



Lev (Kravtsov Bratva #1)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Lev Kravtsov

My roots run deep.

The motherland, Russia

I escaped by utter tenacity.

The scars still bleed.

The anger drives me.

My soul is black.

My heart is cold.

Broken wraps it up.

But

Betrayal drives the final nail.

Revenge is in my blood.

My motto.

Kill or be killed.

Im a fucking monster.

The girl taunts me.

She has no fear.

I have no mercy.

Valentina Conti

I was born in darkness.

Product of darkness.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Twenty

"I think that we lost the Svoloch. Let's ditch the car and run."

We get out of the Mercedes G-wagon, grab our backpacks, and run through the city.

"Da, I don't see the mudaks," Ivan mutters, looking over his shoulder.

"Hurry," I whisper.

It's a dark night; the clouds in the sky roam over the moon, blocking the moonlight. The night resonates with the dark feelings that fuel my anger, giving me the drive to escape.

"This way!"

I run through the streets and turn down an alley. My cousin Ivan is right behind me; he's coming with me; he's like a brother. He's going to play a huge part in the Bratva once I take back what's mine.

Our life as we knew it is now over. Everyone we loved has been killed by the sukas that are staging a coup. What hurts the most is that I didn't see my Pakhan one last time. I was going to visit him; he wanted me to attend Harvard.

My blood boils thinking about his death and what they did to him. I'll never be able to bury him. He was in his prime, too young to leave me.

I keep running, breathing in the cold, the frigid air threatening to burst my lungs. The fucking weather in Russia is freezing, and I can't stop to take shelter. I need to escape Russia; it's a huge risk but necessary. My Dedushka drilled into me the importance of surviving and forging my destiny. Now that the unspeakable happened, he commanded that I escape, to run towards the White Sea.

Dedushka kissed me on each cheek and stared into my eyes. His blue eyes, with gray specks, were identical to mine.

"Lev, you are now Pakhan; take what's yours; it's your birthright. Follow our plans; go to New York with Ivan. Work with Brigadier Sergei Varkov and keep with the plan.

At the safe house, in the safe room, open the safe. There should be all the documents for properties, businesses, bank accounts, and money that you need. Everything is in your name.

Lev, one more thing. It's time that you know you have two half-brats; look for them and take care of them. You will find other bank accounts that belong to your brats. I'm positive that Pakan left a letter.

Lev, always remember that you're the lion, Pakhan Lev Kravtsov Bratva, the king.

My heart pounds hard, my chest constricts, and I don't know if I will make it. I glance at my cousin Ivan, running with me, running for our lives.

The greedy bastards, the Bratva, want me dead to steal what's rightfully mine.

My cousin Ivan is the only living relative because I know that, at this moment, Dedushka has been executed. The sukas killed the Pakhan, my Papa. Papa was killed last night in New York; that's where he lived. I live here in Russia with Dedushka; he

was training me to rule the Bratva. I visit Papa in New York once a year, but we FaceTime every day.

I want to cry, but I can't. Dedushka's words run through my mind

Lev, you will always use your anger and pain to remain strong and merciless.

I grind my molars and focus on escaping. One thought keeps running through my mind.

Revenge.

I need to be strong and lethal, and fucking hell; I will show no mercy.

I swear that I will get my revenge.

My motto!

Kill or be killed!

You know it.

I'm killing every motherfucker that gets in my way.

My cousin Ivan is all I have. My Dyadya Ira, Ivan's Papa, was killed a few weeks ago. That was the warning that we should have heeded. My mama died in childbirth; that's one reason that Papa left Russia and left me with Dedushka. Ivan's mama, Maria, ran off, and Ivan hates her.

I'm running, yeah, I'm scared, and so is Ivan, but we must escape; I must survive this ruthless slaughter. I'm young, da, I'm twenty, but I'll fight; I will survive.

It takes us days to reach the border, to the White Sea. We are looking for a cargo ship that will take us to New York. We're traveling by ship to hide from the sukhas that want to kill us off.

"Finally, we arrive in New York."

I look around the dock, adjusting my backpack, it's early morning, and the dock is busy. The cargo ships are lined up out at sea, waiting their turn to dock. The freezing wind whips around us, and I shiver.

"Da, it's been a long trip. But we need to get moving, call the Brigadier," Ivan says, pulling his coat closer around his neck.

"Da, but what if he's not loyal to the Pakhan, I mean to me? People change when there's power and money to be gained. Who knows what the son of bitch that killed Pakhan has offered the Brigadier. He might be working for him. I need to figure it out, and I think it would be wise to seek my half-brats. If I'm lucky, Pakhan left all I need to know at the safe house."

"We have to trust him. We need him to tell us what happened," Ivan scoffs, shrugging his shoulders.

"Nyet! Let's get moving!"

I walk down the street with Ivan, looking around. I'm trying to remember everything I need to do.

Shit, it's just as cold here as in Russia. Geeze, I always visited in the summer, and I thought that it didn't get as cold here in the winter.

"Nyet, I need to figure out if he didn't betray my Pakhan. Let's get an Uber; we did

that last year when we were visiting. We can do this on our own."

"Da."

"I want to get everything on my brats. I need to talk to them."

My mind is spinning. So many thoughts, things I need to do, and overwhelming emotions run through my head. I need to push down the feelings, lock them up, and focus on claiming what's mine, the Kravtsov Bratva.

I'm the Pakhan now. My motto is kill or be killed. Blood will run, and I will reign, and retribution will be obtained for the death of my Pakhan.

I will claim what's mine, and my two brats need to be on my side. I do not doubt that Pakhan told my brats about me; therefore, they will be ready for me.

An hour later, we entered the apartment on the twenty-first floor of the apartment complex that I own. Da Pakhan gave it to me. It's top level, and it has its own private elevator. Pakhan took care of masking our ownership behind corporations and anonymous LLCs. Privacy, anonymity, and discretion are viable in the business landscape in New York.

This is where I stayed when I visited Pakhan, and the Bratva didn't know of this safe house except for Pakhan, Dedushka, Ivan, and me. Soon, I'll find out how much my brats know. I bet they know everything, but what I don't get is why Pakhan kept their existence from me.

Pakhan would spend time here with me, but he didn't want the Bratva to know much about me, so that I would remain obscured, as in unrecognizable. He also kept me from my brats.

Mudak!

I have so many questions, and I fucking hope that I get them.

We walk off the elevator into the lighted foyer area, and I walk up to the heavy steel door. I place my hand on the pad and enter the password, and the sound of the mechanism clicks, and the heavy steel door opens.

Pakhan thoroughly customized this apartment with bullet-proof doors, walls, and glass windows to protect me and make it a safe house, pretty impenetrable. Everything I need is here, and the place is stocked with food and ammunition.

I walk into the apartment and place my backpack on the side table. I look around, and I can't help but feel relief. All of the memories of Pakhan and Dedushka flood my mind, and my throat tightens. One thought runs through my mind.

This is home.

"Der'mo, it's been hell escaping Russia, and I'm so happy to be home," I say, running my fingers through my hair.

"Da, I'm hungry, tired, and stinky. So, I'm going to shower, eat, and sleep," Ivan huffs, walking to the kitchen.

"Da, make sure to make plenty, I'm starving."

"Will do," Ivan hums, walking to the sink and washing his hands.

I walk to my bedroom, take off my clothes, and take a hot shower. Then, I pull on some black sweatpants and a T-shirt.

I feel my anger settle deep inside my soul; it's on a low simmer, and I know that I won't be happy until I kill the Svoloch'. I might be young, but I've been training my entire life. I was groomed to be Pakhan. I will make them pay. I'm lucky that Ivan is with me, he's been like a brat, trained along with me.

I walk into my closet to get to the safe room that's located between the bathroom and closet. Nobody would ever know by looking in my room. I press a button hidden in the built-in cabinet. It pops open, and I walk into the safe room. I close it and look for the journal and letter.

Ivan doesn't know, so now is a good time to take a quick look because I need to know what the fuck is going on. Pakhan always wrote daily reports on key issues, sort of like a dairy. So, I need to look at his last journal and the letter. Da, Dedushka said to read the letter.

The letter is on the desk, and the journal is next to it. Several journals are stacked in the left corner. I scrub my face, closing my eyes. I inhale deeply and swallow to get rid of the knot in my throat.

I open my eyes, grab the letter, and I stare at the folded letter, and it's fucking insane. Sure, the safe room is safe, yeah, but leaving fucking evidence around on paper is stupid. But then, the PC's can be hacked. Okay, damn if you do, and damn if you don't.

I unfold the letter, spreading it out and removing the creases. I blink several times to clear my eyes and start reading it.

Lev,

I know that you're reading this letter because I'm gone. It also means that I was taken out, a coup, and it's fucking unforgivable. I'm positive that my Obshchak Balakin did

it. Emil Balakin has always been furious and jealous that he didn't get the Bratva. As you know, the previous Pakhan Denis didn't have an heir, so he elected me instead of Balakin to be Pakhan.

It's the nature of men always to covet what others have and seek more money and power. It doesn't matter how well you treat them or how much money they earn; men want more.

Lev, always remember to question and do not trust, not even your shadow. Obviously, I forgot to do so, even though I knew that he was a traitorous suka.

Lev, seek out my Brigadier Varkov. He's trustworthy and can inform you of Balakin's plans. He will also provide soldiers and help in any way.

Be careful and safe; this is a war. Show no mercy, don't back down, and attack with all your might.

I have so much to say, but the most important thing is that you're my son, my pride and joy.

Lev, forgive me for not telling you about your Brats. I need you to meet them, go to their home. They live with their Mama Polina Belov, a good woman who gave me solace when your Mama passed.

Your Brats Czar and Anatoly Kravtsov were trained intensely as you, and they know and love you because that's what I taught them. They're twins, and they're a year younger than you.

Please do not be pissed or feel slighted because I thought it was best to keep you apart. Please do not take it out on your Brats; it was my decision. I didn't want you furious knowing that they lived here in New York and you were living in Russia. Nor

for you to feel abandoned because it's not the case. I wanted to protect you and your Brats from the Bratva.

Lev, I'm at peace knowing that I made the best decision by keeping all three of you concealed from Bratva. Bratva knows about you but does not know about your Brats. Bratva doesn't know the details of your life or how you look; therefore, I feel confident that it's keeping you alive because I know that my enemies would have killed you a long time ago. It's the best decision I have ever made to have you live in Russia with Dedushka.

Now, you're a man, lethal and strong. You will be a great Pakhan.

Look at my journals to learn what the fuck was happening, and the information will help you plan your attack. There are also files on your Brats with details, photos, and videos so you can get to know them prior to meeting them.

I left a file on all of the properties, bank statements, and everything in your name. Your Brats have bank accounts and properties in their names. I separated the money and property evenly, but you had additional since you're Pakhan.

Lev, please, I need you to make your Brats your two spies. Czar to be your Sovietnik, your support group. He's trained to be your right-hand, close adviser, and strategist.

Anatoly will be your Obshchak, the security group. He's perfect because he's brilliant in IT, security, and communications.

You three are my pride, joy, and greatest treasure!

The suka who did the coup doesn't have a clue that he doesn't have the Bratva; you do. He can't take over the Kravtsov Bratva properties nor money. He's about to find out, and then he will be out to get you.

I'm positive that you're the new Pakhan. So, remember to roar like the king, the Pakhan that you are. Dedushka and I trained you for all possibilities in the lifestyle of the Bratva. I know that you're ready.

Do not falter, and remember our motto.

Kill or be killed.

I pray that you did make it out of Russia.

Get ready and take back your birthright, the Kravtsov Bratva.

I love you, my Lev, my lion.

Love you, your Papa.

The emotions are choking me; my throat feels like it's closing up. I gasp for air, and I close my eyes, inhaling deeply. I'm pissed, frustrated, and sad that Pakhan didn't trust me enough to tell me about my Brats. But he wanted to protect us by keeping us apart and hidden away.

It doesn't matter, it still hurts.

Fucking hell!

I fold the letter and place it inside the file, my Brats file. I'm going to review my Brats files before contacting them. That's the first thing I'm going to do. But first, I need to eat and sleep.

I rub my chest, grind my molars, and inhale deeply, closing my eyes. I need to get past this hurt and embrace the fact that I have two Brats.

I walk out of the safe room and out of the closet. I run my hands through my wet hair and grab my cell phone from the bed. Thank fuck this is my home, and it feels good being here.

I exit my room to get some food and tell Ivan that I need to talk to my Brats and Brigadier Varkov. I plan to watch Varkov for a few days until I'm satisfied that he's not part of the coup. Then, I'll approach him.

It's late, and I grab my cell phone. I look at the cell numbers on the pc and slide my fingers over the screen. I type the text message to my brats.

Lev ~ Hey, we need to talk tonight.

I look at my screen, and it pleases me that they're on it. I stare at the little dots dancing on the screen, nodding. My Brats are responding.

