

GIACOMO'S DAUGHTER

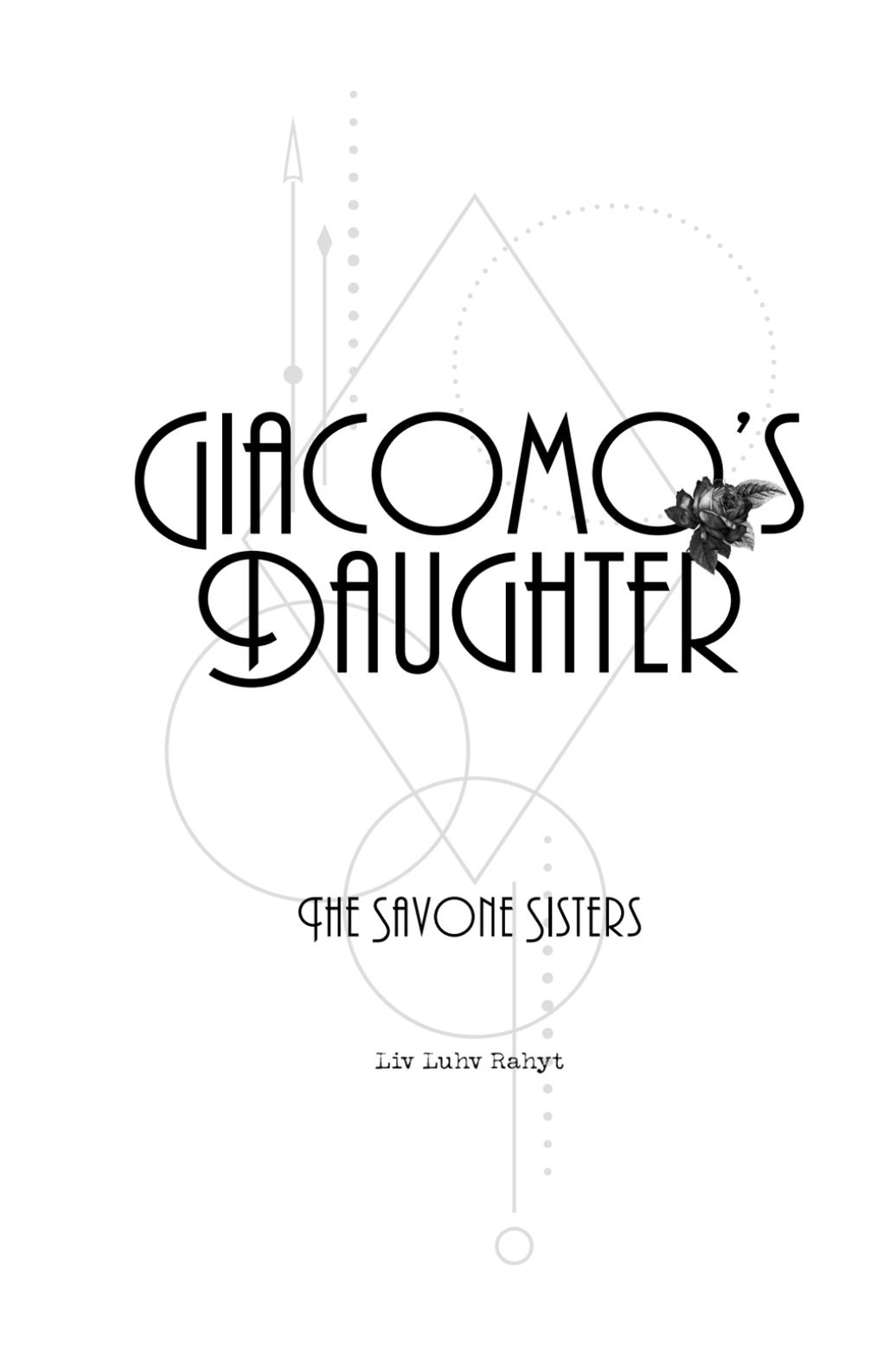
A Novel



THE SAVONE SISTERS

GIACOMO'S
DAUGHTER





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Liv Luhv Rahyt

Giacomo's Daughter

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Trigger Alert:

Giacomo's Daughter is a Mafia story and contains descriptions of sexual and physical violence that some readers may find upsetting or traumatic.

