



5
DRAYS

A BAD BOY STORY

HOLLY J GILL

5 DAYS

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BAD BOY ANTHOLOGY

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CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Next book in series...](#)

[About Holly...](#)

[Other books by Holly...](#)

BLURB

When did playing with matches become lethal?

Felicita

I caught the attention of the King of the Mafia.

He struck a deal with his arch enemy.

I'm his and unable to get out.

Until when playing his game, I come face-to-face with a man who's after me.

I did a thing, a bad thing that left me on the run.

It was in self-defence.

Alessandro

Death is spilled all over me.

I'm a ticking timebomb.

I found her, and she's mine.

I struck a deal, to have her for 5 days.

I own her to do as I please.

Agreed I'll hand her back.

Only I end up discovering there is more to this beauty than meets the eye.

I will protect her no matter the cost,

Can I hand her back and forget the time we had together?

CHAPTER ONE

Alessandro

This is bullshit!

Did Ricco, really think that inviting me to one of his shitty sex parties was going to win me over? The man's deranged, *let alone crazy*. If I want a girl, any girl, I simply click my fingers and have her. I don't need one of these fucked up parties to give me that.

I stepped out of the air-conditioned house, and onto the patio. The heat was sweltering with this crazy heat wave. Seeing girls in flimsy bikini's or naked, drinking, swimming, dancing, and flirting terribly with Ricco's men was like a damn porn show. Yes, the girls were impressive, nice asses, small tits, and were possibly drugged or pissed, but hell, they'd need anything to blank Ricco out, *the old fucker*. He used girls for his own pleasure but then, so did I, that's something we have in common.

The reality of my life is I don't have time for romance and all that bullshit. All I require is pussy and ass. I never fuck so she sees my dick, my rules are, they have to earn that privilege

The music played loudly, it's not exactly the evening I'd planned but hell, who liked quiet evenings anyway?

My bodyguards were close by, keeping eye out under the knowledge that Ricco would love to blow my fucking ass up, but the feeling was mutual. We'd been archenemies for years, decades even, ever since our fathers held all the power, and now it was down to me and him.

The good thing was no one had weapons on them here. We had to leave them in a safe, bolted with every goddamn security lock. His party rules, and maybe a wise idea or we'd end up with a blood bath. Although, if I really needed to kill anyone, all I'd need were my hands. Bullets and knives were fine, but there was nothing better than using your bare hands to strangle and starve someone of oxygen. I loved to watch them struggle and turn a pasty shade before boom, 'bye bye'. Of course, using a weapon is easier and quicker, a bullet to the brain or a slashing of the throat.

It was easy, so easy to kill and destroy. I run an empire of drugs and arms. Bringing it illegally into the country and selling it onto shit heads who want it. Am I rich? I sure as hell am, and it's all dirty money.

I casually walked over to a table where Petro pulled out a chair, having already brought me a drink. I gazed around the area and observed the ladies perform. They were all strutting their goddamn asses, so desperate to please Ricco's assholes, it was almost pathetic. But I knew damn well if they didn't do as they were told, they'd be killed.

A tall girl in heels walked past my table, giving me the eye as if to say 'notice-me-asshole' She then gave a wink before my boys stepped in to move her on. *Like I was going to suck her fucking pussy tonight.* She had to earn it first, my tongue came with no negotiations, she'd have to pass the test before my mouth even got close to her cunt.

I'd sat back relaxing with my drink enjoying no interruptions, even if the music was shit and bellowed in my eardrums. I took a moment to look at his house, the entire thing was impressive. Situated on the harbour with expensive marble flooring, lots of glass, and large rooms. Fuck knows how many it had exactly. The outside pool was surrounded by palm trees with a high wall around the perimeter.

The evening had a cool breeze to take away a little of the unbearable heat. The stars were shining above as I dropped my head back to admire them, they were more appealing than the girls, that's for sure.

“Alessandro, how wonderful it is that you came.” I heard his pleased tone, Ricco, the old fool. How I wished to rip his vocal cords out and feed them to the dogs.

Bringing my head upright, I glared at him, not wishing to be disturbed and especially not by him. He took to the chair beside me. I raised my brows at his boldness. His long grey hair fell forward, covering his glasses briefly. I noticed his facial growth was unshaven and it now matched the colour of his hair. He wore a white shirt and trousers, and had a cigarette between his lips, clearly going for the casual look.

Ricco took a long drag, and blew it out, watching as the smoke cascaded into the air. He sat back, bringing his right foot up to rest on his left knee.

“I do hope you pick a few girls to fuck. I have selected some special one’s for you,” he said gleefully.

“You really didn’t need too,” I scorned.

“Look, tonight let’s put aside our differences and relax. Enjoy, have a party. Get a few girls and have some serious fun, fuck them into next year. I have strip poker in the billiard room, instead of potting the balls in the holes, it’s pussy.” He laughed.

I looked across the pool to see the girls dancing and one being mouth fucked on a lounge, that was more entertaining than the shit coming out Ricco’s mouth.

Sighing and wishing he would leave me to my own thoughts, I surveyed the area once more, and in that second, I noticed, stood not far away by the patio door, was a girl. She looked to be in her early twenties, wearing a wrap around her waist and a fuller bikini top because of her larger breasts. Her hair was long and dark with waves. She was pretty, with a great eye-catching figure. Her curves were in all the right, delicious places. She stood in the shadow, almost anxious. Unlike the rest of the girls she looked like she didn’t wish to be here. Which was weird as all the girls who were here, wanted to be. Her whole ambiance was of discomfort, shy even. As she moved out of the attention and into darkness beside the house, I tried to find her and noticed she’d edged

further along the house, wrapping her arms around her upper body. I tried harder to keep my eyes on her as she slipped behind a bush, keeping very close to the building.

I became so engaged in her, needing to find her, even though Ricco continued to waffle on with his drivel. All I wanted was to search for the girl.

I noticed a man who looked to be searching the area. He stepped further out and glanced to his right before he marched towards her, and with no care, he grabbed a clump of her hair and dragged her towards the pool. She was crying as he pushed her in front and she almost lost her footing.

“These bloody sluts. Some seriously need teaching a lesson,” Ricco said as I kept a firm eye on the girl.

Watching as the man leant closer to her, hissing words in her ear, words I assumed were not kind, because her pretty face filled with fear. I was close to standing and confronting the bastard, but then she took a slow, apprehensive step towards the pool. Her entire body was shaking with terror. She gazed at a couple having sex against a palm tree. I couldn't decide if she was jealous or shocked, as if she has no idea where to look.

She scanned the area and her eyes found mine. We stared and then she shyly turned away with tears streaming down her cheeks. I kept my focus on her, I wanted her to know I was watching her every move because something wasn't right. Either way, she now had my full attention, even my cock was aroused by her. Maybe, it was the fact she was vulnerable, different, and stood out. Not only with her nervous posture, but her incredibly sexy body. *Fuck*, those tits of hers. I craved to fuck her over this table and make her scream. My dick throbbed, eager to be sunk into her cunt and to thrust so hard, she'd cry for mercy.

Her stare fell back to me. I kept my glare. She looked away and chewed her lower lip before she hurried back into the house.

That girl was mine.

I rose to my feet, and my men jumped, ready for my instruction. I placed my hand up to stop them from following me.

“I take it this conversation is over?” Ricco asked. I gazed down at him, I wasn’t aware there ever really was one. I fastened the middle button of my jacket and set about finding the beauty.

I moved to the house and scanned the living room. It was full of naked bodies and girls getting fucked, the air filled with pleasurable moans. Or at least, the girls pretending to orgasm. I had been in this game for far too long to spot when a woman faked her orgasm. One tried to convince me once, when I called her out she begged, but I hate liars so I shot her. No girl plays with my fucking dick and gets away with it.

Walking further into the lavish room and into the seating area. Tits, cunts and dicks were all over the damn place, certainly making better art than the statues he had dotted around the house. I continued through the house and noticed through a glass panel, my boys were not far behind. None of us trusted Ricco, especially me, and I didn’t care what he thought about my men following me everywhere.

The girl was playing on my mind. I *had* to find her. I *had* to have her. Out of my many missions, and things I should be worrying about right now, my cock sinking into her sweetness, was the only one I planned on conquering.

I sauntered through to another room to find more bodies sprawled out naked, and on the opposite side of the room in the doorway, was a man with a woman. I stared at them, watching as his hands mauled her half naked figure. Same bikini. Same wrap. That was *my* girl, and he had his hands on her.

Angry, I raced across the room to stop the prick. I took a firm hold of his left shoulder, pulling him from her. He pulled his other arm back, ready to try and land a punch, but stopped mid-air, clearly recognising who the fuck I was. I narrowed my eyes, recognising him also. *Ravi*. Ricco’s son.

“Hey Alessandro,” he acknowledged, lowering his arm. The arrogant prick was just like his father. His short hair was grey around the ears and he had some facial growth, but his body was in good condition. He clearly worked out. He was also covered in tattoos.

He shoved his hand into her bikini top, fondling her breast. He groped and rubbed it hard. She winced with discomfort, making me want to throat punch the bastard. Her gaze fell to me and her eyes were full of sorrow. She wasn't a happy little bird, and right now her wings were broken. If she remained in his hands, her neck would soon be broken too.

“Do you like to watch these days?” he asked me, his tone mocking.

“Not unless your dick has grown a few extra inches,” I said with a smirk. “Must be difficult to be a man and still have a tiny weeny,” I teased.

“Fuck off, my dick is bigger than these dudes. And screw that, why are you watching me with this fucking tart?” His hand slipped down to her pussy and he cupped it hard. I glared, my eyes burning into the touch. He had thirty seconds to let go of her before I put his dick elsewhere.

“What's wrong Alessandro, need help?” he tormented. The prick was messing with the wrong guy. I stared at him. “Aww, you fancy this pussy, is that it? You want her?” he added, smugly. He kept a firm hold of the girl, wrapping his arm around her waist and pulling her hard into his side whilst continuing to grab at her left breast. “I have an idea. How about we play a game?” He smirked at me before dragging his tongue along her shoulder and up her neck. She squeezed her eyes closed and a lone tear ran down her cheek.

“What game do you suggest?” I asked, unable to believe I was encouraging this crap.

“My son, I do hope you're playing nicely.” Ricco appeared with two dolly birds hanging off each arm.

Ravi took a firm hold of the girl and dragged her into the room behind him, like she's some kind of hostage. Fool. I

followed him, curious to see how this played out.

“So, Alessandro, how do you wish to play? Do we do it until her death, or do we just fuck her until she’s torn? I personally fancy the second one. It means she’ll never be looked at again, let alone be fucked.” He belly laughed, making me shudder with disgust.

“Ravi, play nice. I got that girl for you,” Ricco added. The girls in his arm giggled.

I was dangerously close to slamming someone into the wall and using my hands to rip them to shreds. I didn’t even know this girl, but what I did know that she was in Ravi’s arms, and that alone was deadly.

“Yeah, and I appreciate it Pop. But Alessandro has taken a fancy to her. I bet it’s her enormous knockers, I mean look at them.” He grabbed them hard and forced them into a cleavage. “Fucking gorgeous. How my dick would love to fuck between those babies,” he said, gritting his teeth.

Words failed me on this pathetic scumbag. I stood close to a chair, clutching the back, not wishing to make a move or cause Ravi to hurt her.

Suddenly, the room flooded with their men. “Wonderful, take the girl and tie her up,” Ricco ordered.

“No, please no... please,” she screamed, terrified, as the men surrounded her. She tried to fight the buffoons, but with no use as they dragged her away like a rag doll.

“Ravi, you should play nice with your gifts,” Ricco chimed, as the girls remained on his arm.

“Yes, but when someone else is eyeing up your gift, you must make it interesting, Pop. Don’t you think, Alessandro?” The bastard was about to be beaten into next week.

I feared for the girl, yet I would never normally give a shit, so why her and why now? She was petrified, likely scared of what was coming her way. She was clearly vulnerable, especially in the hands of this monster.

“Do tell me, Alessandro, are you still manging to keep your dick hard?” Ravi asked, as he walked to the bar in the far-left corner and got two tumblers, pouring whiskey into both. He turned to me and handed me a glass.

“Why? You into men?” I questioned, with a smirk.

“Oh please, I only stick my dick in women, which hole depends on how much she’s pissing me off. We have something in common though,” Ravi added, as he took to an armchair and sat back comfortably, his ankle resting on his knee. I moved to the nearest chair and undo my jacket button to sit down.

Rattled, but careful not to show it, I cocked my head to the side, aware this man made me look like a saint.

“Be nice Ravi,” Ricco cut in. I glanced over to him, realising he was having his dick sucked by the girls.

“I am Pop, simply making shitty conversation with our guest. Anyway, allow me to enlighten you,” Ravi continued. I raised my brows and waited impatiently for him to spill further bull out his mouth. “You and I love to fuck. We screw to make our wallets bigger. We kill anyone who pisses us off. You have something I’m interested in purchasing. Shall we negotiate on it?”

“I don’t negotiate on my deals. You take it or leave it. I have one price and one price only.” I wasn’t in the mood to talk business with this waste of space, he’d already taken up too much of my time. All I could think about was the girl. Where she was, and if she was safe.

“I know you’re a businessman, so how about I throw in the girl for a short time, call her a down payment. You may use and abuse her however you like and then return her, but please, in one piece so I can fuck her,” he scoffed the last words, and now for some strange reason I felt willing to listen. I never did business this way, this was out of character for me but when it came to her, everything else went out of the window.

“What do you want?” I asked. The man was plotting, scheming some bullshit, only this time, I might be willing to negotiate.

“Cocaine. I need it for my clubs. Stashes of the shit, plenty for my punters,” he told me.

“You’re telling me you got me here to make some bullshit deal with you for drugs?” I retorted. I took a sip of the amber fluid which burned as it went down my throat. My glare held his, there was no way I was backing down.

“Oh Alessandra, business is business, and you have what I need. Now, you can take the bitch and deliver the drugs or, well... I guess we have no deal,” Ravi said firmly.

I was confident I had what he needed, so he’d be easy to bargain with. *What a fool.* He was putty in my hands and didn’t even realise. I had the control and the power but getting the girl out was my priority.

“How much?” I asked.

“What have you got? I need it soon, as in tonight,” he informed me.

“Tomorrow. I’ll make all the arrangements and get it shipped to you,” I told him.

“Very well. I can transfer half the money now, and the other on delivery. You can take the girl tonight as a downpayment,” he told me staring directly into my eyes.

I stood and fastened the button on my jacket, as Ravi stood and walked towards me. He held his hand out, and we shook firmly.

“Go and get the girl,” Ravi ordered the men.

“How long?” I ask casually.

“Three days.”

“Make it five,” I bargained.

He twitched his nose, thinking over my proposal. “Very well, five,” he agreed.

“Good.”

I heard moaning and turned to see one of the girls fucking Ricco. I watched as she bounced up and down on his little dick, faking every damn sound of pleasure.

“Shall we?” Ravi asked and gestured for me to move to the door.

I get the girl for five whole days. The thought pleased me. I didn't even know her name, not that I gave a shit. She was just another pussy, but one I was about to ravish. She was going to obey me and take my dick like a good girl. I swore, by the time I'd finished with her, Ravi's cock would be far too small, and she'd be imagining mine.

My men re-joined me and we walked into the foyer of the house. Four men stood at our car and in the middle of them, was the girl. She was still full of fear but doing her best to fight them. I smirk, there was one thing she was about to learn - her nightmare was only just beginning.

I had no idea how long she had spent in this house, but now she was about to see another world. Ricco and Ravi were assholes, but me... I was the devil. She might be acting sweet, shy and scared, but do I believe she's innocent? Do I fuck.

I clicked my fingers, instructing my men to take over with the girl. They move her to the car, shoving her in.

Javis, my sidekick, approached me. “Blindfold her.” I ordered.

“Of course, boss.” He stepped away to pass the instruction to the men.

I got into the car to find the girl strapped and blindfolded as ordered, the last thing I needed right now was for me to see those glorious eyes, it would melt my resolve.

The strange thing was, I have no idea how I even really ended up with her. From the second I saw her I was fascinated. All I could do was stare and admire her curvy body. She had the most beautiful lips, *fuck* they would look good around my dick. Shit no. That comes as a gift, a reward. I sensed there was a cliché in the gift. She was Ravi's gift, and now I had her.

I didn't trust him, he was always scheming to get what he wanted, but right now, I was past caring

Unable to take my eyes off her, unsure if what I was doing was right. I glanced at her thighs, longing to place my hands on them and trace my fingers up to her pussy. I'd bet she was wet and eager to have me buried inside her. I gave my head a shake, these feelings had to stop. I screwed for fun, and I needed to keep it like that.

For the entire journey, not one word passed my lips.

Five days.

Five days to screw the girl up and make her mine.

I rubbed the back of my neck, trying to stop my impatience towards her. I could see her shaking uncontrollably, she was afraid and she had every damn reason to be. I held her life in my hands. Now it depended on how she behaved to determine how I was going to treat her. I liked a girl to keep her mouth shut and do as she was told, no arguments and no straying. She would give me her full attention and think of nothing but me - I would be her devil, her master, her pain in the fucking ass. I had plans to make her scream in every shape and form, and no matter what obstacles got in the way, she'd be with me.

The car soon turned into my driveway and travelled along the winding drive to the house. My armed security were walking the perimeter, keeping my premises safe. I had far too many enemies and needed top protection.

The car stopped outside the large front door, and within seconds the girl was pulled out and taken into the house.

"Get off me," she cried as she fought my men. I smiled, I loved her fighting talk, gave her some strength and sexiness.

I followed closely behind. "Take her to the Delights room," I ordered Javis. It's the room where all my girls were fucked and punished - my playroom - and it housed more instruments and implements in there than a fucking BDSM club.

Wasting no time, I went to my office and made all the calls that were needed for the drugs delivery for Ravi tomorrow. I

moved to the sliding glass doors and opened them. My office overlooked the large pool. I stepped outside to light a smoke. The night had fallen and all I could hear was the sound of wildlife. It was peaceful.