Czar ~ Indeed. Where and time?

Anatoly ~ Will do.

Lev ~ My apartment in thirty.

Czar ~ Will be there.

Anatoly ~ Ok.

Lev ~ Take an Uber, walk into the parking garage, and text me at the curb. I'll send Ivan down.

Czar ~ Will do.

I walk out of my bedroom and walk into the living room. Ivan is looking out the big glass window into the city, holding a glass of Vodka. It's an amazing sight.

"My Brats will be here in thirty."

Ivan turns, gathers his brows, shaking his head.

"Der'mo, that's not a great idea. You don't know them, and you're bringing them here to the safe house," Ivan grunts, shaking his head.

"Da. They're my Brats, and Pakhan told me to trust them. I want you to play nice and not be a suka."

Ivan rolls his eyes and takes a drink of Vodka. I cross my arms, looking at him.

"Are you sure that you want to meet them before scouting them?"

"Da, they're my Brats."

"But you don't know them."

"I do know them. Pakhan told me everything I need to know about them."

"I don't agree for us just to trust them. I think it's a mistake to allow them to come here."

My cell beeps, and I look at the text.

"My Brats are down in the garage. Please get them."

Ivan glares at me, turns and walks out of the apartment. I wait, my gut twists, and I'm

fucking nervous. I don't know what to expect, but I'm being optimistic. Pakhan won't lie; I trust him.

A few minutes later, my Brats and Ivan walk into the apartment. I look at them; they're not identical twins. I can see my Papa in them. We have his cobalt blue eyes. My heart aches, and I grind my molars. These two are my Brats, and I feel so many emotions.

I walk over to them and give them the Russian greeting, a hug, and kisses on the cheeks.

"Hey, I'm happy to meet you. Pakhan told me all about you two," I say, greeting them.

"Hell yes, I'm so happy to meet you," Czar says, greeting me the Russian way.

"Yes, it's a pleasure, Brat," Anatoly hums, greeting me.

We step back, and we smile at each other. It feels good to have Brats, and we're so close in age.

"Brats, so Ivan introduced himself," I ask, raising my brow as I look at Ivan.

"Da, I did," Ivan hisses, curling up his upper lip.

"Da, we also know of him from our Pakhan," Czar says, nodding.

"Da. Brats, do you have information on the Pakhan's assassination or the coup," I ask, raising my brow.

"No, since Pakhan kept us away from the Bratva. But he did mention that his

Obschchak Emil Balakin was going against his orders," Anatoly says, crossing his arms.

"We don't, and it fucking sucks. They butchered our Pakhan and scattered his body along Brighton Beach. It's clearly a loud and clear message. The entire Russian community, the Little Odessa, is aware of his death," Czar says, leaning back in his chair."

"Fuck! The fucker that pulled the coup is still in the shadows? I'm positive that the police don't know, and if they did, the suka must have paid them off."

"Da, we haven't heard anything in the dark underworld web; it's been silent, and our informants haven't heard anything.," Anatoly says, grinding his molars.

"I hate that we were not there to protect him," Czar says in a low, gruff voice.

I stare at my Brats and scrub my face.

"I need a drink. Brats, would you like to drink some Vodka?"

"Da, yes," They respond.

I look at Ivan, raising my brow.

"I'll get the glasses and Vodka," Ivan hums, walking to the bar in the corner of the room.

"What about Varkov, his Brigadier? Is he trustworthy? Pakhan said that he was," I ask, looking at them.

"Da, that's what he told us," Czar says, nodding.

“Pakhan said that he told us everything that he told you,” Anatoly says, gathering his brows.

“Da, I’m going to contact him, and I want you two to go with me. But I want to meet up with him somewhere that’s isolated in the middle of the night. I don’t want anyone to see us. We can’t have the Bratva learn of our existence, not until we kill the bastard that did the coup,” I hiss, looking at my Brats.

“Da, it sounds like a plan,” Czar says, nodding.

Ivan returns with the four glasses and the Vodka. He pours them and hands each of us a glass.

“Thanks,” I say, looking at Ivan.

“Da, all good,” Ivan hums, taking a drink of Vodka.

“Pakhan mentioned that you two are my two Spies. Czar, you’re my Sovietnik, and Anatoly, you’re my Obshchak,” I say, looking at them.

I hear Ivan hiss, and he walks away, drinking his Vodka. I glance at him, pressing my lips; he looks pissed off.

“Da, Pakhan told us, and it’s a pleasure to have your six,” Czar hums, smiling.

“Da, we got you, Brat,” Anatoly hums, nodding.

“Great, now we need to get to work; I want to kill that svoloch’ that dared to take out our Pakhan,” I growl, gathering my brows.

We order some pizza, gather around the table, and make plans.

As soon as my Brats leave, Ivan starts grumbling. I watch him closely, resting my hands on my waist. It's like a fucking jealousy switch was turned on. I've never seen Ivan so riled, so pissed off.

"I still think that we can't trust your Brats. I don't feel it's right. It's a mistake to make them your two spies. What's up with that?"

"I make the decisions, and it's right for them to be my Two Spies; they're my blood!"

"I'm your blood! I've been with you since we were in diapers."

I stare at Ivan, and I understand his anger, but he's not my Brat. My Pakhan was confident that my Brats would have my back.

"I made my decision. You're still my right-hand man," I say, lowering my eyelids.

"It's not the fucking same! I thought that I was going to be one of your Spies. What the fuck!"

"Ivan, that's enough! Remember, I'm your Pakhan, and I will not tolerate your insolence!"

"Fuck you," Ivan yells, walking out of the apartment.

A month later.

My Brigadier Varkov is as solid as you can be. He had Soldiers who were loyal and ready to work and now working for me. He handed over a file of what transpired, every detail of my Pakhan's death, and all the activity in the Bratva a few months leading up to his demise.

We watched the svoloch' every day, ensuring that we had his schedule down to the last minute of his day.

It's the middle of the night, the wind is cold, but that's okay. I'm stretched out on my stomach, dressed in black tactical clothes, and wearing my black balaclava. I look through the scoop of my rifle. Yeah, I'm an excellent shot, and I'm going to fucking kill Balakin.

A few minutes later, a black SUV pulls up to the black back door. Then I watch the old svoloch', Obshchak Balakin walks out of his club, swaying. He's only a few feet away from his SUV. But since they've done this forever, they have their guard down. The mudak loves to drink his Vodka and feels confident of getting inebriated at his club.

Balakin has a clandestine gambling club that you can only enter by a special key. But we know his routine and the old svoloch' never deviates. What a fool, we got him.

It's finally time for his annihilation. He won't know what hit him.

I watch Balakin from the opposite building, lying flat on the roof with my sniper rifle. Of course, I'm taking him out. It has to be me, I'm the fucking Pakhan, the lion, the king.

I look through the scoop, press the trigger, and shoot him in the eye.

An eye for an eye, right?

I shoot consecutively, shooting him in his black, treacherous heart. Then I shoot his guards, stupid Soldiers.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Valentina

Eleven years old.

“Valentina, today is my last day here. I’m leaving,” Ms. Hill says, raising her brow.

“Oh no, I don’t want you to go.”

“I’m sorry, Valentina, my contract is over.”

“Why? Didn’t Zio Elio make a new contract,” I say, sitting still at my desk, staring at her.

“I’m sorry, it’s not possible. I hope you like your new teacher,” Ms. Hill says, gathering her books.

Ms. Hill has been my teacher since first grade, and I don’t want her to stop teaching me. She’s so nice to me and the only person in this house that gives me any attention.

I chew my lower lip to stop from crying because if she leaves, I will be all alone. Yes, Zio and my cousins live here, but they don’t pay any attention to me. They tell me to go and play with my dolls.

The door opens, and Zio Elio walks into the room that we use as a classroom. It has a blackboard and two desks. He looks at Ms. Hill and lifts his chin in greeting.

“Ciao, thank you for your work.”

“You’re welcome,” Ms. Hill says, nods, and walks out of the room.

I blink my eyes, trying hard not to cry because Zio Elio hates it. I have to be a big girl, and big girls don’t cry. I look at him, keeping my hands clasped on my lap.

“Valentina, I see that you’re upset but you will get over that. Now that you’re older, you are ready to attend boarding school along with Mia. You two will live in the dorms and attend classes,” Zio Elio says, looking at me.

“Zio Elio, can’t I get another teacher and stay here?”

“No, you can’t. You’re getting older, and I don’t want you around here. I have too much to worry about, and I don’t need to worry about you.

Your cousins Massimo, Andrea, and Enzo are attending boarding schools, and so will you.

I’m not going to discuss this any longer. I don’t want you to get abused like your Mamma Maria experienced and go through another tragedy.

I want you to be away from here; I don’t want to worry about your safety. Then, when you return, you will be older. By then, you will be ready to marry, and I will find you a husband. Remember that you will marry; it’s your duty for the Conti Famiglia, Cosa Nostra. Valentina, it’s your duty.

I need you to remain pure for your husband, so be careful and stay safe at the boarding school. The school has been highly recommended. It is an all-girl school, so it’s perfect for a Mafia Principessa. You will learn how to cook, any area of the Arts that you would like, and sports. I’m sure that you will like it, and you will grow into an educated Principessa.

I need you to pack your bags because you will be leaving early in the morning with your cousin Mia.”

Hell, hairy balls!

I hate it when Zio Elio talks about my Mamma Maria, especially since I don’t know her. I only have one photo of Mamma before she was attacked and when she was a happy girl.

Zio Elio never located the Mostro that attacked Mamma; well, that’s what he says. Zio Elio’s wife, Orsa, I never knew because the Cosa Nostra enemy killed her.

I do look like Mamma, except for my eyes, they’re crystal blue. I think that my eyes are the color of the rapist. Maybe that’s why Mamma took her life a few months after I was born; it must be after she looked at my eyes.

All I can think about is that she didn’t want me because I reminded her of the rapist. It’s evident that Mamma didn’t care about me because she left me behind in a world full of men, mean, scary men. Zio Elio is a twin, so I have Zio Elmo. So, I have two Zio’s that look alike and it’s awful. Zio Elmo is hardly ever here to talk to me, which is okay with me. One scary Zio is all I can handle.

I blink and nod, looking at Zio Elio. He looks so mean, always so serious, and he never smiles. Maybe he’s right; it’s for the best that I leave this house.

“Okay, Zio Elio.”

Six years later.

Hell, hairy balls.

I watch the tall skinny-ass blonde biatch, Ester, stopping in front of me, smirking, pressing her lips. It's a fucking condescending, satisfied smug smirk. She tosses her long hair over her shoulder, rests her hand on her hip, and stares at me with her brown eyes full of hate.

Of course, I stare at her; she's fucking stupid and thinks that her father, a Senator is all that and a bag of chips. She needs me to kick her ass because this constant bullying is getting old. Today is not a good day since I don't feel full of sunshine and unicorns.

"What do you want," I hum, lowering my eyelids, keeping my face emotionless.

Mia stands next to me, ready to jump in, but I got this. Ester likes to think that she's special since her father is a Senator, but that's bullshit.

"Valentina, I knew that you were Italian trash since the first day of school. I heard my Dad talking to Mom. Dad said that your uncle is the mafia boss. So that means that you're a mafia slut," Ester hisses and slaps me.

Her words hurt, but the fucking slap bursts my bottled-up sunshine.

"Oh, hell no! I'm not your biatch to slap around!"

I don't fuck around, and I grab her hair, twisting it in my left hand, holding on tight, and fist my right hand. I throw back my arm and smack her face hard. I enjoy seeing her lips burst and the blood spatter around us.

"Stop, you fucking slut," Ester yells, trying to get away.

But I have a good hold of her hair, and I keep her close.

“Now, this is your fucking warning! Don’t fuck with me,” I hiss, smacking her face again.

“Valentina, stop! You’re going to kill her,” Mia yells, grabbing my free arm.

“No! She needs to learn to listen. All of these biatches need to stay the fuck away from us!”

I pull my arm away from Mia’s hand and throw Ester on the ground kicking her on her side, loving to hear the biatch howl in pain.

“It’s enough, young lady,” Ms. Mary says, wrapping her arm around my waist and pulling me back.

Ms. Beth helps Ester from the ground, shaking her head.

“Are you okay, Ester? Let’s go to the nurse,” Ms. Beth says, holding Ester’s arm.

They walk by, and Ester spits at me. My blood boils, and I pull my arm with all intention of kicking her ass, but Ms. Mary holds my arm tight.

“No, stop,” Ms. Mary yells, pulling me back.

“That biatch just spit on me! That’s not right,” I hiss, pulling my arm.

“Stop right now and tell me what happened,” Ms. Mary asks, looking at me.

I refuse to say a word.

“Nothing,” I say, pressing my lips tight.

“Fine. Let’s go to the headmistress Reed,” Ms. Mary says, pulling me along.

