



His

Author: *Sara Fields*

Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, Action

Description: When the government came after my family, there was only one man who could help.

Total Pages (Source): 92

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

CHAPTER 1

Sofia De Luca

Fuck me.

So much for a normal day. As soon as I got to my dad's shop that morning, it had all gone right out the window and flipped me the bird. It might as well have fucked me right in the ass too.

Without any lube.

"Owwwie! Stupid sewing machine!" I cried out. Pain shot down my hand as I tried to extricate myself as gently as I could from the sewing needle impaled in my finger, but in my hurry, I accidentally knocked an entire cup of espresso all over my shirt.

Maybe I should have just stayed in bed today.

"Sofia! Attenta! Be careful with that needle," my father called from the back room. Thank God he couldn't see the coffee dripping all over me. That would just make things ten times worse. With a sigh, I dabbed at my shirt with an extra piece of cloth, but it didn't seem to make it any better. In fact, it made it worse, spreading it all around rather than soaking it up.

This wasn't my day.

"I know, Papa. It just slipped," I replied, sucking on my finger, and grimacing at the

metallic taste of my own blood. I glared at the old Singer sewing machine sitting right in front of me. It had belonged to my grandmother. This wasn't the first time it had attacked me, and I was certain it wouldn't be the last, the sneaky little gremlin.

I glanced down at my shirt and then at the rows of suits and dresses hanging neatly by the front desk.

I needed to change. Pronto.

Striding over to the back of the shop, I rummaged through the year-old orders that were never picked up, trying to find something other than my stained shirt to wear. After searching for a minute or two, I happened on a white button-up shirt that was at least close to my size, and I quickly changed out of my coffee-stained top.

Pressing my finger into my mouth again, I sucked on it in hopes it would make it feel better, but it didn't. It just continued to throb and pulse. The stupid needle had sunk in deep. I'd gotten myself pretty fucking good.

I glared back over at the offending dress still laid out beneath the sewing machine. I'd just been trying to take in the hem and had been humming to myself. It was my own fault really; I should have been paying better attention, but still... this fucking sucked.

It hurt. A whole lot.

The bell above the door chimed, signaling a customer, and I looked up only to see that it was the police coming through the front entrance. For a second, I just stared at them, flustered. What were they doing here? What the heck could they want in a simple tailor shop?

Two officers from the Polizia di Stato, dressed in their dark blue uniforms, strode up

to the front desk, their expressions apologetic. One was tall with a stern expression, while the other, slightly shorter, had kind eyes that looked sort of sad.

Offhand, they looked kind of familiar, like I'd seen them before but couldn't exactly place them. I smiled softly and walked over to the counter as they approached, hoping to help them with whatever they needed, be it directions or maybe some information. I opened my mouth to ask, but the taller one spoke first.

"Buongiorno. We need to speak with Marco De Luca," he said, his tone leaving no room for questions. I gave them a quizzical look, wondering what they would want with my father, but they didn't explain themselves. With a shrug, I turned my head, cleared my throat, and called out into the back.

"Papa!" I shouted. My father appeared a few moments later, wiping his hands on a piece of cloth, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"Yes? How can I help you, Officers?" he asked, his voice calm but increasingly wary, which was kind of weird.

"Mr. De Luca, we have a warrant for your arrest," the tall officer stated, pulling out a piece of paper and handing it to my father. "You are under arrest for suspected tax evasion."

I blinked for a second, thinking I'd misheard him. This couldn't be right. My father was a tailor, not a criminal.

"What? This must be a mistake," I blurted out, stepping forward. "Tell them, Papa. Tell them it's some kind of terrible mistake."

The kind-eyed officer looked at me sympathetically but remained silent as my dad met my gaze. For a fraction of a second, he looked much older than his fifty-two

years. He turned to me, his eyes somehow calm amidst whatever this was. What the hell was going on?

“Sofia, call Massimo,” he said quietly, his voice steady despite the insanity of the situation. “Tell him what’s happening.”

“Papa, what’s going on?” I whispered as the officers began to lead him away. My heart was pounding in my chest and my palms were starting to feel a bit sweaty.

“Sofia, just do as I say. Go home and call Massimo,” he repeated, his voice firmer now. I nodded, fumbling to take my phone out of my pocket with shaking hands.

I watched helplessly as they escorted him out of the shop, the doorbell chiming once again as it closed behind them. I didn’t know what to do. Honestly, I just stood there for a moment sort of shell-shocked until I glanced at the phone in my hand and stared at it like there was some sort of solution that would suddenly materialize right in front of me.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

Call Massimo.

Massimo Sartori, my father's best friend, was practically family. He had always been there for the two of us all my life, especially since my mother passed away when I was a child. He'd practically helped raise me and he'd been at my father's side through thick and thin. He was always a little stricter than my dad, but that just made him who he was.

Plus, I sort of had a little bit of a crush on him.

I closed my eyes, imagining his hazel eyes staring back at me, warm and kind and filled with mysterious powerful wisdom. Tall and broad-shouldered, he had a kind of rugged charm that always made me feel at ease. His dark hair, flecked with a touch of gray, only added to his distinguished air. Somehow, he always knew exactly how to handle difficult situations and I hoped this time would be no different.

With a trembling hand, I scrolled through my phone and dialed his number. It rang twice before he picked up, his deep voice instantly calming my frayed nerves a little bit.

"Massimo," I began, my voice shaking more than I cared for it to.

"Sofia, what's wrong?" he asked gently, his concern breaking through in his voice right away.

"It's Papa. He's been arrested," I said, my voice breaking. "The police said he's involved in tax evasion or something like that. I don't know what to do."

“Tell me everything,” he said softly.

I recounted the morning’s events as best as I could, my voice steadying with each word. Massimo listened intently, letting me tell my side of the story without interruption. When I was finally done, he cleared his throat.

“We need to get a lawyer and find out exactly what evidence they have against your father,” he said, when I’d finished speaking. “In the meantime, you need to listen to him. Close up the shop and go home. Don’t go anywhere else, understand? I will meet you there as soon as I can. I’ll go and handle the police.”

“Okay,” I said.

He hung up the phone and I swayed back and forth on my feet for a moment as his instructions echoed in my head. With a deep breath, I locked up the shop, put a closed sign on the front door, and headed home even though it was in the middle of the afternoon.

Maybe if I went to bed, tomorrow would be a better day.

CHAPTER 2

Massimo Sartori

I didn’t know what the fuck was going on, but I was certainly going to find out.

Someone had targeted my best friend, Marco De Luca, and that required an answer, one I would stop at nothing to figure out. I didn’t understand how this could have happened without my knowledge, but someone was going to tell me why or heads were going to roll.

I curled my upper lip as I pushed myself off my desk, walked out the front door of my office and into the streets of Florence.

How could this have happened? How could someone step over my head and take out one of my best men?

My name carried a certain weight in this city and that should have meant something in this situation. Not just because of the business empire I inherited from my family, but because of the respect—and yes, fear—my name commanded. Marco had only been tangentially involved in my world, which made this whole thing even more ridiculous.

Marco had been my best friend since I was a little boy.

We'd grown up together, him in a modest apartment above his father's tailor shop, me in a sprawling estate that included an entire village. My family had its hands in all sorts of businesses—some legitimate, some less so. As heir to my family, I could never escape its hold, but Marco had a different kind of life. He had always been straight as an arrow except when it came to me. Sure, I'd used his shop as a front, so the charges weren't exactly bullshit, but still. I should have known something was going down hours before it actually did.

I had no idea who could be targeting him and if they knew he was connected to me, but come hell or high water, I was going to get him out.

My mind raced as I walked briskly toward the police station, trying to piece together who could possibly have it out for my best friend. It couldn't be anyone in the police department; they'd all known Marco for years, and I knew his taxes were always in order. That left a long list of other people that I'd pissed off over the years. I had so many enemies at this point that it would have probably been easier to list who in Italy actually liked me at this point than who didn't.

Hold on, Marco. I'll get you out.

As I crossed the street, I felt the hair on the back of my neck prickle and a wave of unease washed over me.

Was someone watching me? I scanned the street and the sidewalk but didn't notice anyone or anything suspicious. Still, my body remained tense. I kept going though, and the feeling gradually disappeared. I shook it off, attributing it to the shock of finding out my best friend just got arrested.

When I reached the station, I pulled open the heavy doors and stepped inside. There were several uniformed officers milling about, but I made a beeline for the front desk.

The man sitting behind it barely looked up at me. His hair was balding, and it was in a really bad combover. I could hear him chewing on a pastry. It must have been cherry filled or something because there was a smidge of it on the side of his lip that he probably didn't even know about.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

Classy.

“I need to speak with the inspector in charge of the Marco De Luca case,” I demanded. I wanted information and I wanted it now.

The man sighed heavily. “Do you have an appointment?”

“No, but—” I replied quickly.

“If you don’t have an appointment, then?—”

“I don’t need an appointment,” I growled, cutting him off.

The man finally deemed me worthy enough to lift his head and he started, his eyes opening wide when he took in the sight of me. His mouth agape, he finally remembered to wipe the side of his face, which simply smeared the cherry filling across his cheek instead of cleaning it off.

“Mr. Sartori. I’m so sorry,” he said, his tone respectful now.

“I need to see whoever is in charge of this. Right now,” I said, my voice hardening.

“Of course. One moment, please.”

The officer behind the desk scrambled to his feet, clearly understanding what my presence here meant. As he disappeared down the hallway, I took a moment to survey the bustling police station but didn’t see anything out of the ordinary aside from a

drunk man stumbling in the corner. Everything else seemed normal, from the smell of stale coffee in the air to the dozens of police officers working at their desks.

I didn't have to wait long before a tall, graying man in a suit emerged, his face a mix of reluctant curiosity and abject caution. His expression was pulled tight though, like he was slightly nervous to be standing in front of me and didn't quite know what to say or how to approach me.

Good.

He should be afraid.

"Mr. Sartori," he said, extending his hand. "Inspector Gianni Rizzo. Please, follow me."

I nodded curtly and followed him down a narrow corridor to a small office. He closed the door behind us and gestured for me to sit, but I remained standing, my impatience growing by the second.

"Inspector, Marco De Luca is an honest man," I began without preamble. "These charges against him are baseless. I need to know who's behind this and what evidence they think they have to work with."

Rizzo sighed and leaned back in his chair, regarding me thoughtfully. For a moment, he was quiet, like he was trying to choose his words carefully, and I stared back at him, not backing down.

"Mr. Sartori, I understand your concern. Marco De Luca has been a respected member of this community for many years. However, the investigation is ongoing. From what I understand, there is a mountain of evidence and we're still piecing through it."

I leaned forward, my eyes narrowing as I pressed my fingers to the surface of his desk. “And where exactly does this so-called evidence come from? Who’s feeding you this nonsense?”

He hesitated, then opened a file on his desk. “The initial report came from an anonymous tip. But the financial records we’ve reviewed suggest a pattern of discrepancies over the past several years.” The longer he went on, the more reluctant he sounded, and I gritted my teeth, quickly growing more and more annoyed.

“Anonymous tip. That’s bullshit and you know it,” I muttered, shaking my head, trying to keep my anger at bay. I was quiet a moment, clearing my throat before I began again, my voice level and calm. “What kind of discrepancies are we talking about?”

“Unreported income, falsified expenses,” he replied, flipping through the papers. “It’s a significant amount, Mr. Sartori. Enough to warrant an investigation.”

I clenched my fists, struggling to keep my temper in check. I had several officers on the payroll, but this man wasn’t one of them. I wasn’t sure if that was one of the reasons why he was in charge of Marco’s investigation in the first place, but I was going to have to tread carefully to get the information I wanted, at least until I could get proper bribes in place and my chief intelligence specialist on the case.

“Marco is a tailor, Inspector. He runs a small shop, not a multinational corporation. This smells like a setup to me and it would be wise for your people to consider that,” I explained, trying to get him to see that this was madness.

Rizzo’s gaze softened slightly.

“Believe me, Mr. Sartori, if there’s any foul play involved, we will uncover it. But for now, Marco will remain in custody until we can sort this out,” he replied.

I took a deep breath, trying to quell the anger boiling inside me. I could yell and scream at him, but that wouldn't get me anywhere. I needed to bide my time and get the whole story before I rushed to action, at least for now. I needed to know who was behind this before I made any sort of big moves.

“Very well, Inspector. But know this—I will not rest until Marco is cleared. And if I find out who's behind this, they'll regret ever targeting him,” I warned.

“Understood, Mr. Sartori. Do what you need to do,” the officer said curtly.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

“Before I leave though, I need to speak with Marco. I won’t step foot out of this station until I do.”

Rizzo nodded, seeming to understand that my demands were not to be ignored. I could tell that he knew of my reputation, and although I was asking something a bit out of the ordinary, he was trying to figure out what was the right path. He cleared his throat.

“Follow me,” he said, leading me through another set of corridors until we reached a small, dimly lit room. Inside, Marco sat at a plain metal table, his hands cuffed in front of him. He looked tired and miserable, and to be honest, I didn’t blame him. I’d feel the same way if I were him.

“Five minutes,” Rizzo said before stepping outside, closing the door behind him.

Marco looked up, his eyes weary but filled with a glimmer of hope.

“Massimo,” he said, his voice strained.

“Marco,” I replied, taking a seat across from him. “I’m going to get you out of this. But for now, you need to hang tight. I will have men on you the whole time. They will protect you and make sure you’re safe.”

Marco nodded, his expression one of gratitude mixed with concern. “Thank you, Massimo. Did you talk to Sofia? I don’t want her caught up in this mess.”

“I did. I sent her home for the time being, but I’ll make sure she’s safe. You can trust

me,” I replied, and he cocked his head, meeting my gaze directly.

He was one of the few men that ever dared to do that, and I respected him all the more for it.

Marco leaned forward, his voice low and urgent. “Listen, I need you to look out for her, really look out for her. I’m not asking you as a don, or a kingpin, but as my best friend. Make sure none of this touches her. Keep her safe.”

“You have my word, Marco. I’ll do everything I can to protect her,” I vowed.

“I trust you, Massimo,” he replied, nodding curtly.

I clasped his shoulder. “We’ll get through this, Marco. I promise. Stay strong. Keep an eye out for my men. You’ll recognize a few of them. Stick with them and you’ll stay safe too.”

“I will,” he smiled softly, and someone knocked on the door, signaling that my five minutes were up. With a sigh, I stood up, meeting Marco’s anxious gaze.

“I’ll figure out what’s going on. I don’t know if someone is targeting me through you, or whatever the fuck this is, but I’m going to find out,” I said quietly, and he nodded.

“I know you will,” Marco responded.

As I exited the room, my mind was already racing with what I needed to do next. First things first, I needed to uncover who was behind this setup, because that’s what this probably was, and quickly. But right now, I needed to speak with Enzo Santini, an old contact of mine who specialized in finding information. He was good at his job, and it didn’t matter what kind of firewall or edge of the dark web he had to crawl to; he always came through with what I needed when I needed it.

Stepping out into the bright sunlight, I dialed his number. I'd worked with him a good many times through the years and I'd considered putting him on the payroll permanently, but he was a solo kind of guy. He liked being his own boss, although I think I just hadn't offered him enough money yet.

Everyone had a price. You just had to be good at finding it and I excelled at that. I'd get him eventually.

"It's Massimo," I said as soon as he picked up. "I need you to dig into everything you can find on Marco De Luca's case. Anonymous tips, financial records, anything that looks out of place. And I need it yesterday. I'll pay double for you to put aside whatever you're working on, and I'll even throw in a case of Monster."

"You know me well, Massimo. Consider it done," the investigator replied without hesitation. "I'll get back to you as soon as I have something."

"Good. I'll be looking forward to your call," I said, and I hung up the phone as I strode down the streets toward my best friend's place where Sofia De Luca should be waiting for me.

My cock hardened at the thought, even though it shouldn't.

I needed to figure out what to do with her next.

CHAPTER 3

Sofia

As I walked down the streets of Florence toward my apartment, my worry slowly morphed into rage as I thought about my dad and what happened this morning. He had to have done what they accused him of, because if they didn't have enough

evidence, they wouldn't have arrested him. So there had to be something there, right?

How dare he do what he did!

My father was always so careful and meticulous, always preaching about honesty and integrity. How could he have slipped up so badly? The anger bubbled inside me like a boiling pot threatening to overflow, and I couldn't put the lid back on.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

And then it got worse.

The streets were busy with people going about their day, all of them oblivious to what was going on in my head. I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. I needed to calm down, to think rationally, but every time I tried, a new wave of anger rolled through me.

How could my dad have let this happen? How could he leave me alone like this? I couldn't run the tailor shop on my own. He was the talented one; I was the one who poked herself with a needle more often than not. How was I supposed to pay the bills? Rent even? Where was I going to live?

A million questions swirled in my head, and I didn't have answers for any of them.

I took a detour, deciding I needed to clear my head before going home. I didn't want to face an empty apartment with nothing but my thoughts and a ticking clock for company. I wandered aimlessly, my pace slow and deliberate, almost daring someone to question my lack of direction just so I could confront them about it.

A group of tourists blocked the sidewalk, and I brushed past them, my irritation palpable. They glanced at me but quickly looked away. I knew I was giving off a vibe that screamed 'don't mess with me,' or maybe it was resting bitch face, but I didn't care.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out, half expecting it to be Massimo, but it was just a message from my friend Alessia Romano asking about meeting up. I ignored it, not in the mood for idle chatter or pretending everything was okay.

As I walked past a small café, the smell of fresh coffee wafted out, mixing with the scent of baked goods. My stomach growled, reminding me that I hadn't eaten anything since the morning. I thought about stopping in, but the idea of sitting alone and stewing in my thoughts didn't appeal to me either.

Ugh. What the fuck was I going to do?

I continued walking, each step feeling heavier than the last. My legs were starting to ache, and the afternoon sun was relentless as it beat down on me. I needed to go home, needed to figure out what to do next, but I couldn't bring myself to turn back.

"Sofia," a familiar voice called out behind me. At the sound of it, my heart leapt into my throat and a nervous twinge squeezed tight in my core.

I glanced back and saw Massimo striding toward me, his expression unreadable. My anger flared again, irrationally directed at him now. Why was he always so calm, so in control, when my world was falling apart?

"Sofia, wait," he called out again, his voice carrying over the noise of the street.

I ignored him, picking up my pace. I didn't want to talk to him, didn't want his reassurances or his plans or whatever he wanted to talk about. I wanted to be angry, to shout and scream and let out all the frustration that was building up inside me.

It didn't take him long to catch up with me though.

He gently took my arm, firmly leading me in the direction of my father's and my apartment. The moment his fingers touched my arm, a flare of fire tingled all the way to my heart. His grip was forceful but not harsh, and I felt a strange mix of comfort and frustration at his touch.

“It’s not safe for you to be wandering around right now,” he said quietly, his eyes scanning the street as we walked.

“And why is that?” I snapped, but I continued to walk beside him. It was almost like I wanted his company. Maybe I didn’t, but right now, it was a small comfort.

His silence was all the answer I needed. My heart skipped a beat, fear momentarily overshadowing my anger.

“Is this because of Papa?” I whispered.

Massimo’s jaw tightened. “I don’t know for sure, but I’m not taking any chances. You’re too important to me and your father.”

I felt a surge of conflicting emotions. I was angry at being treated like a child, but at the same time, I couldn’t deny the warmth that spread through me at his protectiveness. I looked down at the ground, noticing a crack in the sidewalk before I braved a look at him.

With a hard swallow, I glanced down at his arm. I’d imagined him touching me many times in the past, but not like this. His hazel eyes met mine, dark and stormy and way too seductive.

Sometimes, I liked to think about Massimo in a way that my dad definitely wouldn’t like. My thighs tensed as my gaze dropped to his lips. I’d always had a crush on him, but recently, it had become more than that.

What would it feel like if he kissed me, if he grazed those full lips down the length of my neck and further still? What if his fingers slid between my legs and touched me there? A visceral surge of pleasure shot straight down to my clit, and I almost yelped out loud at the intensity of it.

I caught myself before I glanced down any further toward his cock.

Get it together, Sofia. Massimo is practically your uncle. Shove this nonsense out of your head.

“Fine,” I muttered, too caught up in my own shame to argue any further. “I’ll go home.”

At my acquiescence, he released his hold on me and for a while, I missed it. We walked the rest of the way in silence, the rising tension between us palpable. When we finally reached my apartment, Massimo followed me inside, closing the door firmly behind him.

For some strange reason, it felt ominous.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

“Lock this,” he instructed, pointing to the deadbolt. “And don’t open it for anyone except me.”

“Massimo, this is ridiculous. I’m not some damsel in distress,” I said, my voice racked with annoyance.

“No, you’re not, but I made your father a promise to protect you and I fully intend to keep it,” he answered.

“I don’t need you here to protect me. My father did something dumb and broke the law, and now he needs to pay for it. In the meantime, I can take care of myself. I’m eighteen. I don’t need either of you,” I countered.

Massimo’s jaw tensed as he stepped forward, his eyes darkening with something I didn’t quite understand for a moment. Then his expression softened and there was a flash of something else in his eyes that took me by surprise. Was it... desire?

No.

It couldn’t be that. That would be crazy.

But the way his eyes seemed to burn into mine sent a rush of heat between my legs. It was the first time he looked at me like I was an adult, not some little girl, and my body was responding in a way that I didn’t think was possible or even remotely appropriate.

“I don’t think you understand, Sofia,” he said quietly, his voice low and husky.

“When I say that I’ll protect you, I mean it.”

“And I don’t need protection,” I retorted, despite the shiver of pleasure that ran down my spine at his words.

Massimo stepped closer, his eyes never leaving mine. My pulse quickened, my breath catching in my throat.

“Maybe not,” he conceded. “But I’m here anyway.”

CHAPTER 4

Massimo

Sofia was testing my patience and honestly, it was making my cock so fucking hard that it was starting to hurt.

She was a good kid, but defiant at times, and I’d always thought she was the kind of girl that would benefit from a good spanking from time to time. She didn’t understand what could be at stake right now and her rebellious defiance was simply getting in the way.

My fists tightened at my sides as I tried to ignore the urge to do that very thing right now, to grab her arm and toss her over my knee. She was wearing a skirt. It would be easy to flip it up, tear her panties off, and give her the spanking she needed right fucking now.

Fuck.

She’s your best friend’s daughter. Keep your head on straight.

I needed to protect her and the first thing I needed to do was make sure she was safe.

I ignored my hard cock, took a step back and glanced around her and her dad's apartment. The place was neat, organized, and quintessentially middle class, filled with modern conveniences and traditional Italian touches. The living room had comfortable furniture, a few family photos, and a TV mounted on the wall. The kitchen was open and functional, with sleek countertops and ample storage. It was the kind of home that was perfect for a family, but it was a security nightmare.

I frowned, my mind racing with possibilities. I wouldn't be able to keep her safe here. She was going to have to come with me.

There were too many windows, too many entry points, and no real security measures to speak of. Anyone determined enough could easily break in or find a way to ambush her or even kill her.

"This place is impossible to secure," I muttered under my breath.

Sofia stood in the doorway, watching me with a mixture of defiance and curiosity. She put her hand on her hip with a huff and I couldn't help but imagine that bare ass reddening under my palm once again.

God, she fucking needed it...

"What do you mean?" she asked, her attitude bleeding through her tone.

I turned to face her, my expression serious. "There are too many angles here, too many ways someone could get in or watch you. We need to get you somewhere safer."

"Safer? Like where?" she snapped.

“My estate,” I said firmly. “It’s much more secure, and we can control who comes and goes. Pack your things. You’re coming with me.”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

She let out an exasperated sigh.

“Great. Just great. And how am I supposed to live my life there? I have school, friends, my whole life here. I can’t just up and leave because you think it’s dangerous. I’ve lived here all my life!” she complained.

My patience was wearing thin, but I forced myself to stay calm.

“Sofia, this isn’t just about what you want. Your father asked me to protect you, and that’s what I’m going to do.”

“And what about my school? My friends? Am I just supposed to drop everything?” she asked, clearly unconvinced.

Stay patient...

“We’ll figure something out,” I said, my tone softening. “You can continue your studies online, and your friends can visit. But for now, your safety is my top priority.”

She huffed and turned away, clearly not happy with the situation, but I really didn’t care. She shook her head and walked into her bedroom, and I followed her.

The walls of her room were painted a soft pastel pink. There were a few posters of Taylor Swift hanging on the walls alongside some beautiful pictures of the Tuscan countryside that I knew she’d taken herself. A cozy bed with a floral duvet was neatly made in the corner, next to a small wooden desk cluttered with schoolbooks and a laptop. The room was filled with personal touches—a bookshelf overflowing with

books, a few framed photos of her and her friends, and a string of fairy lights draped around the window.

It was sweet and it instantly reminded me that she was a teenager, and I was her dad's best friend.

"This is ridiculous," she scoffed.

"This is just how it needs to be, Sofia," I replied gently.

What do I need to do to get this girl to come with me?

I took a deep breath and pulled my shoulders back. Sofia stood by her desk, defiance radiating from every pore. Her arms were crossed, and her lips were pressed into a tight line. She wasn't making this easy, and each second that ticked by tested my patience more and more.

"Sofia, pack your things," I said, my voice steady but with an edge of command that I knew she couldn't ignore. "You're coming with me. Now."

She narrowed her eyes, the rebellious spark in them igniting into a full blaze.

My cock only got harder.

"And if I don't want to?" she challenged, lifting her chin defiantly.

I took a deep breath, reminding myself to stay calm. This was for her safety, even if she couldn't see it right now.

You can't spank her.

You shouldn't punish her... not right now, not ever...

"This isn't a debate, Sofia."

She huffed and turned her back on me, muttering something under her breath as she began to shove some clothes into a bag. I could see the tension in her shoulders, the frustration in the jerky movements of her hands, the firm set of her jaw. She was pushing every one of my buttons, and it was taking every ounce of control I had not to react.

I kept my hands at my sides and shoved them in my pockets instead of smacking her disobedient backside.

"Fine," she snapped, spinning around to face me again. "But this is ridiculous. I'm not a child, Massimo. I can take care of myself."

"You're not a child, but you're not invincible either," I replied, my tone sharper than I intended.

"I don't know why you're being so uppity over this," she mumbled under her breath, and I had to stop myself from saying anything about what she needed right now.

She glared at me, her eyes flashing with a mixture of anger and something else—something that sent a jolt of desire straight through me directly to my cock. I clenched my fists at my sides, trying to ignore the way my body was reacting to her defiance.

This wasn't the time for those thoughts. There wasn't ever a time for them. Marco was my best friend and his daughter deserved better than this.

Fuck. She needs to be taken in hand.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

“Just hurry up and pack,” I said, turning away to give her some space. “We need to leave as soon as possible.”

“I’ll maybe go,” she said, her voice tinged with defiance, “but I have to do my makeup first.”

Before I could respond, she turned on her heel and headed toward the bathroom. I checked my watch, tapping it impatiently. The more she delayed, the more we risked being noticed by potential enemies, whoever they may be.

“Sofia,” I called out, trying to keep my voice steady, “what are you doing in there?”

No response.

I clenched my fists, my jaw tightening. She was pushing me to the edge, and I couldn’t afford to wait much longer. I took a step closer to the bathroom door, the sound of running water reaching my ears. My mind raced with thoughts of what could go wrong if we stayed here any longer. We could be attacked. A sniper could shoot her through the windows. They could be waiting outside to gun us down.

“Sofia,” I called again, louder this time, “we need to leave. Now.”

Still no response.

I glanced at my watch again, the seconds ticking by painfully slowly. The more she dragged her feet, the more it became clear that she might need a firmer hand to get moving. My instincts screamed at me to break down the door, to drag her out if I had

to, but I forced myself to remain calm.

This wasn't the time for brute force.

This isn't the time to flip up that pretty skirt, pull down her panties, and redden her bare ass until she's sore and sorry and soaking fucking wet.

My cock had a life of its own.

Then she called out a single word that changed everything.

"No."

CHAPTER 5

Sofia

I put my foot down.

This was fucking ridiculous. Massimo was being an overbearing ass about all of this. I wasn't in any danger. My father was just a tailor, for Christ's sake. He didn't have any enemies. Fuck, he'd gotten arrested on some bullshit tax stuff, not for first degree murder. Massimo didn't need to worry about me, and neither did Papa.

Massimo needed to go home and go about his life. He had far bigger fish to fry than babysitting me. I was a girl who could take care of herself and that was exactly what I was going to do.

I'd figure my shit out.

I huffed, fixing my makeup. On some level, I knew I was toying with Massimo,

pushing his buttons to see how far I could go and how far he would let me. Would he drag me out of here? What would he do if I refused to go?

I stared at my reflection, my lips forming a perfect, defiant pout. Sure, it was childish, but I couldn't help myself. Massimo had always been so controlled, so dominant. I wanted to see if I could break through that calm exterior, even if it was just for a moment, for the fun of it, really. Would he force me to go after all of this?

"Sofia," his voice called out, firm and insistent. "What are you doing in there?"

I ignored him, applying another coat of mascara. He could wait. My eyelashes were more important.

The seconds ticked by, and I could almost feel his patience wearing thin. I smiled to myself, relishing the small victory. But then his tone changed, growing darker, more serious, and it did strange things to my insides that I decidedly wanted to ignore.

Things I thought about late at night with my hand between my thighs when my dad was asleep, and Massimo wasn't anywhere close by.

Things that I was deeply ashamed of and would never admit to anyone.

Things like how it would feel if Massimo held me down and forced his big, thick cock between my legs until I screamed his name and flew apart beneath him.

I shivered hard, staring into the mirror. Turning back, I looked over my shoulder.

Did he think those things too or did he think I was just some silly little girl?

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

My shame struck me like a slap across the face, and my cheeks heated so hot that I felt like they had caught fire. I was losing my mind. I couldn't be thinking like this. There was no way Massimo saw me as anything other than his best friend's kid and that was that.

I had to bury my fantasies somewhere deep and never think about them again.

"Bambina," he said, the Italian word for little girl making my heart skip a beat, "if you don't open this door right now, I'll break it down."

I froze, the mascara wand hovering in midair. He sounded really angry. My heart pounded in my chest. Was he serious? No. He couldn't be. That would be crazy.

I shook my head, dismissing the thought. Massimo wouldn't actually break down the door. He was just trying to scare me and force me into being compliant. I took a deep breath and continued fixing my makeup, taking my time just to spite him.

The next thing I knew, there was a loud crash, and the door handle broke off. I jumped, my heart racing as the door swung open. Massimo stood there, his face a mask of barely contained fury.

"Bambina," he growled, stepping into the bathroom, "I told you to open the door."

I stared at him, my mouth hanging open. Apparently, he hadn't been bluffing.

"I-I'm sorry," I stammered, dropping the mascara wand into the sink. "I didn't think you'd actually do it."

His eyes softened slightly, but the anger was still there, simmering just below the surface. There was something else in his eyes that I didn't recognize. Was that desire like I'd maybe seen before?

No. It couldn't be. I was just imagining things. Maybe I was going crazy and just making stuff up in my head? Maybe I was going into shock over everything that had happened today.

Or maybe this wasn't a game after all.

I thought I was just toying with him, that I was just being coy and that he'd eventually give up and leave me alone here in my home so I could slide into bed later that night and touch myself while thinking about what could have happened instead.

This was definitely not that.

"I don't have time for games, Sofia. Your safety is more important than your stubbornness," he said, reaching out and taking my arm. "You're not hurt, right?"

"No," I said softly, feeling a little overwhelmed.

Without warning, he moved closer, his eyes dark with mysterious intent. He reached out and ran his hands over my body, his touch firm yet gentle. My breath caught in my throat, and a shiver ran down my spine. Every nerve in my body seemed to come alive under his touch, and I could feel a blush spreading across my cheeks.

His hands slid over my shoulders, down my arms, and across my waist, lingering for a moment on my hips. I felt a thrill of something more than just fear—something deeper, more primal. I enjoyed it for what it was, but I was a bit too ashamed to admit it, even to myself.

“You’re coming with me,” he said, his voice low and commanding. “No more games.”

“No,” I whispered, my voice barely audible. I don’t know why I still refused him at that point. In retrospect, I probably shouldn’t have, but I needed to stand my ground.

I didn’t need him. I could take care of myself.

Without another word, his eyes darkened, his fury simmering just below the surface, and I suddenly got a very bad feeling about all of this, but at the same time, my clit throbbed to life. I could feel my nipples hardening, still safely encased in my bra-lined shirt, and I hoped it was thick enough to hide both tight little points. His hand gripped my upper arm, firmly but still somehow gently as he guided me toward my bed.

Why was him manhandling me like this so hot?

Wait.

Why was he leading me toward the bed? What the fuck was going on? What was he going to do?

The next thing I knew, he was sitting on the edge of the bed and pulling me over his lap. The world tipped sideways, suddenly his hard thighs were pressing against my belly, and I was staring down at the flowery quilt on my bed with my hands out in front of me. I yelped in surprise, struggling against him as his hand pressed down on my hips, pinning me down in place.

“Wait, Massimo, what are you doing?” I exclaimed. He ignored me, his hand moving to the hem of the pretty white lace skirt I was wearing.

What the fuck was happening right now?

“I’m a very powerful man, bambina, and right now, you and I are going to have a very frank discussion about what happens to little girls who tell me ‘No.’ And for once, you’re going to listen,” he said softly and my whole body went rigid. What was he talking about?

Wait.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:57 am

He couldn't mean to...

No.

He wouldn't spank me, right?

This wasn't what I'd ever imagined, or even remotely fantasized about. I'd thought about him taking me in hand a whole other way, one that involved his cock and me screaming and coming and trembling with how hard of an orgasm he could give me.

Nothing like this.

I mean, Papa did say he was a powerful man, but I'd always seen Massimo as his best friend, an uncle maybe, but nothing more than that. I had never truly understood what that meant until now, until this very moment.

And I had been toying with him like it was a game.

My heart pounded in my chest, a mix of fear and something else—something more exhilarating. I wasn't afraid that he would hurt me. Massimo had always been protective, always caring toward me, but now I was seeing a different side of him, a side that made me realize the weight of my actions and quite possibly regret them.

"Wait, please, Massimo, we can talk about this," I tried.

"I'm done talking, piccola," he answered, and I stiffened, trying to push up against the bed, but his hold on me meant that I wasn't going anywhere.

Then I noticed something else.

He washard.

Like really fucking hard.

As in his rock-hard cock was pressed into my belly and all my wiggles and struggles were simply rubbing my body against him and making him harder.

What did this mean?

Did he like this? Did he get off on this?

I swallowed hard, a mix of embarrassment and arousal swirling inside me. He shifted beneath me, his erection unmistakable, and it sent a jolt of desire straight through me.

Wait... What did this mean for me? Why wasIaroused right now?

I shouldn't have found any of this even remotely sexy, but my clit throbbed, and the more I struggled, the more his hardness rubbed against me, my core squeezed tight with heated desire, and a strange warmth spread over my skin. What the absolute fuck was wrong with me?

This was humiliating.

Massimo was about to spank me like some kind of disobedient child because that's what this was, right?

But the way his erection kept pressing into me... Maybe that meant something else. What if he just wanted to bare me? Shame me somehow as punishment, maybe? No, that seemed ridiculous.

A man didn't put a woman over his knee for something like that.

I was about to get spanked.

It didn't matter that my mind was trying to come up with anything to dispute the fact that I was in trouble and the consequences of my actions were finally catching up with me. The reality of it was simply that I was about to get spanked for the very first time in my life.

Then he reached down and brushed his fingers against the back of my thighs, right beneath my skirt and I stilled, this all becoming very real, very fast.

"Don't do this, please," I protested.

"It's too late for that," he murmured, and his fingers pushed further under the fabric and began raising it. Each second seemed like an eternity as my skirt lifted, exposing my ass inch by inch until there was nothing but my pair of cheeky white lacy panties covering me.

I felt so exposed. And so impossibly turned on.

What the hell was wrong with me?

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Massimo paused for a moment, and I could feel his gaze on my ass, my legs, taking in the sight before him. My cheeks turned molten, and I was suddenly very grateful for my curtain of long, dark brown hair covering my face so he couldn't see the shameful arousal written all over it.

Then, without pomp or circumstance, he slid his fingers beneath the waistband of my panties and shucked them down until they were at the backs of my knees.

Oh, fuck. I hadn't expected that.

My ass was bare in front of Massimo for the first time and not in the way I imagined it being bare so many times before.

Sure, I understood spanking was a thing, but I thought it was for errant children and for fictional men in romance novels. I never thought it could really be something that I would ever experience in my life, especially not from a man like Massimo and not as a fully grown woman either.

A quiet cry escaped my lips as another realization slammed into me.

I was soaked. Not just a little, but the kind of aroused that probably meant that I was dripping.

Could he see it? I pressed my thighs together, trying to hide myself as best as I could, but I was so exposed that a part of me knew that I couldn't escape him seeing, no matter how hard I tried.

Right now, my wet pussy and my bare, vulnerable ass was on display for my dad's best friend, whether I liked it or not.

He cleared his throat and placed a warm hand on the small of my back, his palm heavy and possessive. Each second felt like an eternity, and my nerves were on edge, waiting for him to make his move.

"You've made your point, Massimo. You don't have to do this... you don't have to sp-spa...spankme," I squeaked, my voice trembling far more than I wanted it to.

"The time for talking is over, bambina. I'm going to deal with you as I see fit and then you and I are going to leave together. Am I clear?" he replied.

"Crystal fucking clear," I muttered.

What the fuck was wrong with me? Was I provoking him for a reason? Did a part of me want him to spank me?

No. That was crazy...

Then why was my pussy clenching just at the thought of his big, warm hand, the same hand that had held mine and walked me across the street when I was a young child, spanking my bare ass until I was one very, very sorry girl?

That's it. I was insane.

His palm cracked against my ass for the first time, and I swallowed back a cry of shock at the terrible sting that came along with it.

Oh, fuck.

That hurt. A lot.

He didn't let up though, and the second swat was even harder than the first.

Holy shit.

"This isn't funny anymore," I tried, squirming over his knee, but his other hand still held me firmly in place. I couldn't move an inch.

"It's not meant to be funny, Sofia. It's meant to be a punishment for a very naughty girl who needs a very hard spanking," he countered, and my eyes opened wide as another hard swat landed.

"Please stop," I begged, but the words were hollow, and they fell on deaf ears. A part of me knew that I didn't fully mean them. I hated that and I didn't know how to handle that, but fortunately, or rather unfortunately, the spanking continued and I didn't have to think about it anymore.

I tried to take it gracefully, but his hand stung, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't keep my cries of pain from flying off my lips left and right.

He didn't seem to care and just kept on spanking me, and as the seconds wore on, the burning sensation only grew worse, and so did the pulsing ache between my thighs.

I had never been more humiliated, and I had never been more aroused in my life.

This wasn't how he was supposed to see me naked for the first time. It was supposed to be sexy. He was supposed to see me as a beautiful woman, not an errant child who needed her bare bottom spanked to be set in line. The reality burned into me as I realized that my fantasies were being taken away from me once and for all.

A harsh swat burned into the lower curve of my ass, right where my cheek met my thigh, and I squealed, the sting far more intense than I could ever have imagined. My toes drummed against the bed, and I tried to roll off him, but his hold kept me firmly in place.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

This was not fair.

Another spank, even harder than the last. A few more followed, each one landing in a new spot and reigniting the fire in the skin that had just begun to fade.

“Stop! I’ve had enough,” I cried out.

“Not even close, bambina. I’m going to spank this bare, defiant little ass bright red before I’m through with you. You’ve more than earned it,” he replied.

And I could tell he meant it.

My body burned with a mix of shame and pleasure, and each time his palm connected with my ass, the scalding sting grew more and more intense. He spanked from the tops of my cheeks to the middles of my thighs, which burned more than anything. I struggled and whined over his knee, but he didn’t let up.

Soon enough, I was beginning to panic. Maybe he really meant what he said. Maybe he truly meant to punish me and that’s exactly what he was going to do.

Maybe I shouldn’t have provoked him after all.

“Massimo!” I whined.

“Bad girl,” he growled, and his hand peppered my ass even harder. Before I knew it, my entire ass was on fire, my eyes were beginning to water, and there was no end to the spanking in sight.

He was in control.

I wasn't.

And that was making my pussy sopping wet and his cock as hard as a rock beneath me. The more I struggled, the wetter I got and the harder he was underneath my belly.

Oh, God.

How long was this going to last? How much was my ass going to burn by the time this was over?

My ass bounced under his firm hand, the stinging pain searing through me, and the shameful pleasure of being so helpless, so vulnerable, so very much under his control was too much to bear.

I wasn't supposed to enjoy this.

I wasn't supposed to want this.

I wasn't supposed to be this girl who was getting spanked by a man twice her age who wasn't even her father.

I blinked, my eyes watering more than before, and I suddenly worried that he was going to make me cry, that that was what he meant by truly punishing me.

I pressed my right hand back, trying to block his hard hand from smacking my ass again, but that only resulted in him pinning it behind my back before he lit into me once more.

"Ow, ow, ow!" I cried.

“Your bare bottom is a very nice shade of pink right now, little one, but I think it can handle a bit more, don’t you?”

“No!” I wailed.

He just spanked me harder. I was sore and sorry and ashamed I was wet, and I wanted nothing more than to roll back time, take back everything I’d said and done to provoke him just so my ass wouldn’t hurt this much. The spanking went on and on and on, and soon enough, my resolve was fading and the pain was growing too intense for me to even attempt to ignore.

He spanked harder and faster, and the sound of his hand cracking against my bare skin was almost deafening. It echoed throughout the room and I briefly worried that the next-door neighbors could hear me getting a spanking. That made everything worse, including the state of my own arousal.

The longer it lasted, the more I tried to stop tears from starting to leak out of the corners of my eyes. I sniffled, trying to blink them away, but it was no use.

“Please. I’m sorry. I’ll be a good girl. I’ll go with you!” I wailed, a last Hail Mary to try to save myself from getting spanked any longer or much harder, but it didn’t work. I don’t know why I expected it to.

“Good. Then we’re finally getting somewhere,” he growled.

He spanked my thighs exclusively for several long moments before he finally stopped. I sniffed back tears, proud of myself for taking such a hard spanking and not crying for at least the moment, but also knowing that he’d taken me right to the edge. If he decided to spank me any more after this, there was no doubt in my mind that I would end up sobbing over his knee.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

My pussy pulsed at the thought of that.

For a moment, he paused, and I could feel him staring down at me. Self-consciously, I pressed my thighs together, but they were slick, and they slid against one another. A soft whimper escaped my lips, and I clamped them shut.

Gently, he released my wrist and lifted me off his lap to my feet, but there was a stiffness to his movements that wasn't lost on me. He stood up behind me and we both breathed shakily enough for the other to hear.

Had he noticed my arousal, because I certainly did...?

Maybe a wet pussy was just a natural reaction to a hard spanking like the one he'd given me.

Or maybe it wasn't. Maybe something was wrong with me.

Then, without a word, his arm wrapped around my waist, and I couldn't help but notice that his hard cock was pressed between my bottom cheeks. With my panties still tangled around my ankles, my skirt had fallen back into place, but that did little to hide the way his turgid length was throbbing against my scalded ass.

He reached down and deftly unbuttoned my skirt, one by one, until it was hanging on by a thread. Then he pushed it down past my hips so that I was entirely bare from the waist down.

My heart pounded in my chest.

What the fuck was happening?

He'd just spanked me to within an inch of making me cry, and now he was baring me. What did this mean?

Was he going to fuck me now? He had to know how wet I was. I'd lost hope of hiding it while I was kicking and squirming over his knee. Would he think less of me because of it? Would he hate the fact that I was a virgin?

A million questions swirled around in my head and none of them stopped when he took my arm, turned me around to face him and then pushed me backwards, step by slow step, until my back brushed up against the wall and then he pinned me against it. I hissed when my ass touched the wall, pain flaring for a moment and taking my breath away.

Massimo's raw power finally hit me in that moment. He'd not only manhandled me, but he'd spanked me, and if he wanted to, he could fuck me right here against the wall in whatever hole he wanted, and I wouldn't have a choice about it.

The realization made me even more wet, and the heat that had built in my core was spreading out to every inch of my body, including my sore, well-spanked bottom.

I stared up at him, unable to speak, unable to move, unable to think.

His hand brushed against my bare thigh, almost touching my pussy, and I started, but I didn't dare move. My breath hitched, and his eyes met mine. They were dark, stormy, intense, and full of a primal hunger that made my stomach twist into knots.

The moment stretched out between us, and my heartbeat was the only thing I could hear.

His usual air of calm control seemed to be fraying at the edges, and it played out all over his face. The set of his jaw, the furrow of his brow, the way his eyes flickered with unspoken desires—each detail spoke volumes about the struggle raging inside him.

He was just as aroused as I was.