“She’s ready boss,” Javis informed me from the doorway to my office. He stepped out to join me as I blew out, watching the smoke evaporate into the air. I felt his eyes on me, probably awaiting my response.

“Good man. I’ve made all the calls for the delivery tomorrow.” I take a pause, “I don’t trust Ravi. He’s up to something and right now, I have a few concerns.”

“You want me to have the men ready?” Javis asked.

“Yes, but not so he notices. I’m not going to be there for the switch, and I need to make sure the fucker puts the money in my account,” I explained.

“The girl?”

“She’s my toy. I’m going to enjoy fucking her up. I’ll be busy for a while,” I told him and walked back into the house.

Unable to control the urge, I hurried to the Delights room. She was waiting for me and I had no doubt she was trying to find a means of escape. Of course, there was no chance of that. Being restrained and not to mention my over-the-top security, would see to that.

Standing outside the room, I inhaled a deep breath and cupped my dick. “You’re coming out to play, and hell, this one’s pretty.”

I opened the door and stepped inside to see the lights had been dimmed, giving it a cosy feel. I found her exactly where I wanted her, cuffed to the table, her face down and her ass facing me. My cock throbbed just at the sight of her. The blindfold had gone and she no doubt had a million and one things going on inside her head. She was ready to meet the real devil.

Taking off my jacket, I placed it on the back of the chair. I unfastened my cufflinks and rolled my shirt sleeves up my

elbows. All the while keeping my eyes on that perfect ass. Hell, she was a sight and that was with her wearing clothes.

“What’s your name?” I asked standing behind her and admiring her bikini bottoms that were clinging to her curved backside.

“Fuck you,” she spat in temper.

“Okay, you have two options here; one, you be a good girl for me, or two, you spend the next five days tied to this bed whilst being fucked by my men.”

“You mean be a whore?” She turned her head one way and the other, attempting to locate me.

“Basically,” I say with a shrug. “But you do have the option of only having *my* dick. I’ll be honest, I’m not sure how many men I have - thirty, forty maybe.”

Her shoulders relaxed slightly and she released a long breath. “Felicita, my name is Felicita,” she announced in a sweeter voice.

“Okay Felicita. I have a few ground rules for you to understand.” I paced behind her. “Firstly, you only speak when asked too. You obey only me. You do as you’re told and nothing else.” I stood behind her and grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking her head backward. She yelped out in pain. I placed my mouth to her left ear. “Do you understand?” I hissed.

“Yes, yes,” she cried out, as I released her hair.

“Good. I have you for five days and in those five days you and I are going to get very acquainted. I’m going to be inside you more times than you’ve changed your knickers. And while you’re here, I tell you what to wear. No questions asked, do I make myself clear?” I scorned, eager to make her aware I am the boss. I am excited to begin playing with my new toy.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

I ran my hand up and down her globes, cherishing her beauty before slapping my hand hard down on her backside,

forcing her to jolt forward.

I pulled on the strings of her bikini bottoms, snatching them away and dropping them to the floor. I kneaded my hand over her bare, sexy ass and kicked at her feet so she was forced to part her legs.

“You really are a goddamn sight. Maybe we could play rampant rabbits, what do you say?” I tormented.

“Whatever.”

“Pardon,” I grimaced.

“Yes...” She bellowed out.

“Master, call me Master for now. Say it,” I commanded her.

“Yes Master,” she allowed the words to seductively slide off her tongue. Hell, my dick bounced in my trousers ready to be satisfied.

I covered my fingers in my own saliva and cupped her cunt, causing her to jump at the sudden intrusion. I slipped my fingers between her slick, wet, folds, sinking my middle digit into her depths as she squealed.

“You’re one fucking hot girl. *Fuck*, I’m going to have fun with you.”

My heart ached and for that one deep second, I thought about my actions and what she had been through with Ravi. I was certainly the devil, but he was a piece of shit.

Overwhelmed with emotion, I stepped back and considered her emotions and how earlier she’d appeared to be upset and scared. Maybe she was fucking playing me... and if that was the case, she’d be in serious trouble.

Unable to do what I had planned, I took steps further back from her with my dick throbbing in my trousers, but not tonight, not this time, even if the clock was ticking.

I collected my jacket from the chair and left the room, slamming the door behind me and feeling pissed off that I couldn’t go through with it. Never had I experienced anything

like this in my life. For a few seconds I stood outside the door and inhaled a deep breath to gather myself.

“Boss?”

“Untie her and make sure she’s comfortable for the night,” I ordered Jarvis.

“Of course.”

I glanced back at the door, aware Felicity was in there naked and so beautiful. I feared my plans were about to go out the window, but getting close to her like I craved, was out of the question.

Five fucking days.

CHAPTER TWO

Felicita

What the hell happened?

What the hell was going on?

Five days, why was I here for five days?

My head was in a spin with mixed emotions, let alone confusion. I wanted to cry, laugh and be freed of this madness, or whatever I had been caught up in.

It was all weird.

I had no idea why, but I felt attracted to Alessandro. The second our eyes met I felt an urge, a bizarre sensation come over me, then suddenly he was fighting Ravi, at least, I think that's what he called him. It all happened so fast, leaving me so confused.

I somehow knew I was in trouble. Question after question loomed in my head, like, what were his intentions for me? The truth was, I had no idea, and I bet even if I dared to ask, I'd be told to stay quiet.

What I did know was that these men were armed and Alessandro had many bodyguards, so by my reckoning, he was either very important, or a man who needed to be babysat and protected.

I'd been cuffed to the side of the desk like an animal, and as tears ran down my cheeks, I thought about his words again. He'd made it clear I was his little toy, someone for him to fuck

and use to give him sexual satisfaction. And he'd even convinced me I was his plaything, only to leave before he'd barely touched me.

I wasn't a whore.

I didn't move from one man to another.

I'm a young woman who respected her body and worked out at the gym when I had time off work. I was a regular woman, working a day job as a secretary for a financial company.

I lived with a friend, sharing a house and splitting the bills. Mainly because we'd not be able to afford it alone. I was single, but I'd enough failed relationships in my past. I was an only child and my parents lived the other side of the city. I only went to the party, because my best friend said they were the best parties - I beg to differ.

Restricted with my movements, I was left wondering how long I'd be restrained and left like this. I looked around the dimly lit room, barely able to make out all the fetish equipment. Ropes, chains, restraints, and a four-poster bed with restraints at each corner. I swallowed, I was with a sadist.

The door to the room opened and I took a large, deep breath to calm my nerves.

The person came up behind me and removed my right hand from the cuff before switching to my left. I carefully straightened up as my body had stiffened in that position. I rubbed my wrists where the cuffs had been and waited for further instruction.

"Put this on." A male ordered me. An item of clothing was thrown in my direction. I caught it and quickly wrapped it around my body, relieved to have some dignity back. Swaddled inside the thick robe, I noticed the man shifting in the shadows while watching my every move. "Follow me."

"Where am I going?"

The man turned and lifted his brows, he moved his jacket to show me he had a gun.

Without saying a word I walked behind him, I was led through a door and into a corridor to see more men, who were clearly going to escort me to lord knows where. My heart thumped harder in my chest. I prayed I was not about to be miss-treated or hurt. I was a nobody, a woman simply trying to get by in life, yet here I was... and I had no idea if this man's hands were going to be good or bad.

We walked along the corridor to a curved stairwell. It looked very grand and expensive with tiled flooring and chandeliers hung high, and if I wasn't in such a dire situation, I'd have admired its beauty. A man took the lead, two men stood each side of me and there was a fourth behind me. There was no way I'd be able to make an escape as we climbed the stairs.

We walked down a corridor until the man stopped outside a wooden door. He turned to stare at me, his glare hard.

“This is the room where you'll stay and await further instructions, don't try anything,” he told me. He opened it swinging it open and waited for me to enter. I glared at the man as my heart thumped heavily in my chest wall. I glanced around me seeing the men had me covered for any chance of anything. I swallowed, aware I had no choice. I took tiny steps forward and entered the room. “You'll have guards outside your door at all times, so sweetheart, I'd advise you not to try anything. And as an extra warning, they are armed and paid to kill.” His words taunted me as he sneered with disdain

I tentatively took the few steps needed to enter the room. Once inside, the door was slammed shut behind me. Inside, I sighed and stared in awe at the most impressive bedroom I had ever seen, it was larger than my apartment. The large bed was dressed in gold and silk, covered in matching scatter cushions. There was a stunning picture above the headboard of a man and woman making love in shades of golds and glitter. I kicked my shoes off and sunk my toes into the soft, fluffy, luxurious carpet, closing my eyes in delight. There was a vintage, shabby chic gilt rococo French style chaise, which was positioned in front of double doors that led onto a balcony overlooking a swimming pool. I looked out, watching the

guards saunter the perimeter of the grounds, while holding large machine guns.

Back inside, I noticed a door on the other side of the room and made my way over, loving the feel of the soft carpet under my bare feet, the carpet at my home was bare in places. I opened the door to find an impressive bathroom, with a roll top bath, walk in shower, sink and toilet, all decorated in gold and cream tiles.

Impressed with my new accommodation, just not with the company. I sighed and closed the bathroom door and moved over to the bed, sitting down and wondering when my next instruction would come, and what it would be. His words stained me and how he spoke – full of anger and authority. And I was still reeling as to why he didn't take the opportunity to fuck me there and then instead of just leaving.

A gentle knock sounded on the door and it was slowly pushed open. A young woman entered. I assessed her slim frame warily. She was pretty with dark hair and a tight bun.

“Hello, I'm Maria, and I'm here to look after you,” she informed me.

Mystified, I raised my brows. “Oh, am I his...”

“That I cannot answer. Mr Costa, has given me orders to prepare you.”

“Prepare me? For what? A banquet?”

She coughed. “I cannot answer.”

Another woman entered the room carrying a clothes holder which she placed to hang on the wardrobe door, then without saying a word, left.

Maria stood before me waiting. “I need you to take your clothes off.”

“Are you serious?” I questioned.

“I am.”

Partly dressed – if anything, I wasn't clothed at all.



I STOOD IN A FORMAL ROOM WITH LEATHER BROWN CHAIRS AND a matching sofa, a drinks cabinet to the far side and a marble fireplace. I saw voiles hanging at what looked like doors that lead out onto a patio.

I took small steps nearer to the doors and as I got closer, a breeze blew the voiles and I noticed a man with his back to me, staring out at the view. I pressed my lips together and began to back away, unsure if he was Alessandro. The last thing I wanted was to create a scene or get into trouble.

My gaze stayed on him as he turned and began to walk towards me, entering through the doors. He paused when his eyes landed on me, and I noticed how smart he looked in a shirt and slacks, with his hand casually placed in his pocket while his other hand, held a tumbler with an amber liquid. I continued to take small steps back, swallowing as I drank in the towering, incredibly attractive man. His lips looked kissable and his cologne, which smelt of amber and wood, danced with my nostrils. His intense stare sent shockwaves of arousal to my pussy. I inhaled sharply and tried hard to hold my gaze with him.

“Take a seat...we need to talk,” he ordered.

With no hesitations, I found the nearest chair and sat down, crossing my legs.

He went to the drinks cabinet and topped up his glass and poured a second. “I trust Maria was a great assistance to you?” He came over to me, holding out the second glass.

“She was very nice. I don’t drink,” I informed him. His eyes narrowed so I took the glass.

“Good.” He pulled a coffee table closer to me and sat down on the edge. His legs open and elbows resting on his knees, staring profoundly at me. “I need to know how you know Ricco?”

“I don’t.”

“Why were you at his party?”

“I went with a friend, Gloria. She told me I could earn some serious cash by being on the arm of a sugar daddy. I’m

in debt and needed to get some money fast,” I told him honestly.

He sat straighter, his brow furrowed, “So, you went to the party to earn some money?”

“Yes, that’s right. Easy money, or so I was told.”

“Well, your night certainly didn’t go to plan.”

I gazed at him and swallow.

“You didn’t look comfortable when I set my eyes on you, and you certainly weren’t by a man’s side earning this important keep,” he arched his brow.

“That is true. I earlier went into a room and got collared by...Ricco? He told me he would be gifting me to his son, Ravi. His son then came to me, circling me like some animal. His father told him I was his gift for the evening and to do with me as he wished. The first thing he said was, ‘she has nice tits’ but then he said he had a meeting to attend first and he left so I joined the party outside and that’s when you saw me.”

“Has his dick touched you?”

“No,” I answered quickly.

He graciously rose to his feet and walked over to the doors, “Come here.”

On his command, I followed him outside, standing beside him to stare at the garden.

“I have made all of this possible by myself. I have worked my ass off with blood money to get this. I have security because certain people want me dead. They want my head on a stake and to use it for a ball. I have seen and done things that a girl like you only watches in movies. I am a fucked-up man and will do whatever it takes, if it means I get what I want.”

Not surprised, I listened intently to him. He slipped behind me and without warning took a firm hold of my hair and tugged fiercely. I winced as it pulled at the roots, and I reached back to hold on to his hand, trying to ease the pain.

He pressed his mouth to my ear, “If I find out you’re lying, I swear your pretty ass will be served up for a meal,” he hissed. “Do I make myself clear?”

“You do,” I cried, as he released my hair and I rubbing my head.

“I’m glad we have an understanding. Now get out of my face,” he demanded.

I dashed into the room and through the door where one of his men stood armed. I had to get the hell away. I sped back to my room where I slammed the door and threw myself on the bed.

I hate this. I hate being here. I feared every person in this house and I had no idea of what they had planned to do with me. Why did I make eye contact with Alessandro last night? Why did I have to fall into his hands and be here in this house uncertain of anything?



WOKEN BY SOMEONE COMING INTO MY ROOM. I SAT UP TO SEE Maria, as she placed a bikini on the wardrobe door with a kaftan.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to disturb you.” She spoke softly.

“It’s fine.” I gazed out the balcony doors to see the sun blazing. “What time is it?”

“Nine a.m.”

I rubbed my eyes. “I guess I must wear that?” I stated, pointing to the bikini.

“Yes but first he wishes for me to shave you.”

“Do I have a choice?” She shook her head. It was a stupid question in the first place because I already knew the answer. Maria moved into the bathroom and I heard the bath being run.

I inhaled a deep breath and let it out with a sigh, I didn’t want to do a damn thing Alessandro demanded of me. I threw the sheet off me and headed to the balcony, to overlook the garden.

The security where out in force pacing the grounds. I glanced down to the patio to see Alessandro sitting there, drinking from a mug. I scratched the back of my neck as the hairs all over my body stood on end. *What was it with him that aroused my body so much?*

“Felicita, the bath is ready for you.”

Pressing my lips firmly together, I turned abruptly and allowed my feet to sink into the carpet as I walked through to the bathroom. I stripped out of my negligee and carefully climbed into the bath. I sat down -the temperature was perfect and soothing. I laid back and tried not to think of him.

“How long have you worked here?” I asked.

“Five years. Believe it or not, Alessandro is a good man,” she spoke freely. This woman was crazy. I widened my stare at her in disbelief. “He is. He has always provided for me and my daughter and he always makes sure I’ve got enough to buy the essentials,” she explained.

“What do I need to know about him?” I stared up at her as she used a jug to pour the water over my back.

“He doesn’t take kindly to liars and don’t back chat him, it will only get you into trouble. “And do not get in his way. Can I shave you now?”

I didn’t feel comfortable allowing another woman to shave me, let alone this stranger but I also didn’t want to annoy Alessandro, so I gave a nod and opened my legs.

“I have a great life,” I told her as she shaved. “I... well, struggle with money, as every student does, but I manage. I only went to the party last night to get a sugar daddy as my friend who I went with suggested it and I’ve somehow ended up here, ironic really. He’s not even old enough to be a sugar daddy.”

“What are these sugar daddies?”

“Rich men, older men, who pay for pretty girls to hang off their arm and keep them company. Well, that’s what Gloria told me. I had heard of them but never thought to act on it, but

I needed money to pay for my rent. I hate being skint,” I told her.

“Tell me about it, my daughter drains me.” She giggled.

“How old is she?”

“Four. I met her dad here, only he ended up dead. He got shot.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“I knew what I was getting into. I found out I was pregnant a week after he was killed and Alessandro has looked after me ever since. He does have a good heart, it just doesn’t come out very often. Has he fucked you?” she asked bluntly.

“Why have you asked me something so personal?”

“Just curious.”

“I don’t wish to answer.” In my heart something told me this woman would tell tales to Alessandro and feed him every word I say. I had no idea if she spoke the truth about him or not, one thing was for certain, no way was I about to test that theory.



ONCE DRESSED IN THE BIKINI, I MADE MY WAY DOWNSTAIRS TO find Alessandro on his phone sat at a table. He gazed at me and kicked the chair beside him out, indicating for me to join him. I lower into it.

“Sort it. Ring me with any updates.” His call finished.

“I trust you slept well?” He pulled out a cigarette, placing it between his lips and lighting it. He inhaled deeply, then taking the stick between his thumb and finger, he blew out the plume of smoke into the air.

“I did, once I settled.”

The breakfast arrived and was placed neatly on the table along with drinks, orange juice, coffee and tea. Alessandro reached over to top up his own coffee.

“Please help yourself and enjoy. I have a few errands to see to, You may use the pool or whatever else you wish, but do not leave the house or you’ll be dragged back,” he informed me.



THE DAY HAD BEEN BORING. I HAD SPENT IT SUNBATHING, swimming and walking around the grounds to see if there were any possible areas to escape. I had no chance. The house was heavily armed, not to mention the thousands of security cameras and electrified wall. I was doomed to be stuck here, for at least the next few days. Surely I could tolerate that.

“Felicita,” a female called. I turned to see Maria rushing towards me. “I need to get you ready as Alessandro is taking you out this evening. I have the dress; I need to do your hair and make-up.” I grinned, enjoying the thought of getting out. Maybe this was a sugar daddy situation after all.

