

**CHASHIREE M.  
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# ANNA



**ANA**

HERMERTA

**THE NEW DESANTIS CRIME FAMILY**

**BOOK 10**

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*Dedicated to Mob bitches everywhere!*

# SERIES BLURB

HERmerta is a Series that will feature 5 books released every four months. Each phase takes place in a different city and features new authors and some returning ones.

Some of these books are dark, violent, and filled with women not afraid to take out anyone who stands in their way. There will be love and lust, but family, power, and order come first.

This series is sure to be filled with triggers, so read at your own risk.

5 women will prove that women can rule not only the world but the underworld.

Welcome the All Girl Mafia you didn't know you were missing. Bow down and pledge your allegiance.

# NEWS BULLETIN

We interrupt your normally scheduled programming to bring you shocking, unbelievable news. Less than an hour ago, in what could only be called an orchestrated country wide assassination plot, over thirty men believed to be a part of the alleged DeSantis Crime Family were executed in various manners across six states.

Head of the mob family Guiseppe, DeSantis, and his retired father Aldo, still considered the Don, were two of six executed in New York this morning. Four of the other sons, Salvatore believed to be head of Miami, Marco of LA, Davide of New Orleans and Enzo of New Mexico have all been confirmed dead in the respective cities they resided along with the other members of their organization who were also murdered. The only one not found is brother Romeo of Chicago. He is at this time presumed dead like the others.

The DeSantis family has long been a part of numerous federal investigations for racketeering, trafficking, drug smuggling and weapons trafficking amongst other more serious offenses. The consensus amongst law enforcement in reference to this unforeseen tragedy is... You die by the sword you live by. I guess that sums it up.

We will be covering this developing story as it unfolds. I am sure there will be more to come.

This has been a special news report. I'm Lana Gordo. Thank you for watching.



# BLURB

The day it happened was the day it all changed for me. Nothing was ever the same again. I left everything behind to seek revenge on those who wronged my family, but it turned out to be much more than I thought it would be.

Ticiano

I knew she was mine the moment I met her. When she let me in, I swooped in and took what was mine. I promised myself I'd protect her no matter the cost. Aligning myself with her was the easiest thing I've ever done.

# PROLOGUE

## ANA



“Gillian, did you hear that last call?” I ask my best friend as I sit back down after going to the bathroom.

“Yes. People do the dumbest shit!” She says shaking her head agreeing with me. I can’t argue with that. As a 911 operator, we hear everything. From the world’s dumbest criminals, to the truly heartbreaking. One thing for sure, it is never a dull shift.

Smiling, I look around the room at the faces of my coworkers and I feel like a fraud. Sure, I consider them friends. We get together every weekend. Celebrate every milestone in one another’s lives and share stories of the life we lead outside of the call center. But the truth is, I am not really one of them. No. I am still a stranger, and they don’t know it. They think I share everything, like them. But I don’t. I can’t.

I can’t possibly tell them I am the daughter of a mob boss and my father and the organization he works for is single-handedly responsible for dozens, maybe hundreds, of kills in the name of DeSantis. It is the reason I use my mother’s last name. That is why I became a dispatcher for 911. I wanted to help people. My absolve to the lives of people my father has killed. Bring some absolution to my blood. “Ana. That’s you.” Shit. Putting on my headset, I hit the button.

“911 what’s your emergency?” I can hear screaming and what sounds like gunshots on the other end. “Hello. Can someone hear me?”

“There is so much blood. They are dead. Oh God, they killed them.” I am trying to provide a trace, but I need her on the phone a bit longer.

“Ma’am, can you give me your address and tell me who has been shot. Are they breathing?”

“No one’s breathing. No one’s breathing.” She screams into the phone. Turning, I address the girl next to me.

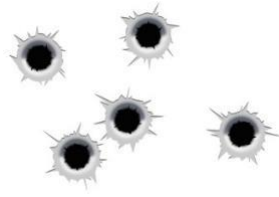
“Have a unit for transport sent to...” No. This can’t be right.

“Ana. Ana what’s the address?” The girl next to me asks. I hear her saying my name, but I can’t speak. It’s silly really. I know the address. Of course I know the address. It’s my house. It’s my parent’s house. It’s... it’s... “Ana. Oh God, Ana.” The last words I hear before life as we know it, changes forever.

ONE

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ANA



## FOUR MONTHS LATER

Shit. I cannot believe I'm in the fucking police station. This is the last thing I wanted to happen. Like I need another reason for Aurora and Giulia to be on my ass. "Way to go Ana." I say to myself. Sitting in this police station, I am running where I went wrong through my head, trying to figure out what I could have done differently. The most glaring mistake, which is what I know Aurora is going to say, is being there in the first place. Alone. Considering right now I am in this place, not in cuffs but it is clear I cannot leave, she might be right.

As the youngest member of the DeSantis crime family in Miami, they keep me on a tight leash. It made sense at first. I wasn't even eighteen when our fathers were assassinated and couldn't really do anything. Nothing legal anyway. When I turned eighteen, I thought they would loosen the reins and it would be all systems a go. But nope. Leash is still in place.

In the last three months, we have managed to find and kill some key players, but two of them got away. In between all of that, Aurora fell in love with her childhood sweetheart, got pregnant and married and found out her dead mother is actually alive. Yeah. It has been a busy four months. Her distractions is one of the reasons I didn't want to bother her with the intel I received telling me that Ludwig Popov has a son who is here on business that might be pertinent to our continued search for her Uncle Romeo who orchestrated the worldwide wipeout of her family, and Haru Yakimoto who aided in the mission and is also the head of the Yakuza.

I went to the house of said son and attempted to install some listening devices. Good idea in theory. However, I didn't account for the security system. I noticed the moment it started sounding. Of course I was smart enough to try to get out, but the doors were automatically set to lock and keep the intruder inside. Hence, why I am here.

I have been here a few hours already and I can feel the eyes on me. I know what they are thinking. ‘There is the girl whose father bombed the police station last year.’ Though none of them will say it out loud, I can feel the accusation in their glares and even though I am not squirming, it is getting to me.

My father, Andreas Esposito, was the number one Capo in the Crime family. His job was to find out what was being used against the family and get rid of it. Even if it was people. The speculation is that one of the drug deals went south at one of the docks last year, and some surveillance was being conducted. Word spread that the proof was in the evidence locker of the police station. It is alleged that my father torched the entire station, and someone died. They could never find the proof since the cameras that were recording the property were blackened, but everyone knows who did it. Now, with him dead, his crime is my shame.

“Miss Esposito, your counsel has been called and so has your... colleague.” Chief Spence says, not wanting to say Aurora’s name. Her name and reputation are synonymous here and never to be spoken.

“Thanks.” I say, looking him in the eye so he knows the accusatory stares are not phasing me. Even though secretly, it is.

My mind strays, thinking about where I was six months ago. I was working a trainee job as a 911 dispatcher. I fully intended to make it a career. Knowing my father’s line of work, I needed to do something to help others. Then everything went to shit. Once I realized vengeance would fall to me and the girls, I told myself I would join them, avenge my father and get out. Now, there is nothing else I would rather be doing.

This is my legacy. My children’s legacy, if I have any, and it is going to be what we leave behind. Anyone not on board, can take a shot to the head.



TWO

## TICIANO



It's January. I missed Christmas with my family for the first time in my life. I'm annoyed as hell, and it shows. My family has been expanding into other jurisdictions for years now, but it wasn't until I pissed my father off about six months ago. I can't even remember what I did to make him mad, but his justice was swift. I miss Cuba and I miss my home. Making Miami a new base of operation for us was a no-brainer but I definitely didn't want to be the one forced to come here and make a go of it. I'm thirty-five and have never been married. I've never been able to find a woman who could keep with my lifestyle. Not that I was looking all that hard for one. I kill people for a living and that doesn't really make for ideal first date dinner conversation. Not that I've been on that many first dates. I hate it when things get complicated. The second they are, I'm ready to move on.

As a Valladares, I have certain responsibilities. Certain duties. Duties that I happen to love. One of those duties includes getting our clubs open and keeping them legal, at least on the surface. That's the reason I find myself in the police station, the one place in the world that I hate. I'm waiting in line for the police chief to sign off the liquor license for Club V, our newest club that opens in two weeks. Of course, it's a front but this guy doesn't need to know that.

"Mr. Valladares. Sorry to keep you waiting. The Chief is finishing up with someone and will be with you shortly. Please have a seat."

“Thank you, Officer Hutchens,” I say looking at the badge pinned to her chest. If I didn’t know this was really the police station, I think she was a stripper in that too tight uniform. It’s an immediate turn-off for me. She winks at me, but I ignore her. Lady Law isn’t for me. Not only would it be bad for business but I’m pretty sure one of my cousin’s has taken her out.

I take a seat over where she gestured to and pull out my phone. I answer some emails and texts that I had been putting off while I wait. After what seemed like forty-five minutes, I hear a flurry of activity from the officers seated at desks around the area where I’m sitting. From somewhere behind a door in desperate need of WD-40, creaks open, and a gorgeous brown-haired goddess walks out followed by a cop.

“Miss Esposito, your counsel has been called and so has your... colleague,” the cop says before leaving her standing by the door.

“Thanks,” she replies, and my entire body goes on alert. Her voice is strong and delicious. My cock jumps in my pants so much so that I have to adjust myself discreetly.