“I’m coming with you,” Mia says, walking next to me.

“Mia, you can’t come, wait out here,” Ms. Mary says, shaking her head.

Mia stares at her and looks at me.

“It’s all good,” I say, lifting.

Mia nods and walks away. I know that she’s texting Don Elio before the headmistress contacts him. I know that he’s going to be pissed off.

A few minutes later, I’m standing in front of the headmistress Reed. She’s a tall, thin older lady with gray hair. She doesn’t have any curves, and she wears thick glasses. I look at her nose twitch and her lips purse tight as she glares at me.

I stare at her, refusing to cower; it’s not happening. I don’t mess with anyone, but if they have the guts to mess with me, they will feel my anger. I’m a fucking Conti!

“Ms. Conti, what’s the meaning of your attack,” Ms. Reed asks, crossing her arms.

“I didn’t attack Ester; she did,” I hiss, resting my hands on my waist.

“I expected better from you, Valentina. You’re an excellent student, and you have never attacked anyone in all these years. I’m disappointed that you did so in your last year here,” She says, raising her brow.

“Ms. Reed, I did not attack Ester; she attacked me. I’m not going to allow her to continue to bully me. When it was just her snarky, bullying remarks, I ignored it! But she dared to slap me! I’m not allowing her to hit me and get away with it,” I hiss,

bobbing my head.

Ms. Reed's eyes widened and lifts her chin in the air, all snotty. The stupid biatch is also snubbing me, and that's fucking bullshit.

"Ester's father is Senator Lewis; therefore, we can't allow you to strike Ester without any consequences. I'm going to expel you. I'll contact Mr. Conti," Ms. Ester says, pressing her lips tight.

"Do whatever you want," I say, shrugging my shoulders. I stare at her as she walks over to her desk. She grabs her keys and walks to the door.

"Valentina, follow me. You're going to wait in the conference room until Mr. Conti arrives. Please reflect on your actions," Ms. Reed says.

I don't fucking say a word and follow her to the conference room. She locks me inside, and I wait.

An hour later.

I stand in front of Don Elio, and it's been a couple of years since I saw him. Mia and I decided to spend the holidays and summer here at the school. It's not like Don Elio or Mia's Mamma cared. At least we have our friends versus being at home with strangers.

I look at Don Elio, taking in the fact that he aged. He's older and doesn't look as fierce as before. His temples are gray, and he has a few wrinkles. Geeze, the Don is getting old.

"Valentina, you're damn lucky that I have Senator Lewis on my payroll. The school was appeased with a generous donation. This is your last year, so try to behave," Don

Elio hisses, lowering his eyelids as he glares at me.

I cross my arms and raise my brow, shaking my head. Well, his glares don't scare me anymore. I don't fear him as I did when I was a child, and I'm tired of the bullshit.

"I didn't start it, Don Elio. That biatch called me a Mafioso slut, and she struck me first. What did you want me to do? Let her hit me. Not happening, I'm a Conti, and I don't take shit from anyone!"

Don Elio stares at me; his upper lip twitches, and then he inhales, shaking his head. I can't believe that I got a glimpse of any emotion. But then, I could be wrong.

"Molto bene. I'll talk to Senator Lewis and have him rein in his diavola. I don't have time for this nonsense. I need you to stay out of trouble, Valentina. Capisci?"

"Capisco."

"Va bene. I'm glad that we took care of this little problema. Keep Mia out of trouble."

"Va bene."

"Ciao," Don Elio says, lifting his chin, pivots, and walks out of the conference room.

A year later.

"Valentina, wait for me," Mia yells as I walk out of the dorm room.

"Hurry up, I want to get out of here."

I'm so excited that we're finally leaving because I've been here for far too long. I'm

glad that I don't have to see Ester's resting biatch face ever again. After our little up-close and fuzzy encounter, she stopped speaking to me.

That's all good with me, right?

Geeze, boarding school is okay, and I have good friends, plus Mia, but I want to go home. I want to live. Right as if Don Elio will allow me to fly. I'm a Cosa Nostra Principessa in a golden cage.

I slide my black sunglasses up my nose and pull my large black leather rolling luggage down the hall.

"Vee, you're being a biatch."

"Yeah, I am but that Soldier Faro is waiting for us. Don Elio will be pissed if we don't arrive on time."

We walk out of the dorm, down the steps, and stand at the curb. I look at the cars lined up, picking up the girls. I chew my lip, looking around for an Italian man.

"I don't see any Soldier," Mia hums, tossing her long dark hair over her shoulder.

"Well, we have to wait until they show."

"Right," Mia huffs, crossing her arms.

An hour later, we enter the huge mansion, our home. The long black marble floor shines, and I notice that the walls have new paintings. Everything else looks the same. We walk down the hallway to our rooms. As always, Mia stays with me since her Mamma is on vacation.

I unpack the few things that I need and then walk over to Mia's room. I enter the room and sit on the bed, crossing my legs.

"Do you think that Don Elio will talk to us?" Mia hums, unpacking in her room—the guest room, but it might as well be her room since she always stays there whenever we're home.

"I'm sure that Don Elio will talk to us when he has something to say. We need to enjoy these free moments."

"We will always have free moments. Do you think that we could go out and have some fun?"

"We can try, but I know that he won't approve."

I look at my fingers and toenails and nod.

"I want to get my nails done."

Mia looks at me, raising her brow and holding her perfume in her hand.

"Oh yeah, that sounds great. I want to get my hair styled and go shopping."

"Yes! I also want to get highlights. I'll ask Don Elio," I hum, pulling my cell phone from my black leather jacket side pocket.

"Awesome," Mia squeals.

I slide my fingers over the screen and send him a text.

Valentina ~ Hi. We're home. Could we go shopping and get our hair done?

Don Elio ~ Yes. The Soldiers will take you.

Valentina ~ Thank you.

“Don Elio approved our outing. But the Soldiers assigned to us will take us. It’s better than not going. We have to get used to them.”

“Hell, yes! I’m so excited! I don’t mind the Soldiers; I feel protected.”

“Great! Get ready because I know that the Soldiers are waiting,” I say, pushing off the bed.

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Lev

Present Day

“I’m going to get us some food,” Ivan hums, looking at his watch.

“Da,” I say, emotionless, lifting my chin.

I glance at him and pull out my cell to see if I have the GPS working on him. I inhale deeply, trying to cool my fucking temper. I don’t want to question him now in front of my Brats.

He’s been acting strange lately, always sneaking off with one pretext or another. I don’t want to think that he’s up to no good. But he’s making it harder and harder for me not to start questioning his actions.

He's changed over the years, and I don’t like it. The same thought keeps running through my mind. The one that Pakhan always repeated.

Lev, always remember to question and do not trust, not even your shadow.

I watch Ivan, ignoring the mistrust that’s slowly sneaking into my mind. I’m lost in contemplating the recent months as he walks to the elevator, looking at his cell.

As soon as he walks into the elevator and the doors close, I walk to the office. I enter the office, where I deal with all of the Bratva business. It’s located in an office building that I purchased and renovated to make it as safe as my apartment. It’s

perfect since I lease the first few floors and use the other floors for the Bratva. floor for my office and my Bratz, of course it's the top floor. The other floors are offices for the Bratva businesses that I have.

Several floors are studios for my Soldiers; I like to treat them well. Two floors are apartments for the Soldiers who guard my office, my Brats, and me. For the nefarious acts, we own an old warehouse in the poor district, where we store our ammunition, equipment, and the chamber.

My Brats live in the same apartment building that I do; each one has a floor, and that includes Ivan. But it still doesn't make Ivan happy, especially since I removed access to my apartment. No one is able to enter without me. It's my haven, my safe house, and I'll be damned if I give a svoloch' the opportunity to take me out.

None of us have access to our apartments. We discuss our business here in my office, and only my Brats, Ivan, and I have access. I like to keep control of everything.

I cross the main room to the conference room, running my fingers through my hair. I enter the conference room and look at my Brats. They're sitting around the table in the big room. Although we have our own offices, we gather here when we meet to review everything.

"It's about time; we've been waiting for you," Anatoly sighs, shaking his head.

"I was talking to Brigadier Varkov about the new club since he's in charge of getting it started. He wants to do several floors but with different themes. We're going with Hellion for the club's name," I hum, sitting between my Brats.

"Da, that new club is going to be fucking awesome," Czar hums, nodding.

"Where's Ivan," Anatoly asks, looking at the door.

“He went to get food,” I scoff, leaning back into my chair.

“Da, that’s good. I’m starving,” Czar says, tapping his finger.

“Brat, what did you find out about Conti Famiglia? Do they have the resources to take us out?”

“Nyet. Conti Famiglia is not penniless. Actually, Conti is wealthy, so in theory, yes, he can take us out, but he doesn’t want a war,” Czar says, smiling.

“So, the word in the underworld dark web is that he wants to make strong alliances by marrying off his nieces, so he’s looking for the best offer,” Anatoly scoffs, rolling his eyes.

“Get me an appointment, and give me the files on the two nieces. I want to know everything about them,” I hum, tapping my fingers on the desk and looking out the window.

Da, it’s the perfect opportunity to strengthen the Kravtosv Bratva by forming an alliance with the Italian Mafia Don, Elio Conti.

“What the hell! Are you seriously considering marrying,” Czar asks, raising his brow.

He leans back into the black leather chair, steeping his fingers as he looks at me.

“Da, it’s a thought that popped into my mind when you said that he’s looking for an alliance and the marriage as the forging the alliance. I’m almost thirty, not old, but I want an heir, and a girl that knows what the Bratva and Mafia are all about would make marriage a lot easier,” I state, looking at my Brats.

“Well, I’ll be damn,” Anatoly remarks, smiling.

“Damn,” Czar utters, raising his brows.

“And guess what? You two will marry when the Bratva needs you to, period. Do you understand,” I impart, glaring at them.

“Da,” Anatoly says, nodding.

“Yeah, I get it,” Czar scoffs, rolling his eyes.

“So, get me the information. If possible, get their cell phones so we can track them. I want to check them out prior to selecting the girl,” I say, tapping my fingers.

“I do know that Conti is focusing on selecting a husband for one of his nieces first, so I’ll get you all of her details. Her name is Valentina Conti,” Anatoly hums, looking at his laptop.

“Okay, give me everything that you can find on her.”

“Da,” Anatoly hums, nodding.

“Track Valentina, and let me know if she goes somewhere, like shopping, a restaurant, anywhere that she’s going to spend time. I want to check her out,” I say, looking out the window.

“What if you don’t like them,” Czar asks, raising his brow.

Czar always plays devil's advocate with me and helps me check other perspectives on the issues.

But on this, I’m positive it’s the way to go. Da, it’s a great opportunity because I don’t have time to seek out a bride; it would be close to impossible with my schedule.

“Brat, are you serious? Most women are okay; few are totally unattractive, but I need her, so if she’s decent, I’ll marry her. Of course, I want to check out both of them,” I scoff, rolling my eyes.

“Da, that makes sense. It would be easier if the girl you marry knows about the lifestyle,” Czar says, nodding.

“I think that I have all of the information on Valentina Conti,” Anatoly yells.

“Send me all of it. Let me see,” I say, pushing off my chair.

“Da, I sent you the file.”

“Good.”

I walk around the table and stand behind Anatoly to look at the monitor. Czar, of course, couldn’t resist checking out Valentina Conti.

I stare at the breathtaking, beautiful Valentina Conti. She’s a natural beauty with an oval face and perfectly proportioned features with brown wavy hair. Her olive skin looks smooth, so soft that I want to run my fingers over it. She has a small, straight nose, huge crystal clear blue eyes with long lashes, and sinful pouty lips. Those lips have me thinking of all sorts of depravity.

Da, I’m going to ruin her.

My fucking cock swells, and I grind my molars. It’s a fucking photo, and the girl has me so damn turned on.

Fuck!

“Wow,” Czar hums, staring at her.

My gut twists, and I don’t fucking like Czar making comments.

“Brat, remember she’s going to me, my wife, so fucking keep your thoughts to yourself,” I hiss, glaring at him.

“Damn, Brat, you don’t even know her, and you’re acting all caveman,” Czar scoffs, rolling his eyes.

“I don’t fucking care,” I growl, leaning closer to look into her eyes.

“Do you want me to make an appointment with Conti,” Anatoly asks.

“Yes, do it.”

“Hell, you’re going after her,” Czar hums, looking at me.

“Da, so get me her location and if she leaves her house. If possible, get me any phone numbers that she calls. Especially if it’s a man,” I growl, resting my hands on my waist.

The thought of her having a man in her life makes my blood boil. Now I’m being fucking stupid, suka. I’ve only known about her for about thirty minutes, and I’m acting way out of character.

Fuck!

“Da, it would take me a few minutes. But from what I’ve read, Valentina has been sheltered. She went to an all-girls boarding school since she was eleven, graduated, and has been living with Conti and closely monitored. She only goes out with her

cousin Mia, the other niece that Conti wants to marry off,” Anatoly says, looking at the other girl.