Back in my room, I spotted the sequined dress hung on the wardrobe. I sauntered over to have a closer look. The black and navy dress was gorgeous with a low-cut bust. Something way out of my price range.

I wasted no time in removing my bikini and jumping into the shower. When I’d finished, Maria made quick work of my hair and make-up. She then walked over to the dress and carefully removed it from the hanger. She helped me onto it, and I admired the way it pushed my breasts up to make them look fuller, I turned slightly to see the back in the mirror and noticed the way it scooped down low, stopping just above my backside. It was floor length and very elegant. I had no idea where he planned to take me, but dressed in this, I assumed it would be nice.

I slipped into some matching heels and made my way downstairs, where Alessandro and his main bodyguard stood in the foyer waiting for me. As I reached the last step, he rushed forward, his eyes drinking in my attire with a dark desire dancing in his eyes. He gently took my hand, guiding me from the step.

“You look sensational,” he remarked, with a slight smile pulling at the corners of his mouth. I remained quiet, not wanting to say anything that might ruin his kindness, and the more his chocolate gaze stared, the more my heart raced with dangerous excitement.

He kept a hold of my hand, leading me outside to a waiting car. The door was already open for me to slide inside and he closed the door gently before rushing around to the other side and getting in beside me.

“You need a sugar daddy,” he stated, and I noted how his voice became husky. He proceeded to pull out his wallet and take out a bunch of notes. “All of this can be yours. All you need to do is come into my card game in about an hour looking sexy. Wiggle that ass as you walk over to me, place your hand on my shoulder and kiss my cheek. Then you will walk to the bar. Do you think you can do that?”

“I can.” He dropped the money in my lap.

He turned slightly, fixing me with another hard glare. “It must not go wrong. I need the other men at my table to be jealous of what I have.”

“Yes.”

“You flirt with me, and me only. Understood?”

“Yes.” I broke eye contact and turned to stare out of the window. My heart hammered against my chest, leaving a bitter taste in my mouth. I had no idea why I had to make these men jealous. But it sounded easy enough.

I stared down to the money, there was loads of it, more than I had ever seen aware it will pay for the rent this month. My mind wondered to Gloria, wondering if she even made it home or if she was stuck somewhere too. The party was all her idea, did she know what we were getting into? My eyes closed for a few seconds, not wishing to overthink my current situation, and when I opened them again, we were pulling up outside a sophisticated looking hotel a place well known for the rich and famous. I stashed the money in my clutch bag.

“No, leave it in here, under the seat. I don’t want you carrying that kind of cash,” he ordered me. With no hesitations, I opened the clutch bag and did what he told me.

“You need to look and strut like a million dollars, impress everyone, including the bloody waitresses,” he told me.

“Of course, master.”

“Good girl,” he said rubbing his hand on my knee.

A doorman stepped forward to open my door, and as I went to get out, Alessandro appeared, waiting to take my hand and practically pushing the doorman out of the way. I fought a smile as I allowed my hand to slide into his and I rose gracefully from the car. It was time for me to act now, especially if I wanted more money than he had just given me.

We entered the grand building and I admired the marble floors and glass chandeliers. It was stunning and screamed expensive. Alessandro leant closer, placing his mouth to my ear before whispering, “You will sit at the bar just over there for an hour.” I gave a slight nod and made my way over, pulling up onto a stool and waiting patiently for the bartender to notice me.

I glanced over my shoulder but Alessandro was no longer there, instead his bodyguard was speaking with a group of men, who all occasionally looked my way, giving me the impression they were gossiping about me.

“What can I get for you?” the bartender asked, bringing my attention away from them.

“A Disaronno and coke please,” I replied, noticing the bodyguard in the bar mirror, moving to stand behind me. “Do I need protecting right now?” I asked him, without turning to look at him.

“You do. Orders of the bossman, argue with him if you dare.”

My drink arrived and I took it, sliding from the stool and moving to a table which was hidden by a Yuka plant. I sat down and crossed my legs. I had a clear view of the large

clock positioned on the opposite wall, so I knew I could follow my instructions well.

The bodyguard remained a few feet away from me, as he closely observed every person who came into the bar, even the women.

Whilst I was sat bored, sipping my drink, I found myself thinking of the money Alessandro had thrown at me. How much was there? And did accepting it make me a prostitute? Although we hadn't had sex yet, but would that be expected too?

The whole situation made me feel cheap and tacky, maybe even tasteless. I had no idea how women did this job for a living. I glanced down at the sexy dress, showing my boobs, aware that soon I had to act like a girlfriend and play a game. Yes, the money was useful but behaving in this manner to get it, really lowered my mood.

Time crept up quickly and my stomach was full of nerves. I prayed nothing went wrong, as I was renowned for showing myself up. I had tendencies to either fall or stumble, known for my clumsiness. I took a calming breath, it was time and if I wanted to keep that money, I couldn't mess this up.

I threw the rest of the drink back and rose to my feet. The bodyguard watched my every move, and I'm certain he expected me to try and escape. I took a second to think over how to approach this, should I smile? I wanted to, only it wasn't something I'd seen a lot of from the men or Alessandro. They'd probably be suspicious, not used to kind behaviour. The last thing I wanted to do was put them on edge and get myself eliminated.

I gave my shoulders a shake to loosen the tension and I made my way across the room to the steps that would take me back to the foyer. The bodyguard overtook me, as I noticed several others appear. I heaved a breath, nervous for what I was about to do and still praying desperately not to mess it all up.

The bodyguard directed me towards a door, "He is through there," he told me. I swallowed and attempted to keep my cool

when really all I wished for was to leave and run away. Each step I took, my heart thumped more wildly in my chest. I stood at the door, I took in a deep breath, closed my eyes and released it nice and slowly. My hand found the cold handle and I twisted it. Glancing back over my shoulder, I noticed the bodyguards all watching me. The door opened and I stepped inside before I could talk myself out of it or run off, only the money was in the car.

There were a group of gentlemen sitting around the poker table with Alessandro amongst them. His eyes briefly met my own before he looked back to the player opposite him.

I fixed my sites on him, if I focussed, I could do this. I scooped my hair and placed it over my right shoulder, before I picked up my dress and walked down the three steps. Then I continued to glide effortlessly towards him, my target. I made sure to sway my hips from side to side and pout my lips just enough to appear sexy. My gaze fell upon the men who had all turned to stare at me, their card game long forgotten. As I reached Alessandro, I placed my hand carefully on his shoulder, he didn't falter. I bent slowly, making sure to place my mouth to his ear, "Win big." Then I pressed my lips to his cheek, before straightening and continuing my path to the bar. My mission was complete.

I found the furthest bar stool away and placed my bag on the bar top and sat down. Alessandro's spicy cologne was still lingering around me, making me weak at the knees. I looked in his direction to see his eyes still firmly fixed on me. I felt like he was undressing me with his intense stare, maybe trying to see into my soul.

"I love that dress," a woman spoke as she sat on the stool beside me, pulling my attention away from him.

I forced a smile, "Thank you." The barman came over and took my order.

"It looks expensive," she added, arching a brow as she sipped her drink. I didn't wish to comment back, aware the dress would have been expensive and knowing I didn't have any details to give her, seeing as I didn't purchase it. "I hate

card night,” she continued, not seeming to notice my lack of conversation. “These games always seem to take all night.” She paused, leaning a little closer like she was assessing me. “I haven’t seen you here before, who are you with?” she questioned. She pressed her glass to her lips and took a long sip.

“Alessandro,” I informed her as my drink arrived.

She whipped her head in my direction. “Are you serious? You’re with Alessandro?” Her expression turned stoney.

“Yes.”

She looked me up and down, and without another word, took her glass and moved away. I furrowed my brows unsure what or why she behaved that way, but who cared, I was in this for the money.

CHAPTER THREE

Alessandro

My arch nemesis narrowed his eyes into tiny slits at me. I expected it, after all, I had brought him down a few times and had enjoyed every moment of it. He trafficked women and children which pissed me off. I might be a worthless piece of shit who sold drugs, but I had never, and would never, sell innocent women or children and send them into slavery.

Some of his girls were forced to have underage sex, that sickened me to the core. I wanted the man dead, along with all the idiots who supported him. It was a big operation but I had my best men working on it.

Felicita did a great job following my instructions, she looked sensational and most definitely fuckable. My dick throbbed at the sight and I bet so did everyone else's. Her distraction was right on time and I knew the men were now thinking about her, rather than my ulterior motives for joining this game.

I continued to stare at Edoardo. He was a smug bastard, and I was desperate to feel my fist hit his face. But for tonight, I had to remain calm. I needed to focus on my mission and find out when his next delivery of women and children were to be delivered so I could get a plan together that would spill blood.

“How much for the girl?” His Italian accent spoke stern.

“She is not for sale,” I replied bluntly.

“Everything has a price Costa,” he smirked.

“Not this one.” He was falling into my trap, exactly as I’d predicted. She was now untouchable and he loved that. Now he would be like a dog with a bone.

“Oh come on, you can buy anything for a good price,” he said with a grin.

“Gentleman, if we can play.”

“We will see about that,” Edoardo said with confidence.

My scowl was enough for him to grin at me, aware game was on and no doubt he’d do everything to put her in the pot. No chance.

We remained locked in a stare, each daring the other to break it. Felicita was sitting somewhere behind me and I was certain she was flashing her toned thigh. It would have been hard not to in that dress. And she was probably unaware that these corrupt men were lusting after her, only adding to her innocence and beauty, making her the perfect bargaining chip.

“Name it, Costa?” Edoardo persisted.

“There is no price, she is mine,” I repeated keeping my tone bored.

“That is such a shame, those tits of hers are perfect.” The smirk across his face had to be removed.

“They look even better with my dick between them... now, back to the game, so I can watch you lose millions.”

Edoardo laughed. “I do like your jokes, Costa, keep them coming. I’m going to bet the girl, that you are going to be the one leaving with a lighter wallet.”

“She isn’t for sale and never will be.”

We continued with the game, occasionally glaring at one another. We folded and I won that game. “Let’s take an hours break.” I stood, straightening my jacket and making my way over to Felicita. “Come, there is something I urgently need to do,” I told her. I needed to take her away from Edoardo, but I also had to get us a room so I could fuck her senseless. My

dick had throbbed since the moment I saw her come down the stairs at the house, and now... I couldn't wait until I got her back home.

“Javis,” I said as he approached. These days, I didn't even need to call him, he just knew when to appear and when to leave, like a typical lap dog “I need a room.”

“I'm on it boss.”

He went to the reception desk to get a room arranged, leaving me standing with Felicita tucked into my side. Edoardo emerged, and like a stalker, walked past us undressing my girl with his eyes. I glared at him, only it went unnoticed.

“Boss,” Javis handed me the key. “Get the men to keep an eye on Edoardo, I don't trust him as far as I can throw him. That man is scheming something. Any news on his trafficking?”

“No problem boss. And no, but we have our ears open. His puppet is in the building.”

“Good, get the men on it. I need to stop that worthless piece of shit.”

With her hand laced in mine, I rushed us through reception to the elevator, which would take us up to the room. Inside, I pressed the floor we needed. The doors were closing, when I saw Edoardo with his hands in his trousers. Our glares met as anger coursed through me.

Felicita stood perfectly innocent beside me, all elegant with her breasts almost popping out of her dress, sending a wave of arousal down to my pulsing cock.

The second it stopped at our floor, and the doors slid open, I pulled her from the elevator and rushed towards our room, where I had every intention of ravishing her. My erection was now painfully hard and I needed relief now.

With the key in my hand, we arrived at the door. I unlocked it and threw it open for her to step inside. I checked up and down the corridor, making sure we weren't followed, as nothing surprised me with Edoardo. No-one was about.

I entered the room to see a fine area for seating, and a drinks bar. Felicita stood at a set of double doors that opened into another room, which I guessed was the one I was most interested in.

I stood beside her and we both stared at the king-sized bed. After a few seconds, I said, “We need to remove this dress. Although it looks beautiful on you, it’s in my way.” I wanted to make my intentions clear, just in case she was in doubt as to why I had her up here.

Sliding behind her, I slipped my fingers under the spaghetti straps gliding them gently from her shoulders. The dress dropped to her feet, pooling around her feet. “Get on the bed,” I ordered.

She removed her heels, and stepped exquisitely out from her dress and walked over to the bed. “On all fours,” I commanded. I watched her climb onto the bed and position herself as requested. I stepped back to admire the stunning view of her perfectly rounded ass. There was a glint of wetness between her thighs, and I rubbed my hand over my cock.

“Face against the mattress, I want that ass up in the air and ready for me,” I commanded. She did as requested and I stepped closer, “You know what’s going to happen next?” I asked, rubbing my hands over her backside. She flinched at the contact.

“I do.”

She looked gorgeous in this position and I was eager to sink my dick into her wet pussy. I unfasted my slacks and spat on my hand, coating my cock in saliva. I slapped her arse and she yelped in surprise.

“I’m so hungry for you,” I say, my voice coarse. *Hungry to hear her yelp.*

I raised my hand and slapped her backside, she jolted forward. “Ouch,” she moaned as her cheeks began to glow in pinkness.

“Oh, trust me that is the least of your problems,” I murmured, hitting her arse a second time, this time, harder, jolting her forward from the force.

My dick throbbed with need, desperately wanting to fuck her. I gripped my cock and rubbed it through her folds, coating myself in her juices. I slapped the inside of her thighs, needing her to widen her legs, she shuffled her knees further apart. I wasted no time, forcing my dick into her wetness and groaning at the feel of her tightening around me.

“Oh God,” she called out.

“I sure as hell am god.”

I slammed into her with no remorse, sinking deeply into her quivering mound. Hell, I was on fire. I held her hips to guide her back and forth on my hard length. She wailed, like music to my ears, loving every single strike of my cock as it hit her G-spot. Felicita was so hot and wet, my cock couldn't handle it. Blood pumped furiously to the tip of my dick. She screamed as she climaxed, soaking my cock.

“Good girl. Shit sexy,” I expressed to her in a ragged breath. “Fuck, fuck.” I withdrew and shot my load over her backside. My breaths were coming heavy and fast as I stared down at her. Fuck, no woman had ever made me cum so damn quickly.

Tucking my dick away and climbed from the bed, making my way to the bathroom to grab a towel for her to clean up. I grabbed a towel and took it to her, dropping it beside where she was still lying face down. Then I went into the sitting room and to the drinks cabinet. I needed a drink to distract me from needing her pussy again.

Sat on the nearest chair I leaned forward, thinking about Edoardo and how I was going to call his bluff during the game. We were each other's worst nightmare and I longed to see him bleeding before me.

I sip the amber fluid, lost in thought, lost in everything and knowing I only have four days left with Felicita. She was only meant to be some goddamn pussy. But for some reason, she

was consuming my thoughts and how much I longed to fuck her. Girls came and went and I never gave a shit about any of them. I fuck, they run. *But now, I'm daring to hope for more?*

The sound of light sobs filled the room and I found myself rushing to the bedroom to find Felicita curled up in the foetal position, her body shaking through her cries. Surprised, I put my drink on the nearest cabinet and sat on the edge of the bed, carefully placing my hand on her thigh. This was a first for me, having a girl crying. I didn't usually entertain this bullshit.

"What's going on?" There was no response other than those damn fucking sobs. "Felicita, you need to talk to me." I was unsure on how to deal with her, but I wanted to at least see her face so I attempted to unravel her arms. She clung tighter to her knees, refusing to break the foetal position. "I'm not fighting you," I snapped, finally managing to get her arms free. I pushed her onto her back and held them above her head, before sitting over her body, pinning her down beneath me. The move exposed her breasts, her pebbled nipples taunting me. My mouth watered at the thought of lowering my mouth a few more inches and sucking them. I turn my attention to her face, taking in the state of her now smudged eye makeup. She struggled, desperate to fight me and get me off her. When she realized I wasn't budging, she growled in anger, bucking up and then kicking her legs.

"Get off me," she squealed as she tried hard to fight me.

"Will you stop this stupid fighting, Felicita, what the fuck is the matter with you?" I snapped.

"Fuck you," she yelled.

"I hate to inform you sexy, but I'm stronger than you are and if I wished to, I could snap you into pieces and throw you out with the trash."

"Good, fucking do it," she snarled. "Because being your whore is not what I want."

"You went to the party to be one." I reminded her.

"I didn't go to be a whore," she hissed, trying to twist her body. She was just going to use all her energy trying to push

me away. She had no chance. “I went to earn some money and find a sugar daddy. Don’t you ever listen?” she growled.

“I do, but you, sexy, are something else.” I laughed.

“Fuck you... fuck you,” she roared, bucking hard enough to shift me. She managed to free one leg, bringing her knee to my nuts hard. I immediately dropped onto the bed beside her, grabbing my delicate area whilst groaning in pain. She scarpered off the bed but I managed to grab her wrist, hauling her back onto the bed. I pushed up, fighting through the pain as I pinned her back underneath me again.

“You bastard... I hate you,” she screamed, using both her fists to hit my chest hard. I took hold of her hands, holding them above her head again.

“I don’t think so sexy,” I scoffed as she tried again to free her leg.

“Fuck you! Let me go,” she yelled.

“No chance, but I like this fight. It’s all rather sweet.” I chuckled.

“Go fuck yourself.”

“Felicita, we both know I cannot do that,” I laughed.

“You’re an asshole,” she spat.

“Know that isn’t the first time I have heard those words,” I mocked. “What do you want?”

“I want you to let me go. I don’t care for the money. I want out of all this.”

“Sure.” I released her hands and climbed from her, watching as she shot up and grabbed her dress to put it on. “I doubt you’ll get very far though... alive.”

She stopped and spun to me, tears staining her cheeks. “What?”

“The man I have been playing poker with wants you. He offered me money.” I moved to sit on the edge of the bed, casually. “I seriously doubt he plans to treat you well. He brings in women and children to sell for slavery. I can only

imagine what he would do with a pretty girl like yourself,” I informed her.

“What do you mean?” her eyes narrowed, “Is this ploy of trying to keep me here with you?”