“Have a seat here and we’ll let your know when your lawyer gets here.” It doesn’t seem like she’s paying much attention to the man, but she eventually sits down. She stares down at her lap. I can feel her breathing and see her tits heave with each deep inhale she takes. I can’t stop staring at her. She has this aura about her. I adjust my tie and clear my throat. Then she looks up and over at me. Her deep brown eyes are so much more than brown. They look like whiskey with honey mixed in. I could get lost in her eyes.

“You don’t mind if I sit here, do you?” she asks. I blink, realizing that I’m still staring at her. Say something before you regret it, I tell myself.

Every fiber of my being wants to meet this women. I want to own her and that’s an entirely new feeling for me.

THREE

## ANA



He is sexy as hell, but he looks a bit out of place in his suit. Kind of like you would imagine a roast stuffed into a hotdog bun. But god does he make it look good. Did I mention he smells delicious? I mean like a clean-shaven, full-grown man with a hint of musk and wood. Yeah. He smells like a good time. Must be why I am sitting here drooling over him like an idiot.

“You don’t mind if I sit here, do you?” I ask.

“Go ahead.” His voice is like Zeus. It booms right through me straight into my clit. I swear when he walked into the station, head high and his thick thighs, strutting to the counter like he owned it, I almost came right then. “Gorgeous, did you hear me?” Holy shit Ana, snap out of it. He is talking to you. I see his hand pointed at the chair. He moves over a bit even though I would rather be plastered to him. He has to unbutton his jacket in order to get comfortable, and sticks out his hand. “I am Ticiano Valladares.” It takes me a second to shake it.

“I’m Ana. Ana Esposito.” I look into his eyes, but I see no recognition that he knows who I am.

“It is an extreme pleasure to meet you, Ana. Extreme pleasure.” What an accurately interesting description since all I can think of is riding his face doing 69 while he chokes me on his cock. Damn it, Ana, stop it. You have more things to worry about than losing your V-card. “Ana.” He says my name like hot butter on a sweet roll. Shoot. Focus.

“Uh, I’m sorry. What?” He chuckles and shakes his head.

“I asked what you are in here for?” Shame overtakes me at having to tell him what I did.

“You first. What did you do?” Maybe we will be so wrapped up in what he did, that he will forget he asked me.

“I did nothing. I am applying for a liquor license for a new club I am opening up.” Then a lightbulb goes off.

“Oh wait. Are you talking about club V? The new one on Ocean Drive?”

“Yes. That is the one.” It looks swanky from the street. I remember driving past it thinking whoever owns it must be loaded. Guess I was right. Evidenced by the too small Givenchy suit.

“That’s cool. When will it be ready to open?”

“Two weeks. If they stop giving me bullshit about the liquor zoning.” Sounds like them. “Now, back to my question. Why are you here?” Damn. Almost. Oh well. Fantasy over.

“Breaking and entering,” I say it real fast, like he won’t hear it. His eyes get huge and then I see disbelief. That quickly turns my infatuation into irritation.

“You have got to be shitting me. Right? You, breaking and entering?”

“Yes. I broke into the house of someone who might have valuable information,” I mutter the final part. “I just misjudged his security.” My face heats up admitting that out loud.

“Valladares.” I hear his name called and he looks at me before getting up.

“I will be seeing you, Ana.” He says it so resolutely and bossy that it makes me feel bratty enough to respond.

“Not if I don’t want you too.” He throws his head back in laughter before walking over to the desk. Damn it. Why is his laugh so damn sexy? I definitely need to stay away from him.

FOUR

## TICIANO



For the better part of an hour after leaving the police station, I wonder over where I've heard her name before then it hits me. She's a part of the DeSantis Crime Family. Around here, they are spoken about in hushed, revered tones, but they are talked about none the less. Every ranking man in that family was killed four, almost five months ago. It freaked everybody out, thinking we could be next, but nothing ever happened. Everything went back to business as usual, except now, the DeSantis were being run by a woman, the daughter of the fallen Don. No one expected them to rise up from the ashes, well on their way to being stronger than their fathers, but they did. Had anyone thought it, I doubt their rivals would have left anyone alive.

As I've been thinking Ana, my God, just the sound of her name in my fucking head, has me rock hard. Worse than a fucking teenager. Thinking about her has proven to be a fool thing to do. After I got the license finally signed, I turned back to talk to her again, but she was gone. Pissed and flustered, I left the station, but she never left my mind for a single second.

After wondering for far too long if she's going to prison, I call my buddy, Frank, a detective, who tells me that she was cleared of any wrongdoing. Thank fuck. She's a lucky girl.

It doesn't take me long to figure out what she does within her organization. The soft opening to V is tonight, and I've got a lot to do, but for the first time ever a woman outweighs everything else in my life. I find her down the street from my club at their strip club DS. I get in, ignoring the strippers, they



do nothing for me, and sit in the darkest corner I can find. I light up when she rushes inside. I can't really believe how much I'm affected by just seeing her.

There seems to be some kind of issue at the club, which I understand all too well, and she cloisters herself in the back.

A few minutes later, a different woman comes back out, looking pissed. I watch her as she goes behind the bar and tosses back a shot of whiskey. Even from here, over the music, I can hear her bitching to the bartender about children running the show and I know she's talking about my girl, and it pisses me off.

Twenty minutes later, she rushes out of the building with a girl in tow. I take my leave because there is no reason for me to be here with her gone.

I have to pick up my suit for tonight, so I head over there and then back to the club to handle some last-minute details.

"T, you got a sec?" Gordo, my right hand, says as soon as I walk into the club. The booths and tables are being set up and the rest of the room is being steam cleaned.

"There better not be a fucking problem, G."

"Of course there is. The beer and alcohol distributor says they didn't get the certified copy of the liquor license." Being in the city limits, this vendor requires that, I don't know why, but I'm sure it protects them from liability or some such shit.

"I overnighted it yesterday. They should have it or if they don't they soon will. Give me the phone." I take the phone from him. "Hello. Who am I speaking to?"

"Candy."

"Hey Candy," I begin, turning on the charm. "Can you help me out? I know you'll have the document, but we need that truck to open tonight. Is there anything you can do?"

"Get me a spot on your VIP list tonight, and I'll make it happen," she says, confidently. Of course. Everybody wants to be seen partying. Club V will be hotspot because of its eighteen and up, no cover charge policy.

“Done. Ms. Candy...?” I trail off, needing her last name.

“Maguire.”

“Maguire. You’re on the list,” I tell her. “See Jocko at the door, he’ll set you up.”

“Thanks. And you can expect that delivery within in the hour.”

“Excellent. Thanks, Candy.”

“You’re welcome. See you later, sugar,” she practically purrs into the phone. She won’t be seeing me, but I’m sure she’ll find someone. I have found Miami to be a city of intrigue and sex, though it’s not advertised like that. Before I was exiled here, I thought Miami was two things only: a city full of retired New Yorkers and a boring beach town famous for its reckless housewives, football, and white bikinis on the beach. I was glad to find out that I was wrong about that. Big time wrong.

“Add Candy Maguire to the VIP list,” I say, tossing his phone back to him. He catches it deftly. “Make her feel special,” I tell him.

“Will do, Boss.”

After I get through tonight, I am going to set my sights on Ana fully.

She’s mine, no matter what I have to do to make that happen.

I’d

FIVE

## ANA



My daydream is a wonderful place to be right now. I am transported to another time. One where I am not a mafia princess, and I can be with a man like Ticiano. What! Be with him? What the hell has gotten into me? He did. I am so stuck in this place in my mind that I don't realize anyone has walked in until I hear a disappointed voice. "Are you fucking kidding me, Ana?" Shit. I assumed it would be Aurora coming to get me, but to my detriment, it is Giulia. The big boss. Well hell. Her eyes are shooting daggers at me right now. If I wasn't already feeling like shit for getting caught, her gaze would be the death of me. "Are you going to say anything?" Finally I look up and her face guts me. It is not anger. It is disappointment which is worse. "What were you thinking, Ana?" I have a feeling that is going to be the overwhelming theme for a minute.

"I was just trying to get intel."

"That is a good plan. There is one flaw." She doesn't say anything waiting on me to look at her. As soon as I look up she crosses her arms. "You did it without an order and alone. Obviously your recon was lacking, and you needed a lookout. This is why we do nothing alone and only with authorization." I am biting the inside of my jaw to keep from saying something to her that could get me benched. Permanently. Like telling her maybe if they finally gave me something to do, I wouldn't be trying to find it on my own.

So, instead, I grin and bear it. I have been given my walking papers which tell me no charges have been pressed.

Not surprised. “Is there anything else?” I ask before getting into my car.

“Yes. Stay out of trouble. I am here on business to talk to Dario. I don’t fucking have time to clean up your shit, Ana. I know you are one of the youngest and the most inexperienced of us, but this organization runs the way it does for a reason. None of us get to be rogues, or solo vigilantes, Ana. We will only destroy our enemies and be better than our fathers, if we work together and live by the code. Do you understand?” Damn. Now I feel even more like shit because she is right. Instead of trying to prove who I am, I need to be working for the organization as a team member.

“I do. I’m sorry, Boss.” She nods and hesitates before speaking once again.