He was trying to regain control, to mask the turmoil that all this had stirred up. In his eyes, there was a flash of something raw and powerful, quickly hidden behind a veil of restraint.

I didn't say anything, too pissed, too overwhelmingly aroused, pouty over my spanking, and too confused to really know what I wanted next. Did I want him to kiss me? To fuck me? To actually play out all those fantasies I'd had of him in real life?

My mind was spinning. I couldn't deny how badly I wanted him, but I had no idea how to tell him, no idea what would happen next.

But then I leaned in, my eyes slipped down to his lips and then back up, and something in his gaze snapped. I gasped, the heat of my arousal too much, too fast, and then his fingers brushed across the expanse of my inner thigh and grazed the slick arousal dripping down them.

"Sofia," he breathed.

"Massimo," I said, my voice nothing but a hot breathy gasp. He growled deep in his throat, the sound sending a visceral vibration straight down to my core. I let out a moan without meaning to and then it was too late to take it back.

He growled again, louder, and his fingers slipped further up the inside of my thighs until his fingertips were touching my aching pussy. He hissed in a breath.

I was panting, breathless, and all I wanted was him.

“You’re dripping wet for me,bambina,” he purred, and I had trouble standing on my own two feet at that point, especially when his fingers were gliding across my clit, circling, rubbing, and driving me insane with sudden consuming need.

He was barely touching me, and I was about to shatter.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Then his other hand moved up my chest and his fingers curled around my neck, and he leaned in close, his mouth only inches from mine.

I could scarcely breathe.

“Fuck. You don’t know what you’re doing to me,” he snarled, and my breath hitched in my throat.

I had an idea, and I didn’t know if I should want it or I shouldn’t, but I did know that whatever happened next was out of my control.

And maybe even out of his.

CHAPTER 6

Sofia

“Bambina,” he growled, and the sound vibrated down into the tips of my toes and right back up again. I drew in a deep breath, trying to rein in what was happening and having absolutely no luck at all.

“Massimo,” I said again softly, his name rolling off my tongue like a chord of music. He leaned in closer to me, his gaze leveling with mine. His hazel eyes had flecks of gold and emerald, like a cup of warm cider on a cold winter’s day, and I lost myself in them before his hand squeezed a bit tighter around my throat.

I gasped, the pressure making my heart pound even faster, the air coming in a little

more shallowly than before, and my body thrummed with heated arousal.

His fingers circled over my clit and then they edged backwards. I whimpered as the tips nudged at my entrance, teasing me, but then he pushed in just a little before he stopped.

“Fuck, you’re a virgin,” he growled, and the air left my lungs in a rush.

“Yes,” I somehow managed, and his fingers retreated back to my clit, which was somehow pulsing even harder. His grip on my neck tightened slightly and the edges of my vision went blurry as he played with the needy bundle of nerves between my thighs.

Then he pulled his hand back and slapped my pussy, just hard enough to sting, taking me by surprise. With a yelp, I started, but there was nowhere to run and nowhere to hide, not with him pinning me against the wall like this.

What was happening?

He spanked my pussy again, harder, and a wave of intense pleasure-pain rolled through me. It was almost too much to bear, but somehow, a deep, shameful part of me enjoyed it.

He slapped my pussy several more times, punishing me with the flats of his fingers until my sensitive flesh was burning and for some reason, it only made my clit throb even harder.

I tried to angle my hips away, but his hand around my throat tightened in warning and he spanked my pussy much more firmly three times in quick succession as punishment.

“Please,” I begged.

I didn’t have any clue as to what I was begging for. Did I want him to stop? Did I want more?

I didn’t know, but a part of me didn’t care.

A wave of humiliation washed over me, and I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to escape, trying to ignore the conflicting sensations warring inside me. I shouldn’t be enjoying any of this. This was wrong, right? He shouldn’t be touching me like this, he shouldn’t have taken down my panties and spanked me, and he shouldn’t have his hand between my thighs right now, but here we were.

And then his fingers were on my clit again.

Oh, fuck.

Liquid wildfire surged through my veins, hot and heavy and all too consuming. I tried to fight it, but it felt like I was being steamrolled by pain and pleasure so intense that there was nothing for me to do but take it.

He growled low in his throat, the sound reverberating through his chest, and the primal possessiveness of his gaze made my knees go weak.

He was an alpha, dominant, a man used to getting what he wanted, and at that moment, there was nothing I could do whether I was willing or not.

His slick fingers rubbed my clit a bit more firmly. My knees threatened to buckle beneath me, and he shifted, his body pressing into mine as his hand squeezed around my throat, making sure I couldn’t go anywhere.

My pussy was dripping wet, and his fingers slid against the hard little bundle of nerves, the sensation almost too much to bear and I bit my lip, trying to keep steady and feeling like my entire focus was centered around the pleasure building in my core and how very close I was to breaking.

I tried to hold back one moan after the next, but I failed time and time again, until the entire room was echoing with the sound of my desire as he teased and taunted me with an orgasm just out of reach.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Then he pressed a little harder.

My whole world tilted on its edge as my release ripped through me with the power of a hurricane. The pleasure was so intense, so overwhelming that all I could do was surrender.

I gasped for air, unable to breathe, unable to think, unable to do anything except feel.

Red-hot bliss pulsed through my veins, hot and heavy and everything that I ever needed in that single moment. My entire body shook, and a shiver ran down my spine, the tremors rippling through me and making the waves of my orgasm even stronger.

I came so hard that my vision turned white.

My toes curled and my hips rolled, inadvertently rubbing my clit against the flats of his fingers even more, which only extended my climax that much further. My legs buckled and it was difficult to stand, but his hand around my throat steadied me and, on some level, I was grateful for it.

When my orgasm finally crested and began to ebb away, the aftershocks still quaked through me, one after the other until my legs were quivering beneath me.

And then he was on me, his lips crashing into mine with his fingers still sliding over my clit, and his other hand was squeezing tighter. It was all so much and not enough and so fast and yet so slow all at once.

I didn't mean to, but I kissed him back.

His kiss was possessive and controlling and that made my clit throb again. He was kissing me like he owned me, and I moaned against his lips before his tongue speared against mine. His mouth was hot and demanding as our tongues tangled together.

This was really happening, wasn't it?

Massimo had just made me come all over his fingers and things were escalating. Now his lips were on mine and I didn't know where this would stop, if it would stop, if I even wanted it to stop.

I moaned and he swallowed my sounds, kissing me like I was a feast, and he was a starved man who hadn't eaten in days.

It was the most intoxicating thing I had ever experienced in my life.

I could feel his hard cock through his dress pants, rubbing against my thigh. It was so big and so hot that a part of me pulled back, taken aback by the sheer size of it, but there was another part of me that pushed back against him because I knew that a fucking from him would probably hurt just as much as it felt good.

His tongue explored the depths of my mouth, and I felt his hunger, his need, his desire for me. It was too much for me to handle, especially with his fingers on my clit.

I was so close to coming undone for a second time and I hadn't even known that was possible. Sure, I'd touched myself in the dead of night with the lights off under the covers. I knew how to make myself orgasm, but I was usually too sensitive and exhausted after a single climax to try to continue for a second one.

Massimo didn't care.

He just pushed me and that made me even hotter. A whimper escaped my lips, and his mouth swallowed the sounds, devouring me as his hand released my throat and made its way to the back of my head. His fingers fisted my hair and pulled it taut, causing a wave of pain to blossom across my scalp. His hand gripped tighter, pulling it harder, and I gasped, losing myself in his kiss and his touch and everything that was him.

Before I knew what was happening, I was sailing into another orgasm even stronger than the last. The intensity was almost too much. My whole body was buzzing, and the heat between my thighs was blazing hotter than before.

His kiss never wavered and neither did his fingers as my knees gave out. His knee pressed between my legs, holding me up as he forced me through the first wave of pleasure. Another followed, and then another, and my whole body constricted as my pleasure consumed me. Overwhelmingly exquisite ecstasy burned through my veins, crashing over me, and taking me out with the tide. I drowned in my bliss, losing my footing as I wrapped my arms around his neck, holding on for dear life.

Massimo didn't let up. He forced me to ride wave after wave of the most intense pleasure I had ever experienced. I couldn't breathe, I was dizzy, and my head was swimming, but that didn't stop my orgasm from sweeping through me like a tornado.

My whole body was shaking by the time I came down from my second climax and steadied my feet on the floor. One aftershock after another almost made my eyes roll back in my head. I leaned against the wall, my heart pounding in my chest, my breathing ragged and my hips bucking against his fingers as I rode out the last dregs of my release.

Then he grabbed my arm, turned me around, and smacked my ass hard four or five

times. I yelped, the sudden sting on my already sore bottom catching me off guard.

His fingertips pressed between my bottom cheeks, and I started, but there was nowhere for me to run, not with the wall right in front of me and him behind me pinning me in place.

My heart pounded in my chest. What was he doing and why wasn't I trying to stop him?

What the hell was going on? Was he going to touch my asshole? Even worse, was he about to fuck me in the ass?

The thought of it sent a mix of excitement and apprehension racing through me, and I was ashamed to say that a part of me would have let him, if he wanted to. The thought made me even more ashamed and even though I hated it once I realized it, it also made me excited.

"Massimo, please," I pleaded.

His fingers were slick against my spanked ass as he pushed between my cheeks, just brushing over my bottom hole. I stiffened, trying to fight back against him, but suddenly his finger was pressing against my asshole and then it was inside.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

The foreign burning pressure took me by surprise and I cried out, taken aback by the deep ache nothing more than his single digit caused.

Who was I kidding? I couldn't take anything more than his finger in my ass, let alone his cock. He pushed in deeper all the way to his first knuckle, and I squealed, the pain and the strange feeling more than I could handle.

But he didn't seem to care.

He pressed in further and I whimpered, trying to get away, but I had nowhere to go. I was pinned between the wall and Massimo, and that didn't leave me with a whole lot of options.

I swallowed hard, my complete attention on his finger violating my bottom hole. I hated that my clit throbbed to life at that moment like a dirty fucking traitor. I wasn't supposed to like this. It wasn't supposed to be making me wet or aroused or anything like that. I should be angry. I should want him to stop touching me, but when he started pumping that single digit in and out of my tortured hole, there was no denying it.

I sort of liked how it felt.

"I'm not going to take your virginity tonight, Sofia," he murmured.

I opened my mouth, but not a single word came out.

"Maybe I will one day, if you beg me so very prettily for it," he continued, and my

breath stuck in the back of my throat.

I still said nothing, instead closing my eyes and trying my best not to ride his finger as it pumped in and out of me.

“Now, *la mia bambina*, I’m going to give you a choice. I’m going to fuck that beautiful sassy mouth or this tight little asshole of yours. You’re going to swallow my cum or you’re going to walk out of here with it dripping from this cherry red ass. Now choose,” he demanded.

My asshole clenched around his fingers, and he chuckled softly.

“Choose, little girl, or I’m going to let your body choose for you,” he growled, and I opened my mouth as quickly as I could.

“Please, not my ass. Please. My mouth,” I said quickly, my words coming out in a rush of air. A shudder racked my body. I wasn’t ready for him to take my virginity, and I sure as hell wasn’t ready for him to take me in the ass. That only left my mouth for him to fuck, but for some reason I was nervous about that too.

Gently, or at least as gently as I imagined he could, he pulled his finger free from my bottom hole. Without warning, he smacked my ass several more times, igniting the burn from my spanking and causing it to sting anew.

“Then get on your knees and open that pretty mouth,” he demanded, and I faltered for a moment, not really believing this was happening and yet reckoning with the fact that it really was.

He turned me toward him, and in almost a haze, I slowly dropped to one knee and then the other. When I was settled, I looked up at him to see him staring down at me.

“I’ve envisioned you on your knees like this before me many times, *la mia bambina*, I just never thought the day would come,” he said darkly, his voice rumbling through me like a cool drink of water. He was so tall and strong and powerful that his shadow alone seemed to envelop me and somewhere deep down I liked it.

A little bit.

One of his hands reached down to tenderly swipe the hair off my forehead and behind my ear. The gentleness of his touch was in stark contrast to the roughness of everything that had already happened, and I leaned into his palm as his thumb swept over my cheek. Then that same hand brushed over top of my head to settle at the base of my scalp, where he once again took my hair tight in his fist.

I cried out, the pain catching me by surprise. Red-hot agony blossomed across my skull, sharp and quick and somehow, it struck straight down to my clit. If not for his hold on me, I would have pitched forward.

Then I remembered why I was on my knees in the first place.

This was happening. This was really happening. My eyes flicked down to his waist, seeing his hard cock straining against his slacks, and I swallowed hard, the reality of the situation finally sinking in once and for all.

He’s going to fuck your mouth.

With one hand, he unbuckled his belt, sliding the end through the buckle. Almost in a trance, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, his cock tented through his briefs, and I wavered from one knee to the other, my anxious arousal taking me by storm.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

This shouldn't have been turning me on. He shouldn't have been making me feel these things, not a single one of them, and I definitely shouldn't be staring at his dick right now knowing it was about to go into my mouth at any moment.

Massimo didn't waste any time. He pushed his briefs down and his hard cock sprang free. I cried out at the sight of it, my mouth going dry. I was a virgin, but I knew what a cock was supposed to look like, or at least I thought I did.

But this was the first one I'd seen in person.

Massimo was huge, and the thought of having him in my mouth, or even anywhere else, made me feel dizzy. His cock was thick and long, far longer than I ever imagined a cock could be. It jerked right in front of me, engorged with blood, the veins to either side of it throbbing with his own arousal. There was already a drop of pre-cum dribbling from the thick head and my thighs pressed tight together, my nervous desire thrumming through me with fervent intensity.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Massimo didn't let me hesitate. With a firm grip on the back of my head, he drew me forward until the tip of his cock pressed against my lips.

"Open your mouth. Don't make me take off my belt, little girl," he commanded, and at once, a wave of arousal washed over me. Somehow, I don't know how, I opened my mouth, then the head of his cock was pressing inside.

The sight of him had been jarring. The feel of him was something else entirely.

He wasn't just big. He was massive.

My lips stretched wide around his girth, and I had a sudden panic attack. There was no way I could take him all the way, no way in hell, but he didn't seem to care about that. He just pushed himself further into my mouth until the tip of his cock brushed the back of my throat.

I gagged. He didn't stop.

Instead, he just groaned, low and deep, and the sound of his desire made my own pussy throb between my thighs. He was enjoying himself, and that thought alone was making me wet all over again. My thighs trembled and I whined around him as he pushed a bit deeper.

"I want you to suck my cock like a good girl who doesn't want her bare little ass belted," he growled.

He pulled his cock nearly free from my lips before he surged forward once more. My

heart nearly leapt up into my throat.

That was the only warning I got before he started to fuck my face. I gagged. I panicked. I suckled around his cock exactly like he wanted me to.

My eyes watered and I moaned, his cock fucking my mouth hard and fast. His grip on my head kept me still and the only thing I could do was try not to bite him, although a part of me wondered if that would make him stop.

I didn't want to test him though, especially with my ass already sore from a spanking.

I didn't want his belt next.

My saliva dripped down the length of his shaft, and I could barely breathe, but the more he thrust, the more aroused I got. My clit pulsed between my legs, and my nipples tightened against my t-shirt.

I wondered if he could see them. If he wanted to see them.

He thrust hard into my mouth, and I gagged once more. In a fit of self-preservation, I pressed my fingers against his thighs and tried to push myself back, but his hold on my hair tightened and he held me in place.

He fucked my face even harder after that.

I whimpered, clutching at him, and the sounds coming from my mouth were loud and garbled, echoing throughout the room. He didn't let up, his pace relentless, and there was nothing I could do but surrender to the overwhelming intensity of the moment.

My pussy clenched and my clit throbbed, and I couldn't help myself. One of my hands slid down between my legs, and I touched myself, my fingers brushing over

my sensitive bundle of nerves.

“Needy girl,” he scolded. “Don’t think I didn’t notice you touching that pretty pink pussy,” he rumbled, and my breath hitched in the back of my throat at the same time he thrust inside it. It was hard to breathe, and I choked, but that didn’t stop him either.

My vision swam and my heart pounded. The only things I could feel were his cock driving into my mouth, my hand in between my thighs, and the traitorous pleasure racing through me unbidden.

My fingers moved faster.

He fucked me even more ferociously. I did my best to suckle and swirl my tongue around him, trying to please him and feeling like I was doing well and completely terribly at the same time. When he groaned though, I could tell without a doubt by the sounds that he was enjoying himself.

It was honestly the hottest thing I’d ever heard.

My nipples ached, and my clit was slick. The pressure was building in my core, becoming more intense with each passing moment. It was becoming hard to focus on anything except my fingers circling my clit, the orgasm coiling tighter within me.

And then my world splintered, and I shattered into pieces with his cock still fucking my mouth.

A scream built up in the back of my throat, and I cried out, but the sound was muffled around his girth. My hips rolled, the waves of pleasure crashed over me, one after the other, and I couldn’t make them stop, not that I really wanted to.

I came with his cock in my mouth as he groaned out loud. He pulled out just a little

and the sounds of my pleasure ripped free from my throat before I could even think to stop them.

“Fuck, la mia bambina, come hard for me. Come hard while I fuck this pretty mouth,” he demanded, and I did.

My little girl...

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I came so hard that when my eyes closed, I saw stars.

My thighs pressed together as ruthless pleasure raced up and down every limb, taking me by storm and holding me captive to its fervid embrace. I screamed again, my inner walls fluttering around empty air, and he thrust all the way back into my mouth. This time, my throat opened for him as I struggled to breathe through my nose and my eyes rolled back in my head.

I don't know why I'd come so hard. That was a thing to unpack another day because right now, I just wanted to survive this.

Once my orgasm was over, he resumed fucking my throat with ruthless intensity, driving in and out of my mouth and making me gag over and over again. I tried to control it, but soon enough it was too much, and I started fighting back against him, overwhelmed and exhausted from coming three times in a row.

Tears leaked from the corners of my eyes and my mascara streaked down my face as he pulled all the way out of my mouth. He reached down and used his hand to spank his cock back and forth across my lips, shamefully punishing me for fighting him. It didn't hurt at all, but it was jarring all the same.

Humiliation rattled through me at the same time that my clit thrummed once more, and I cursed the traitorous little thing, not wanting to admit that as embarrassing as this was, it kind of turned me on a little bit.

Or maybe a lot...

His cock was shiny with my saliva, and he grabbed the base and rubbed the tip all over my cheeks, then the slit of my lips and across the plump flesh of my mouth.

I whined with shame.

“Open,” he commanded, and I was too overwhelmed to do anything but obey him. When my mouth was open wide, he slapped his cock down on my tongue several times. I didn’t know what he was doing, but he didn’t make me wait long to find out.

He thrust back into my mouth and fucked it hard before he pulled his hips back and grabbed his cock with his hand. I watched with rapt attention as he stroked the crown of his dick.

I finally realized what he was doing a moment before the first spurts of hot cum shot out from the head of his cock. It landed on my mouth, on my chin, and all over my chest right above my top.

I sat there for a long moment, humiliated, ashamed, and undoubtedly aroused. My pussy was throbbing, and every inch of my body felt numb.

Then he reached down and lifted me up, his arms wrapping around my body as he held me close.

“We can hide your red ass beneath your skirt, but we don’t have time for you to take a shower,” he rasped.

He grasped my shirt and yanked it down, exposing my breasts. Before I could even think to try to stop him, he was rubbing his cum all over my chest.

My face burned, and a small part of me wanted to push him away, but there was another part of me, a dark twisted little thing that wanted to push back against him

and rub my tits in his cum and spread it all around, and I hated that part of me most of all.

I loathed it.

My nipples hardened into little pebbles, and he took that opportunity to smear his seed across those as well. I gasped, the sensation of his touch on my nipples almost more than I could bear. I chewed the inside of my cheek, trying to hold it together.

“There, there, sweet girl. It’s all over now. You’re my good girl, aren’t you,” he murmured. Gently, he pulled my top back into place.

I didn’t answer, too overwhelmed, ashamed, and still impossibly aroused.

When he was satisfied, he turned and pulled his slacks back up, then tucked himself back in and zipped his pants. He looked perfectly composed, but somehow, he also looked a little different than he had before, almost a little less put together. On the other hand, I was still bare from the waist down.

I watched him as he picked up my skirt from off the floor.

“Here. I’ll help you dress,” he offered. He knelt down before me and held my skirt open so I could step into it. Feeling off balance, I pressed my hand to his shoulder to steady myself as I lifted one foot and then the other until he pulled my skirt up to my waist and buttoned it.

My gaze flicked to my panties, and he reached out for those, but he didn’t give them back. Instead, he stuffed them in his pocket.

My face turned beet red.

He reached out for my hand, and I took a step toward him. I was shaky on my feet, and I stumbled. He wrapped his arm around my waist, and we started toward the door.

“My men will come back for your things. It’s time to go,” he ordered, and I opened my mouth, a little shocked.

“What will I wear to bed?” I asked shakily.

“Depends on your attitude, *la mia bambina*. If you’re a good girl for me tonight, maybe I’ll let you wear one of my shirts. If you’re a bad girl though, I might make you wear nothing at all.”

CHAPTER 7

Massimo

I'd gone too far. I was sure of it.

I watched Sofia carefully, looking for any signs of distress or regret, but I saw none. Sure, she was shaky and very clearly overwhelmed, which was to be expected, but she seemed alright otherwise, which was a good thing, I guess.

I shouldn't have ever laid a hand on her, but it was too late for that now. I should have just dragged her from her apartment kicking and screaming and sent my men for her things in the first place, but now I'd spanked her bare ass, made her come all over my fingers, and fucked her mouth. I couldn't take any of that back.

Fuck. I still had her panties in my pocket.

Even now, she smelled like sex, with her pussy bare beneath her skirt. I knew her ass was still red underneath the white lacy fabric too. I'd spanked her hard, but what I hadn't expected was her to enjoy it as much as she did. The arousal glistening between her thighs had told me as much.

Her spanking wasn't up to her, but everything that had happened afterwards had been.

Sort of.

She'd never told me no.

That didn't mean she was ready to be with a man like me. I should have known better. I could have stopped it and that would have been the end of it.

But I hadn't, and now I had to deal with the consequences of my actions.

The elevator dinged and I stepped inside it, dragging Sofia with me. She was shaking, and she clutched at the back of my shirt, but when I turned back to look at her, her gaze was cast down.

"It's alright, Sofia. I'm going to take care of you," I said softly, and her gaze lifted to meet mine. Her eyes sparkled like emeralds, a brilliant display of colors that captured my gaze and didn't let go.

I could stare into those eyes all day, every day, and I would still never have my fill.

The elevator dinged again, and the doors slid open. With one last lingering glance, I turned and walked down the hall, Sofia close at my side. When we walked outside, my driver was already waiting for us.

I opened the door for her like a gentleman and watched her slide inside, trying to get in as carefully as possible so she didn't flash that bare little pussy, but I caught a glimpse of it anyway.

It was fucking gorgeous.

I shouldn't want to sink myself inside her. I shouldn't want to steal her virginity for myself, but something inside of me was demanding that I do exactly that.

I had to fight it.

I couldn't be that man. I was supposed to protect her, not take her innocence for myself.

I slipped in the car beside her, making sure to put a fair amount of distance between us. The quiet hum of the engine started up, the only sound as the car pulled away from the curb. There was still palpable tension between us, but we did our best to ignore it. The drive was quiet, and I glanced at her occasionally, catching her emerald eyes staring out the window, lost in thought.

When we arrived at my home, I opened her door and helped her out. My estate, a sprawling property with high walls and guarded gates, was designed to be impenetrable. As we walked up the steps, I could see the awe in her eyes, mingled with uncertainty.

There had never been any reason to bring her here before, so this was her first time seeing my home. I'd always gone to her and her father at his shop or to their apartment. Marco and I had always thought it best to keep Sofia out of my world, and now here we were, with her thrust right into the middle of it.

"Welcome to your new home, Sofia," I said, trying to sound more welcoming than commanding. "Anything you need, the servants will get for you."

She nodded, still taking in the grandeur of the place. The marble floors, high ceilings, and luxurious furnishings spoke of my excessive wealth and incredible power. I watched her closely, trying to gauge her reaction.

"Is this really necessary?" she finally asked, her voice tinged with the slightest bit of defiance and curiosity.

Good. She was fine. Her sass was back. I almost sighed with relief, but I held it back just in time.

“Yes,” I replied, keeping my tone firm but gentle.

We entered the main living area, and I gestured for her to sit. A servant appeared almost immediately, ready to offer refreshments. Sofia seemed hesitant, but she sat down and took a glass of champagne off the servant’s tray. She stared back at me as she took a sip, likely trying to piece everything together in her head.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Do you have any questions?” I asked, trying to ease the tension.

She looked at me, her eyes searching mine. “What exactly are you, Massimo?”

I paused, considering how much to reveal. “I’m a powerful man, Sofia. I have a lot of influence.”

She raised an eyebrow. “In what?”

I smiled slightly, evading the direct answer. “In many areas. Business, politics... you name it.”

She nodded, absorbing my words. I could see she wanted to ask more, but she held back. Instead, she looked around the room, taking it all in.

“You’ll be safe here,” I reassured her. “And I’ll be here to make sure of it.”

She met my gaze, her face a bit taken aback. “Thank you, I guess.”

I nodded, feeling a strange mix of relief and something else—something I couldn’t quite define. “You’re welcome, Sofia. Now, why don’t you get some rest? We can talk more tomorrow.”

She agreed, and I called a servant to show her to her room. As she followed them, I watched her go, still telling myself that I was just doing what I had to do. But deep down, I knew I had to be more careful. I couldn’t let my guard down, not even for a moment. I couldn’t let what happened between us happen again, because next time I

wasn't certain I could stop myself from taking her innocence and making her mine.

No. There wouldn't be a next time...

I shook my head and leaned back against the sofa with a sigh. Needing to clear my head, I stood up and headed up the marble staircase toward the master bedroom. I hardly saw the massive king bed as I strode right past it into the master bathroom.

The bathroom had gleaming marble floors, a double vanity with platinum fixtures, and a vast, frameless shower that could easily fit a small party. I turned on the water, watching the rain showerhead spring to life. The cascading water was warm, almost hot, and steam quickly filled the room, wrapping me in a thick, humid veil in minutes.

I stepped into the shower, the warm water beating down on my shoulders and back, easing some of the tension from my muscles. There were multiple jets that could be adjusted to hit every part of my body, and I allowed myself to be enveloped by the luxury of it all. The walls were lined with intricate mosaic tiles, and a built-in bench offered a place to sit and relax. Everything about this space was designed for comfort and indulgence, but tonight it offered little solace.

I closed my eyes, leaning against the cool marble wall as the water cascaded over me. I tried to let the warmth wash away my worries, to clear my mind of the day's events. But it wasn't working. The images of Sofia—her defiant eyes and vulnerable pout, her bright red ass, the feel of her wetness against the pads of my fingers, her tight little asshole clenching around my fingertip—kept resurfacing.

Damn it, Massimo, get a grip.

My thoughts were a storm of conflicting emotions. Protecting her was my top priority, yet the way her body had responded to my touch, the way she looked at me

with a mix of fear and something more... it was maddening. I could still feel the curve of her waist under my hands, the softness of her skin, could still hear the breathiness of her moans.

My cock throbbed, hardening at the thought.

I tried to focus on the task at hand, on the dangers lurking outside these walls, but her image intruded, refusing to be banished.

Fucking hell, she was my best friend's daughter, for Christ's sake.

The water continued to pour over me, the steam rising up all around me in billowing clouds. I reached for the body wash in the niche, scented with sandalwood and citrus. I lathered up, scrubbing my skin, trying to wash away the unwanted thoughts, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't shake the feeling of her soft body against mine, her breath hitching as she struggled with her own aroused confusion.

I needed to be more careful. Sofia was too important, and this situation was too precarious. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't afford to let my feelings cloud my judgment. I had to stay focused, to remember why I brought her here in the first place. I had to find the person moving against me and I needed to do it now.

If I didn't find a way to control my feelings, to keep my desires in check, I feared I might lose more than just my focus. I might just lose my best friend. And that was a risk I couldn't afford to take.

But goddammit, it was difficult.

I took a deep breath, trying to ignore my throbbing cock, but as hard as I tried, it soon proved to be impossible. I couldn't concentrate, not like this.

I needed to do something about it. My thoughts went straight back to Sofia, the memory of her moans and the feel of her pussy in my hand. The way she looked at me, the way she responded to my touch, it was all so damn intoxicating, so damn arousing.

Too much.

I wanted more, but I couldn't have it, and I wasn't a man who was used to not getting what he wanted. I hadn't had to deal with that feeling in a very, very long time.

My hand dropped to my cock, grazing against the velvety surface.

Fuck.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

My fingers wrapped around the base of my dick and stroked slowly. It wasn't the same as sinking into her tight virgin heat, but it was all I had. My breathing deepened as I imagined Sofia on her knees before me, her mouth open and ready to please me.

The image made my cock even harder. I stroked faster, thinking of her lips stretched wide around my girth. I thought of her tongue swirling around the tip, of her throat closing around the head. I imagined the feel of her warm, wet mouth engulfing me, her hands clutching at my thighs, trying to push back against me as I wrapped her pretty long hair in my fist.

My hand moved faster, gripping my cock tight as the image intensified. Her emerald eyes staring up at me, filled with need and desire, and something more.

Something I wasn't ready to admit, not even to myself.

I gritted my teeth, working my cock with my hand and still it didn't feel like enough. I wanted it to be her mouth, not my own fingers, but fuck, just the image of her made my cock pulse with heat and desire surge straight out from the base of my spine.

"Fuck," I groaned, the word echoing off the tiled walls of the shower.

I wanted her.

I didn't know how much longer I could fight it.

The memory of her screams as she came all over my fingers was too much. I stroked harder, imagining her body shuddering with pleasure, her pussy clenching around

nothing.

I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Sofia," I moaned, my orgasm hitting me like a freight train. Hot ropes of cum spurted from the head of my cock, coating my hand and the marble wall before the water washed it all away.

Wasted down the drain instead of deep inside her needy little pussy.

I stood there for a moment, letting the water wash over me, my breath heavy as I stared at the drain, willing myself to get control and stop letting a woman throw me off, but the more I thought about her, the more I spiraled out of control.

I needed more, but she was one thing I couldn't have.

Shouldn't have...

The water beat down on my shoulders, the heat constant as it swirled around me. My thoughts were a tangled mess. I had to get a grip. I couldn't allow myself to get distracted. I had a job to do, a promise to keep. I couldn't let my emotions get in the way.

But fuck, I'd already come twice today, and it still wasn'tfucking enough.

I snarled and slammed my hand against the marble tile, trying to keep a level head and feeling myself losing it bit by slow, aching bit.

Goddammit.

I couldn't do this, not again, but even as I resolved not to, I could already feel my

desire building once again.

Fuck.

This was going to be a long, long night. I wrapped my hand around my cock once again, my touch light, my dick still sensitive. I stroked up and down, knowing this wouldn't be the last time I thought about her, not even close.

I lost myself in the fantasy of her.

CHAPTER 8

Sofia

As I settled into the luxurious guest room, I couldn't shake the feeling of awe mixed with unease. Massimo's estate was like something out of a dream—or a movie about powerful men with dangerous secrets. I felt out of place here, having grown up in my father's shop and small apartment, so this all seemed like a bit much.

I felt like I didn't belong.

I sat on the edge of the massive bed, running my fingers over the soft, expensive bedding. My thoughts were a whirlwind of confusion and blatant curiosity.

Who exactly was Massimo? He was clearly more than just my father's friend. He was a powerful man with a shit load of money, and I didn't know what to make of it.

Lying back on the bed, I stared at the ceiling, replaying the day's events in my mind. From the moment he broke down the bathroom door, to the harsh spanking over his knee, to the way I had fallen apart all over his fingers, to the drive to his estate, everything felt surreal. A part of me still felt defiant, but another part—the part that

had seen the fierce determination in his eyes—felt a sense of security.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Despite the fear and bewilderment, there was an undeniable attraction I felt toward him. The way he looked at me, touched me... it was hard to ignore the heat it sparked within me. But I was too ashamed to admit it, even to myself.

I needed answers, and I knew Massimo had them. Tomorrow, I would push him for more. I needed to understand who he really was and why my father had trusted him so implicitly. But every time I tried to focus on those questions, my thoughts drifted back to Massimo himself. The way he looked at me, the way his hands felt on my body—it was maddening.

Fucking hell. Get a hold of yourself, Sofia!

I decided a hot shower might help clear my head. I blushed as my hand rose to my chest, where his dried cum still marked me beneath my shirt.

I probably still smelled like sex.

I pushed myself off the bed and wandered into the bathroom. It was just as lavish as the rest of the estate, with a deep soaking tub and a walk-in shower that looked like it belonged in a five-star spa. I turned on the water, adjusting it until it was just the right temperature, and stripped off my clothes.

Stepping into the shower, I let the warm water cascade over me, closing my eyes and trying to relax. The jets massaged my tense muscles, and the steam enveloped me in a comforting embrace. I reached for a bottle of lavender-scented body wash and began to lather up, hoping the soothing scent would help calm my racing thoughts.

But as I stood under the spray, my mind kept drifting back to Massimo. I could still feel the intensity of his gaze, the heat of his touch. It sent a shiver down my spine, and I pressed my hand against the cool tile wall for support.

I needed to focus. I needed to think about my father, about the danger he might be in, about why Massimo had brought me here. But all I could think about was the way he had looked at me, the way he had made me feel—vulnerable, excited, and confused all at once.

I sighed, leaning my forehead against the tile. This was crazy. Massimo was supposed to be protecting me, not making me feel this way. But I couldn't deny the pull I felt toward him, the way my body reacted to his presence. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before, and it was driving me insane.

I tried to shake off my wayward thoughts, focusing instead on rinsing off the soap and letting the water wash away the remnants of the day. But even as I scrubbed my skin, I couldn't scrub away the memory of his hands on me, his voice in my ear.

Or his cock in my mouth.

Or his cum on my chest.

My nipples hardened, and I could feel a familiar ache building between my legs.

Fuck.

This was not helping, not in the slightest bit.

I finished rinsing off, but the arousal still burned low in my core. I trailed my fingers across my belly and my nipples throbbed, but my clit thrummed even harder. Before I could stop them, my fingers trailed downward and then grazed over that needy bundle

of nerves. I gasped at my light touch, my desire blazing to life like a flame to dry tinder.

What the fuck was wrong with me? I'd already come several times today. I should be more than sated, but here I was with my fingers between my thighs before I could stop myself.

Fuck, I shouldn't be doing this.

I shouldn't want to be doing this.

But I was. I pressed down harder, rubbing in small circles as the pleasure built within me.

I could hear Massimo's voice in my ear, his words filling my head, his hand striking my bottom, my pussy convulsing as he pinned me against the wall and had his way with me. What would it feel like to have him between my thighs, to have him be the first man to fuck me with that same hard cock I'd had between my lips only hours ago? What would it feel like to have him driving into my ass?

I groaned with shame at the thought, the sound echoing off the tiled walls. There had to be something wrong with me.

But the more I thought about him, the more the shameful desire within me burned. I rubbed my clit faster, the pleasure building, my heart pounding. My body was trembling with need, and I could feel the orgasm hovering just out of reach.

I pulled in a shaky breath, trying to keep a level head while losing it at the same time.

As I circled my clit over and over again, I couldn't hold back anymore.

“Massimo,” I cried out, the name falling from my lips like a whispered prayer, and my legs started to shake.

Then a warm presence pressed up behind me.

“I love the sound of my name rolling off your tongue,” he whispered.

He’d let himself in.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I gasped, the sound sharp in the shower stall. Blushing hard, I felt his erect cock pressing against my bottom cheeks. His arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me in close as I shivered in his embrace.

“I thought I could resist you,” he said, his voice low and husky. “I told myself that I would keep you safe, that I wouldn’t take advantage of you. But goddammit, Sofia. How am I supposed to fight this when you’re touching that pretty little pussy while you’re thinking about me? Fuck! While you’re saying my name?”

I shook, unsure if it was the water beating down on us or the way his words were affecting me.

He took a deep, ragged breath, and then I felt his lips on the back of my neck, kissing the top of my spine. His mouth on my bare wet flesh was like molten hot lava.

My nipples ached, and I moaned, the sound coming out strangled and needy. I could feel his erection pressing against me, the thick shaft nestled between my sore cheeks.

He was naked.

I should have pushed him away, told him no, told him to leave me alone, but I couldn’t. All I could do was whimper as his mouth moved up to the base of my skull, trailing wildfire in his wake.

“You’re making it very hard for me to be good, la mia bambina,” he growled against my skin.

I didn't say a word, but my head tipped back, my wet hair cascading down my back as his mouth trailed across my jaw.

"I should leave you alone. I shouldn't touch you, not like this. I should put you to bed and shut the door. I shouldn't let this sweet little body of yours get to me," he murmured, his breath tickling the tiny hairs along my ear as I shivered in his arms.

But he didn't do any of those things.

Instead, his hand traveled up and cupped my breast, squeezing the fleshy mound before pinching my nipple. I cried out, the sound swallowed by the steady hum of the water as it pelted our bodies. His hand continued up, circling around my throat as his other dipped down between my thighs to find my own still there rubbing my clit.

He smacked my hand lightly and I pulled it back, only for him to replace it with his. His rough digits pressed against my pulsing clit, and once again I told myself I should stop this.

"You're driving me crazy, Sofia," he growled, and my stomach tied in knots. We were spiraling farther and farther out of control, and I knew that once we finally tipped over the edge, there would be no coming back.

I didn't tell him no, though. In fact, I didn't say anything at all. I couldn't.

I was too caught up with his fingers between my thighs. Too caught up with the way his fingers felt stroking my clit, with the way his lips felt on the back of my neck and his cock nestled between my ass cheeks.

All of it was too much and I felt myself reeling with need before I knew what to do with myself. He tightened his hold around my throat and the way his fingers felt there, holding me firmly, sent a rush of desire right down to my pussy.

I moaned, the sound low and heavy and altogether so shameful that it set my face on fire the moment it fell off my lips.

Massimo chuckled darkly, and the sound had a possessive quality that made my blood run cold for a second before it raced through me red hot.

His fingers worked me harder, rubbing my clit in tight circles, his mouth working on the back of my neck as he drove me closer toward a precipice.

Oh, God. I was going to come.

And not just the kind of orgasm that would make me feel good for a moment and leave me frustrated. No, I was going to come apart, and the realization terrified me.

I wasn't ready to give in to him, not yet, but my body wasn't listening to reason. Quickly, my desire spiraled and my core clenched tight. I saw the edge coming right before it hit and then I was riding wave after wave of crushing pleasure that surged through me like a bolt of lightning.

"That's it. Come for me, Sofia. Let me hear you break all over my fingers," he coaxed.

I moaned, my eyes closing tightly as I came, his name on my lips once again. White-hot pleasure raced through my veins, taking me captive and refusing to let me go until I went through every ounce of bliss that he forced upon me.

Was it forced? I didn't know. Honestly, I didn't care.

When the pleasure finally subsided, I felt exhausted, both mentally and physically. My legs were shaky, and I had to lean back against Massimo to stay upright.

He kissed the top of my head, his hands stroking my body gently, soothing me.

“I’m far from through with you, *la mia bambina*,” he whispered.

I didn’t know what to do.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I didn't know what to say.

So I stayed quiet, and he kept touching me. His hands stroked over the expanse of my body, pinching and tweaking my nipples, brushing along my collarbone, grazing along my hipbones. He was everywhere all at once, and my head was reeling from the sheer pleasure coursing through me.

Then he flattened his hand over my lower belly and pressed his hard cock firmly between my ass cheeks.

"I don't know what the fuck I'm doing," he murmured.

Neither did I.

"You're so young, and you have no idea how tempting you are. I promised your father I'd protect you, but right now all I want to do is bend you over and fuck you exactly the way you need to be fucked," he said softly.

I still didn't say a word. I didn't tell him to stop, but I didn't tell him to keep going, either.

His fingers dipped down between my thighs, finding me slick and wet, all for him.

"Do you feel how wet you are, la mia bambina? You can't tell me you don't want this. Your body is telling me everything I need to know," he whispered, his voice like a cool drop of water rolling down my spine.

The shame was back, burning deep inside of me, but still, I said nothing. A part of me knew I should say something, anything at all really to stop this, but I was caught up in the moment, and the only thing that was on my mind was his fingers circling over my clit once more.

His cock twitched between my cheeks, and he ground himself against me, the movement making my breath catch.

“Tell me no. Tell me to leave. Tell me to get the fuck out,” he demanded.

I didn't. I couldn't.

For a moment, he waited, his breath warm on the back of my neck and then without warning, I arched back against him. He grabbed the back of my neck and bent me forward, all while his other hand wrenched my hips back so my bottom was thrust out. He pulled his hips back and then the head of his cock was pressing against my entrance.

I waited.

This was it. This was the moment I was going to lose my virginity.

He didn't wait long.

He drove his cock forward, his hand tightening around the back of my neck as he slammed home, his girth splitting me in two as the tip of his dick drove into the deepest parts of me. In an instant, pain flared through me, making me see white at first and then red. I screamed through that first thrust, the feeling of him bursting through my virgin barrier far more intense than I could have ever expected.

For several long moments, he remained still, and the pain started to ebb away,

becoming less intense with every breath.

“I know it hurts, but you’re going to come like a good girl for me, aren’t you?”

His words were enough to distract me and then like a winter storm billowing out of nowhere, my pleasure rushed forth. It was all so much, and the sensations were overwhelming, but they were exactly what I needed. The pain was soon replaced with something far more intense, far more powerful.

Desire.

He pulled out and then thrust back inside, more gently this time, almost as if he was savoring the experience as he groaned.

“Fuck, Sofia. You’re even tighter than I imagined you’d be,” he growled, and I blushed so hard that it felt like my face had caught flame.

Then his hand tightened around my neck, the pressure adding to the mix of emotions rushing through me. He pulled out and then drove forward, his girth splitting me open all over again.

He was so fucking big. The burning ache from the taking of my virginity had faded, but the stretching pain from the massive size of his cock remained.

Then, as he pulled out and drove forward once again, the searing pain eased and all I could feel was his cock filling me, inch by glorious inch.

Over and over again, he thrust deep, and my body started to accept him, or at least as much as it was able to for a man of his size.

He grunted, and his free hand grabbed my hip, his fingers digging in deep. I had no

doubt there would be marks there later, but right now, I didn't care. In fact, I wanted him to grab harder, to leave bruises so that when I woke up in bed tomorrow morning, I would know that this wasn't a dream.

Then he drove forward and the angle changed, his cock sliding into me deeper, his hips hitting against the round curve of my bottom with each thrust. His fingers released their grip on my hip and trailed between my thighs.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

The moment his fingers brushed against my clit, I came.

No.

I detonated.

My orgasm burst through me, forcing wave after wave of pure, raw bliss upon me. I screamed, but the sound was muffled by the water beating down on us. I tried to push back against the wall, to escape this on some level, but he held me firmly in place, right there mounted on his cock.

As I came, I felt my pussy clamp down, gripping him so tightly that it was a wonder he could even move. He didn't, not at first, but when my pussy had finally eased its death grip on his cock, he drove deep, his thrusts picking up speed and power.

Still, my orgasm didn't end. I felt like I was on some kind of drug, high and unable to come down, and then I felt the swell of his cock within me.

My entire world burned, flickering flames that threatened to consume me inch by inch until I was nothing but a pile of ash. One wave of pleasure swept through me, followed by another and another until I was drowning in it.

"Fuck, Sofia. You're so fucking tight," he groaned. "Come for me, la mia bambina."

I did.

And I didn't stop coming either. The only thing I could do was scream his name.

One orgasm rolled into the next, delicious decadent pleasure taking me by storm. Pain and pleasure twisted into one intoxicating sensation and then I was falling into another climax more intense than all the rest.

“Massimo!” I cried out, his name echoing off the walls of the shower as my vision blurred.

“That’s right. Come on my cock, Sofia,” he ordered. “Take it like a good girl.”

His words sent a shiver down my spine. There was a commanding edge to them, a dark possessiveness that I couldn’t deny. It made my stomach twist and turn, and heat burned my face, but there was no time for me to dwell on what he said, because then I was coming again. Sheer agony raced through me, an exquisite blend of pain and pleasure taking hold and refusing to let go.

Please. Oh, God.

I didn’t even get the chance to beg for him to stop, because I was coming so long and so hard that I lost complete control.

Another wave of pleasure slammed into me, and I lost myself to feeling, swept away by the current and caught up in the riptide.

But still, he kept going.

Hard.

And fast.

And deep.

Then his hand released the back of my neck, and his finger found my clit again. I cried out, fearing another orgasm, but my eyes rolled back in my head as my climax ripped through me with the power of a fucking torpedo.

