



My Best Friend's Dad

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Shes afraid Im not going to be gentle with her. She should be.

This isnt the first time Ive imagined tearing Jennas clothes off and reddening her ass with my belt, then pinning her to the bed and taking her so roughly she cant help screaming my name.

But its the first time its about to really happen.

Teaching my daughters nineteen-year-old best friend all the ways a billionaire mobster can make a girl like her blush and beg and come would have been over the line even for me, but now her curiosity has made her a target for my enemies and I dont have to hold back anymore.

I can just make her mine.

And I will.

Publishers Note: My Best Friends Dad is a standalone romance that includes spankings, rough, intense sexual scenes, and strong D/s themes. If such material offends you, please dont buy this book.

Total Pages (Source): 27

CHAPTER 1

Jenna Michaels

I shouldn't be thinking about my best friend's dad.

Like not ever, but here I was, doing that same exact fucking thing like I hadn't done it a thousand times before.

Like an absolute fucking idiot...

It started innocently enough, but doesn't it always... A few lingering glances across the dinner table, the brush of his hand against mine when we passed a dish at Thanksgiving dinner, the sound of my name rolling off his tongue and that delicious fucking accent that made it sound like he was caressing my cheek with every word that fell off his lips...

Each interaction between us, no matter how small, seemed to stitch him further into the fabric of my daydreams until he became the one that I thought about before I went to bed at night.

Like every night.

But it was more than all of that.

It was the way he listened when I spoke, and how his eyes lit up with genuine interest that was so far from fake that it made my breath catch every time his soulful green

eyes caught mine. It was like he saw me for who I truly was.

Yet... every time I caught myself thinking of him, guilt surged through me.

Like right fucking now when I was out by the pool with my best friend, and I was thinking about her dad instead of whatever nonsense was spewing out of her mouth about the debate team and how much she would bet money on the fact that she could sleep with any one of them if she had just the right argument.

I should be better than this. Isabella was like a sister to me. I needed to remember that.

Come on, bitch. You can do this. Fucking focus. Listen to your friend and ignore the fact that Vincenzo is walking around the house right now without a t-shirt and he is looking fucking fine as all hell.

Spoiler alert.

I failed.

The second I looked back over at Isabella, my brain started to conjure images of her dad. His thick black hair, and how his jaw always had the perfect amount of stubble covering it. His strong, callused hands, and the way he smiled at me whenever we locked eyes across the dinner table.

Shit. It was fucking everything.

“Are you even listening to me?”

I blinked back to reality and found myself looking back at my best friend who was staring at me.

Absolutely busted .

I tried to play it off as best as I could, but I hoped she couldn't tell. I smiled in her direction and cocked my head, pretending like I had been listening to her the whole time.

The last thing I needed was for her to know what was going on in my head.

She would hate me forever.

Isabella was a lot of things, but forgiving wasn't one of them. She also had a jealous streak that I've never quite understood, but it was there, and it could get really ugly. She knew it as well as I did, but she was protective as fuck over her boyfriends and for some strange reason, her father too.

She said it was because he was overprotective of her, but I was pretty sure she just had serious daddy issues or something that went deeper than that, like the fact that she'd lost her mother when she was little.

She couldn't ever find out.

My eyes slid over to his tall form anyway.

Isabella was a total Daddy's girl, and it would be cute if it wasn't such a fucking turn-on for me because there was nothing more in the world that I wanted than to be Vincenzo's girl.

But that was fucking crazy.

Right?

“Earth to Jenna,” she scoffed, and I forced myself to take my gaze off him once again to look at her.

Fuck...

She was glaring at me now, her arms crossed over her chest, and she had this glorious pout on her lips that said she was not happy with me, not even in the slightest bit.

Well, shit...

Maybe I was a horrible friend.

“Sorry. What were you saying? My head was somewhere else,” I said sheepishly. Then I smiled the kind of smile that only a best friend could get away with and she shook her head, but she grinned in return anyway.

“I asked if you were ready to go inside, and you completely ignored me,” she finally whined, and I nodded quickly.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” I replied as she stood up and stretched out her long, lean body, then bent down to pick up her towel.

“You okay?” she asked, and I nodded as we started to walk back to the patio door.

“Yeah, just tired. I didn’t sleep that well last night.”

“Well, maybe you should stop reading until the sun rises and it’s time for you to get up,” she laughed.

“Guilty as charged.”

It wasn't true, at least not really. Well, maybe it was a little bit. I'd spent the night reading, just like she'd said, but it had turned into more than that. In every scene of the dark mafia romance I'd been working my way through, I kept imagining Vincenzo as the lead and when I finally forced myself to go to bed, I felt so restless and aroused that I hadn't been able to sleep.

So I'd touched myself.

All while thinking about him .

Wishing he was there running his fingers along my skin, and pressing soft kisses down the length of my body before he slid his undeniably large cock right between my legs.

Dammit...

God, this was all such a fucking mess.

Thankfully, it seemed like Bella hadn't picked up on the fact that I'd zoned out again, but at least this time I'd managed to do it without looking straight at her father.

"Oh, did you hear about that guy from our class? What was his name?"

"What guy?" I asked, her question catching me off guard and immediately changing the direction of my thoughts, for which I was grateful even if she didn't know it.

Small miracles, right?

"That guy that you had a crush on a few years ago. The one with the glasses," she said, and I rolled my eyes.

I knew who she was talking about.

I might have had a crush on this boy named Ryan a long time ago, but I hadn't really paid him any mind for a long while. He seemed too young, too immature, and he just seemed to pale in comparison to Vincenzo in every possible way.

Not that I should be comparing boys to Bella's dad...

Whoopsies.

"You mean Ryan," I offered lamely.

"Yeah, that guy," she pushed, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"No, what about him?" I answered, my voice falling flat with disinterest, but Bella didn't pick up on it.

"He's moving," she answered.

"Wait, where? How do you know this?" I asked quickly.

I don't know why, but now she had my attention. Maybe it was just because she hadn't asked me why I was staring at her dad before or maybe because whenever I got her on the topic of boys, she could talk about it for hours with barely any prodding from me.

Yeah. I was a terrible person. So, sue me.

"I think it's California. He told me about it the other day in study hall, but I forgot to tell you. He wanted me to give you his number," she continued, and I rolled my eyes again.

“What, so he can finally try to hit it before he moves away for God knows how long? Fat chance. You know that I’m not that kind of girl,” I scoffed, and Isabella shook her head with laughter.

“That’s not how it was with Dane last year,” she teased, and my cheeks heated at the same time my gaze jerked back to the house. Vincenzo was nowhere to be seen and I sighed inwardly with relief. Isabella knew about him, obviously, but Vincenzo didn’t, and I wanted it to stay that way.

Dane was the kind of guy I shouldn’t have messed with, but I did. I’d let him take my virginity, and it was not a fond memory. Not for me at least.

He’d been nice enough about it, but that was before he’d fucked another girl the week after, and Isabella hadn’t been quite as gracious about the whole situation as I had been. I don’t know why she was bringing it up. She knew how I felt about it, so it was kind of a low blow, but maybe I deserved that.

The truth was I should have kicked him in the balls just like she’d threatened to and walked away, but I didn’t. I don’t know why.

Ever since then, I’d avoided boys my age like the plague. Isabella didn’t understand it, but I couldn’t really explain it to her either because the man I truly wanted was her father and that could never happen.

Right?

I shook my head and tried to get my wayward thoughts under control.

“You know how that ended though,” I said softly, and her face fell a little.

“It’s not going to be like that this time. He’s a good guy. A really, really good guy.

The perfect kind of guy to let off some steam with, if you know what I mean,” she replied gently, and I sighed.

“And you would know this, how?”

“Because I just do. Come on, let’s get inside. I think I’ve gotten enough sun for the day,” she said, changing the subject, and I shook my head and followed her into the house.

The heat in the kitchen enveloped us as soon as we stepped inside, and I breathed in the rich smell of tomato sauce, garlic, and fresh basil.

My stomach growled.

Vincenzo was making one of his specialties, spaghetti and meatballs. He wasn’t in the room though. I didn’t know where he was. He could be anywhere in this great big house, really.

Maybe his bedroom.

In his bed.

Alone.

Waiting for me...

Goddammit .

I really needed to get my shit together today. My errant thoughts were worse than usual, and I was having difficulty getting them under control. Taking a deep breath, I tried to shake it off as best as I could, all while Bella was watching me like a hawk.

Did she know? Could she tell?

“There is no lack of dating going on, Jenna. Honestly, it’s just you,” she grinned.

“Really? Who are you seeing?”

“I don’t kiss and tell, Jen,” she replied, and I groaned out loud.

“Come on, you have to give me more than that,” I pressed.

“Let’s just say it’s the same guy that was over here the other night,” she replied, and I rolled my eyes. That wasn’t really saying anything. Vincenzo had allowed her to have a group of kids from our senior graduating class come over and celebrate, so there had been at least a dozen boys from which she could be talking about.

I narrowed my eyes in her direction and leveled her with a discerning glare.

“Please don’t tell me you’re screwing around with one of the debate boys,” I asked, remembering the direction of her conversation from earlier.

“Hey, at least they’re pretty smart, you know?” she said with a wink, and I groaned out loud.

“So, who is it? Is it someone I know? You know you can tell me,” I prodded.

“Yes,” she smirked, and I laughed out loud, the sound echoing throughout the room.

“Seriously? Do I need to start guessing names or are you going to give me a hint or something?” I whined.

“You’ve seen him around the house before. Many times,” she teased and the

excitement painting her face drove my curiosity into the stratosphere.

“Really?”

“Yep,” she grinned.

“Can I have any more clues?” I pushed.

“Sure,” she said and started listing them on her fingers one by one, “he’s tall, has a killer smile, and a great ass.”

“That doesn’t really narrow it down all that much,” I laughed, her glee certainly lightening my mood.

“True, but it does give you a few more details to go on,” she said, and I sighed.

“I feel like this goes against the best friend code,” I grumbled.

“He’s got a big dick too,” she goaded me, and I sighed as dramatically as I could. If there had been a bed close by, I would have pretended to faint and really gone all out.

“I give. Who is it?” I pushed a bit more.

“Okay, okay. It’s Damon, but you can’t tell anyone,” she whispered excitedly.

Oh... It all made sense now.

Damon was her bodyguard, or at least one of them. She’d mentioned him in passing before, but I didn’t know anything about him other than he was around thirty-five and more obsessively protective than any of her other guards, which was a good thing, I guess.

“How the hell did you manage that? Doesn’t he work for your dad?” I asked, my disbelief far too apparent in my tone and I tried to pull it back. Thankfully, she didn’t notice.

“Yes,” she sighed dreamily, and I raised an eyebrow.

“Okay, you have to tell me now. How did this start and how’s it going? Tell me everything!”

“Not everything,” she replied with a wink and my heart dropped.

“Don’t tell me...”

“Things escalated, is all I’ll say,” she laughed and started toward her bedroom.

“Isabella!” I exclaimed.

“You can’t make me talk,” she called over her shoulder, and I stared at her retreating form until she disappeared around the corner. With a sigh, I turned back to the counter and peered out at the pool.

The sun was beginning to set behind the trees, igniting the sky with brilliant reds, oranges, and yellows. I leaned down, put my elbows on the granite, and shook my head.

If Bella wasn’t careful, she was going to get herself in trouble, like really big trouble, and that didn’t even begin to encompass the shit Damon would be in if the two of them ever got caught.

A man cleared his throat behind me.

My eyes darted to the doorway where Vincenzo was standing with a definitive frown on his face, his hands resting against the doorframe, and his fingers tapping against the white painted wood.

He had a shirt on now.

Such a shame...

I was positively hopeless.

His gaze made me feel like nothing more than a naughty little girl about to get scolded by her daddy and I didn't know why, so I stood there and tried to lift my chin as proudly as I could.

"Hi," I said breathlessly, my heart pounding in my ears. I squeezed my hands to my sides, my palms suddenly feeling a little clammy.

Why did he have this effect on me? And why couldn't I control it?

"Did you have a good day with Bella?" he asked, his voice a bit tense.

"Yes," I replied, and he smiled slightly, his eyes roving over me for the briefest of seconds before coming to rest on my face. It was so quick that I told myself I must have imagined it because he didn't look at me that way. He was just being friendly.

At least that's what I told myself...

I mean, I was only wearing a bathing suit. It was bright pink and covered with white polka dots, but teeny weenie bikini didn't even really begin to cover it.

I don't know what had come over me when I'd bought it. It wasn't full coverage by

any means, not even close. Actually, most of my ass practically hung out of it. The triangle top just barely covered my B-sized tits.

Did he like my tits?

I pulled the towel a bit tighter around my shoulders, hoping it was long enough to cover up my cheeks in the back and my hard nips that hopefully weren't showing through the thin material of my top.

"I'm glad," he said and then turned to the stove. He busied himself stirring the sauce with a wooden spoon. When he was satisfied, he took a small taste, grunted, and added a pinch of salt before he stirred it and tasted it again.

This time, he seemed happy with it.

"How was your day?" I asked, and he sighed.

"It was a good day," he said, but his voice seemed pretty strained.

"That doesn't sound like a good day," I prodded shyly. He turned back to me and met my eyes, and I lost myself in them for the briefest of seconds before I remembered that I probably shouldn't be looking at him like that and dropped my gaze.

"The restaurant," he explained, and I nodded.

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I'm just glad to be home," he said and then he gave me a real smile.

"The sauce smells like a really good batch," I replied lamely, but he was quiet for a long moment before he turned back to me and leveled me with a firm stare like the

one that he'd had on his face when he first walked into the kitchen.

"I overheard you talking about Dane earlier."

Shit .

I felt a flush rise to my cheeks.

"Oh, that," I said lamely.

"Yes, that." He turned back to me, his green eyes locking onto mine. "Jenna, there's no need to rush into dating. You should wait until there's a man good enough for you."

The way his stern glare was boring into me was doing strange things to me and I decided in an instant that I didn't like it, or maybe I did. I didn't know. I swallowed hard, pulled the towel tighter, and took a step back.

"And who decides who's good enough for me? You?" I said aggressively, trying to muster up some sense of defiance.

Maybe you should do something about it then, big boy...

He raised an eyebrow. "I'm just saying you deserve better than someone like Dane."

"I know what I deserve," I shot back, my tone more defensive than I intended. I swallowed back my emotion, continuing with a more level, calm tone. "And I'm not rushing into anything. Actually, there hasn't been anyone since him."

Vincenzo sighed, running a hand through his hair. I don't know if I saw a look of relief cross his face at my response, but it was gone in a flash.

“I’m just concerned about you. You’re young. You have your whole life ahead of you. Don’t settle for anything less than perfection,” he said firmly.

I couldn’t help but smirk. “So, you’re saying I should aim higher? Maybe go for someone more mature, experienced?”

His eyes narrowed slightly, blazing with anger, frustration, and maybe a bit of something I couldn’t quite identify. “Don’t twist my words, Jenna. You know what I mean.”

“Do I?” I took a step closer, feeling a surge of boldness. “Because it sounds like you’re trying to dictate my love life.”

Was I provoking him? Why would I do that? Did I want to get into it with him? Did I want him to do something about it?

You do, you horny little slut.

“I’m not trying to dictate anything,” he said firmly, and I couldn’t help but notice his fists squeeze at his sides. “I’m just giving you advice. Advice from someone who cares about you.”

I softened at that. “I know you care, Vincenzo. But I can make my own decisions.”

“Yes, you can,” he agreed, his voice gentle now, yet still laced with an edge of seriousness. “But that doesn’t mean you shouldn’t be careful. You deserve someone who will treat you right.”

I looked down, my heart pounding. “And what if I already know who that is?”

What are you doing? Are you trying to start shit? Stop being a fucking idiot and get

control of yourself!

He was silent for a moment, and when I looked up, his expression was unreadable. I watched his Adam's apple bob up and down before he lifted his chin and cleared his throat.

"Then I hope he's worthy of you," he finally replied.

Our eyes locked, and for a moment, everything else faded away. It was just the two of us, standing in the kitchen, a thousand unspoken words hanging between us, but neither of us said anything at all.

And then the moment was gone.

He nodded, a small smile tugging at his lips. "Just be careful, Jenna."

I smiled back at him, feeling a warmth spread through me. "I will."

Before Vincenzo could respond, Bella walked into the kitchen, her presence breaking the tension. She took one look at her dad and rolled her eyes.

"Dad, stop being weird," she said, grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge. She'd changed into a tank top and shorts and plopped her butt down at the table all while looking forlornly at the pot of sauce and the still boiling spaghetti noodles.

I watched Vincenzo for a long moment, his expression shifting back to neutral as he focused on stirring the sauce once more. My heart was still racing from our exchange, and I needed a moment to collect myself.

"I'm going to get changed out of my bathing suit," I said, turning to Bella.

“Sure, we’ll be eating dinner soon, if it’s ever ready that is,” she replied, already engrossed in her phone.

“Ten more minutes,” Vincenzo sighed, and I chuckled as I turned away.

Whatever had just happened between us was gone.

I headed to the guest room where I had my things. As I peeled off my damp swimsuit and pulled on a fresh set of clothes, my mind replayed the conversation with Vincenzo. His concern was touching, and his advice lingered in my thoughts, but it was my fluttering heart that was really spiraling out of control.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to shake off the lingering tension that I could still feel between us even though we were rooms apart. Tonight would be challenging enough without my overactive imagination complicating things. I just had to focus on being a good friend and enjoy dinner with the two of them.

I needed to stop thinking about Vincenzo like he could be anything more than my best friend’s dad.

For good.

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CHAPTER 2

Vincenzo Santoro

I glanced at Jenna, who was still watching me with those big, beautiful, thoughtful eyes.

“I’m going to get changed out of my bathing suit,” Jenna said, while turning toward my daughter.

“Sure, we’ll be eating dinner soon, if it’s ever ready that is,” Bella teased.

“Ten minutes,” I sighed, shooting a mock glare at my daughter.

As Jenna walked away, I couldn’t help but follow her with my eyes. The way she moved, the confidence in her stride—it was all too enticing. Not wanting Isabella to notice, I quickly turned back to the stove.

I continued stirring the sauce, but my mind was miles away. The rich aroma of perfectly spiced tomatoes, basil, and copious amounts of garlic filled the room, but it did little to calm the storm brewing inside me.

Despite my best intentions, my thoughts kept drifting back to Jenna.

Jenna Michaels, with her bright hazel eyes and quick friendly smile, was more than just Bella’s best friend. She had always been a fixture in our home, and I had grown fond of her over the years.

But lately, things had changed.

The way she looked at me, the way my heart responded, all of it was deeply unsettling. I shouldn't be thinking about my daughter's best friend like this. It was wrong on so many levels, yet I couldn't help myself.

I tried to focus on the task at hand, tasting the sauce and adjusting the seasoning, but my mind kept replaying the conversation we had earlier. Her defiant tone, the spark in her eyes—it stirred something deep within me. She deserved someone good, someone her age, not an old man like me with a troubled past.

I sighed, setting the spoon down and wiping my hands on a towel. It wasn't just the age difference that bothered me. It was the promise I had made to myself after Maria died.

I had vowed to be the best father I could be, to protect Bella and keep her safe from the darkness of my past. Falling for Jenna, acting on these feelings, would betray that promise. It would put everything I had worked so hard to build at risk.

Maria's face flashed in my mind, her gentle smile, and the way she used to laugh. Losing her had nearly destroyed me. I had buried myself in my work, first in the family business and then in my restaurants, trying to numb the pain. But nothing could fill the void she left behind. And now, with Jenna, those old wounds threatened to reopen once again.

"Dad, you're being weird again," Bella said from her spot at the kitchen table behind me.

I forced a smile, trying to push Jenna out of my mind. "Just thinking about dinner, sweetheart."

Isabella rolled her eyes and took a sip of water. “You always overthink everything. It’s just spaghetti and meatballs.”

She was right, of course. I tended to overthink and worry too much. But this was more than just dinner. This was about the future, and more important, about the people I cared about the most.

I turned back to the stove, stirring the sauce again, trying to distract myself from the thoughts swirling in my head.

What was I thinking? This was Jenna .

Sweet, young Jenna.

She had her whole life ahead of her, and I had no right to complicate it with my feelings. She deserved someone who could give her everything, someone without the baggage I carried.

Someone better than me.

Even as I told myself this, I knew it was too late. Jenna had already woven herself into my nearly every thought, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t shake her loose.

But I was going to have to.

For more than just Jenna’s sake.

For my daughter’s too.

When the spaghetti was finally ready, the three of us sat down at the table together.

Dinner was a quiet affair, at least on the surface. Bella chattered away about her latest debate team victories, her voice full of enthusiasm as she launched into one of her stories. I nodded along, making the appropriate sounds of interest, but my attention kept wandering to Jenna.

She had changed out of her swimsuit into a simple light pink sundress, her tanned skin gorgeous against the color and her hair still slightly damp from the pool. Every time she laughed at something Bella said, a pang of something sharp and unwelcome twisted in my chest.

I tried to keep my focus on my daughter, but my eyes kept drifting back to Jenna, watching the way she pushed a strand of hair behind her ear or the way she brought a bite of food to her lips.

Or the way her eyes occasionally caught mine.

“Are you even listening, Dad?” Bella’s voice cut through my thoughts, bringing me back to the present.

I blinked, realizing I had missed whatever she had just said.

“Sorry, sweetheart. What was that?” I asked, trying to remember whatever it was that she was talking about.

“I said there’s a party this weekend. A bunch of people from school are going,” Bella repeated, giving me a suspicious look. “Jenna and I are thinking about going.”

Jenna glanced at me, then quickly looked away, focusing on her plate.

“Yeah, it should be fun,” she added, though her tone was less enthusiastic.

I felt a pang of jealousy at the thought of Jenna surrounded by young men that were her age and full of potential, vying for her attention. The rational part of my brain knew I had no right to feel this way, but it didn't stop the surge of possessiveness that flared up anyway.

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" I asked, trying to keep my tone neutral. "You two just got back from school. Maybe you should take it easy this weekend."

Isabella rolled her eyes. "Dad, we're not kids. We can handle a party. Besides, it's a good chance to catch up with everyone before the summer really starts."

The uneasy feeling rolling through me wouldn't subside. Bella had a good point. The two of them were sophomores in college now and I couldn't control them anymore. If they wanted to go to a party, who was I to stop them?

I glanced at Jenna, who was carefully avoiding my gaze now. "What do you think, Jenna? Are you looking forward to it?"

She shrugged, still not meeting my eyes. "I guess so. It could be nice to see everyone again."

Isabella grinned. "See? It's settled then. We'll go and have a great time."

I forced a smile, but inside, I felt a mix of worry and frustration.

Dinner continued, but I barely tasted the food. Every time Jenna spoke, my heart ached a little more. I tried to remind myself I had no place in her life beyond being Bella's father. But as the evening wore on, the truth became harder to ignore.

After dinner, as we cleared the table, Bella excused herself to call a friend, leaving Jenna and me alone in the kitchen. The silence between us was too heavy and I

couldn't take it any longer.

"Jenna," I began, my voice low and serious. "About the party?—"

She looked up at me, her hazel eyes wide and searching. "Yes?"

I hesitated, searching for the right words. "Just... be careful, okay?"

Her expression softened, and for a moment, I saw something in her eyes that mirrored my own feelings. "I will, Vincenzo. But you don't have to worry about me."

I wanted to say more, to tell her how much she meant to me, but I knew it wasn't the right time, not that it would ever be.

Instead, I nodded and gave her a small smile. "I know. Just... be safe."

She smiled back, a hint of sadness in her eyes. "I will."

As Jenna turned to leave, she hesitated at the doorway. She glanced back at me, her eyes searching mine for a long, silent moment.

"Vincenzo," she said softly, taking a step back into the kitchen.

"Yes, Jenna?" I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. The distance between us seemed to shrink, the air thickening with tension.

She took a deep breath, as if gathering her courage. "I know you're worried about me. And I appreciate it, I really do. But you don't need to. I can take care of myself."

I nodded, struggling to keep my emotions in check. "I know you can. But that doesn't stop me from wanting to protect you. You're important to me, Jenna."

Her eyes softened, and she took another step closer. “You’re important to me too, Vincenzo.”

My heart pounded in my chest, and I took a step forward, closing the gap between us. “Jenna, I?—”

“Dad!” Bella’s voice echoed from the hallway, breaking the moment. I stepped back, the spell between us shattered. Jenna looked down, her cheeks flushed.

“I should go find Bella,” she said quickly, turning to leave.

“Jenna,” I called, and she paused, looking back at me with those piercing hazel eyes. “If you ever need anything—anything at all—you can come to me. Don’t ever forget that.”

A small smile tugged at her lips. “I won’t forget that. Thank you, Vincenzo.”

And with that, she left, and I took the first full breath I’d been able to since she’d walked into the room.

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CHAPTER 3

One month later

Jenna

My best friend was a traitor.

Bella had always been the spontaneous one, but leaving me to rot away all summer while she pranced off to Italy for some prestigious foreign studies program was a new low. We had made so many plans—beach days, movie nights, road trips—and she just up and left. Now I was stuck here, on my own with no prospect other than my own dirty fantasies.

I lay sprawled on my bed, staring at the ceiling fan as it whirled lazily above me. The quiet in the house was oppressive, and I groaned out loud just to fill the silence.

I didn't know what to do with myself.

I grabbed my phone, scrolling through social media aimlessly, seeing picture after picture of my best friend living it up in Italy—eating gelato, visiting the Coliseum, and making new friends.

Ugh, Bella! Why?

Why couldn't she have waited until the fall semester? The program was prestigious, sure, but what about our plans?

The other reason I was slightly bothered by her absence was that I couldn't go over to her house and see Vincenzo like I was used to doing.

I licked my lips, imagining his face peering down at mine right before he slid inside me just like I had fantasized last night, and my pussy clenched hard.

Fuck me.

My phone buzzed, pulling me from my extraordinarily wicked thoughts. With an annoyed groan, I glanced at the screen to see an incoming call from another one of my friends, Sophie.

"Hey, Jenna!" Sophie's cheerful voice rang through the phone. "What are you up to?"

"Not much," I replied, trying to keep the bitterness out of my voice. "Just lounging around."

"Well, you won't be for long! There's a party tonight at Jake's place, and you're coming with me. No arguments."

I sighed, sitting up and crossing my legs. "I don't know, Soph. I'm not really in the mood."

"Nope. None of that," she insisted. "You need to get out, have some fun. Besides, Jake's parties are always epic. It's just what you need to shake off whatever funk I'm hearing in your voice."

I bit my lip, considering what she'd said. Sophie had a point. Moping around all summer wasn't going to bring Bella back any sooner. Maybe a party was exactly what I needed to snap out of my mood.

“Okay, fine . What time?”

“I’ll pick you up at eight. Wear something hot!” Sophie hung up before I could protest.

I dropped my phone on the bed and stood up, stretching. A party might actually be a good distraction. At the very least, it would keep me from brooding over Bella’s betrayal and my twisted fantasies about Vincenzo.

Maybe I’d meet someone else... A hot diversion may be exactly what the doctor ordered.

With renewed energy, I rifled through my closet, looking for something to wear, and I found nothing. My wardrobe felt so uninspiring and flat. I thumbed through hangers, hoping to find something, anything, that would make me feel like going out tonight. Nothing seemed right.

“Ugh, why do I even bother,” I muttered, pouting at the lack of options. I flopped back on my bed, staring at the ceiling again.

For a moment, I pondered just staying in with a pint of ice cream and a Bridgerton marathon, but then it hit me.

Bella’s closet!

Bella always shared her clothes with me. She had some amazing outfits and I bet I could find something just right in her closet since I couldn’t find anything in mine.

I jumped up, feeling a spark of hope. Bella’s house was just next door, and I knew the code to get in. She’d given it to me ages ago for emergencies and I had it memorized.

Vincenzo was probably away at one of his restaurants, which meant I'd have the place all to myself to try on whatever I wanted to my heart's content.

Grabbing my phone, I headed out the door, the warm evening air brushing against my skin as I made my way to the Santoro house. It looked quiet and empty, the lights off inside.

Perfect.

I could slip in, borrow something fabulous, and be out before anyone noticed.

I punched in the code at the back door, and it beeped softly, the lock clicking open. I slipped inside, moving through the familiar kitchen and up the stairs to Bella's room. It was complete chaos, clothes and shoes scattered everywhere, yet it had a certain charm that was undeniably Bella.

I headed straight for her closet, pushing aside hangers and rummaging through the options. Bella had the best wardrobe—cute summer dresses, trendy tops, and skirts that could make anyone look amazing. I pulled out a few items, holding them up to the light.

First, there was a white lace crop top that I knew would look perfect with high-waisted jeans. I tried it on, but it didn't quite fit the mood I was going for. I needed something a bit more... striking.

Next, I found a red off-the-shoulder dress. It hugged my curves in all the right places, but it felt a bit too formal for a house party. I sighed, tossing it onto the growing pile of rejects on Bella's bed.

Finally, I stumbled upon a sleek black mini dress. It was simple yet elegant, with thin straps and a neckline that hinted at just enough cleavage without being too revealing.

I slipped it on and twirled in front of the mirror.

Fuck, yeah.

I slipped on a pair of Bella's strappy heels and gave myself a onceover in the full-length mirror. I had to admit to myself that I looked fucking good and anyone I ran into would undoubtedly think so too.

Not needing to be ready for another few hours, I changed back into my bright pink jogging shorts and a tight black fitted t-shirt. I put the rest of the clothes I tried on back, folded the dress, and took the shoes in my hand before I left the room.

As I walked down the hall, my gaze passed over the one room I'd never been in but was always curious about. It had always been locked as long as I could remember.

It wasn't locked now.

In fact, the door was slightly ajar.

Wait. What?

I paused in front of it, my heart beating a little faster. I glanced around, ensuring no one was watching, then pushed the door open a little more. It creaked softly, revealing a dark room beyond. I hesitated for a moment before stepping inside, my escalating curiosity pushing me forward.

The room was small, almost like a large closet, with shelves lining the walls. As I took a few cautious steps further, my eyes widened. Several serious-looking guns were displayed neatly on the shelves, glinting under the faint light. My breath caught in my throat.

It was like a small armory.

On a lower shelf, there were stacks of cash, neatly bundled in large amounts. My eyes widened, and my breath caught in my throat. Alongside the cash were several passports, all with different names but with the same photo—Vincenzo's. My hands shook as I reached out, barely touching the edge of one of the bundles. This was beyond anything I had imagined.

My heart pounded harder, and a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. This was a side of Vincenzo that I had never seen before, a side that he had kept hidden from everyone, maybe even Bella.

I swallowed hard, taking a step back, the shoes and the dress in my arms forgotten. I felt a surge of fear, wondering if I had seen too much.

What did this mean for Vincenzo? For Bella? For me?

A chill ran down my spine, and I instinctively reached for my phone. I hesitated, the thought of taking a picture crossing my mind, but I quickly put it away. This wasn't something to mess with.

I suddenly felt like an intruder in a place I had no right to be.

I needed to get out of here.

The thought of being caught in here filled me with dread. I needed to run and pretend this never happened.

Just as I turned to leave, the door shut behind me with a resounding click. The room was plunged into pitch blackness. Panic set in, my pulse racing as I fumbled in the dark, trying to find the door handle. My hands trembled, and I could feel the cold

sweat on my palms.

“Calm down, Jenna. Just find the handle,” I whispered to myself, but my voice sounded small and frightened in the enclosed space.

I pushed against the door, but it didn’t budge. The darkness was suffocating, pressing in on me from all sides. I took a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves. The silence was deafening, broken only by the sound of my own ragged breathing.

Minutes felt like hours as I groped around, my fear growing with each passing second. I was trapped, and the realization hit me like a punch to the gut. My mind raced, thinking of all the things that could go wrong. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and switched it on.

Fuck! No service in here!

What if no one found me? What if I was stuck here for hours, or worse? Bella wasn’t coming home, and I didn’t know where her father was...

I took another deep breath, trying to calm myself. I had to think. There had to be a way out.

But then, the light switched on.

I squinted, momentarily blinded by the sudden brightness. Blinking rapidly, I tried to adjust my eyes. When my vision finally cleared, my heart sank. Vincenzo was standing in the doorway, his tall frame like a giant in this small room. His expression was stern, a mixture of disappointment and something darker that I couldn’t quite place. He looked... angry.

Honestly, he looked dangerous.

My mouth went dry, and I took a step back, feeling the cold edge of the shelf press into my back. The room that had seemed so intriguing moments ago now felt like a death trap.

I thought I had known this man, but I really didn't. What was he capable of? What more didn't I know?

Vincenzo's gaze was piercing, and I felt a wave of guilt wash over me. I shouldn't have been here. I had invaded his privacy, and stumbled upon secrets that were never meant for me to see.

"Jenna," he said, his voice low and controlled, but with an edge that made me shiver. "What are you doing in here?"

"I... I was just looking for something to wear," I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper. "The door was open, and I... I didn't mean to..."

He took a step forward, his eyes never leaving mine.

"This room is off limits. You know that," he declared, and I swallowed hard, knowing he was right.

"I know," I admitted, feeling a lump form in my throat. "I'm sorry, Vincenzo. I didn't mean to snoop. I just saw the door open and... curiosity got the better of me."

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Curiosity can be really dangerous, Jenna. Now you've seen things in here that you shouldn't have, and I have to figure out what to do with you."

"I won't tell anyone," I promised quickly, desperate to make him believe me. "I swear, I won't say a word."

His gaze softened slightly, but the disappointment still remained. “It’s not just about keeping this secret. There are reasons why some things are hidden, and why some doors are kept locked.”

I nodded, feeling the weight of his words. “I’m really sorry, Vincenzo.”

He stared at me for a long time.

“I should have spanked you a long time ago,” he whispered and for a moment, I wasn’t sure if I had heard him right. I opened my mouth to say something, anything really, but nothing came to mind, so I just closed my lips, swallowed heavily, and turned my gaze to the floor.

He couldn’t have meant that, right? I wasn’t a kid, so he wouldn’t punish me like one, or so I thought, but right now I wasn’t sure what he was capable of.

For the time being, his threat just hung between us as he glanced around the room.

“You now know more about me than anyone,” he said, his voice low and intense. “I need to know how you got into this room.”

I swallowed hard, trying to steady my voice. “The door was already open. I swear, Vincenzo. I just saw it ajar and...”

A concerned look crossed his face, his brows furrowing. He nodded slowly, his grip tightening slightly.

“Wait here,” he instructed, his tone leaving no room for argument.

I watched him leave, letting my gaze linger on the strong form of his muscles beneath his t-shirt and the rounded globes of his ass filling out his jeans. I waited in silence,

trying to calm the pounding of my heart and the racing of my thoughts.

“I should have spanked you a long time ago.”

He’d really said that...

This wasn’t a nightmare. I wasn’t going crazy. This was all painfully real. I had stumbled into a part of Vincenzo’s life that he had kept secret from everyone, not to mention the fact that he threatened to punish me because of it, because that’s what he meant, right?

I pressed my teeth into my lower lip, trying to rein in my nerves and utterly failing. He was taking too long, and every minute felt like an hour.

Was he going to come back? Was he going to call the police? Did I need a lawyer?

Fuck, fuck, fuckity fuck!

Would he actually spank me? I wasn’t sure why the thought was turning me on, but it was. The thought of him taking me over his knee and smacking my bottom until it was bright red and I was sorry flashed before my eyes and my pussy clenched hard.

I squeezed my legs together, trying to ease the pressure that was building there. I licked my lips, trying to rein control over my traitorous body, but it was to no avail.

The more I thought about him taking me in hand, the more turned on I got. What was wrong with me? Normal people didn’t get aroused by the thought of being punished, right?

I could feel my body responding, the ache between my legs growing. My nipples were hard, straining against the thin fabric of my shirt.

Oh, my god!

I wasn't wearing a bra. Sure, my shirt was black, but that would do little to hide the stiff tips of my nips poking through my shirt. Had they been hard before? Had he noticed? Did I want him to?

Yes, you do. You want him to see all of you, don't you? You want him to take off your shirt and your shorts, take down your panties, spank your bare ass bright red, and then take what's always been his. You've always wanted that, and you know it, you dirty little slut.

My breath was coming in short, shallow gasps, and my heart was racing. I closed my eyes and crossed my arms over my chest, trying to cover up my nipples as best as I could, but it didn't feel like enough.

When I grew even more restless, I put my hands at my sides and squeezed them into fists, but that didn't help either.

Where did he go? What was taking him so long?

My fingers edged at the elastic waistband of my hot pink shorts, and I stilled, glancing at the door and then back to my hand.

No. Don't even think about it.

But the more I thought about him spanking me, the more I wanted to slide my hands in my shorts and deal with my needy little clit.

What was wrong with me?

I was his daughter's best friend, and he was so much older, and yet, the thought of

him putting me over his knee, baring my bottom, and punishing me for letting my curiosity get the best of me was almost more than I could bear.

Wait. Since when had this turned into a bare bottom fantasy? He hadn't even threatened that!

Heat spiraled in my core, swirling outward and racing up and down all the way to the tips of my toes. I whined softly.

I'd never been this aroused before. Sure, I'd gotten hot and heavy thinking about him in the past, but this was something else. Maybe it was the look in his eyes or maybe it was the way his hands tightened reflexively like he was really imagining spanking me when he'd threatened it, or maybe all the tension between us had come to a head now that Bella wasn't in the picture.

Or maybe I was just losing my mind.

Either way, I couldn't take it anymore.

My right hand slid just beneath the waistband, and I bit back a gasp as I slipped my fingers into my shorts and then my panties. Ever so slowly, I ventured closer to my pussy, just wanting to touch myself a little bit and maybe come before he got back so I could get control of myself. Just as I grazed my clit, I whimpered at what else I found.

I was wet.

Soaking wet.

So fucking wet that not only had my arousal seeped through the fabric of my underwear, but through the stretchy cotton of my running shorts too.

Fuck!

How could I be this turned on?

My knees were shaking, and I leaned back against the wall, closing my eyes, and slipping a finger inside my slickened folds over top of my clit. I moaned, unable to stop the sounds of pleasure escaping my lips. I circled my fingertips over my needy bundle of nerves, touching myself just the way I liked and imagining it was Vincenzo.

I wanted him to spank me, to feel the heat of his hand against my bare bottom, and to hear the sounds of his palm cracking against my flesh.

More than all of that though, I wanted to feel his lips on mine, to experience his kiss and his touch and his cock between my thighs filling me completely.