“I know you have to be restless. We kept you on ice due to your age and now we are trying to ease you in. The last few months have been intense. You have seen your fair share of violence with everything that happened with Aurora and the others. But, we know we have to finally give you an assignment. But shit like this is not working in your favor. Plan, Ana. Really look at from all angles and then have a backup plan for that plan, and other than recon, for fucks sake, don’t do anything alone.”

“Yes, Boss.” She nods and walks away. Feeling as low as can be, I get in my car, only to have my alarm on my phone goes off. Looking at it, I see it is collection day. “Fuck.” On the 15th of every month I move around to all the clubs we own and collect our portion of the pay, check on the books, making sure everything looks good, and check on the girls. See if any men have been added to the banned list, if any of them need anything and make sure we are up to code.

Looking around, I realize I am minutes from out downtown club, Club DS. “Might as well start there.” I grumble to myself. My phone rings seconds later and I groan seeing it is Aurora. “Boss,” I say answering the phone trying not to sound annoyed.

“Just wanted to make sure you were in one piece. She didn’t tear you up too bad did she?”

“Nah. It was no more than I deserve.” I say being honest.

“True. I just wanted to make sure you were ok.”

“I’m good. Ego took a beating but it’s all good.”

“Great. I heard there was commotion at Club DS. Are you headed over there?”

“Commotion? What happened? I have no messages from Stella.”

“No, she called me. She knew about your situation.” So now my own fucking employees are going to be questioning my authority. Like she can read my mind, she says, “No worries. She knows this is still your domain. Hence the reason I am not there.”

“Yeah. I’m about a minute out. Give me the clips.”

“Bachelor party got rowdy. Bouncers bounced them, but not before he backhanded one of the girls who didn’t want to go into the private room with him.” Son of a bitch. I hate douche nozzles like that. I wish I was there. He’d been walking out minus an appendage.

“Did she see the doc?”

“Yeah. They are waiting for you.”

“I’m parking.” Hanging up, I haul ass inside and go straight for my office. As I enter I see it is Gina. She is one of the new girls. So fucking sweet and with a four-year-old to boot. I keeping wanting to ask how is it she is nineteen with a child that young, but in this life, I know oh too well how that happens. I am younger than her by a year, but whenever I’m with her, I feel like the oldest. I can tell life has kicked her ass, but somehow she has remained unjaded and innocent which in this life is dangerous. “Gina,” I call her name and she breaks out crying. I wrap my arms around her. I am so fucking pissed I could spit nails right now. “Where is he?” I ask Stella who is filling out the police report.

“He got bounced prematurely, thanks to the new guy, but I have his ID.” She holds it up with a smirk on her face.

“Good job.” Turning back to Gina, I grab her a tissue.

“Listen, we will take care of it. You take a few days off.” She starts trying to argue with me. “Paid, Gina. When our girls get hurt on the job, we give them paid time off. Take it and take care of yourself. You have that little girl to look after.” She nods and wipes her nose before walking out. As soon as she is gone, I scan his photo with my phone and send it to Rocco with a message and picture of Gina’s face. *Make it hurt and keep him awake for it.* He sends me back a message almost immediately. No fucking promises. I feel sorry for him. Rocco does not play when it comes to men hurting women. Aurora lucked out with him.

“Have you heard about the new club down the block?” Stella asks, sitting on the corner of my desk like it belongs to her. If I was into girls it might be cute, but if she doesn’t move her ass in two seconds, Gina won’t be the only one with a shiner.

“Get off my fucking desk, Stella, and yes. I have heard about it.” Just mentioning the club makes Ticiano drop into my mind and now, I am fighting to stop my nipples from showing through my shirt.

“I wonder who owns it. The name is so sexy. Club V. I wonder what the V stands for?” Valladares. “Me and a couple of the girls were thinking of going to the soft opening tonight.” Tonight? No wonder he was so anxious about the liquor license. The bitch in me is getting riled up. Pissed at the thought of one of them meeting him and hitting it off like I did.

“Why don’t you focus on this place. Like how did it get so out of hand before it was handled? Her lips pinch together, and she huffs before storming out of my office. “Thank fuck,” is my only thought when she leaves. Her voice is like a screeching owl.

I spend the next three hours going to all of our clubs, we own five, doing my job. By the time I am done, it is eight at

night and I am nowhere ready to go home. Alone. Alone. Like always. I mean I have Bulldozer, my Blue Pit. My baby. He is always happy to see me and to snuggle with me, but it is not the same.

With an idea forming in my mind, I go home, hug and kiss my baby, make sure he is fed and walk into my closet. It never feels the same when I walk into this massive house. My childhood home that was left to me as my father's only child. The home he and my mom, loved me in, took care of me and left me in.

Showered, hair pinned up, and makeup on, I pull my leather, mini dress from the closet, grab my lace thong, and my cup less bra because hey, a girl never can be too prepared. Put on my red bottoms, strap my gun to the inside of my thigh and grab my clutch.

The entire drive I am doubting myself. Telling myself to turn around and go home. I mean there is no way, a gorgeous, older man like that is single and interested in me. Not really. Right? I certainly felt the chemistry and unless I am crazy, he was flirting with me. But, it could also be that the moment he walked into the office, I was drugged. Solely focused on his tall, muscular physique and how much my lady bits wanted to leak all over his face.

Pulling up, I see dozens of cars in the lot, valet taking tickets. "Some soft open." I whisper to myself as I wait in this massive line for valet. The wait is almost long enough to make me turn and change my mind but then it is my turn. "Keys, Miss." The boy holds his hand out. I wait a moment, not sure I want to hand him the keys, but their cars honking make up my mind for me. Smiling, I put them in his hand and walk the red velvet carpet in front of the club.

Hell, they might not let me in since I am only eighteen, but it is certainly worth a try. The bouncer, looks me up and down before holding out his hand. "ID," he says in an accent I cannot place. I pull it from my clutch and hand it to him. I am waiting for him to tell me to get lost. Stop me from making a fool of myself, but instead, he grabs my wrist, places some sort of stamp on it and opens the rope for me to enter. Once I



am inside the ultraviolet light shows me it says, 'under 21' on it. Smart. Seems this club can be occupied by anyone eighteen and up, but they mark everyone. Very smart.

As soon as I am inside, I feel adrenaline roll through me. Fuck yes. This is what I needed. Ticiano or no Ticiano, I needed this. Arms in the arm, clutch firmly in my hand, I move right to the dance floor. Sam Smith's new jam *Unholy* is playing and nothing in me right now feels biblical. I swear if I didn't know any better I'd swear someone was watching me. Not like the people here. No, I feel like someone is behind the cameras watching my every move. Letting my imagination run away with me, I picture it is him, eyes trained my hips as I swivel my hips and let my dress lift up a little further. I hold my head back and move slowly, letting the words flow over me.

I am lost in my head, feeling the rhythm and forgetting everything over the last few hours. Right as *Vegas* by Doja Cat comes on, I feel a real set of arms encircle my waist. Pissed that someone is interrupting my daze, I turn to see a moron grinning like he just gave me the secret to ecstasy. I stop moving to curse him the fuck out, but then like I conjured him, the very man is behind the douchebag, gripping his shoulder.

"Move now while you can," he growls loud enough for me to hear him over the music. My pussy begins to pulse Intune with the music, looking at his sultry eyes, glance at me up and down, nostrils flaring, before turning back to the little boy. "Run."

Oh shit. I want to do anything but.

SIX

## TICIANO



Seeing her in my club does things to me. When that dead motherfucker touched her, I lost it. The song is still bumping, so I pull her into my arms and dance with her. She doesn't move for a second or two, but then she's grinding on me. Dry humping might be more accurate, but I don't care. I fucking want this girl. The song ends and another starts up, suddenly the lights come up and the music cuts out. It's last call. I don't know how I lost track of time, but the night is over.

“Do you want to get out of here?” I ask, pulling back from her to stare at her face. She's flushed and little sweaty, but she looks amazing.

“No,” she says, making like she's walking away from me. I laugh, grab her hand, and pull her back to me.

“You don't want to go back to my place and let me worship you?” I ask again.

“Well, when you put it like that, how can I possibly refuse?”

“Are you drunk?” I ask, needing that extra bit of consent.

“No, are you?” she asks, sassily. Then she bits her bottom lip and I'm done. I lower my head down to hers and kiss her. When she kisses me back, it's on. My hands dig into her hair, and her hands grab onto my waist.

When she ends the kiss, I reel. Grabbing her hand, I drag her out of the club and right out into my waiting car. I break every traffic law as I speed toward my place. A high-rise

condo downtown. In the elevator, I can't keep my hands off of her as we ride it up to the top floor.

I fumble with my keys as she bites on my earlobe. Fuck. Why does that feel so good?

Inside, it's on. She's pressed against the locked door so fucking fast. "You are so fucking beautiful," I growl, running my fingers down both of her cheeks. Grabbing her neck, I pull her closer to me. My hard cock digs into her belly. There's no way she doesn't feel it.

"Ano?" she breathes. Huh, Ano and Ana, I don't hate the sound of that.

"Ana?" I whisper intensely, our foreheads touching. We stare at each other for mere seconds before I spur into action. I want this girl more than I want my next fucking breath. If I don't have her, I have no doubt that my heart will stop beating.