I didn't know how much more I could take, but I had a feeling that it wasn't up to me.

It was up to him.

“Fuck, Sofia, you're going to make me come. You want my cum in this tight little pussy? Huh? Is that what you want?” he asked, his gravelly voice whirling through my insides like a carnival ride.

I was too caught up in the throes of another orgasm to manage anything at all, my body frozen in pleasure as he fucked me harder than ever.

“I can feel you milking me, baby girl. Fuck,” he growled. “Your little pussy's desperate for it, isn't it? Tell me.”

He smacked my ass.

“Yes,” I cried out, the sting sending sparks of pleasure straight down to my clit, and then I was spiraling even higher, my whole world coming undone.

There was no way I could withstand another orgasm, not with how my body was already trembling. But as his thrusts turned into a frenzy and his finger rubbed furiously against my clit, the inevitable happened anyway.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

There was no fighting him. Not like this.

His fingers tightened around the back of my neck again, pulling me up as he slammed home, the tip of his cock pounding into me even faster than before.

“Take it,” he commanded, and just like that, I felt his cock erupting within me, the sensation of his seed filling me up sending me flying off the edge of a cliff.

My release crashed over me, washing me away like the tide pulling out to sea. Bliss more exquisite than I had ever known twisted with sheer agony, and I no longer knew up from down or left from right.

My vision fractured and pleasurable agony like never before ripped through me, the threads of my reality tearing into one terribly incredible sensation that refused to let me go.

I lost count of the orgasms, and then suddenly, the world went silent.

No sound.

Nothing.

I was floating, tingling sensations swirling through my body like snow in the wind.

Then he took me by the hair and turned my face to meet his, his cock and his seed still inside of me as his lips met mine in a gentle kiss.

The gesture was sweet, and a tenderness welled within me as he kissed me. Then he pulled away, and my whole body shivered.

He looked at me for a moment, the water washing over us, and I wondered what he saw.

“So fucking beautiful,” he murmured, and I would have blushed if I wasn’t so exhausted. Carefully, he pulled free from me and wrapped an arm around my waist. He took a loofah and pumped a bit of soap into it before he gently started to wash my body. The gesture was so tender and caring, and I wasn’t sure how to process it.

In silence, I just stood there and enjoyed his soft touches as he washed every inch of me.

Once he finished, he took the detachable showerhead and rinsed me off before lathering up and washing himself. When we were both clean, he reached around me and shut the water off, the room filled with the sound of dripping.

Then he stepped out, wrapping a towel around his waist, and reached for a thick robe.

He wrapped it around me, and I slipped my arms into the sleeves. It was warm and comfortable and smelled like him.

“You came inside me,” I blushed, still processing what just happened, and he leveled me with a knowing look, all while keeping a steadying arm around my waist.

“I saw your birth control pills on your bathroom counter when I broke down your door,” he said softly.

“Oh,” I answered, swaying on wobbly legs. My insides clenched at his perceptiveness, and I chewed on the inside of my cheek, my clit throbbing hard. I

didn't want to find that sexy, but a deep part of me couldn't deny that I did.

"Come. Let's get you dried off and ready for bed."

He took my hand and led me back to the bedroom, and I was struck again by the beauty of the space. It was like something out of a dream, the rich decor and elegant furniture fitting in perfectly with the opulence of the rest of the estate.

"Now, *la mia bambina*, which bed do you want to sleep in tonight? Mine or yours?"

I didn't even have to think about it, because the answer fell off my tongue before I knew I had even spoken.

"Yours."

CHAPTER 9

Massimo

I woke up to the morning sunlight streaming through the large windows of my bedroom. My eyes slowly opened, adjusting to the light, and I glanced down to see Sofia nestled against me. Her breathing was soft and steady, her dark lashes fanned out against her cheeks, and her lips parted slightly in sleep.

She was perfect.

The realization hit me like a punch to the gut. Her defiance, her vulnerability, the way she challenged me—it all drew me in, making me want to protect her, possess her, and claim her as mine.

I shouldn't want to keep her.

My life was a delicate balance of power and danger, where every move had to be calculated and every decision could mean the difference between life and death. Bringing Sofia into this world was a risk that I couldn't afford. She was a beacon of light in my dark existence, but that light could easily attract the wrong kind of attention.

I had built my empire on control, on the ability to remain focused and ruthless. There was no room for emotion, no room for weakness. Women in my world were often used as pawns, tools to gain leverage or to exploit. I had seen it happen too many times. A woman could be your greatest downfall. Sofia, with her innocence and her determination, was a distraction that I couldn't allow.

The danger was too great.

Every enemy I had would see her as a target, as a way to get to me. I had already seen what they were willing to do to Marco. Sofia would be an easy mark, a way to weaken my resolve and force my hand. I couldn't bear the thought of her getting hurt because of me.

I wouldn't stand for it.

I gently brushed a strand of hair from her face, marveling at her beauty in the morning light. Her skin was like porcelain, smooth and flawless, and her dark hair spilled over the pillow in soft waves. The sunlight kissed her features, highlighting the delicate curve of her cheek and the soft pink of her lips. She was an absolute

vision.

Possessiveness surged through me. The thought of anyone else even looking at her, let alone touching her, made my blood boil. I tightened my hold on her, pulling her closer, and she stirred slightly, murmuring my name softly in her sleep.

She was so vulnerable, so trusting in this moment. It stirred something primal in me, a deep-seated need to dominate and protect her with my life. She needed someone strong to watch over her, and I was more than willing to be that person for as long as she needed until it was safe for her again.

This was temporary. It had to be.

I had to keep her at a distance, to ensure that my feelings for her didn't cloud my judgment. I had to remember why I had brought her into my world in the first place: to protect her, to keep her safe. And to do that, I needed to stay sharp, to remain the ruthless leader that my world demanded.

The ruthless leader I'd always been.

Sofia deserved a life free from fear, a life where she could thrive without the constant threat of danger. But as long as she was with me, that life was impossible. I would protect her with everything I had, but I couldn't let myself fall for her.

I couldn't let her become the one thing that could bring me to my knees.

But that didn't mean I wouldn't enjoy her during the time I had her...

Sofia began to stir in my arms, her eyes fluttering open. She looked up at me, her green eyes still hazy with sleep, and a small, drowsy smile curved her lips.

“Good morning,” she whispered, her voice soft and sweet.

“Good morning, la miabella,” I replied, my voice deep with the remnants of sleep. “Did you sleep well?”

She nodded, snuggling closer to me. “Yes. I don’t know why, but I feel safe with you.”

Her words sent a jolt of satisfaction through me. I wanted her to feel safe, to know that I would always protect her. “You are safe with me, Sofia. Always.”

She looked up at me, her eyes searching mine. “What happens now?”

I brushed my fingers along her cheek, feeling the softness of her skin. “Now, you stay with me.”

I didn’t explain any further than that.

There was a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes, but she didn’t pull away. Instead, she reached up and touched my face, her fingers tracing the line of my jaw. Without meaning to, I leaned into her touch, enjoying the warmth that spread through me.

“Come,” I said, pulling back slightly. “Let’s start the day. We have much to discuss.”

She nodded, her eyes still holding that same hint of uncertainty, but also trust. I knew it would take time for her to fully understand and accept our new reality, but I would be patient.

The two of us climbed out of bed and I watched her naked form move with grace. Her beautiful skin practically glowed in the morning light, and as my gaze roved down her body, I let out a growl that made her jump. Her bare breasts bounced a little bit

and my dick throbbed with need.

I wanted to fuck her again, but I wouldn't. Not yet. She was probably still sore from yesterday.

With a feral surge of possessiveness, I let myself imagine her tight cunt clutching at my cock as I took her for the very first time, the first man to ever take her, and I stepped toward her, unable to stop myself from sweeping her off her feet and throwing her back on the bed.

As her back hit the mattress, she squealed, her eyes widening. She looked up at me, her gaze filled with a mixture of confusion and desire.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I wasn't going to fuck her, not yet, but I wanted to hear her scream for me once more before I took her downstairs for breakfast. With my hands, I spread her thighs wide, allowed myself to feast on the sight of her bare, wet little pussy, and then I pressed my mouth between her legs.

“Oh! You can't mean to—” she cried out, her shock apparent in every syllable that fell off her lips.

I could smell her arousal, and it drove me wild. She was so responsive to me, so eager for my touch.

My tongue darted out, lapping at her gorgeous little cunt. I loved the taste of her, the feel of her against my lips. I swirled my tongue around her clit, teasing her, and she gasped, her hips bucking against me.

“Oh, God,” she moaned, her hands clutching at the bedsheets. She squirmed, trying to escape me, but my hands pinned her thighs to the bed. She wasn't going anywhere. She was going to come for me and that was that.

I sucked on her clit, drawing the sensitive nub into my mouth and she whimpered, her back arching clean off the bed.

“Please, Massimo,” she begged, her voice trembling. “It's too much.”

Wrong.

It wasn't enough.

It wouldn't be enough till she was screaming my name as she came for me.

There wasn't any choice in this for her. I wanted to hear her come, I wanted her screams, and that was exactly what she was going to give me.

With one hand, I gripped her thigh, keeping her spread for me. My other hand slipped between her legs, two fingers pushing inside her wet heat. She was so tight, her inner walls squeezing my fingers like a vise. I pumped my fingers into her, enjoying the way her pussy gripped my every knuckle.

My mouth never left her clit, my tongue flicking over the sensitive bud, feasting on her like I was a man starved. I sucked and licked, my fingers curling inside her. She was panting now, her hips rocking against me, and I knew she was almost there.

I pushed harder, pressed my fingers in deeper. She was crying out now, her hands tangled in my hair, pulling me closer. I was relentless, pushing her further and further until I felt her shatter.

She screamed, her back arching, her hips bucking. The viselike grip of her inner walls fluttered around my fingers, clamping down around them as she lost control. I drank up every second of it, my mouth and fingers never stopping their relentless pursuit of her pleasure.

When she finally went limp, spent and panting, I sat up, licking my lips and staring down at her. The taste of her pleasure on my tongue was exquisite, and I smiled, watching as her chest rose and fell with her ragged breath.

"Now you're ready to start the day," I said, cocking my head as she blushed hard lying there in my bed. I leaned down, capturing her lips in a searing kiss. I knew she could taste herself on me and I didn't let her escape, instead curling my fingers around the back of her neck and keeping her close. In seconds, she melted into my

kiss and her arms wound around my neck.

She was so sweet, so perfect. I was going to enjoy every minute with her.

When the kiss ended, she was looking up at me with flushed cheeks, her lips swollen from the intensity of it. I stood, releasing her from my grip and offered her a hand.

“Come. Let’s get some breakfast. Then we can discuss what we’re going to do next.”

She took my hand, letting me pull her up off the bed. I led her into the closet where I tossed her one of my button-up shirts and nothing else.

“I want that pussy bare so that if I decide you need more of my tongue, I can throw you up on the table and force you to come for me until I decide you’re done, *la mia bambina*.”

“Massimo,” she blushed.

Fuck.

I loved it when she blushed for me. Her pink cheeks, her perfectly soft smile, the way her eyes danced with her shameful arousal. She was a fucking godsend.

I pulled on a pair of slacks and a fresh white dress shirt, not bothering with a tie. There was no point. Not unless I decided to tie her up with one later, but I didn’t need that.

It was easy enough to pin her down and take what I wanted from her, whenever I wanted, however I wanted...

I smirked, unable to help the direction of my filthy thoughts. Without a word, I took

her hand and led her downstairs, the smell of coffee filling the air. She followed me into the kitchen where my chef Alonzo was preparing a hearty breakfast for us. There was fresh fruit, yogurt, eggs, bacon, and of course, freshly brewed coffee. I took the liberty of preparing a cup for both myself and Sofia.

She was still blushing, likely thinking about how bare she was beneath my shirt.

Damn.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I could feel myself hardening in my slacks and I shifted slightly, trying to adjust myself.

Sofia took a seat at the breakfast bar, and I placed her coffee in front of her. She murmured a soft thanks and wrapped her hands around the mug, taking a sip.

I watched her, fascinated by the small details of her expression. The way her lips pursed as she sipped the hot coffee, the way her eyes fluttered shut in enjoyment, the way her shoulders relaxed just slightly. It was all so perfect, so endearing.

And she was all mine, at least for now.

Temporarily.

The only problem right now was her father, in more ways than one. What would he do when he found out I'd fucked his daughter? Why was he arrested in the first place? Who had put him behind bars?

"Sofia," I said, breaking the silence. "We need to talk about your father."

She looked up at me, her green eyes curious. "What about him?"

"There are things you need to know about me, about why your father was arrested, and about the world you're now a part of," I began.

She set her coffee down, her expression growing serious. "What do you mean, Massimo?"

I pulled up a stool across from her, leaning in slightly. “You’ve always joked about me being a mob boss, haven’t you?”

A small, nervous laugh escaped her lips. “Yeah, I guess I have. But it was just a joke. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“Well, Sofia, it’s not a joke. You hit on the truth. I am a mob boss. As kingpin, I run a powerful organization with influence in many areas—business, politics, gambling, and security too,” I explained.

Her eyes widened, and she looked at me with a mix of shock and realization. It was honestly kind of adorable.

“You’re serious?” she gasped.

“Yes,” I said firmly. “Your father knew this. He trusted me to protect you because he knew I had the resources and power to do so. But it also means that his arrest is likely connected to me, to my enemies somehow.”

“But why? Why would they target him?” she asked, shaking her head in disbelief.

“Because they know he’s important to me,” I answered. “It’s a way to get to me, to weaken my position.”

“So, what do we do now?” she asked, decidedly unsure in her mannerisms, but she still held her head high anyway. I admired that about her for a moment.

Maybe she was more than just a teenage brat who needed her bare ass spanked every once in a while...

I swallowed hard, forcing my thoughts back on track before I pressed my fingers

between her thighs and made her come for me once again.

“We find out who is behind this and make sure your father is safe,” I said, my voice firm with determination. “And in the meantime, you stay here, under my protection.”

She nodded slowly, absorbing my words. “I still can’t believe it. It all kind of makes sense now.”

“I know it’s a lot to take in,” I said, squeezing her hand gently. “But you need to trust me. We’ll get through this together.”

She looked at me, her eyes filled with a mix of fear and trust. “I do trust you, Massimo. I just... I need some time to process all of this.”

“Take all the time you need,” I reassured her. “But remember, you’re not alone in this. I’m here for you.”

She smiled, a small but genuine smile that warmed my heart. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” I said, leaning in to kiss her forehead. “Now, finish your coffee. We have a lot to discuss and even more to plan.”

As she sipped from her mug, I watched her closely, feeling a fierce protectiveness surge through me. No one would harm her, not while I was around. And as for her father, I would find out who was behind his arrest and make sure they paid dearly for targeting the people important to me. It was simply a matter of time.

I drank some of my own coffee and sat down beside her. Alonzo slid a plate of food in front of each of us and I dug in, taking a bite of eggs and chewing on a slice of bacon.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Alonzo had worked in a Michelin star restaurant before coming to work for me. He was happier now that I was his boss though. I paid him far better and the work was far easier for him, plus it gave him more time with his family.

I liked to keep my people happy. They were more loyal that way and that was simply good business.

My whole world was multifaceted, rooted deeply in the traditions of the Italian mafia, but also modernized to fit the times. I controlled a significant portion of Florence's nightlife—clubs, bars, and high-end casinos. Protection rackets, money laundering, and arms dealing were some of the things my business dabbled in, but I also had legitimate fronts—real estate ventures, luxury car dealerships, and a chain of upscale restaurants. It was a delicate balance, maintaining the old ways while adapting to new opportunities.

My influence was far-reaching. I had the loyalty of many local businesses, ensuring they prospered under our protection. The police, while not entirely under my control, knew better than to interfere with my operations unless they wanted trouble. Politicians and officials often found it beneficial to align with us, enjoying the security and support we provided.

My reach extended past Florence, stretching across Italy, making me one of the most powerful men in the country. My name commanded respect and fear, and my word was law in many circles.

It was alarming to know that someone was trying to make a move against me. That meant that they had to be powerful indeed. I'd need to tread carefully in my quest for

information, especially considering Sofia and her father were somehow wrapped up in all of this.

The problem was that the charges against him were real.

Marco's shop had been the perfect front. Tailoring was a cash-heavy business, and it was easy to blend legitimate earnings with my illicitly gained funds. He'd taken cash payments for high-end custom suits and dresses, some of which were never actually made. These phantom transactions allowed us to funnel dirty money through the business and make it appear clean on the other side. Each custom suit sold represented a hefty sum that could be explained away as a legitimate transaction.

But Marco had always been meticulous, ensuring that every penny was accounted for, and every transaction had a legitimate-looking paper trail. It was a system that had worked flawlessly for years. The fact that the authorities had enough to arrest him meant that someone had found a way to pierce through our defenses.

Someone powerful and determined and potentially very dangerous.

"Sofia," I said, breaking the silence once more. "I need you to understand something. Your father's arrest is part of a larger scheme to get to me."

Her eyes widened, but she nodded slowly, absorbing my words.

"What do we do?" she asked softly.

"I have to find out who is behind this and stop them before they can do more damage. But you need to stay here. If you fight me on this, the two of us are going to go upstairs and then we're going to have a very long discussion with my belt. Do you understand me, little girl?"

“I understand, Massimo,” she blushed, fidgeting in her seat. I guessed her ass was still a little sore from the spanking I gave her yesterday and she probably didn’t want a repeat performance so soon. My palm twitched though. A part of me wanted to take her upstairs anyway and show her what would happen should she think to defy me, but she was being obedient. I wouldn’t punish her preemptively, even if I very much enjoyed putting her over my knee and spanking her bare bottom beet red.

I shifted in my seat, my cock as hard as iron.

I was sure there would be a next time. Sofia was just the kind of girl that needed a man to take her in hand from time to time and I would be that for her.

But I would be patient.

“There are people I want you to meet. Men who are part of my inner circle. They are the ones who will help us find out who is behind your father’s arrest and ensure your safety. We’ll start with Leo, my consigliere. Then, you’ll meet Stefano, my enforcer. He’s going to look after you while I’m away tending to business.”

“Okay, but could I ask you a few questions first and maybe go back upstairs to change into something more appropriate before I meet them?” she asked, her voice soft.

I almost growled at the thought of her putting on more clothes. I wanted her easily accessible, but I didn’t take kindly to the thought of other men seeing her like I did.

“Your things should arrive shortly, and you may dress as you like, but you’re not allowed to wear any panties,” I instructed. I didn’t tell her what would happen if she disobeyed me. Instead, I just leveled her with a look that was more than enough to make her squirm.

“But I—” she protested, and I pressed my hand to her bare thigh, squeezing it hard enough to make her whimper just a little bit.

“Be a good girl for me and I’ll reward you before bed tonight. Be a bad girl, and well, then I’m going to have to punish you,” I warned her, and her cheeks turned scarlet as she glanced between me and Alonzo.

“Massimo,” she whispered, her voice hoarse with embarrassment. She didn’t know it, but I would never bare her in front of my men. Sure, they might hear her scream for me, both in my bed and over my knee, but they would never see her naked.

Her beautiful body belonged to me. For the time being anyway.

“Come here,” I dictated, and she looked at me warily before she swallowed hard and stood up. She took a step toward me, and I swept her up in my lap, curling my arms around her. She was stiff at first, but then she relaxed in my embrace. “Now, ask me your questions, *la mia bambina*, and I will tell you what you want to know.”

“I want to know more about my father’s involvement,” she asked after a long moment.

I took a deep breath, knowing this conversation was inevitable.

“Your father and I go way back, Sofia. We’ve been through a lot together. When I needed someone trustworthy to help with certain aspects of my business, I turned to him,” I explained.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“How did that work?” she asked, leaning forward, her eyes searching mine for answers.

I took a few minutes to explain to her the process of what Marco did for me and by the time I was finished, she sat back, digesting what I had told her.

“I still can’t believe my father was involved in all of this. He always seemed so... ordinary,” she murmured.

I reached out and took her hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze. “Your father did what he had to do to protect his family and support my operations. He was careful, and he believed in what we were doing. But someone found a way to expose him, and now we have to find out who and why.”

She looked at me, her eyes filled with determination. “What can I do to help?”

“Right now, you need to stay here where it’s safe,” I said firmly. “Let me and my men handle the investigation. Trust me to find out who’s behind this and to clear your father’s name.”

Sofia nodded, her grip on my hand tightening. “I trust you, Massimo. Just... promise me you’ll be careful too.”

“I promise,” I said, leaning in to kiss her forehead. “We’ll get through this together, Sofia. Your father will be free, and we’ll make sure those responsible pay for what they’ve done.”

“Good,” she replied.

For a long moment, I just enjoyed the feel of her in my arms. She was perfect, so soft, so sweet, and so utterly tempting, but I couldn’t let her distract me when it came to my business. I had an important role to play in my world and a woman couldn’t get in the way of that.

I reluctantly pulled back, looking into her eyes. “I have to take care of a few things. I need you to promise me that you’ll stay here.”

She nodded, her eyes filled with understanding. “I promise, Massimo. I’ll stay here. You don’t need to take off your belt.”

I kissed her forehead, smiling at her reminder of my earlier threat. She curled into me, and I wound my arms around her tighter before I eventually let go and she climbed out of my lap.

Reluctantly, I stood up, needing to address the pressing issues at hand. With one last glance at Sofia, I turned and made my way to my office, where Leo and Stefano were already waiting for me.

Leo had been with me since the beginning, his sharp mind and strategic thinking invaluable to our operations. He was a master negotiator, always able to defuse tense situations with a few well-chosen words. His background in law and finance made him the perfect advisor, ensuring our business dealings were both profitable and well-protected.

Stefano was a mountain of a man, his imposing presence enough to deter most threats. But it wasn’t just his size that made him effective; it was his loyalty and his unwavering dedication to me. He had been a street fighter in the underground circuits in Florence before I found him. Now he used those same skills to protect our interests

and ensure our enemies thought twice about crossing us.

My office was spacious, with large windows overlooking the estate grounds and a massive mahogany desk at its center. The walls were lined with bookshelves, filled with everything from legal texts to historical accounts of the mafia that I referenced often.

Leo stood as I entered, his sharp eyes meeting mine. “Massimo, we’ve been looking into the charges against Marco. They’re solid, but there are some irregularities that suggest a setup.”

I nodded, taking a seat behind my desk. “Explain.”

Stefano handed me a folder. “We found discrepancies in the evidence, inconsistencies that point to someone tampering with the records. It’s clear that someone is trying to frame Marco, but we need more information to figure out who.”

I opened the folder and skimmed through the documents. “Have we identified any potential suspects?”

Leo crossed his arms, his expression thoughtful. “We have a few leads, but nothing concrete yet. Enzo is working on tracing the source of the evidence tampering. We should have more information soon.”

I leaned back in my chair, my mind racing. “Keep digging. We need to find out who’s behind this and why they’re targeting us.”

“Understood. We’ll keep you updated,” Leo replied with a nod.

As they left the office, I turned my attention to the documents in front of me. The intricacies of the setup were impressive, but not infallible. It was only a matter of

time before we uncovered the truth.

With that resolve, I picked up the phone and made a call to Enzo.

Enzo's background in surveillance and cyber security meant that there was little that escaped his notice. He was the eyes and ears of our organization, and I counted on him to always be one step ahead of potential threats. He never let me down.

"I need updates on the investigation. Every detail, no matter how small."

"Yes, boss," Enzo replied. "I'll have a report ready for you by the end of the day."

"Good," I said, hanging up the phone.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I spent the rest of the afternoon combing through the paperwork. I didn't waste a moment, trying to find any hint of foul play and by the time the sun set in the west just outside my window, I hadn't found anything at all.

Whoever had done this to Marco was good at what they do and that worried me.

That worried me a lot.

CHAPTER 10

Sofia

I finished the last sip of my coffee, savoring the warmth and flavor as it spread over my tongue. The breakfast put in front of me was more than I could ever eat, and the chef still seemed to be making something else, but I didn't pay much attention as to what, because I couldn't even think about stomaching another bite.

I glanced down at myself, still wearing nothing but Massimo's oversized button-up shirt. It hung loosely on my frame, barely reaching mid-thigh. Embarrassed, I blushed thinking about how I was wearing nothing underneath, but somehow, I still felt warm and cared for, because it was exactly how he wanted me to be.

Because he liked me this way.

As if on cue, the door to the kitchen opened, and in walked two men, two perfect strangers. I rushed to pull my shirt down, ensuring that it covered as much of my body as it could. I almost squeaked in surprise, but luckily, I swallowed it back before

I made a sound.

One of the men was built like a mountain. He was tall, extremely muscular, and broad-shouldered with a commanding presence, like a cage fighter or some sort of bodyguard, while the other had a leaner build and piercing green eyes, but an equally imposing aura about him. They paused when they saw me, and I felt a blush creep up my cheeks.

Oh, my God. Please let the shirt not be see-through...

“Well, well, well,” the taller one said with a grin, “the boss never brings a lady home, let alone has one stay the night. You must be someone really special.”

I felt my face flush even more. “I—uh, I’m Sofia.”

The other man chuckled. “I’m Leo, the boss’s consigliere. And this is Stefano, his chief enforcer.”

Stefano nodded, a playful smile on his lips. “Nice to meet you, Sofia. It’s not every day we see someone wearing the boss’s shirt. He must really like you.”

If I hadn’t been so embarrassed, I would have liked his teasing nature, but right now I just wanted a black hole to open up beneath my feet and swallow me whole.

My cheeks were on fire now. There would be no coming back from this. I prayed that they wouldn’t know that I was naked underneath this shirt.

“Nice to meet you both too,” I stammered.

Leo tilted his head, scrutinizing me a bit more closely. “You look familiar. Do we know you from somewhere? Have you been around the estate before?”

I hesitated for a moment before deciding to tell them the truth. Would they know my father? Was he that caught up in all of this?

“No, I haven’t been here before, but you may know my father. I’m Marco De Luca’s daughter,” I explained.

Both men’s eyes widened in recognition, and I shifted a bit uncomfortably in my seat. It felt strange to be in a world that my father was more than familiar with that was still entirely foreign to me, not to mention more than a little dangerous.

Stefano let out a low whistle. “Marco De Luca’s daughter, huh?”

Leo nodded, his expression softening. “Your father is a good man. We’re sorry for the trouble he’s in right now.”

“Thank you,” I said, feeling a mixture of pride and anxiety. “I appreciate that.”

I stood up, feeling the hem of the shirt lift slightly, and quickly tugged it down. “If you’ll excuse me, I should get dressed.”

They both nodded, still wearing those annoyingly knowing smiles.

“Of course,” Leo said. “We’ll be here if you need anything.”

I hurried out of the kitchen and made my way upstairs, my heart pounding like a drum in my chest. As I entered Massimo’s master bedroom, I paused, taking a moment to steady myself. The closet door was slightly ajar, and I could see a glimpse of what lay inside.

When I opened the door the rest of the way, I saw that half of the closet was filled with my things—clothes, shoes, accessories—all neatly organized. I’m not sure how

he managed it, but I hadn't heard a thing while we were eating breakfast. His men must have come in another entrance with my belongings or something. I didn't know how it had all taken place, but it was a relief to see all of my familiar shirts, pants, skirts, dresses, and shoes.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

It felt like a little piece of home in this strange new world.

I strode forward, reaching for one of my favorite dresses and quickly changing into it. I blushed again when I remembered Massimo's directive.

To be a good girl or abandoned...

Decisions, decisions.

As much as I wanted to play with him though, my ass still felt a little sore from the spanking over his knee yesterday, and the threat of his belt was enough to make me think twice about disobeying him again, although there was a deep part of me that was more than a tiny bit intrigued. Surprised at myself, I shook my head. Who'd want a man to hold her down and take a belt to her ass before he fucked her?

That was crazy. I was crazy. All of this was crazy.

With a deep sigh of discontent, I decided to explore what was likely my new home for the time being. I stepped out of the bedroom and walked down the grand hallway. The opulence of the place was overwhelming, with its marble floors, beautiful handmade tapestries, and priceless artwork displayed all over the walls.

I even stopped to take in the massive vineyard through one of the many oversized windows, enjoying the view and marveling at the vast expanse Massimo's estate encompassed. I wandered through the rooms, each one more luxurious than the last, until I found myself in a small office.

The room was tastefully decorated, with a large wooden desk at its center and bookshelves lining the walls. A computer with a massive monitor facing away from the door sat on the desk, and I felt a surge of curiosity.

This was my chance to learn more about Massimo, to know more about the man who had taken my virginity in the shower just last night.

I blushed at the thought, pressing my thighs together knowingly. I felt different, lighter, and I drew my lower lip in between my teeth as I stared at the computer.

Yeah. I was going to do this.

I closed the door behind me and approached the desk, sitting down in the plush leather chair. The computer was already on, and I quickly navigated to an internet browser.

Taking a deep breath, I typed ‘Massimo Sartori’ into the search bar and hit enter. I didn’t know what I would find, but I needed to know more, needed to know what kind of world I was being thrust into.

At first, the search results were overwhelming. I clicked on one of the more reliable-looking links, a news article detailing his rise to power. As I read, I learned about his various enterprises—nightclubs, casinos, real estate ventures, exports including olive oil and wine, and much more. He was a major player in the business world, his influence extending far beyond Florence and even past my home country of Italy.

I continued reading, this time focusing more on his personal life than his professional one. There were very few mentions of any romantic relationships, practically none to be honest, which made the comments from Leo and Stefano earlier all the more significant.

Did that mean I meant something to him, or was this all just because of my father? Would he throw me aside the second my father was free from danger? Was there something between us, or was I just looking into things too much like I always did?

I didn't have any answers to my questions though, and despite my perusal of the internet, I didn't really find any either.

So I kept searching, this time about his criminal empire. He'd told me he was a mob boss, but what did that really mean?

As hard as I tried though, I couldn't find anything that spoke to him being a mafia boss, no illegal operations, not even a hint or a whisper that this man was involved in organized crime. I pored over forums and news sites, but I found nothing.

I leaned back in the chair, my mind racing. This was the man my father had trusted, the man who now held my fate in his hands. Could I trust him too?

Just then, I heard footsteps approaching the door. I quickly closed the browser and stood up, trying to compose myself and pretend like I wasn't just doing what I was doing. The door opened, and Massimo walked in, his presence filling the room.

"Sofia," he said, a hint of surprise in his voice. "I see you've found the office."

I nodded, my heart pounding. "Yes, I was just exploring the estate. It's... impressive."

He smiled, closing the distance between us. "I'm glad you like it. Can I help you find anything?"

I hesitated, taking a deep breath. Maybe I should be honest. He hadn't seemed to want to hide anything from me before, so maybe I would actually get somewhere

asking him about everything rather than searching the internet for information about him. And even if I did want to hide it, I hadn't thought to delete my search history till now, so chances were he was going to find out anyway.

“Actually, I was trying to find some information about you.”

CHAPTER 11

Massimo

Her confession caught me off guard for a moment, but when I took a calming breath, I realized that it wasn't completely out of left field. I'd ripped her from her life and thrust her knee-deep into mine, without much preparation other than just confessing I was kingpin to one of the most powerful families in Italy and then that was that.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

It would throw anyone for a loop.

But despite everything, she hadn't run. She hadn't even tried to pull away from me. Instead, she was right here wanting to know more. With a slow-growing grin, I realized that she was stronger than I had given her credit for.

Maybe she was more than just my best friend's daughter.

Maybe she could be something great...

Time would tell, but right now, it was too soon. Right now, I couldn't allow myself the distraction.

"What do you want to know?" I asked, cocking my head.

She hesitated, searching my eyes for a moment. "Everything. How it all works, who your enemies are, and who my father really was to you. I want to know what it's like being a kingpin. Are you like 'The Godfather'? Or is it like something else?"

I nodded, appreciating her directness. She wasn't shaking or backing down from this. Instead, she was showing me every bit of her strength, which was far more arousing than I was prepared for.

"Alright, if you want to know more, I'll tell you. I'll start from the beginning. My family has been involved in various businesses for generations. Legitimate enterprises on the surface, but there's always been another layer. Control, influence, protection—those are the real currencies in my world. Some of these are on the

books. Most of them are not. I've controlled much of the country for years and my power continues to grow with every passing day."

She nodded, processing this information, and taking it all in without showing a hint of fear. She didn't even falter for a second and my cock hardened because of it.

Damn, she was so fucking sexy right now.

"Who are your enemies? Anyone that might target my father because of you?" she pressed.

"Rival families, corrupt officials, anyone who thinks they can take what I've built. I'm not sure who yet, but I've got men on it," I replied.

"You mentioned my father laundered money for you, but who really was he to you?" she asked.

"Your father was more to me than just any associate. He was like a brother to me. We grew up together, and he was one of the few people I could trust completely. He helped me build and protect this empire. When I took over, he was by my side. He kept me grounded and was a voice of reason when things got intense," I explained.

Every word was the truth. Marco was my best friend and he'd been there for me throughout the years through thick and thin. I trusted him with my life. She listened intently, her eyes never leaving mine. My cock only got harder.

"So, he was deeply involved," she murmured.

"Yes," I confirmed. "But he always did it with the intention of protecting his family, including you. He made sure you were kept away from all of this, that you had a normal life, and that you were happy."

Sofia nodded slowly, processing everything at her own pace. “And now I’m smack dab in the middle of it.” She paused for a moment before clearing her throat. “I met Leo and Stefano.”

“Good. You can trust the two of them. They will guard your life as if it were their own,” I replied.

“Will they help free my father?” she questioned.

“Yes. Absolutely,” I answered her.

“I want to help too,” she pushed. “But I think first things first; we should pay him a visit.”

As much as I didn’t want to admit it, she was right. More than anything else though, I wanted to see what she would do, what questions she would ask—everything, really.

With a nod, I offered her my arm and led her out of my office. If she wanted to visit her father, I would take her and I would make sure she saw him, no matter how many hands I had to slip money into to do it.

CHAPTER 12

Sofia

When we arrived at the prison where my father was being held, the guards escorted us through a series of imposing looking gates and thick locked doors until we reached the visiting area. My father was already waiting for us on the other side of a glass partition. He looked tired, a little bit worried, but his eyes lit up when he saw me.

That was good to see.

“Papa,” I whispered, taking a seat and picking up the phone that connected us. Massimo slid in the seat next to me and sat back, letting me take the lead.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

It was honestly kind of hot that he did.

“Sofia, my daughter,” he said, his voice heavy with emotion. “I’m so sorry you’re seeing me like this.”

“Papa! How are you?” I asked, my voice soft.

“I’ve had better days, that’s for certain,” he replied with a bit of a cheeky grin. I sighed in relief.

If he was cracking a smile, that meant that things weren’t too bad for him in there. Maybe I had Massimo to thank for that. I glanced in his direction, and he nodded once, almost like he was reading my mind, and I knew for certain that he was keeping him safe.

Now that I knew he was alright though, it was time to talk about more serious matters.

“I need to know the truth,” I said, my voice steady despite the turmoil inside me. “How did you get involved with all of this?”

He sighed deeply, looking down at his hands. “I did it to protect you, to provide for you. Massimo needed someone he could trust, someone who wouldn’t betray him. I wasn’t laundering money to hurt anyone. It was just a way to keep our family safe and financially secure. It paid for your schooling and kept us afloat all these years.”

I nodded, understanding yet still grappling with the enormity of it. “But why didn’t

you tell me? Why keep me in the dark?"

"I wanted to keep you away from that life," he said, his eyes pleading for my understanding. "I didn't want you to be tainted by it. I wanted you to have a normal life, far away from all this."

"I understand why you did it, and I'm not angry. I just... I wish you had trusted me enough to tell me," I said, my voice softening.

He looked relieved, his shoulders relaxing slightly. "I was so afraid you'd hate me."

"I don't," I assured him. "But I need to know more, especially now that I'm... involved." I glanced at Massimo, but I quickly jerked my gaze back to my father, not ready to tell him about what happened between the two of us just yet. He caught my train of sight though and glanced between the two of us, but thankfully, he left it alone.

"I never wanted this for you," he said quietly, the corners of his eyes crinkling with sadness.

"I know, Papa, but it's too late for that," I replied, keeping my head held high. I was a part of this world now, and nothing was going to change that.

I just needed to learn how not to only survive, but to thrive. I was going to figure out who put my father in here and when I did, I was going to make certain that they wouldn't do it again. I didn't know how I was going to do that yet, but I'd figure out the details later, hopefully with Massimo's help.

"So it is," he murmured.

I sat back and stared at my father, seeing a stranger and his familiar gaze at the same

time. His once bright eyes were now clouded with worry, deep lines etched into his forehead. Even though it had only been a day, it seemed like this whole ordeal had aged him another five years.

Seeing him behind bars like this broke my heart, but I couldn't let my emotions overwhelm me. I had to stay focused. There was no room for mistakes. I had to figure out a way to get him out.

"Papa," I said softly, leaning closer, "who do you think did this to you? Who would gain from seeing you here?"

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Massimo's business has many enemies. But recently, I had a feeling someone was watching us, waiting for the right moment to strike."

"Anyone specific?" I pressed, needing more information. He sighed. He didn't want to tell me. I could feel it, but I needed answers. This wasn't just about curiosity anymore; it was about protecting him, protecting us.

"Papa," I urged, my voice softer now, trying to coax the truth from him. "You need to tell me. We can't help you if I don't know what's going on."

His shoulders slumped, and he looked away, as if the words were too heavy to bear. Finally, he exhaled deeply, a sound that spoke of years of hardship and worry, and then he began to speak.

"There's a family, the Russos," he replied, his voice low. "We've had our disagreements, but things had been quiet for a while. Too quiet, in hindsight. They've always coveted our territory and our alliances. If anyone had the resources and the motive to set me up, it would be them."

“What can you tell me about them?” I asked, eager to know more.

“They’re led by Antonio Russo,” my father said, his expression hardening. “He’s ambitious, and he’ll stop at nothing to get what he wants. His son, Mario, is just as dangerous, if not more so. They’re both capable of orchestrating something like this. They’re based out of Sicily, but their power reaches far beyond that.”

I nodded, absorbing his words. “Thank you, Papa,” I said, my voice filled with determination. “I’ll start looking into them. We’ll find a way to get you out of here and stop them.”

“I don’t want you involved in this. Let Massimo sort this out,” my father pleaded.

“It’s too late for that.”

CHAPTER 13

Massimo

Watching Sofia question her father was far more arousing than I thought it would be. I could see the wheels working in her head, could see her trying to piece the puzzle together and I found myself more than a little fascinated by the sight.

She was more capable than I had given her credit for, and it stirred something deep within me. But I couldn't afford to become attached to her, not right now. This world was too dangerous, too volatile. Sofia was a distraction that I couldn't afford, yet I couldn't tear my eyes away from her determined expression and the fire in her eyes.

It was maddening.

She was quickly adapting, showing a strength and resilience that both impressed and concerned me. The more I saw her in action, the more I realized just how much potential she had. She could thrive in this world, but that also meant she would be in constant danger.

I needed to remind myself why I had brought her into this life: to protect her and keep her safe. Letting my feelings get in the way would only complicate things further. I had to stay focused, to keep my distance emotionally, no matter how drawn I felt to her.

Just as I was lost in thought, my phone rang, pulling me back to the present. I glanced at the screen and saw Enzo's name. Taking a deep breath, I stepped away from Sofia

and her father, answering the call.

“Enzo, what do you have for me?” I asked, keeping my voice steady.

“Boss, we’ve collected some interesting evidence,” Enzo replied. “There are irregularities in the financial records that were used to build the case against Marco. It looks like someone went to great lengths to fabricate these documents.”

“Fabricate? How so?” I asked, intrigued.

“Well, for starters, the dates on some of the transactions don’t match up with the corresponding entries in Marco’s legitimate books,” Enzo explained. “It’s like they were inserted after the fact, and whoever did it wasn’t thorough enough to cover their tracks completely.”

I nodded, processing the information. “So, we’re looking at someone who has access to both Marco’s business records and the resources to manipulate them.”

“Exactly,” Enzo confirmed. “Also, we found traces of communication between someone in Marco’s business and a known associate of the Russo family. It’s not direct evidence, but it’s enough to raise suspicions.”

The Russo family again. They could be behind this setup, but I would need more evidence to stand against such a powerful family.

“Good work, Enzo. Keep digging. We need to find concrete evidence that ties them to this. I need more.”

“I’m on it, boss,” Enzo replied. “There’s one more thing. There have been increased movements around the Russo estate. It looks like they’re gearing up for something. We need to be careful.”

“I understand. Keep me updated with anything you find,” I said, ending the call and returning to Sofia and Marco. I took the phone from Sofia and Marco looked up, concern etched in his features.

“What do you think our next step should be?” I asked him.

Marco leaned back, his expression thoughtful. “We need to gather more evidence, something more concrete that can expose their involvement. But we also need to be cautious. They’re expecting us to retaliate, so we must be strategic.”

I nodded, appreciating the way his mind worked. “You’re right. We’ll play this smart. We’ll gather the evidence, plan our moves carefully, and when the time is right, we’ll strike.”

Marco’s gaze softened slightly. “Massimo, you need to be careful, too. The Russos are dangerous, and they play dirty. Don’t let your guard down for a second.”

“I won’t,” I assured him. “We’ll get you out of here and take down the Russos. This is far from over. In fact, it’s probably just beginning.”

The guard beckoned toward us. Our time was up.

CHAPTER 14

One week later

Massimo

It was the calm before the storm.

I took a deep breath. Today, I was gearing up to meet with the Russos, a meeting I’d

set up a few days ago that would either secure our position or push us further into a war that would decimate our world as we knew it.

I had chosen my attire carefully—a black suit, a crisp white shirt, no tie. I turned away from the window, adjusting the cufflinks on my shirt.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Every fiber of my being was on high alert. I needed to tread carefully. This entire meeting would be like a chess match, each move calculated, every word a potential weapon.

It was life or death.

I stepped out of the office, and Leo was waiting for me. He straightened, his eyes cold and deadly serious. I cocked my head and waited for him to speak.

“Everything’s ready?” I asked, my voice calm, but laced with the underlying tension I couldn’t fully shake.

“Security is tight. We’ve got eyes on all the entrances, and Stefano’s running point outside,” Leo replied, his tone clipped and professional.

I nodded, satisfied. “Good. Let’s go.”

We moved as a unit, heading down the marble staircase and out to the waiting cars. The drive to the meeting location was silent, the only sound the low hum of the engine. My mind was already on the meeting ahead, running through scenarios and countermeasures before the first play was even made.

The Russos had chosen a neutral ground—a private estate on the outskirts of Florence, secluded and secure. I knew that it was a power play on their part, trying to set the stage on their terms. But I wasn’t walking in blind. Every detail had been considered. My men had every angle analyzed. I would not be the one caught off guard.

When we arrived, a pair of Russo guards stood at the gate, their expressions unreadable as they waved us through. The drive up to the main house was lined with more men, all of them armed.

As we pulled up to the entrance, I took a deep breath, steadying myself.

This was it.

Inside, the atmosphere was thick with tension. The room was dimly lit, with heavy curtains drawn to keep out the morning sun. The furniture was ornate, old-world Italian with dark wood and rich fabrics. It reeked of old money and old power. The Russos were a family steeped in tradition. They'd been around nearly as long as mine and everything in this house showcased that.

Antonio Russo, the kingpin of the Russo Sicilian mob, was already seated at the head of a long table, his presence commanding and dangerous. He was a man in his late fifties, with silver hair slicked back and a sharp, hawk-like face. His eyes, cold and calculating, fixed on me as soon as I entered the room.

Flanking him were his top men: Mario Russo, his son and heir, and Salvatore 'Sal' Romano, his consigliere and enforcer. Mario was a younger version of his father—handsome, with dark hair and a cold, ruthless demeanor. Sal, on the other hand, was older, stocky, with a perpetual scowl etched into his face. He was a man of few words, but his reputation preceded him. He was ruthless in our world. Rumor had it he killed the previous consigliere with his two bare hands.

"Massimo," Antonio greeted, his voice smooth but laced with the venom of a snake ready to strike. "I trust the drive was pleasant?"

I offered a curt nod, my expression betraying nothing. "It was efficient."

Antonio's lips curled into a half-smile. "Good. Let's get down to business then, shall we?"

We took our seats, the tension in the room thick enough to cut with a knife. Mario leaned back in his chair, his eyes never leaving mine, while Sal sat forward, his hands clasped on the table as if he were already anticipating violence straight from the get-go.

"I assume you know why we're here," I began, keeping my voice steady. "There's been some... misunderstandings recently. Misunderstandings that have put us on a path neither of us wants to be on."

Antonio raised an eyebrow, feigning innocence. "Misunderstandings? I'm not sure I follow."