“Being here with me would keep you protected. I can keep you alive. But leaving this room, this hotel, without me, would be dangerous. “

“Am I going to die?” she almost whispered.

“Not if you stay with me you won’t.” I had no idea why I’d said that. Usually, any girl who spoke crap to me, or kneed me in the balls, would need her dental records to be identified. “Come here.” I widened my thighs, waiting for her, even though inside I was battling with myself. Showing kindness to this girl would only lead to complications. She stared down at the floor, her hand anxiously rubbing the back of her neck whilst she chewed on her lower lip. I narrowed my eyes, daring her to walk out of that door but secretly hoping she didn’t call my bluff. She had to know there was no way of escaping me. She had to do as she was told or risk falling into worse hands than mine.

She stepped towards me, allowing me to grab her and bring her to stand between my legs. I reached up, tucking a stray piece of her hair behind her ear before dragging my fingers down her neck and over her bare shoulder. I trailed them down her body, enjoying each curve. She closed her eyes as I began to work my hands back up her body, stopping at her gorgeous tits. I caressed them, gently tugging at her nipples so they hardened. A soft moan escaped her lips, and my cock was back to straining against my trousers, wanting to be inside of her. I had already broken my own rules by caressing her so gently, it was a sign of weakness and emotion. I took from women, I didn’t give.

I shuffled back on the bed, “Straddle me,” I ordered and she climbed over me, placing her hands on my shoulders as she lifted enough to hover her dripping pussy over the bulge in my pants. I pushed her tits together, flicking my tongue over each of her pebbled nipples. She groaned, rubbing herself

against me. I slipped my hand between us and rubbed my fingers through her folds. She was soaked.

I reached into my trousers and pulled out my erection. "Ride me," I ordered, holding my dick upright. She lifted to accommodate, lining her pussy up and sinking down onto me.

Felicita slowly lifted her body, before plunging back down. She kept the pace, riding me like a fucking pro and sending my mind and body into a whirl. My balls and cock were on fire. I loved this position with her bouncing on me and her tits in my face.

Blood pumped hard to my dick and my balls felt swollen. I gasped for breath, as my balls tightened, ready to fill her delightful cunt with my cream. "Fuck...fuck," I cried, lifting Felicita from me. I took hold of my dick to jerk it off. With my eyes shut tight, I concentrated on my rhythm. Then, I shot my load, groaning as streams covered her stomach and I shuddered hard.

A few seconds later I gained my breath back. I opened my eyes to find Felicita staring at me. She passed me a towel; the same one I threw at her earlier. I wiped my cream and put my dick back in my slacks.

"Get dressed, we need to be out of here." I stood and ambled through to the living area. I found my drink on the cabinet and knocked the contents back. I slammed the empty glass back on the side and balled my fists. Pissed-off that I'd let my guard down, unable to understand what it was about this bitch that I found so irresistible. She was just another pussy, no different from the rest. But clearly different enough to have me breaking my rules, rules that were there to protect me. It had been only a day and she was messing with my head, I had another four left.

I stormed back into the bedroom to find her dressed and standing before the mirror staring at herself. I gave myself a second to drink in her beauty, and I knew if I didn't leave right now, I'd have her back on the bed naked. She was a distraction and I couldn't afford to let my guard down anymore than I already had.

Moving swiftly to the door, desperate to get my head back in the game. The game. Fuck, how was I going to continue with my head full of her. And I was certain Edoardo would keep me playing until the very end, meaning more time away from Felicita.

Opening the door open when to my surprise I found Jarvis and a few men outside. I pulled my jacket together to do up the button. “He remained in the bar boss,” Jarvis informed me.

“Good.”

Felicita came to my side and I wrapped an arm around her, wishing I never had to let her go.

We began to make our way towards the lift when gunfire rang out. My men immediately withdrew their weapons, and Jarvis passed me a gun. “Fuck, get her back,” I yelled. More shots rang out and I grabbed Felicita’s hand. She looked terrified this was all alien to her. I wasn’t about to let anything happen to her.

We turned, moving back down the corridor and finding the exit to the stairwell. Jarvis rushed in front of us, checking the exit to make sure it was safe before giving us the nod. We proceeded down the stairs, keeping quiet but moving as quickly as we could. As we got closer to the ground floor, we could hear shots, much louder this time and Jarvis suddenly stopped, ducking down. We all followed his movements, and as I peered over the banister and down the stairwell, I spotted Edoardo’s men climbing the stairs towards us.

“Shit,” hissed Jarvis.

There was no way out of this. I could feel Felicita’s hand shaking in mine, her eyes full of fear. My men were good fighters and with Felicita surrounded, I was confident we could shoot our way out of this. It would mean her seeing things I wasn’t happy about, but what choice did we have now?

“Have the car ready,” I ordered Jarvis, in a hushed tone. He made the order using his mobile phone as we continued down the stairwell. Then, as we rounded the corner, shots were being fired at us. Bullets ricocheted off the walls and one of the

bodyguards took a hit to the neck. He collapsed in a heap, gripping the wound as blood poured through his fingers.

I grabbed Felicita to me as she shook uncontrollably, screaming in fright. I pressed her face into my chest and pointed my gun at the men as they ran towards us, aiming and shooting, picking them off one by one. Felicita dropped to the floor, curling into a ball and covering her ears. I knelt in front of her, protecting her from stray bullets as we continued to shoot.

Javis glanced back, “We need to get her out of here, before more men come.”

“Sexy, you need to stand up. We need to keep moving. I’ll protect you.” I kneeled before her and placed my finger under her chin, lifting it so our gazes met. Tears ran down her cheeks. “Trust me,” I almost whispered, giving her a reassuring smile.

Taking a firm hold of her hand I forced her to stand up. We continued to make our way down the staircase with her tucked into my side.

Javis was ahead shooting everything that got in our path. Then bullets began flying from above, but they were missing us and hitting the walls instead. The men behind me were shooting up and a body fell down the centre of the stairwell. Felicita screamed again as it hit a rail, the sound ringing out. I continued to guide her down as she clung to me in terror. Suddenly, I was hit from the side, a hard body crashing against me, causing me to shove Felicita behind me to safety. The gun flew from my hand, skidding across the floor out of reach. My men were too busy firing back at the groups trying to ambush us from above and below. I punched out, trying to fight the bastard off. He returned a nasty blow to my ribs, jolting me back. I almost lost my footing. I restored my position and went at the man like a bull, striking him with my fist in his face and sending him falling - where he landed, smashing his head on the step.

I retrieved my gun and without hesitation, shot the man in the head. I glanced around at the chaos around us. Men were

bleeding out on the floor, the smell of death lingering in the air.

Felicita was huddled in the corner with her head on her knees and her hands covering her ears. “Come on, we have to leave. Now.” I took her hand and pulled her to standing, leading the way down the stairs. We had to step over bodies as we rushed down, hoping we made it out before more men came at us.

At the bottom of the stairs, Jarvis stood at the door. “Take her to the car. I’ll meet you there,” I ordered, bundling her into his arms.

“Of course, boss,” he said.

“Keep her safe, Jarvis,” I warned.

“No problem, boss.”

I followed them outside, my driver handed me a fresh shirt and jacket which I quickly changed into. Jarvis guided Felicita into the passenger seat, closing the door. I had one thing to do now, and that was to face my enemy. My blood boiled, I was ready to rip Edoardo’s head clean off, but first, I needed to act like everything was fine.

I made it back to the poker room and entered to see everyone taking their seats. I did the same, making sure I sat opposite Edoardo.

Our eyes met and he smirked, “You look flustered.”

“All that fucking does tend to take it out of me,” I remarked.

“She’s no more than a slut.”

“She’s no such thing, she’s perfect,” I argued.

“Oh, I doubt that if she’s with you.”

Rage burned inside and I stood abruptly, moving away from the table before I did something I couldn’t take back. What was left of his men were gathered, and dumped. I strolled past him like I didn’t give a shit, picturing putting a bullet in his motherfucking head. But, I had no gun, no

weapons were allowed for the game, aware we would kill each other.

My night was over. There was no point dragging it out, I just needed him to see he hadn't succeeded in his quest to get rid of me.

I stepped out into the fresh air, taking a cigarette from inside my jacket pocket and placed it between my lips. I lit it, inhaling deeply, allowing it to calm me. A car pulled up and Troy, my driver, nodded in greeting. I opened the back door and slid inside, struggling to calm my boiling blood.

"A tracker is under his car," he told me.

"Good, at least we can stalk the fucker. And when he least expects it - blow him the fuck up."

"Javis is waiting for you at the airport," he added.

CHAPTER FOUR

Felicita

The men came after us and opened fire, clearly wanting us dead, yet we were the ones still standing. I witnessed a murder, *several*. I watched as people were killed and they poured with blood. It covered my hands. *I'm a witness*. I watched Alessandro shoot a man in cold blood. I watched him fight the man who attacked him. Each breath I took felt criminal.

I was scared. I had no idea where or what Alessandro did once I was hustled into the car. And I'd felt too shocked to argue. I'd cried. I didn't wish him to leave me. I thought about what he said in the hotel room and how, if I fell into the wrong hands, I would end up dead. But with him, I would stay alive and live to tell the tale. Only this tale was horrific. Tears streamed down my cheeks. My body felt paralyzed to all I had witnessed.

I buried my head between my knees to protect myself and tried to erase what I saw. My arms wrapped tightly around my legs. My body trembled and ached in places I had no idea existed. And all I could see was Alessandro pointing a gun at that man's head. What the hell was I involved in?

When I next looked up, it was dark outside. I was aware we were going on a plane, but I had no idea where to. I prayed it wasn't to a place where they would finish me off. I didn't have much in life, apart from my parents, who would really miss me. Gloria, maybe?

Crap, where was Gloria?

Did she make it out of the party okay? Did she find her sugar daddy? Maybe she was lapping up the rich life like she dreamed. I shudder, what if she was dead? Another sob escaped me.

The car slowed down and lights came into view. The driver drove onto the landing strip beside some planes that were being loaded and readied for flight. He pulled up alongside a private jet, then he got out to open my door. He gestured for me to climb out the car. “Madam.”

My feet dropped down from the seat and I carefully moved to reposition, so I was sat on the edge of the seat. The tight fitted dress didn’t leave much room for getting in and out of cars easily but I stood as gracefully as I could.

Javis came over, “If you could get on the plane, Felicita.”

I didn’t bother to argue, what was the point? Besides, I had nothing left, I was exhausted and all I wanted to do was be left alone to cry. Every step towards the plane, I felt as if my heart was breaking., and I could feel Javis’s eyes on me.

Entering the plane to find it sumptuous and posh, but I was too preoccupied to really take it all in. I went to the nearest couch where I curled up in the foetal position to sob. I covered my ears wanting the sound of the guns, fighting and shouting to go away. It felt like I had been in a war...in some ways, I had.

“She’s on the couch, boss,” I heard a voice.

Not moving. I felt a hand on my upper thigh. “Come here, Sexy.”

I uncurled to shift onto Alessandro’s lap, straddling him. He wrapped his arms tight around me, offering me comfort.

“We’re ready for take-off, Alessandro,” said Javis.

“Good, get us away from here.”

Alessandro stood with me in his arms and carried me to a leather chair. He placed me gently onto it and reached for the strap, fastening me in like you would a child. He took the seat

beside me, fastening his own seatbelt and then lacing our fingers together.

The engine powered up. This was my first time on a plane but I didn't feel any kind of excitement, just anxiety. As it climbed, I squeezed his hand tighter. After a few minutes, a light came on telling us we could unbuckle our belts.

"Stay there, Sexy, I'll be back shortly," he told me, unfastening his and leaving me alone.

I unbuckled my own belt and brought my feet up onto the chair. My hands ran through my hair and I tried once again to stop thinking about the recent events.

"You're fucking kidding me... how the fuck... shit..." I looked up to see Alessandro kicking up, furious, his fists tight, as he thumped and kicked the plane. "How? Find out who, and how this fuck up happened. I swear to God the person had better run for their goddamn life," he seethed. I was unsure of what had upset him and the night had already been crazy, I feared it would not calm down. "Find out who messed with me," he added through gritted teeth.

"I'm on it boss," Jarvis replied.

Scratching the back of my neck, not liking his tone. Alessandro stared my way but I turned slightly, not wishing him to be aware I overheard him. I was trapped in chains and my heart burned. I wanted out of this nightmare.

"Felicita," his voice penetrated the noise in my head. He sat down beside me and took my hand. I climbed onto him, straddling his lap. When I cuddled into him, I felt safe and secure.

"I know..." he rubbed his hand through my hair, "I never wanted you to see any of what you did." Broken, I cried on his shoulder, the vision was so real and not leaving my mind. "I'm taking you somewhere to be safe," he told me. His hand found my shoulder and stroked it gently. My eyes fell heavy.

CHAPTER FIVE

Alessandro

“Any news yet?” I asked Javis. He shook his head. I glanced back to look at Felicita resting on the leather chair. “How the hell was it ambushed?”

“All men dead.”

“Edoardo?” I questioned. He’s the only person I could think of, as Ravi wouldn’t do anything to jeopardise his delivery, or would he? I feared what would happen now with the girl. I knew what would happen if the shoe were on the other foot, I would want her back. I would make him bring her back. I inhaled a deep breath and moved to the bar to make a drink, I gazed at Felicita, unsure of what was about to occur. I had to get her away from everyone. It wasn’t my duty to keep her safe and out of arms way. This was an act of whim, I had never done this bullshit before, what on earth was she doing to me?

Sat on the leather chair, I sipped my drink and thought over possible options. I had to have answers and now...the whole scenario frustrated me.

“Boss, rumours are it was Edoardo, hence the reason he got your attention earlier.”

“Find my shit, it needs to be delivered to Ravi. I want that shit to him like yesterday or he’ll call for his part of the deal. And find out where the bastard is, Troy put a tracker on his car,” I growled.

“His car hasn’t moved. Why not hand the girl back?” Jarvis asked.

I paused, I had to think very carefully with my answer. “What did you say?” I had to check before I fucking ripped his throat apart.

“Why not hand the girl...” My ears never deceived me. He said exactly what I thought he did. Without time to think I stood up and grabbed Jarvis by the throat and crashed his body into the side of the plane, pinning him like some rag doll. He struggled to breath as he placed his hands on-top of mine. He never fought me, as like all my men, they were terrified of me. I narrowed my eyes at him and grit my teeth.

“You ever suggest that again, I’ll have your fucking tongue. Do I make myself clear?” I seethed.

“Yes boss,” he said, as he struggled for breath.

Felicita groaned; I saw her eyes flicker. I released Jarvis, who turned away holding his throat and coughing violently. I rushed to her and sat in the chair beside her. She turned over and cuddled into me. My eyes fell to Jarvis, as he shook his head. He knew my answer to why I wouldn’t hand her over and he was right, this was what frightened me. I was in deep water and drowning rapidly. I had no emotions for the opposite sex, I use them to my advantage. I did not care about what happened to them once I finished and disposed of them. They were pussy, clear and simple. So why was I cradling Felicita in my arms?

“Boss we’re almost landing.”

“Good.” I carefully moved, not wishing to disturb Felicita, but she shot up, wide eyed and checked her surroundings. “Strap in,” I ordered her, when she glanced up at me with those precious eyes and scratched the side of her neck. I raised my brow as she moved to the chair and buckled in.



THE PLANE LANDED AND THE CAR WAS READY TO MEET US LIKE ordered. We sat in the car without a word passing our lips. I glanced at her to find her staring out the window and I just

knew she was crying, probably confused and still in shock. I left her alone as the car drove the streets taking me to my harbour home. I felt she would be safer here, out the way, even if it wouldn't take much for someone to track me down.

The car pulled up to the gates and we drove in, relieved we had made it here without any further attempt on our lives.

Outside the house I opened my car door and raced around to hold the door for Felicita. She wiped her cheek, not wishing me to see the tears she had shed. I was no fool, I was many things, but a fool was never one of them.

Tightly, I wrapped my arm around her waist and chauffeured her towards the main door. The door opened and we were greeted by my housemaids, all ready to serve us. I watched as Felicita looked around her new surroundings.

“I'll show her to her room,” I informed the staff.

I showed her to the grand stairwell and took her up to her room. I opened the door, allowing her to enter first. Her feet padded on the carpet as she looked around the impressive large bedroom with a king size bed, teal bedding and one wall painted in the same colour.

“I'll leave you for a short while and check on you later. Please get some rest, it's been a crazy evening,” I told her. I left the room, closing the door behind me. Her life tonight had been full of mixed and unwanted invitations. My stomach churned as memories of the evening revolved around my mind. *The best part was making love to her.*

In my office, I checked over e-mails, only my mind was with Felicita. *Again.*

In a heartbeat I was at the office door, opening it to go back to Felicita and be with her. I hurried as quickly as my feet could carry me up the stairwell and stormed down the corridor to her room. I knocked loudly on the wooden door, trying to be patient, even though I was feeling less so. There was no answer.

I pressed my ear to the door wishing to hear a single sound from her but I heard nothing. In the heat of the moment, panic

took over and I pushed the door open. Inside, there was no sign of her. The bed hadn't been touched. I saw her heels kicked carelessly across the floor.

I could hear the sound of running water and I moved towards the bathroom, placing my hand against the door. She had to be in there. I slowly pushed it open to see Felicita sitting in the shower with her knees drawn to her chest. She was sobbing, her entire body shaking as she heaved for breath. I carelessly ripped my jacket from me, discarding it somewhere behind me as I rushed to her. Dropping beside her, I pulled her against me, not caring as the freezing water soaked my through my shirt. I reached up to turn it to warm. She began rocking, biting on her nails and staring trance like at the opposite wall. My heart ached, *this was my fault*.

She whimpered the tighter I held her, before whispering, "I am tarnished in blood. All I can hear is the guns, and all I can see is and blood, everything is covered in blood."

That bastard Edoardo. I drew her closer to my chest. It was obvious she had never witnessed anything like this before and now she was in the same boat as me, possibly about to sink. This devil was ready for bloody war.