With my hand still on her neck, I kiss her again. It's more intense than any other we've shared so far. Reaching behind her, I pull her the zipper of her dress down, letting it pool at her feet. Her gorgeous tits are free, and I can't help reaching out and touching them. Hefting them in my hands as I tease her nipples. I lower my head down and suck her nipple into my mouth. I torture the tip until it's a tight peak before moving over to the other one and giving it the same care.

"Oh, God," she moans, her hands in my hair. Fisting it. Fuck it. I have to taste her. I drop to my knees in front of her. Slowly, I drag her little black thong down her legs. She steps out of her heels and the panties, leaving her blessedly naked.

"God's not here right now, Ana," I growl before burying my face in her cunt and eating her out like there is no tomorrow. Fuck, maybe there isn't. She tastes like apricots, and I can't enough of it. Above me, there's a loud thud as she throws her head back, hitting the door.

"Don't stop," she demands, pushing my head further into her snatch. I could die right now a happy man.

Standing, I kiss her before dragging her to my bed. She lies down in the center of it and spreads her thighs open. Her pink

pussy glistens. She's so fucking wet.

Show me how you get yourself off," I demand. She moves her hand to her tits, cupping them, before pulling on her nipples. Then she shocks the hell out of me by putting two fingers into her mouth and sucking on them. The look in her eyes while she does is enough to make me have to sit down on the edge of the bed. Then she pulls her fingers from her mouth and rubs her clit with them. She pushes gently into her cunt, and I stop breathing. I move over her and still her hand. I grab my cock and run it through her wet folds before stopping at her pussy hole.

"Oh shit," she whispers before I lean down and kiss her.

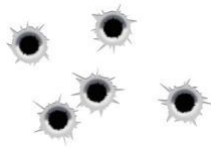
"Fuck," I growls as I slam into her, breaking her sweet cherry. "Fuck, Ana. I didn't know." I kiss her over and over again, not moving.

"How could you?" She begins to move under me, and that makes me want to fuck her hard and fast, but I also want this to last, is u fuck her slowly.

"This is the only cock you'll ever know, Ana. Do you understand me?" I ask, unsure how I got so lucky.

Over and over, I fuck her, well into the next day. And the next.

Holy shit, this is what Heaven must be like.



## FOUR DAYS LATER

After I let her come up for air, she leaves. She has shit to do and so do I honestly. I have never been one to shirk my responsibilities in favor of pussy but there is a first time for everything.

Shockingly, I still feel like I've just come off of the biggest bender of my life. I still feel drunk from her kisses and the taste of her sweet pussy juice. It's insane. Just thinking about it now has me on the verge of coming. My cock has been hard since I woke up this morning and she wasn't in my bed anymore. I'm going to have to do something about that. I get up and shower for the day, before calling our tech guru, Levi. He helped me install a GPS tracker on her car, which was still at the club. She Ubered over this morning to pick it up, but I had him do it yesterday. He also helped me scope out her social media accounts which are seriously nothing but *I Love Lucy* memes. Seriously? How fucking adorable is she?

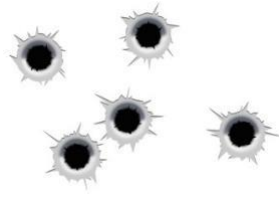
I've been monitoring her for a few days, popping up now and then when she least expected it. The purely non-sexual meetings were just as amazing as being balls deep inside of her. She has a quick wit and charm that I don't think she shares when anyone else. When my phone goes off. She's been at club DS for two hours but now she's on the move again. She keeps driving one way, then turning around. She's zigzagging all over the city and I don't know why.

Grabbing my keys, I decide to follow her.

This should be interesting.

# SEVEN

ANA





## ONE WEEK LATER

Am I really going to do this again? I have been asking myself that for the last thirty minutes. On the ride over I was telling myself to turn around, reminding myself of what happened last time I went in rogue and how that ended up. Yet, here I am again. Different house. Different person, but same dumb idea. The difference is, this time, I have spent the week in still steamy but no sex meetups with Ticiano, staking out the place of Artyom Popov, going over floor plans. I even got someone on the inside of his security company give me the lowdown on his system. I am more than prepared this time.

Exactly seven days ago, Artyom walked into DS with some of his guys, paid for the entire V.I.P lounge and ordered all of our girls into his lounge. He and his guys were on their best behavior. No one tried anything which is the only reason he is still alive. But, he knew we would know. This was his way of testing us. To see if we were reckless or calculated.

His mistake was thinking because he was speaking in Russian, his words would be unheard and unheard known. He was wrong. Gina was working that night and heard everything he said. When she called me, to tell me, I was grateful of course, but also shocked as hell. When I asked her how she knew, she mumbled something about another life and hung up. Needless to say, Aurora has Rocco checking into her. I know in my gut she is not a plant, and she needs protection, but in this life, no one is a friend until they are.

Anyway, what she told me was he said something about Romeo still might be in the area but being kept in a safehouse the Popov's have that are off the grid. He said that the plan is to kidnap someone, someone he didn't name and strike a deal. All of that is par for the course. But, the thing that piqued my interest was what he said about Giulia. Seems someone in his crew is compromised. Not in a betrayal sort of way, but, their own blood is rallying against them. I could surmise it has

something to do with her brother-in-law Jakub. I want to go to her with this information, but I need more.

Which is why I am here, once again going rogue, about to get myself in trouble. Pulling up my black hoodie, I get out of the car and reach into the back and a hand covers my mouth. “Don’t scream, baby. It’s me.” Ticiano’s woodsy scent fills my nose. Relaxing a bit, I lick his finger, never able to resist a second to torment him. He hisses in my ear and whispers. “Be careful, little girl. I have been patient trying to give you a chance to find your footing, but now, you putting yourself in danger has changed the clock. You are out of time. So if I were you, if you don’t want to be fucked on your targets lawn, I would stop, teasing a woke beast. Got it.” Holy fuck. My thighs are squeezing together so hard my clit is practically bulging between my legs. “Nod your head.” I nod, whimpering behind his hand like a horny teenager. Ha. I am. “Good girl.” he removes his hand. Turning me, he kisses my lips like he has done a million times over the last week. “Tell me, baby. Why are you here alone?” Like a brat I shrug my shoulders, barely containing my petulance and wanting to stick my tongue out at him.

“I got a tip and wanted to move on it.” He crosses his arms and stands with his legs shoulder width apart.

“Try again, my beauty. Why are you here alone?” Damn it. I hate that he knows me already.

“I wanted to do something, right for once. Something without someone looking over my shoulder. Plus, the bastard came into one of my clubs and flaunted his brass like he was untouchable. That shit grated me.”

“I know it did my fierce little kitten. Tell me what you have planned.” Biting my lip I look at him and I decide to trust him. Hell, his mouth has been all over my body including between my legs. A little too late for doubt. Right?

“All I want to do is put listening software on his phone and a backdoor trojan on his computer.” he chuckles and shakes his head.

“Is that all?” He says, grabbing my blackout kit from the trunk. I watch his strong iron arms flex and my mind completely blanks. “Baby.” I blink and look at him.

“Huh.” Smooth, Ana.

“So fucking cute. Let’s go.” In all black, we creep our way to the back of the house. I pull out the little device my friend Coppo gave me. He told me to stand in the back of the house next to the fuse box and flick the switch. It will blackout the entire grid for ten minutes which is just how long I need to upload the bug.

I flip the switch and wait the five minutes to make sure no one is home. When no one attempts to come outside and check the breaker, I know we are in the clear. “Alright let’s go.”

Side by side we enter the house. “Baby go that way. I will take upstairs,” he instructs me. When he pulls his gun from his belt, I damn near faint. Holy hell! I thought he was sexy before. Holding a piece of steel, he looks like a fucking mercenary. My feet literally won’t move, and neither will my eyes until he is out of my sight.

Taking a right around the corner, I find his study which has his laptop in it. Opening it, I plug in the code breaker and wait for it to find his password. Should have known. *Perestroika*. It’s actually clever since in simple terms it means restructuring and this dipshit thinks that is what they will be doing when they get rid of us. It’s laughable. That is the problem with these particular Russians. They lack imagination. They can’t see past their goal to all the intricacies of life and an organization such as ours. We are growing quickly and with allies expanding so far and wide, we will be unstoppable in a year.

I plug in the trojan and wait. Ticiano comes down the stairs. “I found his security system and his phone. I placed one behind his headboard as well.” Well shit. I didn’t even think of that. I hear the beep telling me everything is downloaded. We gather all our shit and walk out how we came. “We make a good team, baby. But in the future, you do some shit like this again without telling me and I will spank the shit out of you.

And not the fun kind,” he says, before kissing me. His tongue slides into my mouth and I forget where the hell I am. The warmth of his body and his mouth on mine is like coming home every damn time.

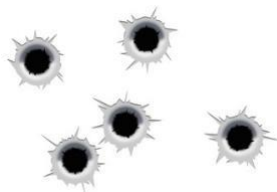
I lose myself. My mind. My location. My heart. He has way more control over me than I like, but it is potent, real and addictive. “Ano.” I found a nickname for him a few days ago and he seems to like it. Gripping my ass he pulls me further into him before pulling back.

“Take your sexy ass home. I will follow you.” I swallow, pretty sure I know what he is telling me. “Yes, my little kitten. Time is up. That pussy is mine.”

God I’ve missed him.