This was wrong, right? He was off limits, but I couldn't help but imagine what would happen if he came into the room right now and found my hand in my shorts, touching myself as I imagined what it would be like to be with him for real.

It was only fantasy.

This wasn't real.

I kept lying to myself as I rubbed my clit in slow, lazy circles.

If I came fast enough, he would never know.

So that's exactly what I tried to do.

CHAPTER 4

Vincenzo

When I had woken up today, I hadn't expected my whole cover to be blown by a simple case of curiosity killed the cat, especially from my daughter's best friend of all people.

What the fuck was I going to do?

In the old days and if she were a man, I would have made a person like her disappear, but she was a woman and she meant something to Bella and to me, so that wasn't an option.

Fuck me. What do I do?

I leaned forward and put my elbows on the desk, staring at the multiple screens in my camera room displaying live feeds from around the perimeter of my property. My fingers drummed impatiently on the desk as I cycled through the captured footage, searching for something, anything really.

The security system was supposed to be foolproof. It should have alerted me that someone was in the house. It hadn't alerted me when she had arrived and not even when the door to my armory was forced open.

That room Jenna stumbled into was never meant to be accessible by anyone, not even my own daughter.

I'd kept what was inside it a secret from everyone because that's what I'd had to do.

I clicked through each camera feed, my gut churning with unease. I needed to know if someone had tampered with my system or if it had simply malfunctioned.

I needed answers and I needed them now.

I picked up the phone and dialed one of my security team members, Tony, who was patrolling the neighborhood.

"Tony, I need you to double-check all entry points around the perimeter. Make sure everything is secure."

"Got it, boss," Tony replied, his voice steady. He was as reliable as a soldier could get and I trusted him with my life.

I continued scanning the footage, rewinding to earlier in the day. On one of the cameras facing the back entrance, I finally saw something—a shadowy figure approaching the house. They moved with practiced stealth, expertly avoiding most of the cameras, but they slipped up near the kitchen window. The time stamp showed it was shortly before Jenna arrived.

My blood ran cold as I watched the figure manipulate the door, slipping inside quickly and efficiently. They knew what they were doing. This wasn't a random break-in.

Someone had targeted my home.

Had targeted me.

I picked up the phone again and dialed another number, this time calling Damon, my

head of security. “Damon, we have a situation. Someone breached the perimeter and got into the house. I need you to pull the team together and secure Isabella. I want twelve guys on her, nothing less.”

“Understood, boss. I’ll handle it,” Damon replied without hesitation.

“And Damon,” I added, my voice dropping lower, “make sure no one knows about this. We can’t afford any panic.”

“Consider it done.”

I hung up the phone and leaned back in my chair, my mind racing. Bella’s safety was my top priority. I couldn’t let anything happen to her. And Jenna... she had seen too much. I had to figure out how to handle this without drawing more attention to the situation.

I stared at the monitor, watching the footage again, trying to glean any details about the intruder. Their movements, their build, anything that could give me a clue. Whoever they were, they had gotten in and out without triggering any alarms. They knew my security, and that meant they knew me.

I didn’t like that one bit.

I had always been careful, always kept my secrets hidden, but now someone was challenging that. I had to find out who and why and I had to do it quickly before they made another move.

I picked up my phone and dialed a number from memory. It rang twice before a familiar voice answered.

“Logan.”

Logan Matthews was a tech specialist in the FBI's Cyber Crimes Unit, a man with an uncanny ability to see what others missed. He was the best in his field, and I trusted him implicitly, plus he owed me for saving his life years ago.

"Logan, it's Vincenzo," I said, my tone urgent. "I need your help."

There was a brief pause, then a sigh on the other end. "What's going on, Vincenzo?"

"Someone got into my house earlier today, in broad daylight. They knew my security system, got in and out without triggering any alarms. I need to find out who it was and how they did it."

Logan was quiet for a moment, processing the information. "Alright, send me the footage. I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks, Logan. I owe you one."

"I'll take a look at it right now," Logan replied, a hint of a smile in his voice.

I quickly sent over the footage, then waited as Logan began his analysis.

A few minutes later, Logan's voice came back on the line. "Alright, I'm looking at the footage. Whoever this is, they're good. Really good. They knew exactly where your cameras were and how to avoid them."

"Can you enhance the footage? Get a clearer look at their face?" I asked, leaning forward in my chair.

"I can try. Hold on." I heard the clicking of keys and the hum of a computer in the background. "Okay, I've enhanced the image as much as I can. It's still grainy, but I can make out some details."

“Any distinguishing features?”

Logan zoomed in on the footage. “They’re about six feet tall, athletic build. From the way they move, I’d say they have some training—military or law enforcement, maybe. They’re not just some random thug.”

I frowned, processing this new information.

“Anything else?” I pressed.

“I’m running the footage through some additional filters,” Logan said. “But it’s going to take some time. I’ll call you as soon as I have something concrete.”

“Thanks, Logan. I appreciate it.”

“No problem, Vincenzo. Just be careful. If they knew your security, they might know more than we think.”

“I will,” I assured him. “Talk soon.” I ended the call.

Whoever this intruder was, they were skilled and well informed. It wasn’t just a random break-in; it was targeted. And that meant whoever was behind it had a specific reason for coming after me.

I glanced back at the monitor, the enhanced footage still playing. My gut told me this was only the beginning. I had to stay one step ahead, protect my family, and uncover who was behind this before it was too late.

I rubbed my temples, trying to dispel the headache forming at the base of my skull. Jenna’s discovery had thrown a wrench into everything.

What was I going to do about her?

She had seen too much, and while I believed her when she said she wouldn't tell anyone, it was a risk I couldn't afford to take.

Just as I was pondering my next move, my phone pinged. I pulled it out and opened the camera app, expecting another perimeter update. Instead, my heart skipped a beat when I saw live footage of Jenna inside the armory room.

Her hand was down her shorts.

What the fuck? Was she thinking about me? I hadn't meant to threaten to spank her, but my palm itched to do exactly that, especially after seeing what she was doing right now.

I swallowed hard, my gaze transfixed on her for what seemed like an eternity.

The gentle light in the room highlighted her delicate features. She was wearing a pair of hot pink jogging shorts and a fitted black t-shirt, simple yet accentuating her youthful frame. Her long, dark hair cascaded over her shoulders, slightly tousled from earlier.

She tossed her head back with a moan that sent a surge of arousal straight to my dick.

I zoomed in, unable to tear my eyes away. There was an innocence about her, a vulnerability that tugged at something deep within me. She was incredibly beautiful, her features a subtle blend of youth and blossoming womanhood. Her hazel eyes, filled with lust, darted around the room.

Was she worried about getting caught? Did she want me to catch her? Did I want to too?

My phone pinged again, pulling me out of my thoughts. It was a message from Damon. “Perimeter secure. Men in position. Isabella is safe.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and swiped his message off my screen. My gaze remained fixed on the screen, on Jenna.

Now what the fuck was I going to do?

She was young and inexperienced, yet there was something breathtaking about her. The way she carried herself, the subtle confidence mingled with her curiosity—it was intoxicating.

It made me want her even when I shouldn’t .

A wave of protectiveness surged through me. She didn’t belong in my world. She deserved better—better than the risks, the fear, the constant threat of violence. She deserved a life free from the shadows that darkened my own.

But fuck, watching her right now made my cock as hard as a piece of steel. I wanted to charge in there and finish what she started, to see the face she made when she climaxed, to see what her body looked like after she came undone.

But I couldn’t.

Not just because of the breach, but because she was Bella’s best friend.

I had no right to touch her, and yet I couldn’t stop thinking about what it would be like to feel her soft skin beneath my hands, to taste her lips, and to hear her breathless moans. Everything about her was pulling me in and I didn’t want to let go.

I had to stay focused, to remain in control, but when she let out a low moan, I lost it.

I needed to go to her.

Now .

CHAPTER 5

Jenna

Oh, fuck.

This was wrong. So, so wrong.

I needed to stop. I shouldn't be touching myself right now, especially not with Vincenzo bound to burst through that door at any moment. Yet here I was fingering myself like a dirty little slut.

My heart raced, and I bit my lip, trying to hold back a moan. What if he caught me? What would he think of me? I knew I should stop, but the more I thought about him walking in and seeing me like this, the more aroused I became.

The door swung open suddenly, and I jumped, startled by his swift reappearance. I ripped my hand out of my shorts and hid it behind my back, but not before I saw my own arousal coating my fingers glisten in the overhead light.

I blushed hard and lifted my gaze reluctantly. Had he seen me? Did he know I was touching myself while thinking of him?

I hoped he didn't.

Or maybe I did.

I didn't know.

Shame spiraled through me like a winter storm, blanketing me in wave after wave of embarrassment until I was finally brave enough to meet his eyes.

Vincenzo stood in the doorway, his eyes blazing with intensity. The heat in his gaze made my cheeks flush, and I couldn't help but wonder what he wanted from me. My heart raced faster, my desire for him building with every second.

"Jenna," he said, his voice low and commanding as he stepped into the room, closing the door behind him. He loomed over me, his presence overwhelming. "I know it wasn't you who broke in."

I shook my head, but I didn't say anything. I wanted to tell him more, but I kept quiet, not knowing what he was going to do next.

His eyes narrowed, a mix of frustration and something darker flickering in them.

"I kept this from my daughter to keep her safe, and now you know about it. What am I supposed to do with you?"

His tone was hot, scolding, pissed .

It only turned me on that much more.

"You should have never come in here," Vincenzo said sternly.

I met his gaze with defiance. For some insane reason, I cocked my head and decided to push him.

Why? Are you psycho? Maybe he'll actually spank you!

“You should have locked the door better.”

Yeah. Definitely psycho.

A flicker of frustration crossed his face. “That door was always meant to be locked, Jenna. You shouldn’t have been anywhere near it, and you know it.”

Sure, that was true, but right now, I ignored that very simple fact.

I took a step closer, not backing down. “Well, it wasn’t locked when I got here. Maybe you should have checked it more thoroughly.”

“Don’t get smart with me,” he snapped. “You have no idea how dangerous this is.”

I bit my lip, a spark of defiance mixing with my fear.

“Listen, I thought I was going to find your red room, not your freaking bat cave,” I spat.

I don’t know why I was provoking him. Maybe, deep down, I wanted to see if he would do anything about it.

A flash of something like amusement crossed his face, but it was quickly replaced by the stern, intense look.

“This isn’t a joke, Jenna. You’ve put yourself in a lot of danger by coming in here.”

I took a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart. “I’m sorry, Vincenzo. I just... wanted to know what was in here.”

He took another step closer, his eyes never leaving mine. The tension between us was

palpable, electric. My gaze flicked down to his lips, then down to his big hands. I needed to know if he'd meant his threat and before I could stop myself, the words were flowing from my lips.

“What? Are you really going to spank me? Punish me for finding out your dirty little secret?” I asked, far more tentatively than I intended, but there it was, out in the open and I couldn't take it back.

His eyes flashed with something so dark that it made my stomach flip inside of me. I held my breath, waiting to see what would happen next.

“You're playing with fire, Jenna. Do you understand that?” he growled.

I nodded, unable to tear my eyes away from him.

“I can handle you,” I dared him.

I don't know what had come over me. Maybe it was the tension between us, maybe it was just that Bella wasn't here, or maybe it was something else, but either way, I kept pushing.

Because I wanted to even though I shouldn't.

Maybe because I needed to.

His expression softened just a fraction, but the intensity remained. “You have no idea what you're saying.”

“Maybe I do.” I stepped closer, the heat between us growing exponentially by the second.

He reached out, his hand faltering before he brushed his fingertips against my cheek. The touch sent a shiver down my spine, a mix of fear and desire swirling inside me.

“This isn’t a game,” he said softly, his thumb tracing the line of my jaw. “You’re in over your head.”

“I know,” I whispered, leaning into his touch. “But I don’t care.”

For a moment, the world seemed to stop as we stood there together, just staring each other down, and daring each other to make the first move. The room around us faded away, leaving just the two of us, caught in the pull of something neither of us could control.

“Jenna,” he murmured, his voice a mix of warning and longing.

“Yes?” I breathed, my heart pounding.

He closed the distance between us, his lips hovering just inches from mine.

“You’re playing a dangerous game.”

“I know,” I replied, my voice barely audible.

His eyes searched mine for a long moment, and then something between us snapped.

He leaned in, his lips crashing into mine with a searing kiss. The world around us melted away as I lost myself in him, in the fire and intensity that burned between us.

The taste of him was intoxicating, a mix of strength and raw desire. It sent sparks of electricity through my body. The heat of his kiss kindled something deep within me, igniting a fire that couldn’t be put out.

And I let it burn.

I could feel the hard planes of his chest against me, the warmth of his skin through his shirt. His kiss was a blend of passion and restraint and I couldn't get enough. It was everything I had imagined and more, and I wanted to lose myself in it, in him.

But just as quickly as it began, he broke the kiss, stepping back in a rush. We both stood there, breathing heavily, our eyes locked. His gaze was intense, filled with a mixture of lust and something darker, something unresolved.

"Jenna," he whispered, his voice husky with emotion. "This can't happen."

I swallowed hard, my heart still racing, but I didn't say anything.

He shook his head, his expression pained. "You don't understand. This... what we just did... it changes everything."

I took a step forward, my hand reaching out to touch his arm.

"Then let it change everything. I'm not afraid," I snapped, my voice far more challenging than I had intended.

He stared at me, his eyes searching mine, as if looking for something he wasn't sure he would find.

"You should be," he said quietly, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I don't care," I replied, my voice steady despite the whirlwind of emotions inside me.

For a moment, he said nothing, his eyes still locked onto mine. Then, with a deep

growl, he took two steps toward me as his arm swung around the back of my head. He gripped the hair at the back of my scalp in his fist, and yanked my head back so that I could gaze into the endless depths of his piercing green eyes.

Pain blossomed as he pulled my hair harder, and my eyes nearly rolled back in my head. I blinked, my eyes watering from the pain, yet my pussy clenched so tight that I nearly came right then and there.

What was wrong with me? Was I getting off on the pain? A soft whimper escaped my lips and the dark look in his eyes deepened. For a second, I broke eye contact to watch his Adam's apple bob up and down, but the gravitational pull of his gaze drew me back a second later. The intensity of it took my breath away.

For a moment, we just stared at one another. He was so close that I could feel his breath against my skin, the warmth of his body radiating into mine.

He took a step closer, his gaze intense.

I rolled my eyes, crossing my arms over my chest. "Oh, come on, Vincenzo. What did you expect? You know how I am. It was like leaving a cookie jar open and telling a kid not to take one."

"This is my life. My secrets. Not yours," he growled.

I shrugged, refusing to back down. "Maybe if you didn't make everything so mysterious, I wouldn't have to go snooping."

"You don't understand what you're getting into," he growled, his frustration palpable.

"This isn't some adventure. It's serious. It's life and death."

"Then explain it to me," I shot back, lifting my chin defiantly. "Stop treating me like

a child and tell me what's really going on.”

His jaw tightened, and he loomed over me, his presence almost overwhelming. “What am I going to do with you?”

I smirked, feeling a thrill at his intensity. “Well, for starters, you could try trusting me. Maybe I’m more capable than you think.”

He shook his head, exasperation mingling with a hint of reluctant admiration.

“You’re impossible, you know that?” he scoffed.

“I’ve been told,” I quipped, giving him a challenging look. “But you still haven’t answered my question. What are you going to do with me now?”

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “You’re too stubborn for your own good.”

“Maybe,” I admitted, stepping closer to him. “But you like that about me, don’t you?”

His upper lip rolled for the slightest of seconds before he yanked my head back again.

“I’ve made a decision. This argument is over. I’m going to deal with you like the bad girl you are,” he growled. I shivered at his words, a mix of anticipation and fear swirling inside me. His gaze bore into mine and I licked my lips. He watched the tip of my tongue so closely that my face burned.

I wanted to ask him what he was going to do to me, but I didn’t get the chance. Instead, his other hand pressed down on my shoulder, and he forced me down to my knees. I landed with a huff, but he fisted my hair harder with a definitive growl and I shivered with anticipation. I couldn’t help but glance down at the tented bulge in his

pants.

Granted, I'd looked at him before, but it was certainly the first time I was this close to his dick while also staring right at it.

Honestly, it was beyond sobering.

I could tell that he had a cock the size of a small battering ram, the kind of cock that would hurt to take no matter how many times you took it.

My mouth watered and my pussy clenched, and a rush of arousal pooled in my core. I bit my lip, trying to steady my nerves, but I could already feel myself getting wet.

This wasn't good.

Not that I wasn't wet before, but I was really wet now.

"What are you doing to me, Jenna?" Vincenzo muttered under his breath, as if the words were more for him than for me.

Before I could reply, he reached down to unbuckle his belt. Slowly, he pulled the leather strap through the buckle, the metal clinking as he did so. My breath stuck in the back of my throat as he unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped his fly, dragging it down so slowly that the sound filled the room, bit by increasingly torturous bit.

I looked up at him, noticing that his green eyes were nearly imperceptible, his pupils blown all the way out.

With a nervous swallow, I glanced back down to the sight of him freeing his cock.

Holy fuck.

It was huge.

Like, porn star huge.

The kind of cock that was made for fucking.

And, judging by the look in his eyes, the kind of cock that was made for punishment.

I shifted back and forth on my knees, the hard floor beneath them unforgiving. Noticing my discomfort, he reached to the side, pulled a blanket off one of the shelves and tossed it down on the floor in front of me.

Hesitantly, I moved on top of the soft quilt and breathed a sigh of relief at the feel of it under my knees.

Then I glanced back up at his cock. There was no getting used to it. It was too big.

“Are you scared yet?” Vincenzo asked, his voice low and thick.

I swallowed and nodded.

“Good.” He stroked himself, right there in front of me.

His cock was even bigger than it had looked a moment ago, the girth of it intimidating, the length of it even more so. But it was the drop of pre-cum beading at the head that held my gaze, that made my heart pound.

It made me yearn to take him in my mouth.

“Open your mouth,” he demanded.

I shook my head. This was getting too real, too fast. With his free hand, he gripped my jaw and pressed his thumb into a pressure point at the back of it. The sudden pain was enough for him to force my jaw open. When my lips finally parted, my tongue flicked out to lick the seam of them.

“First, I’m going to deal with that sassy mouth,” he began, and my heart went pitter-patter in my chest. I couldn’t catch my breath.

“And then what?” I pressed because I was fucking crazy, and I couldn’t make myself stop.

He didn’t answer, but he didn’t need to.

This was really happening.

I wasn’t naïve. I knew what it meant when a man forced a woman down to her knees. Vincenzo was about to shove his cock down my throat.

I’d never sucked cock before. Honestly, I hadn’t had much of a dating life since Dane and even that ended miserably before it could escalate to a point where I was comfortable enough to do so.

Vincenzo wasn’t asking, though. He was taking, and that set my whole body aflame.

He stepped forward, his thighs pressing against my breasts, and his thick member grazed my cheek, the heat of it burning a trail across my skin. My stomach flipped inside me, a mix of anticipation and apprehension swirling through me. I was completely at his mercy, and the knowledge of it was both terrifying and exhilarating.

He leaned down, his face inches from mine.

“This is going to hurt, bad girl. Prepare yourself,” he warned.

I simply glared up at him, not knowing what I truly wanted. My head and my body were at odds, neither one wanting to surrender to the other and it was throwing me decidedly off balance.

Without hesitation, he thrust forward, the tip of his cock sliding between my lips and plunging down the back of my throat.

I gagged, choking and sputtering, tears forming in the corners of my eyes, but I quickly blinked them away. I could do this. I would do this.

I shouldn't do this.

“Pha-lease,” I tried, speaking around the thick length of his cock as he thrust back inside of me.

“You were a naughty girl, Jenna. I'm not going to be gentle with you, not this time. You've earned this,” he replied, and I choked on his cock once again.

I huffed around his thick length, but when I sputtered and struggled to breathe, he cleared his throat.

“Breathe through your nose, bad girl. You can take it,” he coaxed. I inhaled through my nose, but it wasn't enough. I needed air, but Vincenzo wouldn't give it to me.

Instead, he thrust deeper, and I felt his cock slide down the back of my throat. The sensation was unlike anything I had ever experienced before, and the primal part of me relished the feeling of him taking control.

He held my head steady as he fucked my mouth, his cock plunging deeper with each

thrust. True to his word, he wasn't gentle. His cock surged in and out of my mouth with savage fervor. I struggled to take it, but it continued anyway, rough and hard and everything I needed it to be.

With a growl, Vincenzo gripped the back of my head and held me steady as his cock throbbed, hot and heavy against my tongue. The sensation was intoxicating, and I felt a wave of arousal surge through me as his cock pulsed and twitched in my mouth.

Then he pulled all the way out and slapped my face with it. The sound echoed throughout the room, and I gasped, the shocking sensation stinging. He did it again, and then once more, and then the head of his cock slipped back between my lips once again.

The taste of him was intoxicating and I moaned around him, unable to help myself. At the sound of my pleasure, something dark flashed across his face and he gripped my hair in his fist even harder.

I yelped at the sudden increase in pain, but I was quickly distracted by his cock thrusting back inside my mouth once more.

I closed my eyes, surrendering to the pleasure. Vincenzo thrust his cock deeper and harder than before. He was punishing me, but I was loving every minute of it. The feeling of his thick shaft filling my mouth was unlike anything I had ever experienced before, and I couldn't get enough.

With a grunt, he pulled me forward, forcing his cock all the way down the back of my throat. I gagged and sputtered, the sensation of his hard length sliding down my esophagus almost too much to bear.

But that didn't stop him. Instead, it just seemed to spur him on that much more.

He fucked my face after that.

There was no other word for it.

His cock was a weapon, and he wielded it like a sword, driving it in and out of my mouth with ruthless abandon.

The taste of him was salty and sweet, and the scent of his musk filled my nostrils, so masculine and smoky and somehow smelling of vanilla, leather, and cinnamon.

It was intoxicating.

I didn't want it to end.

My whole world narrowed down to the feel of his cock sliding between my lips. The only thing that mattered was pleasing him. I suckled around his cock as best as I could, but it was difficult. I tried to circle my tongue around the shaft, which elicited the most delicious groan to escape his lips, and I did it again.

But as I did so, Vincenzo gripped my hair even harder and began thrusting his cock in and out of my mouth with reckless fervor.

I was completely at his mercy.

The thought sent a thrill of arousal through me, and I could feel my pussy clench. I slipped my fingers across my thigh, and he practically snarled when he noticed.

“Don't you dare think about touching yourself. You haven't earned an orgasm yet,” he declared, and I quickly snatched my hand away, ashamed of being caught.

He punished my throat harder, thrusting into my mouth and owning it completely.

I had no idea how long he fucked my face, but it was a good while. It could have been hours. Time had ceased to matter.

All that existed was the taste of his cock and the scent of his musk.

Soon enough, my jaw began to hurt. My cheeks were beyond sore, and it was all I could do to survive this face fucking the best I could.

Just as I was starting to get used to the rhythm, he gripped my head tighter, holding it still.

“Swallow, bad girl. Swallow every last drop,” he commanded. I gagged, afraid of what was to come, but he held me still. His fist clutched at my hair, keeping my head in place as he fucked me harder, faster, until at long last I felt his cock twitch on my tongue.

With a low, guttural groan, he exploded down the back of my throat. The sensation of his cock pulsing against my tongue was intoxicating. The taste of him was like nothing I had ever experienced before. It was salty, sweet, and so, so delicious.

I couldn't get enough of it.

Surprised at myself, I swallowed greedily, drinking down every drop. When I had taken it all, he groaned and looked down at me.

“You look so beautiful with my cock in that pretty mouth,” he murmured, and I blushed hard, heat blazing up from my chest all the way to my cheeks. Slowly, he pulled his cock free from my lips.

He reached down, wiping a stray bit of his seed off my lower lip. Before I could react, he smeared his finger across the pad of my tongue.

“Clean me off, bad girl,” he ordered, and I obeyed without hesitation, licking his fingers clean.

Then he gripped my hair in his fist and pulled me up. I cried out as pain blossomed across the back of my skull.

He shoved his other hand down the front of my shorts. I let out a soft moan as his fingertips grazed my wet folds. He grunted with approval and pulled me against him so that my breasts were flush against his chest.

His mouth grazed my earlobe and I shivered with arousal.

“No matter how much you protest, naughty girl, you’re soaking wet.”

I bit my lip, trying to hold back a moan, but I failed. He plunged his finger into my pussy, and the sensation was electric. He growled, a primal, guttural sound, and then he pushed another digit inside me.

I cried out as he slowly pressed his fingers into me, over and over again, driving me crazy with want. It wasn’t fast enough to make me come, but it pushed me closer and closer to the edge, enough to drive me insane. Without meaning to, I started to grind myself on his fingers.

He chuckled, a low and dangerous sound.

“Not yet, bad girl. You’re being punished,” he whispered.

CHAPTER 6

Jenna

I was losing my mind.

I bit my lip, a mix of defiance and embarrassment burning inside me. He teased me a bit longer, driving his thick digits into my sopping wet channel. I blushed even more fiercely at the wet sounds echoing throughout the room.

You fucking horny slut. You're going to come, aren't you?

He drove me so close to the edge that I could taste it. Then, without warning, he pulled his fingers away just as I was about to lose control. I cried out as the piercing stab of denial cut straight through to my core and I glared at him.

Oh, god. No!

"You're not allowed to come yet," he growled, and I wavered back and forth, feeling a little lightheaded with the rampant desire coursing through my veins. Anger spiraled through me at his denial, and I gritted my teeth.

"Fuck you," I snarled.

"Listen close, naughty girl. I know what you were doing when I left this room," he began, and my blood ran cold. How could he know? Was he watching me?

Then it hit me.

Of course he was. He probably had a security system for his entire property, and probably for this room specifically. My gaze jerked to the ceiling, searching for a camera and then I found it.

A tiny, nearly imperceptible device in the upper corner.

Fuck .

My blush turned molten.

“How did you... did you see—” I stumbled, and he cut me off with a hard look.

“I saw everything, bad girl. And I know exactly what you were thinking when you were touching yourself,” he said, his voice a mix of lust and absolute command.

I glared at him as he tucked his softened cock away. His eyes leveled with mine and then he jerked my head back a little by my hair.

“I know you were thinking about what I would do to you,” he continued, and I tried to turn my head away to avoid his lustful gaze, but he didn’t let me. “Did I disappoint you, naughty girl?”

“Asshole,” I said, my voice bitter and aroused at the exact same time.

His other hand reached into his back pocket as he pulled out his phone. I watched him as he navigated from the home screen into one of the apps on his home page. When he held it up in front of me, I blanched.

It was me.

With my hand in my shorts.

My head was thrown back in pleasure as I circled my clit with my fingers, clearly close to orgasm. I swallowed hard, refusing to meet his eyes. My heart skipped several beats and my palms felt clammy.

You touched yourself like a dirty little whore and he has the video to prove it.

“Now, I want you to reach down and finish what you started,” he commanded.

My eyes jerked up to his, but his face was a mask of stone. He couldn’t be serious, right? I couldn’t do that. It would be far too shameful. Doing it under his roof was one thing, but it was something else for him to watch me do it while standing right in front of me.

“Are you nuts?” I shot back.

“Don’t question me, bad girl. The only thing that is up to you now is if you want to come before or after I mark your bare, defiant little ass with my belt,” he threatened, and a rush of heat flooded straight to my core.

“You wouldn’t dare,” I tested, challenging him before I could stop myself. He raised his eyebrows and stared me down, jerking my head a little as he did so.

“You heard me, little girl,” he growled, and those two little words made my insides squeeze tight with arousal.

Bastard.

I opened my mouth to tell him off, but then I closed it, shock and desire morphing into one and stealing my voice right out from under me. Vincenzo smirked, and I

snarled at him.

For a few moments, the two of us stared at each other in a standoff to see which one of us would give in first.

Spoiler alert.

It was me.

My arousal ran rampant and my pussy throbbed hard. Heat blazed through me, pulsing over and over again until it drove me insane. It took everything in me to wait a few more seconds before I slid my hand down the front of my shorts. His eyes flashed, and a wave of heat rushed through me as his gaze followed the path of my fingers.

For a moment, I faltered and then his eyes narrowed. I ventured further and gasped at the wetness between my thighs.

“That’s it. Touch yourself the way you do at night when you think of me,” he dictated, and my clit throbbed at his bold words.

“I don’t—” I stammered.

“Don’t lie to me.”

As soon as I touched my clit, the room seemed to disappear. Nothing else existed. The only thing that mattered was the pleasure building between my legs. I stroked myself, slowly at first, but then faster and faster.

His gaze locked onto mine, and I bit my lip, holding back a moan.

This was so wrong, but it felt so good.

I could feel myself getting closer and closer to the edge. I bit my lip, holding back a moan as I touched myself, stroking my little clit just the way I liked.

Just like you did late at night while you fantasized about him. Just like he knew you did.

A soft moan escaped my lips, and his gaze intensified, a dark hunger lurking in his emerald eyes. He watched me with rapt attention, and the knowledge that he was watching me do something so intimate and filthy was both terrifying and exhilarating.

My core squeezed tight as my clit throbbed beneath my fingers. I was so close, so very close, and with every soft stroke, I flew right to the edge. I pressed a little harder, circled my needy bundle of nerves faster, and then it happened.

I came.

Hard .

The force of it knocked the wind out of me. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. The pleasure was intense, overwhelming, and it crashed through me, wave after wave, leaving me breathless and panting.

My eyes flicked to his as I moaned, and his eyes were so full of lust that I couldn't look away.

His nostrils flared and his expression hardened.

I was lost. I came undone.

My mind and body were no longer under my own control. They were under his. Liquid fire burned through my veins, searing me from the inside out and I screamed. The sound of my pleasure was guttural in nature, and I almost didn't recognize myself.

My core squeezed tight, thrumming with white-hot ecstasy that crashed through me like a tidal wave. I drowned in my pleasure for what felt like an eternity before it finally started to quell, leaving me shaky and needy and trembling from the force of it.

"You come so very prettily, naughty girl," he praised me, and my heart swelled at least two times its normal size.

When the last vestiges of pleasure ebbed, my body went limp, and I slumped against him. His arm circled around my waist, supporting me. His gaze searched mine, looking for something, and then, satisfied, he smiled.

Then he grabbed my arm and put his foot up on one of the metal boxes beside the door.

Before I could blink, he threw me over his knee, forcing me onto my stomach over his leg. I shrieked, trying to balance as best as I could.

Neither my hands nor my feet could reach the floor. Precariously balanced, I whimpered at what was undoubtedly going to come next.

His hand was at the back of my scalp in an instant and he wrenched my head back, making me arch my spine and stick my ass up even further into the air.

The room seemed to fade away, and all that remained was his hand on my ass and the sound of his voice in my ears.

“This is going to hurt,” he warned and then he released my hair and I tried to balance myself once again.

I didn’t want to fall flat on my face.

Before I knew what was happening, his other hand was pulling down my shorts and my panties. I tried to reach back and stop him, but I pitched forward and immediately pulled my hand back, trying to grab ahold of his ankle and balance myself.

Oh, shit.

One of his hands pressed against my lower back, pinning me in place and I couldn’t help but sigh with relief simply at the fact that I wasn’t about to fall, but my relief was short-lived as I realized something else.

My ass was bare.

I opened and closed my mouth, shame and arousal pulsing through me, unhindered and undeniable.

Part of me liked it.

Part of me didn’t.

“Put me down,” I demanded.

He didn’t listen.

I closed my eyes as he tugged my shorts and panties further down to the middle of my thighs, exposing the most private parts of me. I must have blushed crimson because the heat enveloping my face burned red hot.

Nobody had ever seen me like this before.

Even when Dane and I had sex that one time, we'd done it in my bedroom with the lights off after he'd snuck in through the window late at night.

And now Vincenzo was staring right at my bare ass and my soaking wet pussy. I tried to press my thighs together to hide myself, but even I realized that it was useless.

He was going to see everything whether I wanted him to or not.

The problem was there was a very deep part of me that wanted him to look, to see what he did to me, to know that he had complete control over me.

A thrill raced through me at the thought, and I swallowed hard.

Positively insane, you whore.

"I've imagined taking you over my knee many times, little girl, but now that you're here with your ass bare, ready and waiting for your spanking, you're even prettier than I could have ever imagined," he observed.

"I hate you," I scoffed, trying to squirm off his leg once more and again losing my balance.

"Your pussy says otherwise, bad girl," he said. His words made my stomach flip and my pussy clench.

How was he doing this to me?

His hand was still pressed firmly against the small of my back, keeping me securely in place. Then his other hand brushed against my bare cheeks, and I tensed a little,

surprised at the heat in his touch. Slowly, he traced his fingertips along my ass, as if memorizing the shape and feel of it.

I bit my lip, trying to hold back a moan, but I failed. The sensation of his skin against mine was intoxicating and I wanted more of it.

“Are you really going to spank me?” I asked.

I don’t know why it hadn’t really sunk in yet. I was over his knee with my ass bare and waiting, but somewhere deep in my mind, I couldn’t believe it until it was really happening.

“Yes,” he answered simply.

“I don’t want a spanking,” I whined.

“What you want and what you need can sometimes be very different things,” he answered, and my inner walls squeezed so tight that I whimpered.

“Is it going to hurt?”

“It is because it’s supposed to, little girl. You knew better than to come in here. You’ve more than earned both my hand and my belt and that’s exactly what you’re going to get,” he warned.

My eyes widened at his words, and my heart thundered in my chest.

He didn’t mean that, right?

Why did that turn me on? Why was I looking forward to the strike of his hand and his belt against my bare skin?

His palm rubbed across my ass and the feeling was strangely calming.

For a moment, the two of us sat in silence, and then, without warning, his hand pulled away. I braced myself for the strike of his palm, but it didn't come. Instead, a gentle caress tickled the curve of my ass, and I shivered. He was teasing me, testing me, waiting for the slightest sign of resistance.

"What are you waiting for?" I finally ventured, my voice shaky and full of lust. He chuckled softly, caressing my bare skin, and venturing so close to my pussy that I held my breath.

"I'm enjoying myself," he answered, his voice dark.

He trailed his hand across the backs of my thighs, and I shivered at the sensation. The warmth of his palm and the firmness of his touch were driving me crazy.

I needed more.

I arched my back and pushed my ass up higher, at least as far as I dared, inviting his touch between my thighs. He laughed, a low and dangerous sound, and his fingertips grazed the outer lips of my soaking wet sex.

Then he pulled his hand away and brought it back down, only this time with a harsh, stinging slap to my left cheek.

I yelped and flinched, surprised at the suddenness of the blow. He didn't let me recover, though. Instead, he struck the same spot twice more in quick succession and I yelped even louder. The sound was like a gunshot in this small room and then he struck the other side, spanking me several more times even harder than the first few.

I wanted to struggle, to throw myself forward and escape him, but my fear of falling

combined with his hand on my waist kept me firmly in place.

I could take this, right?

A spanking was a punishment for a child, not a grown woman like me. I'd survive his hand and then his belt just like millions of children before me.

I clamped my lips shut. I'd keep quiet throughout the whole thing. I had to. I couldn't let him know how much his hand was stinging right now.

But just then, his palm cracked against the underside of my ass, and I squealed, unable to hold it back. My whole bottom felt like it was on fire, and he hadn't even been spanking me for more than a few seconds.

I pressed my lips back together, blushing furiously as he punished me.

You got this.

But Vincenzo didn't give me any respite. Instead, he began spanking me faster, his palm raining down upon me again and again and again.

Each blow was harder than the last, and the heat of the spanking truly began to burn, growing hotter and hotter until it felt like my ass had been set aflame.

The pain was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. It hurt. A lot. And yet, it was intoxicating and somehow, it was making my pussy throb even harder than it had been before.

Vincenzo wasn't messing around. This was a real spanking and the longer it went on, the more I questioned whether or not I could take it.

How long would it go on for? How much harder was it going to get? How much more was it going to hurt?

I tried not to cry out, but it soon proved to be impossible. With each swat, I found myself whimpering, and then squealing louder and louder until he smacked right in between my cheeks on top of my pussy, and I let out a low animalistic moan.

He paused and did it again.

“Ah!” I cried out, and then his hand came down in the same place.

Over and over again.

I had never felt anything like this.

He was spanking the very core of me, and the pleasure was more intense than anything I had ever experienced. With each stinging spank, my pussy pulsed, and I soon realized something else.

If this continued on for much longer, I just might come.

My nipples, still hidden by my t-shirt, had hardened to the point of pain, and every inch of my body was on fire.

“I think you’re enjoying this a little too much, bad girl,” he ventured and then he dipped his fingers into the mess between my thighs. The moment his digits connected with my flesh, a jolt of electricity ran through me, and I yelped, surprised by the sudden overwhelming sensation.

His fingers slipped across the swollen lips of my pussy, and I couldn’t help but moan. I expected him to reach forward and find my clit, but he didn’t. Instead, he coated his

fingers with my arousal and pulled them away.

I whined in disappointment, but then he took his wet fingers and dragged them across the flesh of my ass. He painted my cheeks with my own desire and the knowledge of it was enough to drive me mad.

After he was done, he didn't move. An icy blast of air rushed across the room as the air conditioning kicked on and the cool feeling of my wetness drying on my skin filled me with shameful arousal.

It was so dirty.

So very wrong, but so very right.

His hand held me in place as I grappled with the embarrassingly intense state of my arousal. My thighs pressed together as my pussy pulsed.

For the first time in my life, I realized that with the right touch, I could come again even though I'd already orgasmed.

I wasn't sure what to do with that. Did he know? My pussy clenched down hard, and I wondered if he could see it.

The burning across my ass was still simmering, but he didn't let me down. Not yet.

Instinctually, I knew it was because my spanking wasn't over.

Not that you want it to be...

"I think it's time I took off my belt, bad girl," he said, and my stomach flip-flopped as my heart pounded in my chest.

The anticipation of it was almost too much.

Would it hurt more than his hand? Would I like it? Would I hate it?

He shifted his weight and pulled his other hand away. With a snap, he removed his belt, the sound of the leather slithering from his belt loops and his jeans making a soft swishing sound that filled the room. My mouth went dry.

I whimpered as the strap trailed across my sore ass. The contrast between the cool leather and the warmth of the spanking made me shiver.

He didn't say a word. He just continued dragging his belt across my skin, and I closed my eyes. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. Maybe this was just what he liked before sex, some sort of dominant foreplay meant to set my pussy on fire before he filled it with his cock.

I didn't know. At that point, I didn't care.

But I would soon.