"Don't play games with me, Antonio," I snapped, my patience wearing thin. "Marco De Luca is rotting in a jail cell because of fabricated evidence. Evidence that leads straight back to your family."

Mario's eyes narrowed slightly, but Antonio remained calm, a smile playing on his lips. "You know as well as I do, Massimo, that in our world, people sometimes end up in unfortunate situations. It's not personal. It's business."

"Business or not, you're playing a dangerous game," I countered, leaning forward. "If you're looking to provoke me, you're doing a fine job of it. But know this—if you push me too far, there will be consequences. For all of us."

The room fell into an uneasy stillness, the air heavy with unspoken words. Antonio's smile faded, his eyes hardening. "We don't want war, Massimo."

"And if I decide to make your son here a casualty?" I asked coldly, my gaze shifting

to the younger Russo. “Or Sal?”

Mario bristled at the threat, but Antonio raised a hand, silencing him. “Careful, Massimo. Threats like that can quickly escalate into something neither of us can control.”

“This isn’t a threat,” I said, my voice deadly calm. “It’s a promise. If you don’t back off, if you don’t clear Marco’s name and stay out of my affairs, you’ll regret it. I’ll make sure of it myself.”

Antonio studied me for a long moment, the room silent. Finally, he leaned back, a smirk curling his lips. “Consider your message received. But don’t think for a moment that this is over.”

“It’s only over when I say it is,” I replied. “Remember that.”

I got up and turned to leave, my eyes sweeping over the room one last time, taking in the tense faces of Mario and Sal. But as I took a step, I noticed something—a flicker of something almost imperceptible in Antonio’s expression; a hesitation, perhaps, that made me pause, like he was holding back and had more to say but was weighing the consequences of whether or not he should say it.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I stopped, turning slightly to face him again. “What is it, Antonio? You have something else to add?”

Antonio’s smirk faded, replaced by a more measured, calculating look. “You’re right about one thing, Massimo,” he said slowly. “Someone is playing a dangerous game. But it’s not just your organization that’s been hit. We’ve had our own... complications recently.”

I didn’t move, didn’t react immediately, but inside, my mind was racing. Complications? The Russos were rarely on the defensive; they were always the ones making the first move. For them to admit to having issues meant whatever was happening was pretty fucking serious.

“Complications?” I repeated, keeping my tone even. “Like what?”

Antonio leaned back in his chair, steepling his fingers. “Certain shipments have gone missing, high-value ones. And we’ve had a few... misunderstandings with some of our business partners. It’s not our style to lose control like this, Massimo. And we assumed you were behind it.”

“You thought I was undermining you?” I asked, a touch of incredulity in my voice.

Mario, who had been quietly observing, spoke up, his tone sharp. “Who else could it be? You’ve been the only other player in the game with the resources and the motive to hit us where it hurts.”

I didn’t flinch. “If I wanted to hit you, you’d know it. I wouldn’t be sneaking around,

taking bites out of your operations. I'd come at you head-on."

Antonio's eyes narrowed slightly as he considered my words, and for the first time, I saw a hint of uncertainty in his gaze.

"Then who?" Sal muttered, more to himself than to anyone else. "Who the hell has the balls to come after both of us?"

The tension remained high, but it was now laced with a mutual recognition of a shared threat. Whoever was orchestrating these moves had managed to pit two of the most powerful families against each other, and that realization was not sitting well with anyone in the room.

I slowly sat back down, leaning forward with a grim expression. "If someone's trying to destabilize both our organizations, that's a problem for all of us. We need to find out who's behind this before it escalates into something we can't control."

Antonio's gaze locked onto mine, his earlier smugness gone, replaced by the seriousness of the situation. "I don't like being manipulated, Massimo. If what you're saying is true, then we've both been played."

"None of us do, Antonio," I replied, my tone deadly serious. "This isn't just about you or me anymore. If we don't figure out who's pulling the strings, we're both going to lose a hell of a lot more than just money."

The room was silent, the gravity of the situation settling over everyone. Mario shifted in his seat, his expression a mix of suspicion and reluctant acceptance. Sal's scowl deepened, but even he couldn't deny the logic in my words.

"So, what's the plan, then?" Mario asked, his voice a mix of frustration and curiosity. "You suggesting we work together?"

I glanced at Antonio, reading the icy calculation in his eyes. This was a delicate balance; the very idea of collaboration between our families was fraught with risks, but the alternative was worse. We couldn't let whoever was behind this continue to gain the upper hand while we tore each other apart.

"We don't have to like each other," I said steadily. "But we need to stop this before it's too late. We find out who's behind it, we take them down, and then we go back to business as usual."

Antonio nodded slowly, a flicker of something almost like respect passing through his eyes. "Agreed. But make no mistake, Massimo—once this is over, we're still enemies."

I allowed myself a thin smile. "Wouldn't have it any other way."

Antonio leaned forward, his fingers tapping lightly on the table. "If we're going to work together on this, we need to be honest with each other. No more games. Tell me what's been happening on your side, and I'll do the same."

I nodded, recognizing the importance of full disclosure in this moment. "My laundering operation at Marco's tailor shop was compromised. Someone planted fabricated evidence, and now Marco's rotting in a cell. It's too coordinated to be a coincidence. Someone wants to undermine me, and they're using Marco to do it."

Mario exchanged a glance with his father, the tension between them palpable. "We've been dealing with something similar," he admitted. "First, a few shipments disappeared, valuable ones. Then our contacts in the port city suddenly became unreliable. We lost a major deal because of it, and it wasn't because of incompetence. Someone made sure we were completely out of the loop."

Antonio's eyes darkened as he continued. "A few weeks ago, one of our best men

turned up dead. It was made to look like an accident, but the timing was too perfect. He was close to exposing a leak in our operations. Whoever is behind this is smart, Massimo. They're hitting us where it hurts, but they're doing it in a way that keeps us looking at each other as the enemy."

"Divide and conquer," I muttered, the pieces falling into place. "Keep us focused on each other while they move in the shadows."

Sal spoke up, his voice gruff. "We've also noticed unusual activity near our borders, like someone's testing our defenses. They're looking for weaknesses, trying to find a way in. We've tightened security, but it's clear they're planning something bigger."

Antonio's gaze was sharp, calculating. "If we're both being targeted, then this isn't just about taking down one of us. They want to dismantle both families, piece by piece."

"Agreed," I said. "But the question is who's behind it? There aren't many players with the resources and the guts to pull something like this off."

Mario frowned, thinking aloud. "It's not the smaller families; they don't have the reach. And it's not one of our allies—they wouldn't risk open war between our families. That leaves someone new, or someone we've overlooked."

"Or someone with a grudge," Sal added, his tone dark.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Antonio leaned back in his chair. “We need to start with the ones who have the most to gain from our downfall. Look into your networks, Massimo. Find out who’s been moving against you, and we’ll do the same. We share whatever we find.”

I nodded, the plan taking shape in my mind. “Agreed. We start by tightening our defenses and cutting off any potential leaks. Then we follow the money—whoever is orchestrating this is paying a lot of cash to keep us in the dark. That kind of money leaves a trail.”

Antonio’s lips curled into a thin smile, devoid of any warmth. “For now, we keep this between us. Our men need to know we’re on top of this, that we’re not being played. We can’t show any weakness.”

“Understood,” I said, rising from my chair. “We’ll regroup once we have more information. But make no mistake, Antonio—this alliance ends the moment we find out who’s behind this.”

“Of course,” he replied, standing as well. “And when that moment comes, we’ll settle our score.”

Mario and Sal stood as well, their gazes locked on mine, the tension still simmering beneath the surface.

Antonio held out his hand and I shook it.

This truce was temporary, born out of necessity rather than trust. But for now, it would have to be enough.

CHAPTER 15

Sofia

I had a serious case of cabin fever.

I'd read books. I'd binged Netflix. I'd even taken to helping Alonzo in the kitchen and learning how to make pastries and different kinds of cakes for dessert. He'd orchestrated a whole wine-tasting event for me that involved tasting all different vintages from the Tuscan region, which I really enjoyed.

The truth was I was bored.

The walls of Massimo's estate, as grand and luxurious as they were, were starting to feel like a gilded cage. I'd been cooped up inside for days now, and the desire to step out into the world was becoming unbearable.

Dinner that evening was quiet. Massimo was distracted, lost in his thoughts as he absentmindedly moved his food around on his plate.

After a while, he set his fork down and spoke, almost as if thinking out loud. "I'll be away in a few days. There's a charity ball—a fundraiser, really—that I need to attend."

His words piqued my interest immediately.

"A charity ball?" I asked, my hopes rising.

Massimo nodded, his gaze still distant. "It's an important event, a chance to maintain certain connections and keep up appearances."

I leaned forward, curiosity getting the better of me. “And you’re going?”

“Yes,” he replied, his tone matter of fact. “It’s something I can’t afford to miss.”

I set my fork down and looked him straight in the eye. “Take me with you.”

Massimo blinked, clearly taken aback. “Sofia, it’s not exactly the kind of place where?—”

“I know it’s dangerous,” I interrupted, my voice firm. “But I need to get out of here, Massimo. I’m going stir-crazy.”

He studied me for a long moment, weighing my request against the risks. I could see the gears turning in his mind, the conflict between wanting to protect me and knowing that he couldn’t keep me locked away forever.

“You do realize what you’re asking, don’t you?” he said, his tone serious. “This isn’t a party or a casual social event. It’s a calculated performance, where every word, every gesture no matter how small, is scrutinized by every major figure there.”

“I understand that,” I replied, not backing down.

Massimo’s expression softened slightly, a hint of admiration in his gaze. “You’re determined, I’ll give you that.”

“More like desperate,” I admitted with a small smile. “I need this, Massimo. Please.”

He let out a sigh, setting his fork down. “Alright. But there will be rules, Sofia. You stay by my side the entire evening. You don’t speak to anyone unless I introduce you. And if I say it’s time to leave, we leave. No questions.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

My heart skipped a beat, excitement bubbling up inside me. “Deal.”

“Don’t make me regret this,” he added, a warning edge to his voice. “This is a world full of dangerous people.”

“I won’t,” I promised, my mind already racing with thoughts of what the evening might hold. “Thank you, Massimo.”

He nodded, his gaze lingering on me for a moment longer than necessary. “I’ll have something suitable arranged for you to wear.”

I couldn’t hide the smile that spread across my face.

A few days later

The night of the ball had finally arrived.

I stood in front of the full-length mirror in the grand dressing room, hardly recognizing the woman staring back at me. The dress Massimo had arranged for me was nothing short of breathtaking—a sleek silk gown in the softest shade of pastel blue that clung to my body in all the right places. The fabric shimmered subtly in the light, cascading down from my shoulders in smooth, elegant lines, hugging my curves before flowing into a gentle, floor-length train.

I ran my hands down the sides of the dress, feeling the cool, luxurious silk beneath my fingertips. It was the kind of dress that made you feel powerful, like you could conquer the world just by walking into a room. It made me feel like a queen. The

color contrasted beautifully with my dark hair, which had been styled into loose waves that framed my face.

The neckline was modest yet alluring, dipping just enough to be elegant without being too revealing. The back of the dress was more daring, with a deep V that exposed the soft skin between my shoulder blades. I'd never worn anything quite like it before, and as I turned slightly to admire the dress from another angle, I felt a thrill of excitement mixed with nervous anticipation.

A pair of silver heels stood ready by the mirror, and on the vanity was a simple but stunning set of diamond earrings that Massimo had also provided. They sparkled under the soft light, catching my eye. I reached for them, fastening them carefully before slipping my feet into the heels.

As I stood up straight, taking in the full effect, a surge of confidence ran through me.

I felt like Cinderella.

The door to the dressing room opened quietly, and I turned to see Massimo standing there, his gaze sweeping over me with a mixture of approval and something deeper, something that made my heart skip a beat. He was dressed impeccably, as always, in a black tuxedo that highlighted his broad shoulders and commanding presence.

It made me want to climb him like a tree.

"You look... absolutely stunning," he said, his voice low and steady, but with an edge that told me he wasn't just talking about the dress.

"Thank you," I replied, trying to keep my voice calm despite the butterflies in my stomach.

Before I could say anything, he reached out, his hand cupping the side of my face. His touch was warm, steady, and possessive in a way that made my heart race. I could feel the roughness of his palm against my cheek, and it sent a thrill through me.

“Sofia,” he murmured, his voice low and gravelly. “You have no idea what you do to me.”

I opened my mouth to respond, but the words caught in my throat as he leaned in, his breath warm against my lips. There was a moment of hesitation, a heartbeat where the world seemed to stop, and then he kissed me.

His lips claimed mine with an intensity that left me breathless, his other hand sliding around my waist to pull me closer. I felt myself melt against him, my hands resting on his chest as I tried to steady myself.

My heart pounded in my chest, and despite the confidence I had felt just moments before, I found myself feeling shy, almost overwhelmed by the intensity of his desire.

But I didn’t pull away. I couldn’t. I wanted this—wanted him—more than I’d allowed myself to admit. His presence consumed me, and I found myself responding, my lips moving with his, my fingers curling into the fabric of his tuxedo as if I needed to anchor myself to him.

Massimo’s hand tightened on my waist, pulling me even closer until there was no space left between us. He broke the kiss just long enough to murmur against my lips, “You’re mine tonight, Sofia. No one else’s. Just mine.”

The possessiveness in his voice sent a shiver down my spine, but it wasn’t fear I felt. It was a heady mix of excitement and longing, the realization that I wanted to be his, that I craved this connection more than anything.

I looked up at him, my cheeks flushed, my breath coming in soft, uneven gasps.
“Massimo...”

Massimo pulled back slightly, just enough to look into my eyes, his expression softening. His thumb brushed gently across my cheek, and for a moment, we just stood there, holding each other, the world outside forgotten.

“I’m not going to let anything happen to you, Sofia,” he said, his voice steady and full of promise.

“I know you won’t,” I whispered.

He smiled, a rare, genuine smile that made my heart flutter all over again. Then he kissed me one last time, slow and tender, as if sealing the promise between us.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

When he finally pulled away, there was a new resolve in his eyes, a fire that mirrored the one burning inside me. “Let’s go,” he said, offering his arm.

I took it, feeling surer of myself than ever. He led me out of the room and down the hallway and we headed down the sprawling marble staircase together.

The night air was cool as we stepped out of the estate. I grinned to see that there was a sleek black limo waiting for us. A chauffeur opened the door as we approached, bowing slightly in deference to Massimo. He released my arm just long enough to help me into the limo, his touch lingering on my lower back as I slid onto the plush leather seat. The interior of the limo was just as luxurious as I’d expected—dark leather, tinted windows, and a discreet partition separating us from the driver.

Massimo followed me in, and the door closed behind him with a soft click. The moment the car began to move, he slid across the seat, closing the distance between us in a single, smooth motion. I barely had time to register the possessive gleam in his eyes before his hand found my thigh, strong fingers wrapping around it with an intensity that sent a shiver straight through me.

“Sofia,” he murmured, his voice low and thick with desire. “Do you know how hard it is for me to keep my hands off you tonight?”

I felt a flush of heat blossom across my face. I swallowed hard, the heat of his touch searing through the silk of my dress, sending a thrill through me that left my blood racing and my heart pounding. I could feel the strength in his grip, and it was causing butterflies deep in my belly.

He leaned in closer, his breath warm against my neck as his hand slid further up my thigh, bunching the delicate fabric of my dress. My heart pounded in my chest, the intensity of his presence overwhelming. Despite the nerves that fluttered in my stomach, I found myself leaning into him, craving the closeness, the security of his touch.

“Then don’t,” I whispered, barely able to get the words out as his fingers traced a slow, deliberate path along the inside of my thigh. The sensation sent a wave of heat pooling in my core, and I instinctively squeezed my legs together, trying to steady myself.

He chuckled softly, the sound deep and rich as it vibrated down my spine. “I love how you responsive you are to me, Sofia.”

His lips brushed against the curve of my neck, sending another shiver down my spine. My body seemed to melt under his touch, the silk of my dress a tantalizing barrier between us that I both loved and hated in that moment.

His eyes never left mine as his hand slowly inched up my thigh, sending shivers of anticipation down my spine. He moved with deliberate slowness, teasing me, drawing out the moment until I could hardly stand it anymore. I felt his breath against my lips, warm and inviting, and before I knew it, his mouth was on mine.

The kiss started slow, his lips brushing against mine with a tenderness that took me by surprise. But it didn’t stay that way for long. The gentleness soon gave way to something more intense, more demanding. His hand moved from my thigh to my waist, pulling me closer as his other hand cradled the back of my head, angling me just right so he could deepen the kiss.

I felt myself melting into him, the tension that had been building between us exploding into a fire that consumed my every thought. His lips were firm and

commanding, leaving no room for doubt that I was his. I couldn't resist him, didn't want to. I let him take control, opening myself up to him in a way that I never had before.

His hands began to wander, sliding over the curves of my body with a possessiveness that left me aching for more. I could feel the strength in his touch, the way his fingers traced the contours of my hips, my waist, the small of my back. It was like he was memorizing every inch of me, and I couldn't get enough of it.

Without breaking the kiss, he moved his hands to my hips, gripping them firmly as he lifted me off the seat and into his lap. I gasped against his mouth, my hands instinctively reaching up to wrap around his neck for balance. The feel of him beneath me, the solid, reassuring strength of his body, sent a thrill through me that left me dizzy.

He groaned softly against my lips, his hands sliding down to the hem of my dress, lifting it slowly, deliberately, as if savoring every moment. The silk fabric slid up my thighs, cool against my heated skin, and I could feel the anticipation building between us, thick and electric.

My breath hitched as his hands continued their slow exploration, pushing the fabric higher, exposing more of my legs, my skin tingling wherever he touched. I could feel the tension coiling tighter, a delicious ache that spread through me as I shifted in his lap, pressing my body closer against him.

His mouth never left mine, the kiss deepening as his hands roamed higher, his touch both tender and possessive. I was lost in him, in the way he held me, the way he claimed me with every caress, every kiss.

"Massimo," I whispered against his lips, my voice shaky with need. "Please... I need..."

He pulled back slightly, just enough to look into my eyes, his own dark and filled with a fierce, possessive hunger. His hands stilled for a moment, his fingers resting just below the edge of my dress, as if he was giving me one last chance to change my mind.

But I didn't want to. I was his, and I wanted him.

Right here. Right now.

In response, he gave me a slow, almost predatory smile before leaning in to capture my lips once more, his hands resuming their slow, torturous ascent up my thighs. I moaned softly against his mouth, my body arching into him as his touch ignited a fire within me the likes of which I had never known before.

He pulled my dress up even further and my breath hitched as a heated flush raced up my neck to my face.

I wasn't wearing any panties and he was about to find out.

With a low, husky groan, he slid his hand between my thighs, his fingers lightly teasing my slick, sensitive folds. I gasped, a tremor of pleasure rippling through me as he explored me with an agonizingly slow, deliberate precision.

It was maddening.

"Naughty girl. You're completely bare underneath this dress, aren't you?"

"Yes," I breathed.

I was lost in a haze of desire, my body trembling as his fingers continued to stroke and tease me. My hips began to move instinctively, seeking more contact, more

friction, but he kept his movements controlled, his touch just enough to leave me desperate for more. With a soft whine, I leaned against him. My nipples pebbled beneath the fabric of my dress, and just as I was wondering if he knew, his thumb brushed over one of my stiff buds.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

He broke the kiss and looked at me with a wicked grin.

I bit my lip as a wave of pleasure shot through me. I was so close to the edge, teetering on the precipice of release, but he didn't stop, didn't let up.

"Don't stop," I pleaded, my voice barely more than a whisper.

"It's not a very long ride to the venue, la mia bambina," he ventured, and I rocked my hips again, this time succeeding in brushing my clit against the rough pads of his fingers.

"Please..."

But then, he lifted his hand away and smacked my pussy, using the flats of his fingers to punish me. I let out a sharp cry, more out of shock than pain, the sound echoing through the limo. My body clenched tight, and I gripped his shoulders, digging my nails into his suit jacket.

"That was quite bold, bambina, trying to take your own pleasure for yourself," he chided, as he smacked my pussy several more times.

"That hurts!" I whined, but he kept going.

"I'm going to spank this pussy bright pink as punishment, naughty girl. I want you to remember who's in charge with every step you take tonight," he growled, and he swatted between my legs several more times until my entire pussy felt like it was on fire.

And then he began to stroke me again, his touch gentle now, coaxing. I felt tears spring to my eyes, but they weren't from pain.

They were from relief.

"Now, you're going to come for me, *la miabambina*. You're going to come fast and hard. If you don't come by the time we reach the venue, then I'm going to tell the driver to pull over and I'll pin you over my lap, spread that pussy open wide, and spank that disobedient little clit until it's cherry red and you're one very sore and very sorry little girl," he demanded.

"I understand, sir," I breathed, my heart practically thumping in the back of my throat as a mixture of excitement and fear swirled through me. I don't know where the 'sir' had come from. It just kind of came out and then it felt right.

With his eyes locked onto mine, Massimo began to rub his fingers over my clit with slow, steady circles, his touch light and teasing. It wasn't enough. Not nearly enough. I needed more.

Oh, God.

Did he want to punish me? Did I want him to?

My pussy was already stinging, the flesh between my thighs thoroughly scalded from nothing more than his firm hand.

"Please," I begged, lewdly rocking my hips back and forth, trying to coax him to touch me more firmly, to give me something more so that I could come undone before we reached our destination.

He smirked at my neediness, the pad of his thumb lightly brushing against the bundle

of nerves and sending a wave of heat pulsing through my veins.

I couldn't take it.

I was too wound up.

Without thinking, I reached down between my legs, and he caught my wrist before I could touch myself. In an instant, my stomach felt like it dropped to the tips of my toes.

“Bad girl. Now I’m going to have to spank this pussy beet red after all,” he said darkly.

No. No. No.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Without a word, he quickly pinned me over his lap by wrapping an arm around my waist. I tried to close my thighs, but he quickly smacked each inner thigh hard. I squealed as he did it, but quickly spread my legs, allowing him access to my throbbing pussy.

Smack!

A yelp escaped my throat as the palm of his hand struck my pussy hard. A volley of sizzling fire exploded between my thighs, and I cried out. He smacked between my thighs several more times, far more firmly than before and I struggled to take it, but I didn't have any choice. The burning grew hotter, sharper, and I found myself whimpering and moaning and writhing over his lap.

“I’m sorry, sir!”

“Who decides when you come, little girl?” he scolded.

“You do, sir!”

He smacked my pussy again, his fingers striking my clit and sending another burst of heat through me. And then, with one hand, he held open my pussy using his fingers and started spanking my clit.

Oh, God. Oh, God.

I was so wet, so close. My body trembled, the pleasure and pain blurring together into a maddening haze of sensation. I struggled to take every firm spank, but before I knew what was happening, I was coming, and I was coming hard.

I gasped and moaned and bucked, my hips jerking wildly as the orgasm ripped through me. My vision blurred, and for a moment, the only thing I was aware of was the feeling of his hand between my thighs and the exquisite pleasure-pain of his touch.

He stopped spanking between my thighs and then using several fingers, he started rubbing my clit so firmly that I rocketed straight from one orgasm into the next before I could stop it.

My whole body shook, and I felt as if every nerve was on fire. There was nothing for me to do but take it, and take it I did. The searing hot sensations were overwhelming, and I cried out as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me.

Then he spanked my pussy once, hard, before he returned to rubbing my clit, forcing my pleasure higher and higher until my head was up in the clouds and nothing and no

one could stop my release from reaching its full height. The moment it did, he smacked my pussy one more time, this time using the tips of his fingers and the palm of his hand.

I cried out, the sharp sting a stark contrast to the sweet bliss still coursing through me, but nothing could stop the cascade of white-hot bliss that surged through me because of it.

“That’s it. Come for me. Let me hear you scream my name as you come for me with your pussy spanked bright red and sore,” he demanded.

I screamed.

There was no holding back.

I felt as if the pleasure was going to tear me apart, and all I could do was hang on and ride the wave of ecstasy as it crashed over me. He rubbed my clit, forcing my orgasm to go on and on until it finally started to fade, leaving me sore and utterly spent.

As the world slowly came back into focus, I became aware of him cradling me against him, his voice soft and low in my ear.

“You did so well, bambina,” he praised.

I curled up against him as my heart thumped in my chest, my breathing ragged. He held me tight and ran his hand over my hair. Gently, he pulled my skirt back down, covering the expanse of my exposed skin. Then, he wrapped his strong arms around me, holding me tight.

The rest of the ride was silent, except for my own rapid heartbeat.

When the car finally came to a stop, my breathing had returned to normal, and I felt more like myself.

He gave me one final look, his eyes roaming over me with approval. Then the driver opened the door. Massimo got out first, and then offered his hand to help me.

I took it, stepping out onto the street and trying to ignore the slight soreness between my thighs.

He was right. I was going to feel my spanking with every step I took tonight.

CHAPTER 16

Massimo

I offered Sofia my arm, unable to help myself as my gaze raked over her body in that long dress. Her face was flushed, her pupils were still dilated, and she'd never looked more beautiful than she did tonight. I could still see the arousal written all over her face. I smiled, lost in the memory. She'd come so hard for me after I'd spanked that pretty little pussy.

Honestly, every bit of that drive had been perfect.

The only problem now was that my cock was rock hard, and it wasn't going down, but it was all worth it just to hear her scream for me as she shattered all over my fingers.

With a deep breath, I led her up the marble steps of the venue and I couldn't help but notice the way her dress shimmered under the lights. The soft blue silk clung to her figure in a way that was both elegant and utterly tempting, and I felt a surge of possessiveness course through me. She was mine, and tonight, everyone would

know it.

I was going to show her off.

By the time we arrived, the grand ballroom was already buzzing with activity. Chandeliers dripped with sparkling crystals. As we entered, heads turned, and I felt a wave of satisfaction at the sight.

I recognized several faces immediately. Near the entrance, Minister Giovanni Rossi was deep in conversation with a group of men. Rossi was a seasoned politician, his graying hair neatly combed back, and he wore a dark, impeccably tailored suit. His position as minister of economic development made him a powerful figure in the government, and his influence extended far beyond the walls of his office. He was known for his shrewdness, and his ability to manipulate the economy to suit his interests had earned him both respect and fear.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

To the left, Senator Claudia Bianchi stood near the bar, her presence commanding as always. She was dressed in a striking red gown that hugged her statuesque figure, her dark hair swept into an elegant updo. Right now, Bianchi was one of the most influential senators in the Italian Parliament, known for her fiery speeches and her relentless pursuit of reform. Her reputation as a formidable negotiator had earned her the nickname ‘The Iron Lady’ among her peers.

Across the room, I spotted Alessandro Esposito, the deputy prime minister, mingling with a group of businessmen. Esposito was a man who thrived on power. His black tuxedo was perfectly tailored, his posture exuding confidence. Esposito’s connections ran deep within the government, and his ability to broker deals made him a key player in the political landscape. He was not a man to be underestimated or trifled with. I knew him well.

As we moved through the crowd, I couldn’t help but notice the way other men’s eyes lingered on Sofia. It was subtle, a glance here, a fleeting look there, but I saw it. I felt a primal instinct to pull her closer and shield her from their gazes.

She was mine, and I didn’t like the way they looked at her—as if they had any right to even imagine touching her.

I found it increasingly difficult to ignore the way other men’s eyes followed her, the way they seemed to covet what was mine. It was irrational, maybe, but the thought of anyone else even entertaining the idea of having her set my nerves on edge.

I’d kill them if they even thought to lay a finger on her.

As if she could sense my inner turmoil, Sofia took my hand in hers and squeezed it. I breathed easier for a moment, before I rolled my shoulders back and shook it off. I kept us moving through the crowd.

As we approached the center of the room, I spotted Lorenzo De Matteo, an influential member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. He was dressed in a classic black tuxedo, his silver hair perfectly styled. De Matteo was known for his conservative views and his staunch support of traditional values. His influence over legislation was considerable, and he'd been useful for me in the past in securing a massive shipment of guns that I quickly offloaded to a bratva kingpin to the east.

Together, we'd made a lot of money.

"Massimo," De Matteo greeted me with a curt nod, his sharp eyes flicking to Sofia with interest. "I didn't expect to see you here tonight."

"I couldn't miss such an important event, of course," I replied smoothly, my tone polite but firm. "I want to introduce you to Sofia."

De Matteo's gaze lingered on Sofia for a moment longer than I liked, and I felt a surge of jealousy tighten in my chest, piercing and undeniable. I didn't like the way he looked at her, the way he assessed her as if she were another piece on the chessboard of power. But I kept my expression neutral, refusing to let him see any sign that his seedy gaze was getting to me.

"A pleasure to meet you, Sofia," De Matteo said, his tone courteous but laced with the subtle undertone of curiosity. "Massimo has brought quite the charming companion this evening."

"The pleasure is mine," Sofia replied, her voice steady and graceful, though I could sense the slight tension in her posture.

I nodded, my hand sliding to the small of her back, a silent claim that I hoped De Matteo—and everyone else in the room—would understand.

Sofia was not to be messed with, and neither was I.

For a time, it seemed to work.

The evening continued, a blur of handshakes, polite smiles, but I saw the constant undercurrent of power plays and hidden agendas playing out all over the floor. Sofia stayed close to me. I was about to move us toward another group of politicians when a familiar figure caught my eye, standing near the edge of the room, half-hidden in the shadows.

Raffaele Moretti.

His presence alone was enough to send a ripple of tension through the room, though most tried to hide it. He was a man who had clawed his way up from the gritty streets of Naples to the polished halls of Italian government.

Raffaele had started as a low-level mafia boss, known for his cunning and ruthless efficiency. He had a reputation for doing whatever was necessary to climb the ranks, from intimidation to bribery to violence. The whispers in the underworld still spoke of the things he'd done to secure his position, though now that he was an elected official, such rumors were harder to prove.

Dressed in a perfectly tailored navy suit, he exuded the kind of dangerous charm that could easily disarm those who didn't know better. His sharp blue eyes, set against the olive complexion of his skin, scanned the room with a predatory gaze, taking in everything and missing nothing. The slicked-back dark hair and the casual ease with which he held a glass of whiskey in one hand completed the image of a man who was both powerful and untouchable.

Raffaele had been elected as a Member of Parliament just a few years ago, a move that had shocked the more traditional members of the Italian government. But his ascent was calculated, playing off his charisma, his connections, and the carefully crafted public persona of a reformed man who had left his criminal past behind. Whether or not that was true was a subject of much debate. Some believed he was still deeply entrenched in the underworld, pulling strings from the shadows. Others saw him as a success story, proof that even the most hardened criminals could change.

But I knew better. Raffaele was still the same man he'd always been—ruthless, calculating, and dangerous. His position in government only made him more so.

As I guided Sofia through the crowd, I could feel his eyes on us, lingering a moment too long. It wasn't the same as the other men in the room. There was no admiration or curiosity in his gaze—only a cold, calculating interest. He was assessing us, and I knew it was only a matter of time before he made his move.

“Sofia,” I murmured, my grip on her waist tightening slightly as we approached him. “There's someone I want you to meet.”

She looked up at me, sensing the shift in my demeanor. “Who?”

“A man who's as dangerous as he is charming,” I replied, keeping my tone light, though my eyes were locked on Raffaele.

As we neared him, he turned his full attention to us, a slow smile spreading across his face. “Massimo Sartori,” he greeted, his voice smooth, with just a hint of the Neapolitan accent he'd never quite shaken. “I didn't expect to see you here tonight.”

“Raffaele,” I replied, my tone carefully neutral as I nodded in greeting. “This is Sofia.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

His eyes flicked to her, and for a brief moment, I saw something dark and possessive flash in them, but it was gone before I could fully register it. He offered her a charming smile, extending his hand. “Sofia, it’s a pleasure.”

“Likewise,” she said, her voice steady as she shook his hand.

“You’ve chosen quite the companion, Massimo,” Raffaele remarked, his gaze returning to me. “I must say, you have an eye for beauty.”

I didn’t respond to the comment, choosing instead to steer the conversation away from Sofia. “I hear things have been going well for you in Parliament,” I said, keeping my tone casual. “You’ve certainly made a name for yourself.”

Raffaele’s smile widened, though there was no warmth in it. “Politics is just another game, Massimo. One that I happen to play better than most.”

“No doubt,” I replied, my own smile tight. “Though I imagine the rules are a bit different from what you’re used to.”

“Not so different,” he said, taking a sip of his whiskey. “It’s all about power, influence, and knowing who to trust. Just like the old days.”

The way he said it, with that hint of nostalgia, sent a chill down my spine. Raffaele might be wearing a suit and holding a government position, but I had no doubt that his hands were still dirty, even if they appeared clean to the public.

“It was good seeing you, Raffaele,” I said, my tone final. “But we have other people

to greet.”

“Of course,” he replied, his smile never faltering. “Enjoy the evening, Massimo. And Sofia, I hope we meet again.”

I guided Sofia away from him, my hand firm on her waist as we moved through the crowd once more. The whole thing had left me on edge. With a deep breath, I shook it off as best as I could.

Sofia was mine for the night and no one was going to take her from me.

Not even Raffaele.

CHAPTER 17

Sofia

This was a once in a lifetime kind of opportunity.

I’d never been to anything like this charity gala in my life. I looked around, seeing a sea of designer dresses and expensive tuxes. Classical music drifted through the air, blending seamlessly with the clinking of glasses and the low hum of the crowd. It was overwhelming and exhilarating all at once.

Even though I was supposed to be focused on the party, my thoughts kept drifting back to Papa, still locked up behind cold steel bars. Worry gnawed at my insides. Was he sleeping? Was he eating? Did he have anyone to talk to, or was he sitting there in silence, replaying every moment that led him to this point? I knew my father well enough to understand how he would be tormenting himself over my involvement, how he would be cursing himself for not keeping me safe, for somehow letting me get caught up in the very world he tried so hard to shield me from.

And now, here I was, tangled up with Massimo, thrust into the dangers of a life Papa never wanted for me. He'd spent years protecting me from this world. What would he think if he knew the truth about how far I'd gone? Would he hate me for it? Blame himself for failing to keep me safe? The thought of him sitting in that tiny cell, worrying about me more than his own freedom, made my chest tighten painfully.

I could almost hear his voice, filled with both anger and heartbreak, asking how he could have let this happen, how his little girl ended up walking straight into the very dangers he'd warned her about. And all I wanted, more than anything, was to tell him that I was okay, that I was stronger than he thought, that this was my choice now.

That I could do this.

Massimo kept a firm hand on the small of my back as we moved through the room, guiding me with a quiet confidence that I found both reassuring and possessive. He introduced me to several important figures—senators, business tycoons, even a high-ranking judge. Massimo pulled me close and whispered a crash course of information into my ear about each one, giving me a snapshot into his volatile underground world.

I tried to keep up, smiling politely and offering a few words where I could, but my mind was racing. It was one thing to hear about Massimo's world, but to see it firsthand was something else entirely.

As we made our way past the bar, I caught sight of one of the men that Massimo had introduced me to, Raffaele, standing near one of the large windows that overlooked the city. His figure was half-shrouded in shadow, but even from across the room, his presence was unmistakable. He was deep in conversation with another man—a tall, thin figure dressed in an understated but impeccably tailored gray suit. There was something about the way they stood, their heads bent close together like they were talking about something important, that caught my attention.

Curiosity got the better of me. “I’ll be right back,” I murmured to Massimo, slipping away from his side before he could respond. I heard him call out behind me, but I was already several steps away from him and I didn’t look back.

I moved slowly, keeping to the edges of the room, my gaze locked on Raffaele and his companion. As I drew closer, I could hear the low murmur of their voices, too soft to make out clearly. I positioned myself near a large potted plant, feigning interest in the ornate decorations as I strained to listen.

“...not much time left,” Raffaele was saying, his voice barely above a whisper but laced with an edge of impatience. “We need to act now if we want to disrupt their plans. This opportunity won’t present itself again.”

The other man nodded, his expression tense. “I understand. But we have to be careful. If this gets traced back to us?—”

“It won’t,” Raffaele cut him off sharply. “I’ve made sure of it. Just follow the instructions and stick to the timeline. The timing is crucial. We can’t afford any mistakes.”

My heart skipped a beat. This wasn’t the kind of conversation you had at a charity ball. This was something else.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I watched as Raffaele handed the man a small, folded piece of paper. The exchange was quick, almost too fast to catch, but the secrecy of it sent a chill down my spine.

The man took the paper and slipped it into his pocket, glancing around nervously before nodding once more. “I’ll take care of it.”

“Good,” Raffaele said, his tone final. “Make sure you do.”

The two men parted ways, and I quickly turned away, pretending to examine a nearby painting as Raffaele walked past. He didn’t notice me, his mind clearly preoccupied with whatever plans he was setting in motion. I waited until he was out of sight before I let out the breath that I hadn’t realized I’d been holding.

I made my way back to Massimo, my thoughts racing. Whatever Raffaele was involved in, it wasn’t just politics or charity. He was orchestrating something that required secrecy and precision, and the urgency in his voice told me it was happening soon.

Maybe even tonight...

Massimo was speaking with a small group of politicians when I returned to his side. He glanced at me, a question in his eyes, but I just gave him a small, reassuring smile. This wasn’t the time or place to bring up what I’d overheard, not with so many eyes and ears around us. But as I stood there, nodding along to the conversation, my mind was elsewhere, turning over Raffaele’s words and trying to piece together what he could possibly be planning.

As the evening continued, I stayed close to Massimo, my senses heightened, my gaze drifting back to Raffaele every now and then. I knew I needed to tell Massimo what I'd heard, but for now, I kept it to myself, letting the pieces fall into place in my mind. There was more to uncover, and I intended to find out exactly what Raffaele was up to—before it was too late.

I glanced over at Massimo. He was engaged in a discussion with a senator, his posture relaxed but his eyes sharp. Now wasn't the time to interrupt him, but I couldn't just stand by and do nothing. My gut told me that Raffaele's plans were far from innocent, and if I was going to be part of Massimo's world, I couldn't just sit back and let things unfold without at least trying to gather more information.

My eyes swept the room, searching for the tall, thin man Raffaele had been speaking with. He was slipping through the crowd, moving with purpose toward the far side of the ballroom, near a set of ornate double doors that led out to a quieter hallway. I hesitated for only a moment before making up my mind.

"One moment," I whispered to Massimo, giving his arm a reassuring squeeze before slipping away.

I moved quickly but carefully, weaving through the clusters of guests, keeping the man in my sight. He was easy to follow, his distinctive gray suit standing out among the sea of darker colors. He glanced around occasionally, his movements tense, as if he knew he was being watched. I stayed far enough behind to avoid drawing attention, slipping into the shadows of the hallway just as he pushed through a side door.

My heart raced as I reached the door, pausing for a moment to steady my breathing. I listened carefully, the faint sound of his footsteps echoing down the corridor. I pushed the door open slowly, peeking around the corner to make sure I wasn't walking into something dangerous.

I could see him further down, turning another corner. I followed, my footsteps light as I moved along the plush carpet that muffled the sound of my heels. The hallway opened into a small, secluded courtyard, where the man paused to pull out his phone, his back to me. He glanced around again, checking to make sure he was alone before raising the phone to his ear.

I pressed myself against the wall, straining to hear his voice.

“Yes, it’s me,” he said, his voice low and urgent. “I’ve got the instructions. He wants us to move forward, no delays. The distraction at the fundraiser should buy us enough time to hit the shipments undetected too.”

I felt a chill run down my spine. A distraction? Shipments? I inched closer, my pulse pounding in my ears as I tried to catch more of the conversation.

“No, he doesn’t suspect a thing,” the man continued, his voice confident. “As long as we keep up appearances, they won’t see it coming. We’ll be in and out before they even realize what’s happening.”

I edged closer still, careful to stay hidden in the shadows. My mind was racing, trying to piece together the fragments of the conversation. If Raffaele was planning a distraction here at the ball, it meant he was willing to risk the safety of everyone inside just to achieve his goals. And the shipments he mentioned—could they be connected to Massimo’s operations? Or maybe someone else’s?

As the man hung up the phone, I quickly retreated, slipping back around the corner, and pressing myself flat against the wall. Whatever Raffaele was planning, it was big.

I needed to tell Massimo everything I heard. Right away.

I waited until the man had left the courtyard, heading back toward the ballroom,

before making my way back down the hallway. My heart was still racing, the urgency of the situation crystal clear in my mind. As I stepped back into the grand ballroom, the noise and light seemed almost overwhelming after the quiet tension of the hallway.

I spotted Massimo immediately, still deep in conversation, but his eyes found mine the moment I entered the room. He raised an eyebrow, and I quickly crossed the room to his side.

“We need to talk,” I whispered urgently, my voice barely audible over the music and chatter. “It’s about Raffaele. He’s planning something.”

Massimo’s expression immediately darkened, his eyes narrowing as he assessed the urgency in my tone. He nodded curtly, excusing himself from the conversation he’d been engaged in. Without another word, he took my arm, his grip firm and protective as he guided me through the crowded ballroom, navigating swiftly past clusters of guests and waitstaff.

“Where are we going?” I asked, keeping my voice low, glancing around to see if anyone was paying us too much attention.

“Somewhere we can talk without prying eyes,” Massimo said, his voice edged with stiffness. He led me through a side door that opened into a long corridor lined with intricate wood paneling. The noise from the ballroom faded into the background as we continued down the hall, the quiet clicking of our footsteps echoing off the walls.

At the end of the corridor, Massimo pushed open a heavy oak door, revealing a small, private lounge. It was elegantly furnished, with plush armchairs and a dark mahogany bar stocked with expensive liquors. Massimo checked the room quickly before closing the door behind us, shutting out the rest of the world.

“We’re safe here,” he said, his voice steady but laced with the intensity that always seemed to simmer just beneath the surface. He turned to me, his gaze searching my face. “Now tell me everything.”

I took a deep breath, gathering my thoughts. “I overheard Raffaele talking to a man, and I followed him,” I began, my voice quiet but firm.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Massimo's jaw clenched and he narrowed his eyes. "Young lady, do you know how dangerous that was?"

"I do," I whispered, and he gave me a look that said I was undoubtedly getting spanked over this. My pussy clenched as a spike of arousal raced through me at the thought.

"When we get home, I'm going to decide whether or not we're going to discuss this with my belt. Now, tell me what you heard," he continued.

My bottom clenched knowingly, and I swallowed hard, but I immediately rushed into what I had to say because it needed to be said.

"He went out to a small courtyard and made a call. I overheard him saying that Raffaele is planning a distraction here at the fundraiser. Something that will give them time to hit shipments undetected. He mentioned following instructions and sticking to a timeline."

Massimo's jaw tightened, his expression hardening as he processed my words. "Did he say what kind of distraction? Or which shipments they're targeting?"

I shook my head. "No, but he seemed confident that everything was set. He said they would be 'in and out before anyone realizes what's happening.' And he said Raffaele doesn't suspect that they're being watched. Whoever this man was, he's involved in something big, and it's happening soon."

Massimo ran a hand through his hair, pacing the length of the room as he considered

the implications of what I had said. “If Raffaele’s planning to do something here, it could be a cover for anything—a hit on one of our shipments, a move against a rival, or maybe even something else.” He paused, his eyes meeting mine, a mix of determination and frustration swirling in their depths. “And if he’s targeting our shipments, it means he’s more entrenched in this than we thought.”

“What do we do now?” I asked, looking to Massimo for guidance. The urgency of the situation hung between us, and I drew in a deep breath.

Massimo’s gaze sharpened, and I could see the gears turning in his head. “First, we need to confirm exactly what he’s up to. If we can figure that out, we might be able to stop him before he does any real damage.”

He pulled out his phone, sending a quick text to Enzo. “I’m getting my men on this. Enzo can start digging right away. If Raffaele thinks he can pull something off right under our noses, he’s got another think coming.”

I nodded, my resolve strengthening. “I’m with you. Whatever it takes, we can’t let him get away with this.”

Massimo looked at me, his expression softening just a fraction. He reached out, taking my hand and squeezing it gently. “You did well, Sofia. I’m proud of you for catching this.”

A warmth spread through me at his praise, and I squeezed his hand back.

“And your belt?” I asked a bit nervously and his gaze narrowed as he found mine.

“Do you think you still deserve a belting, *la mia bambina*?”

I opened and closed my mouth, trying to find the words, all while my clit flared to

life like a little fucking traitor.

“Maybe a little,” I finally managed, and he grinned, his eyes darkening as he reached out and pulled me close to him.

“Then when this is all over, I’ll make sure that sweet little ass is very well marked from my belt,” he whispered, and I shivered hard, dropping my fingers to brush over the leather strap at his waist. It was soft, well-conditioned, like butter against my fingers.

My pussy clenched hard.

“Will it hurt?” I asked.

“Yes. You’d be disappointed if it didn’t, wouldn’t you?” he asked and I blushed hard, pressing myself against him as a wave of heat swept up my face.

