest of the guys, admiring her. “He’ll throw you out too when he’s done with you,” Serenity tries to dig at her. I see Little Moon ball her hand into a tight fist. I would have taken care of them already, so she didn’t have to do this. But she wanted to.

“Elias,” she calls out, reaching her hand toward him. He walks up to her, takes his knife out, and lays it in her palm. “That’s where you’re wrong, Serenity,” she plays with the blade in her hand as she starts to walk around both. When she gets behind Serenity, she leans in behind her ear and whispers, “I’m not a worthless bitch like you.” She slashes the knife against the back of Serenity’s arm. She cries out in pain as she tries to move.

“Madison,” my Little Moon moves on to the next. “I saw you around Silas, and I got j-jealous. I’m sorry,” Madison rushes out. “You were jealous, so you helped someone kidnap me?”

“I-I didn’t. Silas, tell her to let me go,” Madison turns her attention to a smirking Silas. “I don’t give a fuck about you,” he says, and Little Moon cuts Madison’s arm too. “Please,” she begs.

Little Moon walks back over to Serenity, standing in front of her this time. She looks Serenity in the eyes before slicing the knife along her other arm, then her thigh twice. She cut Madison two more times as well. “Look at all that blood,” she wipes one side of the knife on Serenity’s face and the other on Madison’s.

She hands Elias his knife back and walks over to me, kissing me. Our lips move in sync for a few seconds before pulling away.

I call the guards that stand outside over to me. “Get them out of the chains and put them in different cells,” I order them.

“W-what?” Serenity sniffles. “No. No!” Silas lets down Serenity’s chain, and she falls to the floor. He does Madison’s next. Silas stands in front of her, and she looks up into his cold eyes. “Silas...” she trails off. “Goodbye, Madison,” He runs his hand down the side of her head and leaves her on the floor as he exits the room. Elias and Callum follow him.

I interlock my fingers with *hers*, and we go to follow everyone else. “No! Please, no!” is all we hear, followed by crying as we exit the room.



Epilogue

Ten years later

“Mommy!” That cute little voice calls out to me as I walk in the house’s front door. “Hi, baby! I missed you!” I shout as the little legs run toward me. “Guess what I did,” he says as I lift him onto my hip. “What did you do?”

“I built Legos! And daddy helped me.” He throws his arms into the air. “Woahh! Legos? So cool! Can I see?” I kiss his cheek, and he giggles as he nods his head. “First, what are we feeling for dinner?” He rubs his chin with his little hand, thinking. “Dino Nuggies!” he answers with a big smile. “Dino Nuggies? You got it, dude.” I put him down on the floor and put my bag on the counter. “What did you and Daddy build?” I ask as I get the bag out of the freezer.

He runs around the kitchen, holding his arms out like an airplane. “He-he helped me built a motorcycle,” he says as he runs over to me and jumps a couple of times in excitement. “A motorcycle? That’s so cool!” He is just as into motorcycles as Nico, and I love that they bond over that. He and Nico are very close, and it makes me happy to see him be the amazing dad that he didn’t have. And I know it means a lot to him as well.

Nico has told me more about his family and his background. He told me what happened to his mother, and how his father treated him before and after his mother's death. Safe to say, I hate the guy even more than I did before. Our world is honestly so much better without him in it.

Ryker doesn't do too well with talking to other kids. He gets irritated easily at them, and sometimes he gets violent. There is one kid that he actually gets along well with—thank God. I'm really happy about that because the violent tendencies and shit kind of scares me a little bit. But Nico assures me that it's going to be okay, and it's just 'kid stuff.'

"Go clean up the rest of your stuff, and I will be right there to see it." I walk over to him and ruffle his hair with my fingers. "Okay, Mommy," he says before he runs off into the other room. After all this time, I have finally got what I wanted. I have a fantastic husband and a little boy. I take him to my parents' grave sometimes because I want him to know them—to know who they were. He might not be able to meet them, but he will know about them.

After I graduated from Uni, Nico proposed to me, and we had an amazing wedding and honeymoon. He took me to Paris for the Eiffel Tower and then to Italy. We barely slept at all, and I had the most amazing time. I wish I could go back there. He told me we could go again at some point, and every day, I want to ask him if today can be that day.

After the wedding, he bought a lovely house for us. We still live in New Orleans, and to be honest, I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. This is where my home is and where my people are. I might not have a blood-related family anymore, but I do have a family. The perfect family. People that care for and love me and my son and would do anything for us. And I would do the same for them.

Nico walks into the kitchen a few minutes later, and he lets me know he's there by wrapping his arms around my waist. "Hello, Little Moon," he whispers in my ear. "Hello, husband." I use that word all the time. It is now my favorite word. *Husband*. My amazing *husband*. Ever since we got

engaged, I haven't stopped saying it. I'm pretty sure my friends wanted to kill me during that time, but I didn't care.

He plants kisses on my ear, down to my neck. "Slow down, cowboy," I turn around to face him. "Ryker is in the living room." He goes back to kissing my neck, sucking on some spots. "I think it's time for us to try for baby number two. I miss him being so little," he whines, running his hands all over my body. "Yeah, about that," I whisper. He pulls away from me and studies my face. "No," he smiles. I nod my head and wrap my arms around his neck.

"Baby Guerra number two," he says excitedly. I chuckle at his words as he picks me up and sets me on the counter. He places his hand on my stomach and holds it there. "You're not going to feel a kick, Nico." He shushes me as he crouches down and kisses my stomach. He brings himself up, and his lips connect with mine in a passionate, slow kiss. He wraps his hand around my throat and lightly squeezes as he bites down on my bottom lip and slips his tongue into my mouth. I suck on it and play with his hair at the bottom of his neck. I moan into the kiss, and he rocks his body into mine so I can feel how hard he is already. God damn, this man can do whatever the fuck he wants to me. Every day, I get more and more obsessed with him. It's honestly a problem at this point.

I push his chest back a bit, and he pulls away. "Seriously, Ryker is right over there."

"Let's go to the room then. It's nap time for him anyway, isn't it?" He rubs his thumb along my bottom lip, and I open my mouth for it to go in. He carefully watches me as I suck on his thumb and swirl my tongue around it. "Mmm, okay, yeah. It's his nap time." He picks me up and puts me over his shoulder. I laugh as I smack his ass with my hands.

"But I have to look at the Legos!" I shout as he walks us toward the living room.

THE END

What's Next?

Next up in the Devils Series is an interconnected standalone—Elias and Chloe's story.

Thank you so much for taking the time to read *Dangerous Obsession*. It means the absolute world to me. This is my first book, and I really hope you enjoyed it! I've had so many ups and downs while writing this, but I'm so happy I did so I could tell you their story.

Domenico and Luna are my first main characters in this series, and I've had so much fun writing them. I'm not ready to complete this storyline for these two, but I have to let them go. I hope you enjoyed them as much as I did. <3

About the Author

S. K. Lettrich is a new author. She lives in Pennsylvania and loves all things Dark Romance, morally grey men, and the women who capture their interest. She also spends her time watching true crime videos on YouTube and watching The Vampire Diaries/The Originals.

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