Before I could say anything, the first lash of the belt cut through the silence. I gasped, the sharp sting taking my breath away. He didn't give me any time to recover. Instead, he swung the belt again, striking the opposite cheek.

When he brought the belt down the third time, it was with a resounding snap across the middle of my ass. The sound of it was sharp and the sting that followed was worse than any of the spansks with his hand.

I cried out, but I quickly stifled it.

It didn't matter.

He heard.

Several lines of liquid fire arced across my cheeks, and I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to quiet another cry, but I knew I wouldn't be able to keep quiet much longer.

At most, I could take a few more in silence.

The belt sliced through the air, the sound of it like a crack of thunder in the room and then it came crashing down on my ass. The impact sent shockwaves across my body, and I fisted my hands as I squeezed my eyes shut.

My resolve to stay silent lasted three more blows.

As he brought the belt down on the tender underside of my ass, the pain overwhelmed me, and I wailed. Each snap of the belt left behind a burning line of fire, rising and rising until it left a welt in its wake. The more he spanked me with that belt, the more the lashes built on each other.

"Please!" I begged.

But he didn't stop. In fact, the belt whipped across the tops of my thighs, and I screeched, the sting far more intense than any of the previous lashes.

Then, as if that wasn't enough, the belt snapped against the crease where my ass met my thighs.

I cried out, the sound a mixture of pain and pleasure and something else entirely.

"Please," I pleaded, but Vincenzo didn't listen. He raised the belt and brought it down on my upper thighs once more and this time I didn't scream, I wailed.

“You earned this. I’m not going to stop until this gorgeous bare ass is as punished as it needs to be,” he replied.

Another blow struck the lower half of my ass, then the middle and at last, the underside until every inch of my punished flesh felt like it was on fire. The stinging burn was almost too much to bear, and I slowly realized something that both terrified and aroused me at the same time.

This wasn’t going to stop when I wanted it to. It was only going to end when he decided I’d had enough. A wave of panic washed over me, but another much stronger wave of arousal followed in its wake.

The belt struck and my pussy clenched.

Hard.

Each lash was followed by the next, the pain building up upon itself, layer by layer until the agony of the belt was overwhelming. I begged and pleaded for mercy, but he showed me none.

And my pussy got wetter because of it.

He paused for a moment, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Look at this soaking wet little pussy. You’re enjoying your spanking, aren’t you?”

Before I could answer, the belt struck again, and I screamed.

But I realized something else then. I didn’t want him to stop. I wanted more of his belt.

The pain was almost too much, but somehow, it wasn't enough. It wasn't like the spanking from before. That had simply been a spanking.

This was something else entirely.

This was the true punishment.

“Now, little girl, I'm going to use my belt on this gorgeous bare ass of yours until you beg me to fill that needy pussy with my cock,” he demanded.

I bit my lip.

The belt fell again. And again. And again.

It snapped right over my pussy, and I could feel myself tighten with arousal. Then the belt cracked against my thighs once more.

It was all too much. The pain, the pleasure, the intensity, and the humiliation.

I couldn't take it.

I wanted more. I wanted his cock.

My pussy clenched tight, and I moaned, a low guttural sound that emanated from somewhere deep inside me, maybe from the bottom of my soul. I didn't know.

“Please, sir. Please fill my needy pussy,” I whispered. I don't know why I referred to him as ‘sir.’ Honestly, it just fell off my lips and after it was out in the open, it sort of felt right.

He dropped the belt to the floor and his hand came back, lightly caressing my scalded

cheeks, likely admiring the marks it left behind.

I wanted to see them too.

“What did you say, naughty girl?” he demanded.

I could have sworn that there was a hint of a smile in his voice, but I couldn’t look back and check. When I didn’t answer quickly enough, his hand came crashing down on my sore bottom six times in quick succession and I squealed.

“I asked you a question, naughty girl. Answer me,” he ordered.

I moaned at his touch.

“Please,” I whined, unable to articulate any words.

“Tell me what you need, Jenna, before I decide to take my belt to your soaking wet pussy too,” he warned, and my heart did a flip in my chest.

“I need you. Your cock. Please, fuck me, sir,” I pleaded, and his hand stilled on the small of my back.

The silence stretched out for what seemed like an eternity. Neither of us wanted to break the spell, and I pulled in a shaky breath, my pussy clenching wildly, out of control and needy.

Then he finally wrapped his arm around my upper half and lifted me off his thigh, setting my feet on the floor. My shorts and panties were still tangled around my knees, and he quickly whisked them off, helping me to step out of them one leg at a time.

I blushed fiercely, heat blazing up from my chest and into my cheeks. I mean, he'd already seen everything during my spanking, but it was another thing entirely to be standing with my entire lower half bare while he was still fully clothed.

His hand closed around the back of my neck as he led me over to a small desk in the middle of the room. Then he used his hold on my neck to force me to bend right over it. He kicked my legs open, spreading them as far as they could go.

Fuck. This was it.

"Tell me which hole I need to take, bad girl, before I decide for you and I promise you, it won't be that needy wet pussy. It'll be in that tight little ass," he growled.

I swallowed hard and his hand tightened a little in warning.

"Please fuck my needy wet pussy," I managed to whisper, my voice sounding much surer than I felt.

I wasn't a virgin. I'd had sex before.

But Vincenzo was big .

He was bigger than Dane and bigger than any of the toys I had bought for myself. I wasn't sure if he would fit, but I knew that I wanted to try.

I also knew that if he put his cock in my ass, it would hurt a whole lot more.

"Please, my pussy, sir. Please fuck my pussy," I whined.

Without warning, his hand slipped between my thighs, his fingers trailing along the seam of my sex. He lightly grazed my slicked folds, exploring me far more gently

than I would have liked. When his fingertips finally glided over my clit, a visceral surge of desire took my body by storm and my legs trembled.

“Please give me your cock,” I begged.

He didn’t listen.

He continued stroking my pussy, teasing my clit. His fingers plunged into my entrance, and I cried out as a wave of pleasure rippled through me. It wasn’t enough to make me come, but it brought me right to the edge.

So close, yet so far...

Just as I was getting ready to plead for more, his other hand reached up and gripped a fistful of my hair.

Oh, god. This was it.

He was going to take me just like this, bent over a table with my bright red, welted ass on display and I loved the thought of that. He moved behind me and my hips wagged a little, wanting to tease him as punishment for leaving me on the edge for so long, but all I earned was another sharp slap across my well-scalded right cheek.

I flinched, and he chuckled. His zipper came down, and the sound of the metal teeth being pulled apart filled the room. I whimpered, unable to stop myself.

Again, I thought of his massive size.

There was no way I was going to be able to take his cock. Panic swelled within me, and I pressed my hands to the metal of the table, but he forced me back down by using his hold on the back of my neck.

He was going to make me take it.

All of it.

And that made my pussy even wetter. A tiny droplet of arousal rolled down my thighs and I closed my eyes in shame. His fingertips teased the entrance of my sex, then followed the trail of that same droplet, and I shivered with pleasure.

Without warning, he pulled his fingers away, and a moment later, his cock brushed against my left cheek.

Holy fuck.

Somehow, he seemed even bigger now. I went to shift my legs a bit closer together and he grabbed a hold of a handful of my right cheek. He dug his fingers into my scalded flesh, punishing me for my transgression.

He dragged his cock across the wetness between my thighs, and the sensation of the head of his cock stroking across my clit sent shivers down my spine.

And then he was pressing against my opening.

He pushed forward and I tensed, my body fighting the invasion of his far too big cock. He didn't let up, though. Instead, he leaned forward and put his lips to my ear.

"Breathe, bad girl," he whispered, his breath tickling my skin. "You can take me. I knew you can."

Oh, god. It hurts.

The sensation was almost too much, but somehow, my pussy accepted him, stretching

to accommodate the thick girth of his cock. My walls clamped around him, and he growled, a low animalistic sound, and the noise made me shiver, but still he continued his assault, inch by achingly slow inch until he was completely inside me.

For a moment, the two of us remained still, his cock throbbing and pulsing deep within me. Then he pulled his hips back, and I whimpered at the loss.

And then he thrust into me.

Hard.

I gasped, the burning stretch of his cock seemingly splitting me in two. It hurt, far more than I was prepared for, and I tried to breathe through it, but it was too much all at once.

He didn't let me recover.

Instead, he thrust into me again, my own wetness paving the way forward for his massive cock. Then he began to move, his hips pistoning back and forth, driving himself deeper and deeper into me with each stroke.

My body struggled to accept him, and yet each stroke was accompanied by an overwhelming sense of pleasure and burning pain. Soon enough though, my tiny body accommodated to his size as much as it was able, and then the waves of pleasure grew stronger while the spikes of pain lessened.

With a growl, he drove himself forward, filling me up in one long, punishing stroke, and then his hips began to move, slowly at first and then faster and faster.

His thrusts were deep and forceful, his grip on the back of my neck never weakening as he used my body as hard as he wanted.

And as hard as I needed.

I could feel the pressure building inside of me, the familiar wave of pleasure growing higher and higher with each punishing stroke of his cock.

He growled and grunted with each thrust, the sound of his pleasure only serving to heighten mine. My core squeezed tight, spiraling with delicious sensation. My fingers and my toes tingled with feeling as I arched my back, taking him deeper and deeper with every firm stroke.

With each movement, I was reminded of my sore bottom and that only served to make my pussy clench harder. The tip of his cock sank into me so deeply that it grazed a spot inside that made my world splinter in two every time he pushed into me.

“Sir!” I cried out.

I was close. So very close, and my core squeezed tight. My inner walls clenched around his shaft, and he moaned, his pleasure fueling my own.

“That’s it, naughty girl. You’re going to come all over my cock, aren’t you? I can feel your delicious little pussy squeeze me. Go on. Come for me,” he goaded.

His filthy words struck a chord deep within me and then I lost all semblance of control.

I shattered.

The wave of ecstasy crested and crashed, consuming me with its intense pleasure. I screamed as I came, and he didn’t let up. If anything, his movements became even more frantic, and his strokes even harder and deeper.

White-hot pleasure burned through my veins, savage and brutal and everything I could have ever wanted. My toes curled and my fingers dug into the surface of the desk as my orgasm crested higher and higher, way up into the clouds where I couldn't tell up from down or left from right any longer.

I screamed again as another wave pulsed through me. My inner walls spasmed around his cock, making each thrust seem even harder and that made my release spiral.

I couldn't get enough.

When my climax finally began to reach its peak, my eyes rolled back in my head and my body slumped downward, pressing against the desk. With a sigh, I allowed my upper body to rest, but I slowly realized something else.

Vincenzo hadn't slowed down.

Not even a little bit.

I whimpered and then he reached for me, his hand gripping my hair. He pulled me back, forcing me to arch my spine and stick my ass back up, which only served to press his cock even deeper into me with every last thrust.

This wasn't just sex, like I'd had with Dane so very long ago.

This was a fucking.

His body, his cock, his possession, and he was claiming me in a way I hadn't thought was possible.

He used my body hard, and just when I thought I couldn't take any more, I did. The throes of another release waited in the wings. I was going to come a third time. There

was no doubt in my mind.

It was going to be the hardest one of all.

I swallowed hard. I'd never feared an orgasm before, let alone come this many times in one day. My body was over-sensitized, and there was nothing I could do to stop what was coming, what was undoubtedly inevitable.

So I didn't even try.

Vincenzo kept fucking me, his movements becoming more erratic as he chased his own release. I could feel him pulse within me and his cock throbbed, and I knew it wouldn't be long.

Or at least I hoped it wouldn't be.

I wasn't sure how much longer I could hold out.

As his thrusts began to grow sloppy and frenzied, I knew he was close. He was losing control and that realization made my pussy clench tighter than it had been before. He groaned, the sound so guttural and sexy that I nearly came right then and there.

I could hear the slap of his hips against my bare ass. Could still feel the sting of his belt marking me, and his fingers tangled in my hair, and the pressure began to build once again, my own release threatening to swallow me whole.

Then he pulled out and came all over my ass. His cock twitched and spasmed, painting my cheeks with his seed.

He came all over me and the humiliation of that fact sent me spiraling into oblivion, the intensity of it far stronger than I had been expecting. I could feel his cum dripping

between my bottom cheeks and I blushed so hard it felt like my face had caught flame.

“You’re going to come once more for me, just like a bad girl needs to, with my finger in your tight little ass,” he warned.

I stilled.

He couldn’t be serious, right?

No one had ever touched me there before. I hadn’t even thought it was a possibility, but when his fingers dipped into his seed, I knew that there was no way to stop it.

Before I could ask any questions, his cum-covered fingers slipped down my crease and he began to tease the puckered ring. I moaned as the sensation shot straight through my core.

“Wait!” I finally protested, but he didn’t listen.

His fingertip pressed against the tightness, and I gasped as he slowly pushed past the resistance. Immediately, I tensed, and a flash of burning pain radiated around my asshole. I cried out as my body fought against his intrusion, the agony only escalating. My legs trembled from the foreign feeling, sensation hurtling up and down my legs unbidden.

“Oh, it hurts,” I cried out.

“It’s supposed to, bad girl,” he said, his tone so dark that it felt like it lit my soul on fire.

“Please,” I begged.

I couldn't take this, it was far too shameful.

He didn't listen, though.

His digit stretched my hole and I squealed, the feeling so foreign and painful and strangely good. He sank into me, pushing his finger deeper and then, without warning, he began to pump it in and out of my bottom.

Pleasure spiraled through my body despite everything I did to fight against it. The pain from his initial entry started to lessen, but it never fully went away, the searing burn only adding to the desire simmering inside of me.

I couldn't help myself.

The more he thrust his finger into my ass, the more I found myself wanting more. I pushed back against his hand, silently begging him for more and the moment I did, a second finger joined the first, and I bit my lip hard.

Soon enough, I could feel myself flying to the edge once more.

And then it happened.

I came. No. Not just came. I detonated.

Fucking hard.

I cried out, my voice echoing throughout the room. My body quaked with pleasure and my pussy spasmed around empty air. My bottom hole squeezed around his fingers and a deep sense of shame spiraled through me.

This was so wrong.

But it was so right.

I didn't know what to think, how to feel. All I knew was that it was the most intense, overwhelming, and satisfying orgasm I had ever had.

Blinding ecstasy seared through my veins, burning through me like wildfire. My core tightened, and I could feel myself falling apart, the sensation unlike anything I had ever experienced before. Wave after wave of pure unadulterated bliss washed over me, dragging me down to the deepest, darkest depths and back again.

"That's it, bad girl. Come for me," he demanded.

My release burned on and on.

"I can't!" I cried out, but it came out more like a garbled scream than anything else.

But I could and I did.

He held his fingers deep inside of me, the pressure of it so intense that it took my breath away. And then, slowly, he began to withdraw his fingers, leaving behind a deep, searing ache that had me quivering with pleasure and shame. At that moment, his fist released my hair, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Finally, I collapsed.

"There now, there's my good girl. You took your punishment so well. I'm so proud of you," he whispered.

My cheek fell to the table as Vincenzo ran his hand over my scalded bottom before he removed it. My eyes were closed, and I could hear the sound of his zipper closing as he stepped back.

I could feel his seed drying between my bottom cheeks and as shameful as that was, it also felt especially right. Like it was exactly where it was supposed to be.

And somehow, I knew that this wouldn't be the last time he took me like that.

Or at least, I hoped it wouldn't be.

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CHAPTER 7

Vincenzo

I closed my eyes and swore under my breath. It was far too late to take what just happened back.

I'd fucked Jenna, my daughter's best friend.

I had crossed a line tonight, and I could never uncross it. My heart felt heavy, like a thousand bricks pressing down on me as a mix of guilt and desire warred within me. I couldn't go back to the way things were.

Not now. Not ever .

For a second, I thought about my daughter. What would she think? What would she say if she knew I had fallen for her best friend? That I'd fucked her? The betrayal she would feel, the hurt, the anger—it would be unbearable.

I ran a hand through my hair, the silence of the room oppressive. What had I done? How could I have let this happen? My desire for Jenna had clouded my judgment, and now we were both in too deep.

I thought back to the moment when she had stood toe to toe with me. The look in her eyes, the sheer vulnerability mixed with defiant determination... I could only take so much.

I was only a man.

I had needs of my own.

But despite all the reasons why this was wrong, I couldn't bring myself to regret it. At least... not entirely .

There was something about her, something that made me feel alive in a way I hadn't in years. She saw me, not just the facade I presented to the world, but the man underneath and she wasn't afraid of me.

And that scared me as much as it thrilled me.

But I had to face the truth.

We couldn't go back to how things were before. There was no going back. The question now was how to move forward without destroying everything and everyone I cared about.

But that was a problem for another day.

For a moment, I allowed myself a moment to enjoy what had just happened.

Jenna had been magnificent.

I thought for sure she would have struggled and fought, but in the end, she'd submitted to my dominance, and it was beautiful. I hadn't even allowed myself to dream of such a thing, but she'd been perfect.

Everything about her had been like it was straight out of a dream. From the defiance in her eyes, to the rebellious tilt of her mouth when she smirked back at me, to the

stance of her body as she leaned in toward me as if she was seeking me out.

And it didn't stop there.

There was her body too. Her ass was as gorgeous as I thought it would be. The way the leather of my belt had made the welts bloom across her skin was the most exquisite thing I had ever seen. Her pussy was as tight as a vise, and far wetter than I could have ever hoped for. Her moans and screams were seared into my memory now and I would fantasize about them for days to come.

I hadn't planned to fuck her.

But now that I had, there was no turning back.

She was mine now.

The thought was as dangerous as they come, but I didn't care.

She belonged to me now. Completely.

I wrapped my arms around her and lifted her off the floor. She curled into me and nestled her cheek against my chest. Then I carried her through my bedroom, past the bed, and straight into the master bathroom. I put her down gently to sit on top of the toilet, while I busied myself with running a bath for her.

I'd been so very rough with her. Now I was going to be gentle.

When the water was just hot enough, I helped her to her feet and slowly eased her into the bath. Her ass was still red and covered with my drying seed, but she didn't protest as she lowered herself into the water. I poured bath bubbles into the tub and her eyes lit up.

“I’m not a child,” she said bashfully, but I knew she was fighting just for pride’s sake. She didn’t really want to stop what was happening just like she hadn’t before.

I smiled, a real genuine smile.

“No, you’re not,” I agreed. “You’re a woman and you deserve to be treated like one. Now, let me spoil you, baby girl, or else I’ll put you back over my knee again before I put you to bed,” I said softly.

She blushed, looking down at the bubbles. Timidly, she reached out and played with a clump of them, allowing herself to relax just a little.

I reached forward and took her hand, pressing a kiss to the back of it. Then I released it and turned to go, but she gripped my hand in return, keeping me close.

“Stay,” she whispered, her eyes pleading with me. I swallowed hard.

How could I say no to her?

“Are you sure, baby girl?”

She nodded and I could tell she meant it. I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of the moment pressing down on me, so I just gave in and decided to stay.

I gave her what she wanted because I wanted it, too.

“Alright,” I said softly, stepping closer to her. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

I could see the trust in her eyes, the way she looked at me, and it stirred something deep within me.

I grabbed a washcloth and dipped it into the water, squeezing out the excess before gently running it over her skin. I started with her shoulders, working my way down her arms, washing away the day's tension.

"Close your eyes," I whispered, and she did, trusting me completely.

My heart pulsed for the first time in years.

I lathered some soap between my hands, then gently massaged it into her skin. My hands moved slowly, tenderly over her body, the feel of her soft curves under my fingertips making my heart race. I washed her back, her chest, taking my time and wanting to cherish every moment and sear it into my memory just in case this all went sideways.

She leaned back, her eyes still closed, her breathing steady. I could see the tension melting away from her body, replaced by a serene calm. I moved to her legs, washing them with the same care.

When she was completely clean, I rinsed the soap from her body and the water turned milky with the remnants of the bath salts. I reached for a towel, wrapping it around her as I helped her out of the tub. For a moment, she just stood before me, dripping and radiant, before her eyes lifted to meet mine.

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice soft and full of emotion.

I nodded, unable to find my voice for a moment. "You're welcome, baby girl."

I gently dried her off, the towel absorbing the water from her skin. She stood still, letting me take care of her. When she was dry, I led her out into the hallway and into the guest bedroom.

“You’re staying here tonight. Now lie down,” I instructed, and she did so without an argument, her eyes never leaving mine.

“Will you lay with me?” she asked sweetly.

The hazel color struck me time and time again, like a warm cup of cider with flecks of gold staring back at me and I couldn’t help but nod, wanting to give her the world in that moment.

I climbed in beside her, pulling her close. Her warmth against me was comforting, grounding even. I held her tightly, feeling her relax into my embrace.

I pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead, my heart aching with the enormity of what lay ahead.

“Sleep well, baby girl,” I whispered, my voice barely audible.

She nodded, her eyes blinking slowly before they shut as she nestled against me. I lay there, holding her, the weight of the day lifting little by little as I listened to her steady rhythmic breathing.

What a perfect fucking angel.

When I was finally certain she was fully asleep, I slipped out from beside her and tucked the covers around her. For a moment, I just let myself stare at her.

Her lashes fluttered, dark against her pale cheeks and I had to stop myself from reaching out to touch her to see if she was real. Her cheeks were still pink and flushed from our fucking earlier and her hair was wet, but she was absolutely breathtaking.

I’d deal with the consequences of today tomorrow.

Because tonight, all that mattered was that she was safe.

And all mine .

CHAPTER 8

Jenna

Blearily, I opened my eyes to the morning light streaming through the window. I hadn't slept that well in forever.

Honestly, it had felt really freaking good.

I stretched, feeling the delicious soreness in my muscles and my thighs. The events of the previous night came crashing back, and my heart started racing.

Oh, fuck. I'd fucked my best friend's dad.

What was I going to do? How was I ever going to face Bella again? She couldn't find out. It would break her heart. My thoughts spiraled further until I dove under the covers and pulled them over my head.

But I knew I couldn't hide here forever. I'd need to come out of this guest room sooner or later.

With a sigh, I pushed the blankets back down. Slowly, I climbed out of the bed, trying to make as little noise as possible. I didn't know what time it was, but I assumed that Vincenzo was already awake. He had always been a morning person, which I never did really understand. I was a night owl myself.

I always thought more interesting things happened in the dead of night.

I padded across the room, my bare feet silent against the thick, plush carpet. Opening the door just a little bit, I could hear noises coming from the kitchen.

It sounded like pots and pans and plates being put down. My heart thumped in my chest. I wasn't sure if I was ready for this. Could I really face him after what the two of us had done yesterday?

What if he was different today? What if he regretted everything that happened between the two of us?

But what if he didn't ?

I didn't know what was in the cards for us, what the two of us could ever be or not be. I took a deep breath, steeling myself for the inevitable and then I looked down at myself. I closed the door so quickly that it made a bang, and I covered my mouth.

Shit.

I was still naked.

Completely and utterly naked.

He hadn't given me any clothes, and my panties and shorts had been torn off of me the day before. I chewed my lip, trying to come up with my next move.

I had three options.

I could walk out there stark naked or wrapped up in a sheet like a Greek goddess or sneak into Bella's room and steal some of her clothes. Or maybe it would be better if I just hid in this bedroom and waited for him to leave the house.

Then I could make a mad dash for the door and get out of here without a single hitch. That would be perfect. I could ignore everything that yesterday had been and pretend it never happened.

But that was foolish. Escaping here wouldn't fix anything. In fact, it would probably just make things worse. So, with a heavy sigh, I opted for the safest option and slipped out of the guest room and into Bella's room. I headed straight into her closet.

The two of us were about the same size, so I rifled through her clothing. For a few minutes, I was dissatisfied with what I found, but I kept looking.

And then I spotted the perfect outfit.

A little white sundress.

It was so innocent and sweet looking.

Truthfully, I just wanted to feel a little less like a complete slut for what I did yesterday, and this dress would do perfectly.

I slipped the dress over my head, and it fell just right, hitting the middle of my thighs. I opened a few drawers in her dresser and found a pair of underwear. Unfortunately, Bella was a little bigger in the bra department, so I had no choice but to go braless. I grabbed a hairbrush and brushed out my long wavy hair. After a quick look in the mirror, I paused and lifted my dress.

My ass was covered in red welts and my pussy throbbed to life. I half expected some bruises, but there were none, just residual redness from my spanking.

The first spanking of my life .

I chewed my lip, trying to ignore the hopeless arousal coursing through me right now and flipped the skirt back down. I definitely wasn't going to touch myself right now, and I definitely wasn't going to think about how my best friend's dad had spanked me because I'd been naughty.

Nope. Not going to happen.

Ignoring my building desire and maybe a bit to distract myself, I decided to borrow some of Bella's makeup as well.

I wasn't normally a girly girl, but there was a first time for everything, right?

Maybe all dressed up like this, he'd remember I was the woman he fucked and not just the little girl that had eaten at his dinner table for years.

Once I was done, I slipped on a pair of flip-flops from her closet.

I stood by the door for a moment, trying to think of what I could do or say and coming up with absolutely nothing. Finally, I just took a deep breath and opened the door.

Now or never...

The house was silent, and for a moment, I wondered if Vincenzo was still home. I stepped out into the hall and made my way toward the kitchen. Just then, I caught a whiff of the comforting scent of pancakes and bacon with a hint of fresh brewed coffee.

As I entered the kitchen, I saw Vincenzo standing at the stove, flipping a stack of golden blueberry pancakes. The sight made my heart flutter. He looked up as I walked in, his eyes softening when he saw me.

At once, everything felt easier.

“Good morning,” he said, a hint of a smile playing on his lips. “I hope you’re hungry.”

I nodded, trying to ignore the blush creeping up my neck.

“Good morning. It smells amazing. Blueberry pancakes?” I asked, my voice more than a little hopeful.

He nodded, turning back to the stove. “Your favorite, right?”

“Yeah,” I replied, my voice a little shaky. “Since I was a little kid.”

I watched him with a curious gaze. What was he up to? He knew breakfast was my favorite meal of the day, especially blueberry pancakes. There was just something about them that made them perfect.

Just the thought of eating them soon made my mouth water and I strode over to the fridge to get the butter and syrup, meaning to slather my own set of pancakes with glorious amounts of both.

He finished flipping a few and served them onto a plate next to a few slices of bacon, setting it in front of me at the kitchen island. He passed me a cup of coffee next with a soft smile.

“I thought you could use something comforting this morning,” he offered gently.

“Thanks,” I said softly, sitting down. I picked up a fork, my fingers trembling slightly. “About last night...”

He looked at me, his expression serious but kind. “Let’s just enjoy breakfast for now, okay? We’ll talk later,” he suggested, and I stared at him for a moment before I nodded, grateful for the reprieve.

As I took my first bite of the pancakes, the familiar taste brought back a flood of childhood memories. It was exactly what I needed. No one else made a plate of pancakes like Vincenzo, not even my own mom, that is, when she actually was around.

Which wasn’t much.

My mom was a lawyer, and my father was a doctor, both high end jobs that didn’t allow for much family time or really any time for their daughter at all. My father only came home on weekends, or he used to, before he’d taken a position in the city. My mom spent all of her time at the office and hardly noticed if I was home or not. One weekend when I was only ten, I’d stayed over at Bella’s house, and she hadn’t even realized that I was gone.

I did it so often after that, Bella often joked about putting together my own room.

But that didn’t matter now. All that paled in comparison to what happened last night.

I glanced at Vincenzo, but he was digging into his own plate of pancakes. For a while, we ate in comfortable silence, the tension between us easing slightly with every bite.

After a few minutes, Vincenzo finally broke the silence. “It’s going to be a beautiful day. Maybe we could spend some time by the pool?”

I smiled, appreciating the small talk. “That sounds nice. I really enjoy relaxing out there.”

He nodded, a small smile playing on his lips.

“Good.”

We continued eating, the silence not feeling as oppressive. I ate some more of my pancakes and took a sip of the coffee he’d poured for me. It was all really delicious.

“These are really good. Just like I remember,” I complimented him.

“I’m glad you like them,” he said, his eyes meeting mine. “You know, I’ve been making them for you ever since you were a little girl.”

I nodded, a nostalgic smile tugging at my lips.

“Yeah, you have,” I said softly.

We sat in silence for a few more moments. Finally, I took a deep breath and decided to break the tension.

“Aren’t we going to talk about yesterday?” I asked, my gaze searching his for a long moment and he nodded once before he cocked his head.

Vincenzo’s expression shifted, a mixture of seriousness and something else I couldn’t quite place, something I very much liked.

“We talked about one of the things we needed to talk about last night,” he said, his voice carrying a subtle innuendo that made my cheeks flush and my pussy clench. “But we still need to talk about what you found in that room yesterday,” he continued, his tone turning more serious.

I nodded, bracing myself for the conversation ahead.

“Okay. Let’s talk.”

“You were never meant to see that room and anything in it,” he ventured with a soft sigh, “But you did, and that changes everything, so now we have to figure out a way to move forward.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know,” I said softly.

“I know, sweet girl. I’m not scolding you. I punished you last night for it, so now it’s over and done with. Now, we just move on.”

He sat down on the stool next to me.

“First off, though, Bella can never know any of this. I’ve worked really hard to keep my past from her so she can have a normal life. You must promise me this,” he said, his gaze level with mine, coolly assessing me with every passing moment.

I paused. Who was this man and why did I want to know more? My curiosity got the best of me, and I nodded fast, telling him what he wanted to hear while also actually meaning it.

“I won’t tell her. I promise,” I answered quickly.

“You mean that?” he pressed, his gaze telling me that he needed to be certain.

“I do,” I answered.

“I believe you,” he nodded, his shoulders visibly relaxing a bit.

“Okay, then tell me why you have a room with that many guns, fake IDs, money, and whatever else is in there,” I pushed, wanting to know more.

“Well, I guess I’ll start from the beginning,” he started. After a moment, he continued, “You see, I grew up in a traditional Italian family, one deeply involved in organized crime. My father was a prominent figure within the organization, and from a young age, I was groomed to follow in his footsteps. In time, I became a trusted underboss in the mafia. I served in that position for years.”

What the ...? Who the fuck was Vincenzo Santoro?

I met his gaze for a moment, searching for the man I thought I once knew and looking into the eyes of a stranger, though he was still somehow familiar.

“Being in the mafia was all I knew,” he continued, his voice tinged with a mix of nostalgia and regret. “Sure, there was money, and all sorts of power, but also danger and inevitable betrayal. I thought I was invincible, that nothing could touch me or my family, but I was so very wrong. So fucking wrong.”

“The mafia, like in the movies? The Godfather and all that?” I interrupted, unable to keep my questions quiet.

“Yes, just like that,” he whispered.

“Tell me more,” I pressed, swallowing my fear and pushing it deep down. I tried to stay calm, not just for me, but for him.

He paused, his eyes darkening. “It was a dangerous life. There were so many close calls, Jenna. Once, I was involved in a standoff with a rival family. Their names aren’t important, but we were surrounded, outnumbered, and it seemed like there was no way out. But I had to think quickly, and negotiate a truce while under fire, just to save my men and myself. I only just escaped with our lives.”

“That sounds terrifying.” I said, my breath catching in my throat.

“It was,” he admitted, his voice grim. “Another time, I had to go undercover to expose a traitor within our ranks. I pretended to be one of them while gathering as much intel as I could. If I had been discovered, they would have killed me. With the evidence I gathered, my boss Carlo Ricci killed the traitor on the spot.”

“Wow,” I said. “I’m guessing there’s more though that you’re not telling me, something that went really badly.”

I was talking out my ass, but there was a tortured look in his eyes that told me that I was right, so I waited, and he began to speak once more.

“Everything changed in the blink of an eye. My wife, Maria, was killed in a mafia hit gone wrong. She was innocent, caught in the crossfire of a world she never wanted to be a part of. Losing her... it was terrible,” he continued, his voice shaking with emotion.

“I’m so sorry, Vincenzo. What happened?” I asked, reaching out to touch his hand. I was surprised when he took it and squeezed it tight.

“We were supposed to meet at a safehouse, but someone leaked our location. A rival family attacked, and Maria... well, she was there at the wrong time. They shot her, right in the heart. There was no saving her, even if I had managed to get her to a hospital. I held her in my arms as she bled out. She whispered my name, and then she was gone.”

“It’s not your fault,” I whispered through the lump in my throat, my heart aching for him. He swallowed hard but continued on, squeezing my hand even tighter.

“After Maria’s death, I realized I couldn’t continue living that life. I had to protect Isabella, to give her a chance at a normal, safe life. So, I left the mafia and moved clean across the country. I crafted a new identity for the two of us, started a legitimate

business as a restaurateur, and left everything behind. I poured everything I had into creating a stable environment for my daughter, from good schools, to fabricating a story about her mother's death for her and the rest of the world."

"I had no idea about any of this," I said softly.

"I thought I was out of the woods, that nothing could touch me or my family anymore, but now I know that's not that case. I know that they're back, that they've found me," he murmured.

I felt a chill run down my spine as his words sank in. "You mean, you think someone's after you?"

He nodded, his expression grim.

"I have many enemies, Jenna. People who would love nothing more than to see me and my family suffer. I left that life behind to protect Bella, but I always knew there was a chance it could come back to haunt me and now it's here."

My heart pounded as the implications of his words settled over me.

"Do you have any idea who it is?" I asked.

"I don't know," he admitted, his voice heavy with worry. "But I can't take any chances. And now, because you're involved, you need to stay here with me."

His tone was dominant, leaving no room for argument. It made my cheeks flush, a mix of fear and something else I couldn't quite identify.

My pussy clenched tight.

“Yes, sir,” I replied, my voice surprisingly steady, albeit a bit sassy.

He seemed to relax slightly at my agreement, but his eyes were still filled with concern.

“This isn’t just about keeping you safe, Jenna. It’s about keeping all of us safe. Until I know who’s behind this and what they want, you’re not leaving this house.”

“I understand,” I said softly.

I could probably send my parents a text letting them know I was staying at Bella’s place for a few days, just so they wouldn’t worry, not that they would probably even notice in the first place since they were never really home anyway.

Plus, I kind of blew off Sophie the night before, so I was going to have to fix that with a lame apology text or something so that didn’t raise any questions.

Despite my fears, something deep inside me felt safe with him. The man I had grown up knowing had always been protective of me and of his daughter.

Even when I was little.

I remembered a summer day when Bella and I were about ten years old. We were playing at the park near our neighborhood, carefree and oblivious to the dangers of the world. We had spent hours on the swings, laughing and seeing who could go higher, when a group of older teenage boys approached us.

At first, they seemed friendly, but their behavior quickly turned to something much more menacing. They started teasing us, making crude sexual comments that made us uncomfortable. Bella and I tried to ignore them, but they grew bolder, crowding around us and blocking our path when we tried to leave.

It was terrifying.

We had been trapped, and there was no one around to help. Just when I'd thought things couldn't get worse, I'd heard a familiar, authoritative voice.

"Get away from them. Now."

Vincenzo had appeared out of nowhere, his expression fierce, his anger written all over his face. He strode up to us and immediately put himself between us and the boys.

The boys hesitated, sizing him up, but one look at his face and they scattered like frightened rabbits. He had that effect on people—an undeniable presence that commanded respect and fear. Now I knew where it was from.

He had rushed over to us, his eyes full of concern as he knelt down and checked us over. He'd run his hands over us, making sure we weren't hurt.

"Are you girls alright?" he'd asked, his voice gentle yet firm.

We'd nodded, more than a little scared out of our wits.

"It's okay. You're safe now."

That day, he took us back to his house, where he made us hot chocolate and let us talk about what had happened. He listened patiently, reassuring us that we were safe and that he would always be there to protect us. From that moment on, I knew that Vincenzo was someone I could always count on.

As I looked at him now, the same man who had protected me all those years ago, I felt that same sense of safety and trust. He had always been there for me, and I knew

he always would be, even if he wasn't exactly who I thought he was all these years.

He was still my Vincenzo.

"Do you remember that day at the park?" I asked softly, my eyes searching his.

Vincenzo's expression softened, a small smile tugging at his lips. "How could I forget? I was so angry when I saw those boys bothering you two that I could hardly see straight."

"I'll never forget how you stood up for us," I said, my voice filled with gratitude from the memory.

"I promised myself I'd protect you and Bella, no matter what. I still mean that."

We sat in silence for a moment, the quiet between us easy and relaxed. Vincenzo broke the quiet first, his voice soft and filled with a mix of pain and longing.

"You know, Jenna, losing Maria was the hardest thing I've ever gone through. She was my rock. When she died, a part of me died with her."

He looked down, his shoulders slumping a little as he did so. I squeezed his hand in mine, letting him know that I was there for him.

"But the fear of losing someone else I care about... it never goes away. That's why I've been so cautious, why I've kept so many secrets over the years. I've lost so much already. And now, with you... I can't bear the thought of something happening to you. I don't know what the future holds, but I promise you, I'll do everything in my power to keep you safe," he vowed.

"That means a lot, Vincenzo," I whispered.

We were quiet for a few long moments, and I cleared my throat, wanting to know more.

“Tell me about Maria,” I said softly. “I want to know more about her. What was she like?”

Vincenzo’s eyes softened at the mention of her name. “Maria was... incredible. She was strong and kind, always looking out for everyone. She had this way of making everything seem brighter, even in the darkest times. She made even better pancakes than me.”

“I don’t know, your pancakes are pretty good,” I said, my tone light before I turned more serious. “She sounds like a beautiful person. Tell me more about her.”

He leaned back, a thoughtful expression on his face, but his eyes held a spark of happiness amongst the sorrow, and I knew I was pushing in the right direction.

“There was this one time, before Isabella was born. We had taken a trip to Sicily, just the two of us. We spent the day exploring, and in the evening, we found this little beach. It was secluded and peaceful. We watched the sunset together, and for that moment, everything felt perfect.”

“That sounds incredible,” I said, my heart warming at the image.

He nodded, a wistful smile on his lips. “She had a way of making me see the world differently. She made me want to be a better man.”

I squeezed his hand again. “You are a good man, Vincenzo. You’ve done everything you can to protect your family. And you’ll continue to do so.”

“I appreciate that more than you know,” he replied, his voice thoughtful.

I chewed my lip, searching his face. He was being really open with me and that made my heart swell at least three times its natural size.

Vincenzo was practically a father to me. It was crazy to think about one of the closest people in my life had been involved with something as serious as the mafia. That was something I'd thought was only in books, television, or the movies, not real life.

Curious, I couldn't stop myself from asking more about it.

"So, tell me, is the mafia life really like the movies?"

"Well, on some level, it is. There was one time when I was about twenty-five, and there was a major deal that had gone south. The rival family was ready to declare war. My father sent me in to negotiate, thinking it would be a good test of my abilities," he answered.