"It's okay, it's okay," I whispered to calm her. I ran my hand up and down her arm, whilst I kissed the top of her head. I longed to take all this away from her and fill her mind with a life she deserved. I never wished for any of this to happen to her. Maybe, when I first cast my eyes on her I should've walked away. Instead, I'd tarnished her with dark, nasty, unspeakable sights. "I'm so sorry. I really am." It was the truth.

I carefully slipped from the shower to run her a hot bath. She needed to warm up. I reached for some essence that was on the cabinet side, and poured the bottle in. I glanced back to find Felicita still looking dazed. Once the water was deep enough, I went back to her, holding out my hand for her to take. She glanced at it, making no move. She didn't trust me and I hated that. I vowed to win her trust back. After a few long seconds, she sighed, taking my hand and allowing me to pull her to stand.

She stood before me and I placed my fingers carefully under the spaghetti straps of the dress, needing to get rid of the garment that was laced in blood. The dress dropped to her feet. She stepped out as I kicked it away - that dress will be burned. We laced our hands and she climbed into the bath, sinking down into the bubbles.

I stripped out of my own clothes and I moved carefully in behind Felicita, moulding our bodies together when she laid back, pressing her head to my chest. I splashed the water over her body, determined to remove all the blood she felt stained her.

“Let me wash your hair,” I told her. She sat forward. I wet her hair using my hands for a cup. I found the shampoo in the cabinet beside the bath and squirted the liquid into my hand. I began to lather up her hair in the sweet-smelling shampoo, gently I caressed her head before using my hands to rinse it.

I wrapped my arms around her and drew her back onto my chest, squirting bodywash onto her stomach to wash her clean.

With the bath finished, I towel dried each part of her beautiful body, patting to be gentle. I took a second to admire her figure, drinking in her perfection, loving the size of her boobs, her delicate flat tummy, and bottom...

“Come let me dry your hair.”

Holding hands, we sauntered through to the bedroom for me to locate the hairdryer. She sat on a chair and I set about drying her brunette locks.

“There you go,” I delicately told her, moving her hair to the side so I could put my lips to her neck. I placed my hand on her shoulder, where her hand then rested on mine.

“Thank you.”

“You have nothing to thank me for. It was my fault you witnessed what you did. Now you need to rest.”

I ambled to the tray of drinks to pour her a Jack Daniels. I gazed at her, lost in her beauty, her flawlessness. I picked up the tumbler and passed it to her.

“Drink this, it’ll help you settle.”

“Will you stay with me?” Her words were whisper like. So, moved to the bed for her to lay on my chest, cuddling with my arm wrapped around her.

I’m so angry with Edoardo for what he made Felicita see tonight, I’ll soon be wearing that man’s blood.

Felicita settled and I carefully slipped away and made the trip downstairs to see Javis.

“Boss, everything is a goddamn nightmare. Ravi is wanting to speak with you urgently and Edoardo, we’re certain was behind tonight and the ambush of the cocaine to Ravi. The whole things is getting out of hand,” he spoke with panic.

“Fine... I’ll make all the relevant calls.”

“Have you been with Felicita all this time?” he questioned me.

I faced him, grimacing. “What is happening to you, boss? You never allow a pussy to get in the way of business.” He was right, I didn’t and here I was doing the opposite.

Anger flared, and so to change the subject I retrieved my phone from my desk to make the call to Ravi.

“Finally, I was beginning to think you were fucking avoiding me, Alessandro, but please do what you wish, we have forever,” he said calmly. “Where are my drugs, we had a fucking deal... you either sort this shit out now or I’ll be coming for the girl,” he hissed.

“I’ll sort it.”

“I lost fucking men today and someone needs to pay,” he added.

“Of course. I’ll have a new shipment to you shortly.”

“You’d better, or I swear... her pussy is mine.” He hung up. My stomach curdled to the thought of him touching my girl.

“I have Edoardo’s number,” Javis informed me.

I snatched the paper from him and put the number into my phone. Pressing it to my ear, I waited impatiently for him to answer.

“Mr Lavis’ phone, how can I help?” I heard a woman.

“Tell the bastard to get on this line now before I lose my shit,” I growled.

I waited a few seconds.

“Allow me to guess, I have something of yours and you have something I’m very interested in purchasing. I’m sure we can come to some agreement, Alessandro.”

“She isn’t for sale.”

“Then why are we speaking? Do come back to me when you are prepared to make the trade. I’m pretty certain that what I have is worth more than that cunt you have. Oh, and by the way, nice try with the tracker,” he chuckled. My fists tightened ready to punch the daylights out the nearest thing or person to me. “So, you think about it and give me a call. I’m happy to negotiate. I mean what is she worth... against all this cocaine... sleep tight.” He hung up. I was aware he was laughing his smug face off.

“Boss...”

“Not now, Jarvis... not now.”

I sat outside, with a glass of whiskey, staring into the sky and gathering my options. It was obvious that the easiest solution would be to hand Felicita over. I had two people after the same person and all because I set my eyes on her. She was in danger, no matter which angle you looked at it. She was the key. She held the cards. The fact remained that if I let her go, she wouldn’t stay alive.

Her life was in mayhem through my own fault. A young innocent woman had been pulled into hell, and for what? Because I took a liking to her. I really should learn to not let my dick do the talking.

CHAPTER SIX

Felicita

Waking alone, sorrow filled me. I wished I'd woken up with Alessandro snuggled around me, cradling me in the spoon position. For some reason I felt safe, secure and at harmony when he held me. He gave the energy that made all the problems in my life disappear.

With what I witnessed last night, and how horrendous it was after never seeing such brutality and death, it felt lonely to wake without him.

I sat up in bed and stared at the bedroom door debating whether to go and find Alessandro. I had no idea if he wanted me near him.

Once I'd washed and dressed in some shorts and vest top that I'd found in the wardrobe, I made my way downstairs.

"Good morning Madam," a maid spoke to me.

"Morning, do you know where Alessandro is?"

"I do, but he wishes to be left alone. No-one is to disturb him," she added.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I'm not obliged to reply. He's a very..."

"Janet, she can see me whenever she wishes." The voice came from outside. I gazed at the patio doors and there he was stood wearing slacks and a white shirt partially open. I smiled

at him. "Please come and join me by the pool. Bring her breakfast," he ordered.

He waited for me to approach him, his hand reaching to cup my cheek the second I was close enough. "You look beautiful."

"You look tired," I told him. "Have you slept?"

"Not much, but I never sleep."

He took my hand and walked me to a table close to the pool where a cup of coffee was already waiting. I sat in the chair beside him, my eyes assessing his tired expression. There was a bruise forming on his cheek. "Is your cheek sore?" I asked.

"Don't worry about me." He laced his hand with mine. "I've been thinking... today you and I will sail off and spend the day together."

"That sounds wonderful."

Breakfast arrived consisting of some croissants, toast, fresh fruit, cereal and a pot of coffee.

"This is impressive, but no way will I eat all this."

"Can you please get us a picnic hamper ready and load it onto my boat within thirty minutes. Also get some clothes for Felicita and I," he commanded the maid.

"Off course, sir." The maid went into the house as I heard her order a few more maids to do what he'd commanded.

I picked up a croissant and pulled it apart before eating it. Alessandro poured me a cup of coffee. "How was the bed?"

I waited to empty my mouth to reply. "Wonderful and lush. I was tempted to stay there," I giggled.

"Then why did you get up?" He pushed the coffee to me.

"To find you. Last night..."

His hand went up. "Don't think about it."

"Do their bodies go to their families?"

"Of course."

“Why did they...”

He took my hand and held it tight in his. “You don’t need to worry about what happened last night. Your pretty eyes will never see anything like that again, I can promise you that.” He raised my hand to meet his lips, kissing it. “Now eat up.”

He clicked his fingers and a one of his men appeared. “Get the boat ready.”

“Yes boss.” He went off with several with several men following him.

After a few minutes, he stood, “Come, let’s take you to the boat,” I finished my coffee, and he held out his hand for me to take. He guided me to the bottom of the garden, which revealed a beautiful bay, and right before us, was his luxury boat.

“You own this?” I questioned, not having a clue why I was surprised. It was clear he had money-*dirty money*.

I was excited, and I ambled across the bridge to the boat quickly. Climbing aboard, I went inside to the living room which was all decorated in creams and browns like the jet. I continued exploring, making my way down some narrow steps to find the bedroom. I smiled, knowing we’d spend time here.

“Felicita,” Alessandro called out.

“I’m here,” I replied. I popped my head out and he grinned.

“We’re setting off.”

I smiled when the boat moved into motion. It drifted for a little while before the engine was turned over and of we went. I had no idea where we were going and right now I didn’t care. I sat on the bed, staring at my hands delighted Alessandro took away all the crimson that darkened me. The memory remained and all I could see was Alessandro being beaten up, followed by him grabbing his gun and shooting a man. There was no remorse, no sorrow, no empathy, he’d killed a man in cold blood and showed nothing. How can someone behave like that?

My heart ached for his family and the ones that were killed by the bodyguards, stepping over them like they were trash. I wondered if it had all been a dream, an action thriller I had watched on the television and it came to life in all its vivid horror.

“Hey,” Alessandro spoke. “Get changed and come on up here, you can sunbathe,” he said, sounding delighted.

I smiled. “Two minutes.”

Eager, I stood and opened the wardrobe to find bikini’s, kaftans and a few bits other of clothing -dresses, and tops. I wasted no time in getting changed into a tiny bikini barely covering my boobs, and the bottoms were tied at the side.

Ready, I make my way to Alessandro, finding him wearing a pair of trunks and sat on a lounge with what looked like a cocktail. “Ahh, Felicita,” he rose to reach for my hand, pulling me onto his lap. I giggled, loving being in his arms again as he wrapped it tightly around my waist. “Well, would you look at this fine figure, hell... feel my cock baby.” I slipped my hand down to his groin to find him stiff.

“That is naughty, Master,” I laughed.

“That is nothing... and you don’t need to call me Master anymore, instead I’m your servant so anything you wish, I will get. Do I make myself clear?” He raised my chin for our lips to press softly together. “Do you understand?” he grunted under his breath as we put our lips together.

“I do.”

“Good girl. Now do as you please to me.”

Our stare was strong and playful as I chewed my bottom lip. “Anything?”

“Anything, the naughtier the better.”

“Aww well in that case, I’m going to sunbathe.” I teased and stood, he grabbed my hand and I turned to giggle, scrunching up my nose.

“I don’t think so...” he mocked.

I dropped to my knees and I stared in his dark chocolate eyes. My hand rested on his stomach, but I soon trailed my fingers down to find his dick. He bounced in arousal. I furrowed my brows at him as he raised his. I stroked the length of his cock, gliding my hand up and down his firmness. I licked my lips, before biting down on the bottom, not breaking our stare.

He dropped his hand to my backside, kneading my globes. His enormous cock was ready for the taking, and my core tightened, eager to have him embedded deeply in me. How I craved to ride him and force him to send me to heaven.

“I think someone is happy to see you,” he murmured.

Horny, I tugged on his shorts as he lifted his bottom up, allowing me to remove the garment. His cock laid on his tummy - perfect, hard and vigorously bounced.

Firmly, I took hold of his dick and licked the tip, tormenting him as he groaned. I flicked my tongue around the head of his redness and dipped my tongue between his slit.

“Oh shit,” he called out.

I was ready to lose myself in him and feel our hearts beating together. I gazed at him to find his eyes shut tight, and it that moment, I knew he was mine.

I stroked my hand up and down his length again. Alessandro dropped his head back and parted his lips. I plunged my mouth down on his cock, sinking it to the back of my throat to the point of choking. I glided my mouth up and down his length to take all I could, as my hand caressed his balls whilst he moaned. He placed his hand on the top of my head, running his fingers through my hair. Teasingly, I sucked and slurped before making a popping sound. His dick end glowed with redness. I took his length back into my mouth tasting his saltiness, I rolled and licked loving the torment I placed on him.

“Baby... sixty-nine me.”

In a hurry I stood to remove my bikini and straddled across him with my back to his face. With care I raised my right leg

onto his shoulder and with his support added the left. My pussy was pressed to his mouth as I took his cock in mine, lapping up his liquid. His tongue met my sex folds where he licked and sucked the entire area. I wiggled as he worked his tongue, finding my clit to suck intensively.

My mouth wrapped around his dick to take it deep, as he inserted his fingers into my sodden core.

“Oh fuck,” I cried out.

“Baby... ride me... ride me...” he growled in frustration.

With care I turned around and straddled across him, his dick to my entrance. With his hands on my hips, we both lowered me down onto his magnificent length. My core hugged his dick, I pushed down on him until he hit my aching centre. His hands held me tightly as he bounced me up and down. We found a rhythm and he closed his eyes, letting me ride hi into oblivion.

“Fuck...” He slipped his hands under my bikini top, finding my boobs to caress them. He sat forward and took my right nipple into his mouth. I threw my head back, I loved every sensation he created with my body. I craved to stay here forever and forget all that had happened since being with him.

Up and down, I took his length, taking him deep before bringing him almost out. Alessandro released my nipple to wrap his arms tightly around my body as he jerked and went into a spasm.

I wrapped my arms around him, kissing the top of his head until he raised it from my chest to kiss my lips.

“You’re bad for me, Sexy.” He kissed me.

We moved to the large lounge where I snuggled into him. All I could hear was the sound of his thumping heartbeat. I was getting lost in him.

“I like this,” I informed him.

He kissed my head. “So do I. So do I.”

We later made a picnic, before he took me down to the bedroom and made love to me so many times I lost count, it

was incredible. He was incredible. I knew he was bad news, I knew he was mixed up in some bad things, especially after what I'd witnessed. But I didn't wish to believe any of it. I had so many questions to ask him, only I feared his answers, if he'd answer at all.

Later, I sat at the front of the boat as we headed further out. With my arms wrapped around my knees and the wind blowing gently through my hair, I felt relaxed. I glanced down at my body, my boobs swollen and my pussy wet after being so turned on. I had never experienced sex like this, and never wished for it to end. Although, all good things must come to an end.

Alessandro sat beside me, sitting in the exact same position, as we stared out across the ocean.

"It's so pretty here," I said.

"It is, but then I prefer the girl sitting beside me," he nudged me. I turned to him and smiled. "What's on your mind?"

"Your cock."

"Well, I'm glad I'm having that effect on you."

"You do," I giggled.

He placed his hand over my tummy to force me to lie down as he straddled me. Our stares hungry and beautiful. He slowly lowered until our lips almost touched, then he ran his tongue over my lower lip, until I opened for him. We made love again.

"Can we stay out here for the night?" I asked.

"For you, anything."

I positioned myself between his thighs, resting my head back against him and staring out to sea. We watched the sunset, it's glorious glow of orange and red setting a romantic atmosphere. His arms locked around me, making me feel safe and warm. We watched until the sunset went behind the horizon. Then we watched the stars twinkling in their own haven. The boat rocked a tiny fraction, but all around us was

still and calm with no signs of anything ruining our perfect time together.

I woke to find myself in bed. I didn't recall Alessandro bringing me here. I glanced around as he emerged wet from the bathroom. I leaned up on my elbows to admire him and his fine torso.

He ambled to me and dropped the towel to his feet before climbing on to the bed. He slid his body over mine pulling off the sheet to reveal my boobs. I grabbed the sheet, smirking at the thought of a playfight.

"You're in for a treat young lady," he said.

"Yes please." I widened my legs, as we each tugged the sheet. We burst out laughing as we both became twisted in it.. His smile was charming and full of adoration. I cupped his face and we kissed. Our tongues danced to the most amazing tune. His groin thrust against my pelvis. I was sure as hell ready for round... *I had officially lost count.*

His cock nudged my opening and slipped inside, back and forth to tease me before sinking deep inside. Our bodies moved in sync, like a petal to a flower. Our sweetness was enchanting and breathless. I was falling in love with a man I'd known only for a few days, and hell it felt so good.



GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE FELT DISAPPOINTING. I WAS LEFT empty and scared of what was to come now we were going back to normality. Out at sea I was safe, and here, I had no idea what might happen.

Javis stood at the mooring where he was thrown the rope. The engine was shut off and we drifted to land. As we moored the bridge went down and Alessandro walked across first, before taking my hand.

"I have updates for you," Javis informed Alessandro.

"Good tell me later."

"Boss..."

"I said later," he yelled.

We marched into the house and upstairs when to my surprise, he pulled me in the opposite direction of my bedroom. We rushed down the corridor and he opened another door.

“Welcome to my sanctum.” The room was sensational, dressed in black and white. “You get comfortable. I’ll be back shortly.” He slapped my backside, I turned to find a cheeky grin across his face as he left.

I kicked off my flipflops and sunk my feet into a thick pillied rug and looked around the room. The walls were adorned with pictures of naked couples. I moved to a chest of drawers and opened the top one to find a gun and knife. I quickly closed it, afraid I’d get accused of being nosy. My breath hitched and I moved to the veiled double balcony doors, which offered a sweet breeze. I stepped out to see the pool, and in the distance, the boat. I smiled, regretting that the day had to finish.

“Don’t you ever fucking patronise me again, do you fucking understand? What I do with my life is for me to worry about, not you. Do I make myself clear?” I peeked down below to see Alessandro yelling at Jarvis.

“Boss... you can’t do this.” Alessandro pulled out a gun and aimed it at Jarvis’ head. I froze and my heart stuttered in my chest as my eyes widened in fear. “Fine, do what the hell you want, but I’m warning you, boss, this will get nasty.” Jarvis stormed off.

My chest felt tight and I started to shake frantically. The man I’d made love to had threatened to kill Jarvis. Panic took over and I went back inside, pacing the bedroom and trying to stop the thoughts of the man that Alessandro had already killed, from filling my head again. I glanced at the draw where the gun and knife were kept, what the hell was I involved with?

I sat on the edge of the bed, holding my head in my hands as tears welled up in my eyes. I didn’t like what I’d just witnessed. My heart continued to hammer hard in my chest. My throat felt so tight, I felt like I would suffocate. I inhaled

sharply, trying desperately to fill my lungs, as I was getting lightheaded now. I screwed my eyes closed, concentrating on my breaths.