EIGHT

## TICIANO



My little fucking cat burglar is in for it. It's been more than week since I was inside of her, and that shit can't happen again. I follow her to her little house in the burbs and park behind her. She doesn't immediately get out of the car, so I pull her door open.

“Let's go, baby. My cock is hard.”

“That's a good thing, because my pussy is wet and willing,” she says climbing out of the car. She gets the door to her house open and before it even closes all the way, I am on her.

“How they fuck are you gorgeous. Like every fucking time I see you, you look hotter.”

“I don't know but I could say the same thing about you,” she says, pulling her knee-high black boots off and tossing them on the floor. Her tight black pants are next to go and she's not wearing any panties. Fuck. Her shirt and bra are gone next, and she stands in front of me naked.

“You were a very bad girl today,  
Ana.” “You gonna spank me?” “You  
want to be spanked?”

“If you're the one touching me, I want to be touched in every way.” I start to remove my holster and she moans a little.

“What?” I haven't even touched her yet.

“Your gun. You looked so hot holding it early.”

“This gun?” I ask, pulling it out of my holster and flipping the safety on.

“Yeah,” she says nodding. I’m going to Hell, but I step closer to her with it. My finger is not on the trigger, I’d never hurt her, but if she wants to play, I’ll play.

“Tell me what you feel?” I ask, dragging the gun over her tits.

“Cool metal on my heated flesh.”

“And?”

“It feels good.”

“I bet it does,” I groan. My cock is hard as hell, and I just want to sink into her.

“Ano?”

“Yes?”

“Make me.”

“Make you what?”

“Come. Make me come.”

“Fuck yeah,” I growl, setting my gun on her dining room table. I strip and stalk toward her.

“Get on your knees.” She does so immediately. Fuck. That’s hot.

She reaches for my cock and strokes it before wrapping her lips around it. Fuck, it feels amazing, not as great as her pussy, but amazing, nonetheless.

I don’t want to come like this so after a while, I pull out of her mouth and lift her up, carrying her to the kitchen counter. She rests back on her elbows and lifts her legs toward her chest. I lower my head and lick her slit under and down slowly. Several times until she’s moaning. Moving back to full height, I grip my cock and slam into her. Her scream is one of pleasure. I fuck her then pick her up again, cock still inside of her. We move over every surface in the kitchen, pots and pans

falling to the floor with a loud clatter. Down the hallway, I shove her against the wall and pictures falls down around us. Each thrust of my cock is punctuated by an object hitting the floor. Over and over, I slam into her. Owning her as I slowly make my way to her bed. On her bed, I fuck her so hard the bed frame breaks. Not even that stops up. It's just helps me take her at a deeper angle. Fuck. Her nails dig into me as she holds on for dear life. Her heels dig into my ass as pound the fuck out of her.

Again, I lose track of time and the room darkens. I'm still fucking her. I can't stop. The obsession level is outrageous. I have no idea how many times she's come. I finally come hard and long, and then pull out of her. Her legs drop to the bed and she's grinning.

“Wow,” she groans.

“Are you alright?” I ask, concerned I've hurt her.

“Oh, yeah. When can do that again?”

“I need a minute,” I say laughing. I lie down on the bed beside her, and she turns and snuggles into my chest.

Later, we walk out of the bedroom searching for food, and stare in disbelief. The whole house looks like a bomb went off. Broken glass litters the floor everywhere. Pictures, drinking glasses, and plates are smashed.

“We made quite the mess,” she says, giggling.

“We sure did.”

“Juice?” she asks, gingerly stepping over a broken something and going over to the refrigerator. She picks out the carton of juice and drinks straight from it.

Who would have thought that was so hot?



# NINE

ANA



Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. I think as I stretch my arms over my head. Holy cow. Who knew you worked so many muscles having sex? Especially that kind of sex. Hell the rest of my body hurts worse than my pussy at this point. Turning my head, I smile looking at his slumbering face. He's fucking gorgeous when he sleeps too. It's not fair. Glancing at the clock on the table beside him, I say a silent curse. I am going to be late for the weekly meeting. I definitely slept most of the day away.

Trying to not wake him up, I roll over slowly, leg set to touch the ground when over two hundred pounds of weight settle on my back. I swear I am suffocating. My instinct is to fight back, buck against this thing suppressing me, but my body knows who it is, and my heart knows he would never hurt me. Much. "Are you trying to sneak out on me, kitten?" His raspy, not fully awakened voice asks. His warm hot breath leaves goosebumps on my skin. I moan, eyes rolling to the back of my head when his huge hands wraps around my throat, and he squeezes slightly.

“I didn’t want to wake you. I...” He growls, not liking my answer.

“Always fucking wake me, baby. I prefer it with your mouth on my cock, but we will get there. I never want to fall asleep with you in my arms and wake with you gone. That will be the fastest way to drive me to insanity. Do you understand?” Oh God. I can feel the gush of moisture between my legs with every word. Should I be questioning why his

bossiness makes me hot and achy? Should I ask one of the girls if something is wrong with me? “Answer me, baby girl.”

“Y-yes. I understand.” That came out way to easy. “Ano!” I shout when his cock slides into my pussy from behind. I am still laying down so the fit is tight and since I can’t move, I have to take it.

“Fuck baby. You are so fucking tight this way. Can you feel how hard you make me? Knowing you can’t move unless I allow you too. Can you see what your submission, even now, does to me?” Is that what I am doing? Am I submitting to him? “You like that huh, baby? Your pussy just released an avalanche when I said that.”

“I don’t know,” I tell him the truth though I am trying to push back against him, force him into me harder and deeper.

“I know, kitten. It doesn’t mean you’re weak, baby. To have endured all you have, you are so fucking strong baby. It is only natural for you to have somewhere for yourself where you can be vulnerable and spoiled and not have to make decisions. That is what I aim to be for you, my love. The one you can be yourself with.” I can’t find the words right now without crying like a moron. So, instead, I turn my head, look him in the eyes and kiss him.

He moves slowly, dragging his cock against my walls, in and out. His precum mixing with my desire. Between his tongue, his hands on my throat and the feeling of being mashed into the bed, at his mercy, my pussy begins to clench, and I whimper into his mouth. “This is just to get me through the day, baby. I know you have your meeting this morning. Rub that clit against the sheet baby. Get yourself off so I can let go inside of you.” I am a fucking hussy. The minute he gives me permission my mind blanks and I am grunting, panting, sliding myself against the fabric looking for friction.

“Ano please.” I am begging him to take me where I need to go. I don’t think I can get there without him. It’s been not a full day and he has me trained. Or maybe it is just that my body recognizes it soulmate? Wait. Soulmate? No. Now I sound like a dreamy teenager. Soulmates aren’t real? Right?

“Yes baby. Our souls knew the minute we looked at one another. Now come kitten.”

“ANO!” I come squeezing my spasming walls around his cock. The life is being drained from me right now, but somehow I feel reborn. He roars in my ear, and I feel his scalding release filling me up and leaking out of me. The harder he comes the harder he squeezes my neck. I feel another release coming, possibly from the pressure of losing oxygen. I should be alarmed, but I feel euphoric. I scream another release, my throat burning from the combination. My arms are flailing, fighting for control, but he gives me none and I fucking love it.

“God damn it,” he shouts in my ear. “I knew you would be perfect for me. See how much more pleasure you experience when you give yourself to me. When you trust me and don’t fight me?” Drowsy and frankly a little high, I nod my head lazily and sag against the bed. He rolls off of me and drags me across his chest. His hands trace my throat back and forth. I am positive his handprint is there. Prominent. Showing his ownership. I feel myself drifting, comfortable and feeling safe for the first time since my father died, and then my phone rings. I groan into his chest, cursing the damn thing. “Ana’s phone.” My head shoots up. I am looking at him in disbelief. Did he just... His face shows amusement and a dare. He is daring me to question his audacity and oh do I want to, but right now, more than anything, I want my phone. Aurora is not going to be happy with someone answering my phone. “Sure. You can speak to her.” He hands it to me like he is giving me permission to speak and for the first time I am questioning myself.

“Boss,” I say extricating myself from his embrace, pissed as fuck.

“You’re late,” She says, hanging up. Damn it. I take a deep breath and turn to him.

“What the hell were you thinking answering my phone? This is my fucking life, Ticiano. My business. My organization. What we do and don’t do in here, does not give you carte blanche to interfere in my life outside of here. Do

you understand?” As I saying it to him, I am feeling his seed drip between my thighs as I frantically get dressed. I am now more than pissed I don't have time to shower and wash this off.

“You look fucking irresistible with me sliding down your legs, kitten. I want to bow at your feet and lap it up before sliding my tongue between those soft petals and making you purr for me.” My mouth moves up and down. I am staring at him like he is crazy. What's crazy is that my body is shuddering because I can really feel all he is saying. “He slinks off the bed and stands in front of me. His face becomes serious for a second. “I am sorry, baby. I was not trying to disrespect you or the family. You were resting and I didn't want you to move from me. You are right to be angry, kitten. But you are wrong if you think what happens to you out there has nothing to do with me. EVERYTHING, about you is my problem.” He doesn't wait for a response. He kisses me, hell, he fucking sucks my lips into his mouth in a bruising all-consuming kiss, biting and licking. I forget for a second I have to leave, until he pulls back. “Much better. Get going baby.” Damn him.