I leaned in, intrigued.

"And? What happened?" I pressed.

"I walked in there, young and inexperienced compared to the others, but I knew I had to keep my cool. I managed to broker a truce by offering a solution that benefited both sides. It wasn't easy, but when I walked out of that meeting, my father was waiting. He clapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Well done, son.' It was the only time I ever saw him smile like that."

His smile was wide now, and I grinned, imagining a younger Vincenzo standing tall and proud.

"That must have felt unbelievable."

“It did,” he admitted.

I couldn’t resist adding a bit of sass. “So, did you have a secret handshake or anything? Maybe a cool code name?”

He laughed, a deep, genuine sound that warmed my heart. “No secret handshakes or code names, I’m afraid. Just a lot of showing respect and loyalty. Though I did once get called ‘The Negotiator’ after that meeting.”

I raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk on my lips. “The Negotiator, huh? Sounds pretty badass.”

He shook his head, still smiling. “It was a different life, Jenna. One that’s far behind me now.”

“Good,” I said, leaning in closer. “Because I kind of like the Vincenzo who makes me blueberry pancakes for breakfast.”

His eyes softened, and he reached out to tuck a stray strand of hair behind my ear. “I like that Vincenzo too.”

I glanced down at the table and wrapped my hands around the mug of coffee. Luckily, it was still a little warm and I took a sip.

It was so delicious.

Vincenzo was a master in the kitchen.

He had a way of making food that was both comforting and extraordinary, a talent that was showcased brilliantly in his restaurant, Il Sole di Napoli . I knew he owned a slew of others, but that one was my favorite.

His restaurant was a gem in our town, a cozy Italian eatery with an ambiance that made me feel like I'd stepped into a rustic village in southern Italy.

From the moment you walked in, everything screamed Italy. From the walls covered with vintage photographs of Naples, to the scent of fresh herbs, garlic, and tomatoes that always filled the cozy space, not to mention the delicious dishes made with love in the back kitchen, it was perfect. Bella and I had spent countless evenings there together.

I'd practically grown up there.

One of my favorite dishes was his homemade gnocchi. The soft, pillow-y dumplings melted in my mouth every time I ate them. They were coated in this luscious, tangy tomato sauce that was always simmered to perfection. Vincenzo always insisted on using the freshest ingredients, many of which he sourced from local farmers. It made all the difference, and gave his dishes a rich, authentic flavor that was hard to find anywhere else.

Suddenly, I craved it more than anything.

"Do you think, if I begged and pleaded, you'd make me some of your famous gnocchi later?" I asked, giving him a playful smile.

Vincenzo raised an eyebrow, a teasing glint in his eyes.

"I'd like to see you beg and plead for me, but it wouldn't be gnocchi that you were begging for, baby girl," he said darkly.

I laughed, shaking my head all while liquid heat coiled in my core at his suggestion. For a second, I was speechless, but I quickly recovered.

“I’m serious. I’ve been craving it for weeks,” I whispered.

Okay, maybe not weeks, but it certainly felt like it right now.

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table, his gaze locking onto mine.

“It’s pretty hard to say no to you, Jenna, especially when you beg so very prettily,” he grinned.

A blush crept up my cheeks at the intensity of his gaze.

“Good to know I have some influence over the great Mafioso Vincenzo Santoro.”

His lips curled into a smirk. “More than you realize.”

I felt a flutter in my stomach at his words, the air between us charged with unspoken desire.

“Is that so?” I quipped.

He nodded, his eyes never leaving mine. “Absolutely. And who knows, maybe I’ll make an entire feast tonight. Just for you.”

I raised an eyebrow, feeling bold. “Just for me? What’s the special occasion?”

He leaned back, crossing his arms over his chest, a playful smile on his lips. “Do I need an occasion to spoil you a little?”

I bit my lip, feeling the heat rise in my cheeks. “I suppose not. But I won’t say no to being spoiled.”

“So, in honor of spoiling you, how about you help me in the kitchen tonight? We can make those gnocchi together. It could be fun.”

I grinned, feeling a burst of excitement. “I’d love that. Just promise not to laugh at my terrible cooking skills.”

He chuckled, the sound rich and warm. “I promise. Besides, with me guiding you, there’s no way you can mess it up.”

“Is that a challenge?” I teased, raising an eyebrow.

“Sassy girl,” he replied, his tone subtly suggestive.

A shiver ran down my spine at his words, and I took a deep breath. I knew it was crazy, but there was something about him that drew me in, that kept drawing me in. Maybe it was the fact that he was so experienced, that he knew exactly what he wanted, but I had a feeling it was more than that.

I couldn’t help but think about his hands on my body, like they were last night, from the rough manhandling as he forced me over his knee and then the desk as he fucked me, to the gentle way he washed and cared for me in the bath and then the tender way he’d tucked me into bed.

“I can see the wheels turning in that pretty little head,” he ventured.

I tried to think of a response to him, but I was unsure what to say. I could push him to see if last night was a one-time thing, or I could leave it and see where this went all on its own.

I couldn’t decide.

Feeling restless, I opened my mouth, but he spoke first.

“Let me guess what you’re thinking right now, baby girl. You’re thinking of saying something sassy and you’re wondering, if you do, if I’m going to redden that cute little bottom again,” he said softly.

I blushed so hard that I must have turned crimson.

“Aren’t you, little girl?” he pressed, his voice full of command and bravado and something else that did strange things to my insides that I didn’t want to admit to.

“I... I guess so,” I confessed.

I could feel his gaze burning into me, and I couldn’t help but shift in my seat. I could almost imagine his handprint on my ass, bright red and burning from a spanking and my pussy throbbed so hard I would have pitched forward if I wasn’t sitting down.

He reached for me, and his hand grazed my cheek. Then he shifted his fingers until they were underneath my chin and lifted it so that I was staring right into his soulful green eyes. When I looked closer, I could see flecks of silver within them.

“Let me tell you what’s going to happen next, baby girl. You’re going to say something sassy and yes, I’m going to redden that gorgeous little ass again, just like you want me to,” he said boldly, and I scoffed.

“Asshole,” I muttered.

He smirked, the corners of his lips lifting in amusement. Before I knew it, his hand had wrapped around the back of my neck, and he yanked me toward him. My hands instinctively went up and my palms smacked against his broad chest.

With a firm grip on the back of my neck, he tilted his head, bringing his mouth down on mine, kissing me like he was a man dying of thirst and I was the first sip of water he'd had in days.

When he broke the kiss, I stared up at him, a mix of defiance and desire swirling through me with wild abandon.

His lips twitched with amusement as he watched the warring emotions on my face. He let go of my neck and then moved his hands to the small of my back. I gasped as he pulled me even closer to him. I could feel the hard planes of his muscular chest through the thin fabric of my dress and the way each cord tensed underneath me.

I fucking loved it.

The heat of his body radiated through me, and my heart skipped a beat. He dipped his head and kissed the side of my neck, his breath hot against my skin.

"You wouldn't dare," I whispered, wanting to test him, to push him to see if there was more to him than just last night. He nipped at my neck, his teeth grazing my skin, sending a thrill of desire straight down my spine.

"I very much would, sassy girl," he chuckled softly.

CHAPTER 9

Jenna

His lips brushed against my ear. The warmth of his breath on my skin sent shivers all over my body and I couldn't get enough. I leaned into his touch, wanting more.

Then he grabbed the back of my neck and kissed me.

Punishingly.

It was the kind of kiss that stole my breath away and left me reeling. He tasted like coffee and sin, and I was hopelessly addicted.

As he devoured my mouth, he moved his hands down to my ass. His fingers dug into the residual soreness left behind from his belt and I groaned.

It hurt, but in a way that made my body tingle all over.

My heart was beating wildly in my chest. He gripped my ass cheeks, squeezing and kneading them until I was putty in his hands, all while his mouth plundered mine. The tip of his tongue speared through my lips, dancing and twining with my own.

Fuck .

This was hot.

When he finally pulled back from the kiss, I was left breathless and wanting. I felt like I was teetering on the edge of a cliff, about to fall over as heat spiraled through me. My whole body was on fire, and I couldn't get enough of his touch.

The heat from his body and his firm grasp on my ass had me melting, my knees practically quivering beneath me before he swept my feet up off the floor. He lifted me and sat down, cradling me in his lap for a moment before he spun me around and expertly placed me facedown over his knee.

I squirmed, trying to get out of his hold. But he just tightened his grip, pinning me down with a hand on my hip and preventing me from moving. I squealed when he flipped the hem of my white summer dress up, revealing my panty-clad bottom. My feet drummed on the floor.

"Vincenzo! What are you doing?"

"You have such a gorgeous, heart-shaped ass. I've enjoyed admiring it in that tiny little pink bikini of yours, but I've never told you that," he murmured, trailing his fingertips across the smooth, silky fabric of my white panties.

"You have no right," I tried, but his answering chuckle quieted my protests immediately.

"I have every right, sassy girl."

With that, he slid his hand under the elastic waistband of my panties, pulling them down and exposing my bare bottom. The cool air hit my skin, and I shivered. I was helpless, completely at his mercy, and the thought of it made my heart race.

As much as I would deny it to his face, I was enjoying the fact that he was in complete control and right now, it was making my pussy pulse in a constant rhythm,

almost as though it had its very own heartbeat.

He ran his hand across my bottom, the roughness of his palm brushing against my skin in the most enticing way, and I couldn't help but sigh softly in pleasure.

"This pussy is so pink and pretty, and already so wet for me," he mused, sliding his fingers along the edges of my inner thighs, just glancing along my sensitive folds, making me shiver with need.

"Please," I moaned, the word falling from my lips without a second thought.

"Please what, baby girl?" he purred, his fingers continuing to trace the line of my pussy.

Lightly, he used his palm to smack my bottom and it jostled my slit just enough to send a lightning bolt of pleasure surging straight through me.

"I—" I tried, but when he smacked my ass again, a little harder this time, the words died in the back of my throat.

"Please spank me?" he answered for me.

I opened my mouth to protest, but he slapped right over top of my pussy, right in between my bottom cheeks, and an embarrassingly loud moan slipped free from my lips.

I heard the sound of his laughter and then felt his palm smack against the fleshy part of my ass, and another moan left my lips. Each swat stung on my already sore bottom, but he wasn't spanking me as hard as last night.

This felt different.

“You’re so responsive, baby girl,” he praised, running his hand across my bottom.
“Such a good girl, so wet and ready for me.”

My nipples pebbled, still safely encased in my dress for the time being. I squirmed a little over his knee, scraping them against the hard surface of his thighs.

It felt like my entire body was caught in the throes of a fever with no end in sight.

And he hadn’t even properly touched me.

I could feel the wetness pooling between my thighs, and I knew that if he kept teasing me, I’d lose my mind. I chewed on the inside of my lip, trying to keep still and failing completely. I squirmed like a cat in heat.

His hand started lightly peppering my bottom, the slight sting only amplifying the desire curling tight in my core. This was nothing like the belting last night.

This was an entirely new side of Vincenzo that I never knew existed.

Gentle.

Dominant.

Utterly controlling and it was driving me wild.

“This is your punishment, Jenna, for being so sassy with me,” he stated, his hand pausing in his movements.

I could feel the anticipation building inside me, and the urge to beg him to continue was overwhelming. But I didn’t want to give him the satisfaction.

Or the encouragement. Plus, I wanted it a little harder. I wanted this to hurt more. My pussy was practically demanding it.

“This hardly even hurts. It’s like you’re trying to bat away a fly,” I replied as sassily as possible.

In response, he raised his hand and brought it down against my ass with a sharp, echoing slap. The sting was more than enough to take my breath away.

There.

That’s it.

Just a little more.

“What did I say about that sass, baby girl?” he demanded, his voice full of authority.

“I didn’t hear a thing,” I replied, a smirk edging at the corners of my lips.

“Is that right?” he chuckled. “Well, I guess I’ll have to make sure you’re listening, then.”

His hand came down again, this time a little harder. The impact was resounding, and it sent a delicious wave of pleasure-pain surging through me. I sighed, my desire spiraling out of my control.

“That’s it, baby girl,” he purred, his voice low and full of seduction. “I can see how much you love this. I can see your arousal dripping down your thighs.”

“Please, Vincenzo,” I whispered, unable to hold back any longer.

His hand peppered my ass, swatting over every inch of it. Slowly, the burn built and so did the need between my thighs.

“Please what?” he asked, his voice taunting.

“Please spank me and make me come,” I begged, my voice breathless.

“Good girl,” he said, his approval evident in his voice.

He resumed spanking my bottom, alternating between each side and hitting everywhere in between. He smacked the very tops of my cheeks and then the middle, and then the lower curve where my ass met my thighs. He even swatted the tops of my thighs, which was stingier than anything else, but I loved it anyway.

I closed my eyes, surrendering to the sensations. Each swat made me ache for more, and the longer he went on, the more intense the pleasure became. I could feel the wetness coating my thighs, and I knew that if he kept this up, I’d come harder than I thought possible.

I could already feel myself getting closer and closer with every spank.

“You’ve been such a sassy girl, Jenna. Teasing and tempting me. I know you want this,” he said, punctuating his statement with another spank.

“Yes, sir,” I purred, and his hand stopped moving.

I couldn’t stop the whine that fell from my lips. He groaned and the sound vibrated through me like a crack of thunder. Without saying a word, he resumed spanking me, his hand slowly growing harder.

Each spank made me jolt against him, my ass bouncing and the motion causing my

nipples to scrape against his leg. The friction was positively exquisite.

“Your bottom is bright pink, baby girl.”

My pussy clenched down hard.

I imagined what I must look like, facedown over his lap with my panties around my knees and my dress flipped up. My bottom was burning a little bit and the sting was getting worse with each spank.

I wanted more .

I couldn't see his expression, but I could hear the arousal in his voice. I felt his cock grow harder against my stomach and a fresh wave of need crashed through me.

He spanked me harder, enough to make me squirm and whine and moan with every smack. Soon enough, his hand scalded my bottom, and I had no doubt in my mind that it was even redder than it was before.

“Do you like that, Jenna?” he asked, his voice gruff.

“Yes, sir,” I said, my voice shaking.

He kept going, raining his palm down over my ass until I was breathless and shaking with need.

“Good, because this isn't going to be the last time I put you over my knee,” he replied, spanking me so hard that I cried out. I drummed my toes on the floor, just beginning to struggle to take it.

He pushed me a little further, making me question whether or not I actually wanted

this.

“Oh, fuck!” I moaned, my voice breaking as his palm smacked the backs of my thighs.

He paused, and I felt his hand dip down between my thighs. A soft moan slipped from my lips as his fingers trailed through the wetness there, gathering it before moving his fingers upward and brushing his fingers against my puckered hole.

“Sassy little girls have their bottom holes dealt with too,” he murmured, and just when the weight of his words hit me, he pressed a single digit inside of me.

I yelped, not having expected that at all, and the sound seemed to spur him on. The stretching burn caught me by surprise, a deeper, more incinerating kind of pain that settled deep in my core.

He slowly started to work the digit in and out of my ass and I gasped at the intrusion, but he continued his relentless pace, fucking my ass with his finger. The initial pain started to ebb, leaving a wave of pleasure that followed in its wake.

My pussy throbbed, desperate for attention.

I wiggled, trying to grind my clit against his leg, but his free hand kept me firmly in place, leaving me at his mercy. My needy bundle of nerves almost seemed to thrum in protest.

Oh, god. Please.

I didn't want to like this, but that didn't stop me from grinding against his leg. My clit throbbed so hard that I nearly came right then and there.

He added another finger and the burn returned, sending a jolt of desire through me.

“One day, I’m going to fuck this tight little hole,” he warned. “It’s going to hurt, but you’re going to come long and hard for me, won’t you?”

I didn’t answer him, but I feared that he was right.

My asshole clenched down tight around his fingers, and he chuckled softly. I blushed hard, knowing that he’d felt it. There was no hiding from him. Not like this.

The burn grew more and more intense, and the pleasure followed suit. I couldn’t think, couldn’t breathe.

I just needed more.

I couldn’t stop whimpering, and soon enough, I was begging him for relief. I was so aroused that I could hardly stand it. Desire welled from every fiber of my being, hot and heavy and altogether far too consuming.

“You’ve learned your lesson, haven’t you?” he asked, his tone smug.

“Yes, sir,” I whimpered. “I won’t be sassy with you again.”

I was lying, but I didn’t want any more spanking. I wanted to come.

“Good girl,” he praised, sliding his fingers from my ass. My bottom hole felt strangely empty, and my face heated at the realization that I wanted him to touch me there again.

But I was far too proud to admit that.

He trailed his fingers over my wet slit, spreading the slickness all around. I shuddered, my body trembling with need as his fingers finally settled on my clit.

He traced slow, torturous circles around the bundle of nerves and my hips bucked against his sure and steady touch.

Yes . This. More of this...

My breathing was ragged and unsteady, and I could feel the pleasure building inside me, threatening to consume me. I couldn't take much more of this without breaking apart.

"Please, Vincenzo," I begged.

"What do you need, sweet girl?" he asked, his voice husky and full of a need of his own.

"Please let me come, please," I pleaded. His fingers began to speed up and my breath caught in the back of my throat as a surge of desire spiraled through me like a heated knife through butter.

"Come for me, Jenna," he commanded, his voice soft and filled with dominance.

His fingers sped up more, and within moments, I shattered, a powerful orgasm crashing over me.

I gasped, my entire body shuddering as the pleasure rolled through me in waves. I moaned, my core cinching tight with pleasure over and over again.

Oh. Please.

“Fuck,” I breathed, the word coming out on a ragged sigh. I was dizzy and lightheaded and completely lost in the moment.

He continued stroking my clit, drawing out my orgasm as long as humanly possible.

“You’re coming so hard for me,” he observed, and I blushed hard as I tried to catch my breath.

“Sir,” I whispered, still swept up in the throes of my never-ending release.

“I love watching you writhe and flex and come over my knee with your bottom bright pink, baby girl,” he observed, and my face must have turned as red as a cherry tomato.

I was a mess, a sticky, quivering, panting mess, but I couldn’t find it in myself to care.

My orgasm slowly subsided, and I went limp over his knee, spent and satisfied, but his fingers didn’t leave my clit. Instead, he kept lightly rubbing my over-sensitized bundle of nerves. I twitched and I squirmed, but nothing seemed to work. He kept coaxing my poor clit and soon enough, I was panting and writhing over his knee once more.

“Vincenzo,” I whimpered, a desperate plea for relief. He had to stop touching me. I couldn’t take it.

“Come for me again, baby girl,” he ordered.

His words pierced right through to the very marrow of my bones and then I was sailing over the edge before I realized what was happening. I cried out, another orgasm crashing over me, this one even stronger than the last.

White-hot bliss pulsed through me. It was like a bolt of lightning, searing and hot and electric. Every nerve ending in my body tingled with pleasure, and I could barely keep myself together. My legs trembled and my fingers dug at the floor. His hand on my hip gripped a little tighter, holding me firmly in place as my pleasure took over every part of me.

It felt like hours before the pleasure finally started to fade, and even then, it was slow to ebb. Wave after wave coursed through me, every nerve ending incinerated with heat.

I loved every second of it.

Eventually, the sensation subsided, and I collapsed against his thigh. He was still hard, and the feel of his cock pressing against my belly was enough to make me clench.

“You did so well, baby girl,” he said, his voice thick with desire.

His arms wrapped around me as he lifted me from his lap. Carefully, he sat me back down on the kitchen stool in front of my empty plate and coffee mug.

He didn’t pull my panties back up.

Instead, he picked up the mug and passed it to me. The coffee had cooled, and I drank it greedily, needing to moisten the back of my throat from all of my screaming. He knelt down and whisked my panties from my legs, tucking them in his pocket with a sly grin.

“You will leave that pretty pussy bare and wet for me, sassy girl. Now, finish your breakfast while I finish mine,” he demanded.

“Yes, sir,” I mumbled. I was still a little wobbly, but I managed to finish my breakfast and by the time I was done, he moved to clear my plate.

“Now, I need to check on some security footage. You can either go to Bella’s room, the guest room, or my room.”

I nodded and went to stand up, keenly aware of the fact that I wasn’t wearing underwear anymore. Impossibly, my clit throbbed to life once more.

I don’t know what this man did to me, but I was insatiable.

He reached for my chin and lifted it gently, so that I was looking directly into his eyes.

“If I find you in my room, then I’m going to take off this little outfit and bind your hands to the bed. Then I’m going to pin your legs apart and use my tongue on your clit until you scream. I want you to understand that you’re really going to scream for me. You might even sob for me. I’m going to break you with my tongue, baby girl, so make your decision wisely.”

“Yes, sir,” I repeated, blushing.

I swallowed hard. What was a girl to do with a threat like that?

CHAPTER 10

Jenna

With a nervous giggle, I left the kitchen and climbed the stairs to the second floor. I stood in the hallway for a long moment, all while looking at the doors of each of the rooms he'd listed for me to wait in.

Sure, I could go into the guest room and be left alone, but did I really want that? The same went for Bella's room, but at least I'd be surrounded by her things, and I could potentially steal another pair of her underwear to cover myself under this dress, but that didn't feel right either.

Or... I could go to his bedroom.

To the large, luxurious bedroom where the king-sized bed dominated the center of the room. The very same bed he said he was going to tie me to, with my arms bound so I couldn't fight him off as he licked my pussy until I screamed.

I chewed on the inside of my lip, replaying his words in my head for what felt like the thousandth time.

"You're really going to scream for me. You might even sob for me. I'm going to break you with my tongue."

His words echoed in my head and fear brewed in the pit of my belly. I didn't know if I understood what it meant to be broken and I wasn't certain that I was curious

enough to want to find out.

But the more I thought about it, the more I wavered between going to his room or Bella's room. I was able to eliminate the guest room from the mix fairly easily, but it was deciding between the other two that had my stomach tied up in knots.

My hand hovered over the doorknob to Bella's room.

I knew that if I walked in there, my curiosity would eat away at me. It would be so easy to just take a pair of her panties and put them on and sit there, but then I wouldn't get to find out what his tongue felt like on my clit.

I'd never had a man eat me out before.

The idea of Vincenzo being my first seemed shameful and incredibly taboo, but undoubtedly arousing. He'd be so close. He'd be able to see every inch of my pussy, from my clit all the way to my asshole. I wouldn't be able to hide a thing.

Not from him.

It would be the ultimate act of vulnerability and I wasn't sure I could handle that.

Not yet.

Maybe not ever.

I took a step back from his door, and my hand fell to my side. I looked from his bedroom to Bella's and chose my best friend's room.

Distractedly, I busied myself around her room, tidying up and rifling through her closet a few times before I ended up in the bathroom and took a shower. As the warm

water cascaded down my back, I breathed a sigh of relief.

“I’m going to break you.”

His words were on repeat in my head, and I couldn’t make them stop. My pussy pulsed in tune with each syllable, and I pressed my hand against the wall, trying to get a hold of myself.

It didn’t work. Not even a little bit.

I tried to shampoo my hair, but my scalp prickled as I remembered what his hand had felt like gripping it. When I washed my body, I felt his fingers brushing all over me. Finally, I conditioned my hair and rinsed off. As the warm water pelted my sensitive skin, I chewed on my lower lip.

What should I do?

Go to his room and wait for him to tie me to his bed?

No, that was crazy.

I turned the shower off and stepped out, drying myself and wrapping a fluffy white towel around my torso. I walked out of the bathroom and slipped into Bella’s closet, choosing a pale blue sundress that went all the way to my knees. I decided against panties, thinking maybe if I was obedient and kept my pussy bare just as he had instructed, that maybe he would have mercy on me.

You know he won’t.

Using the towel, I wrung out my hair and used her brush to rid myself of any tangles.

Finally, I stood there, having run out of things to do.

Sure, I could watch a movie on Bella's television, but that wouldn't keep my mind from imagining Vincenzo's tongue between my thighs.

Goddammit.

What is wrong with you, you filthy little slut? You just had two orgasms on his fingers this morning, for Christ's sake!

Maybe I should go to his room after all...

With a deep breath, I walked over to the bedroom door and pulled it open, peering out.

I could hear him. He was in his office downstairs, talking with someone on the phone, but the sound was muffled, so I guessed the door was shut.

I walked into his room. As soon as I saw the bed, I stopped in my tracks.

I can't do this.

Then I turned around and marched right back out.

Yes, bitch, you can. Do it.

I didn't want to, did I?

You do.

Maybe I don't.

I shook my head, trying to silence the warring voices battling inside my mind. But then, my body moved of its own accord, going back in and taking a step forward toward the bed.

And then another.

And another.

Until I was right beside it.

I sat down, bouncing a little on the edge. It felt right to be here, but somehow wrong at the same time. Whimpering softly, I pressed my bare feet into the plush dark gray carpet.

He wants to tie you up. He wants to taste you. And then he wants to break you.

I shivered, goosebumps breaking out across my flesh. Hesitantly, I grazed my fingers up my thighs, edging the hem of my dress up a bit further. A wave of nerves shot through me, and I quickly pulled the fabric back down and stood up, moving toward the door again.

I sprinted into the guest room and sat down on the queen-sized bed.

Fucking chicken.

My fingers twitched, itching to explore my body, to give myself relief from the need surging through my body. Slowly, I lifted the hem of my dress and brushed my fingers against my inner thighs.

With a heavy sigh, I flopped backwards onto the bed, spreading my legs open wide. I trailed a finger along my slit, and then dipped it inside myself.

I moaned softly, closing my eyes and imagining that it was his thick digit working its way in and out of me. I drew my fingers back and swirled them around my clit.

But it wasn't enough.

You know what you need to do. You're just kidding yourself.

Fuck.

I groaned, pulling the hem of my dress down and standing up. My legs were shaking and a sheen of sweat broke out across my brow. I was nervous, and I tentatively took a step toward his bedroom.

Then I heard the staircase creak, so I did what I needed to do.

I sprinted into his bedroom and jumped on his bed. By the time he reached the threshold, my heart was practically pounding so hard that I thought it might burst right out of my chest.

"I had hoped I'd find you waiting for me here, baby girl."

CHAPTER 11

Vincenzo

For a moment, I just sat there in the kitchen and admired her lithe form as she padded out of the kitchen, a hesitant blush written all over her face. I planned to let her think about my offer for a little while and in the meantime, I planned to check up on Logan and the footage to see if he'd found anything more.

I heard her footsteps slowly ascend the stairs and I got up and walked toward my office. Once inside, I closed the door, rounded my desk, and sat down, scanning the multiple screens that displayed live security feeds around my big house.

The events of the past few days had left me on edge, and I wasn't about to let my guard down. Whoever had breached my security system knew too much, and I needed to find out who it was and what they wanted.

On one screen, I focused on the few frames where I had caught a glimpse of the intruder's face. The enhancements Logan had made since last night were better than I had hoped for. I scrutinized every pixel, hoping to catch something that might give away their identity.

I rewound and replayed the frames where the figure had slipped through the shadows, avoiding the cameras with practiced ease. They knew exactly where to move, which angles to take to remain unseen. It was almost as if they had a blueprint of my security system, and I didn't like that. Not one bit.

With a heavy sigh, I slid my eyes from one screen to another to a live feed of my upstairs.

Enthralled, I watched Jenna move through the hallway and then from room to room. She stayed in Bella's room for a while and took a shower. She was trying to keep herself busy, but I could see the nervous arousal written all over her face. She even went into my room for a little while before she fled back to Bella's as if she couldn't decide what to do.

Every so often, she would pause and glance around, as if looking for me to turn up and carry her to my bed at any given second, which was something I was seriously considering at this point.

It wasn't outside the realm of possibilities.

Granted, I'd rather her willingly submit to me, but I wasn't above taking what I wanted either, especially now that things had developed between us.

She was mine, after all, and it would be good for her to learn what that meant sooner rather than later.

In a short while, I was going to taste that sweet pussy of hers and make her come over and over again until she screamed for mercy with tears running down her face.

I couldn't fucking wait.

My cock throbbed and I shifted in my seat, adjusting myself a little so that my erection wasn't as painful.

It didn't really help.

My phone buzzed, and I saw Logan Matthews' name on the screen. Ignoring my hard dick, I quickly answered.

"Any updates?"

"You got lucky, boss. I've been analyzing the footage all night and I think I got something," Logan said, his tone serious. "The intruder's face is clear for a brief second, but it's enough to work with."

"What did you find?" I asked, leaning forward in my chair.

"Well, he's not in the system, but I ran a comparison against our database. There's an eighty percent match with a known hitman, Luca Moretti, otherwise known as the Phantom due to his ability to move undetected and leave no trace behind. He's done a lot of work with your old boss, Carlo Ricci."

My blood ran cold at the mention of Ricci. Carlo Ricci had been the head of the mafia family I once served as underboss. Our paths had diverged sharply after Maria's death, but I knew Ricci's reach was long and his memory longer.

But it didn't make any sense. Why send a hitman into my home and not have him kill me?

"What the hell was he doing here, Logan? Why didn't he just kill me?"

Logan paused, the sound of clicking keys in the background. I didn't rush him.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out. It doesn't make sense. If Ricci wanted you dead, he wouldn't send someone to just snoop around. It's too risky. He had to have been there for a reason."

I rubbed my temples, trying to piece together the puzzle.

“What about the footage? Can you enhance it more? Maybe find something I missed?” I tried, picking up a pen and spinning it in my hand.

“I’ve done everything I can with the footage,” Logan replied. “The guy’s movements are too precise. He’s a pro, Vincenzo. But I did manage to get a clear enough shot to start digging. The problem is he’s not in any official records. Everything on him is conjecture, so there’s a possibility that it isn’t really him after all. I can’t truly be certain. He’s never been caught, never leaves a trace. The Phantom is truly a ghost. All we’ve got on him is a hand-drawn image from someone that survived one of his hits and his name.”

“Damn it,” I muttered, frustration bubbling up inside me. “So, what’s the next step?”

“Well, I’m going to keep digging. I have a few contacts who might know more about Ricci’s current operations. If this guy is still working for him, someone’s bound to know something.”

“Thanks. I owe you.”

“I owe you,” Logan said with a slight chuckle. “But seriously, keep your head down. If Ricci is involved, this could get ugly fast. You know how he works. He’s like a dog with a bone. He won’t stop.”

“I will,” I assured him. “And Logan, let me know as soon as you find anything. We can’t afford to wait.”

“Will do. Stay safe, Vincenzo,” Logan said before hanging up.

I sat back, my mind racing. I hadn’t thought about Carlo Ricci in years, not since

Maria's death. Frankly, he was an asshole who thought about no one other than himself and I was glad to be rid of him when I disappeared and left the mafia life.

Our relationship had always been stormy. Carlo was the kingpin of the Ricci mafia family. He ruled with an iron fist, demanding absolute loyalty at all times. But his decisions were often reckless, driven by a thirst for power and dominance that overshadowed any sense of caution, which proved dangerous time and time again.

One particular incident stood out in my memory, and I gritted my teeth, remembering my frustration back in those days. We had been in the midst of a turf war with a rival family, the Giamattis. Ricci, in a fit of arrogance, decided to make a bold move without waiting for the full intel on the situation. He ordered an ambush on what he thought was a small gathering of our enemies, expecting minimal resistance.

I had advised against it, arguing that we needed more information, but Ricci dismissed my concerns pretty much immediately. Reluctantly, I went along, knowing that any hint of protest or defiance would be seen as betrayal. As I had expected, the ambush quickly turned into a disaster. We were outmanned and outgunned, which ultimately resulted in leaving many of our men injured or dead.

In the chaos, I took a bullet to the arm. The gunshot had only grazed me, but it left a scar, a permanent reminder of Ricci's recklessness.

I rubbed the spot on my arm, feeling the raised scar beneath my fingertips. After that incident, my trust in Ricci had been irrevocably shaken. Maria had begged me to leave the life, to find a way out before it consumed us both. I had promised her I would, but it wasn't until her death that I found the strength to break free.

I couldn't let Ricci's shadow fall over my family again. With a deep breath, I steelled myself against him once more, determined to uncover the truth and protect those I loved.

Bella.

And now Jenna.

My gaze slipped back to her, and I licked my lips. Logan would need time to get more information, so there wasn't much I could do at this point.

So I left my office, strode through the house, and climbed up to the second floor where there was a very naughty girl who needed the lash of my tongue.

I caught a glimpse of her as she raced by me and into my bedroom. My bed creaked as she jumped on it, and I smirked.

Willing it is.

I could work with that.

I stopped in my door and leaned against the frame, looking at the beauty waiting for me on my bed.

“I had hoped I'd find you waiting for me here, baby girl.”

CHAPTER 12

Jenna

His voice rattled through me, husky and deep and growly. I sucked in a breath, my eyes jerking toward the doorway where he was waiting. For a moment, he just stood there, and I let my eyes feast on the sight of him.

He was leaning casually against the doorframe, but there was nothing casual about the way he looked. He was dressed in a simple t-shirt and jeans, but on him, they looked like they were made to fit every contour of his muscular body. The t-shirt hugged his broad shoulders and sculpted chest, the fabric stretched just enough to hint at the power beneath. His jeans were perfectly fitted, showcasing his strong legs and trim waist.

His dark hair was mussed, adding to his effortlessly rugged appearance, and his emerald eyes sparkled with a mixture of mischief and intensity that made my heart skip a beat. The stubble on his jawline gave him a rough, dangerous edge. But there was a gentleness in his gaze when he looked at me, a warmth that somehow softened his tough edge.

My eyes traveled down his body, taking in the way his muscles moved beneath the fabric as he shifted slightly. I swallowed hard, feeling a rush of desire that was impossible to ignore. He was all raw power and barely restrained energy, and right now, he had eyes only for me.

I liked that.

“Can’t you just be gentle with me?” I whispered, my voice rising with panic as he took several steps in my direction.

He didn’t respond, at least not right away. Instead, he strode over to me and lightly grabbed my upper arm, pulling me up so that I was standing in front of him. He gripped my chin and angled my face upward so that I could look directly into his eyes.

His green irises were barely perceptible around his dilated pupils. He looked hungry, ravenous even.

Like he wanted to devour me.

And I couldn’t deny that I wanted the same.

He cocked his head and lowered his mouth to mine. He kissed me gently, our breath mingling in a soul-stealing kiss that made my heart pound in my chest. When he pulled back, he angled his head and grazed his teeth along my earlobe.

“No. I’m not going to be gentle with you.”

I pulled in a shaky breath.

“You’d be disappointed if I was,” he continued, before he bit down on my ear, causing a delicious volley of pain to course through me.

It hurt, but fuck, I didn’t want him to stop, because deep down I knew he was right.

I didn’t want gentle. I wanted it rough.

A soft moan slipped from my lips and his answering chuckle caused my body to

vibrate. His lips pressed against my throat, trailing kisses down my neckline all the way to my exposed collarbone.

Fuck. It felt so good.

He slipped one spaghetti strap off my shoulder before he repeated his kisses on the other side. He pushed the other strap down too and the dress plummeted to the floor.

I was completely naked before him.

The air was cool against my skin and goosebumps rose in its wake. He looked me up and down, his eyes feasting on the sight of me.

“So fucking beautiful,” he murmured, which only made the heat rise to my face.

Then his hands closed around my waist, and he tossed me on the bed. In a fraction of a second, he was on top of me, gripping one wrist and then the other before he pinned them in place over my head.

All of a sudden, I heard a click, and I looked up over my head to see that he’d closed a pair of leather cuffs around my wrists.

I was trapped. I tried pulling my arms down, but the cuffs held my hands firmly over my head. They were tight around my wrists, not tight enough to hurt, but enough to keep me under his control.

I hated that I loved it.

I whimpered nervously, opening my mouth to tell him off, but he didn’t let me speak.

Immediately, his mouth captured mine, quieting my protests and kissing me until I

was breathless and dizzy. His tongue danced and twined with mine, demanding and possessive, and I melted into his kiss. I arched against him, and he growled, grinding his hips against me.

The hard length of his cock was a welcome sensation, pressing insistently against my belly. I could feel the wetness pooling between my thighs as he ground against me, our bodies moving together in a heated, desperate rhythm.

He didn't give me his cock, though, and I knew he wouldn't for a very long time.

Slowly, he crawled backwards, trailing kisses down my body. He paused when he reached my breasts, running his tongue around the perimeter of my areola before he took my left nipple between his teeth.

Then he bit down.

Pain exploded from that central point, the intense sensation driving me crazy, and I screamed. He didn't let up. Instead, he just bit down harder. Just when I thought I couldn't take any more, he finally let up and moved to the other side.

I squirmed, whining and crying out loud. Knowing what was coming almost made it worse, and when he finally bit down on my right breast, my body was primed to take it. I arched clean off the bed and struggled against my bonds, but the cuffs held tight.

I wasn't going anywhere. I was going to take what he gave me and there wasn't a thing I could do about it now.

I'd made that choice. I'd gone to his room when I could have stayed in Bella's room or the guest room.

I didn't know if I would regret that choice by the time he was through with me.

He moved further down the length of my body, trailing kisses across my tummy and the lines of my hips. This time, his kisses were more demanding, more insistent, and I found myself rising to meet his lips. My body rolled and then he slipped his arms beneath my thighs, lifting my legs a little and pinning them in place with his body.

When his mouth found my pussy, my eyes flew open, and a moan slipped from my lips.

He didn't waste time, immediately finding my clit and sucking on it. He sucked hard, pulling on the tiny bundle of nerves and sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through me.

Suddenly, a wave of embarrassed shame barreled through me, and I opened my mouth, the words flying out before I could stop them.

“Wait! You can't!”

The thought of him seeing me up close and personal like this was too much to bear. He pulled away a little, meeting my eyes and pointedly looking down at my pussy and then back at me.

“Do I need to spank this pretty pussy bright red before I taste what's mine?” he asked, his voice dark, commanding, and full of warning.

A fresh rush of need coursed through me, and I bit back a whimper.

“No, sir,” I whimpered.

“Then be a good girl and take what I give you,” he declared. He didn't hesitate, lowering his mouth back to my pussy.

The embarrassment and shame were still there, but his threat somehow muted them, my need eclipsing everything else.

He nibbled, licked, and sucked, using his tongue to explore every inch of my pussy. There wasn't a single part of me that didn't feel the effects of his rapt attention.

It was like every nerve ending was electrified and alive with desire. Then the wet warmth of his mouth settled over top of my clit, and he suckled inward, flicking my needy bundle of nerves with the tip of his tongue.

I cried out, pleasure erupting from deep inside me. My body tensed, straining against my bonds, as his tongue swirled over and around my clit, sending me hurtling toward the edge of release far more quickly than I thought possible.