I look at her, and she is pretty, but something about Valentina has fucking worked up.

“Hell yes, Mia is beautiful,” Czar says, smiling.

“Well, if you have a good reason to marry her, then I will discuss that with Conti,” I say, crossing my arms and raising my brow.

“Nyet, just saying. I don’t see a reason to marry the other niece since you’re going to marry Valentina Conti; it will forge the alliance,” Czar responds really quickly.

Of fucking course, he would. He doesn’t want to marry.

“I don’t see why you’re being such a wuss about marrying,” I ask, staring at him.

“I’m not a wuss, but if I don’t have to, I’d rather not,” Czar says, pressing his lips.

“Da. At the moment, it’s not necessary, but heed my words. You will marry if the need arises, and that goes for you too, Anatoly,” I grunt, glaring at them.

“Da, I got it,” Anatoly says, nodding.

“Brat, I’m here for you, and I will marry for the Bratva,” Czar says, smiling.

“You’re such a suka!”

“Brat, her cell texts show that she’s meeting Mia today at a coffee shop,” Anatoly says, looking at me, smiling.

“Great, send me the address and call Conti to set up the appointment.”

“Da, on it,” Anatoly says, nodding.

Thank fuck that Anatoly can hack into everything without any whiplash.

My cell beeps with the address of the Café.

“Brat, let’s go. I want to get there first to see her walk into the coffee shop.”

“Are you sure that you want to do this? It’s not necessary since we have the fuckers in our hands. We’re more powerful,” Czar says, following me.

“Da, I’m sure and stop trying to change my mind,” I hiss, looking at him.

An hour later, I’m standing further down the street, watching for Valentina. Fuck, my heart is beating fast with the anticipation of seeing her.

It doesn’t take long to see the black Range Rover pull up to the coffee shop. The passenger door opens, and the huge Soldier looks around. The suka doesn’t see me fuck.

What if I wanted to kill her?

The Soldier is not good. I’m going to have a good Soldier take care of her. My heart skips a beat when I see perfectly shaped legs slide out of the door; she holds onto the door and slides out. She’s breathtakingly beautiful. She’s wearing a red dress that clings over every curve, and I love it. Valentina is a gorgeous woman. Valentina nods at the Soldier and says something, which I bet is thank you.

My fucking cock is hard, and I want to run down the street, walk into the coffee shop,

and take her home.

She's mine.

Valentina walks to the coffee shop and enters. The Soldier gets back into the SUV, and it pulls away to park.

Stupid suka.

I take my time walking down the street, watching her through the window. She sits at a table next to the window, looking out. She's so graceful; she adjusts her dress and crosses her legs.

That's another problem, it's fucking unacceptable. What is Conti doing allowing her to go out with two Soldiers. Anyone can shoot her.

Fucking hell.

My heart pounds in my chest, full of emotions. I'm so fucked. I haven't even formally met her or talked to her, and I'm already fucking whipped. I've never reacted to a woman like this, and I've had lots of beautiful women.

The Soldier appears and stands at the door, which he should have done since the moment she walked inside.

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Valentina

I look up at the sky, closing my eyes and enjoying the sun on my face. The fresh breeze swirls around me, causing wisps of hair to wrap around my face.

I'm happy that it's still nice weather and not snowing. I'm going to enjoy this small time to myself, a small moment to enjoy some freedom. Well, not total freedom since the guards are stationed around me.

Scary biatch.

I walk into the coffee shop and look around. It's not very busy. I push the wispy locks from my face and walk over to sit at the small table in the corner, next to the window of the coffee shop, to wait for my cousin Mia. I pull at my red dress as I cross my legs, sitting up straight.

That biatch best not keep me waiting forever; she's always late.

I look at the people walking down the street, talking on their cell phones or to their friends. Some walk in a hurry and look pissed off.

It makes you wonder what makes them tick. Are they living a good life, or are they living on the fly by the seat of their pants, trying to make ends meet?

Do they take life as it comes?

Do they plan out every little detail?

I always wonder what life would be like to be a normal girl.

I bet that they're not living like I am.

In my case, I'm living by the dictates of the underworld, my uncle Elio, the Don of the Italian Mafia. He's been like a father to me since my Mom died in childbirth. My father, who knows, nobody knows anything about him. I don't know anything about what happened. The bastard raped my Mom, so yeah, he's not in the picture.

My Mom was Don Elio's younger sister, and my Uncle Elmo, his twin, died a few years ago in one of the many Mafia wars.

I'm living on borrowed time, yeah, because soon, Don Elio will decide on which Mafioso to marry me off too. I know it will be soon since Don Elio is working on getting the best alliance. It depends on the deal; he's going to hand me over to a mobster.

That's totally a scary biatch.

You would think that I'm ready since I've known my entire life that I was going to marry a stranger, an arranged marriage. This shit happens all the time in the underworld. Love is not part of the equation; it's a brutal fact.

My stomach twists in a knot, my chest constricts, and I close my eyes. I don't want to think about it nor entertain any fears.

It's hopeless to feel any fear.

It's going to happen, period.

Well, of course, if I die, then I'll escape my fate.

Of course, I won't take my life, but I can always hope that something happens to end my life. It's a dark, twisted thought, but I live in darkness every day. I know that life is precious; we don't know when we will take our last breath.

I'm surprised; maybe luck was on my side since Don Elio gave me his approval. So, I got an Accounting Associate Degree. Of course, he chose what to study, and it was online. Yeah, it's nothing fancy, but it's still something that gives me pride and confidence that I'm not just a stupid girl jumping to his every command.

Yeah, but I am.

Hell, hairy balls.

It's a biatch life.

I open my eyes and stare out the window, then widen them. I blink to control my reaction; I can't draw attention from the guards; they will report everything to Zio.

And I stare at the gorgeous man walking on the sidewalk in front of me with such confidence and elegance. His gait is graceful for a man, standing tall and strong. He must be an important businessman, right? I know that his dark gray wool suit is custom-made, fitting his body perfectly. He's wearing expensive Cartier sunglasses; I know because Zio Elio loves Cartier sunglasses. His shoes are Italian, black leather shoes. Everything about the man screams wealth and importance. Or he's a mob boss.

Hell, hairy balls.

He's someone who would be worth getting into trouble with Don Elio.

Yeah, but I won't ever do that. And that man is not anywhere near my lifestyle, the underworld life.

The man glances at me as if he felt my gaze taking him in. He lifts his chin, lowers his black eyeglasses, and stares at me with brilliant blue eyes for a minute. I fall into his gaze, feeling my heart speed up.

I force my heart and body to be still and not react. I squeeze my legs, my nipples are hard, and I feel my stomach flip.

He slides his eyeglasses up his straight nose with his finger, crosses the street, and climbs into the black Range Rover parked along the street. I can't see him anymore; the windows are tinted very dark black, and I wonder if he's looking at me.

I watch the vehicle pull out onto the street and drive away. I inhale to take in some much-needed oxygen. I didn't realize that I was holding my breath.

Wow, he's something to dream about. I've never reacted to a man like that. Every part of my being is alive, tingling.

"Sorry."

I turn; my cousin Mia is standing next to the table and places her purse on the chair. I raise a brow, sigh, and shake my head.

"Always late, Mia, you know that Don Elio is always monitoring my time. I want to know everything that you heard Don Elio tell your Mom. Maybe we can figure out what's going on."

"Valentina, I know, but I swear it was not my fault. There was an accident a few blocks from the house. The guards got us out of there as quickly as they could. Yes, I did hear Mom talking to Don Elio, and she was demanding a lot of money for allowing Zio to marry me off. Oh my god, I hate her. She only comes home when she needs money," Mia whispers, sitting on the chair.

“It must be hard since Zio is gone, and there’s no one that can control her.”

“Yeah, she’s a fucking Biatch,” Mia hisses, gathering her brows.

I lean in closer to talk because we don’t want the Soldiers to report our conversation to Don Elio.

“Tell me everything.”

“I heard them talking in father’s office; she likes to use it when she’s around. I wish she would just stay away and stay on her long vacations.

I don’t have any issue with Mia’s hate for her Mom. I don’t know what it’s like to have a Mom, but I know what it’s like not to have one. I wonder if Mia ever thought about that and tried to get along with her, or at least try to see where she’s coming from. I never said anything about it.

Maybe I should.

Is it worse not to have a Mom or to have a Mom who’s hardly around and doesn’t care?

I chew my lip, looking at Mia's expressive golden-brown eyes. She looks Italian, and so do I, except that my eyes are hazel. Her face is flushed, and she tosses her long brown hair over her shoulder.

“Okay, got it. Tell me what was said.”

“Don Elio and Mom were discussing how much money he was going to give her to keep her happy.”

“How much?”

“ million dollars.”

“Wow, that’s a lot of money.”

“Well, think about it, Vee; Don Elio will benefit from the marriage. We’re just a pawn in the mafioso world. I just pray that the one I get isn’t a complete monster,” Mia whispers, blinking the tears in her eyes.

Mia is super sensitive; I’m not.

“Well, you have a point. But all of the mafiosos are monsters, so we must pray that they won’t abuse us in any form. Respect, that would be a plus, but I doubt it. They rule our world.”

“There’s more, Vee. Don Elio has several prospects and is working on the details, and soon, you will know who it is. Mom asked about me, and he said that he’s working on your husband first. It all depends on what’s beneficial to Don Elio, the Conti Famiglia. Vee, I’m so afraid. What if I never get to see you? I don’t want to marry a stranger.”

I inhale, chew my lip, and force the emotions deep into my mind. I don’t need to react. It’s all good. So, the best thing to do is compartmentalize; it’s always worked. Besides, I’ve never had anyone to give a fuck about me, my feelings, my dreams, which I don’t have because I’ve always known that Don Elio rules my life. So, maybe someday, my locked-up emotions will hit me like a fucking tsunami. Yeah, the eruption will be epic! I hope that it doesn’t cause any waves.

Hell, hairy balls.

I must be a cold biatch, right?

“Don’t worry, it’s all going to work out.”

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Lev

I gaze into Valentina's incredibly clear blue eyes as I stroll by the window, and my heart skips a beat. I control my reaction so as not to draw the Soldier's attention, but I lower my glasses as I look at her. I then cross the street and enter the BMW SUV that Czar is driving.

"Damn, she's beautiful," Czar says, looking at her through the window.

"What did I tell you? Let's get going," I hiss, looking at her.

"Da, but what do you think? Did you like her," Czar asks, glancing at me through the rearview mirror.

"Da, I do. I'm glad that I'm going after her. Conti will think it's just for the alliance."

"Da, that's what he wants."

"When I meet him, I'm going to ask him to allow her to go out so I can talk to her."

"Yeah, that would be good, but why don't you meet her at her home?"

"Nyet, I want to meet her away from Conti."

"Da."

"I ordered some food while you were doing your scouting, so I'm going to stop and

get it.”

“Da, I hope you ordered enough for everyone.”

“Of course I did.”

“Indeed.”

Czar and I return to the office carrying bags of food. Ivan has returned from his outing, but he didn’t fucking bring the food. Da, he’s up to something and I don’t think that I’m going to like it when I find out.

Ivan looks at me and pushes me off his chair.

“It’s unfucking believable; you went out and didn’t bother to wait for me,” Ivan grunts, crossing his arms.

“Ivan, chill, I have tons of shit to do, and I can’t wait around on you. You’re supposed to be on my schedule, got it,” I hiss, staring at him.

“Da,” Ivan grunts, looking annoyed.

I place the food on the table and walk over to sit next to Anatoly, raising my brow.

“I have an appointment with Conti,” Anatoly says.

“For today?”

“Nyet. Conti wants the meeting to take place tomorrow at four because he wants to email the contract and ask for you to review it. Conti appears interested,” Anatoly informs me, leaning against the chair.

“Fuck, this is moving so fast,” Czar says, sitting on the chair, crossing his arms.

“Da, and you’ve said enough.”

“Da,” Czar hums, shrugging.

“What are you planning,” Ivan asks, falling onto the chair with a plate of food.

“I’m forging an alliance with the Italian Mafia.”

I push off the chair to grab some food. I love Chinese food, and this place is fabulous. I take a few bites, and then I grab the cold soda.

“What for? We don’t need them,” Ivan huffs, shaking his head.

I look at him, rub my temple, and nod. That’s why he’s only my right-hand man, for doing the Bratva’s unspeakable work.

“We do need the alliance, and I’m going to talk to him,” I say, taking a drink.

“Da, I’m coming with you,” Ivan says, looking at me.

“I want all of you to come with me, but I don’t want any of you to interrupt my negotiations. I want this to go down airtight,” I tell them, looking at each one.

“Da,” Anatoly hums, nodding.

“Got it,” Czar says, shoving more food into his mouth.