The door swung open, taking me by surprise. I quickly wiped my eyes and looked up to find Alessandro stood there. He didn't bother to speak, instead stormed into the en-suite and slammed the door.

I stayed where I was, not moving an inch. The last thing I needed was for him to start pointing the gun at me. *Would he kill me?* My head was muddled. There was so much that didn't make sense.

The bathroom door opened and he came out with a face like thunder. "I have to tell you something," he grunted. He marched over to the drinks cabinet in the far corner and poured some amber liquid into a glass, he gulped it down and poured himself another glass. He spun to face me. "Ravi, you recall him?" His eyes were full of anger.

"I do, well sort off."

"Well, I had a fucking deal with the asshole. I traded some goods for half the price and also took you as part of the payment. Only the bastard is playing games with me. He has decided he wants you back." He tensed, before adding, "Not ever fucking happening." I stared, horrified, shock numbing me at his confession. "He's playing with fire and is about to get burned." I pressed my lips hard together as tears filled my eyes.

Alessandro dropped down before me and took my hands in his. "Look at me, Felicita, look at me." I raised my head to meet his gaze. "He's never touching you. I swear to you on my life, nothing will happen to you. I have you," he spoke softly.

"Can he come and get me?" I wept. Alessandro gently wiped away the tears.

"No, he has no chance of getting into this house. I'll have to move you again and it might be somewhere where I'll not be able to go with you. I've put you in danger and they can locate me, so if you..."

“No, no, I don’t wish to leave you. I want to stay by your side.” I sobbed.

He pulled me into his chest as I snuggled into him, his caress and warmth welcoming. “Then that is what we shall do. You can stay with me.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Alessandro

My behaviour was outrageous, complicated and out of character. My heart ached to spend every second with Felicita, but my mind told me to stop this nonsense and grow a pair of balls.

Tightly, I held her close to my chest, keeping her safe and away from any possible danger. She was my angel. She was mine to own until... I ran my fingers through her long locks, never wishing the moment to end.

The boat trip had been amazing, normally when I did that, I had several girls, and each one I fucked and watched, as they paraded around naked flaunting their pussies. They even had competitions to see who got my cock first. It was all play. I liked it. I enjoyed having the girls on their knees begging for me to give them my dick. Yeah, I was a self-centred man who loved to have girls wrapped around my body. I loved to have boobs and pussies at my beck and call.

I rubbed Felicita's arm as she cradled into me. With care I carried her to the bed to carefully place her down and then I covered her up. I spent a few seconds drinking in her beauty, unsure what I was thinking, and why my behaviour was so strange. *What was she doing to me?*

Sat in my office, I put my head in my hands, raking my fingers through my hair. The situation I found myself and my business in, was hell.

A knock came at the door for me to see Javis. “Boss, everyone is after the girl.” I remained silent, already aware. “How long do you plan on keeping her here for?”

“I have two more days with her.”

“Then are you going to hand her over?”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “Do you want that fucking bullet in your motherfucking head?” Javis shook his head and left the room.

My heart was melting for Felicita, and I craved to be in my bed with her. I was desperate for some composure, to get my head on straight and to think about my plan. My first one was to kill Edoardo, and then Ravi. The bonus would be them both together, then only I would get the girl. I would own her. She would be mine and share the air I breathe.

In the heat of the moment, I picked up my phone and called Ravi.

“I would say good evening, but I’d guess you have a few things on your mind, so sleeping beauty isn’t getting his sleep...” His voice was coarse and patronizing.

“I have two days. You got the delivery.”

“Late!”

“That wasn’t my fault.”

“Then who’s fucking fault was it. Enough of these games, bring me the girl. You broke the agreement.”

“I have her for two more days,” I state, not giving him any indication of my feelings to her.

“You broke the deal.”

“You got the delivery. I’m keeping her for two more days.”

“Don’t let her out your sight...” He hung up.

Irritated, I stared at my phone for a few seconds, aware the bastard meant every word. I feared he’d attempt to come and get her. My life had turned into a rollercoaster and all for a woman.

Furious, I rushed through the house to find Jarvis. He was sat in the lounge sipping a drink. “I need all the men out in force. Felicita needs full protection.”

“Have you spoken to Ravi?” His eyes found mine.

“Just get everyone on full alert. No hair of hers is to be harmed...” I walked out of the lounge and went back to Felicita. The only person I do trust to do a job correctly, was me.

Back where I needed to be, I spooned behind her and wrapped my arms around her. I held her tight and close. She grunted and snuggled her bottom into my groin. My cock throbbed, but right now sex wasn't on the menu.

I woke, running my hand along the bed beside me to find it empty. Startled, I sat up abruptly, as I glanced around the bedroom to locate her, finding nothing.

Panic stole me. I threw the sheet off me to pick my slacks up from the floor. I located my phone in my pocket and called Jarvis's number.

“Morning boss...”

“She isn't here. Felicita isn't here, where the hell is she? I swear to God if any harm has come to her...”

“Boss, look down to the pool.”

Like lightening, I sped to the balcony to find my girl swimming. A smile rose, delighted she was safe. I had a moment where I thought she had been taken under my watchful eye. I wasted no time in getting dressed into a pair of shorts and heading down to her. I had to join her. I had to have her close.

“Is everything okay boss?” Jarvis mocked.

“It's fine.” I walked away, not in the mood to give him the satisfaction. He didn't need to know I'd had a mini heart attack at the thought of losing her. I took a seat at the table by the pool. It was already laden with food and I was glad she'd eaten.

The maid came out and poured me a coffee. “What can I get you, sir?”

“Her naked...”

“Excuse me?”

I smirked, “Toast,” I replied.

Seconds later, Felicita emerged out the pool like some goddamn queen. My dick pulsed. Her body glistened, wet and damn well fuckable. Her boobs bounced slightly as she walked to me, a large smile across her pretty face.

“Morning,” she greeted. She sat on the chair beside me and leaned across to kiss my lips. Her hair was in thick wet clumps and her body... it shone so elegantly.

“Morning. Good swim?” I questioned as I took a sip of my coffee, waiting for the toast to arrive.

“It was.” She rested her elbow on the table and placed her chin on her hand. She glanced my way, “What are we doing today?”

“What would you like to do?” I gave her the option. I really was losing the plot.

“I fancy spending it with you, getting dirty.” She ran her finger along my hand and up towards my shoulder.

“Where?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t care.”

My heart melted. Her eyes sparkled, so bright and beautiful. I swept my hand across the table, clearing everything to the floor, smashing the crockery and sending pastries scattering. I took her hand and forced her up, and without hesitation I placed her between my legs and removed her panties. Felicita sat on the table, pushing her bottom back an inch. She widened her legs showing me her wetness glistening. She laid back onto the table. I swiped my finger down her slick folds, so perfect. Her hand came down to toy with her clit, her fingers teasing the bag of nerves.

“I don’t think so,” I told her. I removed her hand from her pussy and I went in with my tongue, sweeping it up and down her nub as she wriggled and moaned. She thrust her bottom off of the table in arousal as I tasted her honey, *so sweet*. I inserted my fingers into her opening, pushing them inside, finger fucking her. My tongue danced over her clit, feeling her squirming in horniness.

I reached into my shorts and pulled out my dick. I slid it up and down her folds as she widened her legs and I yanked her to the edge of the table for easier access.

“Oh baby,” I teased. Unable to stop the urge, I sunk my cock deep inside her core. Her cunt hugged my dick perfectly. In and out I slid, as she cooed to my rhythm.

“Boss...sorry, we have a problem.”

“I’m busy,” I scorned.

“And so is Edoardo.”

That name scorned me like the devil. I stopped fucking to look at him.

He moved closer to whisper in my ear. “He’s taken down the warehouse and visited your club. He’s searching for the girl and is apparently killing ones who look like her.”

It seems the war was on. I withdrew and closed her legs, tucking myself away. “Baby, get dressed. I need you with me.”

“Boss... does she really need to hear what’s going on?” Jarvis questioned.

Maybe he was right. “Baby, go to your room and stay there. Don’t leave without my say so. Go...” I ordered her. I had to know where she was if I needed to evacuate her quickly. Felicita ran up the staircase and I waited until she was out of the way. “My office.”

“Speak,” I ordered. Jarvis closed the door behind him and stepped towards me.

“He’s taken down another shipment at the warehouse, stealing and killing anyone who was there, except for Tullo.”

I glared at him. “Where is he?”

“On his way back here.”

“Bring him straight to me when he arrives.”

“Of course, and the girls?”

“Put more security on them and the club until I find Edoardo.”

Javis left my office and I was left to overthink. I feared for my girls life and what was to become of it. I had no idea if she'd get out this hell alive. I wanted her alive, only far too many people appeared to be after her. I guessed this was my doing, I'd put her life in danger. My life was already fucked up, and now, I was a ticking time bomb.

I moved to the drinks cabinet to pour a scotch. I threw the amber fluid to the back of my throat. Looking through the window, I saw a car approaching. Tullo...

I rushed to greet him, needing to know exactly what had happened. “My office,” I ordered as he entered the foyer.

“Sure, boss.” He ambled passed without even so much of a ruffle on his jacket, shirt immaculate, no cuts and appeared to be calm. I chewed my lower lip. My mind went into a somersault of thoughts.

I sat behind my desk, knotting my fingers as Tullo sat down across from me. “What happened?” I demanded.

“It all happened so fast, boss. They ambushed us, he killed everyone.”

“Not everyone,” I replied with a pointed look.

“He got me... and told me... well, he wanted me to get a message to you and Ravi...”

“Go on, I don't have all fucking day.”

“He wants the girl and will have her dead or alive.”

Concerned, I stared him right in the eyes. “Well, he needs to ask Ravi as he's the one who owns her, not me. And how is he finding out about all my warehouses and where the

transfers are happening?” He shrugged his shoulders. I stood and sauntered to the drinks cabinet to pour us both a drink. It was an attempt to make him think I wasn't overthinking this situation, suspicious he was the only one alive. I prayed I was wrong. “There must be someone within my walls, someone who I thought I could trust. I changed my locations and yet... he still figured out where to go. He's costing me some serious money.”

With the drinks poured, I offered him a glass, which he took not quite meeting my eye. “He only really mentioned the girl. Is she someone special?”

My heart ached, no damn shit she was special. “I'm wondering if there is more to this girl than she is letting on.” I said, in the hope of catching Tullo out.

“Has she not been honest with you?”

“I have no damn idea.” Lost in thought, now questioning anyone who was in my life right now. I was almost certain someone was double crossing me, only who?

Javis stood in the office doorway holding up a mobile phone. “Boss, you have a call, Edoardo.”

Lifting my brows, I marched and took the phone from him. “Piss off the pair of you.”

I waited until they both had left the room and made sure the door was closed. “Edoardo, what a wonderful surprise. I have to say you really are making yourself noticed these days. I had a sense you fancied me, with the rate you always appear to be up my ass,” I mocked.

“I don't fancy you... but the bitch... I'll fuck her to death... Now, I need that girl.”

“So, I gathered. I'm wondering why this girl is so important to you. Why are you so desperate to have her? Is she carrying diamonds and I'm somehow missing it? Her tits are fucking amazing and that cunt... fuck, it sets my balls on fire. So come on, share this fascination with her,” I pushed.

“How about you ask her. Ask her why I'm after her so damn much. I'm sure once you find out her ass will be mine

and then... well, I can have some serious fun. It amazes me... you appear to be more alarmed about her, than all the cocaine I'm taking from you." He belly-laughed.

"You need to talk to Ravi, she belongs to him."

"Tut tut, Alessandro, don't push her onto him as an excuse not to hand her over."

"I don't own her, Ravi does. I'm simply borrowing her," I remarked, in the hope I could get him off her damn scent.

"Alessandro, just hand her over. I'll deal with Ravi. I need a good laugh."

"You're not having her until I have finished."

"Is that fighting talk? I like it. I like it a lot, you've grown some damn balls. Hand her over or I'll come for her." He hung up. My heart crashed against my chest wall.

Why did I fear she was hiding some shit from me?

I raced up the staircase to go to Felicita, I had to find out what the hell the man was talking about.

Aggressively, I grabbed the door handle and opened the bedroom door to find her curled up on the chair near the patio doors. Her eyes found mine. I made my way to her and kneeled on the floor before her. She weakened me like no other. Her beautiful eyes piercing me like a sonic boom. I took hold of her hand, gently caressing it.

"Who are you, sexy?" Lost in her beauty, I slipped my hand to her face and moved a piece of hair behind her ear.

"What do you mean?"

"You know Edoardo, don't you?" I kept my voice calm and sweet. "Don't lie to me. I need you to be honest with me. He recognised you the other night didn't he?" She pressed her lips together in a firm line, lowering her head as she glanced out the balcony doors. "I need you to tell me the truth."

"I met him before. I met him at a club with my friend, Gloria. We had to dance for him."

“Dance, is that all? Oh, come on. There is more to this.” I wasn’t buying that shit. I needed her to tell me so I could understand the mess we had found ourselves in. Was my damn business suffering because of her?

“He...” Tears welled in her eyes, as droplets escaped and travelled down her cheeks. “He... oh God.” She sprung off the chair and ran into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

There was no way I was planning to leave until she had spilled the truth. I had to know what the hell Edoardo was talking about. The whole game pissed me off. I moved to the bathroom door and tried the handle to find she’d locked it.

“Felicita, I need to know what the hell happened. I’m not playing fucking games. You have one minute to open up and explain or trust me I’ll bust the damn door down and make you wish you’d never met me.”

The door slowly opened and she appeared, tears staining her cheeks. “Can I leave?”

My jaw dropped and eyes widened. “What?”

“Can I leave?”

“Are you goddamn serious? All I want from you is the truth and to tell me how the fuck you know him. I don’t need this bullshit,” I retorted, as she stood before me crying.

“I can’t tell you,” she said through her sobs.

“You can’t, or won’t?”

She went to the bed and sat down. I sat beside her.

Without warning, she got up and ran to the door, opening it and rushing off. I took off after her, chasing her like wildfire. Down at the foyer, she opened the front door and hurried outside. I remained on her tail, not daring to allow her out of my sight. If she was the key to something then I was going to do my best to use her against him. We ran down the driveway as my men followed behind.

We arrived at the gate, where she slammed into it and with her fists used them to hit out. She was distressed, only I didn’t know what over. What the hell was I unravelling?

“Open the gates... open the gates,” she screamed and hit the gate again.

Javis stood beside me and I nodded, allowing the gate to be opened.

As it started to open, she slipped her body through.

“You do know that once you step through the gate, that’s it, no coming back. You’ll be dead in a matter of hours, if not by Ravi, then Edoardo at least. In here I can keep you safe.” I paused before adding, “I just need to know why, what, and how all this fucked up shit is happening. What are you so scared to tell me?” She stopped on the spot, contemplating my words. I sighed heavily, “Fine go... I can’t be assed with this shit. Oh...” I reached into the back of my slacks to bring out my gun. “You’ll need this. There’s only four bullets in it, but at least you could die trying. I would guess they already have a semi pointing at you, waiting for you to take that step. Failing that they’ll kidnap you and do what they please. You’ll end up a messed-up corpse. But it’s your choice.”

Tears ran down her cheeks. I had to keep my hardness and not falter. She continued to stand still, her eyes darting around in panic. I prayed she reversed and came back into my arms. My stomach somersaulted, pining for her, I craved to finish what we started at the pool earlier. Her pussy juices were still on my dick, and my tongue wished for nothing more than to taste her honey again.

“It isn’t what you think,” she muttered.

“Enlighten me then. I’m not playing games here, either you spill, or I’ll push you out to the vultures. It’s all down to you sweetheart. Personally, I have better things to be doing than stood at my damn gate wasting time.”

“I went to a club. A nightclub with my friend, Gloria, and these men came over and took me to Edoardo. He... he... took me. He took me to his son. He... wanted me to be his toy to do what he wanted with. He tried coming for me, I saw a gun and pointed it at him. He laughed at me and said I didn’t have a clue how to use one. I didn’t, I’d never held a gun in my life. He stepped forward to get me, I was shaking, scared and held

the gun at him. He grabbed me and I somehow fired the gun and he went down in a pool of blood, I freaked the fuck out and didn't know what the hell to do. I dropped the gun and ran for my life. I don't even know if I killed him. I never meant to shoot him," she said as tears filled her eyes. "Do you know if he died?"

"Unfortunately no, he didn't. I'm guessing you recognised him at the poker game?"

"I did. But I looked so different so I had hoped he hadn't remembered me. I was wrong."

"This is all making sense now... he's after you, not me. Fuck. Is that why you freaked out the other night?"

"The whole situation terrified me," she admitted.

She stepped back and handed me the gun. "I'm so sorry. Those men died because of me."

I waved my hand for the gate to be closed. The whole situation had turned full circle.

"I hope for the sake of your life, you're not lying to me... I swear, Felicita, if I find out you've fabricated this story, I'll personally destroy you limb by limb."

I spun on my heel and made my way back to the house. I saw Jarvis stood waiting a few yards back. I waved for him to come closer, I needed a silent word, not wanting to allow another to hear what I had to say.

"Boss?"

"Get the car and jet ready and keep it between me and you. Make sure Tullo is out of the way for our departure. I don't want him noticing until we're well gone," I ordered.

"I guess you don't trust him."

I glared at him.

I glanced over my shoulder to see Felicita close behind. The poor girl was scared shitless and it was my job to protect her.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Felicita

All this trouble and death is caused by me. I can't believe everything that was happening was down to me shooting his son in self-defence. I never meant to pull the trigger, and now I had everyone after me.

I'd had no idea what his intentions were and I didn't hang around to find out if I'd actually killed him or not, I was terrified. I ran and hid for what felt like days, I kept my head down and wore a baseball cap and a hoody to hide my identity. I had lived in fear, knowing that night would catch up with me.

Back at the house, my mind was awash with all that had been going on.