He slid two fingers deep inside my channel, stroking me as he devoured me, and I cried out, overwhelmed by the sensations coursing through me.

My entire body started to shake as I fought against the cuffs that held me captive, trying to hold off my climax as long as I could, but there was no stopping the inevitable.

He worked me into a frenzy, pushing me higher and higher, until I couldn't take any more.

And then he pushed me further still.

My pussy clenched down hard around his fingers and my legs shook violently as a powerful orgasm slammed into me.

I came so hard that the world splintered into pieces right before my eyes.

Every muscle in my body tensed and a scream ripped from my throat. White-hot bliss radiated through me, drowning me in pleasure. Wave after wave crashed over me, until all I could do was tremble and shudder in the wake of my climax.

When that first orgasm finally quelled, he didn't let up. In fact, he ate my pussy like a man possessed, like he was desperate for the taste of me, and he didn't stop.

He didn't ever stop.

"Wait! Please! I'm so sensitive!" I tried.

He ignored me. In response, his mouth settled over top of my clit once more, and he flicked the swollen nub with his tongue, sending a jolt of pain straight to my core.

I writhed and whined and cried, but he kept going. His mouth kept worrying my clit, torturing me through the throes of painful sensitivity until blinding pleasure began to replace it.

My body thrummed and the pressure built inside me again. I tried to resist, but he was relentless. The tension inside me coiled tighter and tighter, until I could hardly stand it. With one final flick of his tongue, he sent me hurtling over the edge, and I came for a second time, harder than the last.

My screams echoed through the room and my entire body seized, trembling from the force of my release. It was all I could do to breathe, as I was completely consumed by raw desire.

I couldn't move, couldn't think. There was nothing other than the pleasure coursing through me and his relentless mouth on my clit.

My eyes fluttered shut, and I floated away, drifting into a post-orgasmic haze.

He didn't let me enjoy it for long, his fingers suddenly moving in and out of my pussy, stretching and filling me up and forcing me to take more even though I'd had more than enough already.

Another orgasm sailed right through me before I knew it was happening. Pain and pleasure swirled and I screamed, the sound of my voice echoing off the walls all around me.

He didn't stop.

He continued eating my pussy, working me into a frenzy, bringing me right to the edge of orgasm, and then over and over again, until I was delirious. Soon enough, I no longer knew one intense sensation from the next, pain and pleasure morphing into one.

All I could do was writhe and cry and beg.

But still, he didn't let up.

I didn't think I could take much more, but with him I didn't have a choice. His mouth worked my clit like he was a man starved and nothing I did or said would make him stop.

I begged.

I pleaded.

I wept.

Tears dripped down my cheeks as I screamed through another climax. I'd lost count of how many at this point. It didn't really matter. The only thing that did was his

mouth and the way his tongue swirled and danced over my clit, taking me higher and higher.

And then he bit my clit.

Searing pain lanced through me, but the agony was somehow delicious, and it sent me spiraling into the most intense orgasm yet.

A sob ripped from my throat, and a rush of tears poured down my face. Pleasure crashed over me in violent waves, and I shook and shuddered and cried out, unable to keep myself together.

It was too much, far too much.

But I took it all and then some. When his mouth finally pulled away from my clit, I breathed a sigh of relief even though every bit of me was trembling with painfully intense sensation.

“That’s my good girl. You came good and hard for me, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered, my voice shaking with sobs.

I couldn’t find the strength to open my eyes. All I wanted was to float away, but the soft pad of his finger pressed against my swollen clit and my eyes snapped open.

He chuckled darkly, and his finger stroked my clit in slow circles.

No.

There was no way I could come again.

Not so soon.

He ripped his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. Then he freed his cock and climbed right over me.

I whimpered as the tip nudged against my entrance. Without warning, he surged inside me, burying himself to the hilt. I moaned, arching my back as he stretched and filled me. He didn't move, his cock pulsing inside me, and I squeezed around him.

He groaned, and then his mouth captured mine in a searing kiss.

Then he started to fuck me.

Really fuck me.

His thrusts were hard and deep and powerful. His pelvis smashed into mine and his balls slapped against my ass, making a wet, sloppy sound, but I paid it no mind.

Instead, my body somehow sprinted toward the edge of climax once again.

This man was going to ruin me.

He didn't slow down, his movements picking up speed, until he was pounding in and out of me. His body rocked and rolled with each thrust and soon enough, I was rolling with him, meeting him move for move.

I was far too sensitive, but that didn't matter.

I came anyway.

Red-hot ecstasy coursed through me, crashing into me in wave after wave of endless

bliss. Blackness edged at the corners of my vision as my pleasure rocketed up into the clouds.

I shattered into a billion little pieces. It felt like my entire being had been ripped apart, and there was no coming back from this.

Nothing could ever be the same.

I didn't even know what that meant, but I could feel it all the way down to the marrow of my bones, in the depths of my soul.

He groaned, his cock pulsing inside of me before he pulled free from me and came all over my breasts. His warm seed pelted my sensitive flesh and the final throes of my orgasm burned through me like wildfire. Finally, the last wave of pleasure receded, and I gasped, my breathing ragged, every inch of my body quivering with unending sensation.

Then my eyes fluttered shut and the world went black.

CHAPTER 13

V incenzo

Jenna slept away most of the afternoon and I decided to let her. I'd been pretty rough with her, but she'd come so hard for me because of it.

In fact, I could still taste her arousal on my tongue. That sweet little pussy of hers was the most delicious thing I'd ever put in my mouth, and I couldn't wait to do it again.

She needed her rest, though, and I would give her that.

I was down in the kitchen when I heard the sound of her bare feet padding along the carpet runner. I turned, seeing that she was wearing the pretty light blue sundress again.

She looked ravishing. I liked her in it. Her eyes were bright, and she was put together like nothing out of the ordinary had just occurred. Not a single hair on her head was out of place.

Who would have thought she was writhing under my tongue and coming for me over and over again until she was sobbing for mercy just a few hours ago.

I smiled at the thought.

In fact, the only thing I noticed was that her cheeks were slightly flushed.

“Jenna,” I said, my voice soft but no less commanding. “Are you ready to make some gnocchi?”

It would be dinnertime in a little while and I bet I’d made her work up an appetite.

Let no one say that I wasn’t the type of man that took care of his woman.

She nodded, unable to tear her eyes away from me. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

I pushed off the counter and walked toward her, each step measured and deliberate. As I got closer, I could feel the heat radiating off her. I stopped just inches away, locking eyes with her, the intensity of the moment making her breath catch in her throat.

I liked that I had that effect on her. It was fucking intoxicating.

“Good,” I murmured, reaching out to tuck a stray strand of hair behind her ear. “Because I’ve been looking forward to this all day.”

A shiver ran down her spine at my touch, and she bit her lip, clearly trying to keep her composure.

“Me too,” she managed to say, her voice barely above a whisper, but it was way huskier than she probably intended.

I smiled, a slow, knowing smile that made her cheeks blush crimson. “Come on then, let’s get started.”

I took her hand, leading her into the kitchen. She pulled in a shaky breath, and I pulled her toward me, capturing her lips in a searing kiss that quite literally left the two of us panting and wanting. Then I broke the kiss and smacked her ass hard before

I disappeared into the pantry, listening to her ragged breath as she tried to get ahold of herself.

I gathered the ingredients we needed and set up a workspace on the kitchen island. I couldn't help but steal glances at her as I did so.

"Come on. Let's prepare the dough first," I said, my own voice just as husky as hers had been.

We worked side by side, our hands brushing occasionally as we prepared the dough, and I guided her through the steps. Fiery sparks tingled up and down my arms every time we touched.

The longer we cooked together, the more I wanted to throw all the ingredients off the counter and fuck her right on top of it, but I controlled myself.

When it came to her, I was insatiable. I swallowed hard, lifted my chin, and ignored the rabid pulse of my dick, focusing instead on the meal I needed to make for her.

She needed to be taken care of right now, not fucked within an inch of her life.

"Just like this," I said, demonstrating how to roll the gnocchi dough into a long, even rope. My hands were strong and sure, and I couldn't help but admire the way she followed my movements with steady concentration.

Every moment I spent with her just made me want more.

She tried to mimic my actions, but her rope came out lumpy and uneven. She frowned, frustration evident on her face, but I just laughed softly, my eyes twinkling with amusement.

She was so fucking cute.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get the hang of it,” I reassured her. “Here, let me help.”

I moved closer, my chest brushing against her back as I reached around to guide her hands. My breath was warm on her neck, and I could feel her heartbeat quicken against my shoulder. Together, we rolled the dough, my hands over hers, until it was just like mine.

My cock brushed against her ass, and she stilled, but then she arched her back and pressed herself to me.

“See? You’re a natural,” I murmured, my lips close to her ear.

She turned her head slightly, catching my gaze. “Only because I have the best teacher,” she said, her voice soft and teasing. The little minx wiggled her ass against my dick, and she was lucky I didn’t bend her right over and slip inside her at that very minute.

But I didn’t because I’m a gentleman.

That didn’t mean that I didn’t enjoy myself, though. I grinned, my eyes darkening with a hint of something more.

“Maybe after dinner, we can make dessert,” I said, all while I pressed my cock a bit more firmly between her cheeks.

I wanted to fuck that tight little hole. I would bet good money that it was virginal too.

My cock throbbed at the thought.

“You already had dessert,” she sassed, and I leaned back just enough to pop her bottom with a firm, stinging spank. She squealed, moving just out of my reach.

“Sassy girl. Now let’s finish these gnocchi before I decide to take you over my knee again,” I replied.

“Promises, promises,” she said lightly.

“Keep it up, baby girl, and I’ll torture that sweet little clit with my tongue all night,” I warned her.

“But I’m so sensitive!”

“Then you better be a good girl, shouldn’t you?” I chuckled, but I wanted nothing more than to do exactly as I threatened.

I would never tire of the taste of that sweet little pussy. It was like a drug. One hit and I was already hopelessly addicted.

She pouted adorably, and I laughed a little harder, turning back to the gnocchi dough.

Somehow, the two of us managed to concentrate on making dinner. Once we had finished rolling and cutting the gnocchi, we moved on. It was time to prepare the sauce. I guided her through the process, explaining each step as we went.

“First, we start with the tomatoes,” I said, handing her a fresh ripe tomato. “We need to blanch them to remove the skins.”

She watched intently as I demonstrated, and then she took over, her movements growing more confident with each task. The kitchen filled with the rich aroma of garlic sautéing in olive oil, mingling with the scent of fresh basil. Jenna stirred the

sauce every few minutes with a look of intent focus all over her face.

It was ridiculously cute.

It only made me want to fuck her more.

“You’re doing great,” I praised her, standing close beside her. “Just keep stirring, and we’ll add the gnocchi in a minute.”

As the sauce simmered, I brought a pot of water to a boil for the gnocchi. “Okay, the water’s ready. Let’s cook these little pillows of heaven.”

We carefully dropped the gnocchi into the boiling water, watching as they floated to the surface before too long went by.

“That’s when you know they’re done,” I explained. “They’ll rise to the top, light and fluffy.”

“I can’t wait to eat these. I’m so hungry,” she quipped, and I traced my fingers down her spine, pulling her in for a quick kiss before I turned back to the food.

Once the gnocchi were cooked, we transferred them to the sauce, gently tossing them to coat every piece with the rich, tangy mixture. I took a wooden spoon and scooped up a few gnocchi, before I pressed it to her lips. Her gaze was hot as she stared into my eyes. She opened her mouth suggestively and I couldn’t help but groan with arousal.

Jenna took a taste, her eyes widening with delight.

“Oh, my god, Vincenzo, this is amazing.”

“I’m glad you like it. Now let’s plate this up and enjoy,” I replied with a smile.

I served the two of us generous portions and slid a plate in front of her. Sitting next to her, I watched as she took her first full bite, her expression one of pure bliss.

The only thing better was watching the look on her face when she came undone beneath me.

“This is even more delicious than I remembered,” she said, her voice filled with genuine appreciation.

I took a bite as well, savoring the familiar flavors.

I watched Jenna as she took the last bite of her gnocchi, a satisfied smile spreading across her face. Her hazel eyes met mine and her cheeks pinkened the slightest bit.

She was so fucking beautiful.

“What?” she asked, her blush turning crimson.

“How about we spend some time out by the pool?” I suggested, my voice casual but filled with underlying intent.

Jenna’s eyes lit up and she nodded. “That sounds nice. It’s such a beautiful night.”

We cleared the table together. Once we were done, I led the way to the pool, the evening air warm and inviting, but I paid it no mind.

I only had eyes for her.

The pool area was illuminated with a soft blue that made the water glow. I watched

Jenna as she settled into a lounge chair, her skin glowing in the ambient light. I took a seat beside her, the sound of the water lapping against the pool's edge creating a soothing rhythm in the warm summer breeze.

"You know, you're pretty good in the kitchen," she teased, her tone light, but I watched her. Her thighs slid against one another, and her fingers lightly brushed the top of them.

Was she feeling needy already?

I grinned, leaning closer. "I just like cooking for people who appreciate good food."

She blushed, her eyes dropping to her hands for a moment before they turned back to mine. "Well, you certainly succeeded tonight. Those gnocchi were amazing."

"Good to know my efforts are appreciated," I replied, my voice lowering slightly. "But cooking isn't the only thing I'm good at."

Jenna's blush deepened, and she met my gaze, a challenge in her eyes. "Oh, really? What else are you good at, Vincenzo?"

She was teasing me. If she wasn't careful, she was going to get fucked again.

I leaned even closer, my eyes locking onto hers. "Many things, Jenna. But I think you already know that," I added, my voice lowering with dark intent.

I reached out, brushing a strand of hair away from her face, my fingers lingering on her cheek. She leaned into my touch and my cock hardened into iron steel.

"You're mine, Jenna," I whispered, my voice firm and possessive. She shivered at my words, her eyes wide and filled with a mixture of excitement and nervousness.

“Yes, sir,” she replied, her voice barely above a whisper, the sass in her tone unmistakable.

I felt a surge of desire at her response, the heat in my eyes mirrored in hers. “Come here,” I commanded softly, my hand slipping behind her neck to pull her closer.

She moved toward me willingly, her breath hitching as our faces drew near. “What do you want from me?” she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

“I want you, Jenna. All of you.”

I grasped her chin and gently turned her to face me. I brought my lips toward hers and kissed her. I felt her melt against me, her body responding to my touch with a hunger that matched my own.

When we finally broke apart, we were both breathing heavily. I pressed my forehead against hers.

“Stand up and take off your dress,” I commanded.

She started, pulling back just enough to meet my eyes and stare into them with disbelief and shock in her own. Her eyes darted around my backyard, looking to see if anyone was watching.

There wasn’t anyone who could see. My backyard was exceedingly private. No one would lay eyes on her naked body but me.

Ever again.

“Are you serious?”

I gave her a stern look.

“Jenna, I don’t say things I don’t mean.”

Her lips parted, but she didn’t speak. I held her gaze, my expression hardening.

“If I need to take you inside and take off my belt, I can certainly do that, baby girl,” I warned, meaning every word.

“No, I can do it!” she protested. “Please don’t punish me.”

She scrambled to her feet, her fingers fumbling with the straps of her dress. She pushed the straps off her shoulders and let the garment fall to the ground.

Fuck. Me.

Her body was bare beneath it and the soft lighting of my backyard cast delicious shadows across her lean form.

She was utterly breathtaking.

For a moment, I just feasted on her beautiful face. Her long wavy brown hair shimmered in the soft lighting of the pool. Her hazel eyes reflected the gentle light, making them sparkle like jewels. The soft contours of her cheeks were highlighted with a permanent blush, and her full lips were swollen and pink.

So very kissable...

Then I let my gaze rove down the rest of her.

Her body was slim, her skin smooth and flawless. Her breasts were full and round,

her nipples hardening under my gaze. Her stomach was flat and toned, and her hips were curved just enough to be feminine. Her legs were long and lean and perfectly toned and between them, the pink petals of her pussy were still glistening with her arousal.

She was perfect.

And she was all mine .

I stood up, and her eyes widened as I stripped out of my own clothes and moved toward her. My hands found her hips, pulling her close against me, and she moaned softly.

My mouth found hers, my tongue demanding entry, and she complied, opening herself to me. My arms wound around her waist, and I lifted her off the ground and carried her into the pool. Taking one step at a time, I held her close.

We sank beneath the surface, the cool water enveloping us, and her arms wrapped around my neck. I kissed her hungrily, my hands exploring her body, claiming her with my touch. Our bodies pressed against one another, the heat burning between us.

When we finally surfaced, we were both gasping for air, our eyes locked on each other.

I pressed my lips to hers once more, kissing her fiercely. My hands slid down her body, grasping her ass and lifting her up.

“Put your legs around my waist, baby girl,” I ordered.

She obeyed, her legs wrapping around me, and the feeling of her wet body pressed against mine was intoxicating. I groaned as her pussy slid along the length of my

cock, the friction making me painfully hard, and she smirked at the sound.

As punishment, I pressed her firmly against the wall of the pool and squeezed her ass with my fingers. She whimpered, but I swallowed her sounds with another searing kiss.

My tongue swept against hers and then explored her mouth. She tasted so fucking sweet.

My hands drifted from her ass to the small of her back, and then lower still, my fingers slipping between her cheeks and finding her tight hole. She gasped, arching against me and I grinned hungrily.

One day, I'd fuck her there. She'd moan and cry and scream as I did so, but I knew she would come hard for me when I did.

I grazed my fingers over her asshole while I pumped my hips back and forth, slowly teasing her needy little pussy. It didn't take long before she was moaning into my mouth, her body trembling with anticipation.

I needed to be inside her.

I didn't waste any more time.

I reached between our bodies and grabbed my cock, guiding it to her entrance. She cried out as I entered her, her tight channel gripping me like a vise. Her pussy was so wet that I pressed inside her with ease. I thrust into her, my movements slow and measured at first, letting her adjust to my size, but only barely.

I was big, but she would take it.

She moaned, her body trembling as I fucked her, the water splashing around us.

“That’s my girl,” I growled, my voice husky with desire.

Her arms tightened around my neck, and she pressed her breasts against me, her nipples rubbing against my chest. I wound my left arm around her waist while my right hand played with her breast, taking her nipple between my fingers, and squeezing it tight enough to force her to arch against me.

My cock pistoned in and out of her, my thrusts becoming more urgent and erratic as the pleasure mounted within me. Her cries echoed around the pool, her body shaking as she came, her pussy clamping down on my cock.

“Please, I’m so sensitive,” she begged.

“Good. Come for me,” I demanded.

I could feel my orgasm building, the pressure growing inside me until it was almost too much to bear. Pleasure rushed down to the base of my spine, surging out through my cock and I thrust harder, fucked her deeper and enjoyed the red-hot heat racing through my veins.

I didn’t want to stop. I could fuck her all night.

She felt so fucking good.

“Fuck, Jenna,” I groaned, my voice low and strained. “You’re so fucking tight. Such a good fucking girl taking my cock so well.”

Her pussy clamped down around me and I threw my head back and rolled my pelvis, the water splashing around us more than ever.

“Vincenzo!” she cried, her voice breaking as another orgasm ripped through her.

Her legs tightened around my waist, and she buried her face against my neck, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin there. Her nails dug into my back, but I didn’t care. I’d wear her marks proudly.

She groaned and the sound ripped through me. I thrust harder, losing myself in her. The world fell away, and nothing but the two of us existed. I roared, the sound echoing across the pool as the viselike grip of her pussy drove me crazy.

“Come inside me,” she begged.

“Birth control?” I asked, my voice ragged.

“Yes,” she gasped. “I have an IUD.”

“Fuck, baby girl. I’m going to fill you up,” I rasped.

I could feel my balls tighten, the pressure building inside me. My hips bucked forward, and I buried my cock as deep inside her as I could, her tight little cunt milking me for everything I had.

When I finally came, it was like a tidal wave crashing over me. Pleasure rushed through me, and I came hard, my cock throbbing as I spilled inside her. Her pussy rippled and contracted, and the intensity of my climax made the world blur.

All I could feel was her.

She whimpered and shuddered against me, her body racked with pleasure from her own orgasm, and I held her close, kissing her fiercely as the last waves of my orgasm faded.

We clung to each other, our breathing ragged and hearts racing. Finally, I lifted her out of the pool and carried her into the house, our bodies still dripping with water.

I took her straight to the bathroom and set her on her feet. I wrapped her in a towel, drying her off first before I took care of myself. Then I carried her into my bedroom and tucked her into my bed.

“I can sleep in the guest room,” she protested.

I shook my head.

“No. You’ll sleep with me from now on, baby girl,” I told her. She went to open her mouth and say something smart, but I leveled her with a firm look.

“This isn’t up to you, Jenna. You’ll either lie down and cuddle me like a good girl, or I’m going to spank your bare ass bright red until you beg me to give you another chance,” I warned. She stared up at me, her eyes wide, and then she lay down.

Good girl.

I joined her in bed and pulled her against my side, her head resting on my shoulder.

Her body fit perfectly against mine, her warmth enveloping me. I held her close, and as we lay there together, our breathing slowly returned to normal.

“Sleep now, baby girl,” I whispered.

“Yes, sir.”

CHAPTER 14

Jenna

The sun was warm on my face as I woke up from a blissful sleep. Vincenzo's arms were wrapped tightly around me, holding me against his bare chest. I kept as still as I could, not wanting to wake him up.

My eyes lingered over his sleeping form. His face was softened in slumber, his strong jaw relaxed, and a hint of a smile played on his lips. His dark hair was messy, falling slightly over his forehead.

He was so unbelievably handsome.

My fingers traced a light path over his chest, feeling the coarse hair that covered the hard expanse of muscle. Just then, I felt his hold on me tighten slightly, and his eyes fluttered open.

Vincenzo looked down at me, a sleepy smile spreading across his face.

"Morning, beautiful," he murmured, his voice husky with sleep.

I blushed, feeling the warmth spread through me.

"Morning," I whispered back, my eyes locking onto his.

He leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to my forehead. "You look even more stunning in

the morning light,” he said, his gaze filled with affection.

I couldn’t help but smile, my cheeks flushing even more. “You’re just saying that because you’re half-asleep.”

He chuckled, the sound vibrating through his chest. “No, I mean it. You’re beautiful, Jenna. Every moment with you feels like a gift.”

His words made my heart flutter, and I looked away shyly. “You always know how to make me blush,” I admitted.

Vincenzo gently lifted my chin, bringing my eyes back to his. “Good,” he said softly. “I love seeing that blush on your gorgeous cheeks.”

He leaned in and kissed me again, this time on the lips, a sweet, lingering kiss that made my toes curl. “How about I make you breakfast?” he suggested as he pulled back, his eyes still locked on mine.

I raised an eyebrow, curious. “What are you going to make?”

“Bananas Foster French toast,” he said with a smile. “I know it’s one of your favorites.”

My mouth watered at the thought. “I’m not going to say no to that.”

He grinned and gently disentangled himself from me, sitting up and stretching.

“Alright, stay here and relax. I’ll have breakfast ready in no time.”

I watched him get up out of bed, admiring the tight globes of his ass and the long lean line of his thighs.

Fucking delicious.

He looked over his shoulder, catching me, and I blushed harder.

“Be good,” he said with a wink before he pulled on a pair of gray sweatpants and disappeared out of the room to go to the kitchen.

After a few moments, I decided to take a quick shower. I got out of bed and made my way to the bathroom, enjoying the warm water as it pounded over my sore body. The steam and the scent of the lavender soap were soothing, and I enjoyed it for quite a bit longer than I intended.

Once I was done, I wrapped a towel around myself and headed to his closet to find something to wear. I rummaged through his clothes and found one of his shirts, a soft, oversized button-up that smelled like him. I slipped it on, the fabric falling to mid-thigh, and buttoned it up.

As I was about to head downstairs, I heard his voice from down in the kitchen. Curiosity got the better of me, and I paused at the top of the stairs, listening.

“I need you to keep an eye on Jenna while I handle a few things,” Vincenzo was saying. “I don’t want her left alone, even for a minute.”

I tiptoed down a few steps, careful not to make any noise. He must be on the phone, and I didn’t want to disturb him.

“Make sure the perimeter is secure,” he continued. “If anything happens, you contact me immediately. Understood?”

There was a pause, presumably while the person on the other end responded. I couldn’t hear what they were saying to each other, but Vincenzo’s next words were

clear.

“Good. I appreciate it, Tony. I’ll be back as soon as I can. Just make sure she’s safe.”

I felt a surge of warmth at his concern for me, but also a pang of guilt for eavesdropping. I took a deep breath and continued down the stairs, trying to appear casual.

As I entered the kitchen, Vincenzo looked up from his phone, his expression softening when he saw me.

“Hey there,” he said, ending the call and slipping the phone into his pocket. “You look good in my shirt.”

I blushed, feeling a mix of embarrassment and pleasure. “Thanks. I hope you don’t mind me borrowing it.”

“Not at all,” he replied with a smile. “It looks better on you anyway.”

I walked over to the island where he was preparing breakfast. The smell of caramelized bananas and cinnamon filled the air, making my mouth water.

“Who were you talking to?” I asked, trying to sound nonchalant, but I couldn’t help myself.

Who did he want to watch over me? To be honest, it kind of annoyed me because I didn’t really think I needed anyone to watch me.

I could take care of myself. I’d done it all my life. My mom and dad were never around, too caught up in their careers to give a damn whether I ate or drank or slept. All they cared about was that I didn’t end up dead, or at least I hoped they did.

“Just one of my guys. You’ll meet him soon,” he said, not missing a beat as he flipped a slice of French toast in the pan. “I have to take care of a few things today, and I want to make sure you’re safe while I’m gone.”

I nodded, feeling a mix of gratitude and annoyance at his presumption that I couldn’t take care of myself.

“Is everything okay?” I pressed.

He glanced at me, his eyes serious. “I’m handling it. Don’t worry.”

“Okay.” I shrugged with a smile.

I wished he would tell me more, but when he didn’t say anything else, I decided to drop it. If he didn’t tell me now, he would soon, or else I’d go looking for answers myself, and I was pretty good at that.

He slid the French toast onto a plate and handed it to me. I smiled, inhaling the rich scent.

“Here, try it,” he offered.

I sat down at the kitchen island, slathered it in syrup, cut a piece off and took a bite.

“Wow. Ten out of ten, for sure,” I said through a moan.

“Good,” he said, smiling. “I’m glad you like it.”

As I ate, he leaned back against the counter, watching me with an easy smile. The silence was comfortable, the two of us enjoying each other’s company for a little while before he made himself a plate and joined me.

For a little while, I let myself pretend that we were a normal happy couple.

Except you're not.

I ignored my inner voice, the part of me that knew we shouldn't be together and eventually the world might drive us apart.

But that was a problem for another day.

Not today.

CHAPTER 15

Vincenzo

I didn't want to leave her, but I didn't see any other option.

In order to keep up appearances, I needed to keep up my daily life, which meant returning to my regular routine. I had errands to run, and a visit to my restaurants was long overdue.

Knowing Tony was on the property watching over Jenna was comforting, but that didn't mean that I wanted to be away for very long.

My cock didn't either.

Tony was a Navy SEAL before he came to work for me. His training and experience made him invaluable, but it was his unwavering loyalty that set him apart and because of that, I trusted Tony more than anyone I'd ever known.

In the chaotic years after I left the mafia, Tony was instrumental in helping me rebuild my life.

He was more than an employee; he was a friend and a brother-in-arms.

He'd proven his loyalty time and time again. In the early days after I left the mafia, Ricci had sent one of his best hitmen after me, hoping to send a message to anyone else who might consider leaving that they'd wind up dead.

The hitman had cornered me in a dark alley. I thought it was the end. One moment the gun was at my head, and the next, the assailant was on the ground, disarmed and incapacitated.

Tony had come out of nowhere, saved me, and I'd never forgotten that.

As I drove to the restaurant, I thought about that night and the many times Tony had proven his devotion since. Jenna was in good hands. Tony would protect her with his life, just as he had done for me.

I was sure of it.

When I arrived at my Italian restaurant, I took a deep breath and walked inside. The lunchtime rush was in full swing. I greeted the staff, checked on the kitchen, and made sure everything was running smoothly.

It was, but the boss needed to show his face from time to time.

I walked through the dining area, stopping to chat with regulars and ensuring they were enjoying their meals. It was important to maintain these connections, to show that despite everything that was happening in my life at the moment, I was still a part of this community.

After a few hours at the restaurant, checking on the staff and ensuring everything was in tip-top shape, I decided it was time to return home and make sure everything was okay. I said my goodbyes and headed back.

As I pulled into the driveway, I saw Tony standing by the front door, his sharp brown eyes scanning the surroundings. He was a tall man, a few inches taller than me in fact, and his body was toned by years of rigorous training.

I knew I'd never be able to beat him in a fight.

"Everything alright?" I asked as I approached.

Tony nodded, his expression serious but calm. "All quiet here, boss. Jenna's inside. She's safe."

"Good," I said, clapping him on the shoulder.

He gave a brief nod, his eyes meeting mine. "You know I've got your back, Vincenzo. Always."

I smiled, feeling a surge of gratitude. "I know. And I'm grateful for that."

Just as I was about to step inside, my phone buzzed in my pocket. I glanced at the screen and saw Logan's name. My gut tightened and I picked it up right away.

"Logan, what's up?"

"You're not going to believe this," Logan said, his voice laced with urgency. "But this whole thing is another level. It's above my pay grade kind of secret information."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, my mind racing.

"Turns out Ricci had a mole in his organization," Logan continued. "And that mole has enough dirt on him to send him to jail. The hitman you caught on your security footage—he was there to set you up so you can take the fall."

I felt a chill run down my spine. "Set me up? How?"

"Ricci is making up some bullshit about you being the real boss instead of him,"

Logan explained. “Claims you’re a big arms trafficker, running guns to North Korea or something like that. It’s way over the top, but it’s enough to get himself off the hook with the FBI. The hitman was planting evidence and disabling some cameras.”

My mind reeled. “So, the hitman was here to frame me, not kill me?” I asked, my voice wrought with disbelief.

“Exactly,” Logan said. “They’re trying to shift the focus onto you, make you look like the mastermind behind Ricci’s operations.”

I took a deep breath, trying to process the information. “Why didn’t he just kill me?”

“Probably because a dead Vincenzo wouldn’t serve their narrative,” Logan replied. “They need you alive to pin everything on you.”

I clenched my fist at my side, trying to keep my anger under wraps. “Ricci is trying to save his own skin by throwing me to the wolves.”

“Looks that way,” Logan agreed. “I’m digging deeper, but you need to be careful. They’re not going to stop until they’ve got what they need and that’s you behind bars.”

“Thanks, Logan,” I said, my voice tight. “Keep me updated.”

“I will. Stay safe, Vincenzo,” Logan said before hanging up. I pulled my shoulders back with a growl and turned back to Tony.

“Come on, Tony. I’ll introduce you to Jenna.”

He nodded once, forever the faithful soldier, and followed me inside.

CHAPTER 16

Jenna

Once Vincenzo left the house, an overwhelming loneliness settled over me. I knew he was coming back, but with both him and Bella gone, it was more than a little of a downer. The quiet house felt too big, too empty. Bored, I wandered aimlessly from room to room, trying to find something to occupy my mind.

In Bella's room, I found a book on her nightstand— *Birthday Girl* by Penelope Douglas. I had heard good things about it, so I decided to give it a try. I curled up on her bed and started reading. Before long, I lost myself in the story. For a while, it worked, and I was able to forget about the uneasy feeling gnawing at me, but it didn't last as long as I would have liked.

After a few chapters, I needed a break. I put the book down and decided to watch something on Netflix. The new season of *Bridgerton* had been on my watch list for a while, and it seemed like the perfect distraction. I settled on the couch in the living room, wrapped in one of Bella's cozy blankets, and hit play.

The vibrant costumes and romantic drama of the show were pretty captivating, but I found my attention drifting anyway. With a frustrated sigh, I paused the show and glanced around the room, feeling a strange mix of belonging and disconnect. This house had been a second home to me for years, but now, it felt different.

More significant, somehow.

Like I belonged here more than I did before, but somehow, I didn't.

Feelings were weird.

I decided to explore a bit, hoping it would make me feel more at ease. I walked through the familiar rooms, touching the furniture and remembering all the memories I had shared with Bella and Vincenzo here. The kitchen, where we had countless late-night snacks; the dining room, where we had celebrated special occasions; and the living room, where we had watched movies and played games together time and time again. Although everything was the same, it still felt different in a way.

I didn't understand it.

Maybe it was because the two most important people to me were missing, and it was just me here all by myself.

Maybe it was because everything was different now that I'd fucked my best friend's dad.

I sighed with frustration. I needed a distraction.

Badly .

As I wandered back into the living room, my phone rang. It was Sophie and I picked up right away, despite the fact that she was probably mad that I'd blown her off the other day and missed the party she'd invited me to.

"Hey, Soph," I answered, trying to sound cheerful.

"Jenna! There you are! It's about time that you answer your phone," Sophie said, her voice a mix of relief and irritation. "Where have you been? We missed you at the last

party. It was super lame without you.”

“I’ve been... busy,” I said, not wanting to get into the details of what was happening between me and Vincenzo, especially not how I had his cock between my thighs multiple times in the past forty-eight hours and how much I wanted it there again.

“Busy doing what? Sulking at home?” she teased, but there was a hint of seriousness in her tone. “We miss you. I miss you. Do you even love me anymore?”

“Of course I do,” I replied, feeling a pang of guilt. I should have at least texted her that I was alright, maybe played sick, but there wasn’t much I could do about it now except play the apologetic friend.

“Then come out tonight!” she said, her voice brightening with excitement. “Everyone’s going to be there. It’ll be fun. You need a night out.”

“I don’t know, Sophie,” I hesitated, thinking about what Vincenzo might think, especially since he said I wasn’t to leave this house. “I’ve got a lot going on right now.”

“Come on, Jenna,” Sophie pressed. “Just one night. You deserve a break. Plus, it’s not the same without you. I miss my friend.”

I sighed, the guilt and loneliness weighing on me. Vincenzo couldn’t keep me here forever. I was young and I had my friends to think about. He’d just have to deal with that.

I lifted my chin, feeling a bit defiant.

“Okay,” I said, giving in with a smirk. “I’ll come out tonight.”

“Yay! I knew you’d come through,” Sophie cheered. “I’ll text you all the juicy details. Can’t wait to see you!”

“Me too,” I said, trying to muster the same enthusiasm, but Sophie was always a couple of pegs above me, so it wasn’t a fair fight to be sure.

As I hung up the phone, I sighed and plopped down on the couch. It would be good to see my friends and get out of the house for a while, but I couldn’t shake the feeling that I was doing something I shouldn’t.

I decided at least to try to focus on getting ready. I went back upstairs to Bella’s room, looking for something to wear.

I found a cute top and a pair of jeans and slipped them on, checking myself out in the mirror. It felt good to get dressed up, even if I was still a bit uncertain about the whole thing. With one last glance in the mirror, I headed downstairs, ready to face the night.

Sophie had already texted me the details. I looked down at the phone, reading her text, and then an image of her and the rest of my girlfriends popped up.

They were already pre-gaming. A pang of jealousy pulsed through me at the sight of their happy faces, and I nodded once and gave myself the pep talk I needed.

I would go out tonight, and I would have a good time, catch up with my friends, and let loose.

I deserved that.

My life didn’t end just because of whatever was happening with me and Vincenzo and whatever bullshit was following him from his Mafioso past.

Just then, I heard the front door open, and I walked into the foyer. I watched as Vincenzo walked in, and another man followed him inside. My gaze slid between the two of them and for some reason, I felt a bit suspicious.

“Jenna,” Vincenzo said, his voice warm as he approached me. “I want you to meet Tony.”

Tony was an imposing figure, standing a few inches taller than Vincenzo with short-cropped hair, piercing brown eyes, and a solid, muscular build that screamed military. What I could see of his arms was covered in tattoos. His eyes scanned the room like he was looking for a threat before they finally settled on mine.

Tony extended his hand, a friendly smile breaking the seriousness of his features. “Nice to meet you, Jenna. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“Good things, I hope,” I replied, reaching out and shaking his hand.

“Mostly,” Tony said with a wink. “Vincenzo here can’t stop talking about you.”

I felt my cheeks heat up as I glanced at Vincenzo, who gave me a reassuring smile. “Tony works for me,” Vincenzo explained.

“Don’t let him fool you,” Tony added with a chuckle. “I’m just here for the free food.”

I laughed, immediately feeling at ease with him. His good-natured humor was comforting.

“Well, I hope you like Italian,” I suggested lightly.

“Love it,” Tony said, his brown eyes twinkling. “And if you’re cooking, I’m sure it’s

fantastic.”

“Oh, I don’t cook,” I corrected him. “Vincenzo does.”

Vincenzo placed a hand on my shoulder, drawing my attention back to him. “Tony’s going to be your bodyguard, Jenna. With everything going on, it’s important that we take every precaution.”

“I don’t need a bodyguard,” I protested.

Vincenzo gave me a stern look. “It’s not up for discussion, baby girl. He’ll stay close to you, and if anything happens, you’ll listen to him and do exactly as he says. Do you understand me?”

“Or else what?”

He wouldn’t threaten to spank me in front of Tony, right?

I should have known better.

“Or else I’m going to take you upstairs, bend you over my bed, and mark that bare beautiful ass with my belt.”

He would .

My mouth dried and my gaze jerked from his to Tony’s and back to his again. I opened and closed my lips, wanting to say something cutting, but some small shred of self-preservation held my tongue.

“Vincenzo,” I breathed. “You wouldn’t dare.”

His gaze narrowed and my stomach twisted up in knots. I didn't want a spanking right now. I wanted to go out with my friends.

"I would dare, and you know that. In fact, I'll even tell Tony to stand guard by the front door while I tan that pretty little hide," he threatened, his voice low and firm and I hated how my pussy clenched with desire at his overbearing warning.

"Maybe we can talk about this," I tried, taking a few steps toward him, and reaching for his chest. My fingers lightly trailed along his white button-up shirt, and he wound his arm around my waist and pulled me close.

My body pressed against his, and his free hand came up, cupping my cheek. I could see the fire in his eyes, the barely restrained hunger, and my inner walls fluttered wildly as I remembered what he felt like inside me.

I swallowed, trying not to squirm as he looked down at me.

"Not up for discussion, baby girl."

He leaned in and pressed his lips to mine, kissing me hard. When he pulled back, I was breathless, my body trembling with anticipation. I wanted more and he knew it, but then I remembered that we weren't alone.