“Da,” Ivan says, looking at me.

“I’m going to my office to review the file, and I want you to keep on digging up more information on Conti,” I say looking at Anatoly.

“Da,” Anatoly says, typing on the keyboard.

“I’ll work on the Brigadier’s numbers,” Czar says, grabbing his laptop.

“Ivan, get the Soldiers ready for the meeting with Conti.”

“Da,” Ivan says, lifting his chin.

I walk to my office because I want to learn everything about Conti and Valentina. I don’t want surprises; in fact, I detest surprises.

I place the plate and my drink on the desk and turn on my PC. I click on the files, review everything about Conti, and then review Valentina’s file, taking my time. I want to know everything about her.

As I review her file, I chuckle when I see amusing incidents that happened at the boarding school. The school emailed through details of each incident to Conti.

Valentina didn’t take any shit from the girls that were bullying her. She took care of the problem. I love her photos at the boarding school because Conti did not take many, like two or three. But it pleases me to learn that no men are or have been in her life. Awesome, she has an accounting degree.

The next day.

“Hurry, she’s at the shopping mall, and I want to talk to her.”

“Da, but the cars are moving slowly; it’s rush hour.”

“I don’t give a fuck, figure it out,” I hiss, looking at Ivan.

“Da.”

“You’re so damn crazy,” Czar sighs, shaking his head.

“I don’t think it’s a great idea that we all continue going on these errands together without Soldiers,” Anatoly says.

“Da, so keep your ass in the SUV, and I’ll go inside alone.”

“Nyet, I’m going with you,” Ivan hisses, shaking his head.

Ivan figures it out, and we arrive at the shopping mall. He pulls into the parking garage. It takes me a few minutes to track Valentina.

I take strides, following the GPS on my cell, and then I stop when I see her. She’s walking into a store with Mia.

Fuck, I feel like a crazy stalker. I need to get my shit together. This is not right, nor healthy. I need to meet her, like now.

I walk into the store after them and wait for the perfect opportunity to bump into her.

That’s all I want. A moment of contact and to know that she sees me.

“Oh my god, look at this dress,” Valentina squeals, touching the fabric on the mannequin.

“Yes, you need to try it on, but I know it will be perfect on you,” Mia says, turning the mannequin.

“Yes, I will. Mia, I’m happy that Don Elio is allowing us to come shopping,” Valentina says, grabbing the dress off the rack.

It’s a black dress with thin straps that cross down the back. Just imagining her in the dress has me so damn hard.

I walk away feeling awful about spying on her. I stop to look at the stack of sweaters on the table. I grab a black and gray sweater. I turn to go and pay for them, bumping into someone. It all happens so quickly; I stare at her, dropping the sweater and reaching for Valentina before she falls, wrapping her in my arms.

“I’m sorry,” Valentina yelps, blinking and holding onto my arms.

She looks at me wide-eyed, and I know that she’s looking at me. I think that she remembers me from the other day.

“No worries,” I say, gazing into her eyes.

Her fresh floral scent invades my senses; she feels so soft in my arms. I don’t want to let her go.

“Oh my, I’m so sorry,” Valentina says, pushing out of my arms.

“No worries, I hope you’re okay,” I say.

“I’m good, uh, thank you for saving me from falling,” She says, smiling.

“You’re welcome,” I say, nodding.

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

Valentin walks away from me and goes to the fitting room. I pick up the sweater from the floor and place it on the table.

“Don Conti is in his office; please follow me,” the Soldier says at the door.

My Brats and I enter and follow the Soldier down the long hall. Of course, I didn’t expect anything less than this mansion from the Mafia Don. The Soldier stops at the open door and looks inside.

“Don Conti, your guests are here.”

“Bene,” Don Conti says, nodding as he looks at us.

We stop at the door as Conti walks to us.

“Welcome, Kravtsov; please have a seat,” Conti says, waving his hand.

“Conti,” I say, lifting my chin.

I take a seat in one of the overstuffed black leather chairs, and my Brats and Ivan take a seat on the sofa. Conti sits in the other chair and looks at his Soldier.

“Ciro, serve our guests some Vodka,” Conti hums.

The Soldier, who I assume is named Vito, walks over to the bar, grabs the Vodka bottle, and opens it. I know that my Brats will closely monitor Vito.

I look at Conti and I start the negotiations, anxious to have the contract executed.

“I’m interested in forging the alliance with marriage. It’s to our benefit to be united since the Irish are making moves on the Kravtsov Bratva turf. I’m also aware that they’re doing the same to you, Don Conti,” I say, resting my hand on the armchair.

Ciro brings us a glass of Vodka. I take the glass from the Soldier, bring it to my lips, and take a drink. Then I look at Conti, waiting for him to reply.

“That’s correct, and I’m glad that you’re interested in forging an alliance. I want to ensure that the alliance is beneficial to both and by marrying my niece Valentina, it will fortify the association,” Conti says, looking at me.

“I don’t have any doubts about the alliance since the Bratva and Mafia are both formidable and will be a power to fear. I want the marriage to take place immediately,” I say, looking at him.

“Splendid, that’s what I want,” Conti says, nodding.

“I’ve reviewed the contract that you sent, made some adjustments, and returned it.”

“Yes, I did review the adjustments, and I’m agreeable to the terms,” Conti says, nodding.

“Excellent, let’s sign the contracts,” I say, looking at Conti.

“I have the copy at my desk,” Conti says, pushing off the chair.

I follow him and watch him sign the contract. Then he hands the contract to me. I review it to ensure that it’s the same contract with the adjustments, and then I sign it.

My heart skips a beat and then pounds faster. I’m so thrilled and anxious to see her. But I have to take it slow for now. Conti can’t be aware of my interest in Valentina

because I don't want to give him that power.

"The wedding will take place in three weeks, and I want the engagement party this weekend."

"That's reasonable," Conti says, nodding.

"Splendid. One more thing, I would like you to allow Valentina to attend the opening of our new club, Hellion, tomorrow."

"That won't be a problem, but she will attend with her cousin Mia and her guards," Conti says, turning up his lips.

"That's good; she has to be protected since she's now a target," I say, nodding.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Valentina

The door to Don Elio's office is open, and I walk inside since I was summoned.

“Close the door, Valentina, and have a seat,” Don Elio says, waving his hand.

He doesn't even look up at me and continues to read the paper in his hand.

I take a seat in the chair in front of his desk and look around the room. I stare at the family photo. It's the photo that we took on Christmas, it's nice. It looks like a happy family.

“Valentina, I have several issues to review with you. I have signed the contract with a very strong Bratva man. That means that you will be marrying in three weeks.”

“What? Who is he?”

“He's the Kravtsov Bratva Pakhan and a very powerful, wealthy man. Obviously, you will be busy for the next few weeks. I need you to select your wedding dress tomorrow morning. You have an appointment at Bianchi Bridal House.

I've arranged for the best wedding planner in New York. She will review everything, so select what you want.

The engagement party will be this Friday, you will then meet your fiancé. But you might meet him tomorrow since he requested that you attend the grand opening of the new club, Hellion. Do you have any questions? Capisci?”

I stare at Don Elio, speechless. That's a lot to do in a few weeks. I'm getting married, and it doesn't bother me. It doesn't matter what I feel or think; it's happening.

"Is Mia going with me to select my wedding dress? Can she be my maid of honor? Is Mia going with me to the club? Please let me know when the wedding planner will be here. The engagement party is this Friday. I think that I got it all, right?"

Don Elio looks at me over his eyeglasses and then nods.

"That's correct. I have it all on this paper. I need you to be on time for your appointments."

"No worries, Don Elio."

"Bene."

I take the paper, nod, and push off the chair. I walk out of my room and down the hall to Mia's room. I can't believe that Don Elio has permitted us to go to the club, Hellion.

I knock on the door and walk in. I feel like a zombie; my brain is mush. I stare at Mia, painting her toenails.

"Yeah, Vee, what's wrong," She says, placing the polish on the nightstand.

"I'm getting married in three weeks," I say, wide-eyed.

"Oh my god! I can't believe that it's starting. I don't like it because I'm next. I'm not happy about it," Mia says, hugging me.

"Here's the schedule, and I need you to go with me and be my maid of honor," I say,

pulling away from her.

Mia takes the paper and reads the schedule and then she sits on the bed.

“It’s happening,” Mia hums, looking out the window.

“Yes, it is. We need to go shopping after I select a wedding dress.”

“Yes, we do need to buy dresses for the club, engagement party, and anything else that comes up.”

“Yeah! Did you see that we’re going to the club tomorrow night? Maybe we can have fun, sort of a bachelorette party.”

“Yes, we will have fun. We deserve a little fun,” Mia says, smiling.

“Yes, we will have fun. But best of all, we have each other.”

I lean back into the seat, closing my eyes. I’m so tired; it’s been a long day. I selected a beautiful wedding gown and several dresses for all of the events. It was fun shopping for the wedding, even if I don’t know the man I’m going to marry. But that’s not a surprise; I knew it was going to happen.

I close my eyes, inhale, and exhale, trying to release the tension. I open my eyes and adjust the black dress that crosses down my back. I chew my lower lip, thinking of meeting my fiancé. It’s a possibility, Don Elio said. I think that I will meet him because he requested that I attend. I look out the window at the bright lights.

“Mia, did you see that we have two additional Soldiers,” I say, looking out the window.

“Yeah, look at the line at the club,” Mia squeals.

“Wow, will we even get in?”

“I hope so,” Mia says, nodding.

The SUV stops at the door to the Hellion Club. The Soldiers stand around the SUV, and Faro opens the door.

We slide out, and I stare at the line, chewing my lip.

“This way, Ms. Conti,” Faro says, walking ahead of us.

We follow him, walking up to the door. I’m so embarrassed that the people in line glare at us. The guards at the door allow us in, and a guard escorts us to the top floor. We’re being treated like Principessa.

The place is busy, the people swaying to the loud music, and it’s exciting since we’ve never been to a club before. The table is reserved for us, and the barmaid waits for us.

“Oh my god! Look at this place,” Mia says, looking around.

“Yes, it is nice. Don Elio said that the Bratva owns it,” I say, sitting on the chair.

“Hello, I’m Kitty. I will be your barmaid. Is there anything you would like to drink or eat?”

“Yes, we will have top-shelf wine,” I say, smiling.

“Vee, we need to eat. I want some boneless wings and nachos,” Mia says.

“Yes, that sounds good,” I say, nodding.

“It will take a few minutes,” Kitty says.

I look out on the dance floor, and I can’t help but smile. This is so much fun, and I want to enjoy this night.

Kitty returns with the wine, glasses, and the food. That was quick. I take a sip of wine, moaning, and close my eyes.

“This wine is so good,” I say, taking another drink.

Mia takes her glass and takes a sip, closing her eyes.

“Vee, it’s the best.”

I grab a chicken wing, chew it, and then try a few nachos. They taste so good. We don’t eat out because the cook makes our food at home. I drink some water to clear my palate, and then I drink more wine. I love wine, and soon, it’s gone. I look at Kitty. She nods and returns with another bottle of wine. Wow, she’s good.

“Vee, don’t you think that we should dance?”

“No, because I’m having fun drinking this wine and watching the people dance.”

“Okay, you do have a point.”

It doesn’t take us long to finish the bottle of wine, and Kitty has the new one ready.

Mia and I sing along to the songs we like and drink wine. We’re happy and enjoying the night out.

Then, all of a sudden, I have a gorgeous businessman standing in front of me. He's also the one that I bumped into at the store. He makes me all tingling and weak. That's not good since I'm going to get married.

"Hi," he says, smiling.

I blink up at him and smile.

"Hi," I say, staring at him.

"Are you enjoying the club," He asks.

"Yes, we are. We love the wine," I say, taking another sip.

"Valentina, I'm Lev Kravtsov," Lev says.

I blink; that last name sounds familiar.

"Kravtsov?"

"Vee, that's the same last name as your fiancé."

"Ah, right. Thanks, Mia."

I look at Lev and think about it for a few since my brain is slow. I believe that I had too much wine.

"You're the guy that I keep seeing."

"Yes, I am. May I sit," Lev asks, smiling.

“Ah, Lev, your last name is the same as my fiancé. But that doesn’t mean that he would be okay with you sitting here at our table,” I say, waving my finger.

“Valentina, that’s sweet. I am your fiancé.”

I blink several times and stare at him while I process what he said. It doesn’t sound right.

Is it?

“Could I be so lucky to have you as my fiancé?”

“Yes,” Lev says, smiling.

I blink, I said that out loud.

“Vee, you’re silly,” Mia hums, shaking her head.

“No, I think that the wine hit me,” I say, leaning back in my chair.

I look at Lev because he makes me happy.

My body loves him.

“Would you like some coffee,” Lev asks.

“I do want coffee. I want you. I want a kiss.”

Lev smiles and takes my hand.

“Valentina, you want me,” Lev asks, rubbing his finger over my wrist.