“Yes, sir,” I whispered.

“Good, now you’re going to be a good girl and stay by my side for the rest of the night, or else I’m going to use the belt to truly punish you instead of just getting that pretty pussy soaking wet,” he threatened.

“I’ll be your good girl,” I said softly, and he wrapped his hand around the back of my neck. Pulling me in for a kiss, his lips found mine and devoured me for several long seconds before he pulled back.

“You’re so much more than I anticipated, *bambina*,” he whispered and then he reluctantly pulled away like letting go of me was the hardest thing in the world.

My heart swelled just a little bit.

In silence, Massimo led me out of the safety of the private lounge, his hand firm on my lower back as guidance. When we stepped back into the grand ballroom, I held my breath, lifting my head high and pulling my shoulders back. I needed to pretend like nothing was wrong and amongst these people, I had to put on the performance of a lifetime. One wrong move and it would cause a ripple effect that we potentially couldn't come back from.

I scanned the room, my eyes seeking out Raffaele or any sign of the man I had followed earlier. I didn't see them anywhere and that didn't sit well with me. What were they going to do? Who were they planning to hit?

Massimo leaned in close, his voice a low murmur in my ear. "Keep your eyes open. If anything seems off, let me know immediately. We can't afford to be caught off guard."

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I nodded, swallowing the lump of anxiety that had lodged itself in my throat. “I will.”

We moved further into the ballroom, and as the minutes ticked by, I began to relax, thinking that perhaps Raffaele’s plan might not unfold as quickly as I thought it would. But just as I started to calm down, the lights flickered, once, twice, and then went out completely, plunging the room into sudden darkness.

A collective gasp rose from the crowd, followed by murmurs of confusion and the clinking of glasses as people fumbled to steady themselves. The only light in the entire room was the faint glow of emergency exit signs. I blinked several times, my eyes slowly adjusting to the dim glow.

“Stay close,” Massimo ordered, his hand tightening on my arm as the ballroom erupted into chaos. People were already beginning to panic, their voices rising in frantic whispers as they tried to make their way through the darkness.

Massimo pulled out his phone, the screen putting out a soft light. “Enzo, we’ve got a situation,” he spoke quickly into the phone, his tone sharp. “Find out what’s happening with the power and secure the place immediately.”

I strained to hear Enzo’s response, but Massimo’s focus was already shifting, his eyes scanning the room for any signs of danger. His body was tense as he calmly assessed the situation, ready to act on a moment’s notice.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I noticed movement near one of the emergency exits—a group of men, dressed in black, slipping through the door. They were too coordinated to be ordinary guests, and the way they moved suggested they knew

exactly what they were doing and where they were going.

“Massimo,” I whispered, nodding toward the exit. “Over there.”

He followed my gaze, his expression darkening as he spotted the men. “Stay here,” he ordered, his voice firm. “I’m going after them.”

“No,” I said quickly, grabbing his arm. “I’m coming with you.”

Massimo hesitated, and I squeezed his arm. My gaze met his and I leveled him with a firm look that said that I could handle it. He nodded as if he understood, his grip on my hand tightening as he led us through the crowd, moving swiftly toward the door where the men had disappeared.

We pushed through the door and emerged into a dark service hallway. The air was cool back here and I could hear the faint murmur of generators kicking in somewhere in the building, but the lights remained off, casting long shadows that danced along the walls like tree limbs in the breeze.

The group of men was further down the hallway, their footsteps echoing as they moved quickly toward a set of loading docks at the back of the building. Massimo and I followed at a distance, our footsteps muffled by the carpet as we tried to stay hidden.

I didn’t know what I was about to get into, but I was going to find out.

CHAPTER 18

Massimo

They weren’t messing with any shipments back here.

I tightened my grip on Sofia's arm, leading her forward all while watching to see what the men were doing by the loading docks. Her breath was quick and shallow, and I could feel the pulse in her wrist racing under my fingers. My own heartbeat thudded loudly in my chest as I watched the group of men. I squinted, my eyes trying to adjust to the faint light, and then I saw it—one of the men crouched down near a column, his hands busy with something small and metallic.

A detonator.

Shit.

I felt a surge of adrenaline shoot through me. They were planting explosives. This wasn't just a power play; it was a goddamn declaration of war.

"Stay behind me," I whispered to Sofia, pressing her back against the wall. Her eyes were wide, but she nodded. I edged forward, careful to keep in the shadows. The men were too absorbed in their task to notice us—for now.

I could make out the shapes more clearly now. There were three of them, all dressed in black, their faces obscured by hoods. One was attaching explosives to the base of a structural column, another was handling wires, and the third kept lookout.

The lookout's gaze swept in our direction, and I pulled Sofia back just in time, flattening us against the wall.

"We have to get everyone out," Sofia whispered, her voice barely audible.

"I know," I said through gritted teeth.

Sofia looked around, her eyes searching for something, and then her eyes narrowed as she found something. "There," she whispered, pointing to a red lever mounted on the

wall a few feet away. “If we pull that, it will set off the alarm.”

I nodded, impressed by her quick thinking. “Good idea. I’ll cover you. Be quick and stay low.”

She nodded, determination flaring in her eyes. She took a deep breath, then darted toward the alarm, moving swiftly and silently. I kept my eyes on the men, ready to move if they so much as turned in our direction.

I would have killed every single one of them if they even looked at her.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

The seconds felt like hours, each one stretched out by the tension that seemed to thicken the air around us. Finally, I saw her hand reach for the lever. I braced myself, holding my breath.

She pulled it.

A blaring siren shattered the silence, piercing through the darkness. The men jumped, their heads snapping around in confusion. I saw them hesitate, their hands still on the detonators, but I didn't.

"Move!" I shouted to Sofia, grabbing her arm as she sprinted back toward me. Together, we ran, my hand gripping hers tightly as we raced down the hallway, the alarm echoing around us, warning everyone inside of the impending dangers.

We had to get everyone out before the explosives went off. I would not let anyone die tonight—not while I still had breath in my body.

As we neared the ballroom doors, I could hear the sound of frantic voices as people began to move. I glanced at Sofia, her face set with grim resolve.

"You did good," I said, my voice low, my gaze locked on hers.

The fire alarm blared through the ballroom, its shrill cry cutting through the panicked murmurs and shouts. Guests were moving toward the exits, but the atmosphere was quickly shifting from confusion to outright fear. I kept Sofia close to me, guiding her through the chaos.

I needed to avoid a stampede.

“Everyone, stay calm!” I called out, my voice authoritative and commanding. “Move to the nearest exit in an orderly fashion. There’s no danger if we act quickly.”

I could see the fear in people’s eyes, their movements hurried and growing increasingly anxious. The lights flickered back on for a moment, but it only seemed to add to the confusion. I glanced back at Sofia, who was helping to guide an elderly couple toward the main exit.

“Keep going,” I urged her. “We need to clear this place out fast.”

I looked around.

Something wasn’t right. This was going too smoothly.

Raffaele’s men wouldn’t just give up because we pulled the fire alarm. They had a plan, and I was certain that they were going to stick to it, whatever it was.

There had to be something I was missing.

I scanned the room, looking for any signs of trouble. That’s when I noticed something—a group of men in security uniforms, standing by the side exits. There were four of them, spread out along the periphery of the ballroom, their postures too stiff, their eyes darting back and forth as if they were looking for something—or someone.

My blood ran cold. I knew those faces. They weren’t part of the regular security detail. Raffaele’s men had to have disguised themselves as security to blend in. I was familiar with the layout of this place. The closer I watched them, the more it became clear what they were doing. They were trying to redirect the guests, subtly blocking

some of the exits and guiding people away from others.

“Shit,” I muttered under my breath. “Sofia!” I called out, motioning for her to come back to me.

She hurried over, worry etched on her face. “What is it?”

“Raffaele’s men,” I said, keeping my voice low as I nodded toward the fake security guards. “They’re trying to control the crowd, keep people from leaving.”

Her eyes widened as she followed my gaze. “What do we do?”

“Stay close to me,” I said, taking her hand. “We’re going to have to force them out into the open.”

I pushed through the crowd, moving toward the closest exit where one of Raffaele’s men was positioned. As we approached, he turned to us, his expression wary.

“Sir, this exit is closed,” he said firmly. “Please use one of the other?—”

Before he could finish, I grabbed him by the collar, slamming him against the wall with a force that made him grunt in surprise. “Closed, my ass,” I growled. “Who are you working for?”

The man’s eyes widened in panic, but he didn’t have time to respond before one of his companions noticed and shouted, “Hey!”

Sofia and I turned to see the other security imposters converging on us, their hands moving toward their concealed weapons. The ballroom was too crowded for a shootout—we needed to get everyone out of here, now.

“Get to the main exit!” I shouted to the crowd. “Now! Go!”

The fake security guards moved in, trying to regain control of the crowd. I pushed the man I’d grabbed to the floor, turning just in time to block a punch from one of the others. I slammed my elbow into his jaw, sending him staggering back.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

All around me, the guests were beginning to panic in earnest now, shoving past each other in their rush to escape. I saw a couple of Raffaele's men shouting to each other, trying to regroup, but they were getting lost in the fray.

A loud bang echoed through the room, followed by a flash of light and the acrid smell of smoke. I recognized what was happening. Someone had set off a smoke bomb. I cursed under my breath.

The smoke began to thicken, curling up toward the chandeliers, and the harsh stench of chemicals filled the air. Guests continued to push toward the exits, their panic barely contained, but at least they were moving in the right direction.

I kept one eye on Raffaele's men, watching their every move. They were regrouping, huddling near the far wall, their faces hidden behind makeshift masks to protect them from the smoke. I knew they were waiting for something—for the smoke to cover whatever they had planned next. I could feel it in my gut; this was only the beginning.

But as I scanned the room, I saw something else—another man, standing off to the side, near a small utility door. He was dressed like a waiter, but his movements were too precise, too deliberate. He was trying to blend in, but I recognized the way he held himself, the tension in his shoulders. And he wasn't focused on the chaos; he was focused on something else entirely.

Chances were he worked for Raffaele.

"Sofia," I whispered, nodding in his direction. "See him? Near the door?"

She followed my gaze, narrowing her eyes. “Yeah, I see him. What’s he doing?”

I watched him carefully, noticing the way his eyes darted around the room, then back to the utility door, as if waiting for a moment when no one was looking. Then it clicked. He was guarding something—or someone.

“He’s not trying to help anyone out of here,” I murmured. “He’s protecting that door. There’s something behind it.”

Sofia nodded, her expression sharpening with understanding. “You think it’s connected to Raffaele’s plan?”

“Has to be,” I replied. “That door leads to the building’s main server room. If they’re using this blackout as a distraction, they could be after sensitive data—financial records, political leverage... anything they could use against us or others in this room.”

“Or worse,” she whispered, eyes widening. “What if they’re hacking into the security systems? They could gain access to any number of things—bank accounts, private communications of everyone here... even control of the security cameras and alarm systems.”

I felt a surge of anger. Raffaele was always two steps ahead, but not this time. “We can’t let them get to that data,” I said firmly.

Sofia glanced at the fire extinguisher in her hands, then back at me. “Then we need to move. Fast.”

I nodded, making a quick decision. “Follow my lead. Stay close.”

I moved swiftly, guiding Sofia toward the utility door. The man guarding it hadn’t

noticed us yet, his focus still on the crowd. As we approached, I slowed my steps, positioning us just outside his line of sight.

Then I made my move.

In a single, fluid motion, I lunged forward, grabbing the man by the collar and slamming him against the wall. He gasped in shock, but before he could react, I pinned him in place, my forearm pressed against his throat.

“What’s behind the door?” I growled, my voice low and dangerous.

The man struggled, his eyes wide with fear, but he didn’t answer. He tried to reach for something—a weapon, maybe—but Sofia was faster. She grabbed his wrist and twisted it, forcing him to drop whatever he was holding.

My little badass...

“I’m not going to ask again,” I said, tightening my grip. “What are you hiding?”

He gasped for breath, his face turning red. “Alright, alright,” he croaked. “There’s a team in there. They’re accessing the servers... copying data. Financials, communications... everything they can get their hands on.”

Sofia’s eyes flashed with alarm. “How much time do they have?”

The man swallowed hard. “Minutes... maybe less. They’re almost done.”

I swore under my breath, then knocked him out with a quick blow to the side of the head. “We don’t have much time,” I said, turning to Sofia. “We need to get in there, now.”

She nodded, her eyes glittering with determination. I pushed the utility door open, revealing a narrow corridor that led to a reinforced door marked ‘Server Room—Authorized Personnel Only.’ I could hear the faint hum of machinery inside, mixed with the sound of hushed voices.

I moved forward, pressing my ear to the door, listening. “There are at least three of them,” I whispered to Sofia. “Maybe more. They’re working fast.”

She nodded, understanding the urgency. “We need to disrupt whatever they’re doing. If we cut the power to the servers, they’ll lose everything they’ve managed to access.”

Page 51

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I grinned, impressed by her quick thinking. For a second, I just stared at her, my cock hardening by the second.

“Smart. You think you can find the power switch?” I said, gathering myself as quickly as I could.

There would be time for fucking later.

“I think so,” she replied, already scanning the wall for any indication of the controls. “If I can get to the main breaker, I can shut it all down.”

“Good,” I said. “I’ll handle the men inside. You find the switch.”

She nodded again. I felt a surge of pride. This little thing was turning out to be far more than I expected.

I took a deep breath, bracing myself. “On three,” I whispered. “One... two... three.”

I kicked the door open, rushing inside. The room was filled with racks of servers and computer equipment, and three men turned in surprise at my sudden entrance. I didn’t give them a chance to react. I lunged at the nearest one, immediately tackling him to the floor.

Sofia moved swiftly, slipping past us and heading toward the back of the room where the main electrical panel was located. I could see her hands working quickly, searching for the breaker that would kill the power.

One of the men grabbed a crowbar and swung it toward me, but I dodged, slamming my elbow into his jaw and sending him crashing into the server racks. Another came at me with a knife, but I caught his wrist, twisting it until I heard a satisfying crack. He screamed, dropping the blade.

“Sofia, now!” I shouted, struggling to keep the remaining man from reaching her.

She found the breaker and pulled it hard. The room was immediately plunged into darkness, the hum of the servers dying down in an instant. I grabbed Sofia’s hand and pulled her out of the server room, knowing that time was of the essence.

I needed to get her out of the building before it went up in flames.

My mind was racing, trying to piece together what I’d just seen. Raffaele’s men had been trying to steal sensitive data, but for what purpose? And why now, in the middle of a crowded fundraiser with so many powerful eyes watching?

As we rounded the corner back into the main hallway, I heard a commotion near the front of the ballroom. Guests were still streaming out, but a cluster of them had stopped, their attention focused on something—or someone—near the entrance.

My instincts flared, and I tightened my grip on Sofia’s hand, pulling her along with me as we pushed through the crowd until we reached the front.

I stopped cold.

Raffaele, flanked by two of his men, was guiding a tall woman through the double doors at the front of the ballroom.

Fuck. This was bad.

It was Senator Claudia Bianchi. She was the kind of high-profile target that if she went missing, it would make headlines. She and I had come together in a useful alliance a few years back and were still going strong now. What could Raffaele want with her? From the explosives to the data breach to this, my mind was reeling.

“Damn it,” I muttered under my breath.

Sofia’s eyes widened as she followed my gaze. “We can’t let him get away.”

“Agreed,” I said, already moving toward the door.

We pushed through the remaining guests, ignoring their confused looks as we burst out of the venue’s main entrance and out into the night. The air was cooler out here. I scanned the parking area in front of the venue, searching for Raffaele. I caught sight of him hustling the senator toward a sleek black car parked near the exit.

“There!” Sofia pointed, and I nodded, pulling her along as we sprinted across the courtyard.

Raffaele was almost at the car, one of his men opening the rear door as they approached. I could hear him speaking in low, urgent tones, but I was too far away to make out the words. I picked up the pace, my heart pounding, my senses on high alert. The senator struggled in their grip, but Raffaele’s men tightened their hold, forcing her into the back seat.

We were going to be too late.

Raffaele turned his head and caught my eye, smiling like the joker who had just gotten away with murder. I narrowed my eyes, watching as he slipped into the car.

The vehicle surged forward, and I sprinted after it, but I knew it was too late.

Raffaele's face flashed in the rear window, a taunting grin on his lips. The senator, eyes wide with fear, was beside him.

There would be no catching them. Not on foot.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Damn it!” I roared, frustration boiling over as I watched the car disappear down the narrow street. The darkness swallowed them up, and I knew we had lost our chance to stop him.

Fuck.

Immediately, I turned, racing back to where Sofia stood with wide-eyed guests milling around, panic setting in again. “We have to move—now!” I shouted. “Get everyone as far from the building as possible!”

Sofia nodded once, instantly understanding. She grabbed the man next to her, pulling him along with her, and I began shouting at the remaining guests. “Out of here! Move! Everyone, get out—now!”

But even as we pushed them toward the gates, I heard a low rumble—an ominous sound that made my heart drop.

The explosives.

“Massimo!” Sofia’s voice cut through the noise, panic tinging the edges of her words. “We’re not far enough!”

Before I could answer, a blinding flash lit up the night and a deafening boom reverberated through the air. The force of the explosion tore through the front of the building, sending debris and shattered glass flying in every direction. A shockwave knocked me off my feet, and I hit the ground hard, the impact rattling through my bones.

Sofia screamed, but I couldn't see her through the dust and smoke. My ears rang, the sound of the explosion still echoing in my skull. I struggled to my feet, my vision blurred, every instinct telling me to find her immediately and make sure she was okay.

"Sofia!" I shouted, coughing against the thick, acrid smoke that filled my lungs. "Sofia!"

"I'm here!" Her voice came from somewhere to my left. I stumbled toward it, my heart pounding in my chest, my vision hazy. Finally, I saw her through the smoke—she was on her knees, her arms shielding her face. There was debris scattered all around her.

I rushed to her side, pulling her to her feet. "Are you okay?" I asked, my hands gripping her shoulders tightly. She nodded, but it wasn't enough for me. Carefully, I ran my hands up and down her body, needing to see for myself. When I was certain she was alright, I led her away from the wreckage as more explosions went off inside the building, smaller but just as deadly. The ground shook beneath our feet.

We managed to reach the courtyard, where emergency vehicles were already arriving—police cars, firetrucks, and ambulances, their sirens all wailing in the night.

Sofia and I staggered back, catching our breath as we watched the chaos unfold. My heart was still racing, adrenaline coursing through my veins.

I started to pull Sofia away from the frenzied scene, but I paused, glancing back at the burning building. The flames were raging higher, smoke billowing into the night sky, and people were still stumbling around in a daze, some clutching their wounds, others calling out for missing loved ones. The sound of sirens blared in the distance as more emergency vehicles approached.

Sofia squeezed my hand, sensing my hesitation. “Massimo, we can’t just leave them,” she said, her voice steady despite the tremor in it. “There are still people who need help.”

She was right. Damn it, she was right. I looked at her, seeing the resolve in her eyes. She was covered in soot, her hair tangled, her dress torn, but there was no fear—only a fierce tenacity that matched my own.

I nodded, my grip tightening around her hand for a moment before letting go. “Alright. We’ll help get them out. But we stay close, understand? I don’t want to lose sight of you in this mess.”

“I promise,” she said, and with that, we turned back toward the wreckage.

We moved quickly through the chaos, helping people to their feet and guiding them away from the burning structure. The heat was intense, the roar of the fire like a living thing, hungry and angry. I saw a woman struggling to carry her young daughter, her face streaked with tears and smoke. I rushed over, taking the child into my arms, nodding to Sofia to help the mother.

“Follow us,” I urged, my voice calm but firm. “We’re getting everyone to safety.”

The woman nodded, clutching Sofia’s arm as we led them toward the ambulances. I could hear the little girl coughing in my arms, her small body trembling against mine, and I felt a surge of anger. There was no doubt in my mind that Raffaele was at fault for this, but for all that I’d seen tonight, I couldn’t figure out why.

We reached the paramedics, handing over the woman and her child. “There are more people inside,” I told them. “Get as many as you can. This building is coming down.”

The paramedic nodded, moving quickly to help others, and I turned back to the scene.

Sofia was already moving to another group of guests, helping an elderly man who seemed disoriented. I followed her, lifting a piece of debris that had fallen in his path, clearing the way for them.

“Thank you,” the man muttered, his voice weak. “I... I didn’t see this coming...”

“None of us did,” Sofia replied gently, guiding him toward the emergency personnel. “Just keep moving, sir. You’re safe now.”

A young woman appeared in front of me, her face streaked with soot, panic in her eyes. “My husband!” she cried, grabbing my arm. “He was right behind me, but I lost him in the smoke!”

“Where?” I asked urgently.

She pointed back toward the far side of the building, where the flames were starting to consume one of the entrances. “There! I saw him near the door!”

I nodded, squeezing her shoulder. “Stay here. We’ll find him.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Sofia was already at my side, ready to go. “I’m with you,” she said.

“No,” I replied, shaking my head. “It’s too dangerous. Stay with her and make sure she’s safe.”

“Massimo, you can’t go alone,” Sofia insisted, her eyes blazing. “I’m not leaving you.”

I hesitated for a moment, but I knew there was no time to argue. I’d deal with her properly later. “Fine. Stay close, and don’t take any unnecessary risks.”

Together, we moved back toward the building, where the smoke was thickest. I could barely see, my eyes watering from the fumes, but I heard a faint cry for help—a man’s voice, weak and desperate.

“Over here!” I shouted, moving toward the sound. Sofia was right behind me, her hand gripping the back of my jacket to stay close.

We found him pinned under a fallen beam, his leg trapped. His face was pale, his breaths shallow. “Help me,” he whispered, his eyes wide with fear.

“Hold on,” I said, crouching down to assess the situation. The beam was heavy, and the flames were getting closer. We didn’t have much time.

“Sofia, grab that end,” I instructed, pointing to a clear part of the beam. “On three, we lift. Ready?”

She nodded, determination in her eyes. “Ready.”

“One... two... three!”

We heaved together, lifting the beam just enough for the man to pull his leg free. He cried out in pain, but Sofia quickly moved to support him, helping him stand.

“You’re going to be okay,” she reassured him, guiding him away from the flames. “Just lean on me.”

I took his other side, and we hurried back toward the paramedics, the heat intensifying with every step. I could hear the crackling of the flames, the groaning of the building as it struggled to stay upright.

We had to get away from it—now.

We made it back to the courtyard, where firefighters were working to control the blaze. I saw Sofia’s eyes darting around, searching for anyone else who might need help. She was unstoppable, and I couldn’t help but feel a swell of pride at her courage.

When we got home tonight, I was going to reward her. First with my belt. Then with my cock.

We reached the paramedics, handing the man over. “Get him checked out,” I told them. “He’s hurt, but he’ll make it.”

It was pure chaos now.

The authorities were swarming the scene, and I knew it wouldn’t be long before they started asking questions—questions we didn’t have time to answer.

“This way,” I murmured to Sofia, nodding toward a side street that ran behind the venue building. “We need to get out of here before they start looking for witnesses.”

She glanced up at me, her eyes clear and determined. “You think they’ll suspect us?”

“They’ll want to talk to everyone who was inside,” I replied. “And I’m not in the mood to explain why we were the ones pulling the alarm. Besides, Raffaele is up to something much bigger than I can guess at, and I need all the time I can have to figure out what.”

She bit her lip, her brow furrowed in thought. “Then what do we do?”

I paused for a moment, considering our options. “We don’t play by his rules,” I replied. “Raffaele knows I saw him. He’ll expect us to come charging after him, guns blazing. But we need to be smarter than that. We’ll find out who’s involved in his plan, who’s helping him. And when we have enough information, we’ll take him down.”

Sofia nodded, a faint smile forming on her lips. “I like the sound of that.”

I chuckled softly, feeling a strange warmth in my chest despite the tension still thrumming through my veins. “Good. Because we’re in this together now.”

We turned another corner, putting more distance between us and the burning venue. I could still hear the crackle of the flames, the shouts of firefighters working to contain the blaze. I knew that the pure chaos would buy us some time, but not much.

I needed to take advantage of every single second I got.

Quickly, I pulled out my phone and dialed my driver, Francesco. I needed to get us out of here before the authorities locked down the area entirely. The line rang twice

before he answered, his voice calm and efficient as always. “Signore?”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Francesco, we need a pickup,” I said, glancing around to get my bearings. “A few blocks west of the venue, near Via della Spada. Can you be here in five minutes?”

“Yes,signore,” he replied. “I’m on my way.”

“Good,” I said, ending the call and turning back to Sofia. “Francesco will be here soon. We’ll lay low for a bit and in thattime, we figure out our next move.” I pulled her in close to me and wound my arm around her waist.

We waited in silence for a few moments, the sounds of the city around us slowly returning to normal. I kept my eyes on the street, watching for Francesco’s car, feeling Sofia’s presence beside me, warm and temptingly inviting.

When the sleek black sedan pulled up to the curb, I opened the door, gesturing for Sofia to get in. She slid inside, and I followed, closing the door behind me. Francesco glanced at me in the rearview mirror, his expression neutral.

“Where to,signore?” he asked.

“Take us home,” I demanded.

My Sofia had seen too much danger and tonight, I needed to put my hands all over her and make sure she was alright.

Tomorrow, I’d focus on Raffaele. From the shipments to the kidnapping, to the security breach, to the bombing, I’d figure it all out.

For now, my focus was Sofia.

Her and only her.

CHAPTER 19

Sofia

As the car pulled away from the burning chaos behind us, I felt the tension in my body slowly begin to ease. Massimo sat close beside me, his eyes scanning me up and down with a mix of concern and something more—something deeper, more intense.

His hands reached for me immediately, his touch firm yet gentle as he ran his palms over my arms, down my sides, checking for injuries once again.

“Are you hurt?” he asked, his voice low but insistent. His fingers brushed over my skin, sending shivers through me despite the heat still radiating from the wreckage outside.

“I’m fine,” I managed to whisper, my voice a little breathless. “Just a few scratches, nothing serious.”

He didn’t seem convinced. His hands continued their search, moving to my legs, my shoulders, his touch becoming more insistent. I could feel the heat of his fingers even through the thin fabric of my dress, his eyes searching mine for any sign of pain or discomfort.

“Massimo,” I murmured, feeling a strange mix of nervousness and excitement bubbling up inside me. “Really, I’m okay...”

His gaze locked onto mine, and I saw the concern in his eyes flicker into something

darker, more possessive.

“I need to be sure,” he said softly, his hands lingering on my waist. “I need to know you’re safe.”

I felt a warmth spread through my chest at his words, a flutter of emotion I couldn’t quite name. I reached up, resting my hand over his, my thumb tracing small circles against his skin.

“I’m safe,” I whispered, my voice barely audible over the sound of the car engine.

His eyes darkened, and his hands moved to cup my face, his thumb brushing across my cheek, smudging away some of the soot that I knew had settled there. His touch sent a spark through me, and I felt my breath catch in my throat.

“You were so brave back there,” he murmured, his voice rough, filled with a raw emotion I hadn’t heard before. “You didn’t have to stay and help, but you did.”

My heart swelled at the intensity in his voice. “I didn’t want to leave anyone behind,” I replied softly.

His expression softened, and his thumb continued its gentle caress across my skin. “You have no idea how much you mean to me,” he whispered, leaning in closer, his breath warm against my lips. “How much I need you.”

The air between us seemed to thicken, charged with something electric. My heart pounded in my chest as he drew closer, his forehead resting against mine. I could feel his breath, warm and uneven, mixing with my own.

“Massimo,” I breathed, my voice trembling with a mix of fear and longing. “I...”

Before I could finish, his lips were on mine, firm and demanding, claiming me in a way that left no room for hesitation. I melted into him, my hands finding their way to his chest, feeling the strong, steady beat of his heart beneath my palms. The kiss deepened, his mouth moving against mine with a hunger that matched the wild rhythm of my pulse.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

His hands slid down my back, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us. I could feel the strength in his arms, the urgency in his touch, and it sent a thrill through me that left me breathless. My fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer still, as if I needed him to consume every part of me.

His lips moved to my jaw, trailing hot, desperate kisses along my skin, down the curve of my neck. I let out a soft sigh, tilting my head back to give him more access, my entire body alive with sensation. His hands roamed over me, one sliding up to cup the back of my head, the other gripping my waist with a possessiveness that sent shivers down my spine.

“You’re mine, Sofia,” he murmured against my skin, his voice rough and filled with need. “Only mine.”

A small, breathless laugh escaped me, and I tightened my grip on him. “I’m yours, sir,” I whispered back, my voice barely audible.

His mouth found mine again, his kiss more urgent this time, more desperate, as if he needed to claim me completely, to make sure I knew I belonged to him. I responded eagerly, my own need matching his, my hands roaming over his chest, his shoulders, wanting to feel every inch of him.

His hands slid down to my thighs, lifting me slightly, pulling me closer into his lap. I felt a rush of excitement, a warmth spreading through my body, and I couldn’t help but moan softly against his mouth.

“Don’t stop...” I breathed, my voice trembling with a mix of desire and need.

He chuckled softly, his lips brushing against my ear. “I don’t plan to, *la mia bambina*,” he whispered, his voice deep and filled with promise. “Not for a long time.”

And with that, he kissed me again, deeper, more intense, and I felt myself surrendering completely to him.

By the time we reached his estate, I was a panting mess, my body trembling with need. He didn’t even let me step out of the car before sweeping me up in his arms.

My heart pounded against my ribs, and I couldn’t help but cling to him, my arms wrapping around his neck as he carried me up the marble staircase.

I knew where we were going. He didn’t need to tell me.

He didn’t slow down, even as we reached the top of the stairs. With a swift kick, he pushed the door to his master bedroom open, crossing the threshold in a few long strides. I caught a glimpse of the luxurious room—the expansive bed, the soft pillows at the headboard—but he didn’t stop. Instead, he headed straight for another door, one that led to a spacious master bathroom.

His grip tightened around me, and I shivered as he pushed the bathroom door open with his shoulder, stepping inside. The space was immaculate, with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, a massive glass shower, and gleaming marble tiles. He set me down, my feet barely touching the cool floor before his hands were on me again, urgent and demanding.

“Massimo,” I whispered, my voice shaky with anticipation, but he silenced me with a look—a heated, possessive look that sent a thrill racing down my spine.

His hands moved to the thin straps of my dress, and with a swift motion, he tore the

fabric from my shoulders, the soft silk ripping easily under his strength. The dress slipped down my body, pooling at my feet, leaving me exposed to the cool air of the bathroom. I gasped, but the sound was swallowed by the heat in his eyes, the intensity that burned in his gaze as he took me in.

I was still naked underneath.

“Bella,” he murmured, his voice rough, almost reverent, as his hands slid over my skin, caressing every inch of me.

His fingers brushed over my collarbone, trailing down to my waist, and I felt my breath hitch, a desperate ache building low in my belly. I reached for him, needing to feel his skin against mine, but he caught my wrists, pinning them against the cool marble wall behind me.

“Not yet,” he whispered, his lips grazing my ear, sending shivers down my spine. “I want to take my time with you.”

He released my wrists, only to strip off his own clothes in a flurry of movement, his shirt and pants falling to the floor, leaving him gloriously naked before me. My eyes drank him in, every inch of his toned body, the way his muscles rippled under his skin, his dark hair falling over his forehead in disarray. He was perfection, raw and untamed, and I could scarcely breathe as he pulled me toward the shower.

He reached inside, turning the sleek chrome handle, and the water burst to life, hot steam filling the room instantly. Before I could register what was happening, he lifted me again, stepping into the shower with me cradled against his chest. The hot water cascaded over us, drenching my hair, my skin, his body pressing against mine, hard and unforgiving.

Massimo set me down, his hands sliding over my wet skin, slick with water. He

pushed me back against the cool glass, his lips finding mine in a deep, searing kiss that stole what little breath I had left. His mouth was hot and hungry, demanding, his hands roaming over me as if he couldn't get enough.

His fingers tangled in my hair, tilting my head back as his lips moved to my neck, kissing and biting, leaving trails of heat wherever he touched. The water poured down on us, the steam wrapping around us like a hazy shroud, and I felt like I was drowning, lost in the sensation of him.

"Please," I gasped, my hands gripping his shoulders, pulling him closer, needing him closer.

He growled against my skin, his hands sliding down to grip my thighs, lifting me effortlessly against the shower wall.

"Tell me what you want, *la mia bambina*," he whispered, his voice sending a shockwave of desire straight through me. "I need to hear you say it."

"I want you," I breathed, my voice trembling with need. "Your belt. Your hand. Your cock."

"I'm going to give you everything you want, but more important, everything you need," he growled.

He smiled, a dark, satisfied smile, and leaned in to kiss me again, his hands tightening on my thighs, holding me up as he pressed against me, every inch of his body fitting perfectly with mine. The heat of the water, the pressure of his touch, the intensity in his eyes—it was overwhelming, and I could feel myself surrendering completely, lost to him, to this moment.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“You asked me to punish you tonight, sweet girl. Tell me why,” he whispered.

“Because I want it,” I said softly, a shiver running down my spine.

“I want you thinking about something very specific as I wash all this dirt and soot and smoke off you, little girl. I’m going to use my belt to mark that beautiful little ass. Not because you’ve been naughty, but because I want to. Then after that, I’m going to punish that beautiful virgin asshole of yours with my cock.”

“My... oh, please, not that,” I whispered.

“Tonight, you put yourself in serious danger. Not only did you eavesdrop on a potentially dangerous conversation, but you followed one of them alone, without me, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” I replied, my voice plaintive.

“Normally when I punish your naughty asshole with my cock, I won’t let you come, but since I spoil you, I’m going to make you come as many times as I want.”

“Sir,” I blushed. My clit throbbed to life like a little goddamn traitor. I shouldn’t think this was hot. I shouldn’t want him to actually make good on his threat, but I couldn’t deny that a part of me wanted just that.

My bottom hole clenched.

“Let me tell you a secret though, *la mia bambina*. Your ingenuity saved us tonight and

without you, the two of us may not even be alive right now, so when my cock is deep in that tight little asshole, and you're screaming my name with tears pouring down your cheeks as you come for me, remember how proud of you I am."

"Oh," I stammered.

He cupped my face and reached for me, brushing his thumbs over my cheekbones as he pulled me in for another soft kiss. His hands never left me, his grip firm yet tender as he held me against the cool glass of the shower wall, his mouth moving over mine with a hunger that stole the air from my lungs. The water cascaded over us, hot and steamy, the pressure like a constant drumbeat against my skin. I could feel the desire radiating off him, an intensity that matched the wild rhythm of my heart.

But then, to my surprise, he slowed. His lips softened, his kisses growing gentler, more languid, as if savoring every second. He pulled back slightly, his forehead resting against mine, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His hands moved to cup my face, his thumbs brushing over my cheeks with a tenderness that made my chest ache.

"Bella," he murmured, his voice deep and warm. "Let me take care of you."

I blinked up at him, my breath hitching in my throat, the words catching me off guard. He held my gaze, his eyes dark and full of promise, and I felt myself nodding, my body responding to the unspoken question in his eyes.

He smiled, a soft, almost boyish smile, and gently set me down. The water streamed over us, but his touch remained steady, his hands moving slowly over my arms, my shoulders, as if mapping every inch of my skin. He reached for a bottle of soap, pouring a small amount into his palm, the scent of jasmine filling the air.

"Turn around," he whispered, his lips brushing against my ear, sending a shiver down my spine.

I did as he asked, turning to face the glass, feeling his hands slide down my back, the lather of the soap warm and slick against my skin. His touch was gentle, almost reverent, as he began to wash me, his fingers tracing the lines of my spine, the curve of my waist. I closed my eyes, letting the sensation wash over me, the feel of his hands, the heat of the water, the steady thrum of desire that built with his every caress.

He moved closer, his chest pressing against my back, his breath warm on my neck as he continued to bathe me, his hands sliding over my hips, my stomach, the lower curves of my ass, his touch achingly slow.

His lips found my shoulder, placing soft kisses there, trailing up to my neck as his hands moved over me, his fingers dancing across my skin, leaving me trembling under his touch. I leaned back against him, my head falling onto his shoulder, a soft sigh escaping my lips.

“Massimo,” I whispered, my voice barely audible over the sound of the water. “What are you doing to me?”

He chuckled softly, his breath tickling my ear. “Taking my time,” he murmured, his hands moving to cup my breasts, his thumbs brushing over my nipples, making me gasp. “I want to feel every inch of you, memorize every curve... make you mine in every way.”

A soft moan escaped me, my body arching into his touch, my desire reaching a fever pitch. His hands continued their exploration, sliding down to my thighs, massaging the tension there, coaxing soft sounds from my lips that I couldn’t hold back.

He reached for the shampoo next, his hands tangling in my hair, working the lather into a rich foam. His fingers massaged my scalp, gentle and soothing, and I felt a wave of relaxation wash over me, mingling with the heat of the desire building

between us. I closed my eyes, letting myself drift in the feel of his touch, feeling his breath against my skin.

He rinsed my hair, his hands moving with careful precision, his touch never wavering. When the last of the soap had been washed away, he turned me back to face him, his hands framing my face once more, his eyes searching mine with an intensity that made my knees weak.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispered, his voice rough with emotion. “Do you know that?”

I felt a blush creep up my cheeks, my heart fluttering in my chest. “I?—”

Before I could respond, he kissed me again, his lips capturing mine with a renewed urgency, a passion that stole the breath from my lungs. His hands moved to my waist, pulling me against him, and I felt the heat of his body, the strength of his desire.

The kiss deepened, the water streaming around us, and I felt my body melt into his, every nerve alive, every sense on fire. His hands roamed over me, his touch becoming more insistent, more desperate, as if he couldn’t get enough.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer, needing to feel him, needing him to fill every empty space inside me. His lips moved to my jaw, then down to my neck, his teeth grazing my skin, sending jolts of pleasure straight through me.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Please,” I breathed, my voice trembling with need. “I can’t... I can’t wait...”

I wanted his belt. His cock. I wanted everything.

He growled softly against my neck, his hands gripping my hips, lifting me slightly. “I know, bella,” he whispered, his voice a mix of sweetness and raw hunger. “I need you, too.”

I could feel just how much he needed me against my belly.

He turned off the water, and for a moment, the world was quiet, save for the sound of our ragged breaths and the soft drip of water from our bodies. He pulled me close, his lips brushing against my ear.

“Let me show you how much.” His voice was a promise, a vow.

My heart pounded in my chest, each beat echoing in my ears as I looked up at him.

He reached for a plush white towel hanging nearby, his eyes never leaving mine. Slowly, carefully, he began to dry me off, his movements gentle but deliberate. The towel brushed over my shoulders, my arms, absorbing the water from my skin. I shivered, not from the cold, but from the heat in his gaze, the way his eyes roamed over me as if he were memorizing every detail of my body.

“Hold still, bella,” he murmured, his voice a low, rumbling command that sent a shiver down my spine.

I stood motionless, my breath coming in shallow bursts, my body responding to every touch, every slow caress of the towel as he worked his way down my back, over my hips, and along my thighs. His touch was firm but tender, the fabric brushing against me in a way that made my skin tingle. His hand squeezed my left ass cheek and he growled.

I wonder if he was thinking about using his belt to whip my bottom. I knew I certainly was.

He moved around to face me, his eyes dark and intense, filled with a hunger that made my knees weak. His hands worked the towel over my breasts, my stomach, the movement slow and maddening, every brush of the cloth making my pulse quicken. His gaze stayed locked on mine, as if he were watching for every little reaction, every hitch in my breath.

“You’re driving me crazy...” I whispered, barely able to form the words.

A slow smile spread across his lips, a flash of satisfaction in his eyes. “Good,” he replied, his voice low and rough. “Because I’ve never wanted anything—or anyone—like I want you right now.”

The towel slipped from his hands, falling to the floor as he took a step closer, his hands reaching for me once more. I could feel the heat radiating off his body, his touch firm as he lifted me, sweeping me off my feet with a strength that made my heart race.

Before I knew what was happening, I was in his arms again, pressed against his chest as he carried me out of the bathroom, the cool air of the bedroom hitting my skin like a shock. My arms wrapped around his neck, my fingers tangling in his damp hair as he crossed the room with long, purposeful strides.

He reached the bed in seconds, and with a swift, effortless motion, he tossed me down onto the mattress. I landed on my back, a soft gasp escaping my lips as I looked up at him, my body bare and exposed beneath his gaze. His eyes roamed over me, devouring every inch, and I felt a rush of heat flood through me, my skin prickling under the intensity of his stare.

He stood there for a moment, his chest rising and falling with heavy breaths, his hands flexing at his sides as if he were holding himself back. The look in his eyes was pure fire, and it sent a thrill of anticipation racing through me, my body aching with the need for his touch.

“You’re so damn beautiful,” he murmured, his voice thick with desire. “I could look at you like this forever.”

A flush spread across my cheeks, a mix of embarrassment and exhilaration. “Then come here,” I whispered, my voice trembling with need. “Don’t make me wait.”

His smile widened, a dark, hungry smile that sent a wave of heat crashing through me. “Patience, bella,” he said, his tone teasing, almost playful.

He crawled onto the bed, his hands moving to either side of my body, caging me in. He leaned down, his lips hovering just above mine, his breath warm against my skin as he kissed the skin right beneath my ear.

I reached up, my fingers grazing his jaw, feeling the rough stubble beneath my touch. “Massimo...” I breathed, my voice barely more than a sigh. “I want you. Now.”

His eyes darkened, his restraint crumbling in an instant. “As you wish, bella,” he murmured, and then his lips were on mine, hot and fierce, consuming me with a passion that left me breathless.

His hands moved over me, urgent and demanding, claiming every inch of my skin as if he needed to feel every part of me, to know that I was his. The world outside faded away, the only sound the ragged breaths between us, the only sensation the feel of his body against mine, hard and unyielding.

“Turn over. On your belly. Hands straight out in front of you,” he dictated, and I glanced back over to see the belt in his hand. Somehow, in the shuffle, he’d picked it back up and carried it with him when he’d brought me into the bedroom.

A thrill of anxious anticipation shot through me, making my skin tingle. My heart pounded in my chest as I slowly rolled over, feeling the softness of the sheets beneath me. I stretched out on my stomach, my arms extended above my head, my hands trembling slightly as I positioned them just as he’d instructed.

Massimo’s gaze burned into me, intense and unwavering. I could feel his eyes moving over my body, taking in every curve, every line. He came closer, the mattress dipping slightly under his weight as he knelt beside me. His strong hand wrapped around both of my wrists, pinning them to the bed with a firm, steady pressure that made my pulse quicken.

“Good girl,” he murmured, his voice rough with approval. The warmth of his breath grazed my ear, sending a shiver down my spine. “Stay still for me.”

I nodded, swallowing hard, my body trembling under his touch. He moved the belt across my back, letting the cool leather drag slowly against my skin. I bit my lip, a soft gasp escaping me at the sensation.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

He trailed the belt down, brushing it along my spine, over the curve of my waist, and then lower. I felt the leather slide across my bottom, teasing, caressing, sending a wave of heat through me that made me squirm.

“Don’t move,” he warned, his tone sharp but tinged with a hint of amusement. “I want to savor this.”

I stilled, my breath hitching, my body already aching with the anticipation of what was to come. He pressed the belt more firmly against me, letting the cool leather rest against my bare skin, its presence a promise, a threat. I felt his fingers tighten around my wrists, holding me steady, and I knew he was watching every reaction, every tiny movement I made.

““Every inch of you belongs to me now,” he said softly, with a dark possessiveness that made my heart race.

I moaned softly, my fingers curling into the sheets, my body responding to the dominance in his voice. “Yes, sir,” I said softly.

He chuckled, a deep, throaty sound that sent a shiver through me. “Good girl,” he repeated, and I felt the belt lift off my skin, only to be brought back down with a light, testing smack. It wasn’t hard—just enough to make me gasp, to make my skin tingle with lightly stinging awareness.

“Do you trust me?” he asked, his tone softer now, but no less intense.

“Yes,” I replied breathlessly, the word tumbling out before I even had a chance to

think about it. “I trust you, Massimo.”

His grip on my wrists tightened slightly, a reassurance, a silent promise that he would never push me too far.

“Then show me,” he whispered, and the belt came down again, firmer this time, the sound of leather against skin echoing in the room.

I gasped, my body jolting with the impact, but the sting was followed by a rush of heat, a wave of pleasure that coursed through me. I let out a soft moan, my back arching instinctively, my body craving more, needing more.

“That’s it,” he murmured, his voice thick with approval. “That’s my good girl.”

He brought the belt down again, a little harder, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure, my body trembling beneath his touch. I felt his hand let go of my wrists and move to my lower back, his palm warm against my skin, holding me steady, grounding me.