I am thirty minutes late for the meeting and you know it when I walk in. Everyone is staring at me, and Aurora is shooting knives my way. “Train your toy to mind their business, Ana.”

“He's not my toy,” I reply before I can stop myself. Mira's eyebrows raise at my quick response, but one says anything.

“Oh. Then what is he?”

“He's just mine.” As soon as the words leave my mouth I feel them in my gut. He is. He belongs to me as much as I belong to him. I hold my head and look her in her eyes. “I mean no disrespect. I already let him in no uncertain terms that he can't overstep like that. He... he was just looking out for me. He won't be an issue. His family is in the life.” Maybe that will make her feel better.

“Anyone I would know?” Shit. Didn't think this part through.

“He’s a Valladares?” Caterina asks, looking like she just woke up as well.

“Yes. First cousin. He owns the new club downtown.”

“Well shit. Congratulations, Ana. The Valladares Family is a notorious Cuban enterprise. Giulia has been working with them for months.” I had no idea. She nods and then the meeting presumes.

An hour later and we are coming to end. “For the final piece of business. Ana, you get your first solo assignment.”

“I’m listening.”

“Artyom Popov. I heard what happened in the club. We needs eyes and ears in his place. But, we also need you to look for any files he has on us. Can you handle it?” This is almost too good to be true. I am never going to tell them I already did this. So, I lie.

“I got it. If I run into any trouble, I will let you know.”

The meeting is adjourned, and I am fucking lit. I can’t wait to get home and see what we have learned. Never mind the fact I did posthumously. It’s done. Ano’s car is not at the house which makes sense. He has a business to run.

I run into my office, trailed by Bull, who might I add took, to Ano like a pit on beef for the last week. He didn’t even bat an eye or sound a single bark as we destroyed the house last night. I rub his head while my computer boots up. “So now you remember I’m your mama, huh, traitor.” He cocks his head and looks at me in his cute blue eyes before nudging my hand to keep stroking him. Giggling I tickle his ears. “Spoiled brat.”

I ignore the recordings. Those are going to take time to go through. I move from file to file, deleting things I believe to be irrelevant, and sidelining things that could be something. So far nothing life changing. It all seems to be blackmail stuff. That is when I see it. I see my father’s name. Heart pounding and mind spinning in circles, I open the manila envelope and acid begins rolling in my stomach. I am looking at proof my father burnt down the police station. Pictures of him in the act.

There is one with the match in his hand and a gas can on the ground next to him. “Oh God, daddy. What did you do?” I move past the photos to the police report. There were ten people in the station that day according to the report. Mostly deputies, but there was one young girl, Ilina. She was 22 and pregnant. She was at station paying for a traffic ticket. She and her unborn child died. “Oh God.” Holding my stomach I lean over the garbage and release the little bit of food I had over our meeting.

He killed an innocent young girl and her baby. He’s a murderer. My father, the man who loved me more than anything in this world killed an innocent person. Two innocent persons. Did anyone pay her family? See her family? Of course not. Sitting up, I try to talk my stomach into calming itself. When I think I can handle it, I keep looking and find that her brother whose name is Jarek, is now raising her oldest child. He left that child orphaned. I don’t know how to handle this. Somehow I have to fix this. I think I’ll give it to Cat to handle.

TEN



TICIANO



## ONE WEEK LATER

“Welcome, Cousins,” I say to Eco and Benicio who came all the way down from New Jersey to see how the operation is going. We hug and then get down to business.

“How much profit are you bringing in?” Eco asks,

“It’s here, outlined in red.”

“That amount isn’t bad for just six months here,” Benny says.

“I didn’t think so,” I reply.

“And you are utilizing the port for shipments?” “Not yet. No shipments yet.”

“Are you telling me this amount is from the three clubs?”

“And the restaurant, clothing store franchise, and the cell phone repair shop.”

“Damn.”

“With nothing coming in from China, I can’t believe this profit.”

“Yeah, for the time being I am not going to worry about the port.”

“So it’s up for grabs?”

You’d have to deal with the Albanians, but I don’t see why not.”

After a quick tour of all our establishments, we stop for lunch. My phone keeps pinging. This is the most active Ana has been since I got the subcutaneous tracker implanted in her arm earlier this week. I see she’s at the mall, zooming around from store to store, maybe returning Christmas presents she didn’t like? I ignore that for now and turn my attention back to my cousins who are showing me pictures of their wives and children.

“They are adorable, guys,” I say, praying my lunch comes soon. Maybe I’m weird but kids freak me out. I have no desire to have any kids anytime soon.

“So what about you? A special lady in your life? Kids?”

“No kids, I say quickly, but I do have a girl. She’s in the DeSantis Crime Family.”

“She one of the ones who lost their father?”

“Yes. Her name is Ana, and I am bat shit crazy for her.” Eco and Benny laugh.

“That seems to be a genetic trait of the Valladares men,” Benny says, still laughing.

“You should have seen some of the shit we got up to when we we’re claiming our wives.”

“Sorry I missed it,” I say. I haven’t seen these guys, in person since we came for a visit when I was six. Words were had between my father and uncles and some of those uncles split off from the rest of us. I refer to them as *The Valladares Bandido*. The bandits. They do shit we would never do. I still don’t fully understand happened back then, and I never really bothered to ask. I don’t think my dad would have talked about it even if I had. He’s just that kind of guy.

“What’s on your agenda for the rest of the day? Pilar and Eva are shopping but we’d love it you’d join us for dinner. Bring your girl.”

“Yes. Congratulations by the way. It’s good to ally yourself with the DeSantis. We are already allies with their Donna, Giulia, in New York.

“Thank you. I am sure we’d love to. I am scoping out a potential location for a club over by the mall.”

“We’ll join you if that’s alright. We love our wives; however, we hate shopping.”

“No problem. Totally understand. Let me just get the check and we’ll be on our way.”

After paying the check, we drive over to the empty department store that would be perfect for a sex club I have in mind. It can easily be divided into rooms and event spaces. Also there is Dario Lassiter. His family rules Miami. I introduce Eco and Benny to him, but it turns out they've already met. After touring the space, I decide against it, because I don't want to go against Dario, who wants to put in a restaurant. Dario hears chatter from Click about something about to go down here. I look at phone and send a quick text to Ana to get the hell out of the mall.

We are barely out in the parking lot when shots are fired. My phone pings at the same time, showing me that Ana is within twenty feet of me, but I don't see her. I call her.

"Baby! Baby where are you?" I shout into the phone.

"I'm right here. On the corner behind the red SUV. Where are you? I can't see. Too many people running." I can tell she's starting to panic.

Fuck, there wasn't enough time to warn her properly. I should have just gone to her and sheltered her in place. Frantically, I look up and around until I spot her coming out of the mall at the next entrance. All at the same time, my gun is drawn, and the black panel van coming up the parking lane is where the shots are coming from. To my left, Benny, Eco, and Dario, along with his associate, Click are all firing on the van. Ana is firing to as is one of the two women with her. I feel a hot bullet dig into my arm, but I ignore it. I have got to get to my girl before it's too late. The van is headed straight for her.

What the fuck is going on?

ELEVEN

## ANA



“Are those guns?! Are they shooting at us? Oh God.” Gina is panicking in my ear. Dragging her to the car on the side of the curb, I am trying to see what is happening, but there is chaos everywhere. People are shouting, running, screaming.

We have been at the mall for a few hours, shopping for Gina’s new place and to get something for the little girl I now know to be her little sister. Tomorrow is Bethany’s birthday and the girls, and I are planning a party for her.

I received a text on my phone ten minutes ago to leave the mall immediately from Ano. I didn’t question it, I just grabbed Gina and Caterina and walked out. Well, we walked right into a gunfight. The problem is right now in all of the pandemonium I can’t see where our people are and theirs. “Ana do you have anything?” Caterina yells over the melee.

“No. You?” She shakes her head no. Gina, poor hand is beside me, her hands covering her ears, crying and screaming. My phone rings and I look down seeing Ano’s name.

“Baby! Baby where are you?” I can hear the echoes of what is happening, and I know he is in the thick of it.

“I’m right here. On the corner behind the red SUV. Where are you? I can’t see. Too many people running.” I am starting to panic.

“East corner. Stay right there. I am coming for you.” I turn to look in his direction and I can make out a few men. Dario, men who look like my Ano and I see Ano amongst them inching this way.

“Is he coming?” Caterina asks.

“Yes. But we need to be loaded. Is your weapon ready?” She pulls it from behind her and nods. I check mine and then look at Gina. “No matter what happens Gina, do what we tell you and..”

“Got you bitch!” I hear the accent and look up. Fuck! Two of Popov’s guys, one of them Artyom, is standing front of us. Standing up, I try to move in front of Gina, blocking her from view. “Come here, wench.” He reaches for my hair. I move, kick his knee as hard as I can. His accomplice points his weapon at me. I don’t blink when the blast rings out. Instead of me, it is his friend. Caterina yanks Gina up.

“Caterina, get her out of here.” I tell her, looking for Ano.

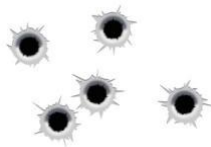
“No. You come too,” she says. Gina grabs my hand and tries to get me to leave. I can’t. Not without him.

“No, I...”

Bang.

Bang.