"Go and get a few bits packed," Alessandro whispered in my ear.

I sped off to the room to gather what few belongings I had. All that was in the room Alessandro had brought for me.

I was just finishing packing when Jarvis came in. "The car is waiting, you need to go now," he ordered, taking the bag from me. I followed him to a different room, one I hadn't been in yet and inside, he pulled open a door that revealed a staircase.

I followed Jarvis down to the bottom where Alessandro was waiting for us. I was ushered out of a side door and into a car. The door was closed and before I had a chance to say or act, Alessandro was seated beside me and the car was in motion.

I gazed back at the house. “What is going on?” I had to ask.

“I’m taking you away. Edoardo is after you and while you’re in my hands, he’ll not place a single finger on you.”

“What do you mean ‘while’?” He stared at me with a mix of emotions, I was unsure if he was keeping me in the dark about something. “Are you handing me back to Ravi?” My heart missed a beat. Fear struck me down like a stab to the heart. I swallowed. “Are you handing me back?” I repeated. I deserved to know what was happening or what he had planned for me. “Please, Alessandro. I would understand if you wished to get rid of me. I have done nothing but cause trouble for you. I never wished for any of this.”

He stared at me with heavy solemn. “I need time to think, think of the options and what I’m going to do with you. I have until tomorrow evening to decide.”

“I’m going to die, aren’t I?” Tears welled in my eyes. The thought of me losing my life, all for the sake of me being picked and chosen to be a toy and accidentally shooting him. I ran off because I had no idea what else to do. His manner, the way he spoke to me left me concerned for my welfare, yes I admit I would change shooting him, but it was in self-defence. I was certain he was on something - drugs or drunk as he acted crazy and out of control. I was certain he was going to rape me.

The car soon pulled up at the airport, where I was ushered inside the jet. I sat down in a large chair and buckled in. All I appeared to be doing was running... my life was a mess. I knew if I left Alessandro’s side, I’d be dead. I owed this man my life.

I sat staring into space, I had no idea where we were travelling. Right now, I didn’t care. I was safe and alive.

My mind cast back to Gloria, unsure where she’d be right now, no doubt *not* running from the mafia. My head was messed up, I had my entire situation racing around my head like a tornado. I never told her what happened that night and she never asked.

I took a deep breath and blew out. Tears welled in my eyes again, as my life flashed before me. My time with Alessandro was coming to an end tomorrow, he had to hand me back to Ravi and... I didn't wish to think about the hell I might encounter. All my life I had prayed to be someone, now I preferred to be a no one - live sheltered, blinkered of anything around me.

"Drink," Alessandro offered. I turned to see him sat beside me holding a glass.

"I don't fancy anything right now."

"Drink it," his voice went throaty as he thrust the glass in my hand.

I took the glass and threw the fluid to the back of my throat. "Where are you taking me?"

"Somewhere safe. Only Jarvis knows about this place and that's only because he came here while his wife was dying."

I stared at him. "Really. That is terrible. How did she die?"

"Cancer. They found out after she discovered she was expecting, and lost the baby," he informed me. My heart dropped to the floor.

"How sad. That is horrible," I muttered. I thought about Jarvis and how his heart must ache.

"She was his world. She died peacefully in his arms, where she wished to be. It was one of the main reasons I brought the place. Anyway... we should be landing shortly." He rose to his feet and wandered off.

The story Alessandro had shared about Jarvis was heart moving. The fact he brought the place for his friend so his wife could die in peace, was beautiful.

I glanced over my shoulder to find him talking to a man. Alessandro looked my way and I turned back, not wishing for him to suspect I was watching him.

The truth was he hadn't been horrid to me, if anything he'd done nothing but be my hero. He saved me from the men who were after me, he killed in the process, and all for me. He was

in some respects, my own personal bodyguard. I had nothing but respect for the man.

He sat in the chair beside me, resting his ankle on his knee.

“Are you handing me back tomorrow as the five days will be up?”

“I don’t wish to think about that right now. Just relax and try not to worry your pretty head with shit. I’ll do all the worrying for you.”

“Sir, we’ll be landing in thirty minutes,” Javis announced.

“Thank you.”

“So what are your intentions for me?”

He put his hand on my right knee. “Stop worrying.”

For the rest of the trip, I didn’t speak another word. It was clear he wasn’t going to answer my questions. I was in limbo and hated it. I had no idea if he planned to hand me over. or kill me. The second one didn’t ring true, if he planned on killing me, wouldn’t he have done it already? Unless there was some other deal going on and he was keeping it from me. My heart ached. My imagination ran wild.

The plane landed and I was rushed into a waiting car. We sped off faster than a bullet with several cars following us. It all happened so quickly I had no chance to even glance at my surroundings as the car drove at high speed. Alessandro sat beside me in silence.

“Felicita, Felicita,” I heard. I was being shaken awake. I opened my eyes and struggled to keep them open. “We’ve arrived.” I wiped my eyes and sat up to take in my new surroundings. There was a house to my right with a high bricked wall and palm trees. The car door was opened for me and I climbed out to inhale the fresh smell of the ocean and oranges. I stood before Alessandro, his expression unfathomable.

Inside the house, was a large foyer with come chairs and pots of Yuka plants. I took off my shoes off and walked across

the tiled floor. I moved through the property to find a large sitting room with patio doors overlooking the sea and beach.

Movement was heard and I sauntered through to find Alessandro and his men talking. They all turned to face me, like I had interrupted.

“Sorry.”

I decided to have a look around and moved through to the kitchen. Looking out the patio doors, I could see stunning scenery beyond the pool area.

“Do you like it?” He came up behind me.

“I do. I think your remarkable to buy this for your friend.”

“It was nothing. She deserved to die with dignity and happiness. She was a good woman. Her heart was made of gold,” he told me, moving my hair away from my shoulder. His lips gently pressed to my neckline. I heaved my chest in arousal and tilted my head to the side to give him better access. “You like that sexy?” He nibbled my neckline, teasing me with great pleasure.

“You liked her?” I asked softly, lost in his touch.

“I did. Javis is like a brother to me,” he added. He flicked his tongue along my shoulder and to my neck. “You smell so good,” he said.

My body went into heightened senses and pulsed so fast I was certain I was about to blow up. His hands found my breasts and caressed them. “You’re delicious.” I was lost for words, glowing in his power. “I’m going to take you sexy and drive you out of control. I need to feel my dick inside you and push all of your limits,” his voice husky and sexy.

I pressed my lips together. “Come.”

He took my hand and walked me down to the pool area. Stood at the pool, Alessandro took off his clothes and dived into the water. I furrowed my brows to watch the fine man swim to the other side of the pool, turning and resting his hands either side of his head on the pool side.

He stared directly at me. I walked to the steps leading down into the pool. I took off my clothes and used the steps to get in. Waves surrounded me when he grabbed me, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me tightly against his firm body, his erect cock between us. He took hold of my hair and pulled with force so my head tilted back.

“I’m going to make you scream my name, sexy.” He grit his teeth in hunger. His spare hand dropped to my pussy. “And this,” he slipped his fingers between my folds to find my clit. “I’m going to ravish.”

He spun me around, our faces close together. He plunged his mouth on mine and kissed me hard and fast. His hands kneading my breasts as his dick was pushed up against my abdomen. He took hold of my hand and he swam backwards to the other side of the pool, where it was shallow. “Sit on a step so your pussy is out,” he ordered me. I stepped up and sat down. He came between my thighs spreading them wider. “Oh baby...” His eyes were full of hunger.

Alessandro knelt on the step. His tongue lashed and fed on my folds. I dropped my head back as he licked and devoured my honey, lapping up every inch. My tummy was ignited with flutters, embracing his carnage. I laid back on my elbows plunging my boobs together.

“Play with those nipples,” he ordered in a husky voice.

My buds clamped between my thumb and forefinger, I tugged adding some twists that sent gusts of arousal down to my core. My mind was lost in all the action that took place. My nerve endings were being shot into orbit with his tongue was taunting my aching clit. His fingers were placed at my opening and he delved them inside. I wiggled, losing my ability to think of anything but his touch.

My heart raced, my tummy somersaulted as I was being driven to oblivion. Each strike of his tongue was a whirlwind of endorphins.

“Come,” his voice muttered.

Opening my eyes to see him stood before me. I took his hand in mine to lace them together. I stood on wobbly feet and stepped out of the pool. Alessandro swept me up. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he carried me to a bed. With care he laid me on the mattress. His cock hard and aroused. I widened my thighs as he ran his hand up and down his length. He put his knees on the mattress and crept up between my legs. He rubbed his dick up and down my sex lips, teasing me further.

He rammed hard and fast inside my core, filling it to the brim, as his cock slammed into my aching centre. In and out he plunged, taking me to paradise. I arched my back, lost in his engagement, every inch of me was on fire. In and out he hammered inside me, he pulled his dick out to ram back in like a savage. Each thrust, each motion, each collide sent my entire body into orbit. His dick hit my centre spot and I was unable to hold on...

“Holy shit.” He juddered in a frenzied wave.

He collapsed on top of me, gasping for breath.

Alessandro didn't move. His breathing was rapid and in time began to slow. I held him tight, aware my emotions for him were high and I was worried where it was heading. I dreamt of nothing but me being safe in his arms, only reality told me something different. I wish I knew what Alessandro's plan for me was. The fact remained I'm here with him for now, safe and in hiding.

He slipped off me and stood. He sauntered away from me not glimpsing back. I swallowed, as my heart crashed with a sense of betrayal. He used me. He used me to have sex with and walked away like I was a whore. I am no whore. I have self-respect which now appeared to float away without a care.

I sat up to look for my clothes, which were in a pile on the floor. I shuffled to the edge of the bed to place them back on. My heart ached, I couldn't face Alessandro, he hurt me. I ambled to a chair overlooking the ocean and the golden beach. I sat and put my face in my hands. Tears welled in my eyes, I hated being treated so disrespectfully.

Tears ran down my cheeks, I was stuck between a mafia war. I was being chased and all he had to do was hand me over and all his problems would vanish. Every breath I took felt like I was sinking further into darkness. Time was not on my side. What was going to happen when it is up? Would Ravi come after me? Would Edoardo get me? It was the unknown and the behind the scenes, I hated. I was blind and useless to anything around me. I wasn't strong enough to take anyone on. I was a young woman who had created a damn war.

"You look like you need a stiff drink," I heard Alessandro say. A glass was waved in my face as I reached up to take it.

He stood before me staring out to the horizon. "I have much to think about in the next twenty-four hours," he informed me. He sipped his drink.

"You could just hand me over."

He turned to face me. "Come, we need to freshen up for dinner."

Stood in the fabulous bedroom with balcony doors that overlooked the ocean, Alessandro stripped off his clothes and made his way into the bathroom. I wrapped my arms around myself in desperate need of comfort. I was scared shitless of tomorrow.

I walked over and stood at the bathroom door watching Alessandro. Watching as the water cascaded over his firm frame. His hands pressed against the tiled wall, as the water poured over his head. "Are you just going to watch?"

"Are you going to hand me over?" I had to ask. I swallowed as my tummy curdled.

He turned his head to face me his eyes narrowed. "Come here," he ordered.

"Are you going to answer me?"

He turned to fully face me. "I'm not prepared to answer you right now."

"Then I'm not prepared to stay here with you." I turned and walked away, tired of this bullshit. I may as well take the

situation into my own hands. I didn't get far before I was pulled back and tugged into the shower. I was spun around to face him.

He pushed me against the wall. "Don't you dare even think about leaving this house," he gnashed.

"Why the hell won't you just let me go? Is this some kind of bravado you're keeping up? Am I a trophy or something?" He placed his hand to my throat and took a firm hold. He raised my chin to make me look into his eyes.

"Don't try me, Sexy, or I'll harm you myself." His eyes were wide and his nostrils flared.

"Then I suggest you hurt me. I have no life after being with you," I retorted back.

"You're no trophy. You're not to be handed around like some damn animal. I'll decide what to do tomorrow and until then, I suggest you do as you are told. Do I make myself clear?" His grip was firm on my chin.

"You make out you're better than them, when really you're just as bad. I *am* a trophy and right now... you're doing everything in your power to keep a tight hold to prove you're the better man."

"I suggest you use the soap to wash your pretty mouth out, before I do." He scorched me with his glare. "Now get undressed and get showered."

He released my throat and I stepped to the side to remove my clothes. He watched my every move. I was certain he didn't trust me in the slightest.

I stood before him and he switched the shower on. I stepped in and the water cascaded pleurably over me. "Do I need to babysit you?" I wasn't going to answer him. I hated him. He was using me to prove a point and win one over on the others.

He switched the shower off and his hand wrapped tightly around my wrist. He pulled me from the bathroom and into the bedroom.

“Get on all fours, knees at the edge of the bed.” I glared at him with hostility, wondering where the hell Alessandro had gone. He had been replaced with this monster. “I’ll not tell you again.”

“Why are you being like this?”

I noticed his cock hard and bouncing. “Get on the bed.”

“Not until you answer me.” I moved away and used my hands to cover my naked body.

He snarled at me. “I suggest you stop playing games and get your ass here now,” he growled.

“No. Why are you being an asshole? I hate you,” I screamed. Tears ran down my cheeks and I stepped further back until I was hitting the wall. I slide down and curled into a tight ball. My head in my knees as my world collapsed around me. I wanted this misery to go away, to leave me alone. Allow me to hide away without a trace.

The door slammed and I raised my head to find myself alone. Fear took over me. I was aware that I was pushing him too far, but he’d changed since the boat, since coming me here. I’d also gained my voice, but only because I was petrified. I don’t want him to hand me back.

“Please Alessandro, save me.” I sobbed.

CHAPTER NINE

Alessandro

Shit! She was really making things difficult for me. I had these crazy emotions for her and had no idea how to handle them. She was testing everything about me and who I was. Now I was back to being an asshole, treating her like a slut.

I don't need her.

She was just a trophy and I was determined to keep her until... time was about to run out.

“Boss, she has refused breakfast.”

I sat staring out at the ocean, pissed off with her, pissed off with myself. I sat forward resting my elbows on my knees unsure of what I was meant to do. Today was the day she had to go back to Ravi. It would be a matter of time before Edoardo flew in and swept her up, and no doubt killed her - that man was a beast. She had made a mistake of shooting his son and now he would track her down and dice her body up to nothing and dump her or feed her to his animals.

My eyes clenched tight, arguing with myself and fighting my inner soul. If I was to save my empire, I had to hand her back. I had to give her to Ravi, this was bullshit.

In anger, I marched inside and up to her room. Felicita was curled up in a ball on her bed. “You refusing meals isn't going to help,” I argued. She didn't move or respond. “Ignoring me isn't going to work neither. Get out of bed and get fucking ready. The plane leaves in two hours...” I pulled the sheet

from her to find her naked. “Stop playing games... move... I’ll be back in ten and you had better be dressed.”

Returning downstairs, I checked my watch aware time wasn’t on our side. She had minutes to show her fucking face before I went up there - if she wasn’t dressed I’d carry her out naked.

“Boss, Javis is on the phone.”

In hostility I grabbed the phone and placed it to my ear whilst I poured a cup of coffee. “What?”

“Ravi has been on.”

“I guessed he had. Did you tell him where to meet to hand her over?” I questioned and sipped my drink, as my stomach tightened.

“I did. He warned you had better not try any funny business.”

“Yeah well, neither had he.” I hung up and took further sips of my coffee before I walked back upstairs. When the bedroom door opened and Felicita emerged wearing a pink dress, it melted me. I turned around without a word and headed back down stairs.

She met me at the car and I opened the door. She was being driven in the one behind me. She climbed in without even glancing at me. I slammed the door shut and moved to the car in front and like bullets, we were off, taking Felicita to be handed over.

I couldn’t settle, constantly looking around at our surroundings to check we weren’t being followed.

I was done with Felicita. Just like the others, I’d got what I needed and now it was her time to leave. Of course she was beautiful and we’d shared some affection that I never had with any of the others. She also had a body to die for and one I would love to admire for, well, forever, but I wasn’t the type to settle down. It would never happen.

We soon arrived at the small airport to see Ravi and his jet waiting. I had hoped the bastard was late, but that was wishful

thinking. The car pulled up and I climbed out as Ravi pulled on his cuffs, perceiving to be a cocky shit. It was his time to *hold the trophy* only I doubted he'd be anything like I had been.

I checked around the area having told the driver of Felicita's car to hold back a few minutes. I didn't need any funny business.

"What a wonderful surprise. I trust you have treated her sweetly and I'm getting her in one piece?" he smugly asked. I checked the area again, my men giving me a nod to say it was safe. I waved my arm to indicate to her driver it was safe. "I'm gathering this is her?"

I had nothing to say to him. My tongue was tied and lips welded together. If I did or said anything, it would be evil, and jeopardising the hand over wasn't what I wanted for her.

The car pulled up behind mine and the door was opened for her. "Well would you look at that, I almost forgot how pretty she was, those tits... fucking hell... come let's get on the plane, chop, chop." He clicked his fingers like some damn king.

Felicita slowly made her way over, before turning and breaking into a run in the opposite direction.

"For goodness sake... go and get her!" Ravi huffed. He stepped closer to me. "I do hope you didn't tell her to run?"

"Yeah of course I did," I snapped sarcastically. "Especially when she's at risk of being shot. Unless you'd like me to put a bullet in her?"

"You know..." He tapped his finger to my chest, I was ready to rip it off. "I would prefer to use a knife and carve her."

Felicita was heard screaming as I watched her kicking and punching out as they carried her to the plane.

"Oh, I do hope she doesn't give me any trouble, I really cannot be bothered. Tie the little monster to the chair and gag her, I don't wish to listen to her moaning. Anyway, glad you

enjoyed your eventful five days, now I'm to decide what to do with her."

Ravi turned and struts back to his plane. I watched him climb the stairs before he turned and blew me a kiss. He was locked inside along with Felicita and the steps were pulled away. I walked back to the car and got inside. My driver drove away as the jet began to move down the runway.