“Just a little more,” he whispered, the belt sliding over my skin again, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. “I want you to feel me... to know you’re mine.”

“Yes,” I breathed, my voice a desperate plea. “Please... Massimo...”

He chuckled softly, darkly, the sound vibrating through me. “Oh, bella,” he murmured, his lips brushing against my ear. “I’m just getting started.”

I felt the belt lift from my skin again, and my breath caught in my throat. There was a pause—a heartbeat, a moment of anticipation so thick it felt like I could drown in it. The leather came down harder this time, a sharp, stinging strike that cut through the air and landed with a satisfying snap against my bare skin.

It was like a line of fire arcing across both cheeks.

I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure, my fingers gripping the sheets as the sting spread like fire across my bottom. My body jolted with the impact, but I didn't move away. I stayed still, just as he'd asked, my heart racing, my breath ragged, every single one of my senses on high alert.

"Good girl," Massimo growled, his voice low and rough with approval.

The belt came down again, and I gasped, the sensation so intense it sent a rush of heat straight to my core. I bit my lip, my back arching slightly, but I forced myself to hold my position, knowing he was watching, testing, waiting to see if I would break.

He brought it down again, the leather striking with a sharp crack that echoed through the room, the sting spreading through me like lightning. I moaned, the sound escaping before I could stop it, my body trembling beneath his touch. I felt my skin heat up, a tingling sensation spreading with every stroke, my nerves alive with a mixture of pain and pleasure that sent waves of sensation coursing through me.

"That's it," he murmured in a dark, dangerous purr.

He brought the belt down again, harder still, and I cried out, my body jerking with the force of it, but I didn't move away. The pain was sharp, electric, but behind it was a thrill, a delicious ache that left me craving more. I could feel every inch of my skin, every nerve, every cell alive with sensation.

"Sir..." I gasped, my voice trembling. "It's... it's so much..."

"I know." His voice was deep and commanding, a hint of a smile in his tone. "But you're taking it so well, *la mia bella*... You're being such a good girl for me."

The words sent a shiver through me, my body arching involuntarily under his praise. The belt came down again, and I cried out, my voice breaking with the force of it. My skin was on fire, my senses overloaded, but I couldn't help the moan that slipped from my lips, a mix of pain and desperate, aching pleasure.

The next stroke was even harder, the leather biting into my skin with a searing intensity that made my whole body shudder. I gasped, my breath coming in ragged pants, my fingers curling into the sheets as I tried to hold on, to stay still, to obey.

I felt tears prick at the corners of my eyes, but they weren't from the pain alone. They were from the overwhelming rush of emotions, the raw, primal need that surged through me.

"Breathe, Sofia," he encouraged, his voice softer now, but still filled with that commanding edge. "Take it all in. I'm right here with you."

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I nodded, inhaling deeply, letting the breath fill my lungs, steadying myself. The next strike came, and I let out a sharp cry, my body trembling, my mind spinning with the intensity of it all. But even as the pain spiked, I felt a rush of heat flood through me, a need so deep and powerful it took my breath away.

“That’s my good girl,” he purred, bringing the belt down again, the leather snapping against my skin with a fierce crack. I moaned, my body arching against the sheets, every nerve alive with sensation, with need.

The strikes came faster now, the leather biting into my skin with an intensity that left me gasping, panting, trembling beneath him. But with every stroke, I felt something shift inside me, a surrender, a release, a need that grew deeper, more desperate, with each strike.

I could feel Massimo’s breath against my ear, hot and heavy, his voice a dark, seductive whisper. “That’s it, Sofia... Let go. Let me take you there.”

And with one final, searing stroke, I felt the tension snap inside me, my body trembling with release, my cries filling the room. I was lost, completely and utterly lost to him, to the sensation, to the power of his touch, and I never wanted to be found.

My skin was on fire, every nerve ending tingling with a mixture of pain and pleasure so intense it was dizzying. The room seemed to spin around me, the only steady thing the feel of Massimo’s hands pinning me down, his breath hot and ragged against my ear.

He lifted the belt again, the leather brushing over my already burning skin, and I felt a fresh wave of anticipation flood through me. I was panting, my body trembling under his touch, but I wanted more—I needed more.

More than anything, I needed to come.

Without warning, he shifted his aim lower. The next strike landed across the backs of my thighs, a sharp, stinging crack that made me cry out, my body jolting with the impact. The pain was fierce, a line of fire that spread up my legs, but behind it was that same delicious ache, that same rush of pleasure that made my breath catch in my throat.

Massimo growled low in his throat, a sound filled with utter satisfaction.

“Look at you,” he murmured, his voice thick with desire. “So beautiful, bella... your skin welts from my belt... wearing my mark so perfectly.”

His words sent a thrill through me, a flush of heat spreading over my already heated skin. He brought the belt down again, another sharp strike across my thighs, and I gasped, my fingers digging into the sheets as I struggled to hold still, to stay obedient.

“You take it so well,” he complimented, his tone laced with dark approval.

The belt struck again, a little harder, and I let out a soft whimper, my body shuddering beneath his touch. His words, his voice, the sheer power of him—it was all too much, too overwhelming. But I didn’t want him to stop. I wanted to feel every bit of what he was giving me, to let it take me over completely.

“Do you know how beautiful you look like this?” he whispered, his hand caressing the red marks now blooming on my skin.

I moaned softly, the sensation of his fingers on my heated skin a perfect counterpoint to the sting of the belt. “Sir...” I breathed, my voice trembling, my body aching for more.

He chuckled darkly, a pleased sound that sent shivers through me. “You love it, don’t you, *la mia bambina*?” he asked in a teasing whisper. “You love wearing my marks... feeling my hand on you, my belt against your skin...”

“Yes,” I gasped, the word torn from my lips before I could think.

He brought the belt down again, and I cried out, my body arching against the sheets, my skin burning with the intensity of his touch.

“That’s it,” he growled, his voice filled with raw desire. “Show me... show me how much you love it.”

The next strike was fierce, the leather biting into the sensitive skin of my thighs, and I let out a sharp cry, my fingers clutching the sheets so tightly I thought they might tear. But the pain was exquisite, mingling with the pleasure, making my head spin, my body tremble with need.

Massimo’s hand stayed on my lower back, steadying me, holding me still as the belt came down again, and again, each stroke leaving a line of fire on my skin. But with every strike, I felt myself sinking deeper, falling further under his spell, my mind blank, my body lost to the sensation.

“That’s my good girl.”

I felt tears prick at my eyes, not from pain, but from the sheer intensity of the moment, the power of his words, his touch, his control over me. My heart pounded in my chest, my body already trembling from the relentless sting that burned across my

thighs and bottom. But I didn't want him to stop—not yet. I needed to feel more of him, to take everything he was willing to give.

He brought the belt down again, the leather cutting through the air with a sharp, decisive crack. I cried out, the pain searing through me, my body jolting with the force of it. My breath came in ragged gasps, my skin on fire, my senses overwhelmed by the intensity of each strike.

“That’s it, bella,” he murmured, his voice thick with approval, dark and low. “Take it for me... show me how strong you are.”

His words sent a thrill through me, pushing me to endure more, to hold still under the fierce, unyielding rhythm of the belt. The strikes came faster now, harder, the sound of leather against skin echoing through the room. I whimpered, my body shuddering with every blow, but I didn't move, didn't try to escape. I stayed where he had put me, offering myself to him, surrendering completely.

Massimo shifted his aim lower again, the belt striking the tender skin at the tops of my thighs. I gasped, my fingers clutching the sheets, my body arching against the sting. The pain was fierce, a white-hot line of fire that radiated up through me, but it was also intoxicating, a sensation that filled me with a raw, desperate need.

He brought the belt down again, even harder, and a sharp cry tore from my lips. Tears pricked at my eyes, blurring my vision as I struggled to stay still, to keep taking everything he was giving. The strikes landed fast and hard, each one pushing me closer to my limit, my body quaking with the effort of holding on.

The tears spilled over, hot and wet on my cheeks, but I didn't care. I wanted to please him, to show him that I could take it, that I was his in every way that mattered.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Look at you,” he whispered, his tone full of dark pride. “You’re stunning like this... so strong. Taking everything that I give you, wearing my marks so perfectly.”

The belt struck again, a fierce blow that left me gasping, tears streaming down my face. My body felt like it was on fire, every inch of my skin alive with sensation, every nerve tingling, and yet I still wanted more.

“That’s it,” he praised, his voice filled with satisfaction. “Let those pretty tears fall, bella. Let them show me how much you need it.”

I sobbed, my voice breaking with every breath, the tears flowing freely now. I could feel the pain, sharp and searing, but it was mingled with something deeper, something sweeter, a raw, aching pleasure that made my body tremble.

“Sir,” I choked out, my voice barely a whisper.

“You’re so strong, Sofia. My beautiful, strong girl,” he murmured, his hand moving to stroke my hair, his touch surprisingly gentle in contrast to the sting of the belt.

His words cut through the haze of pain, sending a fresh wave of tears down my cheeks. I felt myself letting go, my body sinking deeper into the bed, into the feeling of him, into the moment.

“Just a little more,” he whispered, the belt landing again, another hard strike that made me cry out, my body convulsing with the impact. “Show me, bella... show me how much you can take.”

The final blows were fierce, and I screamed, my voice raw, my tears blurring my vision, my body trembling uncontrollably. But I didn't move away, didn't try to escape.

I took my belting like a good girl.

Finally, he stopped, his hand releasing the leather strap, and I heard it drop to the floor with a soft thud. His hands were on me instantly, turning me over, his touch soothing as he gathered me into his arms. I collapsed against him, my body shaking, my tears soaking into his chest.

"Shh," he murmured, his voice soft now, filled with tenderness. "It's okay, bella... it's over now. You were perfect. You were so perfect for me."

His hands stroked my hair, my back, his lips pressing soft kisses to my temple. "I'm so proud of you, Sofia," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

I sobbed against him, my body trembling, but his praise wrapped around me like a warm blanket, calming me, soothing me. I clung to him, feeling the intensity of the moment fade, replaced by a deep, overwhelming sense of belonging.

"You did so well, bella," he murmured, his lips brushing against my ear.

I nodded, my breath hitching, my tears slowly subsiding as I felt his arms tighten around me, holding me close. I felt safe, cherished, and wanted in a way I had never experienced before.

Then his hand dipped between my thighs, and he growled, the sound rolling through me like melted butter.

"Fuck, bambina. You're soaking wet for me. It's a shame that I need to fuck that tight

little bottom instead of this needy little pussy.”

“Please,” I pleaded.

“Please what, my naughty Sofia?”

“Please punish my asshole with your cock,” I said, shameful arousal reeling through me as soon as the words left my mouth.

Oh, fuck. This was actually happening.

“Gladly, bad girl,” he snarled, and my breath caught in the back of my throat.

What had I just asked for?

CHAPTER 20

Sofia

My entire body was on fire. I don’t know what had come over me, but it was too late. I had begged Massimo to take my ass, and now there was no going back. I knew that there was no chance that he was going to be gentle with me. I had asked for it, and that meant he would fuck me hard.

His fingers dug into my waist, his grip like steel as he flipped me over onto my belly, and I gasped.

“Reach back and spread your cheeks, naughty girl. Let me see the tight little hole I’m about to bury myself into,” he growled.

I obeyed, my hands trembling as I reached back and pulled apart my ass, exposing the

tight ring of muscle that was about to be invaded.

Page 61

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

He reached down and gripped a handful of my hair, his touch firm, but not painful. Then he wrenched my head back and I cried out, pain blossoming across my scalp like fire. With a growl, he slipped his fingers in between my cheeks, and I whimpered just as his touch slipped over my asshole.

His hand was warm and dry, his fingertips rough, and the contrasting sensation of his callused touch against the delicate flesh of my asshole made my toes curl. He traced slow, teasing circles around the tight ring, his touch light and almost delicate, and I couldn't help but tremble beneath him.

"I've imagined sinking my cock in this virgin asshole more times than I can count, *la mia bambina*, and now that the moment has finally come, I'm going to enjoy every single second," he mused.

"Is it going to hurt?" I whispered.

"Yes. It's going to hurt, bad girl, but you need it to hurt. That's what's going to make you come so hard you scream for me," he said darkly, and a shiver raced down my spine.

Just then, he released my hair and reached over into the nightstand. I peeked over my shoulder to see that he'd grabbed a bottle of lubricant and all of a sudden, a surge of panic raced through me. I pushed up against the bed, fully intending to crawl away, but he reached out and grabbed my ankle before peppering my sore belted ass with several hard smacks.

I squealed in surprise and pain, squirming against him, but his grip was too strong.

With a low chuckle, he pressed his hand down in the middle of my lower back, pinning me into place.

“I was going to start gentle with you, bambina, but I can see now that’s not what you need,” he murmured and with that, his lubed fingers pressed between my cheeks and with one rough thrust, he forced one inside me.

I cried out, the pain immediate and intense as the walls of my asshole stretched around his finger. It burned as my tight muscle tried to adjust to the invasion, but it was impossible because then he began to roughly pump it in and out of me, which only hurt more.

But my pain only seemed to arouse him even more, and with a growl, he shoved a second one inside me, and I cried out, the searing ache more than I could bear for several long moments. It didn’t quite fade like I hoped. It simply stung more as he roughly fingered my ass.

My body clenched, trying to push him out, but he was far stronger and simply pressed his weight against me, keeping me in place. I let out a ragged breath, my heart racing, and just when I was certain it couldn’t possibly get worse, he began scissoring his fingers.

“Oh, God!” I cried out.

“That’s right, Sofia. Tonight, I am your god,” he growled, and then he pulled his fingers out only to shove a third one inside me.

This time I couldn’t contain the scream that escaped my lips.

I was going to break in half, torn apart by the roughness of his touch.

The burning sensation was overwhelming, but beneath it all was a thread of something else, something that had me pushing back against him, something that made me hate myself just a little bit.

Desire.

Raw shame spiraled through me at the realization. I was turned on, despite the fact that his fingers were currently violating me in the most shamefully intimate way possible.

I couldn't stop the way my body was responding to him, and I felt my core throb. I felt my clit pulse and my nipples tighten.

How could I want this so much?

How could this be happening?

He was my father's best friend, and he was moments away from sinking his big cock into my poor little virgin asshole.

I bit down on the sheets, trying to muffle the sounds that were coming out of my mouth, but it was useless. He was too rough, his fingers stretching my asshole beyond anything I could have imagined.

Before I knew what was happening, heat was spiraling up through my belly and I gripped the sheets so hard that my knuckles turned white. I tried to crawl away again, but his hand held me firmly in place for what was to come, and my clit thrummed that much harder.

His fingers sank in and out of me, and then without warning, I came.

I came from nothing more than his fingers in my asshole.

It hit me with such force that I couldn't hold back, and I let out a ragged, shuddering scream as my body spasmed around his fingers. It was the most intense orgasm of my life, and I shook, trembling beneath him. Wave after wave of intense bliss rolled over me, leaving me sore and spent, and his cock wasn't even inside of me yet.

Searing pleasure burned up and down my limbs, making my toes curl and my fingers grab the sheets. My asshole tightened around his fingers, clamping down as I rode out the final waves of my orgasm. As the intensity began to subside, my breathing started to return to normal, leaving me a quivering mess.

Then I started to realize something else.

My bottom hole was far sorer now. It was almost as though he'd already fucked it, although I knew better.

“Did you just come, bad girl?”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered, terribly ashamed.

“From just my fingers in this tight little hole?”

“Yes, sir,” I wailed.

“Very, very naughty. Such a dirty little slut, coming from a bottom fingering alone,” he mused, his tone dark and seductive and I felt myself clench around him. “I felt that, little fuck toy. I can’t wait to feel how this tight hole clamps around my cock.”

I moaned, heat whirling through me at his words, but then he pulled his fingers out, and the relief was immediate.

It was short-lived.

Without hesitation, I felt the fat, broad head of his cock pressing against my sore hole, and I stiffened immediately. He didn’t let me escape and deep down, a part of me didn’t want him to.

His strong, muscled arm wrapped around my waist, and I gasped when he pulled me back. The change in position was immediate. His cock slipped in just a bit deeper, and I cried out, the burning pain taking my breath away.

I had thought his fingers hurt.

It was nothing compared to his cock.

I cried out, the pain intense as his thick, girthy shaft spread my tight asshole. The searing stretch flared red hot, and my vision went white for a moment, but somehow, my body still took him.

I clenched around him, desperate to push him out, but it was no use. He was far stronger, and he continued to sink into me. I couldn't get him out.

I whimpered, my head spinning as he sank all the way inside me. When his hips brushed against my scalded ass, I gasped, the foreign feeling of being so full in such a taboo way finally hitting me.

I had no idea that my body was capable of doing something like this. I didn't know that an asshole could stretch this far. I'd never even imagined myself getting fucked this way, but now I knew I would never be the same.

I'd be fantasizing about this night for years to come.

"Where is my cock, my naughty little fuck toy?"

"In my ass, sir," I whimpered.

He chuckled, the sound dark and mysterious, and it made my stomach flip inside of me.

His hand slipped down, and his fingers slid between my thighs, stroking my clit just so. The touch was rough, but the sensation was enough to send a jolt of pleasure racing through me. I clenched around him, making him grunt.

"Fuck, you're so much tighter than I'd imagined you'd be," he growled, and I

blushed, oddly proud of myself for having such a tight little hole for him to fuck, for him to use and take for the very first time.

His fingers rolled over my clit, and I bucked beneath him.

“Such an eager little fuck toy, so ready to get her little ass fucked,” he mused, and I moaned, unable to help myself.

Then, without warning, his hand came down hard on my ass.

I shrieked, the sound muffled by the sheets, and he pulled back and did it again, making me jump, but then he held me firmly in place. My ass burned, but each slap made my asshole clench around his cock. The burning pain flared right back up with every smack and it took everything in me not to cry out a second time.

“Oh, please,” I begged.

“What do you need, *la mia bambina*?”

“I need you to fuck my ass,” I pleaded.

He didn’t hesitate.

With a rough growl, he began pumping in and out of me, and the pain quickly overwhelmed me. His hand slipped around and squeezed my throat, his other still rolling over my clit. My breathing quickened, becoming shallower with every gasp, and before I could stop it, I felt another orgasm barreling straight toward me like a freight train about to careen off its tracks.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

His cock pistoned in and out of my hole and then his fingers pinched down on my clit.

It was the end of me.

I screamed, the sound muffled by the sheets and his hand around my throat.

I writhed.

I moaned.

I begged.

I came apart at the seams. Exquisite agony and ecstasy ricocheted through me like a bullet, bouncing off every wall and breaking me apart into a million little pieces that would never go back together again.

And still, he didn't stop. He didn't even let up. Instead, he just fucked me harder.

My body trembled beneath him, but he was relentless. He continued to fuck me, his pace furious, his cock plowing my sore little asshole like it was a field. I couldn't believe this was happening, that he was actually taking me like this, and the fact that he was only made my orgasms more powerful. It was almost as if I were in a trance, caught between reality and some sort of erotic, dreamlike state.

With a sharp cry, I realized that another orgasm was waiting in the wings. It was too much, and yet I yearned for it, desired it, wanted it more than I had ever wanted

anything.

His hand around my throat tightened and his fingers rolled over my clit, forever coaxing my arousal forth. There was nothing I could do to fight it.

So, I just came.

Again.

I screamed, a ragged, guttural sound that filled the room, and he just grunted, his fingers tightening around my throat even more. His thrusts were growing fiercer, more intense, and I knew that he was close.

Or at least, I hoped he was.

As he kept fucking me, I soon realized that he wasn't. Not even a little bit.

Instead, his cock was a jackhammer, pounding in and out of my asshole. I cried out, the intensity of it far too much for me, and then without warning, another orgasm steamrolled through me.

It was so much more powerful than all the others combined. It was like an earthquake, splitting me apart, shattering my soul into a billion pieces. I shook, the sensation almost too much for me to bear.

I couldn't handle it.

But then, I didn't have a choice, so I took every last second of that orgasm and then some. Just then, his thrust started to get more erratic. He was losing control and the fact that I was the reason behind it made my clit pulse all the more.

His thrusts became shorter, quicker, and harder. Then, with a roar, he pulsed inside of me and exploded, his cum filling my virgin asshole. It was the strangest sensation. I had never been filled up this way before.

He pumped in and out a few more times, emptying his balls and marking me as his, and I just moaned.

Then, with a low grunt, he pulled his cock out, leaving my very sore asshole gaping and his cum dripping out of me.

“You’ll wear my cum until morning, my little fuck toy. I want you to remember that every single one of your tight little holes is mine,” he declared, and I blushed so hard, it felt like even my ears were on fire.

“Yes, sir,” I whispered.

Then he gathered me in his arms and held on to me as if he never wanted to let go.

CHAPTER 21

Massimo

I woke up the next morning with Sofia still in my arms, her dark hair spread across the pillow like a fan, her face relaxed and peaceful as she slept beside me. I felt an unexpected wave of pride and something deeper, something more dangerous, that tugged at my chest.

Last night had been... surprising.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

Not just because of the way she had handled herself at the charity ball, but also because of the courage she'd shown in the face of Raffaele and his men. I'd expected her to wilt under the pressure, to rely on me to shield her, but she hadn't. Instead, she had risen to the challenge, meeting it with a fierce bravery that I hadn't seen in her before.

She had impressed me.

And damn if that wasn't a problem.

I watched her, the steady rise and fall of her chest, her lashes fluttering slightly as if she were caught in a dream. She looked so innocent, so deceptively fragile. I knew better now. Sofia was stronger than she seemed, and it made me want her even more. My arm tightened around her, pulling her closer, my hand splayed possessively against her back.

She was mine now, in more ways than one, and I wasn't going to let anyone take her from me.

A soft murmur escaped her lips, her eyes slowly fluttering open. She blinked a few times, adjusting to the light, before her gaze settled on me. Her cheeks flushed a soft pink, and I couldn't help the smile that spread across my face.

"Good morning, bella," I murmured, brushing a stray strand of hair from her face.

She yawned, a small, endearing sound that made my chest tighten. "Morning," she replied, her voice still thick with sleep. "Did you sleep well?"

I chuckled softly. “With you in my arms? Better than I have in a long time.”

Her blush deepened, and she bit her lower lip, clearly flustered. I loved that she still reacted this way, even after everything we’d been through together. It was refreshing.

As she shifted, the silky sheets fell away, revealing her bare back and the gentle swells of her bottom cheeks. My gaze roamed over her, taking in every inch of her body, and I couldn’t help but notice a bright red hue still etched across her ass. The sight of it sent a rush of satisfaction through me. She’d still feel the belt today. I was sure of it.

“Looks like you’re still a little red,” I said with a teasing grin, trailing my fingers lightly over the tender skin. “No marks though.”

She blushed furiously, her eyes widening. “I feel like there should be marks. That was a hard belting,” she pouted.

I chuckled. “Don’t worry, Sofia. I’ll make sure I leave a few the next time you decide to be a naughty girl and need me to punish you.”

She huffed, but I could see the corners of her lips twitching. “I’m not naughty.”

“That’s not true, my little fuck toy,” I countered, my voice growing softer. “You took my cock in that sweet little ass so well that you made me come inside of it. Now if that isn’t naughty, I don’t know what is.”

She blushed again and I reached out and traced my fingers down the line of her jaw.

“You’re beautiful, *la mia bambina*.”

Her gaze softened, and for a moment, there was a tender silence between us. She

reached up, brushing her fingers against my jaw, her touch light and hesitant. “I didn’t think I’d ever feel this... this connected to someone,” she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper.

I smiled, leaning in to press a soft kiss to her forehead. “You’re not the only one, bella.”

She giggled, the sound light and infectious, and I felt something inside me relax, a tension I hadn’t realized I’d been holding onto. This woman, this girl who had come into my life unexpectedly, was changing everything. She was making me want things I’d long thought impossible.

And that was both exhilarating and terrifying.

“Do you want breakfast?” I asked, breaking the moment before it could get too heavy.

She smiled up at me, her eyes bright. “I’d love that,” she replied, shifting slightly to get more comfortable against me.

I grinned, feeling a surge of possessiveness course through me as I held her close.

“Good,” I murmured, pressing a kiss to her lips. “Because I have a feeling that you’re going to need all the energy you can get today.”

She laughed softly, a beautiful, carefree sound that made my heart pound just a little faster.

“But I’m sore,” she whispered against my lips.

“Good. That’s the way you should be,” I murmured, and just for good measure, I

cupped my hand and lightly slapped between her thighs. She squealed and the sound was like music to my ears.

I pulled her into my arms and her stomach let out a small, adorable growl, breaking the comfortable silence between us. She blushed, laughing softly, and I couldn't help but grin.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Sounds like someone’s hungry,” I teased, brushing a kiss against her temple.

“Maybe just a little,” she admitted, her eyes sparkling. “I could use some fuel after last night’s... activities.”

I chuckled, my hand sliding down her back to give her a playful squeeze. “Let’s get dressed and head downstairs. Alonzo should have breakfast ready by now.”

She nodded, and I reluctantly released her, watching as she slipped off the bed. I couldn’t help but admire the way she moved, graceful and confident, despite the blush that still lingered on her cheeks. She caught me staring and arched an eyebrow, a sly smile tugging at her lips.

“See something you like?” she teased, reaching for one of my shirts hanging nearby.

“More than like,” I murmured, crossing the room to grab her by the waist, pulling her back against me. “But if we don’t get downstairs soon, I might just forget breakfast altogether.”

“Fine, fine,” she conceded, slipping into the oversized shirt, which hung loosely on her frame, the hem brushing just above her thighs. She buttoned it slowly, giving me a mischievous look.

“You’re torturing me,” I groaned, grabbing a pair of pants from the nearby chair, and pulling them on. “And I’m not sure if I love it or hate it.”

“Maybe a bit of both?” she suggested with a grin.

I laughed, shaking my head. “Come on, let’s go eat before I change my mind.”

She slipped into a pair of my sweatpants, the waistband far too big on her, and I found myself enjoying the sight of her wearing my clothes, looking perfectly at home.

Once we were dressed, I took her hand, and we headed downstairs to the kitchen. The scent of freshly brewed coffee and sizzling bacon greeted us, and I felt my stomach rumble in anticipation. Alonzo was bustling around the kitchen, his back to us as he worked over the stove, humming softly to himself.

“Good morning, Alonzo,” I greeted, pulling Sofia closer as we entered the room.

He turned, a wide smile spreading across his face. “Good morning, signore Massimo, signorina Sofia,” he replied cheerfully. “I hope you’re both hungry—I’ve prepared quite the feast for you.”

Sofia’s eyes lit up, and I could see the delight in her expression. “It smells amazing, Alonzo,” she said, smiling warmly.

“Grazie, signorina,” Alonzo replied with a wink. “Take a seat; it’ll be ready in just a moment.”

We sat down at the breakfast bar, the news playing softly on the television mounted on the wall. I poured Sofia a cup of coffee, my hand brushing against hers, enjoying the way she smiled at me over the rim of her cup.

But then, the news anchor’s voice caught my attention.

“And in breaking news this morning, we have an update on the tragic incident at last night’s charity ball,” the anchor announced, her tone serious. “Authorities have

confirmed that the explosion was caused by a bomb, and suspicion is currently falling on the Russo mafia family.”

I froze, my hand stilling over Sofia’s. She glanced at me, her expression shifting to concern as I turned up the volume.

“The bomb caused significant damage to the venue,” the anchor continued, “and early reports indicate that several individuals were injured, though no fatalities have been confirmed at this time. Authorities are investigating the incident as an act of organized crime, with particular focus on the Russo family, known for their connections to the Sicilian mafia syndicate.”

I felt a surge of anger rise within me, my jaw tightening as I listened. The Russos weren’t at fault for this.

Raffaele Moretti was.

“There’s more,” the anchor added, her expression grim. “In addition to the explosion, there are reports that sensitive data may have been stolen from the attendees of the event. Several sources have indicated that the Russo family might have orchestrated a sophisticated cyber-attack, accessing personal information, financial records, and other sensitive data. There are already reports of credit fraud and theft from bank accounts associated with several high-profile guests.”

Sofia’s eyes widened, and she turned to me, her expression a mix of shock and concern.

“The authorities are urging anyone who attended the event to check their accounts and report any suspicious activity immediately,” the anchor continued. “We will provide more updates as this story develops. For now, back to you, Ricardo.”

“I don’t understand it. Why frame them? What does he gain from pointing the finger in their direction?” I said, thinking out loud.

Sofia’s brow furrowed, her expression thoughtful. “If everyone thinks the Russos are responsible, it shifts the focus away from him. But why would he want that? What’s his endgame?”

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. “Raffaele’s smart. He knows the Russo family is already on thin ice with the authorities. If they take the blame, it distracts everyone from his real operations. But more than that... it could be a way to weaken the Russos. Start a war between them and other families, or even between them and the authorities.”

Sofia nodded slowly. “Divide and conquer,” she murmured. “If he gets the Russos to take the fall, they become the primary target, and he gets to move in on their territory while everyone’s busy dealing with them.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Exactly,” I agreed, my tone grim.

“But why go through all this trouble?” she asked. “Why not just strike directly?”

I shook my head, my jaw tight. “Because he wants chaos. He thrives on it. He’s testing us, testing our alliances, seeing who will side with us and who will turn away. If he can destabilize things enough, he can swoop in and take control.”

Sofia’s expression darkened. “He’s trying to play everyone against each other. So, what do we do?”

Before I could say anything, Alonzo set plates of food in front of us, a worried expression on his face. “Is everything alright, signore?” he asked cautiously.

I forced a smile, trying to put him at ease. “Everything’s fine, Alonzo. Just a little... complication.”

I was about to speak when the news anchor’s voice cut through the air again, a sudden urgency in her tone.

“We have just received breaking news from Naples,” she announced. “Authorities have launched a massive raid against another prominent crime family operating out of the region. The Amato family, known for their involvement in drug trafficking and smuggling operations, was hit early this morning in a coordinated effort involving local and federal law enforcement.”

I frowned, my attention fully captured by the television. Sofia leaned forward,

reaching for the remote, her expression serious as she turned up the volume.

“This is the second high-profile raid in less than twenty-four hours,” the anchor continued. “Sources say the raid is part of a larger crackdown on organized crime across Italy, spearheaded by a newly formed task force led by prominent political figures, including Senator Giovanni Ricci.”

Senator Giovanni Ricci. The name made my blood run cold. He had been at the charity ball last night—the same man I’d seen speaking quietly with Raffaele Moretti, looking far too comfortable for my liking. I had noticed them exchanging words but had been too preoccupied with the chaos to think about it.

Sofia glanced at me, her brows knitting together in concern. “That’s the man Raffaele was speaking to last night, isn’t it? Senator Ricci?”

I nodded slowly, my mind racing. “Yeah, it is. They were having a conversation before everything went to hell.”

She turned back to the television, her eyes narrowing as if trying to piece something together. “Why would Raffaele be talking to a senator who’s now leading a task force against organized crime?” she murmured, more to herself than to me.

My thoughts were already heading in the same direction. “It doesn’t make sense,” I muttered. “Unless...”

“Unless Raffaele is working with him,” Sofia finished, turning to face me. “Think about it, Massimo. If Ricci is spearheading this new task force, and Raffaele was speaking to him so freely, maybe Raffaele’s been playing a different game all along.”

I felt a knot form in my stomach, the implications of her words sinking in. “You think he’s... what? An informant? A rat?”

She shook her head. “No, not just a rat. What if Raffaele is more than that? What if he’s leading this task force, using his connections in the underworld to bring down rival families... including yours?”

I frowned, my mind racing. “But why? Why would he go after his own kind?”

Sofia’s expression turned thoughtful. “Maybe he’s making a play for power,” she suggested. “If he’s the one feeding the authorities information, he can take out his rivals without ever getting his hands dirty. He can control who goes down and who stays in play. And if he’s tight with Ricci, he could be manipulating the law to do his dirty work.”

I stared at her, considering the possibility. It made sense. Too much sense. “If that’s true... if Raffaele is behind this task force, he’s been setting us up from the start,” I said slowly. “Making us look like the villains while he pulls the strings from the shadows.”

Sofia nodded, her eyes sharp and focused. “And it explains why he framed the Russos for the bomb. He’s pitting everyone against each other while he stays above suspicion. But it’s more than that—he’s making a move to clean up the underworld in his own favor, leaving him as the last one standing.”

A wave of realization hit me, my pulse quickening. “If Raffaele’s got the authorities in his pocket, he could take us all down—one by one.”

Sofia’s gaze was intense, her mind clearly working as quickly as mine. “But he hasn’t made his move against you directly yet,” she pointed out. “Which means he’s still planning... or he needs something else from you.”

Before I could reply, my phone rang again, breaking the tense silence between us. I glanced at the screen—another call from Leo. I picked up, keeping my voice steady.

“Leo, what is it?”

“Boss,” Leo said, his tone urgent. “We’ve got a situation. Our shipment—guns intended for the Middle East—was intercepted by the port authorities. Someone tipped them off, and they’ve confiscated everything.”

My grip tightened on the phone. “Damn it,” I muttered, glancing at Sofia.

“What do we do, boss?” Leo asked, tension clear in his voice.

“Keep a low profile,” I ordered. “I need to think. We can’t afford any more surprises.”

I ended the call, my mind whirling. Sofia’s theory was starting to make sense. If Raffaele had been playing us all along, then this was just the beginning of his plan.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Looks like you were right,” I said quietly, turning to Sofia. “He’s using Ricci’s task force to take us down, one piece at a time.”

Sofia nodded, her expression serious. “Then we need to figure out his endgame—and fast. If we don’t, we might be next.”

I took a deep breath. “We’re not going to sit back and let him come for us,” I promised. “If Raffaele wants a war, he’s going to get one. But this time, we’ll be the ones setting the rules.”

She smiled, a fierce determination in her eyes. “I’m with you, Massimo,” she said. “Whatever it takes.”

The look in her eyes caught me by surprise and I reached out, needing to feel her hand in mine. My heart swelled as I stared back at my girl.

No.

As I stared back at my queen.

It was time to come up with a plan.

I sat at the head of the long mahogany table in my private study. Leo and Stefano, my most trusted men, were on either side of me, their expressions focused and serious. Sofia sat across from me, her eyes bright and her jaw tense.

We needed to figure out what Raffaele and Senator Ricci were planning, and fast.

Time was running out, and I couldn't afford any more surprises.

"Alright," I began, tapping my fingers on the table, "we need to understand the connection between Ricci and Raffaele. What do we know about Senator Ricci's background?"

Leo, ever efficient, was the first to speak. "Senator Giovanni Ricci is a career politician. He's built his reputation on being tough on crime, especially organized crime. He's got a clean record—at least on paper—but he comes from old money, tied to a few questionable investments. He's ambitious, with his eye on a bigger political prize. Some say he's aiming for a ministerial position, maybe even higher."

Stefano nodded, picking up where Leo left off. "Ricci's had a lot of support from the public, especially after a personal tragedy last year. His cousin—a distant relative, but still family—was murdered in a mafia hit. It made the news, a lot of press coverage. Ricci played the grieving family angle pretty well and even turned it into a crusade against organized crime."

Sofia leaned forward, her brow furrowed. "And Raffaele? What's his angle?"

I sighed, my eyes narrowing as I thought about Raffaele Moretti. "Raffaele is a snake," I muttered. "He's always been good at playing both sides, manipulating everyone around him. He's smart, ruthless, and patient. If he's working with Ricci, it's because he sees an opportunity. He doesn't care about cleaning up crime—he wants power, and he'll use anyone he can to get it."

Sofia's eyes flickered with understanding. "So, if Ricci lost a relative in a mafia hit, that could be his motivation. Revenge. And Raffaele... he's feeding that need for vengeance, making Ricci think he's helping him clean up the city while really only taking out his rivals."

“Exactly,” I said, a grim smile tugging at my lips. “Raffaele’s using Ricci’s personal vendetta to his advantage. If Ricci can help take out the Russos, the Amatos, and maybe even us, Raffaele gets rid of all his competition without getting his hands dirty.”

Leo leaned back in his chair, frowning. “It makes sense. But why frame the Russos for the charity ball bombing? Why go through all this trouble?”

Stefano crossed his arms, thinking. “Maybe he wants to pit us all against each other,” he suggested. “If the Russos think we’re retargeting them, and we think they’re targeting us, everyone’s distracted. Meanwhile, Ricci’s task force takes us out, one by one.”

I nodded. “It’s a smart move. Clever. But it’s risky. If any of the families catch on to what he’s doing, it could blow up in his face.”

Sofia’s gaze sharpened, and I could see the spark of an idea in her eyes. “Maybe that’s where we can hit him,” she said slowly. “Use his own game against him. Make him overplay his hand.”

Leo looked at her, curiosity in his eyes. “What do you mean, Sofia?”

She sat up straighter, confidence growing in her voice. “If Ricci is working with Raffaele because of a personal vendetta, he’s emotionally invested in this. We can use that. Make him think he’s getting closer to his goal, feed him just enough information to make him believe he’s winning.”

I raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “And how do we do that?”

Sofia smiled, a mischievous glint in her eyes. “By giving them what they want... or what they think they want. We can plant evidence that leads Ricci and his task force

to another family, someone outside our circle. Make it look like they're the ones responsible for recent hits, the ones threatening his crusade."

Leo nodded slowly, catching on. "If we can control the narrative, we can control their next moves."

Stefano smirked. "And when they're busy chasing ghosts, we can focus on taking Raffaele down."

I felt a surge of pride at Sofia's quick thinking. "It's risky," I admitted. "But it could work. If we're careful, we can turn their own strategy against them."

Sofia leaned forward, her eyes blazing. "And while they're distracted, we find out exactly what Raffaele's planning next and cut him off at the knees."

I grinned, feeling a renewed sense of purpose. "Alright, then. We play this smart, and we play it fast. Leo, Stefano, get our people on it. I want every lead, every possible angle. We don't leave anything to chance."

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

They nodded, standing up to leave the room, but Sofia remained seated, her gaze focused on me. I could see the determination in her eyes, the fierce intelligence that made my blood hum with excitement.

It also made my cock hard as a fucking rock.

“What are you thinking, bella?” I asked, leaning closer.

She smiled with a confidence that made my heart race. “I’m thinking... it’s time I took a more active role in this. I’m not going to sit back and wait while you fight this battle alone. I want to help.”

I chuckled softly, admiring her spirit. “You’ve already helped more than you know,” I replied, reaching out to take her hand.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement. “I’m serious, Massimo. I’m in this with you. Whatever it takes.”

I nodded, my smile widening. “Good. Because we’re going to need every bit of help that we can get. And I have a feeling you’re just the person we need to tip the scales in our favor.”

“Okay. Good. Because I have an idea,” Sofia grinned.

“Then let’s hear it,” I leaned in, meeting her sparkling gaze. Her bravery shone through, and I couldn’t be prouder.

My queen indeed.

CHAPTER 22

Sofia

Today was day one of my plan.

My heart felt like it was thumping in the back of my throat.

The auction room was buzzing with energy, laughter, and the clinking of champagne glasses. I stood beside Massimo, my arm loosely linked with his, feeling the rush of excitement that always came with being in his world.

I had never imagined myself here, in rooms like these, among people like this. But the more time I spent by Massimo's side, the more I realized I belonged here. I felt the eyes of others on me as they whispered my name, tried to figure out who I was to him, what role I played. They had no idea that I was more than just a pretty face, a new companion for the city's most powerful man.

I was in this world now, and I was going to prove that I deserved to be here.

The charity auction was in full swing, and the guests—wealthy socialites, powerful business magnates, and, of course, the ever-present political figures—were dressed in their finest, every inch of them polished to perfection.

I adjusted the strap of my dress, feeling the silky fabric slide against my skin. The gown Massimo had chosen for me was a deep emerald green, the kind of color that seemed to shift in the light. It clung to my curves in all the right places, flowing elegantly to the floor with a thigh-high slit that added just the right amount of seduction. The neckline was daring but tasteful, plunging just enough to hint at what

lay beneath without giving too much away. A simple diamond necklace adorned my throat, and my hair was swept up into a loose, elegant bun.

I felt powerful, confident, like I could take on the world.

Because I could.

I felt a bit naughty too, because I wasn't wearing any panties beneath the dress, since I didn't want any panty lines.

I was completely bare, and Massimo knew it too. I'd shown him on the car ride to the charity hall and he'd made me come once on his tongue by the time we'd arrived.

It made me smile just thinking about it.

Massimo's hand rested possessively at the small of my back, his thumb brushing against my skin in a way that sent a shiver through me. I looked up at him, catching the way his eyes swept over me with a mix of pride and something darker, something that made my pulse quicken.

"You look stunning, bella," he murmured, his voice low, meant only for me. "You fit in perfectly here."

I smiled, feeling a rush of warmth at his words. "I feel like I'm finally where I'm supposed to be," I replied, my voice steady.

His lips curved into a knowing smile. "Good."

As the auctioneer continued to call out bids for a priceless piece of art, I leaned in closer to Massimo, allowing my body to brush against his in a way that would be impossible to ignore.

“Are you sure about this?” I whispered, my lips just grazing his ear.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

He turned his head slightly, his mouth so close to mine that I could feel his breath. “I’m sure,” he replied, his tone firm. “Raffaele needs to think we’re distracted, vulnerable. He needs to believe there’s tension between us.”

I nodded, straightening up, my expression hardening. “Then let’s give him a show.”

The room fell silent for a moment as the auctioneer announced a new item—a rare vintage bottle of wine from an exclusive vineyard nearby here in Tuscany. I could see the interested glances, the quiet murmurs of the guests. It was the perfect opportunity.

I leaned back, just slightly, enough to pull away from Massimo, my eyes narrowing as if in irritation.

“You know, Massimo,” I said, raising my voice just enough to be heard by those nearby, “sometimes I think you care more about your reputation than anything else, especially me.”

“Sofia, now’s not the time,” he murmured, his tone low, but just loud enough for those around us to hear.

I let out a small, sharp laugh, shaking my head as if exasperated. “When is the time? You drag me to these events, parade me around like some trophy, and expect me to smile and nod and pretend like I don’t see what’s happening, like I don’t know what you are.”

I could feel the eyes of the other guests turning toward us, curiosity piqued by our angry-sounding exchange.

Good.

Let them listen. Let them wonder.

Massimo's grip tightened slightly on my arm, a warning, but I pulled away, my expression heated.

"I'm not just some piece in your game, Massimo," I continued, my voice a little louder now. "I'm done pretending."

"Careful, bella," he warned softly, his voice carrying just enough menace to make my skin prickle. "You're playing with fire."

I took a step back, my chin lifting defiantly. "Maybe I like the heat," I shot back, feeling a thrill run through me as I spoke the words.

The tension in the room was palpable now, the whispers growing louder, and I could feel the eyes of the crowd watching us, trying to figure out what was happening between us. I knew Raffaele's men were here, somewhere, listening, watching, and that was exactly what we wanted.

Massimo's eyes darkened, and for a moment, I could see the real fire in them, the real anger.

"Fine," he said, his voice tight, controlled. "Go ahead. Make your point. But remember, you're still mine."

I felt a rush of heat at his words, a surge of excitement that I tried to mask with a scornful smile.

"We'll see about that," I replied coolly, turning on my heel and walking away, my

heart racing in my chest.

As I moved through the crowd, I could feel the eyes following me, the whispers growing louder. I had no doubt Raffaele's men were taking the bait, thinking they'd just witnessed a crack in our alliance.

But they had no idea. We were just getting started.

The room buzzed with tension, and I could feel the weight of a hundred eyes on my back, whispering, speculating. I kept my head high, shoulders back, letting the silk of my dress sway with each movement.

As I neared the edge of the room, I dared to glance over my shoulder. Massimo was still standing where I had left him, his jaw tight, his gaze locked on me, but he made no move to follow. He was playing his part perfectly, letting me go, letting everyone in the room believe that we were at odds. It stung a little, seeing him remain so composed, but I knew it was all part of the plan.

I turned back around, heading for the exit, trying to calm my racing heart. I needed to get away from the crowd, away from the prying eyes and curious glances. I needed a moment to collect myself, to make sure I stayed in control.

But just as I reached the door, a smooth, familiar voice called out to me.

“Signorina Sofia.”

I froze, my breath catching in my throat. Slowly, I turned to see Raffaele Moretti standing a few feet away, a cordial smile on his lips, his eyes sharp and assessing. He looked every bit the polished gentleman—dark suit impeccably tailored, tie perfectly knotted, not a hair out of place. But there was something about him that made my skin crawl, something cold and calculating behind that charming façade.

“Leaving so soon?” he asked, taking a step closer, his tone friendly, almost concerned. “I couldn’t help but notice the... tension between you and Massimo.”

I forced a polite smile, trying to match his tone. “Just a small disagreement,” I said, keeping my voice light. “Nothing to worry about.”