I glanced back and forth between him and Tony, wondering what he might think. To his credit, Tony kept his expression neutral, but I swore his brown eyes were laughing at me even though he remained silent.

Vincenzo kissed me on the top of my head, his arm tightening around my waist.

"You don't need to worry about Tony, my sweet girl."

I nodded, feeling the heat rise to my cheeks. I took a deep breath and composed myself, trying to act like everything was normal.

Like my boyfriend didn't just threaten to spank me in front of a total stranger. Was that even what we were? I didn't know and I was too chicken to ask.

Vincenzo must have seen something in my expression because he gripped my chin and forced me to face him.

"What's on your mind?" he demanded, his voice firm.

I hesitated, not sure if I should tell him the truth and Vincenzo's eyes darkened, his grip on my chin tightening. I swallowed hard, trying to figure out what to say before he cleared his throat.

"Jenna," he warned. My bottom cheeks clenched knowingly.

"I-I have plans with the girls," I stuttered. I didn't want to tell him the whole truth mostly because I didn't want him to think I was too attached to him already or anything like that. Maybe this was just a short-term thing, like we fuck a few times and then that's it. What if it was nothing more than that?

His eyes searched mine and I felt my heart skip a beat. I didn't know why I cared what he thought, but I did.

"Where?" he asked, his tone low.

"Just at a friend's house," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "We're just gonna have a few drinks and catch up."

"Who's all going?" he pressed.

“Uh, a bunch of people from school. It’s no big deal,” I explained further.

Vincenzo’s jaw tightened as he considered my words. I could see him battling his emotions within them, the need to protect me warring with his desire to take care of me.

“You can’t keep me prisoner here forever,” I said softly, hoping to appeal to his more rational side. “I need to get out and see my friends, Vincenzo.”

He looked away, rubbing the back of his neck in frustration. “It’s not that I want to lock you away,” he began, his voice strained. “It’s just... I need to know you’re safe. There are dangers out there that could come for you just like they’re coming for me.”

“I know,” I said, stepping closer and placing a hand on his arm. “I’ll be careful, I promise.”

He sighed deeply, his shoulders slumping slightly. “Alright, you can go. But Tony goes with you.”

I frowned, my initial reaction one of pure disbelief and irritation.

“Tony? But he?—”

“No buts, Jenna,” he interrupted, his tone firm. “You’re taking Tony with you, or you’re not going at all.”

The threat of his belt remained in the air between us, and my backside clenched again. I didn’t want him to take me upstairs and for Tony to hear me get a spanking, but there was no doubt in my mind that that’s exactly what would happen if I pushed Vincenzo any further.

Reluctantly, I nodded, seeing no other option. “Fine. Tony can come.”

Vincenzo’s expression softened slightly, and he brushed a strand of hair away from my face.

“I just need to know you’re safe,” he murmured, his voice soft and full of warmth. The sound of it made all my frustration fly away and I sighed, cuddling closer to him and wrapping my arms around his waist.

“I understand,” I said, offering a small smile. “And thank you for letting me go.”

He pulled me into a hug, holding me tightly. “Just promise me you’ll be careful.”

“I promise,” I whispered.

“If you break that promise, little girl, I’m going to have to punish you. You might enjoy it, or you might not, but I most certainly will,” he warned, and my breath caught in the back of my throat.

Did he mean his belt? Or was there something else he had in mind? The possibilities swirled through my head and my body heated.

“I’ll behave,” I managed with an embarrassed whisper, and Vincenzo smiled, a knowing expression on his face.

“Good girl.”

CHAPTER 17

Jenna

Honestly, I couldn't believe Tony had fit in the driver's seat of my car. I'd always been proud of my light blue Honda Fit, but right now, it seemed pretty comical watching him squeeze into the front seat.

Like a square peg in a round hole.

Or maybe like Vincenzo's cock in my pus—No! I wasn't going to go there.

I blushed because my mind went there anyway.

Fucking hopeless, you filthy little slut.

With a tight grimace, he adjusted the seat as far back as it would go, his knees still slightly bent, and the sight made me crack a small smile despite my annoyance that I had to take him with me in the first place.

"Comfortable?" I asked, unable to hide the sarcasm in my voice.

Tony glanced over at me, a knowing grin spreading across his face. "Like a glove," he replied, his tone light. "It's been a while since I drove a car this... cozy."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Yeah, I bet. Sorry about that."

“Don’t worry about it, Jenna,” he said, his voice reassuring. “I’ve been in tighter spots. Besides, it’s a good car. Dependable. Reliable. Good on gas.”

I sighed, looking out the window as we drove through the familiar streets. “I just feel a bit ridiculous, having to bring a bodyguard to a friend’s party.”

Tony’s expression softened. “I get it. It’s not ideal. But you know Vincenzo just wants to make sure you’re safe. And so do I.”

“I know,” I muttered, still feeling a bit grumpy. “It’s just... I don’t want my friends to think I’m being weird or something like that.”

“They won’t,” Tony said confidently. “And if they do, I’ll just tell them I’m your overly protective big brother home from college for the summer. I’m good at that role.”

I smiled at his words. Tony’s easygoing nature was hard to resist. “Thanks, Tony. I appreciate it.”

“Anytime,” he replied, his eyes focused on the road. “So, tell me about this party. What’s the plan for tonight?”

“It’s just a casual get-together,” I explained. “A bunch of us from school catching up, having a few drinks, maybe some dancing. Nothing too wild. I just hope it’s not too awkward with you there.”

Tony laughed, a deep, genuine sound. “Don’t worry, Jenna. I’ll be a fly on the wall. You won’t even know I’m there. And if anyone gives you trouble, they’ll have to answer to me.”

I laughed, the image of Tony intimidating my friends amusing to me, especially the

little energy ball Sophie. He'd certainly have his hands full with her.

"I doubt anyone will mess with me with you around," I finally said with a shake of my head.

"Exactly," he said with a wink. "I've got your back."

When we pulled up to Sophie's house, I chewed my lip, trying to reconcile with the nerves boiling through me. What were my friends going to think of me having a bodyguard?

"Ready?" he asked.

I nodded, taking a deep breath. "Ready."

As we walked up to the door, for some reason, I couldn't help but feel a bit grateful for him being there.

Sophie opened the door, her face lighting up when she saw me. "Jenna! You made it!" she exclaimed, pulling me into a tight hug. I squeezed her back. Now that I was here, it felt nice to see her. I hadn't spent any time with the rest of my friends this summer, so maybe tonight would be fun after all.

"Hey, Soph," I said, hugging her back. "This is Tony. He's... here to make sure I stay out of trouble."

Sophie raised an eyebrow, looking Tony up and down and then back to me. "Well, you definitely brought the muscle. Nice to meet you, Tony."

"Nice to meet you too, Sophie," Tony said with a friendly smile. "Don't worry, I'm just here to make sure Jenna has a good time."

Sophie laughed, nodding. She didn't ask too many questions, which made her a really good friend for a person like me.

"Alright, come on in. Everyone's in the living room," she invited, bouncing on her heels and pointing down the hall like she was some kind of Vanna White.

"Lead the way," I said, my voice light, and she grinned in my direction.

The party was in full swing by the time we walked in. The living room was packed with familiar faces from school, everyone mingling, laughing, and having a good time. The music was loud, a mix of pop and hip-hop that made the floor vibrate beneath our feet.

Sophie introduced us to a few new faces. There was Claire, her bubbly roommate, who was already a few drinks in and giggling uncontrollably. Mark, a tall guy with a shaggy mop of hair, was setting up a beer pong table in the corner. Jess and Tara, my friends from freshman year of college, were sitting on the couch, engaged deep in conversation but looking up and waving as they saw me.

"Hey, Jenna!" Jess called out. "Long time no see!"

"Hey, guys!" I smiled and waved back.

Tony stayed close, but he kept to the background as promised. I grabbed a drink from the makeshift bar in the kitchen and took a sip, the cool liquid helping to relax me. Tony stood near the doorway, his eyes constantly scanning the room, but he gave me an encouraging nod.

"Go have fun," he mouthed, and I couldn't help but smile.

As the night went on, I decided to let loose. I had a few more drinks, the alcohol

making me feel lighter, more carefree. Tony watched me with an amused look on his face, his arms crossed over his chest.

“Be careful. Don’t have too many or you know who is going to be upset with you,” he said softly when I grabbed another drink.

You know who. More like I’m gonna show him.

“I will,” I promised, giving him a playful wink. “Just having a little fun and what Vincenzo doesn’t know won’t hurt him, am I right?”

He sighed and shook his head but didn’t say anything else, which I took as a green light.

The party got wilder as the night progressed. Someone started a game of flip cup, and soon, everyone was gathered around the table, cheering and laughing. I joined in, my competitive side coming out as I tried to beat Mark and his team.

“Come on, Jenna!” Sophie cheered. “You can do it!”

I focused as best as I could, flipping the cup perfectly on the first try, and everyone erupted in cheers. I’d played before, but I was on fire that night. When my team won, we all ended up drinking in celebration.

After the game, the girls and I decided to dance. The boys cleared the living room, creating a makeshift dance floor, and we huddled in the middle of it. I found myself swaying to the beat, my movements becoming looser and looser as a soft buzzing tingled beneath my skin.

Claire, clearly tipsy, stumbled over and grabbed my hand. “You’re such a good dancer, Jenna!”

“Thanks!” I laughed, twirling her around. “You are too!”

The night continued, and the drinks flowed freely. I felt myself getting tipsier, my laughter louder, my movements more exaggerated.

At one point, Tara came over, her eyes wide with curiosity. “So, what’s the deal with Tony? He’s kinda hot. Is he single?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never asked,” I laughed, feeling giddy.

“Well, I’m going to find out,” Tara said with a mischievous grin. She sauntered over to Tony and flipped her hair over her shoulder. I watched as she threw herself at him, and he did his best to politely turn her down. He glared at me, and I shrugged my shoulders, chuckling to myself.

Serves him right.

I decided to grab another drink. The kitchen was bustling with people, but I managed to pour myself a generous glass of punch. As I took a sip, the room swayed slightly, the alcohol making everything feel wonderfully light and carefree.

Maybe I was a little more buzzed than I should be. Whatever. I was just having fun, right?

Suddenly, someone shut the music off in a hurry, and I heard someone shout, “Cops! The cops are here!”

Panic erupted as people started scrambling, trying to make a quick escape. My heart pounded, and without thinking, I bolted right out the back door.

I stumbled into the backyard, the cool night air hitting my face. I thought I was in the

clear until I felt a firm hand wrap around my arm. My heart skipped a beat, and a gasp flew free from my lips. I was just about to tell off whoever had grabbed me when I turned around to see a stern-faced police officer.

Oh, shit...

“Where do you think you’re going?” he demanded.

“Uh, just... getting some fresh air,” I stammered, trying to sound innocent. Was I going to get in trouble? I had a clean record. I’d never been arrested before.

“Not so fast,” the officer said, leading me back toward the house a bit more roughly than I would have liked. With every step, my heart dropped a little bit, but I didn’t fight the cop. Even as tipsy as I was, I knew better than that.

Once we got inside, Tony was already talking to another officer. He spotted me, a look of relief quickly coming over him. With a curt nod to the cop that he had been speaking to, he turned to me and quickly intervened.

“It’s okay, Officer. She’s with me,” he called out.

The officer looked between Tony and me, skeptical. “And you are?”

“I’m her dad. I just got here after finding out that she snuck out of her window tonight,” Tony said smoothly, his tone authoritative. “Please let her go and I’ll handle this.”

The officer noticed the tattoo on Tony’s arm and pointed to it. “Navy, huh?”

“Yes, sir,” Tony replied, his grip on my arm firm but still gentle. “Listen, if you let her go into my custody, I assure you, she’s not going to cause any more trouble

tonight.”

The officer nodded, seemingly satisfied. “Alright but keep her in line.”

Tony gave a tight smile. “Absolutely. Believe me, she’ll have a lot to answer for when we get home.”

“Back in my day, I’d have gotten the belt,” the officer said under his breath in Tony’s direction, and I looked at him with wide eyes. Did he really just say that?

Did he think Tony was going to do the same?

I was really too drunk for this.

Tony nodded solemnly. “Don’t worry, Officer. I’ll make sure she gets what she deserves as soon as I get her home.”

“What? I don’t want another spanking, especially another one with the belt!” I exclaimed before I could stop myself, the booze certainly loosening my lips right then.

The officer chuckled softly, and I wished a black hole would open up beneath my feet and swallow me up whole.

“Better be good on the ride home, young lady. It’s probably going to be a while before you’re able to sit comfortably,” he said, smirking with amusement.

“Yes, sir,” Tony grinned.

I definitely had more booze than I should have had tonight... I had to be imagining this... Was this really happening? No. It couldn’t be. I was crazy. Maybe I shouldn’t

have had so much to drink.

“Outside. Now. Or else I’m going to have to deal with you in the backseat and I’m sure these kind officers will look the other way, for at least for as long as I need,” Tony demanded. The officer nodded his approval and let us go.

I pouted, awash in more shame than I could have ever imagined, but I went along with Tony all while glowering to myself about the unfairness of it all.

As soon as we got outside, I glared back at him.

“I can’t believe you threatened to spank me in front of the cops,” I muttered.

“They don’t need to know that it isn’t going to be me that deals with you tonight. Plus, I’m betting that you and Vincenzo are going to have words when I get you home, so I’m not wrong,” Tony said with a wink, and I stuck my tongue out at him.

Shit.

“Wait. Do you really think Vincenzo is going to spank me when we get home?” I said, suddenly very worried I was really going to get the belt after all, and this wasn’t just a big ploy to embarrass me.

“Chances are looking really good on that front right now, Jenna,” he said with a shrug.

I stuck my lip out even further as Tony steered me toward my car. My legs felt wobbly, and I was struggling to walk straight. Tony scooped me up effortlessly, carrying me to the car. He buckled me in, his expression a mix of exasperation and amusement.

“I’m in so much trouble, aren’t I?” I groaned, leaning my head back against the seat.

“Vincenzo is not going to be happy for sure,” Tony replied, starting the car. “But for now, just try to rest while I get you back home.”

As we drove home, the reality of the night’s events started to sink in. I had just been having fun, but maybe I should have been more careful. I shifted in my seat, suddenly remembering how much his belt had stung as the booze started to wear off.

“I can’t believe I’m nineteen years old and my bodyguard is taking me home so my best friend’s dad, my boyfriend or whatever he is, can spank me,” I muttered under my breath.

“You’ll survive,” Tony chuckled.

“You’re no help,” I scoffed.

Vincenzo had given me the belt once before and it had hurt. I chewed my lower lip, my nerves billowing up from the tips of my toes. This whole experience was new to me. My parents had certainly never spanked me, not that they would have been around enough to do it, but here I was, coming home drunk from a party about to get it.

My head tried to rationalize how I could not be in trouble, but in every scenario, my bottom ended up bare and marked with Vincenzo’s belt.

The drive home felt longer than usual, the weight of what awaited me sinking in with every passing mile. By the time Tony pulled into the driveway, I was a mix of nerves and regret. Vincenzo was going to be furious.

And your ass is going to be really sore when he’s done with you.

Tony parked the car and helped me out, his arm around my shoulders to steady me. As we walked up to the house, the front door opened, and Vincenzo stood there, his expression a storm of worry and anger.

“What the hell happened?” Vincenzo demanded, his eyes locking onto mine.

“I didn’t mean to get in troubl—” I started, but the words slurred together, and I couldn’t make them better.

“She had a bit too much to drink,” Tony said calmly. “The cops showed up, and I had to get her out of there.”

Vincenzo’s jaw tightened, and he looked at me, his eyes blazing.

“Jenna, what were you thinking?”

I felt a surge of defiance, fueled by the alcohol. “I was just trying to have a good time. You’re not my boyfriend,” I shot back before I could stop myself. “You have no right to tell me what to do.”

His eyes darkened, and he stepped closer, his presence overpowering. “You’re more than just my girlfriend, Jenna. You’re mine .”

The intensity of his words made my heart skip a beat, but I was too tipsy and angry to process it fully.

“Whatever. You can’t control me,” I said as defiantly as I could because apparently, I was crazy-town insane.

Vincenzo took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. “Go upstairs and wait for me in my room. And Jenna? Your bottom better be bare when I get up there. Now go.”

Fuck.

That had gone even worse than I thought it would.

I glared at him, my hands trembling with a mix of anger and nerves.

“Fine,” I spat.

I stomped up the stairs, each step echoing my frustration. When I reached his room, I slammed the door behind me and flopped down on the bed, my mind racing. What did he mean by ‘you’re mine’? And why did it make my heart pound even harder than it already was?

For a while, I just pouted to myself and then I remembered his threat.

“Your bottom better be bare when I get up there.”

My fingers dipped to the waistband of my jeans for a second, but then I yanked them away.

Should I obey him?

Should I not?

I lifted my chin defiantly and huffed with annoyance. I wasn’t going to be a good little girl and just wait for him to come upstairs and deal with me as he saw fit.

Despite my annoyance over the whole situation, my pussy was throbbing like it had its very own heartbeat and I loathed that.

Why was I so turned on right now?

I glanced at the clock, watching the seconds tick by, and growing more and more nervous and aroused the more time that passed. Before long, my clit was thrumming with need and the urge to slip my fingers inside my panties and make myself come came over me.

Just when I was about to do exactly that, the door opened, and Vincenzo walked in, closing it quietly behind him. His expression was a mix of anger and something else—something deeper that I couldn't quite place.

“You had no right to go out and get drunk like that,” he said, his voice low and controlled.

I sat up, my defiance flaring again. “I’m an adult, Vincenzo. I can make my own decisions. You’re not my dad.”

He crossed the room in two strides, standing over me as I sat up to face him, his eyes burning with intensity, but he didn't respond. Instead, he just stared at me like he was trying to figure out what to say next.

“You’re right. You are an adult and I’m going to treat you like one,” he said, his intentions dark from his tone.

I looked away, the alcohol making my emotions swing wildly.

“Why do you even care?” I pouted.

Vincenzo knelt in front of me, his hands on my knees, forcing me to look at him. “Because you’re mine, Jenna. And that means I care more than you can imagine.”

I felt a lump form in my throat. The alcohol was wearing off and I was beginning to sober up, but that didn't stop the words from falling out of me.

“What are we, Vincenzo?”

He cupped my face in his hands, his touch gentle despite the anger in his eyes. “You’re more than just my girlfriend, Jenna. Make no mistake, you belong to me. You’re my girl, and that’s final.”

I searched his eyes, looking for the truth in his words. Despite my confusion and anger, there was a part of me that believed him, that wanted to be his.

“Now,” he said softly, his thumb brushing over my cheek. “You were told to wait for me with your bottom bare, weren’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” I said, dropping my gaze to the floor.

He stood up, and I could feel his eyes on me, assessing my emotions. I heard him take a deep breath, then release it slowly and my stomach tied up in a thousand knots.

“Since you couldn’t be a good girl and do as you were told, I’m going to deal with you like a bad girl. Strip,” he demanded.

When I didn’t obey right away, he cleared his throat and I swallowed, the heat rising to my cheeks.

I couldn’t believe he was doing this.

I couldn’t believe I was still so turned on either.

I don’t know how I managed to obey him. Somehow, my hands moved of their own accord, unbuttoning my jeans and shimmying them down over my hips. Slowly, I stepped out of them and tossed them on the bed. I gave him a pleading look, but his expression hardened, and I quickly pulled my shirt over my head. I threw it on top of

my jeans and stood awkwardly in my bra and panties.

“Can’t I just stay like this?” I tried.

Vincenzo slowly shook his head.

“I don’t want a spanking,” I whined.

“Don’t make this worse on yourself than it already is, baby girl,” he warned. “Now, strip or I’ll tear the rest of your clothes off for you myself.”

Reluctantly, I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra. I shrugged it off and then moved onto my panties. I gave him one last pleading look, but he wasn’t having it. With a long sigh, I pushed my panties down past my hips and stepped out of them.

Now, completely naked, I felt really unsure. With him fully clothed, this felt more real, more visceral. I was so exposed and so incredibly vulnerable. Vincenzo swept his gaze up and down my body, looking over my curves and I blushed hard.

I couldn’t deny the thrill I felt either.

Fuck. You’re so twisted, you filthy slut.

“Now, baby girl, the one thing you were supposed to do was stay out of trouble.”

“But it all turned out fine,” I argued, trying to dig myself out of the deep hole I had apparently already dug for myself.

He raised an eyebrow, and I fell silent.

Vincenzo reached down, grabbing my wrist, and pulling me toward him. His other

hand slid between my legs, cupping my bare mound and I gasped, the warmth of his palm against my soft folds making me moan.

“Now, naughty little girls get their bare bottoms spanked, but you’re not a little girl, are you?”

“No. I’m—I’m an... an adul—adult,” I managed shakily, but my nerves catapulted so high that I wanted to beg even though I didn’t know what I was begging for yet. Maybe I should have told him to deal with me like a naughty little girl because I didn’t know where this was going, but I desperately didn’t want to find out.

“Bad little girls who act like big girls get their bare bottoms belted before they get their tight little asses fucked,” he warned, and my eyes opened wide.

My asshole clenched knowingly.

I’d never had a cock in my ass before. Sure, he’d touched me there a few times and I’d come really hard, but that hadn’t been because of that, right?

He couldn’t be serious... He had to be joking.

“You can’t mean to—” I tried, but he cut me off.

“Climb up on the bed, bad girl. Now,” he instructed, and I bit my lip.

This wasn’t happening, right?

Maybe I was dreaming or something...

Slowly, I obeyed. I climbed onto the bed, the cool sheets feeling strange against my bare skin. My entire body trembled, the mix of nerves and arousal coursing through

my veins. By this point, I was entirely sober and quite sure that I was about to be very sorry, very soon.

“I don’t want you to fuck my bottom,” I whispered, the syllables suddenly hard to form.

“Then maybe you shouldn’t have been such a bad girl, Jenna,” he scolded, and I whimpered softly as I clenched my bottom cheeks together.

“Can’t you just spank me instead?”

“Not this time, naughty girl,” he declared. “Now lie down on your belly.”

I did as he asked, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. How could I be so afraid and so turned on at the same time?

“Reach back and spread your bottom cheeks. Show me the tight little hole I’m going to fuck in just a little while,” he directed.

My cheeks burned. I didn’t think my face could get any hotter.

I didn’t want to show him anything, so I delayed for a bit before he slapped the back of my thigh so hard that it stung. With a yelp, I reached back and held myself open for him, the cool air hitting the most private part of my body.

I hated that my pussy clenched at that exact same moment.

He groaned deeply, and I felt the mattress dip as he climbed onto the bed beside me.

I knew he was looking. Really looking.

He didn't say a word, but the silence was deafening. My shame spiraled as he stared down at me, and I hid my face in the bed beneath me.

“Wider, bad girl. Really show me that tight little asshole. If I have to tell you again, I'll be using your own arousal as lube. And don't think I can't see that sweet little pussy glistening with it. You're soaking wet. It's a shame that's not the hole I'm going to be fucking tonight,” he said softly, and my breath seized in the back of my throat.

I was mortified and yet, the idea of him fucking me like this made my body tremble with fearful anticipation.

Slowly, I opened my cheeks even wider.

“That's it, bad girl. I can see that virgin asshole clenching. Are you thinking about how it's going to feel to have my cock inside you there? How much it's going to hurt? How hard you're going to come?”

I whimpered, swallowing heavily as I imagined that very thing. His fingers had hurt pressing inside me there and his cock was so much bigger.

Just then, his fingers grazed over my bottom hole, and I started, almost letting go of my ass cheeks.

Oh!

“Keep those cheeks spread open for me, bad girl. I want your mind fully focused on the fact that this tight virgin ass is going to get fucked tonight,” he said darkly, and I whined quietly, too ashamed and aroused and nervous to form any intelligible words.

Vincenzo teased my opening for a moment longer before he pulled his fingers away

and dropped them to his waist.

I knew what was coming next.

I watched, my breath catching in my throat, as Vincenzo slowly unbuckled his belt, the sound of the black leather sliding through the loops echoing in the quiet room. My heart pounded, a mixture of fear and anticipation swirling inside me.

I was still holding my bottom cheeks wide open. I didn't dare let them go, not after his threat to use my own arousal as lube.

I had a feeling that would make my bottom fucking hurt even more.

His eyes never left mine, intense and unwavering, as he pulled the belt free and let it dangle from his hand. There was something both intimidating and mesmerizing about the way he moved, each motion deliberate and controlled, and I couldn't take my eyes away.

I bit my lip, trying to calm the frantic beating of my heart. Vincenzo stood before me, his expression hard, his muscles tensed. He was so powerful, so commanding and my fearful arousal reached a head.

"Can't you just fuck me, and I'll promise never to get so drunk again?" I tried.

His jaw tightened, his eyes flashing. He was definitely not in the mood to bargain with me.

He folded the belt in half and smacked it against his palm, the loud crack filling the air and making me jump.

"You may release your bottom and put your hands in front of you," he directed.

I did as he asked, placing my palms on the bed where he told me to. My nerves were skyrocketing now, the anticipation almost too much to bear. Without a word, Vincenzo placed the belt beside me on the bed and grasped my wrists.

Using the same cuffs that he'd used when he'd eaten out my pussy yesterday, he bound my hands above my head.

“You’re going to want to reach back, and I don’t want those pretty fingers to get hurt,” he said softly.

I blinked in surprise.

That meant this was going to sting, really sting , but he didn’t want to truly hurt me.

That only made my pussy clench down harder.

I could hear his breath quicken and knew that he was just as turned on as I was, and that somehow made me feel less ashamed.

I turned my head, watching as he reached down, grasped the belt, and raised it above his head.

“I’m going to enjoy this, bad girl. You might not, but your wet little pussy tells me that you will on some level, at least,” he smirked.

Then he brought down the belt.

The sound of leather meeting flesh rang out, and a fiery line of pain bloomed across my bottom. I cried out, the sharp sting taking my breath away.

The belt landed again and again, painting my bottom with fire. He wasn’t playing

games. There were no warmup strikes. Each lash was simply hard from the very beginning. My ass burned, and I kicked my feet, the pain searing into my soul.

I bit my lip, trying to tell myself that I would keep quiet, that I would take this like the big girl I said I was, but I knew I was only kidding myself.

I could probably only take a few more like this without making a sound.

The belt fell again and again, my bottom blazing with pain. I scrunched up my face, and I struggled against the cuffs, the leather digging into my wrists.

The belt came down harder and I lost my battle to be silent. A high-pitched yelp escaped my lips, but that didn't stop the horrid leather strap from falling again.

And again.

My bottom was a furnace now, the flames licking at every inch. I tried to focus on my breathing, to stay calm and quiet, but the pain was too intense, and I couldn't keep my mouth shut.

A terrible thought came to mind just then. Tony was just downstairs. He'd be able to hear everything, every cry, every lash and by the sound alone, he'd know my bottom was entirely bare. He'd know how Vincenzo dealt with me like the bad girl I was.

Vincenzo landed another stroke, and a cry tore from me, my voice loud and desperate.

There was no way he wouldn't have heard that.

The belt whipped from the tops of my cheeks all the way down to the tops of my thighs. Before too long, the entire surface of my ass was aflame, but that wasn't the

worst part of all.

My pussy was soaking wet. Despite the pain, the humiliation, the shame, my body betrayed me, responding with desire instead.

And that wasn't the end of it...

In a short while, his cock was going to be inside my burning bottom, and I hated how turned on I was just thinking about it.

Vincenzo brought the belt down again and a wail poured out of me. I bucked my hips, the pain too much to bear.

“When you’ve had enough, you will beg me to fuck that tight little bottom,” he instructed.

I gritted my teeth, refusing to give him what he wanted. I wasn't going to beg for anything, especially not to be fucked in the ass.

The belt struck my bottom again and another cry flew out of me. Somehow, the spanking grew harder, fiercer, and the scalding hot fire grew even stingier.

My ass throbbed and ached, and the pain only seemed to intensify with each passing moment. Vincenzo didn't relent, the belt biting into my poor sore skin, and soon, I was desperate for it to end.

Still, I didn't beg for him to fuck me, but I knew I would soon.

When he started whipping the backs of my thighs, I knew it was only a matter of time.

With every strike, my pussy clenched, a mixture of arousal and anguish surging through me. The heat was unbearable, my entire ass and the backs of my thighs burning with each blow.

And then, with one last swat of the belt, I opened my mouth and I begged.

Truly begged.

“Please fuck my ass, sir. Please, no more of the belt,” I cried out.

The belt landed again, a final lash across my bottom that seared hotter than all the rest. Without a word, Vincenzo tossed the belt aside, and I collapsed on the bed, my entire body trembling.

“It’s time, baby girl.”

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CHAPTER 18

Jenna

I swallowed hard, his words echoing through my mind. He opened the nightstand drawer behind me, and I turned my head to look, watching him as he withdrew a bottle of lubricant.

Fuck .

My heart raced, and I chewed my lower lip nervously.

This was really happening, wasn't it?

He coated his fingers with lube and then pressed them between my bottom cheeks. I clenched tight, wanting to fight him as much as I could while also knowing that a small, deep part of me wanted this to happen. I just couldn't admit it to myself.

He just had to take it.

I felt his finger press against the tight ring of muscles, and I held my breath, clenching down around him. At first, the stretching burn caught me off guard, but the deep ache did something to my insides that made my pussy clench down hard.

My clit throbbed frantically, but I did my best to ignore it.

Slowly, he worked his finger inside me, stretching the tiny opening. My breath caught

in my throat as the burn intensified and then began to ebb, and I gripped the sheets tightly, my knuckles turning white.

My mind raced as he worked his finger in and out, my body adjusting to the intrusion. He added more lube, the cold liquid making me gasp, and then slid a second finger inside me. I clenched down again, and the pain intensified for several long seconds before my core spiraled tight.

I knew what he was doing. He was working me open, getting me ready for his cock.

Oh, my fuck.

His cock.

The idea made my pussy clamp down hard, and a wave of pleasure rolled through me. His fingers pumped into me, in and out and I gasped.

I didn't want to like it.

I didn't .

And yet, there was no denying the desire burning in my veins, the way my pussy clenched and throbbed with need the longer he fingered my bottom and I hated that.

As if reading my mind, he leaned down and whispered, his breath hot on my ear, his words sending a shiver down my spine.

“If you want to come, baby girl, you’re going to have to beg for it.”

My body trembled, the desire overwhelming. He added a third finger, the burning stretch making me whimper and my core clench tight. I keened as he pumped his

thick digits in and out of me, opening me despite everything I was doing to try to fight against it, then he pulled them out and slapped my ass hard.

“That tight little ass is ready for my cock, isn’t it?”

“Please fuck my pussy, sir,” I begged.

“No,” he replied simply.

I heard him unzip his pants, and my heart pounded in my chest. His hand caressed my sore ass, and I moaned softly, my body humming with need. I didn’t need to look back to know what was happening.

He was freeing his cock.

He climbed over me, and I felt his fingers at the nape of my neck, his skin warm against mine. His other hand spread my bottom cheeks and I tried to clench them together, but the head of his cock brushed against my well-lubed hole, and I tensed.

“Relax, baby girl. The harder you fight me, the more this is going to hurt.”

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to force myself to calm down. It was just a cock, right?

Just a cock that was a lot bigger than his fingers had been .

Just a cock that was about to go in my ass.

His cock pressed against my asshole, and I sucked in a breath. I tried to relax, but it was nearly impossible, and my body fought him anyway. The burning, stretching ache returned, the intensity so much stronger than before.

Vincenzo was slow and careful, pushing into me with measured pressure, his body draped over mine, his lips close to my ear.

“That’s my good girl. Look at that tight little hole swallowing me up.”

My breathing hitched as the stretching ache became more than a simple sensation, and the searing pain took hold.

The fullness was unbelievable, the pressure so much more intense than I thought it would be.

Vincenzo pressed deeper, the pain increasing, and I let out a soft wail.

I didn’t know how much more I could take.

But, somehow, my body gave in, and I took every last inch of his cock like I had been made for it.

With one more deep thrust, his hips were flush against my flaming ass, and I whimpered softly.

I’d never felt so full in my life.

I squirmed beneath him, my body adjusting to the feeling of him inside me, the pain giving way to a strange sense of pleasure. I chewed on the inside of my cheek, my inner walls fluttering and clenching around him, which only made the deep ache return again and again.

It was like my body couldn’t make up its mind.

Did it want him or not?

Vincenzo began to move, his hips slowly pumping his cock in and out of me. At first, I could only feel the pain, but the pleasure followed close behind before I knew it. It was far more intense than I anticipated, and I closed my eyes, but that only made the burning sensation seem that much more real.

As his pace increased, I gasped, the pleasure taking over, and I began to moan. I could feel every inch of his thick cock sliding in and out of me, my tight channel gripping him like a glove.

Then he began to fuck me.

Truly fuck me.

As his cock thrust in and out of me, the burning ache transformed into something else, something deep and primal.

I groaned as he fucked me hard and fast, his hips slamming against my red-hot welted bottom, the pain and the pleasure swirling together. I pushed back against him before I could stop myself.

It hurt.

And it didn't stop hurting.

His cock was too big, and I wanted it out, but with every thrust, that thought became hazier. My clit throbbed, my whole body on fire.

I couldn't breathe.

Couldn't think.

All I could do was take it and I did. I took it hard.

And then something unexpected happened. I started to enjoy myself despite the pain. My pussy clenched, and I could feel the pressure building inside me. Vincenzo grunted, his hips slamming into me, the sound of flesh smacking against flesh echoing in the room.

I whimpered, my inner walls clamping down tight around him, and another searing hot lash of pain struck down deep into my core. He wasn't letting up and I knew he wasn't going to.

"Please," I pleaded.

I didn't want to come. I couldn't, not like this, but if this continued on, I slowly realized I wasn't going to have a choice.

"Tell me what you need, baby girl," he coaxed lightly while he fucked my ass even harder.

The pressure inside me was growing, the pleasure and the pain becoming one and the same.

I was close, so very close.

I didn't want it to feel good, and yet, I did.

"Please! Please! Please, sir," I tried.

I wanted his cock out of my bottom. I didn't want to come like this, it would be too shameful, too embarrassing, too positively arousing. But the pressure was building, and I was getting close.

So close.

Too fucking close.

The pain was unbearable, and yet, it only pushed me higher and higher.

“Are you going to come, baby girl? With my cock in your virgin ass?”

“Please! Please not that,” I pleaded.

My breathing quickened, my inner walls tightening around his thick length. The pleasure and the pain were too intense, and I knew it wouldn’t be long.

“It’s so very shameful to need to come while I’m punishing this tight little ass with my cock, isn’t it, baby?”

I blushed so hard that my face probably turned crimson.

“Please, sir,” I begged.

“You beg so very prettily, naughty girl, but my cock is going to stay inside this tight little hole until I’m through punishing it. Now, you may either come three times or none at all. Do you understand me?”

He punctuated each syllable with a hard thrust and my asshole pinched tight, the deep stretching burn almost more than I could bear.

“Yes, sir,” I wailed.

I tried to hold out.

“I think it’s time for me to really begin to punish this virgin hole of yours, don’t you, baby girl?”

His words, his dirty, filthy, humiliating, degrading words sent me over the edge, and my body spiraled out of control.

With a loud savage cry, I came.

My pussy spasmed, the waves of pleasure crashing over me, and I screamed. Searing heat surged up and down my limbs from my fingers to my toes and everywhere in between. My vision blurred, the world fading away as my breathing turned ragged.

My inner walls fluttered around empty air as my whole body quivered and shook. The orgasm was more intense than any I’d ever had.

I didn’t want it to feel good, but it did and somehow, that made it worse.

Somehow, it just made me come harder.

When I finally came down, I lay on the bed, exhausted and spent. With the pleasure sated, the pain took front and center stage, and I cried out.

He didn’t stop fucking me either. In fact, he didn’t even seem close to finishing.

I thought he was fucking me before.

He was really fucking me now.

Punishing me.

It hurt so much.

But now, he wasn't using his belt, wasn't spanking my bottom, or punishing my pussy with his fingers. Now, he was fucking my ass with his big cock. It was a different kind of hurt.

Just as awful.

Just as good.

"That's one orgasm, naughty girl. Now you owe me two more," he demanded, and my whimpers echoed throughout the room.

"No, please!" I cried out.

I didn't want to come again. I knew a second orgasm would make this that much more painful.

His cock slammed into me, his balls slapping against my bare bottom, and I keened, the pain growing more intense and then I felt it.

Pleasure.

It didn't take long for the desire for release to build once again, and soon, the pressure was growing along with it. My breathing grew ragged, and I gasped, the pressure almost too much to bear.

Vincenzo fucked me, his cock filling me, his hips slapping against my ass, the sound of flesh on flesh echoing in the room.

And then, it was too much.

I shattered before I could even think to stop it. The pleasure was indescribable, the

sensations unlike anything I had ever felt before. My entire body tingled, the waves of bliss washing over me, and I screamed so loud that it hurt my ears.

White-hot bliss burned through my veins. Every nerve in my body ignited at the exact same moment, surging with sensations more intense than I had ever known.

Pain followed the intense rush of pleasure. My asshole clenched tight around his cock and a deep ache billowed through me as my core squeezed tighter and tighter.

Vincenzo groaned, his hips rocking, the friction driving me wild. My breathing hitched, and I could feel the pleasure beginning to build again.

I didn't want to come.

But I knew that there was no way to stop it.

"Once more, bad girl. Come with my cock buried in this tight hole. Come hard for me. I want to hear you scream," he commanded and despite everything I did to try to fight it, my body obeyed.

I exploded, my orgasm crashing over me like a tidal wave, sweeping away everything in its path. I moaned, the pleasure coursing through me, and I cried out, the ecstasy so intense it was deeply painful. One wave after another poured over me, pulling me out with the tide and then back in again. I screamed, my core detonating with pleasure and pain and everything in between.

His cock swelled inside of me, and he thrust several times harder than all the rest and then he was filling me with his cum.

The heat, the pressure, the pain, the pleasure, my never-ending orgasm, it was all too much.

My breath hitched in the back of my throat.

“I’m sorry,” I managed, before a sob broke free. The tears began to fall, my body trembling, the shame washing over me. I couldn’t stop it, couldn’t hold back any longer, the floodgates opening and releasing a torrent of tears.

My orgasm still continued on as my body milked him of every drop of his cum.

Vincenzo leaned forward, pressing his body to mine. His hand stroked my hair, his lips pressed a kiss to my temple, and I wept.