"Stop the car." I watched as the jet got into position for take-off. My heart sank into the pit of my stomach. The jet began to move, gaining speed, as it climbed up and up, heading into the sky with my girl.

"Fuck...fuck...fuck." The plane climbed higher as I held my phone in my hand.

"Boss?"

"Get the men together... we're going to get Felicita back."

"Are you serious you have..."

"Don't ask fucking questions, just do it."

I had just made the biggest mistake of my life.

CHAPTER TEN

Felicita

I was dumped into a chair with a piece of tape across my mouth by the brute who carried me onto the plane. I hated Alessandro, I hated him so much for handing me over like a piece of meat. I had prayed he'd have a change of heart, only I lived in a fairy tale world and this Cinderella was seeing no damn ball.

Ravi leaned on a chair opposite me. He turned the chair around, sat down and swung it back to face me with a table between us. He stared hard at me. I pressed my lips together and swallowed. All I could feel was pain, everywhere. I was unsure if I was going to vomit.

He leaned forward, resting his chin on his hands. The plane was taxiing down the runway when it lifted up and we were in the sky. I had no chance of escaping now.

I glanced around me with Ravi's stare so gouging.

He leaned back in the chair not taking his eyes off of me.

"I'm not sure whether to smack the living daylights out of you or to kill you now. You pissed me off, running off like that. I could have placed a bullet inside you and took great enjoyment watching Alessandro as you died." He reached for the tape across my mouth and tore it off.

"He doesn't give a shit," I remarked. The man was the devil.

“I don’t share your argument. He handed you over, which, honestly, I never expected. So anyway, you’re mine now to do as I please. So, I was thinking, I can either have my wicked way with you or...” He placed his finger to his mouth to think. “I could slowly torture you, only looking at those tits... I think I fancy the first option. So how about we make a deal. I play with you, maybe play a game? How about I ask you a question and you reply, and failing it means you have to do what I tell you.”

My heart ached, either way I was fucked.

He sat forward again and placed his hands on the table as a long knife, with a serrated edge was placed beside him.

“Personally, I don’t wish to mess the plane up. So, first question... did Alessandro make love to you?”

My heart fell into the pit of my stomach. “No, no he didn’t, he treated me like a slut.”

His glare was hard and evil, like he was trying to read my mind. He picked up the knife and placed the blade between his fingers.

“He fucked you. So why do I think something else?”

I shrug my shoulders. “He was a bastard and an utter asshole.”

“Hmmm. So why do you look so sad?”

“Because I’m here with you.”

“Aww I like a girl with attitude. Only you... you have secrets. You aren’t being straight with me. You’re holding back... for example... what’s the shit with Edoardo? And please no bullshit as I know he’s after you, and now you’re in my hands it’s my fucking problem. Unless I deliver you in a body bag, it’s worth considering if you don’t tell me. So, tell me...”

“Okay. I shot his son and I ran away.” It was the shortened down version.

“Wow.” He belly-laughed. “You put that fucking piece of shit in the hospital. Fucking brilliant. So that’s what this is all

about? He wants you so he can torture you?”

“He was going to rape me.”

“Oh, so you shot him. He might have played nice with you...” Ravi mocked. “I bet,” he spoke, as he stood up and made his way around to the rear of me, putting his hand on my left arm. “He might have wanted to play with your tits.” His hand slipped down my chest and took a firm hold of my boob squeezing it tight. “Did he not play with your tits?”

“No.”

“That’s such a shame as this tit feels so good.” He squeezed harder on my boob causing pain. “So you pissed daddy off? You bad girl and now the big bad wolf is after you. Have you heard anything about his son?” he asked, as his right hand dropped to my other boob and he kneaded them together.

“No.”

“Liff... do tell her what his son Mikal is like.”

The bodyguard stepped forward. “He plays with the girls after he’s done. It’s his fetish.”

“Tell her nicely what he did to his last girl.”

“Asphyxiated her as he orgasmed. She had a bag over her head and he pulled tight as they both came. He cut her up and dumped her in the river.”

Fear took over me, aware if Edoardo got me I was dead.

His hands remained squeezing my boobs. His fingers flicked over my nipples making them erect.

“Look at those nipples...” He toyed with my buds. He took hold of the tiny shoulder straps of my vest and pulled them down to reveal my boobs. “Would you look at those, hell my dick is hardening. He swung my chair around to face him. His face in mine. “How about you open those pretty legs, I’ll take a picture and send it to Mikal, I’m sure he would appreciate it.”

My heart ached. Emotion took over and tears welled in my eyes.

“Come on, spread those legs for me.”

“Please... I never asked for any of this,” I cried.

He pulled his bottom lip out. “No, and neither does any of the other girls we take and kill, but who cares. I can get you the violin if you wish... personally I prefer to see the pussy and send Mikal a picture. Look, he’ll be after me to get to you... so let’s have some fun while we do it... now show me your fucking pussy,” he growled and picked up the knife.

My eyes shut tight aware I had no choice. I shuffled my bottom, lifted my dress up and opened my legs as requested.

“Would you look at that... pass me the phone...”

Tears streamed down my face. “Please...” I sobbed.

“Shut the fuck up,” he growled. “Now be good and smile for the camera,” he mocked and took pictures of my pussy. “Such delicateness, such a pretty girl,” he added and placed his hand over my cheek and gently caressed. He took hold of a fistful of hair to yank my head back and put the knife to my throat. His eyes were evil, dark and full of venom. “I can cut you from ear to ear and not think twice about it...”

One of his men approached. “Ravi... phone.”

He glared hard at me. “Move and I will not hesitate,” he warned.

My heart sunk into my tummy. Tears ran down my cheeks. I feared my life was ticking away and there was nothing I could do about it.

Ravi took the phone. “Hello.”

He swung my chair around as I came face-to-face with the monster, his eyes turned into small slits as the person spoke on the phone. He handed the phone back to a man stood behind him.

“It would appear you have an admirer. Someone who is willing to tell me if I ‘dare touch you again, he’ll slice off my balls’ I don’t think that’s very nice do you?” He stood before me.

“Alessandro,” I whispered.

“Say that louder bitch...” he grumbled.

We stared hard. I swallowed. “Alessandro.”

“I thought he only fucked you?”

“He did.”

“So why would he threaten my life for a cheap slut?” He moved his face to mine.

“I have no idea.”

Ravi moved to the man behind and whispered in his ear. His eyes fell to me. This was getting worse and I was free falling without a parachute, plunging to my death and right now, it was welcomed. Every inch of me ached, my heart thumped hard in my chest.

The large man stood close to me. I guessed he had the orders to keep an eye on me even if I wasn't likely to run away.

Why did Alessandro ring Ravi and tell him that? The man handed me over without a care and now... now I was as good as dead.

Ravi sat in a chair close by. I had no idea what he was planning or if I really wished to know.

“Do you still have Gloria?” I asked.

“Gloria?” he questioned me.

“She went to the party with me and...”

“No idea, more than likely a slut on cocaine and in prostitution now.”

I tried not to imagine that was the truth, even if it wouldn't surprise me.

It wasn't long before we landed and I was ushered into a waiting car and we sped off. I stared out the window, not wishing to look at Ravi. My heart sunk into the pit of my stomach.

“All is arranged Ravi,” the passenger announced.

“Good... good. Oh, you’re in for a party,” he said excitedly.

Scared and anxious for what he was talking about. What party?

I had a terrible feeling about this...

The car soon pulled up outside the house I came to five days ago for a sugar daddy, but instead ended up with a shit load of problems and now the risk of losing my life.

Dragged by my hair into the house, I was thrown into a chair with my ankles and wrists restrained. Left alone with the door closed the only light that spilled into the dull, dark room was a tiny window in the far corner. I tried to move my feet and hands, only there was no give, I was trapped and ready to be... I sighed and closed my eyes tight.

Tired I felt myself nodding. I had to stay awake... I had to fight this exhaustion and force myself to stay alert for anything that might happen.

After what felt like ages, the door opened and in marched three men. They untied me and I was forced outside where I was seated once again and tied down like a fool. A gag was placed in my mouth.

“Gentleman... gentleman... welcome to my humble home. Thank you for coming to the party tonight, and well, have some fun. I have invited you here to enjoy a piece of pussy, someone who has kept us all busy. A pussy that has taunted us all.”

Oh fuck... no... no, this cannot be happening, please... fuck. I tried my hardest to wiggle from the restraints and get the hell out of there, but it was no good I was tied well and these men... I guessed Ravi, Edoardo and possibly his son Mikal were here.

“I have to be honest, I have taken a look and touched this pretty lady and she’s rather hot. I had to force Alessandro to give her up, for some reason he liked to delay, but then to be fair I can see why. With no further waiting... please be nice boys...”

I was lit up like a Christmas tree, lights blared at me, blinding me, and it took me a while to adjust my eyes to see who was there. I was positioned on the other side of the pool so the men could look but not touch, at least not yet.

“Look at that fine pussy,” Ravi laughed. “All we need to do is strip her and take great pleasure out of her, but of course, that wouldn’t be a good game.”

Each man gawped at me like a hungry animals all waiting to prey on me and indulge in ways I’d never imagine. My heart thumped hard and heavy against my chest, my body shaking. I never dreamed I’d end up like this.

“I’m thinking how to enjoy this girl so we all get to have a piece.”

“She was mine first... daddy found her for me. I deserve to have the first feast,” yelled Mikal.

“Son, calm down.” Edoardo said.

The son stepped forward like he was ready to pounce on me with no ounce of waiting.

“She’s mine... I was given her first, only the bitch shot me and thought she’d run. I want to torture her,” Mikal growled.

“And your reason, Edoardo?” Ravi questioned.

“She put a bullet in my son,” he snarled.

“And me... It was my party she attended, I made a deal with Alessandro and missed out.” He faced me. “It seems you are wanted to be fucked. Everyone wants a piece of you. I do hope you’re ready to spread those sexy legs and allow us all to indulge in whatever we see fit.”

Drool ran down my chin as the gag stopped me from gulping. I had no answer.

“The question is who should I allow to fuck you first... I mean personally I feel if I give you to Mikal he’ll not leave enough for me, you’ll be badly damaged and I don’t fancy that.”

“How about none of you touch her and why wasn’t I invited to the party?”

I widened my eyes to see Alessandro, I sagged in relief, delighted my hero had come back for me. I saw behind him, shadows of men pointing guns at them all.

“You know I had hoped you wouldn’t show up... but of course what is a party without someone gate crashing? Have you seen her? Have you seen your girl? Attractive, isn’t she?”

Alessandro pointed his gun directly at him.

“Are you planning on shooting us, saving the girl and running into the sunset?” Ravi mocked.

“Pretty much.”

“Sounds invigorating,” Edoardo mentioned.

“He isn’t having her, I am - she shot me and left me for dead,” Mikal argued, gritting his teeth.

“She didn’t do a very good job did she?” Alessandro smirked.

“I have to say Alessandro, this is magical, you bringing all your clowns to the party, only I have a rule - no weapons!” Ravi raved.

“Yeah, well rules are meant to be broken. Not only that, but I think you’ll find this party is taking place in my house and it’s rude to not invite the host...”

“What?” Ravi questioned.

“Your precious daddy had paid off a large debt of his - this house, so therefore I can do what I wish...” I watched as Alessandro raised his hand and placed a bullet in Edoardo. His body crumbled to the floor.

“Papa, you bastard.” Mikel went lunging for him as a bullet was placed in his head and he dropped like a tonne of bricks.

Ravi stood gormless gawping at the two dead bodies.

“You have two choices Ravi, you leave now... or you can end up like them... and please hurry about it, I’m a busy man. I do wish to inform you though, you’re surrounded, so no funny business.”

Several men came up behind me, untying me and undoing the gag. I flexed my mouth as it had stiffened. A gun shot was heard and a body hit the ground. I turned to see Ravi laid on the floor and Alessandro over the top of him, where he shot him again.

“You fucking bastard.” I heard and turned my head to my left to see Ricco, Ravi’s father, pointing a gun directly at Alessandro. “You think that killing my boy will save you and this pathetic charade?”

I saw Alessandro’s men pointing their guns at him.

“Lower your weapons,” Alessandro commanded them, using his hand.

“Throw your gun,” Ricco ordered Alessandro. When Ricco turned the gun to me, I widened my eyes in panic. I gazed at Alessandro, praying he’d listen to him and drop his gun. His stare met mine. “I said throw your gun or I’ll shoot her, I’m not bluffing,” he grit his teeth.

He threw the gun down to the ground.

“That’s better, now I have more chance of winning this war. I want my house back.”

“Not happening. You begged me for help, I helped and the deal was...”

“Fuck the deal, you’ve taken my wife.”

“Correction, my papa took your wife.”

“You’ve killed my son and have taken my house. Now I’m going to take something of yours,” Ricco said as he pointed the gun to me. I see Jarvis and within seconds, a bullet was fired and Jarvis went down in a heap on the floor.

“Jarvis,” I called out, ready to run to him.

“Ah arh, I don’t think so bitch,” Ricco said as I stopped on the spot and looked his way, the gun aimed at me. Distracted, I saw Alessandro hurry to grab his gun, when Ricco seized me, wrapping his arm around my upper chest whilst holding the barrel of the gun to my head.

“Always one to hide aren’t you Ricco,” Alessandro stated.

I heard Jarvis whimpering, aware he’d been shot as a pool of crimson circled around him. Jarvis tried to crawl.

“I need to save him,” Alessandro said as he moved towards him.

“Stop, or I’ll put one in you.”

“Let me die man, let me go to my wife, my beautiful Lucinda,” Jarvis begged in a faint voice.

“Jarvis no,” I called out as Ricco hit my head with the gun.

“Don’t you fucking harm her,” Alessandro threatened as he spun to glare harshly at Ricco.

“I heard this slut was the talk of the war,” he cursed.

“She’s got nothing to do with our war,” Alessandro warned him.

A bullet was shot and Alessandro fell to the ground.

“Nooooooooo,” I screamed and managed to break free from Ricco. I ran to Alessandro, tears ran down my cheeks. I saw he was injured as blood stained his upper left shoulder. I arrived at his side and kissed his lips. I raised his head up, resting it on my lap. “Don’t you dare fucking die on me.”

“Get the gun sexy,” he whispered. I gazed across to the grass where the gun was laid, only a tiny fraction away from us. I glanced over to Ricco to see him, laughing, enjoying the fact he thought he’d won.

“I can’t use it,” I tell him.

“Sexy, for us to survive he needs to die,” he told me in a whisper. I glanced over my left shoulder at Ricco as he remained laughing hysterically. I reached across Alessandro

and took hold of the gun, swinging around aiming it at Ricco. “Be brave... kill.”

I fired the gun and it almost bolstered me to the other side of the garden. I checked and saw Ricco on the ground.

Alessandro took the gun from me as I stared at his body on the floor. He rose, his shirt covered in blood. He walked to Ricco, aimed the gun, and shot him again.

“That was for Javis, you bastard.”

“Is he dead?” I asked, frantic to the bloodshed around me and the fact I fired a gun.

Alessandro kneeled before me and wrapped his hand around my cheek as he winced. He used his thumb and forefinger to remove the tears.

“You need medical care. What about Javis?” I called out and turned my body, managing to get to my feet and hurry to him, his lifeless body on the ground in his own blood.

“He’s dead, sexy, come on let’s get you away from here.”

Alessandro wrapped his arm around me as I snuggled into his body.

We entered the house, I looked up and saw Gloria.

“Gloria...” I ran to her. She looked frail, tired and uncared for. I placed my arms around her as she cried into my shoulder.

“I thought they killed you,” Gloria sobbed.

“No, it’s all okay.” I rubbed my hand up and down her back as Alessandro stood behind me.

“Boss.”

“Take care in moving Javis,” I heard him order.



BACK AT HIS HOUSE, I FOUND ALESSANDRO SAT IN AN armchair, with a drink in his hand and his ankle on his knee. He’d been cleaned up, it was only a flesh wound, once patched up he was fine.

“Thank you.”

He coughed to clear his throat. “It’s nothing.” He never moved.

I stepped in front of him our gaze hard. “What happens now?”

“That is up to you.” His eyes were stern.

“What happens to Jarvis’s body?”

“He’ll be buried with Lucinda, have their heart backs together. He’s leaving a huge hole in *my* heart.”

“I am sorry, I feel I’m to blame,” I said as I sat on the coffee table before him.

“Stop worrying yourself. We all know the game and how every day is a bonus.”

“Why did you come back for me and save me?” I questioned.

“Because I felt the need to.”

“So, if I left right now... you wouldn’t come after me?” I asked as I sat forward, spreading my legs wide apart.

He looked between my legs and back directly at me. “I’m no hero, sexy.”

“You are to me. They killed your best friend,” I added.

“We all knew the risks,” he spoke harshly.

“It doesn’t stop me from feeling guilty.”

“Feel all the guilt you wish, but it won’t bring him back.” I stood as my heart ached, for everything that I had caused, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me back and I landed ass first on his lap.

“You aren’t going anywhere but my bed.”

I smiled as he kissed me on the mouth. Kissing him back as he poked his tongue out and touched my lips. I opened and in his tongue darted, making perfect harmony. Our tongues were a swirl of hunger. His hand pressed firmly to the back of my head, pushing me harder into him.

I managed to pull away. “Does this mean you want to keep me?” He furrowed his brows. He sealed his mouth once again to mine, swaying our heads in the passion.

“Wow, that was impressive.”

“Well, I’ve had five days of practise...”

We smiled.

THE END

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Holly is an author of many genres from erotica, LGBT and dark romance and now has her mind on contemporary fantasy.

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Holly has been writing all her life since she can remember, having a wild imagination. When at school she wrote long essays of soft love and got told off by the teacher to make them shorter... like that stopped her writing. Then when Holly was 19, she started writing erotic fiction. Her imagination never lacks ideas,

Holly loves all aspects of research to make a good novel. In her spare time, she likes being with her family, visiting friends, reading, listening to music, watching movies and travelling the gorgeous British countryside.

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