His eyes flickered with something unreadable, and he tilted his head slightly, studying me. “I see. Still, it’s a shame to leave before the night has even begun. These events can be... tedious, but they’re a necessary evil in our world, wouldn’t you agree?”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I nodded, keeping my expression neutral. “They serve their purpose.”

Raffaele’s smile widened, but it didn’t reach his eyes. He took another step closer, his presence imposing, though he kept his tone light. “You know, I’ve always admired how well you’ve adapted to this life, Sofia. It’s not easy, stepping into a world like ours. Especially not with a man like Massimo. He can be... intense.”

I felt a prickle of unease at his words, the way he spoke Massimo’s name with that subtle edge of disdain. I knew he was testing me, trying to gauge my reaction, to see if there was any truth to the rift we had just staged.

“I’ve learned a lot,” I replied carefully, not giving him anything to latch onto.

Raffaele chuckled softly, his gaze never leaving mine. “Our world is a complicated one, but sometimes, even the best of us can lose sight of what really matters.”

I raised an eyebrow, feigning curiosity. “And what do you think really matters, Signore Moretti?”

He smiled, a slow, predatory smile that made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. “Loyalty,” he said simply. “In our world, loyalty is everything. It’s the foundation upon which everything else is built. Without it, even the strongest alliances crumble.”

I nodded slowly, trying to keep my breathing steady. “I agree.”

His eyes narrowed slightly, as if trying to see through the veneer of calm I was projecting. “Then you’ll understand how important it is to ensure that loyalty is

always rewarded... and betrayal is swiftly dealt with.”

There it was—a veiled threat, wrapped in a pleasant tone and a charming smile. I swallowed hard, forcing myself to maintain my composure. “Of course,” I said evenly. “Loyalty is everything.”

Raffaele’s smile softened, and he reached out to gently touch my arm, a gesture that felt far too intimate given the circumstances. “I’m glad we see eye to eye, Sofia. It’s good to know there are still those who understand the importance of such things.”

I resisted the urge to pull away from his touch, instead offering a small, polite smile. “I’m sure you’ll find that we have more in common than you think.”

He chuckled softly, as if amused by my response. “Perhaps. I hope we’ll have the opportunity to get to know each other better in the future.”

I nodded, forcing the smile to stay on my lips. “I’m sure we will.”

He released my arm, his eyes lingering on mine for a moment longer before he took a step back, his expression returning to that smooth, unreadable mask.

“Enjoy the rest of your evening, Sofia,” he said, his voice cordial but with an undertone that sent a chill down my spine.

“Thank you, Signore Moretti,” I replied, inclining my head slightly before turning to leave.

As I walked away, I could feel his eyes on me, watching, calculating. I had just been in the presence of a man who could smile and charm his way through any situation, but beneath that veneer was a ruthless predator, waiting for the opportune moment to strike.

Raffaele thought he could manipulate me, use me to get to Massimo. But he was about to learn just how wrong he was.

I quickened my pace, leaving the room and heading down the hallway toward the private lounge where I knew Massimo would be waiting. This was far from over, and the stakes were higher than ever. But I was ready.

We were ready.

And Raffaele had no idea what was coming for him.

As soon as I reached the lounge, I pushed open the heavy wooden door and slipped inside, the thick carpet muffling the sound of my heels. The room was spacious, elegantly furnished, with soft leather chairs and a large fireplace with a fire that crackled softly in the corner. The curtains were drawn, shutting out the noise and chaos from the event outside.

Massimo was already there, standing by the fireplace with his back to me, one hand holding a glass of whiskey. He turned as he heard me enter, his dark eyes locking onto mine, his expression unreadable.

“Well?” he asked, his voice low, measured. “How did it go?”

I smiled in his direction and crossed the room to stand in front of him.

“Raffaele stopped me before I could leave,” I said quietly. “He was... cordial, friendly even, but there was something else. He was trying to get a read on me, to see if there’s any truth to the rather public rift between us.”

Massimo’s jaw tightened slightly, his eyes narrowing. “What did he say?”

“He talked about loyalty,” I replied, my voice steady. “How important it is in our world, and how quickly betrayal is dealt with. It was a threat but veiled in polite words. He’s trying to figure out where I stand.”

Massimo’s expression darkened, his grip on the glass tightening. “He’s testing us.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

I nodded. “I think he believes he can use me somehow... get me to turn on you, or at least feed him information.”

A slow, predatory smile spread across Massimo’s lips. “Then he doesn’t know you very well, does he?”

I smiled back, feeling a surge of confidence. “No, he doesn’t. And I think he’s underestimating us.”

Massimo took a step closer, his eyes never leaving mine. “Good,” he murmured. “That’s exactly what we want. Let him think he has the upper hand.”

I reached out, placing a hand on his chest, feeling the steady beat of his heart beneath my palm. “But he’s dangerous, Massimo,” I whispered, my voice filled with concern. “He’s more cunning than I expected. We have to be careful.”

He nodded, his hand covering mine, his grip firm and reassuring. “I know, bella. But we have an advantage now—we know he’s watching us, trying to figure us out. We can use that against him.”

I leaned into him slightly, finding comfort in his strength, his presence. “What’s the next step?” I asked.

Massimo’s eyes softened, and he reached up to tuck a loose strand of hair behind my ear. “We keep playing our parts,” he replied. “We make him think the cracks between us are widening. We let him believe he’s getting closer to his goal.”

I nodded, understanding. “And then?”

His smile turned darker, more dangerous. “And then we take him down,” he said simply. “We hit him where it hurts, where he least expects it. But for now, we let him think he’s in control.”

I smiled back, feeling a thrill of excitement at the plan taking shape. “You really think we can outmaneuver him?”

Massimo’s eyes glittered with confidence. “I know we can,” he said firmly. “Because we’re smarter than he is. And we have something he doesn’t.”

I raised an eyebrow, curious. “And what’s that?”

He leaned in closer, his lips brushing against my ear. I shivered and drew in a heated breath.

“Each other,” he whispered, his voice sending a shiver down my spine. “He doesn’t understand that. He’s always been alone, always worked alone. He doesn’t know what it’s like to have someone he can trust by his side.”

I felt a rush of warmth at his words, a sense of belonging that went deeper than anything I had felt before. “Then let’s show him,” I whispered back, my voice filled with resolve. “Let’s show him what it means to be underestimated.”

Massimo grinned, pulling back just enough to look into my eyes. “That’s my girl,” he said, his voice filled with pride. “Now, let’s get back out there. The night’s not over yet.”

I nodded, feeling a renewed sense of purpose. “Let’s make him regret ever thinking he could play us,” I replied, my tone confident.

Massimo chuckled, a dark, satisfied sound. “Oh, he will,” he promised. “By the time we’re done, he’ll wish he’d never set foot in this city.”

“Perfect,” I said with a grin.

Massimo’s hand tightened on mine, but instead of turning toward the door, he pulled me closer, his eyes darkening with a fierce intensity. My heart skipped a beat, my breath catching in my throat as I looked up at him and tried to figure out what he was up to.

His gaze was fixed on me, his jaw set, his expression a mixture of anger, desire, and something deeper—something primal. He didn’t say a word, but I could feel the shift in his mood, the way his grip on my hand became almost possessive, claiming.

“Massimo...” I whispered, unsure of what was coming next.

He didn’t answer. Instead, he closed the distance between us in one swift movement, his other hand coming up to curl around the back of my neck. His fingers tangled in my hair, holding me firmly in place as his mouth crashed down on mine.

The kiss was fierce, demanding—a raw, hungry collision of lips and tongues. There was nothing gentle about it; it was a claiming, a statement, a promise all at once. I felt a growl rumble deep in his chest, vibrating against my skin, and it sent a shiver down my spine.

He pulled me tighter against him, his arm wrapping around my waist, pinning me against his body as if he couldn’t bear the thought of any space between us. His lips moved over mine with a desperate, relentless hunger, and I melted into him, my hands gripping the lapels of his suit jacket, needing to feel every inch of him.

“Mine,” he growled against my lips, his voice rough and filled with a possessive fire.

I gasped, my knees weakening at the intensity of his words, the way he said it with such certainty, such raw authority. He wasn't asking; he was declaring, and I found myself loving every second of it.

"Yes," I breathed, barely able to form the word as his mouth claimed mine again, deeper, more demanding.

He groaned, a sound that was both frustrated and satisfied, his hands roaming over my back, pulling me even closer.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:58 am

“Don’t ever doubt that,” he whispered, his breath hot against my lips. “You’re mine, in every way that matters.”

I nodded, unable to speak, too lost in the heat of his touch, the way his lips moved over mine like he was starving for me. I could feel his desire, his need, in every movement, every growl, every rough caress of his hands as they roamed over my body.

He kissed me harder, his lips bruising, his teeth grazing my bottom lip in a way that made me gasp, a mix of pleasure and pain that sent a jolt of electricity through me. I clung to him, my fingers digging into his shoulders, my body arching against his as I matched his intensity, his fervor, his rough demands.

Massimo broke the kiss suddenly, his breathing ragged, his eyes blazing with a dark, dangerous light.

“Do you have any idea what you do to me?” His voice was low and rough. “How hard it is to stay focused, to keep my head straight when all I want to do is take you, claim you... right here, right now?”

A thrill ran through me at his words, a rush of heat pooling low in my belly.

“Then don’t hold back,” I whispered, my voice trembling with desire. “Take me, Massimo...”

His eyes flared, and before I could blink, he lifted me, his hands gripping my waist as he pinned me against the wall, his mouth crashing down on mine again with a fierce,

unrestrained hunger. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my hands tangling in his hair as I kissed him back just as fiercely, losing myself in the raw intensity of the moment.

“God, Sofia,” he growled against my lips, his breath hot and heavy. “You drive me crazy... make me want to forget everything, everyone. Except you... only you.”

I moaned softly, my fingers tightening in his hair, my body pressing closer to his. “Then forget them,” I whispered, my voice breathless. “Just for now... forget everything but us.”

He groaned again, a deep, primal sound that made my heart race, and his lips found mine once more, devouring, desperate, like he was trying to consume every part of me and make me a part of him. His hands roamed over my body, gripping, caressing, his touch possessive and demanding.

“I don’t know what I’d do if I ever lost you,” he murmured, his lips trailing down my neck, his breath hot against my skin. “And I’m not going to let anyone, especially not Raffaele, come between us.”

I gasped, my head tilting back to give him more access, my body trembling under his touch. “I’m not going anywhere,” I promised, my voice filled with resolve.

I smiled, leaning in to capture his lips again, feeling the fire between us burn brighter, hotter. We might be in the middle of a dangerous chess match, surrounded by enemies on all sides, but in that moment, I didn’t care. I was his, he was mine, and that was all that mattered.

For now, that was enough.

It would have to be.

“Then show me what it means to be yours,” I said softly.

A growl rumbled deep in his chest, and he pulled back slightly, his eyes burning with an intensity that took my breath away. “You don’t know what you’re asking for, *la mia bambina*,” he whispered, his tone both a warning and a promise.

“I know exactly what I’m asking for,” I replied, my hands sliding down to his chest, feeling the hard muscle beneath my palms. “And I want it... I want you.”

He seemed to lose the last thread of his restraint at my words. His mouth crushed against mine in a bruising kiss, claiming and devouring. His hands moved over my body, rough and urgent, like he was trying to memorize every inch, every curve. I could feel his need, his desire, pulsing through him, and it sent a wave of heat pooling low in my belly.

He lifted me higher, pressing me against the wall, his body pinning me there, and I felt the hard line of his cock against me, hot and insistent. I let out a soft moan, my fingers clutching at his shoulders, my body arching into his touch.

He growled again, his lips moving to my ear, his breath hot against my skin. “Say it,” he commanded, his tone thick with desire. “Say you’re mine.”

“I’m yours,” I whispered, my voice breathless, my breathing ragged.

“Again,” he demanded, his teeth grazing my earlobe, sending a shiver through me.

“I’m yours, Massimo,” I repeated, my fingers digging into his shoulders. “Always.”

A satisfied sound escaped his lips, almost a purr, and he kissed me again, deeper this time, his hands gripping my hips, pulling me closer, as if he could never get enough.

He moved us away from the wall, carrying me effortlessly across the room, his lips never leaving mine. I could feel the strength in his arms, the power in his grip, and it made my heart race, made my blood sing with excitement. He crossed the room in a few long strides, and then I felt the coolness of the leather sofa against my back as he lowered me down, his body hovering over mine, his eyes dark and stormy.

My pussy clenched knowingly. This wasn't a part of the plan, but his cock was exactly what I needed right now.

His hands roamed over me, exploring, claiming, and I arched into his touch, my breath coming in short, ragged gasps.

"Massimo..." I breathed, my fingers finding the buttons of his shirt, tugging them open, needing to feel his skin against mine.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

He let out a low growl, his hands moving to help me. He pulled me to him, his skin hot and firm against mine, and I let out a soft sigh, my hands moving over his back, feeling the hard muscles beneath my touch, his erect cock against my hip.

“Do you feel that?” he asked, his voice rough, his breath hot on my neck. “How hard you make me?”

I nodded, my voice caught in my throat, unable to speak. I could feel every inch of him, every pulse of his desire, and it sent a fresh wave of heat rushing through me.

He kissed me again, hard and possessive, his hands moving down to grip my thighs, spreading them apart as he settled between them. I could feel the heat of him, the raw desire that burned in his eyes, and it sent a shiver of anticipation through me.

His fingers trailed down to the hem of my dress, sliding the fabric up slowly, deliberately, teasing me with each inch. I could feel the cool air on my skin, mixing with the heat of his touch, and my breath quickened, my body aching for more.

“Please...” I begged. My core pulsed with desire, and it took everything in me to stay still when all I wanted was to fall apart on his cock.

He grinned against my lips, a dark, satisfied smile. “You’re so beautiful,” he murmured, his hands moving higher, gripping my hips.

He leaned in closer, his lips brushing against my ear, his breath hot. “I want you.” His voice was thick with desire. “Right here. Right now.”

“Then fuck me. Fuck your needy little fuck toy,” I replied in a breathless whisper.

In one swift motion, he pulled my dress up past my hips, exposing me completely. I gasped, feeling a rush of excitement, my skin prickling with anticipation.

His hands slid down my body, rough and insistent, and I gasped as he cupped my pussy, his touch sending a shock of pleasure through me.

“Do you feel how wet you are, bella?” he murmured, his voice a low, rumbling growl.

“How much this sweet little pussy needs to be fucked?”

“Yes,” I whispered, my breath coming in short, ragged gasps. “I feel it... I need you... please...”

He chuckled softly, his lips trailing down my neck, his teeth grazing my skin. “I love it when you beg for me,” he said against my throat.

I felt his hands slide beneath me, lifting me slightly as he positioned himself between my thighs. His eyes locked on mine, dark and intense and full of promise, and he leaned down to kiss me again, his lips rough, desperate.

“You belong to me,” he whispered against my lips, his voice filled with a dark, possessive edge. “Now... and forever.”

And then he took me, driving his cock deep inside me. He didn’t start off gentle or slow. His body moved against mine with a fierce, primal rhythm, his hands gripping me tight, holding me close as he sank into me over and over again. I cried out, my fingers digging into his back, my body arching into his as he claimed me, his mouth devouring mine, his breath hot and heavy, his cock filling me completely.

And I knew, in that moment, that there was no going back. I was his, and he was

mine, and nothing would ever come between us.

Not Raffaele. Not this world.

Nothing.

CHAPTER 23

One week later

Sofia

I took a deep breath and pulled my shoulders back. Pressing my fingers to my stomach, I tried to tell myself that I could do this.

That I would do this.

I'd just arrived at the café where Raffaele had asked me to meet him. It was a small, unassuming place on a quiet street in the old part of town.

I walked inside, and my heels clicked against the tiled floor as I moved past the few scattered tables. The air smelled of strong coffee and fresh pastries. Raffaele was already there, sitting at a table in the corner, a small, polite smile on his lips. Again, he reminded me of a coiled snake, watching, waiting to strike.

"Sofia," he greeted, standing as I approached. "I'm glad you could make it."

"I'm glad you asked," I replied, smiling back, though I kept it subdued, controlled. I needed to make him believe I was curious, maybe even a little conflicted about what I was doing here.

He gestured for me to sit, and I took the chair across from him. He watched me carefully, his eyes sharp, calculating. I could feel him assessing my every movement, every shift in my expression, trying to get a read on me. I cocked my head and looked back at him just as boldly.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

“Coffee?” he asked, his tone light.

“Yes, please.”

He nodded to the waiter, who quickly brought over two cups. Raffaele waited until the waiter was gone before he spoke again.

“I wanted to talk to you,” he began, his voice casual but with an undercurrent of something deeper. “I’ve been thinking about our last conversation... and about you, Sofia. You intrigue me.”

I raised an eyebrow, playing along. “Do I?”

He chuckled softly. “I want to give you an opportunity... to show me where your true loyalties lie.”

I felt a chill run down my spine, but I kept my composure. “And what opportunity is that?”

He leaned forward, his eyes darkening. “Massimo is a powerful man, but power can make a person blind. Arrogant, even. I think you see that, don’t you?”

I hesitated, letting a small frown crease my brow, like I was considering his words carefully. “Maybe,” I replied slowly. “He can be... controlling, at the very least. But he has his reasons.”

Raffaele nodded as if he understood, his expression sympathetic. “Of course he does.

But a man like Massimo... he only sees people in two ways: assets or liabilities. You're either helping him, or you're expendable."

I bit my lip, giving a small, uncertain nod. "And you think he sees me as an asset?"

"For now," he said with a slight shrug. "But that could change the moment you become... let me say... inconvenient."

I tilted my head slightly. "What are you suggesting?"

"I'm suggesting you think about your future, Sofia," he replied smoothly. "You're smart, capable, and I believe you could be valuable... to someone who appreciates those qualities more than Massimo does."

I felt a flicker of anger but quickly tamped it down, keeping my expression neutral. "And you're saying you'd appreciate those qualities in me?"

He smiled, a slow, calculating smile. "I'm saying I'd like to see what you can do, given the right opportunity."

I raised an eyebrow, playing coy. "What kind of opportunity?"

Raffaele leaned in, his voice lowering, becoming almost conspiratorial. "I have a task for you. A test if you will."

I met his gaze head-on. "I'm listening."

He sat back, folding his hands in front of him. "There's a shipment arriving at the docks tonight. Something that's very important to Massimo's operations—a shipment of cash being funneled into one of his businesses, but we both know it's meant to fund some... less-than-legitimate activities."

I kept my face carefully blank. “And you want me to do what, exactly?”

“You’re going to help me intercept it,” he answered. “Ensure it never reaches its destination. If you can do that, Sofia, you’ll prove to me that you’re serious about stepping out of Massimo’s shadow.”

I hesitated, letting him see the conflict in my eyes. “That’s a big ask, Raffaele,” I said slowly. “If I get caught, Massimo will know.”

His smile was sly and slippery. “Then don’t get caught,” he replied simply. “I’ll provide you with the resources you need—men, vehicles, whatever it takes...”

I took a deep breath, nodding as if weighing his offer carefully. “And if I do this... what then?”

“Then we talk about your future,” he said, his voice smooth, confident. “One where you’re not just a pawn in someone else’s game but a player in your own right.”

I pretended to think it over, then gave a small nod. “Alright,” I said softly. “I’ll do it.”

Raffaele’s smile widened, and I could see the satisfaction in his eyes. “Good,” he said, leaning back with a satisfied expression. “I knew you’d make the right choice.”

I forced a smile, but inside, my mind was racing. I had agreed to his plan, but I wasn’t going to betray Massimo. Not really. I just needed to figure out how to make this work to our advantage—how to turn Raffaele’s test into his downfall.

“Tonight, then,” he said, standing. “I’ll have my men contact you with the details.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

I nodded, rising to my feet. “Pleasure doing business with you.”

He smiled one last time before turning to leave, and I watched him go, my heart pounding. I needed to get to Massimo. We had a lot to discuss... and not much time to plan.

Tonight, we would turn the tables. And Raffaele would never see it coming.

The warehouse at the docks was quiet, the air thick with the scent of saltwater and diesel fumes. The flickering light from the streetlamps cast long dancing shadows across the cracked pavement, and I could hear the sound of waves lapping against the piers.

The eerie quiet made my palms feel clammy.

Massimo stood beside me, his eyes scanning the darkened area with a dark, calculated look.

“We have to make this look real,” Massimo murmured, his voice low and steady. “Raffaele will be watching, waiting for any sign that we’re onto him.”

I nodded, my heart racing. “I know. But if everything goes according to plan, he won’t see what’s coming.”

Massimo turned to me, his expression serious. “Are you sure about this, Sofia? If something goes wrong, it could put you in real danger.”

I met his gaze, my resolve firm. “I’m sure,” I replied. “We need to expose Raffaele for what he is, and this is the only way to do it. If we can gather enough intel tonight, we can blow his whole operation wide open.”

Massimo nodded, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “You’ve got guts, *la mia bambina*. I’ll give you that.”

I smiled back, feeling a surge of confidence. “I’ve learned from the best.”

Massimo leaned in, his lips brushing against my ear. “I’m not losing you tonight,” he whispered.

I nodded, a shiver running down my spine at the heat in his voice. “I’m not going anywhere,” I promised.

I moved toward the warehouse entrance, my heels clicking softly against the pavement. I could see a few of Raffaele’s men scattered around the area, trying to blend in, but their movements were too deliberate and too calculated. I knew that they were here to watch me, to make sure I went through with the plan. They had no idea they were walking into a trap of their own.

As I reached the door, I paused, glancing around to ensure we hadn’t been followed.

The warehouse was filled with stacks of crates and pallets. I could feel my heart racing in my chest as I moved deeper inside, knowing that every step brought us closer to the end goal.

Massimo’s men were already in position, concealed among the crates, their guns ready. I had to trust that they were as prepared as we were. The plan was simple but risky: draw Raffaele out, make him think he was in control, and then trap him in his own deception.

Massimo wasn't here—not visibly, at least. He was waiting nearby, hidden with his men, ready to strike if things went sideways. We had planned every detail of the operation, gone over it again and again, making sure there were no loose ends, no mistakes. Everything had to go off without a hitch.

And so far, it had.

I reached the center of the warehouse and stopped, my eyes scanning the area. A few moments later, I heard the sound of footsteps approaching. I turned to see one of Raffaele's men, a tall, wiry figure with a sharp gaze, moving toward me.

"Sofia," he greeted, his voice low. "Raffaele wants an update. Are you ready?"

I nodded, keeping my expression neutral. "I'm ready."

The man nodded and turned away, pulling out his phone to make the call.

I took a deep breath, raising my voice slightly. "Tell Raffaele I'm ready to proceed," I called out. "But he should know that I'm not doing this for him. I'm doing this for me."

The man paused, turning back to look at me with a suspicious expression. "What do you mean?" he asked.

I shrugged, playing my part. "Let's just say... I've realized I need to start looking out for myself. And if that means making a deal with Raffaele, so be it."

The man narrowed his eyes, but he nodded slowly. "I'll let him know," he said, turning back to his phone.

Minutes passed, and then I heard the sound of more footsteps—heavier this time. I

turned to see Raffaele himself walking into the warehouse, flanked by two of his men. He looked calm, confident, like a man who thought he was holding all the cards.

“Sofia,” he greeted with a smile, his eyes gleaming. “I see you’ve made the right decision.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

I gave him a small smile, careful to keep my tone neutral. “I’m here, aren’t I?”

He nodded, looking pleased. “Yes, you are. And I appreciate that. But you know... trust is a fragile thing in our world. I need to know that you’re serious about this.”

“I am,” I replied, my voice steady. “But I want something in return.”

Raffaele chuckled. “Always the negotiator. What do you want?”

I took a step closer, lowering my voice just enough to make him lean in. “I want to know who’s really running things on your side,” I said softly. “I want to know who you’re working with.”

His smile faltered for just a moment, a flicker of suspicion crossing his face. “Why would you need to know that?”

“Because if I’m going to put my neck on the line, I need to know it’s worth it,” I replied smoothly. “I’m not here to play games, Raffaele. If you want my loyalty, I need assurances.”

He studied me for a moment, his gaze sharp. “And if I refuse?”

I shrugged, keeping my expression calm. “Then maybe I rethink our little arrangement.”

Raffaele’s eyes narrowed, and I could see the gears turning in his head. He was trying to figure me out, trying to decide if I was bluffing. But I could see he was

intrigued—curious, even.

Which was exactly where I wanted him.

After a long moment, he gave me a small nod. “Alright, Sofia,” he said slowly. “I’ll give you some of what you want. But first, I want to see this shipment disappear. Then we’ll talk.”

I nodded, keeping my expression neutral. “Deal.”

Raffaele turned away, barking orders, his voice confident, commanding. I watched as his men moved into position around the warehouse, preparing to intercept the shipment. I forced myself to stay calm, to keep my expression neutral, even though my heart was pounding in my chest. Raffaele needed to believe everything was going smoothly.

I could see the headlights of the truck carrying the shipment approaching in the distance, its engine a low rumble that grew louder as it drew closer. Raffaele’s men tensed, ready to move the moment it arrived. I stood near the center of the warehouse, feeling the weight of Raffaele’s gaze on me as he waited for his prize.

As the truck pulled up to the loading dock, I squared my shoulders, ready to do my part. The truck came to a halt, and the driver—a burly man with a grizzled beard and a hard, suspicious gaze—stepped out, his eyes narrowing as they landed on me. He seemed surprised to see me, but he approached slowly, his posture tense.

“Where’s Massimo?” the driver demanded, his voice gruff. “He was supposed to be here.”

I offered a tight-lipped smile, doing my best to appear confident and in control. “Massimo couldn’t make it,” I lied smoothly. “He sent me in his place.”

The driver's eyes narrowed further, suspicion clear in his expression. "And why should I believe that?" he asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

I took a step closer, keeping my voice steady. "Because he trusts me," I replied firmly. "And because he knows I'm the best person to handle this. Look, we don't have time to argue about this. The longer we stand here, the more we risk drawing attention."

The driver hesitated, glancing back at the truck and then over at Raffaele's men, who were waiting for his signal. I could see the uncertainty flickering in his eyes, the doubt, but I knew I had to push him just a little further.

"Massimo's got a lot on his plate right now," I continued, leaning in slightly as if to share a secret. "He couldn't be here tonight, but he needs this shipment to go smoothly. You know what will happen if it doesn't."

The driver's jaw clenched, and he glanced around once more before finally nodding. "Fine," he muttered, clearly still unconvinced but not willing to risk it. "But if you're lying to me..."

"I'm not," I interrupted, keeping my tone firm. "Now, let's get this done before we have any more eyes on us."

He hesitated for a moment longer, then turned and moved to the back of the truck, yanking open the heavy doors. Inside, the crates were stacked neatly, and I nodded to Raffaele's men to begin unloading them. The driver watched them closely, still on edge, but he didn't object.

When I looked over my shoulder, I saw that Raffaele seemed pleased, and that was exactly what I needed from him. I could see the faintest hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as he watched his men work.

He believed everything was going according to plan.

He had no idea what was really happening behind the scenes.

The last of the crates were unloaded, and the driver gave me a final wary look before closing the truck's back doors. "This better be for Massimo's sake," he grumbled.

I nodded, maintaining my calm façade. "It is," I assured him. "You've done your part. Now, let me do mine."

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

The driver hesitated again, then finally nodded, stepping back and climbing back into the truck. As the truck drove away, I turned and gave a nod to Raffaele.

“It’s done,” I said softly. “Just like you wanted.”

He smiled, a slow, pleased smile that made my skin crawl. “You’ve done well, Sofia,” he said, his tone smooth, almost patronizing. “I knew I could count on you.”

I forced a smile, keeping my expression composed. “I told you I was serious.”

He nodded, glancing at the crates now loaded into his vehicles. “And you’ve proven that,” he replied. “Now, let’s talk about what you wanted to know.”

I leaned in slightly, pretending to be eager. “Who’s pulling the strings on your side?” I asked, my voice low, almost conspiratorial. “Who’s really running things?”

Raffaele chuckled softly. “You’re smart, Sofia. I like that. But you have to understand... these things aren’t always so clear-cut.”

I raised an eyebrow, playing my part perfectly. “I’m listening.”

He leaned closer, his voice dropping to a whisper. “Ricci,” he murmured. “Senator Giovanni Ricci. He’s been working with me, using his position to shift the balance of power, to weaken the other families. He wants to clean up the city, and I’m his way in.”

I felt a surge of triumph but kept my expression neutral. “And what does he get in

return?" I licked my lips, searching his gaze. It gave nothing away.

"Influence," Raffaele replied. "Access to information, to resources. With my help, he can push his agenda, make sure his enemies are taken care of quietly. It's a mutually beneficial arrangement."

I nodded slowly, pretending to consider his words. "And what about the shipment? What's the plan for it?"

He smiled, clearly pleased with himself. "That shipment is a message to Massimo. A message that he's not untouchable, that his power is slipping. It'll fund the next phase of our operation... and make sure that Massimo knows he's out of time."

I nodded, careful to keep my expression composed, my heart racing with adrenaline. He thought he had won, that everything had gone perfectly according to plan. He had no idea that every word he spoke was being recorded, that every move he made tonight was being watched.

"Good," I replied softly. "I'm glad we understand each other."

He nodded, looking satisfied. "You've done well, Sofia," he repeated. "Very well."

I gave him a small, tight smile. "Thank you, Raffaele. I hope this is the beginning of a... profitable partnership."

His eyes gleamed with confidence. "Oh, it will be. Trust me."

I nodded again, feeling a surge of triumph that I kept carefully hidden. He had fallen into the trap, given up exactly what we needed. I just had to get out of here without arousing his suspicion.

I glanced at the loaded vehicles, then back at Raffaele. “I should go,” I said casually. “I’ve done my part.”

He nodded, still smiling. “Of course. We’ll be in touch soon.”

I turned, walking toward the exit, my heart pounding in my chest. I could feel his eyes on me, watching, but I kept my pace steady, calm, as if I had nothing to hide. As soon as I was out of his sight, I quickened my steps, heading toward the side entrance where I knew Massimo would be waiting.

The door opened silently, and I slipped outside, my breath hitching as I saw Massimo standing in the shadows, his expression tense.

“It worked,” I whispered, feeling a rush of relief. “He gave up Ricci’s name... and confirmed everything.”

Massimo nodded, a slow smile spreading across his face. “Good,” he said quietly. “Then it’s time for the next step.”

I nodded, feeling a thrill of excitement. “I’ll call my journalist friend, Alessia,” I murmured. “She’ll know exactly how to spin this.”

I couldn’t believe everything had gone perfectly according to plan and I grinned. I reached for Massimo’s hand and squeezed it tight before I glanced back over my shoulder in Raffaele’s direction.

Alessia Romano was going to be the end of him.

I couldn’t help but think back to the first time I met the now prestigious journalist. She had been a senior when I was a terrified freshman in high school. Alessia had this magnetic presence—she was the kind of girl everyone noticed when she walked into

a room, but not because she was loud or flashy. She had this quiet confidence, a fierce intelligence that drew people to her like moths to a flame.

I remember seeing her in the school courtyard, sitting alone with a book during lunch. She always had her head buried in some novel or a stack of notes, glasses perched on her nose, hair falling in wild waves around her face. She looked like she was in her own world, completely absorbed in whatever she was reading. I was too shy to approach her at first, but one day, by chance, we ended up stuck together in a study hall.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

She had caught me glancing at the newspaper she was scribbling on—articles she was writing for the school’s publication—and instead of brushing me off, she’d grinned and asked me what I thought. I remember fumbling over my words, trying to come up with something smart to say, but she just laughed and said, “Don’t worry about impressing me. Just tell me what you really think.”

From that moment, I was hooked. Alessia took me under her wing in a way no one else had. She’d graduated later that year and went off to university with a scholarship, got her degree faster than anyone I’d ever known, and landed a job at a major Italian newspaper right out of college.

We’d kept in touch sporadically over the years. She’d write me emails about the stories she was working on, the corruption she was uncovering, the risks she was taking. I’d always admired her tenacity, the way she was willing to dig into the darkest corners to find the truth. When I got tangled up in this mess with Massimo and Raffaele, she was the first person I thought of. She was the only one I trusted to tell the story the way it needed to be told.

Massimo’s smile widened. “Make sure she knows to make it big,” he replied. “I want the whole city talking by morning.”

I grinned, already imagining the headlines.

“Oh, they will be,” I promised.

Sofia

The headline hit the front page like a thunderbolt: “Senator’s Secret Dealings with Crime Boss Exposed!” It was Alessia’s handiwork, and I could practically hear her voice in every cutting line of the article. She didn’t hold back—she never did.

Within hours, the story had spread like wildfire. Alessia’s newspaper was the first to break it, but it didn’t take long for other outlets to pick it up. By midday, it was all over social media, with people speculating, arguing, and pointing fingers. By evening, the two men were the butt of every political meme on X. The entire city was buzzing, the news spreading through every café, every office, and every crowded street corner.

Ricci’s office had already released a statement denying any involvement, calling the allegations baseless and defamatory. But the damage was done. The senator’s name was now synonymous with corruption, and there would be no coming back from that.

I sat across from Massimo at the breakfast table. The news played softly in the background, the anchor’s voice taut with excitement as she recounted the latest developments.

“...in a shocking twist, the alleged collaboration between Senator Ricci and Raffaele Moretti has come to light, sparking outrage among the public. Sources close to the investigation suggest that the senator’s ties to organized crime were far deeper than anyone suspected, with new evidence pointing to illegal deals and payoffs spanning years...”

I took a sip of my coffee, savoring the rich, dark taste as I watched Massimo’s face. His expression was one of quiet satisfaction, his eyes gleaming with a hint of amusement as he listened to the broadcast.

“They’re eating it up,” I murmured, setting my cup down. “Alessia really outdid herself this time.”

Massimo nodded, his lips curling into a small, pleased smile. “She’s good,” he admitted. “Better than I expected. The timing couldn’t have been more perfect.”

I grinned, feeling a surge of pride for my friend. “I told you she was the best.”

Massimo leaned back in his chair, his expression thoughtful as he watched the TV screen flash images of Senator Ricci’s grim face, followed by Raffaele’s. The newscaster was still talking about the scandal, the words ‘organized crime’ and ‘corruption’ spinning like a whirlwind around the room. But I could see it in his eyes—Massimo wasn’t fooled by the momentary victory.

“He’s not stupid, Sofia,” he said, his voice low and tense. “Raffaele isn’t just going to sit back and let this blow over. He’ll know it was us who set him up.”

I nodded, my grip tightening around my coffee cup. “He’s going to want to retaliate,” I agreed. “And he’ll come at us with everything he has.”

Massimo’s gaze shifted back to me, his eyes dark with concern. “He’s going to be looking for blood,” he said grimly. “If he suspects even for a second that you were involved, he’ll come after you. And he won’t be subtle about it.”

I swallowed hard, a shiver running down my spine at the thought of Raffaele’s wrath. “What do we do?” I asked quietly. “How do we stay ahead of him?”

Massimo leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. “We have to be careful,” he replied, his tone measured. “We need to make sure he doesn’t find any proof linking us to the leak. Alessia did her job well, but Raffaele will be tearing the city apart looking for someone to blame. We can’t give him a reason to look our way.”

I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself. “What if he goes after Alessia?” I asked, my voice barely more than a whisper. “He knows she wrote the article. He might try to use her to get to us.”

Massimo’s expression darkened. “He won’t find her,” he said firmly. “I’ve already arranged for her to be somewhere safe. Somewhere only a few of my most trusted men know about. If Raffaele wants her, he’ll have to go through a lot of smoke first.”

I felt a wave of relief wash over me, but it was quickly replaced by a sense of urgency. “We can’t underestimate him,” I insisted.

Massimo nodded, his fingers tapping lightly against the edge of the table. “We’ll stay one step ahead of him,” he said. “But we do it smart, and we do it safe.”

He reached across the table, taking my hand in his, his touch firm and reassuring. “And that means you stay close to me, Sofia,” he added, his voice softening just a fraction. “I’m not letting him get anywhere near you.”

I squeezed his hand. “I’m not going to let him take me down,” I replied, my voice filled with resolve. “We’re in this together, Massimo. We’re going to finish what we started.”

He nodded, a small smile forming on his lips, but there was still that undercurrent of worry in his eyes.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

“Yes, we are,” he agreed. “But we play this smart, or we risk losing everything.”

CHAPTER 25

Massimo

The message came through just after dawn, delivered by one of my runners—a note, short and cryptic, bearing the Russo family’s insignia. They wanted a sit-down. After the chaos with Raffaele, I’d been expecting something like this.

I stared at the message for a moment, my instincts screaming at me to be careful. But if the Russos were willing to talk, I had to hear them out.

I folded the note, tucking it into my pocket, and glanced over at Sofia. She was standing by the window, her arms crossed, the morning light casting a halo around her dark hair, painting her in the perfect picture of ethereal beauty. Her expression was calm, but I knew better. She looked over her shoulder and met my eyes, her body tense.

“Looks like the Russos want to play,” I said, keeping my tone casual.

She turned to face me, one eyebrow raised. “Do you trust them?”

I shrugged. “I trust them to look out for themselves,” I replied. “And right now, they’ve got plenty of reasons to be scared. Raffaele’s making moves, and they don’t want to be caught in the crossfire.”

She nodded slowly, but I could see the doubt in her eyes. “You think it’s a trap?”

“It’s always a trap,” I muttered. “But we can’t afford to ignore it. If the Russos are looking to continue our alliance, it could turn the tide in our favor. And if they’re working with Raffaele, I want to know sooner rather than later.”

She hesitated, then took a step closer. “Then we go,” she said firmly. “But we stay sharp.”

And in that moment, I couldn’t help but feel a surge of pride. She was proving herself in ways I hadn’t expected, showing me the makings of someone who could not only survive in my world but thrive. She was more than a just a beautiful woman by my side.

She was my life.

The meeting place was an old warehouse down by the docks, a relic from a time when this city still believed in industry. Now it was nothing but rusted metal and broken glass. I’d brought a small crew with me—Leo, Stefano, a few of my most trusted men—armed and ready for whatever might come.

Sofia sat beside me in the car, her posture relaxed, but her eyes were sharp, scanning the surroundings as we pulled up to the warehouse.

“Remember,” I said quietly, “we go in calm. No sudden moves. Let them think they’ve got the upper hand.”

She nodded, her expression set. “Got it.”

I nodded to Leo, and he pushed open the door, stepping out first. Stefano followed, his eyes sweeping over the area, his hand resting on the gun at his hip. I stepped out

next, feeling the weight of my own weapon beneath my jacket.

The air was thick with the scent of saltwater and oil, a low fog rolling in from the harbor. I could hear the distant sound of gulls crying overhead, but otherwise, it was quiet.

Too quiet.

Sofia moved to my side, her shoulder brushing against mine, and I glanced at her. “Stay close,” I muttered.

“Yes, sir,” she replied, her voice steady, but soft.

We made our way to the entrance of the warehouse, the large metal doors slightly ajar, just enough to slip through. Leo and Stefano took up positions on either side, guns drawn but hidden, ready for anything.

I pushed the door open and stepped inside with Sofia right behind me. The interior was dark, the only light coming from a few broken windows high above. I could see the outlines of crates and old machinery.

The Russos were there waiting for me.

“Massimo,” Antonio called out, his voice echoing through the empty space. “Glad you could make it.”

I forced a smile. “You know me,” I replied. “Always happy to talk business.”

The man nodded, but there was something off in his demeanor, something twitchy. I felt Sofia shift slightly beside me, and I knew she felt it too.

And then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw movement—a shadow, too quick, too deliberate. I turned just in time to see a man stepping out from behind one of the crates, a rifle in his hands, aimed directly at me.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

“Down!” I shouted, grabbing Sofia, and pulling her behind a crate just as the gunfire erupted. Bullets whizzed past us, slamming into the metal walls with deafening cracks. The warehouse exploded into chaos, men shouting, gunfire echoing from every direction.

“Ambush!” Leo shouted, firing back, his voice barely audible over the noise.

I rolled, pulling my gun from its holster, and returning fire, hitting one of Raffaele’s men right between the eyes and turning on another in an instant.

“They were waiting for us,” Sofia muttered. “It’s Raffaele’s men!”

I gritted my teeth. “Bastard set us up,” I growled. “We need to get out of here.”

I scanned the room, looking for a way out. The main entrance was blocked—two men standing to either side of the door armed to the teeth. But there was a side door, half-hidden in the shadows, a possible escape route if we could get to it.

“Side door,” I shouted to Leo and Stefano, pointing. “Cover us!”

They nodded, moving to provide cover fire as I grabbed Sofia’s arm. “Stay close,” I barked, pulling her up and moving toward the door.

We sprinted across the warehouse floor, bullets flying past us, my heart pounding in my chest. I could feel the heat of the gunfire, hear the shouts of the men behind us, but I pushed forward, adrenaline pumping through my veins.

We reached the side door, and I kicked it open, shoving Sofia through first. “Go, go!” I shouted, following right behind her.

We burst out into the open air, the cold wind hitting my face like a slap. I could hear the sounds of more footsteps behind us, Raffaele’s men giving chase. I turned, firing a few shots to slow them down, then grabbed Sofia’s hand and pulled her into a run.

“This way!” I shouted, leading her toward the docks, where the fog was thicker, offering some cover.

“We need to lose them!” she yelled, her voice tight with urgency.

“I know,” I replied, glancing back over my shoulder. “Keep moving!”

My eyes scanned the area, heart pounding, and I spotted our car parked in the shadows where we’d left it.

“There!” I grabbed Sofia’s hand, pulling her along as we sprinted toward it.

Shots rang out behind us, the crack of gunfire tearing through the air. I ducked low, keeping Sofia close, feeling the heat of the bullets whizzing past us.

“Move, move!” I barked.

We reached the car, and I yanked the door open, pushing Sofia into the passenger seat before diving in myself. The moment my door slammed shut, I turned the key in the ignition, the engine roaring to life.

“Hold on,” I muttered, slamming the gearshift into reverse and flooring the gas pedal.

The tires screeched as we shot backward, Raffaele’s men closing in from all sides. I

could see them out of the corner of my eye, rifles raised.

“Get down!” I shouted to Sofia, jerking the wheel hard to the left to avoid the hail of bullets that shattered the rear window.

I slammed the gearshift into drive and floored the accelerator, the car lurching forward with a burst of speed. We shot out of the alley and onto the main road, tires squealing as I took a sharp corner. In the rearview mirror, I saw the headlights of two black SUVs following close behind, their engines roaring like angry beasts.

“They’re gaining on us!” Sofia called out, her voice tight with adrenaline.

“I see them,” I muttered, my grip tightening on the wheel. “Hold on!”

I pressed down harder on the gas, weaving through traffic, the city lights blurring past us in a dizzying whirl. Horns blared as I cut in front of a taxi, narrowly missing a truck that slammed on its brakes just in time. The SUVs were right behind us, relentless, their headlights flashing in my mirror.

“There’s a construction zone up ahead!” Sofia urged, her eyes darting between the side mirrors.

I nodded, spotting the orange barricades and warning signs in the distance. “Good eye,” I replied. “That’s our exit.”

I yanked the wheel hard to the right, steering us toward the narrow opening between two construction barriers. The car bounced violently over a patch of uneven pavement, but I held it steady, maneuvering through the maze of debris and equipment.

The SUVs followed, barreling through the barriers with reckless speed, their drivers

determined not to let us out of their sight. I could hear the crash of metal as they tore through obstacles behind us, the sound of engines roaring, the squeal of tires skidding on loose gravel.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

“They’re still with us!” Sofia shouted, glancing back over her shoulder.

“Not for long,” I growled, spotting a narrow ramp leading up to an overpass. “Hang on!”

I slammed on the gas, the car surging forward and up the ramp, tires squealing as we climbed. The SUVs followed, but I could see them struggling to keep up, their bulky frames swaying dangerously on the uneven terrain.

I swerved sharply, sending us careening around a stack of concrete barriers. “They’re too heavy!” I shouted. “They won’t make the turn!”

Sure enough, one of the SUVs tried to follow, but its rear wheels lost traction on the loose gravel. The driver overcorrected, and the SUV spun out of control, slamming into a pile of metal pipes with a deafening crash.

“One down,” Sofia muttered, her voice tight.

“One more to go,” I replied, glancing in the mirror at the remaining SUV that was still on our tail.

I gunned the engine again, pushing the car harder as we reached the top of the ramp. I could see the lights of the city below, the rush of traffic, and the streets stretching out before us. I needed to get us back onto the main road so we could blend in.

“There!” Sofia pointed, spotting a narrow off-ramp that led back into the city. “Take that!”

I nodded, yanking the wheel hard to the left, sending us hurtling down the ramp. The SUV followed, its headlights blinding, but I could feel the gap widening between us as we merged back onto the main road.