What the fuck? A piercing, searing pain shoots through my body. I am looking, searching for where the shots came from, not yet comprehending that the I am the one who was shot. Gina runs from Caterina back to me, and suddenly, a black van pulls up, rags over our mouths and nothing. Darkness.



Shit. Fuck that hurts. Any movement from my left side is like a damn blade being slid up and down over and over. My shirt is soaked with blood and so are my pants. What the hell? Blinking, I am trying to squint, see what is happening in front of me, but everything is too bright, and my throat is dry.

Trying a few more times, my vision finally clears a little and that is when I see her, Gina. Chained to a bed in the

corner. “Gina.” I am trying not to yell, but I need her to hear me. “Gina. Are you ok?” Her head turns and she starts sobbing.

“Ana. Ana, help me, please.” I scan her body and see her clothes are still intact thank God, but with these monsters, who knows for how long. My hands are bound by my side but in a way that I can move them and feel around. I am praying they didn’t find my knife in my thigh. “Ana. Ana please.” She continues to sob, and she is getting louder.

“Gina, I need you to calm down and be quiet. Okay. Can you do that for me?” she nods, but I know it is only a matter of time before she breaks. “Yes!” I say to myself when I feel my weapon.

“Well, look what we have here. Both of them are awake, fellas.” Stinky, fat fucks.

“Let me see.” Another man walks in, and I recognize him immediately as Romeo DeSantis. The lone surviving brother who put all of this in motion. Fucking pigs. “Yum. Young meat.” I fucking vomit in my throat. His gaze lands on Gina and urgency fills my body. I know what he is thinking. I have seen it. Grew up around it. She is too innocent for this. I keep chanting that in my head over and over. Discreetly, I am trying to get my hand into my pocket without them realizing it. “Untie the one on the bed and bring her to me.” Some fucking Romeo he is.

He walks into the other room and Artyom walks over to the bed. Gina begins to buck, crying, begging for him to stop. The other men are distracted, laughing, watching her struggle against him and I use it to my advantage. The moment he walks past me, dragging her by her hair, kicking and screaming, my hand flicks out and my knife sticks into his leg. He screams and falls to the floor, blood gushing from his flesh. “Fucking cunt cut me,” he says, trying to stop the bleeding.

“You didn’t check her pockets?” Romeo yells back at him. He looks at me, his eyes hold so much fear though he is trying to be brave. I smile and wink at him letting him know he is not

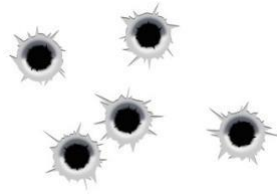


phasing me. We will see how brave you are when it is your turn,” he sneers.

“I’m not worried. Your dick is too small to do any real damage.” This pisses him off. His hand comes flying at my face and as it makes impact, I hear my jaw snap, but I refuse to flinch or cry out. Blood is dripping down my nose and I simply smile again and wink at him. This is going to be fun.

TWELVE

## TICIANO



I can feel my heart breaking into a million little pieces as that van speeds away from the scene. I have this horrible, sinking feeling that I'll never get to tell her how much I love her. How much I need her in my life. "No!" I roar my pain into the air. Running after the van would be futile so I do the only thing I can think of. I dig my phone out of my pocket and find the number that I never thought I'd have to call. Aurora DeSantis, Ana's boss.

"Are you hit, cousin?" Benny asks, coming up beside me, his hand on my shoulder. Only now do I remember that a bullet struck me. I reach for the arm. My suit jacket and shirt are torn, and my arm is bleeding, but no permanent damage is done.

"I'm fine. It's just a flesh wound, but they got my girl, Benny. My fucking girl." My whole fucking world is gone, and it pisses me off to no end. As long as whoever did this doesn't physically scan her for a tracker, they won't find it and I'll be able to find her.

"Hello?" a breathless female voice answers the line. "Stop, Rocco, please," she whispers, pissing me off even more.

"I need to speak to Aurora." My voice is harsh, but I think I have the right to be.

"Who is this?" she asks, her voice suddenly serious.

"Ticiano Valladares."

"Shit. What did she do now?" I fucking hate that this is her first reaction to me calling. Like Ana is such a fuck up that she

can't be trusted. I'd trust my girl with my life, why can't her own people give her the benefit of the doubt.

"She got kidnapped at the Miami Acres Mall after being shot at."

"How long ago?"

"Less than four minutes ago."

"We start searching for her. You didn't happen to get any of the license plate did you?"

"That won't be necessary. I've got a tracker on her." "You've got a tracker on her? How?" "I injected it into her skin."

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" she shouts into the phone.

"I'm her fucking man, that who the fuck I know I am," I shout right back. "This was a courtesy call as her boss. I'll text you the address of the location as soon as these dead motherfuckers stop driving."

With that, I end the call and click into my tracking app. I jump into my car, my cousins following me. I decide to send the live track to Aurora and take off. I speed down Biscayne Boulevard after them. I follow them to Port Boulevard and hang back. I don't want them to realize that they are being followed. There are only so many places they can go to on this road before they hit the ocean.

After about ten minutes, the tracker stops moving. A black SUV screeches up beside me and we pull up to the warehouse at the same fucking time. I take a second to change the clip on my gun and get out of the car. The van is parked out front and it's empty. Through the window, I can see the back of the van is covered in blood.

God help me if she's not alive when I get into this shithole.

THIRTEEN

## ANA



They have been so distracted trying to get medical attention for the dumbass I cut, they haven't been paying attention. Every breath I take is agony, but I won't give them the satisfaction. I am quickly losing energy though, so any move I make will need to be soon.

For what I can only surmise has been hours, Gina and I have been sitting here in silence, not giving them a reason to turn to us. I keep looking at Gina, trying to make sure she hasn't gone into shock. I can hear them mumbling but I can't hear what they are saying.

Patience is not really a virtue as you can guess, but I am being more than patient. Right before I stuck my knife into his leg, I silently cut the ropes around my wrist, but have been holding them in place so no one knows. Really, I have been praying for Aurora and our crew to come flying through the door any minute, but I have no clue how off the grid we are. At this point, I am just lucky that when he punched me, he didn't get my eye so both of them are functioning. Though I loathe to admit that it hurts like a bitch. I can feel my jaw swelling.

"Now where were we?" Romeo says, walking in slowly.

"Leave her alone you fucker. You want to tangle with a real woman. Come at me. Oh yeah I forgot, none of you are real men. You can only take down little girls." I spit at his feet, baiting him to come to me.

“You have a lot of mouth for a tied-up piece of pussy. That’s alright. I will let you watch so you see what you have coming.” he begins moving further from me and I panic.

“Scared to start with a real woman, huh Romeo. Juliet said you weren’t enough and even she was a virgin.” I know the moment I hit a nerve. His shoulders square back and he turns to me, venom seeping from his eyes. If I was not jacked full of adrenaline trying to stay alive, I would be terrified, but right now, my mind won’t let me go there.

“I see, little girl. You’re horny, huh? The man who spread you wide didn’t satisfy you? You need a monster to fu-” He’s close enough. I jump from the chair, knock him to the floor. Punching his face, I roll him in front of me and wrap the piece of the rope around his neck.

“Struggle you weak fuck. I like seeing a sorry excuse for a man squirm for me.” His legs are jerking while his hands try to pry mine apart. He begins shouting, trying too anyway. Damn it. I hear the footsteps coming down the hall. He faints. His pulse is weak, but it exists. Standing, quickly I pull Gina behind me and tell her to duck. I open the window behind us and pray this works. “Get down and don’t move. Don’t make a sound.” she nods and slides under the bed.

“How the hell did she get loose?” Some ugly fuck asks, pulling his weapon on me.

“How the fuck should I know? I was in the back with you.” the other one replies.

“I can answer that for you.” I smile taunting them. “I’m smarter than all of you ogres.” He grinds his teeth and starts looking around.

“Where is the other one?”

“I got her out.” I tell him trying to buy some time.

“Lying bitch!” He shouts. He turns to the other guy. “Send someone out to search the woods. Now!” He turns back to me. “I am going to enjoy dropping you, tiny girl.” Did he just call me tiny?

“You need a gun to do that? You call me tiny, but this tiny girl scares the shit out of you, huh? Seeing as how you are standing all the way over there pointing a gun at me and I have nothing.”

“Shut up!” he yells getting worked up.

“No,” I say, smiling, pleased I am getting to him. “Go ahead. Shoot me. I have nothing to lose. My family is gone. You saw to that. So kill me. DO IT!” I am suddenly overcome with emotion thinking about my parents and the life I had before all of this. I know saying I have nothing is wrong. So wrong. I have the girls and I have Ano. But right now, alone, facing death, I am not afraid, and I am embracing that.

“Dumb bitch.” I hear him cock his weapon and his fingers flex. I know what is coming. My last thought is that they believe I got Gina free. Never breaking eye contact, I hear the trigger being pulled and then he drops right in front of me.

“You know I am going to spank the shit out of you for saying you had nothing. Right kitten?” His voice breaks every wall I had built in the last few minutes. The minute I look up, his arms open and I attempt to run into them, but between the bleeding and the tears of fear and relief running down my face, I begin to collapse. Ano catches me, cursing as he takes in my shirt. “Fuck baby. Where are hurt?”