“Yes, I do.”

“That sounds good, and I want you,” He says, gazing into my eyes.

“Hey, I’m right here,” Mia says, waving.

“Mia, hush, you’re ruining my first kiss,” I sigh, looking at his lips.

“Mia, would you like to meet my brothers,” Lev asks, looking at her.

“Oh, you have brothers? Are they as gorgeous as you?”

Lev laughs and shakes his head.

“Why don’t you meet them, and you decide,” Lev says.

“Ah, that sounds good,” Mia says, nodding.

She looks around the club as if they’re going to appear instantly.

Lev pulls out his cell, sliding his fingers over the screen.

“Done, they’re on their way.”

“Awesome,” Mia says, dancing in her chair.

“Okay, now it’s my turn. You promised me a kiss,” I say, grabbing his tie.

I pull him closer, gazing into his blue cobalt eyes. This man is going to be my husband, and I really like him.

“I did,” Lev says, wrapping his hand around my neck.

He pulls me closer, and I close my eyes. He presses his soft lips on mine, and it feels so good. Then he runs his tongue over my lips, and I open my mouth. I move my hand, sinking my fingers into his dark, soft hair.

Lev invades my mouth, sliding his tongue over mine, making my panties wet.

He runs his hand up my back, making me moan. He pulls back and smiles at me.

“Valentina, I’m so glad you came to the club.”

“So am I,” I whisper, pulling him.

He kisses me again, deeper, blowing my mind. I’m melting into him, and I want more, but we should wait until we’re married. He pulls back and smiles at me, running his fingers through my hair.

“Lev,” a tall, handsome man says.

“Hey. Czar, Anatoly, this is Valentina and Mia,” Lev says, smiling.

He holds my hand, lacing his fingers with mine. That gesture makes me feel wanted, cherished, and hopeful. This marriage could be good; maybe we can find love.

“Hi,” Mia says, smiling.

I look at her, and I know that she’s embarrassed.

“Let’s get Kitty to bring more wine,” I say, smiling.

“Yeah, the bottle is empty,” Mia hums.

Kitty walks over and looks at Lev and his brothers.

“Is there something I could get for you,” Kitty asks, smiling at them.

“Please, bring some Vodka, more wine and food,” Czar says.

“It will be a moment,” Kitty says, nodding.

“Lev, could you tell me about you,” I ask, staring at our hands.

“I’m the eldest. I’m Russian. I’m going to turn thirty-one next month.

I’m looking forward to our wedding and our life together. I want babies, like right away,” Lev says, cupping my cheek.

“Babies?”

“Yes, is that a problem?”

“No, I just wasn’t expecting that you would want babies. I do want babies,” I say, nodding.

“Excellent, so when can we start making them?”

“I’m ready,” I whisper, falling into his blue eyes and connecting with him on a much deeper level.

“Tonight?”

“Yes.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m going to marry you, right?”

“Yes, you’re going to be officially mine in three weeks.”

“Then, let’s go before it gets later. I don’t want Don Elio to find out.”

“It doesn’t matter if he finds out; he knows that you’re mine.”

“He does?”

“Yes, he does.”

“Oh, but I can’t leave Mia,” I say, looking at her.

“She will be okay, I promise. My brothers will not hurt her or allow anyone to hurt her.”

“But I want some wine and food.”

“Okay, then we can leave.”

“Yes.”

Lev pours more wine into my glass, and we eat the food. The conversation flows, and the twins make us laugh.

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Lev

I look at our hands, entwined, and the joining of our souls. I'm so happy that Conti didn't fuck with me.

This moment will always remain in my heart. Valentina, Mia, and my Brats make my family. I'm confident that our future will be great.

Ivan, I don't know where he's at. I'm going to have to talk to him; I can't ignore it.

"Lev, let's go," Valentina says, leaning into my shoulder and kissing my neck.

The kiss ignites the wild need that I've felt since I saw her photo. My blood was simmering, but now it's boiling. All of my blood shoots down to my cock, making me hard. I need to get her out of here and into my bed.

"Okay," I groan.

"Mia, I'm going with Lev, but we will return," Valentina says, smiling.

"Yeah, I'm good. Czar and Anatoly are fun," Mia says, waving at us.

My Brats smile and lift their chins. I pull Valentina from the chair, nodding at them. If she wants to return, we need to leave now so we have a few hours to enjoy our first time. We weave around the people, walk down the hall, and exit through the back door.

“Oh, the club is so much fun,” Valentina hums, leaning into my side.

“I’m happy that you liked it,” I say, looking around the parking lot.

I see my Soldiers waiting in their cars to follow me home. I open the car door for her and help her onto the passenger seat.

I’m glad that we stayed longer to eat and drink. I feel confident that she’s not drunk because I don’t want to make her mine if she’s not fully able to consent. I can’t wait.

It takes half an hour to get to my apartment, and once we’re inside, we can’t keep our hands off each other. Somehow, we made it to my room.

I kiss her deeply, sucking her velvety tongue, and nibble her full pouty lips. I run one hand up her thigh and then cup her sweet ass.

Valentina moans, melting into me. This chemistry between us is intense, and I’m glad that it’s not just me feeling the fierce pull.

I pull the straps that cross down her back; the material drops down her body. I grunt, grabbing her full breast and running my finger over her tight nipple.

“Lev, that feels so good,” Valentina moans, pushing my jacket off my shoulders.

I release her for a moment, and my jacket falls onto the carpet. She unbuttons my shirt while I pull off my tie.

“Oh my god, you’re so hot! I love the tattoos,” Valentina says, running her small hands over my chest.

She licks my nipple and sucks it, making me crazy.

“Come here,” I growl, running my hands down her back.

I take her tight nipple into my mouth, sucking and biting it. I move to the other breast, sucking and marking her.

I cup her breasts, running my fingers over the tight nub, watching her clear, heated eyes.

“You’re so damn beautiful.”

I push her onto my bed, and I tear off her bikini panties. I spread her thighs and stare at her sweet pussy.

“Baby, this little wet pussy is all mine,” I grunt, leaning down to lick her swollen flesh.

“Yes,” Valentina whimpers, grabbing my hair.

Fuck, she’s so damn passionate and so ready for me. I stare at her pussy, and run my finger over her flesh. Then I sink a finger inside, feeling her inner walls grab it tight. My cock gets harder, and I grab it, stroking it as I suck her sweet flesh. I’m so damn lost in her taste, her scent, and I need to bury my cock deep inside her tight pussy.

Valentina's hips shift, and she pulls my face closer.

“That feels so good, but I need more,” She says, grinding against my tongue.

“Baby, you want my cock inside your sweet virgin pussy?”

“Oh hell, yes!”

“Don’t you want me to continue to eat your juicy pussy?”

“Yes, yes. Stop talking and fuck me.”

“Baby, I’m going to fuck you so damn hard, and you’re going to take my big cock inside your small tight pussy.”

But I have to go slow; I don’t want to hurt, and I need to make sure that she’s ready to take my cock. I suck the sweet juices from her pussy lips and swollen flesh. I insert another finger, fucking her, feeling her tense, and her release gushes out all over my face.

“Lev,” she yells, squeezing her thighs around my head.

I don’t care; I love her sweet pussy. I suck her juicy pussy, and nibble her flesh, making her yell and lifting her hips off the bed.

“That’s it Baby, yell my name. I’m your man and the only one that can fuck this tight pussy.”

“Yes, only you!”

I move up and stroke my hard cock staring at her passionate eyes, and she’s grabbing her breasts. She makes me so damn crazy. I move my crown at her entrance and smear her juices. I slide inside slowly and pull out. I do it again and again, watching her come undone.

“Stop teasing me!”

“Baby, let me hear you. Do you want me to fuck your tight pussy?”

“Yes! I want you to fuck my tight pussy.”

I thrust back inside, pump short pumps, and rub my head over her swollen flesh. I love watching my cock head disappear. Then I pull out and slide back, leaning down to kiss and suck her throat, moving down to suck and lick her nipples, feeling her pussy clutch my cock head tight.

I grunt, pull out, and thrust inside, tearing through the hymen, and I stop.

“Oh fuck, that hurts!”

“It’s going to feel good in a few,” I whisper, kissing her.

She returns my kiss and wraps her arms around my neck. Then she releases me and smiles.

“I feel better now; you can fuck me.”

I pull out and thrust deep inside, feeling the tight walls clutch my cock tight. I pump into her fucking hard and deep.

“Lev, you feel so good!”

“That’s it, Baby, take my cock like a good girl.”

I grab her hips and fuck her fast and rub her flesh. I can feel her pussy grab my cock hard; I close my eyes, throwing my head back.

“Come for me, Baby. Grab my cock and squeeze it tight!”

“Lev,” Valentina yells, falling over the edge and taking me with her.

I feel my release fill her, and I pull out, watching it spill from her pussy. It's a tint red with the blood of her virginity.

This girl is only mine, and I'm never going to let her go.

"How are you feeling," I ask, getting off the bed.

"I'm good, a little sore."

"I'm going to get a towel to clean you up."

I walk to the bathroom and grab a towel. I wet it with warm water and return to wipe her clean. I clean her pussy, and then I kiss it.

I climb up the bed, pull her into my arms, and smile.

"Baby, I'm going to pick you up tomorrow for dinner," I say, grabbing her ass.

"Yes, that sounds good."

Valentina wraps her arm and leg around me and rests her head on my shoulder.

"Lev, I'm so happy that I'm marrying you."

"I am, too."

A few minutes later, I start to love her again. I have a feeling that I'm never going to stop wanting her. I fuck her once more, and then we get dressed. We return to the club, and then I take them home. Leaving her was so damn hard.

The next day.

I look at my watch and smile. It's finally time to pick Valentina up. I walk out of the office and wave at my Brats. They snicker because they know that I'm pussy whipped. I don't give a fuck.

I drive up to the mansion and park in the circular driveway. I get out, walk up to the door, and ring the doorbell. The same Soldier answers the door.

"Is Valentina ready?"

"Come inside and let me call her," Ciro says.

I enter the foyer and look around. I didn't pay attention the first time that I came. It seems like a lifetime ago, but it's been a few days.

"Lev," Valentina says, walking up to me.

"Hey," I say, pulling her into my arms and kissing her deeply. My cock gets fucking hard, and I pull away, inhaling deeply.

"Let's go because I have reservations," I say, taking her hand.

We walk out of the house and get into my car. I drive out of the driveway and onto the road. I take her hand and kiss her wrist.

"Lev, would it be okay to go to your apartment and order in? I don't want to go to a restaurant when we could be together."

My cock is throbbing, and I look at her. I nod and kiss her hand.

"We can order in, and I can fuck your tight pussy."

“Yes,” Valentina whispers, licking her lips.

We get to my apartment, and we end up in my bed naked, kissing. I pull away and move off the bed. I pull her to the edge and spread her legs wide.

“Baby, your pussy is so wet for me,” I hum, licking her flesh. I then suck hard, making her come on my tongue.

“Fuck, you’re so damn sensitive. Are you sore? Does your sweet pussy hurt?”

“A little, and yes, I’m sensitive. Every time I move, my pussy aches. I’ve been thinking about you all day.”

“What did you think about all day?”

Valentina groans, shifts up, and watches me eat her sweet pussy.

“I kept thinking of your big cock fucking me hard, making me ache. Then, of course, I rubbed my pussy thinking of you! So basically, I’ve been horny all day; my pussy is swollen, so ready for you to fuck me.”

“Baby, I’m going to fuck you after I eat your sweet pussy,” I hum, sucking her swollen flesh.

I fuck her with my fingers and tongue making her come. I lick up her honey, and then I fuck her hard, feeling her swollen tight pussy around my cock. I rub her swollen flesh, and she comes hard, and I release all I have deep inside.

I pull out, get out of bed, and walk into the bathroom. I grab the warm towel and return to wipe her. I throw the towel on the carpet and grab the small box from inside the nightstand.

“Baby, I know that it’s a contract, but I want you to know that I wanted you from the moment that I saw you. I’m so happy that you’re going to marry me. I got you an engagement ring, and I hope you like it,” I say.

“Oh my, the ring is beautiful! Lev, I’m so happy that I’m marrying you, and I feel that we’re going to be happy. Thank you for picking me,” Valentina says, wiping the tear from her cheek.

“I will always pick you; you make my heart want to burst from my chest,” I say, taking her hand.

I slid the diamond solitaire ring on her finger, kissing her wrist.

“It’s beautiful! Thank you!”

She throws her arms around my neck and pulls me as she falls onto her back.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Lev

“Brats, are you ready,” I yell, looking at my PC.

“Yeah,” Czar says, nodding.

“I bet you are. You like Mia,” I huff, rolling my eyes.

“Yeah, why is that a problem?”

“Because you know that Conti wants to marry her off.”

“Ha, well, I can marry her,” Czar says, raising his brow.