“We’re losing them!” Sofia cried excitedly.

“Not yet,” I muttered, weaving through traffic, cutting across lanes, trying to shake them for good. I could see the driver in the SUV behind us, his face set with determination, refusing to give up.

I took a sharp right, barreling down a narrow side street, then another left, zigzagging through the back alleys, taking every shortcut I knew. The SUV struggled to keep up, its engine roaring, but I could feel it starting to lag, the distance between us growing with every turn.

“Come on,” I hissed under my breath, my hands gripping the wheel tight. “Come on...”

And then, just as I took another sharp turn, I heard it—the screech of tires, the sound of metal crunching against a brick wall. I glanced in the rearview mirror and saw the SUV slam sideways into a dumpster, its engine sputtering to a halt.

“They crashed!” Sofia shouted, her face breaking into a grin. “We did it!”

I let out a breath I didn’t realize I was holding, my heart still pounding in my chest.

“Yeah,” I muttered, a grin spreading across my face. “We did.”

I slowed the car down, turning onto a quieter street, the noise of the chase fading into the distance. I looked over at Sofia, her cheeks flushed with adrenaline, her eyes bright.

“You okay?” I asked, my voice softer now.

She nodded, but her face paled as she looked in the rearview mirror.

“Massimo,” she whispered, her voice edged with alarm. “Behind us... another car.”

I turned, catching sight of it in the mirror—a black sedan, moving fast, too fast, closing the distance between us. My gaze flicked to the driver’s seat and my heart stopped. Raffaele was leaning out the window, a twisted smile on his face, as the car came to a stop.

“Shit,” I muttered, gripping the wheel tighter. “Hold on!”

Raffaele’s men had played their cards, and now he was making his move. I saw him step out of the vehicle with a massive weapon aimed directly at us, his eyes wild with raw determination.

Fuck.

He was holding a rocket launcher.

The street was too narrow, too quiet—there was no way we’d get away in time if he pulled that trigger.

“Massimo, we need to move!” Sofia urged, panic creeping into her voice.

I slammed on the gas, the engine roaring as I tried to swerve out of the way. But I knew, in that split second, we wouldn’t make it.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

Raffaele laughed, his voice carrying over the distance. “Did you think it would be that easy?” he taunted, his finger hovering over the trigger. “I know you betrayed me, Sofia. Now you and Massimo are going to pay the price.”

Sofia’s eyes were wide, fear flashing across her face, but she didn’t flinch. “What do we do—” she began, but I cut her off.

“Get down!” I barked, pulling my gun from its holster. “Now!”

Sofia ducked just as Raffaele raised the rocket launcher to his shoulder, his smile widening. I felt time slow, every second stretching out as I lifted my weapon, my heartbeat thundering in my ears.

I couldn’t miss. Not this time. Not with her life on the line.

“Not today,” I growled, squeezing my own trigger.

The shot rang out, echoing down the empty street. For a split second, I thought I’d missed—Raffaele’s grin never faltered. But then his head snapped back, a spray of crimson erupting as the bullet hit its mark. His body crumpled like a ragdoll, the rocket launcher falling from his hands, clattering uselessly to the ground.

Sofia gasped, her hands flying to her mouth, eyes wide with shock. “Did you...?”

I nodded, my breath coming in ragged gasps, my gun still trained on the fallen figure. “I had to,” I muttered, lowering the weapon slightly but not entirely. “He wasn’t going to stop.”

The engine in Raffaele's car was still running, but there was no movement from the men inside. I could see their faces through the windshield—confused, terrified, unsure of what to do now that their leader lay dead in the street.

“Is it... over?” Sofia asked, her voice trembling slightly.

“Not yet,” I murmured.

There were still the rest of Raffaele's men to deal with.

I shifted the car into drive, the engine purring beneath us as I watched the men in the sedan scramble. They were panicked, caught between running and staying, unsure of their next move.

I rolled down my window, lifting my gun again, aiming it steadily at the windshield of their car.

“Get out of here!” I barked, my voice cutting through the silence. “Tell anyone left that they could run, or they will die—those are their only choices.”

One of Raffaele's men dove into the driver's seat, his hands gripping the wheel, his eyes darting between me and the rest of the men with him. He knew he didn't stand a chance if they stayed.

“Go!” I shouted again, and this time he nodded, slamming the car into reverse.

The tires screeched as they peeled away, the sedan reversing quickly before the driver shifted into gear and sped off. I kept my gun trained on them until they were out of sight, my heart pounding in my chest.

“They're gone,” Sofia murmured, her voice still tight with adrenaline.

I reached for her, my hands moving over her arms, her shoulders, her sides, checking for any sign of injury. “Are you hurt?” I demanded urgently. “Did they hit you?”

She shook her head, but I couldn’t stop. My hands kept roaming, searching, needing to know she was okay. I ran my fingers over her legs, her waist, pressing gently, feeling for any hidden wounds.

“Sofia,” I murmured, my gaze fixed on hers, “tell me you’re fine.”

She caught my hands in hers, holding them tight, forcing me to stop. “Massimo,” she said softly, her voice steady, her eyes locking onto mine. “I’m fine. I promise.”

“Good,” I muttered, my hands lingering on her for a moment longer. “I just... I can’t lose you.”

She smiled, a reassuring light in her eyes. “You won’t,” she whispered. “I’m right here. And I’m not going anywhere.”

I nodded, feeling a fierce protectiveness swelling in my chest. “We need to get out of here,” I said firmly, pulling my hands back and gripping the wheel. “Before anyone comes looking.”

She nodded, sliding back into her seat, her hand still holding mine for a moment longer. “Let’s go,” she agreed.

I shifted the car into gear, slamming down on the accelerator, the tires screeching as we sped away from the scene. I kept my eyes on the road, my heart still pounding, but I reached out and took her hand in mine and squeezed it tight.

As I drove through the narrow streets, weaving in and out of traffic, I glanced over at her, her expression calm and focused despite everything we had just gone through. I

could still see the fire in her eyes, the resolve that had kept her steady when the bullets were flying, and Raffaele had come at us with everything he had. She'd handled herself like she'd been born to this world, fearless and sharp, never flinching, never hesitating.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

I felt a surge of pride, a fierce satisfaction that this woman—this brave, unyielding woman—was by my side. She wasn't just surviving; she was thriving, showing me that she had the strength to stand beside me in every storm, no matter how brutal.

She belonged with me.

There was only one thing that could get in my way.

Her father.

CHAPTER 26

One week later

Sofia

News of Raffaele Moretti's death rippled across Italy like a shockwave, dominating headlines from Rome to Palermo, with every media outlet spinning their own theories about the high-profile assassination.

Speculation ran wild, with most reports linking the murder to a violent escalation in organized crime, pointing fingers at various rival families jockeying for power in the shadowy underworld. Yet, despite the bold headlines and relentless coverage, the investigation quickly hit a wall; no concrete leads surfaced, no suspects were officially named, and the stories on the streets were leading to nothing but dead ends.

But I wasn't worried about any of that tonight.

Tonight was about Massimo and me.

The entire room smelled like heaven—roasted garlic, fresh herbs, a hint of truffle oil. Alonzo had outdone himself. I speared a parmesan spinach ravioli with my fork and swirled it in the truffle sauce before putting it in my mouth, groaning as the flavors exploded over my tongue.

Massimo sat across from me, dressed in a perfectly tailored suit, his tie slightly loosened as if he was trying to relax. But I could see the tension in his jaw, the way his shoulders were tight, the way he swirled his wineglass without really looking at it. His mind was somewhere else, far away from this quiet, private dinner between the two of us.

“Are you even tasting any of this?” I teased, reaching over to steal a bite from his plate. “Alonzo might cry if he sees you ignoring all of his hard work.”

Massimo looked up, his eyes softening a little as he met my gaze. “I’m tasting,” he said, but his voice lacked its usual confidence.

“Liar,” I replied, smiling as I chewed. “You’re brooding again.”

He sighed, setting his glass down and leaning back in his chair. “I can’t help it,” he admitted, his fingers drumming lightly on the table. “I can’t help but think about your father. I’m supposed to be protecting you, Sofia. But instead, I’ve dragged you into this mess and I’m going to have to explain that to him.”

Ever since that night on the road with Raffaele, he’d been tense. I know the police had talked to him, but I hadn’t been brought in for questioning, at least not yet. Leo and Stefano had insinuated that there had been some interest in me, but nothing had surfaced yet.

Whatever it was, I would deal with it when the time came.

I leaned forward, resting my chin in my hand, watching him closely. “I’m not scared,” I said softly. “And I’m not going anywhere.”

He shook his head, frustration flickering in his eyes. “You should be scared,” he muttered. “This isn’t your world, Sofia. It’s dangerous, it’s unpredictable... and I don’t want you to end up paying the price for my decisions.”

I could see the conflict in his expression, the guilt weighing heavy on his shoulders. It was almost... endearing, watching this powerful man wrestle with his conscience, torn between wanting to keep me safe and knowing that I was already too deep to turn back now.

“Do you want me to leave?” I asked, my tone light, but my eyes serious. “Is that what you’re saying, Massimo?”

His head snapped up, panic flashing across his face. “No,” he said quickly, almost too quickly. “No, of course not. I just... I don’t want you to regret being here. To regret being with me.”

I smiled, standing up slowly and moving around the table to his side. “What’s the alternative?” I asked, letting my fingers trail along the back of his chair. “You want me to go back to school, get a business degree, and work in marketing?” I leaned closer, my voice dropping to a playful whisper. “Is that what you want, Massimo?”

He chuckled, the tension easing just a little as he looked up at me, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “You? In marketing?” he asked, his tone teasing. “I don’t think that’s you, *la mia bella*.”

I moved closer, letting my hand drift to his shoulder, feeling the strength in his

muscles beneath the crisp fabric of his suit. “No,it’s not,” I agreed, my fingers sliding down his arm, tracing the lines of his sleeve. “And you know it. I’m in your world now, Massimo. I’m not going back to anything else.”

He swallowed hard, his eyes darkening with a mix of desire and frustration. “Sofia...”

I leaned in, my lips brushing against his ear. “What do you really want?” I whispered, my hand slipping down to his chest, feeling the steady thump of his heartbeat. “I’m not some delicate flower that needs protecting. I want this. I want you.”

He groaned softly, his hands finally moving to my waist, gripping me tightly, as if he was trying to hold on to some semblance of control. “This is dangerous,bambina,” he murmured, his voice low, almost a growl.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

I grinned, my fingers still tracing circles on his chest. “Maybe I like danger,” I teased, letting my hand slide lower, feeling the muscles of his torso tense beneath my touch. “Maybe I want to be right in the middle of it... with you.”

I moved to straddle his lap, my knees on either side of him, feeling the heat of his body through the fabric of his suit. I could feel his breath hitch as I settled against him, his hands instinctively gripping my hips, pulling me even closer.

He was already rock hard.

For me.

His eyes searched mine, and I could see the battle playing out in his mind—the desire, the need, the urge to push me away and pull me closer all at once. “You don’t know what you’re asking for,” he muttered.

I leaned in again, my lips brushing against his, just a whisper away. “Oh, I think I do,” I replied softly. “And I think you want it too.”

He hesitated for a moment longer, and I felt the tension in his grip tighten and then snap. His mouth crashed against mine, hot and urgent, his hands sliding up my back, pulling me closer, deeper into him.

His kiss was fierce, almost desperate, his hands moving over my back, pressing me closer against him, as if he couldn’t get enough. I smiled against his lips, feeling the thrill of victory and desire twist together inside me.

“Sofia,” he murmured against my mouth, his voice rough, edged with something raw and unrestrained. “You’re going to make me lost control, do you know that?”

I grinned, brushing my lips against his, teasing. “Good,” I whispered, trailing kisses along his jaw, feeling the way his breath quickened with each touch. “Maybe I like it that way.”

He groaned again, his hands sliding up my back, pulling me closer, so close I could feel every beat of his heart against my chest.

“I can’t get enough of you,” he growled. He pulled me closer, capturing my lips in another kiss, softer this time, but no less intense. His hands roamed over my back, down to my hips, guiding me against him in a way that made my head spin, made me feel like I was melting into him. He groaned against my mouth, his grip tightening on my hips, pulling me flush against him, until I could feel every inch of him pressed against me, hot and hard.

I felt his breath on my neck as he whispered, “I need you, Sofia. But I need you to be sure that this is the life you want.”

I pulled back just enough to look into his eyes, feeling the sincerity in his words, the weight of his concern. “I’m sure,” I murmured, brushing a kiss over his lips. “There’s no other life I want. No other man I want.”

His hands tightened on my hips, his gaze fierce, almost predatory. “Then let’s make that clear to everyone,” he murmured, his lips brushing against my ear. “Marry me.”

I shivered, a thrill running through me at his words. “You want to make me your wife?” I whispered back, leaning in to claim his mouth with mine, sealing the promise between us.

“I do,” he growled. His hands were on me, firm and commanding, pulling me closer until there was no space between us, his lips moving against mine in a way that made my head spin. I could feel the heat radiating from his body, the way his fingers dug into my hips as if he were afraid that I might slip away.

But I wasn't going anywhere.

“Then yes. I'll marry you,” I said softly.

“Fuck, yes, bella,” he murmured. “I was hoping you'd say that.”

I let my fingers slide down the front of his suit jacket, pushing it off his shoulders. I took my time, enjoying the feel of him, the strength and power he held in check, just waiting to be unleashed. He watched me, his breath coming in quick, shallow gasps, his eyes dark and hungry.

I reached for the first button of his shirt, my fingers moving slowly, deliberately, as I began to unfasten it. His eyes followed my every move, his hands sliding up my sides, grazing the fabric of my dress. I could feel the pulse of his heartbeat against my palms as I worked my way down, button by button, exposing his chest, inch by inch.

“You're teasing me,” he murmured, his voice rough and low, filled with a mix of desire and frustration.

I smiled, leaning in to brush my lips against his neck, feeling him shudder beneath me. “Maybe I like teasing you,” I whispered, my fingers trailing over his now-exposed skin, tracing the lines of his muscles, the heat of his body seeping into my fingertips.

He growled softly, his hands moving to my thighs, sliding up the hem of my dress, bunching the fabric in his fists. “Careful,” he murmured, his voice thick with want. “I

might just decide to take back control and put you over my knee, naughty girl.”

I laughed softly, my lips moving against his ear. “I don’t think so,” I teased, tugging his shirt open the rest of the way, letting my hands roam over his chest, his shoulders, feeling every inch of him blazing hot beneath my fingers. “Not tonight.”

He groaned, his hands slipping further up my dress, his fingers digging into my ass, pulling me closer. His lips found mine again, the kiss deep, consuming, his tongue tracing the seam of my lips, demanding entry.

I opened to him, the kiss turning heated, our breaths mingling, my hands exploring his chest, feeling the heat of his skin, the way his muscles flexed under my touch. I could feel his heartbeat pounding against my palms, fast and strong, matching the wild rhythm of my own.

I leaned back slightly, enough to pull my dress up higher, my hands moving to guide his, encouraging him to explore. He needed no further invitation; his hands slid up my legs, over my hips, leaving a trail of heat in their wake.

“Tell me what you want,” he murmured against my lips, his voice a rough whisper, almost pleading.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

I smiled, letting my fingers drift to the waistband of his trousers, tugging gently. “I want you,” I breathed, with all the confidence I felt in that moment. “All of you.”

He shuddered beneath me, his eyes dark with need. “You have me,” he replied, his voice a low growl. “You’ve always had me.”

I kissed him again, deeper this time, my hands moving with purpose, feeling the strength of his body beneath mine, the way he seemed to tremble under my touch. I could feel the heat between us building, the electricity crackling in the air, every nerve ending on fire.

He gripped my thighs tighter, pulling me even closer, his mouth moving to my neck, his lips grazing my skin.

“Sofia...” he whispered, with so much need it made my heart ache.

“Yes,” I breathed, arching into him, my body pressing against his, feeling the tension, the desire, the way his hands seemed to worship every inch of me.

With ease, he reached between us and tore my panties away. The lace parted like the Red Sea, nothing more than fragile threads that disintegrated under his raw strength. I scooted back a little bit and unbuttoned his slacks, lowering his zipper and slowly freeing his cock.

It was just as glorious as it was the very first time.

He was already hard, but I wrapped my fingers around his length anyway, stroking

my hand up and down and feeling him grow even more erect under my firm touch.

A low groan rumbled from his chest, his hips shifting, his body seeking the friction. His lips claimed mine again, hungry, eager, his hands moving over my body as if he couldn't get enough. His cock throbbed in my hand as he devoured me, consumed me, and I let him take everything that I had to give.

Then I lifted myself up and positioned myself just above his cock, the tip just brushing against my entrance, and he groaned. I didn't sink down. At least not right away.

Instead, I teased him.

I rocked against him, grinding against his length, feeling the heat and the pressure, the way his breath quickened, the way his fingers dug into my hips, urging me to go further, faster.

But I took my time.

I wanted to savor this.

I wanted to savor him.

So I continued to tease him, as long as I dared, before I leaned forward and dragged my teeth along his earlobe before I nipped at it gently, then a bit more roughly. He groaned, the sound racing down my spine like a surge of electricity.

"You're thinking about flipping me over and fucking me hard, aren't you?" I whispered, goading him.

"Yes," he growled.

“You’re not going to last long enough for that,” I taunted and without missing a beat, I lowered myself onto his cock, taking every last inch in one smooth motion. His head fell back, his eyes closing, a shuddering breath escaping him as his fingers dug into my hips, holding me still.

“Fuck, *la mia bella*.”

I felt his cock pulsing inside me, filling me, stretching me, the sensation almost too much to bear. I leaned in and brushed my lips against his, kissing him lightly as I rocked my hips back and forth for the first time and he groaned once more.

I began to roll my hips now in earnest. He gripped them, his fingers digging into my skin, his breath coming in shallow gasps as I rode him, taking him deeper with each stroke. I could feel the tension building, the heat between us threatening to burn us both alive. But I didn’t care. In that moment, nothing mattered except this.

My inner walls gripped at his thick length, pulling him in at the same time they tried to push him out. I rolled my hips, wrapping a single arm around his neck and slipping the other between us just so that I could brush my fingertips against my clit.

I detonated.

Bright white lights shattered right in front of me. Every nerve in my body fired at once, raw electricity surging up and down my every limb. The orgasm came, rolling through me like thunder. It was so intense that I couldn’t hold myself upright. I collapsed forward, pressing my face into the side of his neck, trying to muffle the sounds that poured from my throat.

Frantically, I rocked my body back and forth, my head in the clouds as pleasure poured over every inch of me. He gripped my hips tighter, his own hips thrusting up to meet me, burying his cock even deeper inside.

My inner walls clamped down on his cock. I clenched even tighter, and he groaned out loud.

“La mia bambina, you’re going to be the death of me,” he groaned, and I smirked against his throat.

“Maybe you’ll die happy, then,” I teased.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

“Fuck, maybe I will,” he agreed.

He grabbed the back of my neck and pulled my mouth to his, kissing me deeply, and then I clenched down harder, my inner walls milking his cock.

He grunted and jerked his hips, slamming them upward.

My eyes closed and I cried out as another orgasm hit, crashing over me, dragging me down. My body shuddered and trembled, the waves of agonizing ecstasy making my limbs shake.

“Oh, God!” I moaned.

“Fuck, Sofia,” he growled.

I could feel him throbbing inside me, his cock pulsing as his own climax hit, sending him over the edge. Each spurt of his cum hit a spot deep inside me, causing a surge of pleasure to rocket through my body. I rubbed my clit faster, harder, until I arched my back and screamed his name.

“Massimo!”

The waves crashed over me, pulling me under. My core was on fire, burning from the inside out. My lungs struggled to pull in oxygen, and my heart hammered against my ribs, threatening to burst from my chest.

For a moment, it felt like time stopped. There was nothing but us, nothing but the

pleasure, the connection. It was a moment frozen in time, a single breath where the rest of the world disappeared.

I came undone.

When the mindless pleasure finally began to fade, I collapsed against him, every nerve in my body pulsing with sensation. He wrapped his arms around me, holding me close, his breath hot against my neck. We stayed like that for a long time. When I finally felt like myself again, I smiled, knowing that I'd won.

This was my world now. And I wasn't going anywhere.

"I think we both know who's really in charge here," I whispered, smiling even wider now.

He chuckled, low and deep, his eyes darkening with amusement. "Is that so?" he asked, his hand moving to rest on my hip, his grip firm. "And who might that be?"

I grinned, leaning closer still, my lips brushing against his ear. "Me," I whispered, my voice filled with challenge.

He let out a laugh, his fingers tightening on my hip. "You're brave, *la mia bambina*, I'll give you that," he murmured, his voice thick with a mixture of amusement and desire. "But I think you've forgotten something."

"Oh?" I replied, tilting my head, feigning innocence. "And what's that?"

He moved quickly, faster than I could react. In one smooth motion, he lifted me off his cock, his strong arms wrapping around my waist. I let out a surprised yelp, my hands instinctively grabbing onto his shoulders.

“That I always get the last word,” he growled playfully, spinning me around and bending me over his knee with an easy, confident strength that left me breathless.

“Massimo!” I squealed, but there was a laugh in my voice, a thrill that ran through me as he held me in place, one hand resting on my back, keeping me still.

He leaned down, his lips brushing against my ear. “You think you’re in control, bella?” he murmured, his voice a low, teasing rumble. “Think again.”

I squirmed, trying to push myself up, but he held me firm, his grip unyielding. “Let me go!” I laughed, even as my heart pounded in my chest, my skin tingling with anticipation.

He chuckled softly, his fingers tracing a light path down my spine. “Not until you admit who’s really in charge here,” he teased, his tone filled with that familiar mix of authority and playfulness that always drove me wild.

I turned my head, looking back at him over my shoulder, my eyes flashing with challenge. “Fine,” I said, my voice breathless but defiant. “I’m in charge. And you’re just going to have to deal with it.”

His eyes darkened, a wicked smile spreading across his lips. “You’re asking for trouble, Sofia,” he warned, but there was no heat in his words, only the promise of what was to come.

“Maybe I like trouble,” I shot back.

He laughed again, a deep, satisfied sound that made my heart skip a beat. “Oh, I know you do,” he murmured, and then his hand came down, a light but firm smack against my backside.

I gasped, more from surprise than pain, feeling a rush of heat spread through me.

He grinned, leaning down so his lips were just a breath away from my ear. “Do I have your attention now?” he asked, his tone both playful and commanding.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

I bit my lip, trying to suppress a smile. “Maybe,” I replied, refusing to give in so easily.

“Maybe isn’t good enough, bella,” he murmured, his hand caressing my skin, soothing the sting. “But I’m willing to keep trying... until you learn your lesson.”

I shivered, feeling the delicious chemistry building between us. “And what lesson is that?” I whispered, my voice softer now, filled with anticipation.

“That no one takes control from me,” he replied, his hand lifting, pausing for just a moment. “Not even you.”

And then his hand came down again, harder this time, and I let out a gasp, my body arching against him, my skin tingling, my heart racing. I could feel my desire growing, mixing with the heat of the moment, until I felt like I might burst.

“I did when you were coming deep inside me,” I quipped.

“You think you’re so clever, don’t you?” he murmured, his voice a low growl, filled with playful menace.

I grinned, even as my heart pounded in my chest. “Maybe I do,” I teased, my voice light, challenging. “Maybe I think I’ve got you exactly where I want you...”

He let out a deep, rumbling laugh, his hands sliding lower, gripping me firmly. “You have no idea what you’re asking for,” he replied, his tone both amused and dark. “But I’m happy to show you.”

Before I could respond, he lifted me up with a swift, practiced motion, pressing me forward until I was bent over the edge of the table. My hands landed on the hard surface, my breath catching in my throat as he positioned me exactly how he wanted. I could feel his strength, the surety in every movement, and a thrill ran through me, anticipation building in my veins.

“Massimo,” I whispered, half a laugh, half a plea. “What are you?—”

He leaned down, his lips brushing against my ear. “You’ve been asking for this, Sofia,” he murmured, his breath hot against my skin. “And now... you’re going to get it.”

I felt a shiver run through me, my body reacting to his words, to the tension in his tone, the way his hands held me in place. He pressed me down against the table, my heartbeat thundering in my ears.

“Stay still,” he ordered softly, his voice filled with authority. “And don’t even think about moving.”

A smile tugged at my lips, a rush of excitement bubbling in my chest. “And what if I do?” I taunted, my voice filled with challenge.

He chuckled, a deep, satisfied sound that sent a thrill through me. “Then I’ll have to take off my belt,” he replied, his hand sliding down my back, slow and deliberate, before pausing just above the curve of my backside.

“Massimo...” I whispered, my voice trembling with a mix of nerves and desire. “I don’t think you can handle me.”

His fingers traced circles on my skin, his touch both gentle and firm. “Oh, I can handle you,” he replied, his tone filled with promise. “The question is... can you

handle me?”

Without waiting for an answer, his hand came down again, harder this time, a sharp smack that echoed through the room. I gasped, my body jolting at the impact, a rush of heat spreading across my skin, mingling with the sting. My breath caught in my throat, my mind going hazy with sensation.

He spanked me again, and again, each strike harder than the last, each one sending a wave of sensation coursing through me, a delicious mix of pain and pleasure that made my head spin, my body tremble. I felt my knees grow weak, my breath coming in ragged gasps, my thoughts scattering like leaves in the wind.

“Tell me, Sofia,” he growled, his hand resting on my heated skin, his fingers soothing the sting. “Tell me who’s in charge here.”

I swallowed hard, my heart racing, my body alive with sensation. “You are,” I gasped, my voice breathless, my body arching against his touch.

He growled again, a low, satisfied sound, his hands sliding over my hips, pulling me back against him. “Good girl,” he murmured, his voice filled with approval, and something darker, something more.

And then, his cock brushed against my entrance for the briefest of seconds before he slammed back inside of me.

I cried out, my inner walls clenching around his length, a rush of pleasure surging through me.

He didn’t hesitate. He began to fuck me, hard and fast.

Each stroke touched a place deep inside me, driving me wild as desire swirled from

the depths of my soul. I pushed back against him, taking him deeper, urging him on.

He reached down, his hand wrapping around my neck, squeezing gently. His other hand slid under me, between my legs, finding my clit.

He played my body like a violin, each touch and thrust perfectly timed, perfectly placed. My inner walls clenched around him, his thick cock filling me, stretching me, the sensations almost too much to bear.

I couldn't stop my desire from barreling into me like a freight train careening off its tracks.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

My orgasm exploded over me before I could even think to try to stop it. Every nerve in my body fired at once, raw electricity surging through me, turning my vision white. I bucked and writhed and arched against him, screaming his name.

He continued to fuck me, harder and harder until my climax crested, leaving my head up somewhere in the clouds and making me free fall into another and another until I didn't know up from down or left from right.

It was a pleasure so intense it bordered on pain, and all I could do was let myself go.

Let myself drown in it.

Inhim.

His hips jerked, his body stiffening, his release pouring into me. Every surge of his seed marked me as his, utterly and completely. When it was all over, we were both left trembling, panting, our hearts pounding in unison. After a moment, he collapsed onto the bed beside me, his breathing ragged, his face flushed, and his gaze met mine, just as intense and commanding as it always was.

“Tell me again who’s in control,” he growled softly as he swung his arm toward me, pinning me in place with his body as his fingers instantly found my clit and rubbed it hard, forcing my pleasure to come to a head in seconds.

“You are,” I cried out, my heartbeat thumping in my ears, and I arched off the bed, delirious with desire pumping through me and I moaned, lost in everything that was us.

“That’s my good girl. I love you. I love you more than anything in this world, Sofia. Do you understand me, *la mia bella*? You are mine. Forever. And no one will ever take you away from me,” he murmured, his eyes boring into mine, and my heart exploded in my chest.

“I love you too,” I whispered, my eyes tearing as yet another orgasm blinded me.

When I came again, the edges of my vision darkened, and I squeezed my eyes shut, tears leaking out and sliding down my cheeks.

In that moment, I broke.

And then I passed out.

CHAPTER 27

Sofia

It had taken weeks of negotiations, strings pulled in every corner of the legal system, and a lot of favors called in, but Massimo finally got my father out. In the end, we got him released on a technicality that Enzo had uncovered in the mountains of paperwork involved with the case. I could still remember the look on my father’s face when he’d walked out of those prison gates, confusion mixed with relief, his eyes scanning the horizon for a familiar face.

I’d been waiting for him.

Two days had slipped by, and I hadn’t allowed Massimo anywhere near my father. I needed to handle this myself first, to explain, to help him understand what Massimo meant to me before he stormed in and asserted his presence in my life. I had to make Papa see that this was my choice—that I loved Massimo, and no matter what

happened, I wouldn't be walking away from him.

In that time, Papa had called and messaged countless times, his voice tinged with concern and frustration, asking why I hadn't come home, why I was staying with Massimo instead. I knew he was worried, that he feared I was making a mistake, but this was something I had to make him see for himself.

So I arranged a meeting. I sent him a message, asking him to meet me at our favorite café in the city, the one with the tiny tables and the rich, dark coffee we both enjoyed. The same place he used to take me every Sunday morning when life was simpler, and my only concern was whether to choose a croissant or a muffin for breakfast.

I waited, sipping on a cappuccino, the bitter taste settling my nerves as I sat by the window, watching the door. I could feel my heart pounding, the uncertainty twisting in my stomach. I knew this wasn't going to be easy. Papa was stubborn, protective—everything a father should be. But I needed him to hear me out, to understand that this was real, and that it wasn't some reckless fling.

When the door finally opened, and I saw him step inside, I felt a rush of relief mixed with dread. He looked tired, his face drawn and pale, but there was still a fire in his eyes. His gaze softened when he saw me though, just like it always did.

"Sofia," he greeted me, his voice low, cautious, as he pulled out the chair across from me. "You wanted to talk?"

I nodded, taking a deep breath. "Yes, Papa," I replied, trying to keep my tone light. "There's something important I need to tell you."

He eyed me warily, his hands clasping together on the table. "Is this about Massimo?" he asked, cutting straight to the point.

I nodded again, my heart racing. “Yes,” I admitted, meeting his gaze directly. “I need you to know... that he’s not just helping me, Papa. He’s... he’s more than that. We’re together.”

His eyes widened, his jaw tightening. “Together?” he repeated, his voice sharp. “Sofia, what are you saying?”

I leaned in, lowering my voice, trying to soften the blow. “I love him, Papa,” I confessed, feeling a rush of adrenaline. “And he loves me. We’ve decided... to be together, for real.”

His face fell, disbelief mingling with anger. “You can’t be serious,” he muttered, shaking his head. “He’s twice your age. You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into, Sofia.”

“I know exactly what I’m getting into,” I replied firmly, reaching across the table to grab his hand. “And I need you to trust me, Papa. I’m not a little girl anymore. I know what I want.”

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

He pulled his hand away, his expression hardening. “You think you know, but you don’t,” he snapped. “Massimo is dangerous. He’s?—”

“He’s everything I need,” I cut in, my voice strong, unwavering. “I’m not afraid of him. I’m not afraid of his world either. I chose it, Papa. I chose him.”

He stared at me, stunned, the color draining from his face. “Sofia... you don’t understand what you’re saying.”

I shook my head, feeling a surge of frustration. “No, Papa. You don’t understand. This is my decision, and I’m not asking for your permission. I’m asking for your support.”

Papa stared at me, his jaw clenched tight, the lines on his face deepening as he processed what I had just said. His eyes were stormy, a mixture of disbelief, anger, and something else—fear. The seconds ticked by, each one stretching longer than the last, until finally, he let out a long, slow breath.

“Sofia,” he began, his voice low, almost a whisper. “I’ve spent my whole life keeping you out of this world. And now you’re telling me... you’ve chosen him? You’ve chosen this life?”

I nodded, my heart pounding in my chest. “Yes, Papa. I have.”

He shook his head, his hands trembling slightly as he ran them over his face. “Do you even know what that means?” he muttered, his voice rising. “Do you have any idea what kind of man he is? The things he’s done? The enemies he has?”

“I know,” I replied calmly, though my heart was racing. “I know everything, Papa. And I’ve seen the man he is. The man behind the power, the one who is loyal, who is strong... who would do anything to protect me.”

His eyes flashed with anger. “Protect you?” he scoffed. “By dragging you deeper into this mess? By making you a target?”

I leaned forward, keeping my voice steady. “He didn’t drag me into anything, Papa. I chose this.”

He slammed his fist on the table, making the cups rattle, his face dark with frustration. “You’re blinded, Sofia,” he snapped. “You don’t see the danger... the real danger. Massimo is a powerful man, yes, but that power comes at a price. It comes with blood, with enemies who won’t hesitate to use you to get to him.”

I took a deep breath, refusing to back down. “I’m not naive, Papa,” I said softly. “I know what I’m getting into. I know it’s not easy. But I love him, and I’m not turning back.”

He leaned back in his chair, his hands gripping the armrests as if trying to hold himself in place. “You don’t understand what you’re saying,” he muttered. “You don’t know what you’re risking, what you could lose...”

“I know exactly what I’m risking,” I interrupted, my voice firm. “And I’m willing to take that risk for him. For us.”

He shook his head again, his expression pained. “You’re my daughter,” he said, his voice breaking slightly. “I can’t stand the thought of you... of you being in danger. Of you getting hurt because of him.”

I reached out, touching his arm gently, feeling the tension in his muscles. “Papa,” I

whispered. “I need you to trust me. I’m not a little girl anymore. I’m strong, and I’m smart... and I’m in love. I need you to believe in me.”

His eyes softened just a fraction, and for a moment, I saw the struggle in his expression—the battle between a father’s fear and a father’s love. “Sofia,” he murmured hoarsely, “this... this isn’t what I wanted for you.”

“I know,” I replied, squeezing his arm. “But it’s what I want for me. And I need you to accept that.”

He was silent for a long moment, his gaze shifting from me to the table, as if searching for answers. Then, finally, he looked up, his shoulders slumping just a little. “If I give you my blessing,” he said quietly, “how can I know... that he’ll protect you? That he’ll keep you safe?”

I smiled softly, knowing this was the chance I’d been waiting for. “Because he’s already proven it, Papa,” I answered. “He got you out of prison. He did that for me... for us. He risked everything to make sure you were safe.”

He exhaled slowly. “I need to hear it from him,” he finally said, his voice firmer now. “I need to know he’s serious... that he’ll protect you, no matter what.”

I nodded, feeling a surge of relief. “Then you will,” I promised.

He nodded slowly, leaning back in his chair. “Alright,” he said, his voice resigned but calm. “I’ll hear him out.”

“Thank you,” I whispered.

“If he hurts you—” he began.

“I know. You’ll kill him,” I smirked.

“Damn right,” he muttered.

CHAPTER 28

Massimo

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

The moment I sat down, I knew I was in for a reckoning.

“Asshole. I can’t believe you didn’t even ask for my blessing before you asked for her hand in marriage,” Marco said, sipping his whiskey while giving me the most annoyed side eye I could ever have imagined.

“Would it get me any brownie points if I asked for it now?” I mused, and he chuckled lightly beside me.

“No.”

“Good to know. I’m still going to marry her anyway,” I grinned.

“I know.” Marco set his glass down with a loud thunk, his eyes narrowing as he turned to face me. “You’re bold, I’ll give you that,” he muttered, his voice carrying a mix of grudging respect and frustration. “But boldness doesn’t mean you’re the right man for her.”

I leaned back in my chair, taking a slow sip of my whiskey, savoring the burn as it went down. “I understand that,” I replied calmly. “But I think I’ve proven that I’d do whatever it takes to keep her safe.”

Marco’s gaze was sharp, assessing. “You’ve proven you’re willing to play games with the law, pull strings, and call in favors. But have you proven you can keep her out of the crossfire? That you won’t drag her deeper into this life than she already is?”

I chuckled, setting my glass down on the table between us. “Marco, she’s already in,” I said evenly. “And I’m not going to lie to you or to her. There is no getting out now. But I will make damn sure she’s protected, no matter what.”

He studied me for a long moment, his fingers tapping against the side of his glass. “You love her,” he finally said, a statement, not a question.

I nodded without hesitation. “More than anything,” I replied, my voice steady. “She’s not just some passing interest to me, Marco. She is my future. She’s... my everything.”

Marco sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. “That’s what I was afraid of,” he muttered, but I caught a glimpse of something softer in his expression, something that looked a lot like acceptance. “You’re not going to let her go, are you?”

I shook my head slowly, my gaze never leaving his. “Never,” I said firmly. “And I’m not asking for your permission. I’m asking for your understanding. For your blessing, if you’re willing to give it... but I’m prepared to marry her without it.”

Marco stared into his glass, swirling the amber liquid around, as if searching for answers in its depths. “She’s my daughter, Massimo,” he said quietly. “She’s my only family. I’ve done everything to keep her safe, to keep her out of this life...”

“And I respect that,” I interrupted gently. “But she’s not a child anymore, Marco. She’s strong, she’s capable, and she’s made her choice. And I’m going to honor that choice, every day.”

He looked up, meeting my gaze again, his expression conflicted. “If you ever hurt her—” he began, but I cut him off.

“I won’t,” I promised, my voice firm, unwavering. “You have my word. I’ll protect

her with my life. I'll give her everything she wants, everything she deserves. I'll make her happy, Marco... or I'll die trying."

He studied me for a moment longer, and then, slowly, he nodded. "I know you will," he said, his voice rough. "But she's strong-willed, like her mother. And if she ever decides she's done with you, you'll have to accept that, too."

I smirked, lifting my glass in a mock toast. "If that day comes, I'll face it," I replied. "But until then, I'm going to fight like hell to make sure it never does."

Marco chuckled, a low, reluctant sound that broke the tension in the room. "You're a stubborn bastard," he muttered, but there was a hint of a smile on his lips.

"Takes one to know one," I shot back, grinning. "So, do I have your blessing?"

He sighed, shaking his head slightly. "You're asking for something that's not mine to give," he replied. "Sofia's already made her choice. But... if you love her the way you say you do, and if you keep her safe, then... maybe you'll prove me wrong."

I nodded, lifting my glass again. "I can live with that," I said. "To proving you wrong, then."

He laughed, a genuine laugh this time, and clinked his glass against mine. "To proving me wrong," he agreed.

We drank in silence for a moment, but for the first time, I felt a sense of peace.

"I guess this makes us family," I quipped, setting my glass down with a grin.

Marco groaned, shaking his head. "God help me," he muttered, but there was a hint of amusement in his eyes. "You're going to be a nightmare as a son-in-law."

I laughed, feeling a warmth settle in my chest. “Oh, you have no idea,” I teased.

He just shook his head and smiled.

EPILOGUE

Sofia

The day had finally come.

The sun hung low in the sky, casting a golden hue over the rolling hills outside. The courtyard of the old villa was adorned with fresh white roses and olive branches, the scent of jasmine mingling with the warm summer air. I could hear the soft murmurs of guests arriving outside, the sound of laughter and clinking glasses, but inside, in my private bridal suite, everything was completely still.

I stood in front of the mirror, gazing at my reflection. The girl looking back at me wasn't the same one from a few months ago. She'd been naïve, sheltered by a world that pretended everything could be simple. Now, everything felt heavier—like the weight of what had happened had settled deep into my bones and refused to let go.

This was a different world now, but it was my world.

Even though it had been several months since Raffaele's death, that wasn't the end of it. The balance of power, the alliances—it was like the whole criminal underworld was holding its breath, waiting for the next move. Senator Ricci resigned a short while after the fact, his name synonymous with corruption. His career was finished. Senator Bianchi, the woman who had been kidnapped by Raffaele and his men, had managed to escape and now she was using her voice to push for stricter laws against organized crime, like she was trying to make sure what happened to her never happened to anyone else. And Massimo... well, he had his own battles to fight now. Raffaele's death left a void, and everyone knew it wouldn't stay empty for long. Someone would want to fill that space, and I could feel the tension building, like we

were all standing on the edge of something dangerous.

Together, though, we would be prepared to rule that world side by side.

I looked into my own eyes, searching for the girl I used to be, but she wasn't there anymore. The chaos of these past few months had shaped me into the woman I was now and there was no going back.

And today, I was getting married to the love of my life, to the man that was not only my dad's best friend, but my king.

I couldn't wait.

My dress, a soft, elegant gown of lace and silk, clung to my figure in all the right places. The delicate off-the-shoulder sleeves framed my collarbones, and a soft blue ribbon cinched at my waist, a nod to the tradition of 'something blue.' My hair, swept up in an intricate bun, was crowned with a delicate veil that cascaded down my back, blending with the train of my gown. I felt like a princess from a fairytale, but there was a tight knot in my stomach, where nerves were twisting like vines.

I was about to marry Massimo Sartori—the most powerful man in Italy—and nothing about my life would ever be the same.

A knock on the door pulled me from my thoughts. "Come in," I called softly.

The door creaked open, and my father stepped inside. He looked handsome in his dark suit, the silver in his hair catching the light. His expression was a mix of pride and worry as he approached me, his eyes scanning me from head to toe.

"You look beautiful, Sofia," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion.

“Thank you, Papa.” I smiled, but he didn’t return it immediately. Instead, he came closer, his brow furrowing slightly.

He reached out, gently taking my hands in his. “Are you sure about this, Sofia?” he asked quietly, searching my eyes. “Are you sure this is what you really want?”

I squeezed his hands, my heart swelling with love for this man who had raised me, protected me, and taught me everything about being strong and standing up for myself.

“Yes, Papa,” I replied with conviction. “I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life. I love Massimo, and he loves me. I’m where I’m meant to be.”

He sighed deeply, his shoulders relaxing just a little, and a small, tentative smile formed on his lips. “I just... I want you to be happy, Sofia,” he said, his voice breaking slightly. “That’s all I’ve ever wanted.”

I leaned in, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “I know, Papa,” I whispered. “And I am. I promise you, I am.”

He nodded slowly, a tear escaping his eye as he pulled me into a tight hug. “You’re my little girl,” he whispered. “No matter what, you’ll always be my little girl.”

“I know,” I murmured, hugging him back tightly. “And I’m so grateful for everything you’ve done for me. But today... I’m starting a new chapter. With Massimo.”

He pulled back, his hands still on my shoulders. “Then let’s do this,” he said, his voice stronger now. “Let’s get you married.”

The ceremony took place in the courtyard of the villa, surrounded by lush gardens and tall cypress trees. The Tuscan sun warmed our guests, who sat on elegantly

decorated chairs draped with ivory linens. A string quartet played a soft melody, the sound carrying gently through the air.

When it was time, my father took my arm, and we stepped out together onto the cobblestone path that led to the altar. The crowd turned, their faces beaming with smiles as they watched us approach. Alessia waved in my direction, and I smiled back at her. My heart pounded in my chest, but when I saw Massimo standing at the altar, all my nerves melted away.

I only saw him.

He looked devastatingly handsome in his tailored suit, his hazel eyes locked onto mine, sparkling with a mix of possessiveness and sheer adoration. I could feel his love from across the courtyard, a love that had grown into something deeper, something unbreakable.

As we reached the altar, my father leaned close, his voice barely a whisper. “You’ve got this, Sofia,” he murmured, then turned to Massimo, his expression serious. “Take care of her, Massimo. She’s everything to me.”

Massimo nodded, his gaze never leaving mine. “With my life,” he replied.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 8:59 am

The ceremony began, and the priest spoke the traditional vows, his voice calm and soothing. I barely heard the words; all I could see was Massimo—his strong jaw, his broad shoulders, the way his eyes softened whenever they met mine.

When it was my turn, I looked up into his eyes, and everything else faded away. “I, Sofia De Luca, take you, Massimo Sartori, to be my husband,” I said, my voice steady, my heart full. “To love, honor, cherish, and obey, from this day forward.”

Massimo’s voice was deep and certain as he repeated the vows, his hand squeezing mine. “I, Massimo Sartori, take you, Sofia De Luca, to be my wife. To protect, honor, and cherish, for all the days of my life.”

The priest smiled and announced, “By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.”

Massimo didn’t hesitate. He pulled me close, his lips capturing mine in a kiss that was passionate and full of promise. The crowd erupted in applause, but all I could hear was the beating of my heart, and all I could feel was the warmth of his lips on mine.

As he pulled back, he whispered against my lips, “You’re mine now, Mrs. Sartori.”

I smiled, my heart swelling with joy. “And you’re mine, Mr. Sartori.”

The applause around us grew louder, and I felt a wave of emotion wash over me. I held onto Massimo’s—my husband’s—hand tightly. I glanced out at the guests, at my father’s smiling face, his eyes glistening with tears. For the first time, I saw a sense of

peace there, a quiet acceptance that warmed my heart.

Everything was exactly as it should be.

The sun dipped lower, casting a golden glow over everything, and in that moment, I knew that this was just the beginning of our forever.