“I forgave you before you even walked in my front door, baby girl,” he whispered, and I cried even harder as the last dregs of my release pounded through me. His hips pumped back and forth, extending my orgasm even further before it began to quell.

When it was finally over, I was left shaking and sated and more punished than I had ever felt in my life.

Gently, he released the cuffs holding my wrists and gathered me in his arms.

I sobbed against his chest.

Vincenzo was quiet, holding me tightly, his strong arms wrapped around me. His fingertips traced up and down my spine, soothing me, comforting me and slowly, my cries quieted until the only thing left was the gentle sounds of our breathing mingling together.

In the silence, his hands caressed me, stroking and teasing, his lips placing tender kisses across my forehead and my cheeks. I felt cherished, loved, and that feeling was like a balm on my well-punished soul.

Then I realized something.

I felt so free.

Like a weight had been lifted from my shoulders that I hadn't realized was even there in the first place.

He hadn't said a word since he'd told me that he had already forgiven me and yet, he didn't need to.

The punishment was over, and we both knew it.

"There's my good girl, my very good girl," he whispered, and my heart swelled.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and squeezed, just as his arms tightened around my waist.

"I need to tell you something, baby girl," he began, and I pulled back a little to stare into his soulful green eyes. They glittered with feeling, and I swallowed hard.

"I can't fathom anything ever happening to you. I love you, baby girl."

My heart split into a thousand pieces and then came back together again.

"I love you too, Vincenzo," I admitted, staring into his eyes and meaning every word.

With a gentle kiss, our lips met. It was tender and sweet, and filled with so much emotion that it hurt in a way. When we parted, the world spun around us, and the room fell away.

"You're mine, Jenna. Not just for a day or a week or even a month. You're mine,

forever.”

CHAPTER 19

Vincenzo

Gently, I gathered Jenna in my arms and carried her into the bathroom. I'd been extremely rough with her, but she'd needed me to be. She might have been a bad girl, but that didn't mean I didn't want her, or that I didn't love her.

The total opposite, in fact.

She was so very special to me and that meant that I would be there to love her, punish her, and take care of her however she needed, whenever she needed.

The fact that she trusted me enough to allow me to punish her the way she needed made my heart swell.

I loved this woman, truly, madly, and deeply, and I didn't care what the world would think. We belonged to each other, and I would burn the world to ash to make sure she was taken care of.

She was mine, and I would keep her forever.

Her body was warm and soft against mine, and she relaxed in my arms, her breath coming in soft puffs against the hollow of my neck. With every step, I felt closer to her, and I hoped that she did too.

"Come on," I said gently, placing her down on her feet in front of me when we

reached the bathroom. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

I kept my hands on her, keeping her steady as I turned on the tap for the tub, adjusting the temperature until it was just right. The water quickly warmed, filling the room with steam. I glanced at Jenna, who watched me with wide, trusting eyes.

“Climb in,” I instructed softly. She hesitated for a moment before stepping into the warm bath. I offered her a steadying hand and she took it.

I grabbed a washcloth and some soap, kneeling beside the tub.

“Lean back and relax, Jenna. Let me take care of you.”

As she settled into the water, I gently began to wash her, my movements tender and careful. I started with her shoulders, working my way down her arms, then moved to her back, massaging away the tension with each stroke. She sighed, her eyes closing as she leaned into my touch.

“You’re safe with me,” I murmured, kissing her forehead. “I promise.”

I continued to bathe her, my hands gliding over her soft skin, caressing her with all the love and care I could muster. I wanted her to know that she was cherished, that despite the roughness of her punishment, I would always be there to pick up the pieces and soothe her.

When I finished, I gently rinsed her off and helped her out of the tub. Wrapping her in a plush towel, I dried her off, taking my time to ensure she felt every bit of my affection. Once she was dry, I scooped her up in my arms and carried her back into the bedroom.

She snuggled against my chest, her body relaxing in my embrace. I laid her down on

the bed, tucking her in under the covers.

I climbed in beside her, pulling her close. She rested her head on my chest, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on my skin.

“Thank you, Vincenzo,” she whispered, her voice heavy with emotion.

“You don’t need to thank me,” I replied, kissing the top of her head. “I’m here for you, always.”

And I meant every word.

A few days later

I’d put Jenna to bed a short time ago after wearing her out with my tongue for a good long while. She was asleep now, her breathing steady and calm beside me. I watched her for a few moments, feeling a mix of protectiveness and love for her, but there was something else too.

I couldn’t shake the nagging anxiety that gnawed at the back of my mind.

Carlo Ricci was still out there.

I slipped out of bed quietly, careful not to wake her, and pulled on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. I needed to clear my head, and the best way to do that was to ensure the property was secure and that my Jenna was safe.

I found Tony in my office, seated at my desk with a cup of coffee, his eyes scanning the security monitors. He looked up as I entered, his expression a mix of alertness and concern.

“Couldn’t sleep?” he asked, setting his cup down.

I shook my head. “Too much on my mind. Let’s patrol the property. I need to get a feel for the place and make sure everything’s secure.”

Tony nodded, putting down his coffee, standing up and stretching his arms high over his head.

“That sounds like a solid plan. Let’s go,” he said, his voice all business.

We stepped outside, the silence enveloping the cool night air. Tony fell into step beside me, his presence a comfort despite the anxiety gnawing at me that night.

As we walked the perimeter, I couldn’t help but voice my concerns.

“This whole situation with Ricci... I’m afraid it’s going to get worse if I don’t do something about it,” I admitted out loud, and Tony nodded once before he replied.

“Ricci’s desperate. He knows you’re a threat, and he’s trying to destabilize you. But he’s making mistakes. The break-in was too obvious. He’s getting sloppy.”

“Still, it’s a mess,” I said, frustration evident in my tone. “I have to keep Jenna safe, but I also need to figure out what his endgame is. He’s not just going to want me behind bars after I take the fall for him. He’s going to want me dead so I can’t speak against him ever again.”

Tony nodded, his eyes scanning the darkened landscape. “We’ll figure it out. But right now, our priority is security. Once we’re sure the place is locked down tight, we can focus on what to do next about Ricci.”

We continued our patrol, checking every corner and shadow. The night was eerily

quiet, but my nerves were on high alert. As we approached the edge of the property, something caught my eye.

“Did you see that?” I whispered, pointing toward a shadowy figure skulking along the fence line.

Tony followed my gaze, his body tensing. “Yeah, I see it. Stay close.”

We moved cautiously, keeping to the shadows as we approached the intruder. The figure was dressed in dark clothing, blending into the night, but the way they moved through my property was deliberate and practiced, like they had some sort of training, be it military or private.

This wasn’t a random trespasser. This was someone important.

As we got closer, Tony motioned for me to hang back. He crept forward, silent as a shadow, his Navy SEAL training evident in the way he slunk through the yard. I watched, my heart pounding, as Tony closed the distance. I followed, but I kept my distance. For now.

Just as Tony was about to grab the intruder, the figure spun around, throwing a punch that caught Tony off guard. The two of them crashed to the ground, and I sprinted in their direction.

The trespasser was surprisingly strong and agile, landing several blows before Tony managed to get a solid grip on him.

They grappled in the dirt, a flurry of punches and kicks. The fight was intense, the sounds of grunts and impacts filling the night air.

The intruder managed to break free, pulling a knife from his belt and slashing at

Tony. Tony dodged the blade, countering with a swift kick to the man's chest that sent him sprawling to the ground.

The trespasser managed to get up, scrambling to his feet and lunging at Tony again.

Tony caught the man's wrist, twisting it until the knife clattered to the ground. With a powerful punch, he sent him reeling, then followed up with a knee to the stomach. The man doubled over, gasping for breath, but still tried to fight back even though he had clearly lost the fight.

With a final, decisive move, Tony pinned the intruder to the ground, his knee pressing into his back.

"Stay down!" he growled, his voice filled with authority.

The intruder struggled for a moment longer before going still. Tony kept him pinned, glancing up at me just as I reached them.

"We need to find out who sent this guy," he said, breathing heavily.

I nodded, adrenaline still coursing through my veins. I fisted my hands at my sides and glared down at the man pinned on the ground.

"Let's get him inside. We need answers. Now."

Tony hauled the intruder to his feet, keeping a tight grip on him as we made our way back to the house.

This man was going to talk, whether he wanted to or not. Tony and I would make sure of it.

We reached the basement and tied the intruder to a sturdy chair in the center of the room. I stepped forward, leaning in close and getting my first good look at the culprit's face.

The man had a lean, wiry build. His dark hair was just long enough to reach his shoulders. His face had a youthful appearance, and I guessed he was no more than twenty-five. Despite the dire situation, a smirk played on his lips, as if daring us to break his silence.

Fucking cocky bastard.

“Who sent you?” I demanded, my voice low and dangerous.

The intruder sneered, refusing to answer. Tony didn't hesitate for even a second; he delivered a sharp punch to the man's gut, causing him to gasp for breath.

“Answer him,” Tony growled, his eyes blazing with intensity.

The man spat blood onto the floor, his defiance still clear. We were going to have to step it up a notch if we wanted answers.

“I'm not telling you anything,” he replied curtly.

I felt a surge of frustration and anger, but I kept my cool, instead reacting with the kind of smooth calmness that had terrified many men in the past when I was back in the mob.

“You will talk,” I said, pulling a knife from my pocket and flicking it open. “Or I'll gut you like a fish, filet you open, and pull out your guts inch by inch until you scream for mercy and tell me what I want to hear anyway.”

The man's eyes widened slightly, but he still said nothing. Tony grabbed his hair, yanking his head back, and delivered another brutal punch to his face. Blood splattered, and the man groaned in pain.

"Who sent you?" I repeated, my patience wearing thin.

The intruder laughed weakly, blood dripping from his nose down to his mouth.

"You think I'm scared of you?" he spat, his voice starting to waver just a little bit.

We were finally getting somewhere.

Good .

I pressed the knife to his throat, feeling the tension in his body. His breath caught and I smirked, knowing it was only a matter of time.

"You should be," I hissed. "Talk, or this will get a lot worse."

He struggled against the bindings, but Tony held him firmly.

"You don't scare me," the intruder said, his voice shaking slightly.

Tony smirked, delivering another punch to the man's ribs. Honestly, he probably should have hit him a little harder.

I would have.

"Maybe not, but pain has a way of loosening tongues," Tony grinned. He was enjoying this. That much was clear.

The man gasped, his defiance finally beginning to waver. I could see the fear creeping into his eyes. I leaned in closer, the knife still pressed against his skin.

“Last chance. Who sent you?” I snarled while Tony gripped his long hair in his fingers. The man grimaced and I pressed the blade against his throat just hard enough to draw a single drop of blood.

There was a moment of silence, the only sound the man’s labored breathing. Finally, he spoke, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Ricci. It was Ricci.”

“Why were you sent here?” I demanded.

The intruder hesitated, and Tony twisted his hair harder, eliciting a cry of pain from the man. I cocked my head and stared into his eyes.

Eyes were always so expressive.

The man’s brown eyes, once defiant and calculating, now flickered with raw fear. His pupils dilated, the whites of his eyes stark against the darkness. Sweat beaded on his brow, his breath coming in shallow, rapid gasps. He was terrified.

I’d missed this.

“Tell him!” Tony demanded.

“I was supposed to plant evidence,” the man said, his voice breaking. “To frame you. Make it look like you were running guns to North Korea.”

I glanced at Tony, our suspicions confirmed. “And your name?” I demanded.

The intruder looked up at me, defeat in his eyes. “Luca Moretti,” he said. “But most people know me as the Phantom.”

“What kind of evidence were you going to plant?” I demanded, my voice cold and unyielding.

Luca swallowed hard, his gaze darting nervously between Tony and me.

“Ricci wanted it to look like you were involved in arms trafficking,” he admitted, his voice shaky. “We were going to plant documents, forged contracts, and manifests showing shipments of weapons. There were also going to be photos of supposed deals with North Korean operatives.”

I clenched my fists, rage boiling inside me. “And where were you going to plant this evidence?”

“In your office, your restaurant, and your home,” Luca continued, the words spilling out in a rush. “We had a whole plan. We were going to make it look like you were the mastermind behind an international arms trafficking ring. The evidence would have been undeniable. Ricci made sure it was enough to put you away for life.”

Tony’s grip tightened, and he delivered another punch to Luca’s gut, causing him to double over in pain.

Luca gasped for breath, his fear now fully evident. “Please,” he begged. “I was just following orders. Ricci threatened my family. I didn’t have a choice.”

“You always have a choice,” I said coldly, stepping closer.

Luca’s eyes filled with desperation.

“I’ll do anything,” he pleaded. “Just don’t kill me. I can help you. I know things about Ricci’s operations, things that could bring him down.”

I exchanged a glance with Tony, considering Luca’s offer. “Talk,” I said finally. “And make it good.”

Luca nodded frantically, the fear in his eyes mingling with a glimmer of hope.

“Ricci’s been expanding his operations,” he began. “He’s got ties to corrupt officials in several countries, and he’s been using them to smuggle weapons and drugs. He’s planning something big, something that could shift the balance of power in his favor. But I know where he keeps his records, his safehouses, his most trusted men. I can give you everything you need to take him down.”

I stared at him, weighing the sincerity of his words. “If you’re lying, you’ll wish Tony had killed you tonight,” I warned.

“I’m not lying,” Luca insisted. “I’ll prove it. Just give me a chance.”

I nodded slowly. “Fine. We’ll see if you’re telling the truth. But know this, Luca—you betray me and there will be no mercy.”

Tony released his grip slightly, allowing Luca to breathe more easily.

“We’ll keep him under watch,” Tony said, his voice hard. “And if he tries anything, we’ll deal with him.”

“Wait, there’s something else,” Luca said softly.

“What is it?” I demanded.

Luca licked his lips nervously, glancing between Tony and me.

“Ricci... he’s not just framing you for the arms dealing. He’s actually started dabbling in it himself. He’s been making deals with North Korean operatives himself and moving large shipments of weapons through his network.”

My eyes narrowed. “Why would he do that? He’s already got a tight grip on his current operations. Why risk expanding into something so dangerous?”

“Power,” Luca replied, his voice trembling. “And leverage. The deals with North Korea give him access to advanced weaponry and technology. It’s not just about money; it’s about having the upper hand over his rivals and securing his position at the top.”

Tony tightened his grip on Luca’s shoulder, but he let him speak. Luca took a deep breath and continued.

“Ricci’s working with the FBI. He’s feeding them information, but it’s all part of his plan to set you up. He’s making them believe that you’re the bigger fish, that you’re the one running the arms deals when it’s really him all along. They think they’re getting a major criminal, but in reality, Ricci is using them to take you down while he consolidates his own power,” he continued.

I felt a chill run down my spine.

“He’s playing both sides,” I muttered. “He’s using the FBI to eliminate me as a threat while expanding his own empire.”

Luca nodded frantically. “Exactly. Ricci’s smart—he knows how to manipulate the system. By the time the FBI realizes they’ve been duped, he’ll have already solidified his position and removed you from the picture.”

I exchanged a grim look with Tony.

“Why tell us this now?” I asked, suspicion creeping into my voice. “What’s in it for you?”

Luca’s eyes widened with fear and desperation. I would have felt bad for him, but with my daughter and Jenna at risk, I didn’t.

“I just want to keep my family safe,” he pleaded. “If Ricci finds out I’ve betrayed him, they’re dead. But if I help you take him down, maybe you can protect them. Please, I don’t have any other options.”

I stared at him, weighing his words, and trying to decide whether or not to trust him. It was a risky gamble, but Luca’s information was invaluable. If we could use it to turn the tables on Ricci, we might have a chance to end this once and for all.

“Alright,” I said finally. “You give us everything you know about Ricci’s operations, his deals with North Korea, and his contacts within the FBI. In return, we’ll do our best to protect your family. But if you betray us, you won’t get another chance.”

Luca nodded fervently, relief washing over his features. “I’ll give you everything. Just please, protect them.”

Tony released his grip on Luca, but remained close, ready to act at a moment’s notice.

“Start talking,” he said, his voice hard.

CHAPTER 20

Jenna

Maybe it was a bad dream or something else, but something woke me up in the middle of the night. For a moment, I felt incredibly disoriented before I realized I was still safely tucked in Vincenzo's bed.

And I was all alone. He wasn't anywhere to be seen and when I pressed my hand to his pillow, the fabric was cold. He hadn't been here for a while.

Where had he gone?

A pang of worry shot through me. I sat straight up, the cool sheets sliding off my skin as my heart pounded in my chest. My mind raced with thoughts of where he could be, and I chewed my lip.

What if something happened?

The rational side of me told me I should stay in bed, that I shouldn't go and look for him and that I should just wait for him to come back, but my curiosity got the better of me like it always did.

I slipped out of bed, grabbing one of Vincenzo's shirts and buttoning it up. The fabric was soft against my skin, and I pulled it up to my nose, noticing that his scent clung to it. It was a small comfort, but it did nothing to quell my anxiety.

Where could he be?

I tiptoed out of the room and down the hallway, my footsteps barely making a sound. The house was eerily quiet, and it made me feel on edge. Thinking he might be in his office, I made my way there first.

The door was slightly ajar, and I pushed it open, stepping into the room. The desk was cluttered with papers, maps, and files. There was a half full coffee cup, but when I reached out and touched it, I realized that it had gone cold too. If Vincenzo had been here, it had been a while ago.

I hesitated for a moment, feeling like an intruder, but then I steeled myself and put on a brave front.

If Vincenzo wasn't going to fill me in on what was happening, I'd find out for myself.

I started rifling through the documents, scanning them for anything related to his old boss Carlo Ricci because that was a name I remembered him mentioning. One file caught my eye—detailed logs of Ricci's operations. As I read through the documents, my heart pounded with a mixture of fear and disbelief.

The logs outlined shipments of weapons, coded messages, and payments that linked Ricci to arms deals with North Korea. There were also emails between Ricci and an unknown contact within the FBI, discussing how they were framing Vincenzo to make it look like he was the mastermind behind these operations.

The implications were staggering. Ricci was not only involved in arms trafficking, but he was also manipulating the FBI to eliminate Vincenzo as a threat. I felt a surge of panic.

What had I gotten myself into?

I needed air. I fled the office and started to head toward the front door, but then I heard voices coming from the basement. I stopped, pressing my ear to the door. Vincenzo's voice rang from down below and I chewed my lip, listening for a second before I heard Tony's voice, and then a third.

What was going on down there?

I jumped when the sound of a fist smacking flesh echoed from the basement and I covered my mouth, swallowing back a cry of shock.

Oh, fuck...

I needed to get out of here. Holding my breath and making as little noise as possible, I grabbed my keys, slipped out of the house, and made my way to my car.

The night was dark and silent, the kind of quiet that felt oppressive and incredibly dangerous. I fumbled with my keys, my hands trembling as I tried to unlock the door.

Come on. You can do this...

I froze when I heard a boot scuff against the driveway behind me.

Suddenly, I felt a hand clamp down on my shoulder. Panic surged through me, and I spun around, lashing out with my keys like they were a weapon. My attacker grunted as I raked the keys across his face, but he didn't let go. I kicked and punched, fighting with every ounce of strength I had. My heart pounded in my ears, making it hard to hear, but I didn't stop fighting.

I wasn't going to be a victim.

“Let go of me!” I screamed, aiming another kick at his shin. The man cursed and stumbled backwards, giving me a brief moment to run. I bolted toward Vincenzo’s house, but another figure appeared from the shadows, blocking my path. I swung my fists wildly, connecting with flesh, but it wasn’t enough.

A second attacker grabbed my arms from behind, and I struggled fiercely, twisting and turning, trying to break free. My breaths came in ragged gasps, desperation fueling my every move. But the man was too strong, and despite my best efforts, I felt myself being overpowered.

So I tried harder.

“Get off me!” I yelled, managing to land a kick to his knee. He grunted in pain, his grip loosening just enough for me to wrench free and make a run for it once more.

I didn’t get far. The first attacker grabbed me again, this time more forcefully. I felt a sharp pain in my side as he twisted my arm behind my back, making me cry out. Before I could react, a hood was slipped over my head, and my whole world was plunged into darkness.

“No! Let me go!” I shouted, thrashing wildly. I couldn’t see anything, but I kept fighting, my movements frantic and desperate. I felt a blow to the back of my head, and pain exploded and made stars dance behind my eyes. My knees buckled, and I tried to stay on my feet, but I felt dizzy and my head hurt something fierce.

“Stop struggling,” a voice growled, but I ignored it, my survival instincts kicking in. Someone dragged me along, and the back of my heels scraped against the ground. I kicked out again, but another blow to the back of my head made me quiet down.

“Please,” I whimpered, my voice breaking. “Don’t do this. Just let me go.”

They didn't.

The two men worked together to shove me into a trunk. I fought them every step of the way even though my head was reeling. I tried to scream, but the tight space and the hood over my head made it almost impossible.

Panic clawed at my throat as I kicked and punched at the unyielding walls of the trunk, but nothing I did made any difference.

Just as I started to lose hope, I felt another sharp pain at the back of my head as someone punched me for a third time. The world tilted and teetered off balance as my eyes rolled back in my head.

The last thing I heard before everything went black was the sound of the car engine roaring to life.

I woke up with a splitting headache, my vision blurry, and my body aching all over. My hands were tied behind my back, and my feet were bound to the legs of a chair. The air was cold and musty, and it took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the dim light.

As my vision cleared, I saw a man sitting in front of me, casually leaning back in his chair with an air of sinister intent.

He didn't have to introduce himself. I already knew who he was.

It was Carlo Ricci.

I had never seen his face, but there was no mistaking the ruthless gleam in his eyes and the cold, calculating expression on his face. This man was dangerous even to a man like Vincenzo and now he had me.

I swallowed hard and tried to size him up.

Ricci was a tall man with dark hair slicked back, his features sharp and angular. He wore an expensive suit that seemed out of place in the grimy surroundings of the room he held me captive in. His dark eyes watched me intently, a predatory smile playing on his lips.

“Well, well,” Ricci said, his voice smooth and mocking. “Look who decided to join us. Feeling a bit under the weather, are we?”

I glared at him, trying to mask my fear with defiance. He couldn’t know I was terrified. I had to be strong, if not for me, for Vincenzo.

“Who are you? What do you want?” I grimaced, deciding to play dumb.

Ricci chuckled, shaking his head.

“We’re going to have a chat. I know exactly who you are, Jenna, so we can skip the whole ‘who are you’ and ‘what do you want’ part.” He leaned forward, his smile widening. “Now, let’s get to the point. What’s your involvement with Vincenzo?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I lied, trying to keep my voice steady. “I’m no one important. He’s just my neighbor. I hardly even know him.”

Ricci’s smile turned cold, and he pulled out his phone, dialing a number.

“You see, Jenna, I don’t believe you. Let’s see if Vincenzo feels the same way.”

He put the phone to his ear, his cold gaze never leaving mine.

I held my breath as he waited for the call to connect. When he finally spoke, his tone

was dripping with amusement. “Vincenzo, I have something you might be interested in. Or rather, someone.” He paused for a moment, staring at me with a wicked grin, and then said, “Jenna Michaels.”

I couldn’t hear Vincenzo’s response, but Ricci’s smile grew wider, his eyes gleaming with triumph.

“Ah, I see. So, she does mean something to you.” He looked at me, his smile turning into a smirk. “You really should have been more honest with me, Jenna.”

My heart sank as I realized the jig was up. Ricci now knew that I was someone important to Vincenzo, and that put me in even greater danger. I opened my mouth to say something, but Ricci shook his head.

“I’d like to see you try,” he snarled into the phone.

Without another word, Ricci ended the call and slipped the phone back into his pocket, his dangerous gaze never wavering from mine.

“You see, Jenna, it’s always better to tell the truth. But now that I know how valuable you are, we can have a more... productive conversation.”

I swallowed hard, trying to keep my composure. “What do you want from me?”

“It’s simple,” Ricci said, leaning back in his chair. “I want to know everything you know about Vincenzo’s plans. And if you don’t cooperate, well, let’s just say there are many ways that I can employ to make you talk.”

I felt a surge of fear, but I knew I had to stay strong. I couldn’t give Ricci what he wanted, no matter the cost.

I just hoped that Vincenzo would find me before it was too late.

CHAPTER 21

Vincenzo

The basement felt colder than usual as I leaned against the wall, watching Tony keep a close eye on Luca.

I needed a plan, and I needed it fast.

I pulled out my phone and dialed Logan's number. It rang twice before he picked up.

"Vincenzo," Logan greeted, his voice tinged with concern. "What's going on?"

"I need your help, Logan. We need to expose Ricci's real operations and clear my name. Can you get me everything on his current whereabouts and dealings? We need concrete evidence to turn this whole thing around."

I wanted all of that to back up Luca's claims. I needed all of the information that was out there before I made a move. I'd learned that lesson more than once in the past and I didn't mean to make that mistake again.

"I'll see what I can dig up," Logan said, the sound of typing echoing through the line. "But it's not going to be easy. Ricci's been careful. If he's really involved with North Korean operatives, we're dealing with international waters here. It complicates things."

"I know," I said, running a hand through my hair. "But we don't have a choice. We

need to act fast before Ricci solidifies his position. I can't let him win, Logan. Not when so much is at stake."

"I'll get started right away," Logan promised. "I'll need a few hours, but I'll find something. In the meantime, keep a low profile. If the FBI's already watching you, any sudden moves could make things worse."

"I understand," I replied. "But we can't stay passive. We need to gather our own evidence, and we need to stay one step ahead of Ricci."

"Agreed. I'll send you everything I find as soon as I have it," Logan assured. "Stay safe, Vincenzo. This is a dangerous game you're playing."

"Thanks, Logan," I said.

"Just make sure you come out of this in one piece," Logan replied before hanging up.

I slipped my phone back into my pocket, my mind already working through the next steps. The tension between my duty to handle this situation with Ricci and my feelings for Jenna gnawed at me, but I couldn't afford to let my emotions cloud my judgment.

There was too much at risk. Especially right now.

I turned to Tony, who was still standing guard over Luca. "Logan's on it. He's going to dig up everything he can on Ricci's whereabouts. We need to be ready to move as soon as we get the information."

Tony nodded, his expression serious. "We'll get him, boss. Ricci won't know what hit him."

I glanced back at Luca, who was watching us with a mixture of fear and resignation. “Keep an eye on him,” I said to Tony. “We can’t afford any surprises.”

Tony gave a sharp nod. “You got it.”

I headed upstairs, my thoughts heavy with the weight of the situation. I wanted to check on Jenna and make sure she was alright.

As I reached the top of the stairs, I paused, taking a deep breath. I opened my bedroom door and stopped in my tracks.

Jenna was nowhere to be found.

Then my phone rang.

CHAPTER 22

Vincenzo

I snatched my phone out of my pocket, my eyes narrowing when I saw the caller ID.

It was Ricci's old number.

"What the hell do you want, Ricci?" I growled, answering the call.

"Vincenzo, I have something you might be interested in. Or rather, someone," he said. His voice was smooth and mocking, grating on my already frayed nerves.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I asked.

There was a pause, and then Ricci's voice oozed with a dangerous sense of satisfaction. My hackles rose immediately.

"Jenna Michaels."

My blood ran cold, and my heart stopped. Every muscle in my body tensed and rage coiled from the very pit of my bones. I nearly growled into the phone.

"What have you done with her?" I demanded, my voice trembling with barely contained fury.

If he was here in front of me, I'd rip his head from his neck with my bare hands.

Ricci chuckled, clearly enjoying this. “Ah, I see. So, she does mean something to you.” He paused, his next words dripping with menace. “You really should have been more honest with me, Jenna.”

I could hear Jenna’s muffled cries in the background, and it took everything in me not to lose control. I needed to keep a level head for her right now. Her life depended on it. If I made the wrong move, Ricci could kill her and then I’d never get her back.

“If you touch her, I swear I will kill you,” I snarled. “This is between you and me, Ricci. Let her go. I’m warning you. If you harm her, there will be nowhere on this earth you can hide from me. I will hunt you down and make you pay.”

Ricci’s laugh was cold and unfeeling. “I’d like to see you try.”

With that, the line went dead.

I stared at the phone, a mixture of fear and rage boiling inside me. I had to find her, and I had to do it fast.

I rushed back down into the basement, my mind already forming a plan. Tony was waiting for me, his expression grim.

“It’s Ricci,” I said, my voice tight with anger. “He has Jenna. We need to move now.”

“Fuck. What’s the plan?” Tony exclaimed, his concern written all over his face.

“Logan’s working on getting Ricci’s whereabouts,” I said, pulling out my phone and dialing Logan’s number. “But we don’t have time to wait. We need to hit Ricci where it hurts and make him show his hand.”

As the phone rang, I looked at Tony, determination hardening my resolve. “We’re going to end this once and for all.”

Tony nodded, his eyes cold and focused. “Let’s do it.”

When Logan picked up, I quickly filled him in on the situation. “Logan, we need everything you’ve got on Ricci’s current location. Right now.”

“Give me a few more minutes,” Logan replied, urgency in his voice. “I’ll get you the intel you need.”

I ended the call and I looked at Tony. “Get the men ready. We’re going in as soon as we have a location.”

After a few tense minutes, my phone buzzed again, and I quickly answered, seeing Logan’s name flash on the screen.

“Logan, tell me you have something,” I said quickly.

“I traced the number Ricci called from,” Logan said, his voice tense but steady. “It’s coming from a warehouse in the industrial district. 523 Carson Street. I’m sending you the coordinates now.”

My heart pounded as I memorized the address. “Got it. Thanks, Logan.”

“Be careful, Vincenzo,” Logan added. “Ricci’s not going to make this easy. He’s going to be expecting you.”

“I know,” I replied, my voice grim. “But he has no idea what’s coming for him. Stay by your phone. We might need backup.”

“Will do,” Logan said before hanging up.

I turned back to Tony. The look of fury on his face matched my own.

“523 Carson Street. Ricci’s holed up in a warehouse there. Call the men. Let’s move. Now.”

Tony and I stood at the edge of the industrial district, staring at the imposing warehouse. My mind raced with thoughts of my Jenna. I took a deep breath, steeling myself for what was to come. Her life depended on me making all the right moves. I couldn’t be careless right now. I had to be smart.

“Remember, silent and fast,” I whispered to Tony. “We can’t afford any mistakes.”

Tony nodded, his expression grim. “Let’s do this.”

We moved in, sticking to the shadows as we approached the warehouse. The building loomed ahead, dark and foreboding, with only a few grimy lights illuminating the exterior. I could see two guards patrolling near the entrance, their movements lazy and un-alert.

Perfect.

Tony and I split up, each taking a different side of the warehouse. I crept toward the first guard, my heart pounding in my chest. As I got closer, I could see the outline of his gun holstered at his side. I waited for the right moment, then lunged forward, wrapping my arm around his neck and pulling him into the shadows. He struggled briefly before going limp in my grasp.

I dragged him out of sight, took his gun, and signaled to Tony, who was doing the same with the second guard. We regrouped at the entrance, exchanging a quick nod

before slipping inside.

The warehouse was a maze of crates and machinery. We moved silently, every sense on high alert. I could hear the faint murmur of voices coming from deeper within the building as we continued on.

As we navigated through the maze, we encountered more guards. Each one fell silently to our swift, precise attacks. My mind was laser-focused on one thing: getting to Jenna as quickly as I could.

We reached a narrow corridor, and I signaled for Tony to stop. I peered around the corner and saw a group of guards huddled together, their backs to us. I motioned for Tony to follow me as we crept closer. Just as we were about to strike, one of the guards turned around, his eyes widening in surprise.

“Shit!” he shouted, reaching for his gun.

Tony and I sprang into action, taking out the guards in a burst of punches and kicks. The sounds of the struggle echoed through the corridor, and I knew we had to move quickly before reinforcements arrived. There would be no time to hide the bodies, so we were just going to have to leave them.

“Go!” I shouted to Tony, who nodded once quickly and then bolted down the corridor. I followed him as swiftly as I dared.

The warehouse seemed to stretch on forever. The voices grew louder, and I knew we were getting closer.

Finally, we reached a large open area in the center of the warehouse and Tony held out his hand, giving me pause. There, surrounded by a few more guards, was Ricci. He stood with his back to us, talking to one of his men. And there, tied to a chair, was

Jenna. Her head was down, her hair obscuring her face. She looked alright, but I couldn't be certain.

Rage surged through me, but I forced it back down. I couldn't let my emotions get the best of me. I needed to be smart for Jenna.

I signaled to Tony, and we moved into position, taking out the guards one by one. Soon enough, the other guards noticed, and the room erupted into chaos, the sounds of fighting filling the air. I fought my way through, my eyes never leaving Jenna.

Just as I reached her, a guard tackled me from behind, sending us both crashing to the floor. We rolled, grappling for control. He landed a punch to my ribs, knocking the wind out of me, but I retaliated with a sharp elbow to his face. Blood splattered from his nose as he fell backwards, and I scrambled to my feet.

Tony was engaged in his own fight, taking down two guards at once with swift, brutal efficiency. I turned my attention back to Jenna, but Ricci had already noticed the commotion.

Roughly, he knelt behind her and grabbed her, using her as a shield and I gritted my teeth as my rage burned inside of me.

I was going to kill him.

"Vincenzo!" he shouted, his voice filled with amusement. "Just the man I wanted to see."

"Let her go, Ricci!" I growled, my gun trained on him.

Ricci laughed, the sound cool and calculated.

“Not today, old friend,” he said with a smirk.

Jenna’s eyes met mine. Her gaze was filled with fear. I had to save her, no matter the cost.

Suddenly, more guards burst into the room, and the fight resumed with renewed intensity. I exchanged blows with one of Ricci’s men, the sound of fists hitting flesh echoing around us. I managed to disarm him, but another guard tackled me from behind, slamming me into a stack of crates.

Tony fought his way through the guards, but there were too many. He took a hit to the head, staggering back, blood trickling down his face. We were outnumbered, and I could feel the situation quickly slipping out of control.

Panic surged through me as I struggled to get back on my feet. The sounds of the fight were deafening, and I could barely hear Tony shouting over the chaos.

Just as I managed to stand, a heavy blow to the back of my head sent me crashing to the floor. My vision blurred, the world spinning around me. I fought to stay conscious, my thoughts solely focused on my baby girl.

Just as the darkness closed in, I caught a glimpse of Ricci standing over her with a gun in his hand, his sinister smile the last thing I saw before everything went black.

CHAPTER 23

Jenna

“Vincenzo!” I screamed, but my voice was lost in the chaos of the fighting.

The guard swung, and Vincenzo went down hard. My heart stopped.

No, this couldn’t be happening. He had to be okay. He couldn’t be dead. He just couldn’t be. I needed to get to him. I had to be sure.

Ricci laughed, the sound cold and triumphant. “Looks like your hero isn’t so invincible after all.”

I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. I couldn’t just sit here and do nothing. Desperation gave me strength, and I began to wriggle my wrists, trying to loosen the ropes. The rough fibers bit into my skin, but I didn’t care. I had to get free.

As I worked on my bindings, I glanced at the room. Ricci was momentarily distracted, barking orders at his remaining men.

He was underestimating me, and I wasn’t going to let an opportunity like this go to waste.

With one final, desperate effort, I slipped my hands free. I quickly untied my legs, my movements frantic and urgent.

I grabbed a metal rod lying nearby and rose to my feet. My vision swam, but I steadied myself, focusing on Ricci.

“Hey, Ricci!” I shouted, drawing his attention. His eyes widened in surprise as he saw me standing, the makeshift weapon in my hand.

“Sit back down,” he warned, but I was beyond listening at this point.

I swung the rod with all my might, aiming for his head. Ricci ducked, and the rod whistled past him. He lunged at me, but I stepped back, swinging again. This time, I connected, hitting him hard in the shoulder and he dropped his gun. He grunted in pain, his expression turning from shock to rage as it clattered to the floor.

“You little bitch!” he spat, grabbing for the rod.

I held on tight, refusing to let go. We struggled, the rod swinging between us, both of us fighting for control. He was stronger, but I was fueled by pure adrenaline and desperation.

I couldn't let him win. Not now, not ever .

With a surge of strength, I twisted the rod, wrenching it free from his grasp. I swung again, catching him in the side of the head. He staggered, and I took the opportunity to kick him as hard as I could. He fell back, crashing into a stack of crates.

I didn't stop. I couldn't stop.

I raised the rod again, ready to strike, but Ricci kicked out, knocking my legs out from under me. I fell hard, hitting my head on the concrete floor, and the rod slipped from my hands. Ricci loomed over me, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

“This ends now,” he growled as he reached for his gun. He cocked it and pointed it in my direction. I gulped as I stared down the barrel.

“Don’t do this, Ricci,” I pleaded, my voice trembling far more than I cared for. “Please.”

“Ricci!” Vincenzo’s voice called out from behind me. A blanket of hope came over me and I breathed a sigh of relief at the knowledge that he was alright. I wanted to turn around and run into his arms, but I didn’t dare move, not with a gun pointing straight at my head.

“Ricci,” he called out, his voice hoarse but firm. “Take me instead. Let her go.”

I tentatively turned my head and watched as Vincenzo strode up beside me. There was a small stream of blood trailing down the back of his neck, but he looked okay otherwise.

My heart pounded hard in my chest as my gaze flicked back to Ricci.

Ricci’s smile widened, his eyes gleaming with sadistic delight.

I hated him.

“And why would I do that, Vincenzo? She’s just as useful as you are, maybe even more so. She’s your weakness.”

“Because you know I’m worth more to you alive,” Vincenzo said, taking a step out in front of me. “Turn me over to the FBI. Use me as your bargaining chip.”

Ricci seemed to consider this, his eyes flicking back and forth between me and Vincenzo. He lowered the gun slightly, tilting his head as if weighing the options.

“Interesting proposition,” he mused aloud. “The FBI would certainly love to have you, Vincenzo. I know they’d cut me a nice deal in exchange for me serving up your head on a platter right to their door.”

“Exactly,” Vincenzo replied, taking a cautious step forward. “You give them me, and you’re free to expand your operations without any interference. But if you hurt her, you lose that leverage. I won’t help you if you touch a hair on her head.”

Ricci’s eyes narrowed, the gears in his mind visibly turning. “You always were a clever one, Vincenzo. Always thinking one step ahead. But I’m not sure I trust you. How do I know this isn’t another one of your tricks?”

“It’s not a trick,” Vincenzo insisted, his voice steady. “You know me, or at least you used to. You know I’d do anything to protect her just like I did for my Maria.”

Ricci’s smile turned cruel. “Anything, you say? Then maybe I should test that theory.”