“My side. I think that is it,” I gasp out getting really tired. “Oh God Ano. I was so scared.” I tell him, hiccupping and sobbing.

“I know baby. I know. I am always going to come for you. She needs an ambulance. NOW!” he shouts to anyone that will listen. I look up and see Dario, the girls and Rocco’s Uncle Quanico. Oh shit. Gina. Trying to release my grip on Ano, though he doesn’t release his grip on me, I call out for Gina.

“Gina. Gina it’s okay.” Her hand slides from under the bed. “We are safe Gina. You can...” I hear a hiss behind me and then Quanico pushes past us. I watch fascinated as he holds his hand out for her, his face softening as he picks up on how afraid and timid she is.



“I won’t hurt you, Pequena. Ever.” She looks at me for reassurance and so does he. His eyebrow raises and I frown at him.

“He can’t hurt you with all of us here,” I tell her, giving him the same look back. He is out of his damn mind if he thinks I am going to encourage her to put her life in his hands. Beside me, Ano laughs because he knows exactly the exchange happening between us.

“Come to me little one. Let me make sure you are alright.” I can see a blush form across her cheeks, and I roll my eyes.

“Another one bites the dust,” I say quietly. She finally puts her hands in his and he lifts her off the floor like she weighs nothing and into his arms. Gasping, she puts her arms around his neck.

“You need to eat,” he growls before walking past us. “Please everyone move. I will be upset if you touch her, even by accident.” Well hell. Looks like Quamico is gone.

“Come on, baby. The ambulance is outside.” I squeeze his neck, not wanting to let go.

“Don’t worry kitten. I am not letting you out of my sight again.” Forever. I hope.

“I love you, Ano,” is the last thing I remember saying, before passing out. But I could hear his whispered words back.

“More than life, baby. More than life.”

FOURTEEN

TICIANO



## THREE DAYS LATER

It's been a rough few days. Ana has two broken ribs and had to have surgery to remove the bullet from her side. She's been in and out of consciousness since then and I haven't left her side except to get coffee and the bathroom. Aurora's been here too, but she hasn't quite warmed up to me. Forgive me if I don't give a flying fuck about that, though. Romeo DeSantis is dead, at my hand and I've never felt better about a kill. He was about to attack my girl and I could never let that happen.

"Ano?" I hear from a raspy voice.

"Ana?" I ask, afraid that I dreamed hearing her voice or something.

"What happened?" she asks.

"You got shot, baby."

"I'm alive?"

"Yes, thank God," I say, pulling her hand to my lips and kissing it.

"Is Gina okay?" she asks.

"Oh, yeah. Quanico has her well in hand."

"Good. I thought I saw something there."

"I'm going to get the doctor," I tell her.

"Wait. Don't leave me. I'll push the call button," she says, pressing the red button near her.

A nurse rushes in and takes her vitals before paging her surgeon. I wait while he examines the stitches and the wound itself. I have to remind myself that he's her doctor and that he's not trying to cop a feel.

"Okay, Ana. I'm Doctor Gary Bryant. I did your surgery four days ago. The wound drain was removed two days ago, and you are healing nicely. I want to continue to monitor you

for the next few days before discharging you. I'm worried about infection. I'll give you something for the pain from your rib fractures. Do you have any questions?"

"No. Thank you so much," she says.

"Alright, if you have think of anything, have a nurse page me and I'll come right down."

"Thank you, doctor," I say, shaking his hand.

The doctor leaves the room and Ana looks at me.

"How did you find me?" she asks.

"I will always find you," I reply.

"That didn't answer my question."

"Didn't it?"

"No. How did you find me?"

"I put a tracker on you."

"Where?" she asks.

"In your left arm," I reply, as nonchalantly as possible. "I thought that was a bee sting," she says laughing. "What's so funny?"

"You're so obsessed with me, you put a tracker on me." "Of course, I am. I love you."

"I love you, too." she says, seriously.

"I know you do."

"How?"

"You told me. Right before you passed out in my arms."

For the next hour, she teases me relentlessly about it until she falls asleep again. From this moment on, I need to be better about protecting my woman. I vow to myself that she will never be so vulnerable again, not as long as I'm alive.



It takes another few days for her to be well enough to go home. The morning she's due to be released, she can't keep her hands off of me and I don't want her to.

Standing, I pull her to her feet, and kiss her before dragging her over to the small couch along the far wall. I sit down and settle her on my lap. Her hospital gown is easily pushed up and her panties slid to the side. She fumbles opening my jeans and then she grinds her wet pussy over the length of my cock.

"Ride me," I growl. She lifts her body up and slowly drops herself down on my cock. I'm mindful of where I put hands due to her stitches, so I grip her thighs and hold on while she bounces up and down my dick.

"I've missed this," she moans, her head thrown back. "This monster cock owns me; you know that don't you?"

"I've missed you too, baby," I say, fighting to keep still, to let her move at her own pace, but it's the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

"So good," she cries out as her pussy clenches my cock.

"Marry me, Ana," I demand. Her head snaps forward so she can look at me. She stops bouncing and searches my face.

"What?" she asks. She must like the answer she found there because she moves again, thank God.

"Be my wife. Let's fuck shit up together," I say. She grins at me.

"Yes."

"I love you," I tell her. "So fucking much I almost died when you were taken from me."

"I love you too, Ticiano. I'll never leave your side again."

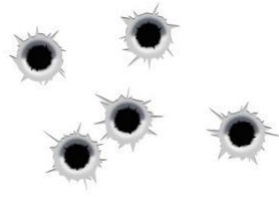
“You better not,” I reply, grabbing her chin to bring her to meet my lips.

I’ll do anything for this woman for the rest of my life and that starts right now.

# EPILOGUE



ANA



## ONE YEAR LATER

“Baby, stop playing with the corpse and let’s go.” I roll my eyes at my impatient husband. When I have been interrogating people for hours, it turns him on and then he gets impatient because he needs to go fuck. Grabbing my gun, I turn to him and stick my tongue out. “That is going to get you a spanking, kitten.” I am counting on it.

I pull the trigger and turn into the arms of the man who loves me. “Let’s go. Take me home and fuck me, Ano.”

“With pleasure, baby.”

Unlike all the other girls, I am not pregnant, and we are not sure we want any. We decided the night we got married, that I would go on birth control, right away. We wanted time with one another. Time to be just us. To walk around the house naked and fuck whenever and wherever we want. We are not ready to be beholden to babies and other lives that will not only depend on us, but hinder our love language. Not a popular opinion, but as of right now, it is our decision.

Riding beside him, the window open, wind running through my hair, having just finished a job, I cannot imagine have to go home and care for someone else. No. Times like these when we have completed a job together and are on our way home that things get out of control, and we become ravenous savages. No baby needs to see that. “What are you thinking about, baby?” He asks me, giving me that knowing look.

“Just how much I love you and love us, just how we are.” It is the honest to Gods truth.

“Me too baby. I wouldn’t change a thing about ours. Not one fucking thing.”

Neither would I.

# EPILOGUE

TICIANO

## TEN YEARS LATER

Marriage agrees with me. Being with Ana agrees with me. Working with her has turned us into the couple that spends every moment of the day together and I wouldn't have it any other way. I allied the Valladares with the DeSantis that didn't require me to give up my blood, and it's been working out for everyone.

After about a year and a half of marriage, we decided that kids weren't the right fit for us, and we've never looked back. Given what we do at the drop of a hat it wouldn't be fair. To children or to us. Besides, we are entirely too obsessed with each other to have to deal with that. It might be selfish, but it is what it is. We just walked into our house and within seconds, my lips are on hers. Sliding my cock inside of her is all I can think about.

"These lips tell me everything baby," I begin. "You like when I talk to you like you this. You like when make you beg. You need it. You like riding my cock at the drop of a hat. You are never sated, and neither am I. It's why we work. It's why you're mine." She smirks at me and nods. Then takes her shirt off, then her bra. She tosses them into the haphazard pile she's made, and I pounce on her. I lift her petite body in my arms and slide her pussy over my hard cock.

"Oh God, Ticiano, please. Don't tease me. Not now," she says.

"I won't tease you," I say, sliding into her wet cunt. When we are joined together, like this, it's home.

"Mmm. Thank God," she moans, bouncing on my cock. I maneuver us to the couch and lie her down on it. Leaning down, I pull her tight nipple into my mouth, while my cock slides in and out of her. Giving her no warning, I pull out of her and flip her, so she is face down, ass up in the air. Slamming back inside of her, I grip her hips tightly. She

moans and her pussy clenches around me. I know I'm leaving marks on her skin, but I don't care and neither does she. This is so fucked up. We both know that.

"So much tighter this way," I grit out through clenched teeth. Her moans get louder as I continue to slam into her cunt. I trace my index finger down her ass and teaser her tight hole.

"Yes. Please. Give it to me. I need it."

"Need what? Need my cock?" I ask, continuing to worship her tiny body. When she says nothing, I slam into her harder, gripping her hips harder. "Answer me," I demand.

"Yes. Fuck me, husband," she screams, coming around my cock. Her pussy muscles squeezing my cock triggers my own release and I fill her to the brim again.

"Oh, wife," I growl into her ear after leaning over her. "My fucking pleasure." I fuck her again and again, before remembering we just finished a job and covered in some stupid motherfucker's blood. She does this to me.

And it's just my luck that this is for forever.

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