“Don’t even think about it! I don’t want any issues with Conti. Leave Mia alone.”

“I’ll try.”

“You two are fucked,” Anatoly says, walking into my office, adjusting his tie.

“Let’s go, don’t fuck up Czar. Wait until I’m married before you do something stupid.”

“Da! I don’t see why it’s stupid!”

“I don’t have time for this shit. Let’s go!”

“Where’s Ivan,” Anatoly asks, raising his brow.

“I don’t fucking know,” I hiss, shaking my head.

The engagement party is packed with the Kravtsov Bratva and Conti Famiglia high-ranking members.

I look at Valentina, smiling as she walks to me. Her dress fits perfectly over her body, but it clings to every curve.

When she gets close, I pull her into my arms and kiss her deeply. I pull away and stare into her eyes.

“You look beautiful,” I say, wrapping my arm around her waist.

“Thank you, and you look gorgeous,” She says, smiling.

I look at her dress, and it barely covers the love bits on her breasts. The dress is nice; the back is open down to her waist. She’s not wearing a bra, and I don’t think like that. The dress clings to her perky breasts, and her nipples are hard. My mouth waters and I want to suck those tight nubs.

“Baby, as soon as Conti does his speech, I want you to change your dress. I don’t like that these bastards are staring at what’s mine.”

“Oh my, seriously?”

“Yes, seriously.”

“Fine,” Valentina huffs, leaning into me.

Fuck me!

I can feel her hard nipples driving me crazy.

Conti walks to the center of the yard, holding a champagne glass and a mic in the other hand.

“I want to announce the engagement of my niece Valentina Conti to Lev Kravtsov! Let’s toast to the happy couple,” Conti says, lifting his arm with the champagne glass.

“Congratulations,” Czar yells, clapping hard.

“Congratulations,” Anatoly yells.

“Congratulations, cousin,” Mia yells.

Valentina’s cousins yell congratulations together.

“Congratulations!” the guests yell.

We drink the champagne, and I then pull her from the yard and into the house.

“Come on, let’s get you into another dress,” I say, looking down the hall.

“This way,” Valentina says, taking my hand.

We walk up the stairs and down the long hall, stopping at the last door and walking inside.

I push her against the door and kiss deeply, with the hunger that she awakens.

Valentina moves her hand to my cock, squeezes, and moans.

My cock throbs and I move my hand tearing off her thong.

Fuck me!

I rub her wet pussy as I suck her tight nipple over the thin material of her dress.

“Baby, look at me. This is what all those fuckers were thinking of doing to your perky nipples,” I grunt.

I suck the other nipple and bite it, making her groan.

“Okay, I won’t go without a bra!”

“Good answer!”

I move my mouth to suck her nipple over the thin material of her dress. I release it and stare at the sexy, perky nipple. I then suck the other nipple, pushing off her dress. I stare at her naked breasts, then I suck and bite them.

I undo my pants and pull out my cock, thrusting deep inside her tight pussy. She wraps her legs around my waist, and I fuck her hard and fast against the wall. I kiss her and bite her pouty lips.

After I’m done fucking my woman and she changes into another dress, we return to the party, but she doesn’t leave my side.

The fuckers know who I am, and they will use her to get at me.

A few days later.

I pull into the parking lot, and we get out. My Soldiers are also coming, but they're going to be riding on top. Yeah, it's a little dangerous, but it's a must.

"Oh my, this is amazing," Valentina hums, looking at the railcar.

"Baby, this is going to be amazing. I chartered a private railcar for a day trip from Corinth Station. It's a seven-mile train ride. The trip will take us through breathtaking scenic views of the Southern Adirondacks. Plus, this railcar was built to be the end of the train."

"Lev, I love the surprise. It's going to be awesome to experience the early years of the 20th century. I'm super excited," She squeals, throwing herself into my arms.

I wrap my arms around her, holding her close, kissing her softly. I pull away, run my finger over her swollen lips, gazing into her eyes.

"Baby, let's board the train."

"Yes. Let's"

Then we board the train, and I'm pleased with the luxurious interior; its opulence is stunning. I look at the dark blue velvet, button-tufted diamond stitching, wing-back design, loveseat, and chairs. The rail car interior is dark blue and gold. The buffet table is at the end of the car, and several bottles of wine are chilled on the table.

This particular railcar is a Lounge railcar. It has an open floor plan, a bar, a bathroom, and food service. But I requested to make it a buffet and wine for us to drink since Valentina loves wine. We have privacy, and that's all I want to fuck my woman on the fucking train.

"Lev, this is so nice."

She walks over to the buffet table, pulling me with her. She grabs the strawberry, takes a bite, and then raises her hand, shining clear blue eyes, smiling. I fall into her gaze and open my mouth, taking a bite of the sweet strawberry and licking her fingers. The juice drips on my lower lip, and I lick it.

Valentina's eyes darken, the train starts up, and she falls into my arms. I kiss her deeply, tasting the strawberry on her lips.

"Baby, you taste sweet."

I push her onto the loveseat and push up her dress, pulling off her panties. I run my finger up and down her wet pussy.

"Baby, you're always ready for me," I growl, licking her sweet honey.

"Yes, always," She whispers, sliding her fingers through my hair.

"Baby, I need you," I growl, pulling out my throbbing cock.

I take her, fast and deep, with the urgency that I'm feeling, so damn out of control.

Hours later, we're leaving the rail car, and I take her hand.

"Lev, that was such a wonderful surprise; it was amazing."

"I'm happy that you enjoyed the train ride."

"Lev, the trip to Vegas was fun. Do you know where we're going for our honeymoon?"

"Baby, we're going on a honeymoon every fucking day, and I plan on taking you, if

it's possible, on short trips."

I pull her close and kiss her pouty lips that I love. I don't deepen the kiss because I know that I will take her to the bathroom and fuck her. But I don't want to do that, not here. You never know who's watching, and that's a private act between us.

I pull away, look at her, drink the wine, and smile. I've been taking her out every day, and of course, I can't keep my hands off her. I take a drink of the Vodka and look around the club. She loves coming here, and I don't give a fuck where she wants to go as long as she's with me.

My Brats are talking and dancing, yes, Czar is with Mia. I'm not crazy about it, but we will see.

The Soldiers are around the club, watching for any threats.

"Baby, come here," I hum, taking her hand.

I love lacing our fingers, staring at them, feeling the warm, happy feeling of coming home, the intense feeling of being one with her.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Valentina

I stare at the reflection in the mirror, and my heart swells. I never dreamed that I would be marrying such an amazing, sweet, gorgeous man.

I smile, adjust my crown, and turn from side to side, looking at the dress. It's an off-white, off-the-shoulder tulle ball gown. The sweetheart bodice and long tulle sleeves have floral embroidery, and the veil has it around the edge. It's so beautiful and romantic.

"Valentina," Mia squeals, entering my room.

"Do you like it," I ask, smiling.

"Yes! It's beautiful, and I'm so happy for you!"

"You look lovely too."

"Oh yeah, I really like this dress. Thanks for allowing me to pick the dress."

I look at her dress. It's a blush pink sleeveless sheath with a sweetheart neckline. The dress has a sweeping skirt and a delicate cream lace overlay. I really like it; she looks beautiful in it.

"Of course, you're like my sister. My best friend, my pain in the ass, hmm, what else," I ask, rolling my eyes.

“You’re such a biatch at times,” Mia says, shaking her head.

“You know that I love you.”

“Yes, and I love you.”

“Don Elio said that the ceremony will start in a few minutes. We need to get over there.”

“Okay, let’s go.”

We walk out of my room and down the stairs. The stares were a little difficult, but I managed. Don Elio is waiting for me at the end of the hallway at the door that leads to the backyard.

“Valentina, you look lovely,” Don Elio says, smiling.

It’s the first time that I’ve seen him happy.

“Thank you.”

I look out through the windows at the beautiful decorations. I selected blush roses, white roses, and Baby Breathe. There is lots of tulle, and I love it.

Then the wedding march starts and Mia starts walking out down the aisle. I turn to look at Don Elio. He gives me his arm, and we walk down the aisle. I look at Lev standing at the altar, looking at me. Our eyes lock, he smiles, and my heart skips a beat. I smile, ignoring all of the Cosa Nostra and Bratva staring at me.

Don Elio gives my hand to Lev and steps back. I hand Mia my bouquet, gazing into Lev’s eyes. The Priest starts the traditional ceremony; Lev says, “I do,” gazing into

my eyes, and I say, “I do,” teary-eyed. The Priest pronounces us husband and wife. My heart swells in my chest, and I gasp for air.

“You may now kiss the bride,” the Priest says.

Lev pulls me into his arms and kisses me thoroughly and deeply, giving me the breath that I need to live.

“Baby, I love you.”

“I love you,” I say breathlessly.

The guests clap, whistle, and yell out. We pull away smiling; Lev takes my hand, lacing our fingers.

We walk down the aisle to the dance floor. Everyone approaches to congratulate us. Yeah, he’s the Pakhan, so they all want to kiss his ass. I didn’t realize how powerful and rich he was until we spent the last three weeks getting to know each other and, of course, fucking like crazy every chance we had. I really love that.

“Lev, I want to change into my other wedding gown because this one is heavy,” I say, looking up at him.

“That sounds good. I’ll go with you to help,” Lev says with a devilish sparkle in his blue eyes.

“I bet you want to help.”

“Of course,” He scoffs, trying not to smile.

We walk towards the house, and Mia approaches.

“Where are you going,” She asks, raising her brow.

“I’m changing into my other gown.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll go with you so I can change,” Mia says, nodding.

We walked into the house, up the stairs, and to our rooms. Of course, Lev is with me. We enter my room and lock the door.

“Baby, come here. Let me unzip you,” he says, standing behind me.

He pulls down the zipper, kissing and nibbling my neck as he unhooks my strapless bra. His hands cup my breasts, squeezing and pinching my nipples, making me weak.

“Oh god, you’re driving me crazy,” I hum, leaning into his chest.

“Baby, you know that I need to be balls deep inside your sweet little pussy.”

“Well, hurry up!”

“Nyet, I’m going to enjoy fucking you as my wife.”

He pulls me up into his arms and takes me to the bed in my small white lacy thong, wearing my thigh-high stockings with lace.

He pulls back to look at me, his eyes darken, and he growls, taking off his jacket.

“Baby, you look so damn sexy. You’re going to have to wear these again because you have me so damn turned on that I want to fuck you senseless!”

“Hurry up,” I say, squeezing my legs.

My pussy is throbbing with need, and I'm so wet.

Lev spreads my legs, leans down, and sucks my flesh over the thin lacy material, making me whimper, feeling the gush flow out.

“Fuck yes!”

Lev uses his teeth to tear off my thong and sucks my flesh, and licks up all of my releases. I close my legs, trapping him, and I pull his face as I grind my pussy against his mouth.

“Ohhh, I love when you eat my pussy like this.”

Lev moves his hand to rub my swollen flesh, uses his tongue to fuck me, and with his other hand, he torments my nipple driving me crazy.

“Come for me, my Baby.”

I exploded, releasing all over his face. He sucks and licks my pussy. Then He pulls back, pushing my legs open.

I look at his face full of my release, and it makes me so damn horny. I feel my pussy throbbing, swollen, and wet. I move my hand to rub my flesh because I need more.

“Baby, you're so damn greedy,” Lev scoffs, taking off his shirt and pants. He looks at me, stroking his cock.

“No boxers?”

“Nyet! I need to be able to pull out my cock to fuck you. I stopped wearing them after I fucked you the first time.”

“Stop talking. Stop yanking your cock and fuck me!”

“One minute,” He says, lowering his eyelids and watching me watch him stroke his big cock.

I rub my pussy biting my lip, watching him slide his hand up and down his cock, and rub the pre-cum around the wide red crown.

“Baby, I want to taste you.”

“Come here!”

I move onto my knees, and he takes a step closer. I grab his big veiny cock, and I slide my hand up and down, hearing him groan. That gives me confidence, and I take his wide head in my mouth and release it with a pop while I rub my pussy with my other hand breathing hard. I lick around the crown and then suck him deep into my mouth.

“Fuck, Baby, you’re so hot.”

“I love your cock,” I hum, taking his cock deep in my mouth.

Lev grabs my hair and starts to fuck my mouth, making my eyes water. We practiced this several times until I got the hang of taking his cock deeper into my throat.

“Baby, I’m going to pull out so I can finish inside your tight little pussy.”

I open my mouth, and he pulls out, stroking his cock. I fall onto my back, and he grabs me, flipping me over onto my stomach. He pulls me up onto my knees and slaps my ass a few times, biting my cheeks and sucking my pussy.

“Yes, yes, I like that.”

Lev grunts and slaps my ass and makes contact with my pussy. My pussy flutters with need, throbbing, and I release my juices. I gasp, feeling my body on fire.

“That’s it, Baby. Give me more of your sweet honey.”