He raised the gun again, pointing it directly at me.

“No!” Vincenzo shouted, stepping forward and reaching his arm out. Quickly, he pushed me behind him. “I’ll come with you. I won’t resist. Just let her go.”

“Alright,” Ricci finally said, lowering the gun just a little bit. “I’ll take you up on your offer. But if you try anything, she’s as good as dead. Understood?”

Vincenzo nodded, his expression grim. “Understood.”

Ricci motioned for one of his men to bind Vincenzo’s hands.

“We’re going to take a little trip to see our friends at the FBI. And Jenna, don’t think

you're off the hook. You're coming too. Can't have you running off and alerting anyone now, can we?"

My heart sank as they tied Vincenzo's hands and roughly jerked me away from him. Then Ricci's men tied mine and pushed me forward, making me stumble. Luckily, I caught myself, so I didn't fall flat on my face.

Fuck. This was bad.

The stakes had just gotten much higher, and I didn't see any way out.

CHAPTER 24

Jenna

The cold night air bit into my skin as Ricci's men led me and Vincenzo out of the warehouse. They shoved us toward a dark van parked nearby. I wanted to run, but when Vincenzo cleared his throat and shook his head, I stayed by his side.

My heart pounded in my chest, and my hands were clammy. I met Vincenzo's eyes, and his gaze was warm.

At least he was still with me.

"It's going to be okay," he murmured, the sound of his voice soothing to me despite the danger we were in. "Stay close to me. I'll keep you safe," he whispered.

"Shut up!" Ricci's voice cut through the night, sharp and menacing. He marched over, a cruel smile playing on his lips. "Save your sweet nothings for later."

We were pushed into the back of the cargo van, the metal floor cold and unforgiving beneath my knees. The door slammed shut behind us, plunging us into darkness. I could feel Vincenzo's presence beside me, his breath warm against my cheek.

"Jenna," he whispered, his voice low and urgent. "No matter what happens, stay strong. We'll get through this."

I nodded, though he probably couldn't see it.

“I trust you,” I whispered back, my voice trembling but resolute. I would be strong, not just for me, but for him.

The engine roared to life, and the van lurched forward. I could feel the vibrations through the floor, each jarring jolt sending a fresh wave of fear through me. Ricci’s men were silent, the only sounds the hum of the engine and the occasional murmur in the front from Ricci or someone else. I didn’t pay them any mind.

Instead, I leaned against Vincenzo, his chest warm against my back and I sighed a little in relief. He shifted slightly, positioning himself between me and the door as if to shield me from whatever was coming.

“We’ll find a way out,” he promised, his voice a quiet anchor in the storm.

“Enough!” Ricci snapped from the front of the van. “You’re not getting out of this, Vincenzo. Save your breath.”

The van accelerated, and I didn’t know where we were going. I tried to focus on the rhythm of Vincenzo’s breathing, using it to calm the racing beat of my heart. Despite all of Ricci’s threats, I had to believe we would find a way to escape.

We had to.

Minutes felt like hours as the van sped through the night. I closed my eyes, clinging to the hope that somehow, we would make it through this.

Suddenly, the van veered sharply to the left, and I could hear the distinct rumble of motorcycles behind us. My heart leaped into my throat.

What the...?

The van swerved again, and I was thrown against Vincenzo.

“Hold on,” he whispered, his voice tense. “Something’s going down.”

As the van accelerated, the roar of the motorcycles grew louder, the sound filling the air with a sense of impending doom. The van jerked violently, and I could hear shouting from the front. The bikers were closing in, their engines roaring around us like a pack of wild animals.

“What’s going on?” I whispered, my voice trembling.

“It’s an ambush,” Vincenzo muttered, but I noticed a slight smile on his face.

Wait. What was going on?

The van careened around a corner, the tires screeching as it struggled to maintain control. I leaned against Vincenzo, my heart pounding in my chest.

The van hit a bump, sending us both sprawling to the floor.

“Stay down,” Vincenzo ordered, his voice tight with urgency.

The van swerved again, and I could hear the unmistakable sound of gunfire. The back windows shattered, and I ducked, covering my head as glass rained down around us.

The van lurched to a sudden stop, and I was thrown forward, my head slamming into the cold metal wall. Dazed and disoriented, I struggled to sit up. The door to the van was flung open, and I was momentarily blinded by the harsh glare of headlights.

What the fuck was happening?

“Get out!” someone barked, and we staggered to our feet.

I stumbled out, my eyes adjusting to the bright lights, my legs weak and unsteady. In front of me was an intimidating group of bikers, their leather jackets covered with colorful patches and insignias. They looked like something out of a nightmare, their faces hard and cold, their dark eyes glinting from the soft glow of their headlights. My heart raced in fear.

Who the fuck were these men?

“Move!” one of Ricci’s men shouted, dragging me and Vincenzo out of the van.

As my eyes adjusted further, I spotted a familiar face leading the group.

It was Tony.

Relief flooded through me, but my fear remained. What was happening? Who were these guys and why were they with Tony?

“Ricci,” Tony called out, his voice steady but filled with underlying menace. “This ends now.”

Ricci’s smile was cold and harsh. “You think you can take me on? With this ragtag bunch? Fat chance, motherfucker.”

Tony’s gaze hardened. “These ‘ragtag’ men are former Navy SEALs and they’re with me. Plus, you’re outnumbered. By a long shot.”

I looked around, seeing that he was right.

For several moments, the tension radiated between the two groups. Then one of

Ricci's men lunged forward and utter chaos erupted in a matter of seconds.

Vincenzo pulled me to the side, shielding me as the fight raged around us.

"Stay close," he ordered, his eyes scanning the chaos for any threat.

Like a battle right out of Game of Thrones , both sides charged at one another. For a moment, I stood there in awe, watching as the fight began. The bikers moved with the practiced efficiency of a well-matched unit, coordinating seamlessly despite all of the mayhem.

The two of us stood there for a second until a biker with a mohawk and tattoos lining his arm ran up to us. At first, I flinched, not knowing what to expect.

"Shh. It's alright. We're with you," he said, his voice gruff as he flipped open a switchblade.

"It's alright, Jenna." Vincenzo nodded in my direction as the man moved behind us, swiftly cutting the bindings on our wrists.

"Thank you," I said a bit breathlessly.

"Get ready to fight," the man grunted, and Vincenzo grabbed my arm and tugged me close. The man that had given us our freedom ran off, diving back into the fight.

A gunshot rang out, the sound so close that my ears rang. One of Ricci's men fell, clutching his shoulder. The bikers pressed the advantage, their sheer force overwhelming Ricci's men.

But Ricci wasn't going down without a fight. He grabbed a gun from one of his fallen men and aimed it at me.

“Jenna, get down!” Vincenzo shouted, shoving me to the ground just as a shot fired.

The bullet missed, but the near miss left my heart racing. I scrambled to my feet, determined not to be a liability. Just as I stood, another of Ricci’s men lunged at me. Vincenzo intercepted him, delivering a sharp punch to the man’s jaw, followed by a swift kick that sent him sprawling to the ground.

The man recovered quickly, pulling out a knife and slashing at Vincenzo. Vincenzo dodged, grabbing the man’s wrist, and twisting it until the knife clattered to the ground. He delivered a series of rapid punches, each one landing with a sickening thud to the sides of his head. The attacker fell back, blood streaming from his nose and mouth as his head bounced against the pavement.

He didn’t get back up again.

Vincenzo turned to me, his eyes fierce.

“Let’s go!” he said, grabbing my hand and guiding me toward the bikers. We rushed behind them as they came together, taking a stand as a single unit.

It was then that I noticed that they were all armed. Each biker held a semi-automatic machine gun in their clutches, and they were pointing it directly at Ricci and his men. I took a step back behind Vincenzo, watching as the tension between both groups rose to the breaking point.

I swallowed hard, my nerves reaching a fever pitch.

“Give it up, Ricci!” Tony demanded, his voice unwavering. “You’re outnumbered and outgunned.”

Ricci’s sneer faltered, a flicker of fear in his eyes.

“You think that this changes anything?” Ricci growled.

Vincenzo stepped forward, his grip on my hand reassuring. “It changes everything,” he said, his voice cold and final.

Ricci glanced around, scanning each one of the bikers. For a moment, his eyes met mine, and I saw the desperate calculation flickering there. With a growl of frustration, he raised his weapon, and all hell broke loose.

Tony’s men opened fire, the roar of their semi-automatic weapons filling the night. Bullets tore through the air, the sharp staccato of gunfire blending with the shouts and cries of Ricci’s men.

Ricci’s men returned fire, and the bikers scattered, taking cover behind their motorcycles. I crouched low behind a bike, my heart pounding in my chest as the battle raged on all around me. The barrels of the guns flashed bright in the night, and the acrid scent of gunpowder burned in my nose.

Tony moved like a force of nature, his weapon blazing as he took down one of Ricci’s men. A bullet whizzed past his head, but he didn’t even flinch, his focus cold and unwavering. He was like a machine.

Vincenzo pulled me behind him, shielding me from the worst of the gunfire.

“Stay down!” he shouted, his voice barely audible over the noise of gunfire.

I nodded, my hands shaking as I clung to him. I peeked over his shoulder, my breath catching as I saw the sheer ferocity of the fight. Ricci’s men were relentless, but they were no match for the bikers’ coordinated assault.

The biker with the mohawk and tattoos lining his arms charged forward, taking out

two of Ricci's men like it was the simplest thing in the world. He ducked behind a motorcycle, reloading his weapon with practiced ease. Another biker, a woman with bright red hair and a fierce snarl, took aim from the back, her bullets finding their marks with deadly accuracy.

It was terrifying, really. I was glad they were on our side and not on Ricci's.

Just as I thought the tide was turning in our favor, Ricci sprinted toward me, grabbed a fallen rifle, and aimed it at me, his eyes blazing with hatred. My heart stopped, and I braced myself for the worst.

At this distance, there wasn't a chance in hell that he would miss.

Without skipping a beat, Vincenzo lunged at Ricci, tackling him to the ground. They rolled across the dirt, each trying to gain the upper hand. Ricci swung the rifle like a club, but Vincenzo blocked the blow, delivering a sharp punch to Ricci's jaw before he could hit him.

The impact sent Ricci reeling, and Vincenzo seized the opportunity. He grabbed the rifle, wrenching it from Ricci's grasp and tossing it aside somewhere into the woods. Ricci scrambled to his feet, drawing a knife from his boot. He slashed at Vincenzo, but Vincenzo dodged, the blade only grazing his arm instead of slicing open his torso.

Vincenzo retaliated with a series of rapid punches, each one landing with a sickening thud. Ricci staggered back, blood streaming from his nose and mouth. With a final, powerful blow, Vincenzo sent Ricci crashing to the ground.

The fight around us raged on, but I barely noticed, my eyes locked on Vincenzo as he stood over Ricci. He grabbed Ricci by the collar, hauling him to his feet.

"It's over, Ricci," Vincenzo growled, his voice low and deadly.

Ricci spat blood, his sneer faltering. “You think you’ve won?”

“I think you need to know when to stay down,” Vincenzo growled, and he threw him to the ground. He didn’t get back up.

“What do you want me to do, boss?” Tony asked, stepping forward, his eyes hard and unyielding.

“Bind him up,” Vincenzo ordered.

One of the bikers, with a shaved head and scarred face, stepped forward, a length of rope in his hands. He moved quickly, tying Ricci’s hands behind his back before he could make a break for it. Ricci struggled briefly, but a swift punch to the face from the biker left him groaning and compliant.

Vincenzo and Tony stepped aside, their heads close together as they spoke in low tones. I watched, my heart still racing from the adrenaline of the fight. Despite the victory, I could see the tension in Vincenzo’s shoulders, the worry in his eyes.

This was far from over.

“We can’t go to the FBI, at least not right now,” Vincenzo said, his voice firm. “If we do, we’ll have every lowlife and rival coming after us for being a snitch. I need to re-establish my power, show the world that I’m not some has-been that they can mess with.”

Tony nodded, his expression grim. “Agreed. We need to send a message. But how?”

Vincenzo glanced at Tony’s men, the tough, battle-hardened bikers who had fought so fiercely by our side.

“Your guys,” Vincenzo said. “They’re Navy SEALs, right? No mafia connections, just soldiers turned bikers.”

Tony nodded. “Yeah, they’re tough as nails and as loyal as they come.”

Vincenzo’s lips curled into a cold smile. “I’ll pay them a boatload of money to kill Ricci. Make it big, make it loud. I want everyone to know that I’m still the badass they fear. I want to take him out in the most over-the-top way possible.”

Tony raised an eyebrow. “You sure about this?”

“Positive,” Vincenzo replied. “We’re going to make a statement.”

Tony called over his men, explaining the plan in terse, efficient sentences. The bikers’ eyes lit up with anticipation, their grins savage. They were more than ready for the job.

Vincenzo turned to me, his expression softening slightly as he took my hand in his.

“This is going to get messy,” he said softly.

I nodded, my heart pounding.

The bikers quickly got to work, securing Ricci, and loading him into one of the nearby cars. Vincenzo and Tony exchanged a final look before Vincenzo took a step forward.

Vincenzo stood tall, his gaze cold and unyielding as he addressed Ricci. “You thought you could take me down. You thought wrong,” he called out.

Ricci’s eyes were wide with fear, his bravado crumbling in the face of Vincenzo’s

fury.

“You’re making a mistake,” he stammered. “This won’t end well for you,” he warned, but his voice was shaking.

Vincenzo’s smile was deadly. “It ends here, Ricci. And it ends with you.”

Tony signaled his men, and the bikers moved into position.

“Finish it,” Vincenzo commanded, and Tony raised his hand into the air.

The gang of bikers opened fire, their semi-automatic weapons blazing in the night. The sound was deafening, bullets tearing through the air, shredding the car and everything in it.

Ricci’s screams were lost in the roar of gunfire, but I was glad I didn’t hear them.

The bikers didn’t stop until their clips were empty, the air thick with the bitter scent of gunpowder. One of them, the biker with the mohawk, pulled out a rocket launcher from God knows where, and aimed it at the car. With a whoosh, the rocket flew, hitting its target and exploding in a ball of fire and shrapnel.

The aftermath was devastating. The car was a twisted wreck, flames licking at the debris. There would be almost nothing left of Ricci by the time it burned down.

Vincenzo stood tall, his expression resolute. He turned to his men, his voice carrying over the crackling flames. “Let this be a message to anyone who thinks they can cross us. We are untouchable. We are unstoppable.”

The bikers cheered, their faces alight with savage triumph as any of Ricci’s men left alive ran off into the darkness of the woods. Tony clapped Vincenzo on the back, his

grin fierce.

“You did it, boss. You showed them,” Tony cheered.

Vincenzo nodded, his gaze turning to me. He took my hand, his grip firm and reassuring.

“Let’s go home, Jenna.”

CHAPTER 25

V incenzo

The adrenaline from the battle was wearing off, leaving behind a dull ache that spread through my entire body. The ride back home was quiet, the roar of the engines a comforting hum that masked the chaotic thoughts swirling in my mind. I glanced at Jenna, her face pale and drawn, but her eyes were still bright with fierce determination. She was strong, stronger than I had ever realized.

When we finally arrived, I helped her off the bike, my hands lingering on her waist.

“Let’s get you inside,” I said softly, guiding her toward the door.

I led her to the living room, gently easing her down onto the couch. The soft lighting cast warm shadows across her face, highlighting the smudges of dirt and blood. My heart ached at the sight.

“Are you okay?” I asked, kneeling in front of her.

She nodded, but I could see the exhaustion in her eyes.

“Just a bit bruised and battered. Nothing too serious,” she whispered.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my hands as I reached for her, tracing my fingers across her cheek, and pushing a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

She was so fucking beautiful.

“Let me take a look,” I said, my voice gentle but firm. “I need to make sure you’re alright.”

I began to carefully inspect her injuries, my fingers grazing over her skin with the utmost care. When I lifted her shirt, I found a nasty bruise on her ribs and a few cuts on her arms and legs. Each mark felt like a personal failure, a reminder that I hadn’t protected her well enough.

I was glad that Ricci and his men were dead.

“These don’t look too bad,” I murmured, trying to keep my voice steady. “But we need to clean them up.”

I stood and retrieved a first aid kit from the bathroom, my mind racing with worry. When I returned, Jenna was watching me, her eyes filled with an emotion I couldn’t quite place. I sat beside her, the couch dipping under our combined weight.

“This might sting a bit,” I said, dabbing antiseptic on a cotton ball.

She winced as I gently cleaned her cuts, but she didn’t pull away.

“I’ve had worse,” she said, trying to smile through the pain.

I couldn’t help but smile in return. “You’re tougher than you look,” I teased, my voice soft.

“And you’re not as scary as you pretend to be,” she said, her smile growing and reaching her eyes.

“I guess we both have our talents,” I chuckled, shaking my head.

As I finished bandaging her cuts, she reached out, her fingers brushing against my arm.

“What about you? You’re hurt too,” she whispered.

“I’m fine,” I lied, not wanting her to worry.

She gave me a pointed look.

“Let me see,” she demanded adorably.

“Alright,” I conceded, pulling off my shirt to reveal the bruises and cuts from the fight. Jenna’s eyes widened, and she reached out, her touch feather light. My cock twitched and I tried my best to ignore it.

“Vincenzo, you need to take care of yourself too.”

Her concern touched me deeply. “I’m okay,” I said, though my voice lacked conviction. “Just a few scratches.”

“Let me help,” she insisted, taking the antiseptic from my hand.

I nodded, allowing her to clean my wounds. Her touch was gentle, each movement filled with care. As she worked, I found myself relaxing, the tension slowly easing from my body as I finally accepted that we were both alright.

“Thank you,” I murmured, my eyes locking onto hers.

“We take care of each other,” she said, smiling softly.

For a moment, we just sat there, the world outside forgotten. Her eyes bored back into mine and I took a deep breath, realizing that the worst was over. My Jenna was safe, and Ricci was dead. He'd never bother us again.

"Jenna," I said softly, breaking the silence. "I need to tell you something."

"What is it?" she asked, her eyes curious and attentive.

I took a deep breath, gathering my thoughts. "I've spent so much of my life trying to protect those I care about. But sometimes, I wonder if I'm doing more harm than good."

She frowned, her hand reaching out to rest on mine. "What do you mean?" she asked quietly, her curious nature shining through.

"I've lost people," I admitted, my voice barely above a whisper. "My wife, Maria. She was my world, and when I lost her, it felt like my heart was ripped out. Since then, I've been so afraid of losing anyone else. It's why I keep people at arm's length. But with you, it's different."

Her grip tightened on my hand. "I'm so sorry, Vincenzo. I can't imagine how hard that must have been."

"It was," I said, my voice thick with emotion. "But meeting you has made me realize something. I can't keep living in fear. I need to let people in, to trust that I can protect them without losing myself in the process."

"You're not alone, Vincenzo. I'm here, and I want to be here with you," she murmured, moving closer to me and I sucked in a deep breath. Her words hit me like a tidal wave, washing away the doubts and fears that had plagued me for so long.

“Thank you, Jenna,” I whispered, my heart swelling with gratitude and affection.

She smiled, her eyes shimmering with emotion.

“We’ll get through this together,” she whispered.

I cupped her face in my hands, my thumbs brushing away the tears that had begun to fall.

“I love you, Jenna,” I said, the words feeling both terrifying and liberating.

Her breath hitched, and she looked at me with such intensity that it took my breath away.

“I love you too, Vincenzo.”

I leaned in, capturing her lips in a tender kiss. The kiss deepened, my body pressing against hers as the world outside faded away.

When we finally pulled apart, I rested my forehead against hers, our breaths mingling in the quiet room.

Then, as gently as I could, I scooped her up into my arms, cradling her against my chest.

“Vincenzo, what are you doing?” she asked, her voice soft with surprise.

“Taking care of you,” I replied, carrying her up the stairs toward the master bathroom. “We both need a shower.”

She smiled, a small, grateful smile that made my heart swell. “You always know

what I need.”

I set her down gently on the counter, her legs dangling over the edge. I turned on the water, adjusting the temperature until steam began to fill the room.

“Let me help you,” I said, my hands moving to her clothes. She hesitated for a moment, then nodded, allowing me to undress her. I peeled off her shirt, revealing the bruises and cuts that marred her skin. My heart ached at the sight, but I kept my touch gentle, careful not to cause her any pain.

“We need to take care of each other,” she said, her fingers brushing against the bruises on my torso as I took off my own shirt.

I smiled, leaning down to kiss her forehead.

“We will. Together,” I replied.

I helped her off the counter, guiding her toward the shower. The warm water cascaded over us, washing away the dirt and blood. I watched as the tension slowly melted from her body, her eyes closing as she let out a sigh of relief.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” I murmured, my hands gently massaging her shoulders.

She nodded, leaning back against me.

“It does.”

I reached for the soap, lathering it between my hands before gently washing her. I moved slowly, methodically, wanting to take care of every inch of her. She did the same for me, her touch tender and caring.

“Do you remember the first time we met?” she asked suddenly, her voice barely audible over the sound of the water.

I smiled, the memory clear in my mind. “Of course I do. You were at Bella’s birthday party, trying to avoid all the boys who wanted to play with you.”

She blushed, the pink tinting her cheeks even in the warm steam. “I thought you were the most handsome man I’d ever seen. And the scariest.”

I chuckled, pressing a kiss to her shoulder. “And now?”

“Now,” she said, turning to face me, her eyes filled with emotion, “I see the man who saved my life. Now I see the man I love.”

Her words hit me like a sucker punch to the gut, filled with a mix of fear, gratitude, and adoration for the beautiful woman standing right there in front of me.

“Jenna,” I said softly, my hands cupping her face. “I love you too. More than anything.”

She smiled, leaning into my touch. “Then let’s promise to always take care of each other. No matter what.”

“I promise,” I whispered, sealing the vow with a gentle kiss.

Then I pulled away. Reaching for the body wash, I poured some into my hands and began to rub her back, taking my time and washing every speck of dirt and blood off of her. She moaned, the sound sending a bolt of desire through me. My cock twitched, growing hard against her back.

I tried to resist, but then she turned around and leveled me with a look. She cocked

her head, her pupils dilated so wide that her irises had almost disappeared. I swallowed hard, allowing my gaze to slither down her body.

Her full breasts were heavy, her nipples stiff with arousal. My gaze dipped lower, taking in her flat stomach and the curve of her hips.

“See something you like?” she asked, her voice husky and teasing.

I groaned, nodding as I reached for her. She came to me willingly, her body pressed against mine. I claimed her mouth, our tongues tangling in a heated kiss. She wrapped her arms around my neck, and I lifted her, her legs wrapping around my waist as I pressed her back against the marble tile.

My cock throbbed, desperate to be inside her. She rolled her hips, her pussy slick and hot against my thick length and my hips bucked.

“Jenna,” I growled, breaking the kiss.

“Take me, Vincenzo,” she breathed, her voice filled with desire.

“I should put you to bed,” I groaned as she rocked her hips again, driving me crazy with need. I wanted to slip inside her, feel the viselike grip of her pussy clamping down around my cock.

I didn’t want to be gentle.

I wanted to claim her, mark her, and make her mine.

She kissed my neck, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin.

“Don’t stop,” she murmured, her hands gripping my shoulders.

“You’re hurt,” I muttered, but my resolve was weakening with every passing second.

“Please,” she begged.

My fingers dug into her ass, my control slipping.

I had promised to take care of her.

But right now, the only thing that mattered was giving her what she wanted.

What we both wanted.

I caved.

Our mouths crashed together, the kiss wild and hungry. Our bodies were wet and slick from the water, and her pussy slid against my cock, the sensation making me groan.

I reached between us, lining myself up at her entrance. She was so fucking tight, so fucking wet, and I could feel her pussy fluttering around my cock as I slid into her.

“Yes,” she cried out, her nails digging into my back.

I started thrusting, my pace quickening as she met me thrust for thrust. The pleasure was intense, our bodies moving in perfect sync. I kissed her, my tongue diving between her lips to tangle with hers.

I devoured her as I fucked her.

My hips pistoned, my cock slamming into her, hitting her sweet spot. Her moans grew louder, her body arching and quivering. She was so close.

So was I.

“Come for me, Jenna,” I commanded, my voice strained with desire.

My hips jerked, driving my cock in and out of her pussy and pleasure billowed up from the base of my spine all the way to the tip of my cock.

Her orgasm slammed into her, her body spasming as she cried out, her eyes squeezing shut. Her pussy clamped down on my cock so tight that I feared she might break in half. Her nipples scraped against my chest, and I growled, fucking her through her orgasm, dragging it out second by second until she collapsed in my arms.

I didn't stop.

I fucked her harder, using her body for my own pleasure now that she'd found her own. Her inner walls fluttered around my cock as she met my gaze, her eyes half lidded with her own desire for more.

“Come inside me,” she breathed, her eyes locking onto mine.

I slammed my hand against the wall, driving into her with wild abandon, the sounds of flesh slapping flesh filling the air.

I didn't let up. I wouldn't.

“Please, Vincenzo,” she begged. “I want to feel you inside me. I want to feel your cum in my pussy.”

Fuck.

“Not until you come for me again,” I demanded, and her eyelashes fluttered as her

eyes rolled in the back of her head.

The tension built inside me, and I could feel her own release growing near. She was so tight, so wet, so fucking perfect.

Her body shook and she cried out, her pussy clamping down around my cock.

There .

I knew when my girl was about to come, and I pushed her right over the edge.

“That’s my good girl. Look at you taking my cock so well,” I praised, and her pussy clamped down tighter.

I grunted, my balls tightening and the pressure building until I could no longer hold back. I erupted, my cock jerking and pulsing as I came deep inside her.

She cried out, her orgasm tearing through her, her pussy milking every drop of cum from my cock. My vision went white as my orgasm seemed to go on forever.

“Fuck,” I groaned, finally slowing, my cock still twitching and pulsing inside her.

We stood there for a moment, our breathing heavy, our bodies slick and hot as the water pulsed over us.

This was fucking heaven and I wouldn’t trade it for the world.

CHAPTER 26

Four weeks later

Vincenzo

I watched Jenna as she shifted nervously on the couch. Her eyes flicked up to meet mine, and I could see the anxiety brewing in their depths. She was nervous and to be honest, so was I.

Today was the day Bella was coming home from her program abroad and we were going to tell her about us, which was something we both were extremely anxious about. My daughter was fiercely protective, and the thought of explaining all this to her was daunting, but I couldn't keep something as important as Jenna from her for very long.

We weren't that kind of family.

I walked over and sat beside Jenna, taking her hand in mine.

"We need to tell her together," I said softly, squeezing her hand. "She deserves to hear it from both of us."

"I know, but I'm scared, Vincenzo. I'm afraid she'll hate me," Jenna nodded, biting her lip and looking down at her fingers as they intertwined with mine.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair.

“Bella can be pretty intense sometimes, but she loves you. We just need to be honest and hope she understands. That’s the most we can hope for. She might be mad at first, but I know her. She’s a good egg.”

She gave a small, nervous laugh.

“Easy for you to say. You’re her dad. She can’t stay mad at you forever,” she said, her nervousness making her voice tremble the slightest bit.

I cupped her cheek, forcing her to meet my gaze.

“She’ll come around eventually. She’s going to have to, but until then, we’ll get through this together, alright?”

“Alright. Together,” she agreed, but her voice still quivered anyway despite my assurance.

The sound of the front door opening made us both jump. Bella’s voice rang out from the hallway, cheerful and light and my heart dropped out from its rightful place in my chest.

“Dad! I’m home!” she called out.

Jenna’s grip tightened on my hand, and I could feel her pulse racing. I squeezed back, offering her my silent reassurance before I let go of her hand.

“Stay calm,” I whispered to her. “I’ll handle this.”

Bella walked into the living room, her face lighting up when she saw us.

“Hey there, sweetheart!” I exclaimed. She grinned and I gathered her up in his arms.

When she was done, Bella stood up and gave her a hug too.

“Hey, you two! What’s going on?” Bella grinned wider, looking between the both of us.

“Hey, sweetheart,” I greeted, standing up. “We need to talk to you about something.”

Bella’s smile faltered, and she glanced between us, her eyes narrowing slightly. “What is it? You both look like you’ve seen a ghost or worse, pineapple on pizza.”

Jenna stood up, her hand still in mine. “Bella, there’s something we need to tell you. It’s... it’s important.”

Bella crossed her arms, her expression wary as she looked between the two of us.

“Okay, but I have something to tell you first and you can’t be mad...” she began, her eyes pleading, but before either of us could say anything, she took a deep breath and blurted out, “I’m dating Damon.”

I stared at her, taken aback. Damon was her bodyguard, a man I had trusted with her life for years. To say that this was unexpected was an understatement. A soft gasp escaped me, but I forced my mouth closed and swallowed hard before I dared say anything.

“You’re dating Damon?” I repeated, trying to wrap my head around the idea. “How long has this been going on?”

“A few months,” Bella admitted, looking a bit sheepish. “I know it’s a lot to take in, but... I love him, Dad. He’s good to me. He treats me well. I promise.”

I swallowed hard, trying to take in what she just told me as calmly as possible while

also knowing that I had a bombshell of my own to drop too.

Keep calm. You can ream Damon a new asshole later when your daughter isn't around.

"Sweetie, that's... that's exciting," I blinked, going through a range of emotions in a fraction of a second, ultimately deciding that being calm and understanding was the best route since I still needed to tell her about me and Jenna.

Bella's eyes widened in surprise, and she was dumbstruck for a brief moment before she spoke again, turning more suspicious by the second. "Wait. You're not mad? You're supposed to be mad. Who even are you? What's the catch?"

"You're my princess, sweetheart. As long as he treats you well and makes you happy, I'm okay with it," I laughed, shaking my head.

I was going to kill him. I mean, not like officially, but metaphorically. That was my little girl.

"Thanks, Dad. That means a lot," Bella said with a grin, her relief written all over her face. The suspicious glint in her eyes hadn't completely faded away yet though as she glanced between the two of us. "So, what do you have to tell me, Dad?"

"Actually," Jenna interjected, glancing at me nervously. "There's something we need to tell you."

Bella looked between us, her curiosity clearly piqued. "What is it?"

I took a deep breath, deciding to just rip the Band-Aid off. The longer I waited, the madder Bella was going to get.

Here goes nothing...

"I'm dating someone too," I began nonchalantly.

"It's okay that you're dating again. I've been expecting that for some time now," she smiled, her eyes holding mine, soft and sweet and everything my daughter always was, big heart and all.

"It's Jenna," I blurted out.

Bella's face went through a series of emotions—shock, confusion, and finally, a sort of resigned annoyance. She opened and closed her mouth a few times before she said anything at all.

"Wait, what? I don't think I heard you right... Did you say Jenna?" she finally managed.

I nodded, feeling a bit embarrassed under her intense scrutiny. I'd always held Bella in high regard and her opinions were important to me, so I prayed that this would go as well or at least better than I feared.

"Yes. I fell in love with her, Bella. I couldn't help it."

For a moment, Bella just stared at us, her expression unreadable. Then she let out a long, clearly aggravated sigh.

"Dad, you're seriously dating my best friend? This is ridiculous," she whined, flopping down onto the couch and crossing her arms in front of her chest.

She wasn't happy.

“Yeah. I know it’s a lot to take in, but—” I nodded again, bracing myself for the worst.

“Do you love her?” Bella cut in, her tone softer but still serious.

“Yes,” I said firmly. “I love her very much.”

Bella looked at Jenna, her eyes searching. “And you? You love my dad?”

Jenna nodded, her voice steady. “I do, Bella. More than anything.”

A small smile tugged at Bella’s lips.

“Well, this is definitely more than a little bit weird. But... if you both love each other, I guess I can work my way around to being happy for you maybe eventually.”

I let out a breath I didn’t realize I was holding. “Thank you, Bella. That means a lot.”

She raised an eyebrow, her expression turning playful, “But don’t think you’re off the hook. I’m going to be grumpy about this for days to come and you can’t even be mad about it,” she said, a smirk lighting up her face.

“We wouldn’t expect anything less,” I chuckled, feeling a whole lot better about the situation already.

Bella sighed dramatically, shaking her head and shooting Jenna a pointed stare.

“Seriously, Jenna? My dad? I mean, I know he’s got that whole brooding, mysterious thing going on, but couldn’t you have picked someone a little less... I don’t know, not related to me?” Bella whined.

I chuckled, shaking my head. "It's not like we planned this."

She rolled her eyes with the dramatic flair that only my twenty-year-old daughter was capable of.

"Yeah, yeah. Just promise me you won't get all mushy and romantic in front of me. I don't need to see that," she teased.

"Deal," Jenna said with a blush, but she smiled anyway.

Bella walked over and hugged me tightly. "I just want you to be happy. Both of you."

As Bella pulled away, she looked at Jenna with a teasing glint in her eye. "But seriously, if you ever break my dad's heart, I'm coming for you. Got it?"

Jenna laughed, nodding. "Got it."

"Same goes for you, Dad. You better not hurt my best friend," Bella said pointedly, shooting me a firm look and I couldn't help but chuckle.

"I won't," I grinned.

"Pinky promise?" she asked, holding out her pinky and I hooked my pinky with hers.

"Pinky promise," I vowed.

Bella nodded, seemingly satisfied. "Good. Now that we've got all of that settled, I'm starving. What's for dinner?"

"How about we order something?" Jenna suggested.

Bella grinned, her mood lifting. “Pizza?”

“Pizza sounds perfect,” I agreed, reaching for my phone. As I dialed the number and put in the order, I couldn’t help but feel a sense of relief. The hardest part was over, and Bella’s acceptance, even with the bit of ball busting only she was capable of, was more than I could have hoped for.

“So, Damon,” I said, leaning back in my chair. “He’s treating you well?”

Keep calm. You can have a talk with him later.

Bella nodded enthusiastically. “He’s amazing, Dad. He’s strong, protective, and he really cares about me. Plus, he’s got that whole bad boy thing going on, which is kinda hot.”

Okay, maybe a strongly worded talk...

Jenna laughed, nudging Bella playfully. “I can see the appeal.”

I grimaced and Bella laughed. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she turned to me.

“And you, Dad? How’s it going with Jenna? Anything I should know about?”

I felt a blush creep up my neck as I glanced at Jenna, who was smiling shyly. “I think we’re still figuring things out.”

I wasn’t about to tell her all the dirty things I’d been up to with her best friend. Some things needed to remain secret, including the fact that Jenna’s bottom cheeks were bright red beneath her jeans and my fingers were coated with her arousal because she’d needed a bit of stress relief before Bella had come home.

Jenna nodded, her hand finding mine. “We’re taking it one day at a time.”

Bella rolled her eyes good-naturedly. “You two are so cute, it’s almost disgusting.”

“Almost?” I teased, raising an eyebrow.

“Okay, it’s totally disgusting,” she laughed. “But in a good way,” she added with a wink.

After a little while, the doorbell rang, signaling the arrival of our dinner. I got up to get the pizza, and as I returned with the boxes, I couldn’t help but feel grateful for this moment.

Jenna and I had been so worried about how Bella would take it, that it felt good to finally have it off my chest. My daughter was important to me, and I didn’t want to keep something this big and this special a secret for very long.

We dug into the pizza like we hadn’t eaten in days, and when we were done, we cleaned up and settled back into the living room.

Bella stretched out on the couch, her eyes drooping with exhaustion. “I think I’m going to head to bed. It’s been a long day. The jet lag is rough…”

“Goodnight, Bella,” I said, giving her a hug. “Sleep well.”

“Goodnight, Dad. Goodnight, Jenna,” she said, hugging Jenna tightly. “Thanks for being honest with me. It means a lot.”

“Of course,” Jenna replied, her voice soft. “We love you, Bella.”

Bella smiled, a genuine, heartfelt smile. “I love you guys too. Now go get some rest

yourselves. You look exhausted.”

As Bella headed upstairs, I turned to Jenna, pulling her into my arms. “We did it,” I murmured, kissing her forehead.

“We did,” she agreed, resting her head against my chest. “I was so nervous, but it all worked out.”

I held her close, feeling her body warm against mine. “We’re going to be okay, Jenna. All of us.”

She looked up at me, her eyes soft.

“I know. As long as we’re all together, everything is going to be alright.”

Her phone beeped and she pulled it out of her pocket and tapped the screen. She giggled and turned the phone toward me so that I could see.

It was a text from Bella.

Sigh. You dirty little slut.

“If only she knew how dirty of a slut you can be, baby girl,” I growled, and she blushed hard.

“Only for you,” she smirked, her gaze smoldering with heat.

“That’s right,” I grinned. “Now head upstairs to our bedroom. When I get up there, you better be completely bare for me.”

“Yes, sir.”

EPILOGUE

S ix months later

Vincenzo

The past few months had been a whirlwind, but now, there was finally a sense of peace settling over our lives.

The investigation with the FBI had finally come to an end. Since Ricci and his men were already dead, it was easy for Logan to shift the blame in his direction, which took the heat completely off me. I sent Logan a case of his favorite energy drink as well as a lifetime supply of Doritos as thanks.

Luca, surprisingly, had come on board to work for me. He turned out to be a valuable asset, and despite our rocky beginning, I was starting to trust him. Tony kept a close eye on him though, just in case.

The biggest relief, however, had been the way Jenna's parents took the news of our relationship. I had been prepared for arguments and accusations, but they had surprised me. They saw how happy Jenna was, how much we cared for each other, and they accepted us with open arms. It was more than I could have hoped for.

I took a deep breath, enjoying the late evening breeze.

I heard the door to the balcony slide open behind me and turned to see Jenna stepping out, a gentle smile on her face. She joined me, slipping her hand into mine.

“What are you thinking about?” she asked, leaning her head on my shoulder.

“Just how much has changed,” I replied, squeezing her hand gently. “How far we’ve come.”

She smiled, her eyes sparkling in the fading light. “It’s been quite a journey, hasn’t it?”

“It has,” I agreed, pulling her closer. “But I wouldn’t change a thing. I’m exactly where I want to be.”

Jenna tilted her head up, her lips curving into a playful smile. “Even with all the drama and danger?”

I chuckled, brushing a strand of hair from her face. “Even with all of that. Because it led me to you.”

She blushed, a soft pink tinting her cheeks. “You always know what to say to make me melt.”

“It’s one of my many talents,” I teased, leaning down to kiss her gently.

We stood there for a while, just enjoying each other’s company as the sun dipped below the horizon.

“I love you, Jenna. More than anything,” I murmured, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

She looked up at me, her eyes filled with love. “I love you too, Vincenzo.”