



### The Godfather

Zane:

Those words sound like a dream, but I know my foster father better than anyone. He is ready to tear down my house for one night, and rebuild it the next day as long as he gets what he wants. I make a phone call for the gates to be opened and then I rush out of my room.

When I get to the stairs, I see Rufus at the foot of the stairs.

"Do you know the Godfather is here?" I ask, and he nods.

I stare at him with my hands on my waist, and my brows arched. Then I go in for a punch, but he ducks.

"I tried to tell you, sir, but you didn't listen. I... I... am sorry," he says, and I scoff, walking away.

Lately, I find myself angrier, and I can't tell if my workers are getting on my nerves or if it's Kiara.

As I reach the front door, the man who has shaped me into the person I am opens it, and we come face to face. He stands tall like he always does, and his feet look really strong. Wrinkles appear on his grey brows and his usual smile, which used to hang on his face, is absent, making way for his finely trimmed grey moustache.

There is an awkward silence for a while before he pulls me towards him.

"Zane, my boy!" he exclaims with his mouth widening in a smile, breaking the tension.

The moment my body grazes his and my chin goes over his shoulder, I spot a familiar face, which belongs to Gia. Gia Fernandez is my foster sister. And ever since we had sex, she has never let go. Beside her is one servant, holding two pieces of luggage.



"I miss you, boy!" Boris says, giving me a pat.

Then he walks into the house, commenting on how different everything looks since the last time he visited. The servant walks in with Boris, leaving me alone with Gia, who grins from ear to ear.

Just by looking at her body, I can tell she has grown so much. Her skimpy dress hugs the curves she barely has, and her breasts. They are as magnificent as ever.

"Are you going to keep staring at me or what?" I ask with a smirk on my face. She rolls her eyes, and then she throws herself on my body.

"God, I miss you. You smell so nice that I could eat you up," she says, pulling away from me.

Her lips leave a stain on my shirt, and we both look at it with a chuckle.

"I miss you too," I say, and then she grabs my hands.

Her hands are as tiny as I remember. She is delicate and special to me, and one thing I regret is the night I took her virginity. I should not have allowed myself to get engulfed in the raging flame of lust, and Gia, she still dreams that we will marry someday.

"Where is Yusuf?" I ask, and she sighs.

"I see the family is here to stay," I add.

"He says he doesn't want to come," she says, and I feign a smile.

Yusuf hates me so much, and he always accuses me of stealing the favourite spot in his father's heart. He has told me to my face that he wishes I had died with my parents, and that he will end my life when we grow up.

"We should go inside," I say to Gia, but then she takes my hands and walks me out of the light. Before I can say a word, she grabs my face and



presses her lips on mine.

I gently pull her away, and I stare at her for a split second.

"Gia, we shouldn't be doing this. Your father will kill me. I don't know why he is smiling at me, but I know I am in his bad books already," I say.

She laughs when I say this.

"Relax. He just wants to see this poor lady who was rejected by her husband," she says with an eye roll.

I hate when ladies roll their eyes at me, and her father taught well me, so she should know better, but it isn't the eye roll that's pissing me off.

"I hear it is a major thing to be rejected by your mate. I can't wait for us to marry, and I can become yours," she says with a grin on her face.

Gia is pretty hot, but one thing remains true, which is the fact that she needs to grow up.

"Gia, I think we should go inside. I had a pretty rough day and I need to get some rest ahead of tomorrow," I say, taking her hand in mine.

She shoots me a smile, and then she kisses my cheek up to my ear.

"We're going to share your bedroom."

As she says this, I pull her at arm's length and stare at her with a raised brow. Is she trying to get me killed?

"Don't worry about father, he sleeps like a failed trailer," she chuckles.

After that, she walks away before I can say a word. I know it's futile to convince Gia, because she won't listen, so I stand for a while contemplating on what to do. My eyes wander off to Kiara's room, and I could swear I see her curtain move. Good thing it does, because a plan drops into my head.



I walk back into the house, and halfway to my bedroom, I meet Boris Fernandez.

"I need to get some sleep for these legs, but I would love to have breakfast with this lady tomorrow," he says, and I nod, then I wish him goodnight, and zoom off to my room.

When I get to my room, I see Gia already stepping out of the bathroom. She's in a towel, and good gracious, those legs are still as hot as I remember. But I can't do this, because I respect her so much and I wouldn't want her to end up like the women I've ruined.

"I'll be in bed in a second," she says, and then I raise a corner of my chin.

I walk to my closet, change my clothes, then I come out to see her already tucked in bed.

"Gia, I have something to do in the study, but I won't be long and I promise to get back as soon as I can," I say, and then I kiss her cheek.

"I love you," she mutters, wrapping her hand around my neck while I press my lips in a fine line. She kisses me briefly before letting me go.

Then I hurry out of the room, finding my way to Kiara's room. I'm probably going to regret this, but then I would give anything to stay away from Gia at the moment.

I open the door at once, and both Kiara and Ariana turn to face me.

"For the love of the moon goddess, weren't you ever taught to knock?" she yells, and I ignore her, facing Ariana with a straight face.

"Goodnight, ma'am," Ariana says, and then she disappears, shutting the door behind her.

I walk towards the bed, and then I lock my gaze on Kiara, who has her brows arched.



"The godfather wants to meet you tomorrow morning, and I will share a bed with you," I say, and she scrunches her face.

"Say what now?" she asks, folding her arms. "First, I do not have clothes to meet, your whatever father, and why are we sharing a bed, don't you..."

"You will speak about him with respect! And this is my house. I choose where to sleep," I yell, and she keeps mute.

I'm not up for this. I just want a good night's sleep, but I have no clue on how to ask her politely.

"Fine! Enjoy the bed," she says, standing up, and walking towards the couch.

"Kiara," I call out lightly, and she ignores me, tossing herself on the couch in the room.

I stare at her for a while with my hands on my waist, then I walk up to her, pull her up from the couch, tossing her on my shoulder.

"You will sleep on the bed, and I won't hear a word about that!" I demand, and then I put her down on the bed. I get on top of her and she struggles with me, before she gives up with a scoff, and then she shakes her head.

"The mate bond must be messing with you, right? That happens when a weak wolf tries to claim a luna. If you want to mate badly with me, then just say so, and maybe I'll offer myself to you."

"What?" I ask.

"This is our chance," my wolf says to me, and I growl at it.

"Don't flatter yourself, Kiara. I'm here because I'm trying to avoid having sex with Gia Fernandez, my foster sister who won't leave me alone!" I yell.



"What?" I hear someone say, and I turn around to see Gia by the door.



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