I watch Lev suck my pussy as he strokes his big hard cock. I tremble with need; my mouth waters.

“Fuck me!”

“Baby, I love that you love me to fuck your tight pussy. Tell me who owns this pussy?”

“You do!”

“Good answer!”

Lev bites my ass cheek and rubs his tongue over my back rosebud. He twirls his tongue, slowly entering.

“Ohhh, that feels good.”

“Baby, I’m going to fuck your tight virgin ass but not today.”

I shift my hips and rub my pussy into his face. He bites my swollen flesh, and I yell out.

“Baby, I’m going to fuck you because we’ve been here too long. But later, I’m going to fuck you all night.”

Lev thrust his hard big cock deep inside, making me yell. He holds onto my hips and fucks me fast, hard, grinding as he bottoms out. He rubs my swollen bundle of nerves making me come all over his cock.

“You’re such a good girl, taking my big cock and squeezing so damn tight. I love when you soak my cock with your sweet honey.”

I come again with his dirty hot talking, and he keeps fucking me hard, holding onto my hips.

“That’s it, take all of my cock inside your tight pussy. I want you to feel me deep inside. I’m going to fuck you all night, every night, so that you can feel me all day.

“Come for me, Baby, squeeze all of my cum inside your tight pussy. I want you pregnant!”

“Lev,” I yell, clutching my pussy tight around his big hard cock.

Lev grunts leans down, bites my shoulder, and grinds against my pussy, shooting his load.

I change into another wedding dress, and Lev watches me.

“I can’t believe that you’re still so damn hard.”

“Da, you always have me like this,” He grunts, stroking his cock.

“We have to return to the party.”

“Yeah, I know that’s why I’m not fucking you.”

I look at his cock, and yeah, I love sex. I love his cock, his mouth eating my pussy.

“Okay, put your amazing cock away because we need to get out there.”

“Da.”

Lev tucks his cock inside his pants and slowly pulls the zipper.

“I’m going to be thinking of your hard cock all the time while we talk to those people.”

“Stop, or we’re never going back.”

“Okay,” I hum, walking over to him.

I pull him closer and slide my hand down his pants, grabbing his hard cock. He hisses and lowers his eyelids.

“Oh, Baby, you’re killing me.”

“We don’t have to go back.”

“Yeah, we do because the sooner we return, the faster I can take you home.”

“Ohhh, that sounds like a plan.”

I release his cock, and smile at him.

“You’re bad,” He growls, adjusting his cock.

We walk out of the room, and Mia is waiting at the top of the stairs.

“It’s about time you two stopped fucking, geeze.”

“Mia, you have no idea how delicious it feels to have your man fuck you.”

“Huh, maybe I do,” Mia hums, smiling walks down the stairs.

“Mia, what does that mean?”

“Baby, let her go. Maybe she’s fucking one of my Brats.”

“Oh, really? Is that a good idea?”

“Nyet. I don’t have a clue what Conti will say.”

“I have to talk to her; come on.”

We walk down the stairs and catch up to Mia.

“Mia, we need to talk. Come over here,” I say, walking to the side door and walking out to stand near the garage.

“What,” Mia says, following me.

Lev walks out with us and looks around.

“Tell me, are you fucking one of Lev’s brothers.”

“Hmmm, maybe.”

“What do you mean maybe, you are, or you’re not.”

“Yes, and I love it.”

“Don Elio will be pissed off. He wants to marry you off; you’re supposed to be a virgin.”

“I don’t care. I wanted to fuck him, and it feels so good,” Mia says, shrugging walks around the corner.

I follow, turn the corner, and then I black out.

Lev

My head hurts, and I try to move, but I can't. I move my legs and arms, and then I feel the plastic ties. I slowly open my eyes because the fucking light is bright. Then I close them when the fucking pain pierces my head. I open them halfway and look at Ivan through my lids. Ivan is standing in front of me, pointing his gun at me.

“Where’s my wife,” I hiss, pulling my arms, trying to get out of the plastic ties.

“Your suka and her cousin are in the corner of the room. They’re tied up and knocked out.”

“Why did you take them? You better pray that they’re okay. You have me. Release them,” I yell, curling my lip.

“Nyet! It’s going to be the last thought in your mind right before you take your last breath. I’m going enjoy fucking both of them!”

“Both? What the fuck are you talking about?”

“I took your bride and her cousin Mia. I’m going to make you regret choosing your Brats over me!”

“Why the fuck did you take Mia? It’s senseless!”

“Nyet. I’m also going to make Czar suffer. He loves Mia, and he’s the one that took my place. I’m the one that was always your confidant, your support, not that

svoloch'!"

"What the fuck are you doing? Untie me!"

"I'm going to kill you!"

"Untie me mudak!"

"Nyet. I'm going to kill you! My Mama Maria was right! I'm the one that's supposed to be Pakhan, not you! I have the same rights as you do! I have the same blood!"

I stare at his bloodshot eyes; he looks like he's on drugs.

When did this happen?

I didn't know that he was hating me.

"I can't believe that you're listening to your Mama, the one who left you when you were a baby!"

"Shut the fuck up! She's my Mama," Ivan growls, gathering his eyebrows and pointing his gun at me.

I glare at him, grinding my molars, hating the fact that he was planning my demise and who knows for how long.

"That doesn't mean that you can betray me; what happened? You're supposed to be my Brat and my right-hand man? We've gone through hell, so many good times together, and I never expected your betrayal! You will be punished, Ivan, and you know what it entails!"

“Don’t fuck with me, Lev! You know damn well that I deserve to be the Pakhan, just as my Mama says. You put me aside when you met Czar and Anatoly! After all of these years, I stood by your side, and yet you preferred those sukas, your Brats, to me! We have the same blood; what makes them better than me? You even gave them the key positions in the Bratva, your Two Spies, the Obshchak, and Sovietnik! You didn’t even consider me! I’m just your lap dog, doing your bidding.”

I stare at Ivan, forcing my heart to stop beating so damn fast. It’s a fucking broken heart, nyet it’s a crushed soul, but I’m Pakhan. I focus on my anger and hurt, forgetting who Ivan is and what he means to me. An emotional numbness, a disconnect, gives me the strength to do what I must do.

Kill him.

Then I see movement at the door. It’s my Brats, they stop at the door. Czar gestures, placing his finger to his lips, for me to be quiet. I need to distract Ivan, so I goad him.

“You’re going to kill me because absentee Mama put all this fucking mudak in your head! Your actions are a betrayal! It’s unforgivable. You took my wife, the woman that I love, for money and power? I’m not going to show you any mercy!”

“Ha! That’s rich since you’re fucking tied up, and I have the fucking gun! Nobody is going to save you! I made damn sure that they thought that you left on your own,” Ivan hisses, curving his upper lip.

Now I know that he’s insane.

My Brat Czar knocks him out, and Ivan falls onto his face.

Smash!

Damn, I heard his nose cracked. It doesn't fucking matter, he's a dead man.

"Untie me!"

"Da," Czar and Anatoly rush over to me, pulling out their knives. Then, Czar pulls out the plastic ties from Ivan's suit jacket and ties him up.

"Pakhan, he must die," Anatoly says, resting his hands on his waist.

Czar pushes off his knees, his face is red, and he's pissed. He spits at Ivan and kicks him.

"Svoloch'"

I throw back my arm and strike Ivan's face with my fist, wearing my custom-made silver knuckles that I always carry in my suit jacket. It's my preferred method of causing injury. And right now, I want to cause lots of pain.

That's what I want, to inflict pain on Ivan, pain to match the pain I feel for his betrayal.

The pain of taking Valentina.

The svoloch' has been trying to fuel ill feelings towards my Brats, and now I know why. Ivan had it all planned and wanted me to be at his mercy.

Nyet!

Not happening.

"Pakhan, let me kill him," Czar hisses, holding his Glock.

“Nyet! I’m going to kill him!”

I take his Glock and shoot Ivan between the eyes and through his black traitorous heart.

I hand Czar his Glock and run over to untie Valentina and Mia.

“Give me your knife,” I yell, looking over my shoulder at my Brats.

“Da,” Anatoly says, handing me his knife.

Czar cuts off Mia’s ties, and then he pulls her into his arms.

“I’m taking her to the SUV,” Czar says, walking out of the warehouse.

“Anatoly, take care of Ivan. Get rid of him.”

“Da, no worries, I take care of clean up,” Anatoly says, looking around the warehouse.

“Thanks. How did you get her so quickly?”

“Brat, I’m a brilliant IT and hacker. The cameras at Conti, then the street, and we got here just on time.”

“Da. Thank you.”

“All good. Take care of your bride.”

“Da.”

I pull Valentina into my arms, walk out of the warehouse, and get into the SUV. We get back to my apartment, and it feels good; it feels safe. I put Valentina on the bed and checked her out.

I call the Bratva Doctor, undress her, and pull on one of her nightgowns. Yes, she has them, but I always take them off her so she stops wearing them.

Lev

A year later.

I walk into the apartment and look around for Valentina. I scrub my face and walk down the hall to search for her.

As I get closer, my heart skips a beat as I listen to her sing to our babies. Valentina is perfect for me; she was my soulmate. I knew the moment I looked at her photo. Her eyes told me everything I needed to know. I'm so glad I jumped at the opportunity.

Yeah, we have twins, a boy and a girl. The babies have my eyes and the best of our features. They're beautiful little babies. The babies are three months old, and they're my pride and joy.

I stop at the door, leaning against the frame, and watch her sing to them, standing between the cribs.

"Baby, I love seeing you with the babies. But we need to get you some help. They're getting bigger, and I'm not always around to help you."

"Yes, I do understand, but I don't want strangers in our home nor near the babies. I love taking care of Dimitri and Violetta."

"We can get someone from Russia or Italy. How about both? The babies will learn to speak Russian and Italian."

Valentina's eyes sparkle, and she smiles, crossing her arms.

“Oh, that does sound like a good idea. I have dinner ready,” She says, walking out of the room with the monitor.

“I know, I can smell it. I don’t know how you manage to cook and take care of the babies.”

“It’s a little tricky, but I manage.”

We walk into the kitchen, and Valentin grabs the plates and starts serving us. She makes lasagna, salad, and bread. Yeah, I’m learning to eat Italian, but I can’t complain. Valentina has surprised me with some Russian dishes.

Da, I love this woman!

“Would you like some wine?”

Valentina looks at me and laughs, shaking her head.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh my! Lev, I can’t have wine.”

“Why not?”

I open the wine bottle not sure if she’s messing with me.

“Babe, I’m pregnant.”

I stop opening the wine and turn to look at her.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes! That’s what you get for fucking me all the time.”

I smile, and my cock gets hard.

“Oh, Baby, you know that I love fucking your sweet pussy.”

I grab her, kiss her deeply, pull up her dress over her head, and drop it on the floor.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m getting some of my sweet pussy while the babies sleep.”

I turn her around and kiss her neck. I grab her breast, tweaking her tight nipple, and with my other hand, I rub her swollen flesh.

“Ah, you’re bad.”

“You love me fucking you.”

“Yes, don’t stop.”

I move my hand up her silky thigh and over to her wet pussy. I move my lips down her neck, feeling her tremble.

“Baby, I’m glad that you stopped wearing your panties.”

“Yeah, you kept tearing them off. Actually, I don’t have any.”

“I’ll buy you new ones.”

“No, you tear them off.”

“It’s so hot tearing them off you.”

“You’re a crazy caveman.”

“Da. Only with you.”

I undo my pants, grab my cock, and slide up and down her wet pussy.

Then I push her against the kitchen counter and thrust deep inside my sweet pussy with a grunt.

“Lev, you feel so good.”

“Baby, you have me so damn worked up. You’re on my mind all day, my cock is fucking hard all the time.”

I fuck her, holding onto her hips. I love feeling her tight pussy grab my cock so tight.

“Baby, we do need help with the babies. I need to fuck you more because I’m going crazy.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Fuck!”

I pull out, pick her up, and place her on the kitchen countertop. I stare at her, spread her legs, and play with my pussy.

I never tire of eating her, and I spread her legs and lean to eat my pussy. She places her legs over my shoulders, and I grab her ass to suck my pussy and tight rosebud.

Valentina pants, gasping for air as I suck her swollen flesh. She pulls my hair, pulls me closer, and grinds against my face, digging her heels into my back.

My cock is throbbing, and fuck her pussy with my tongue as I rub her rosebud. I sink one finger inside and fuck her pussy feeling her close.

“Lev! I need more.”

“Baby, come for me so I can suck up all of your honey.”

She comes on my mouth, and I suck her sweet pussy. Then I grab my cock, thrust into her, and walk over to the wall. I fuck her fast against the wall, mercilessly, feeling her come again and clutching my cock tight. I shoot my load, and I kiss her deeply.

Then I pull back, gazing into her heated, passionate eyes.

“I love you.”

“I love you.”