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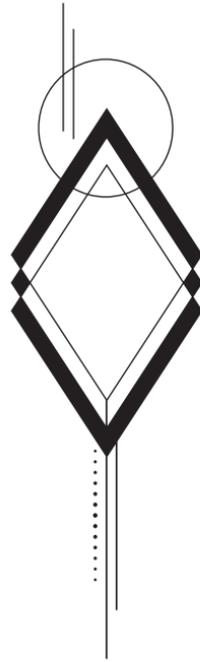
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*For Mom, who believes I can do anything
For Evan, who inspires me to do anything
For Diana and Elena, who support me through anything*
-Rosanna

*For every woman who tried to take flight but had her wings unjustly
clipped by societal constraints yet, still dared to fight the system that
kept her down so her future sisters could have the opportunity to soar.*
-Diana

ONE



Mrs. Sofia Denaro was only eighteen years old. Still, she had already lived a lifetime, although you would never know it from the looks of her. Despite it all, she always somehow managed to have an air of innocence -- the most likely reason being she was once truly a sheltered girl.

She was a dark-eyed beauty reminiscent of a Roman goddess. Some would say she even looked like an angel in her white terry cloth robe as she glided effortlessly through her walk-in closet packed to the hilt with a luxurious wardrobe.

She had an outfit already carefully planned for this special evening. She combed through each hanging dress skimming them all with her fingertips on her way to the perfect ensemble. As she did so, Sofia caught a glimmer of the gigantic pear-shaped diamond solitaire on her left hand.

For a split second, it reminded her of the day that ring was first put on her finger.

The ring, being so conspicuous, made it hard not to be continuously reminded of that moment. It was easily five carats, although she couldn't remember exactly.

She had been in such shock when she first saw it nestled within its black velvet box. As she stared at it, wide-eyed with her hand covering her mouth to hide how her chin had dropped, her whole world had fallen silent. His instant bragging about its enormous size became nothing but muffled background noise.

Since then, Sofia never bothered to ask what he had said that day since things like diamond rings didn't seem to matter much anymore.

But for something that didn't even matter to her, this ring wasn't allowed to ever leave her hand. Max Denaro made sure of that. Since the day he nonchalantly slid it on her ring finger with the coolest confidence she had ever witnessed in a person in her entire life, the world had to know at all times that Sofia belonged to Max.

Because whatever Max wants, he gets.

And he wanted Sofia Spera since the moment he laid eyes on her on stage at the grand opening of the Book-Cadillac Hotel singing her heart out. She knew this to be true because Max could never resist reminding her, repeating the story often in the short time they'd been married.

Sofia was reared by her parents to be nothing more than a good Italian girl virtuously molded, thoroughly trained to excel in domestic chores, and patiently waiting to be chosen by an equally

good man and provider.

There wasn't a day that went by; however, that she wasn't singing along with her Victrola, although becoming an actual singer was out of the question for her. According to her strict Catholic parents, well-behaved women didn't run around on stage making spectacles of themselves. Good women weren't created for entertainment. At least, not for wide audiences. They were created for a higher purpose, a more noble cause, only to be enjoyed by one special man. Her future husband.

But her Sicilian father always had to add that women had it easy. Because they only had three choices to make in their entire lives.

Sofia could hear him now. In her mind's eye, she could see Giacomo sitting at the scuffed table tucked in her family's kitchen corner. Wearing his blue jean overalls with the oval Ford emblem stitched across his chest, he'd be twirling his spaghetti with his fork, stopping every so often to puff on one of his short, hand-rolled cigarettes. Papa would always count on his first three thick fingers, rough and blackened by the manual labor required of him on the automobile assembly line. He'd say in his thick Sicilian dialect with his husky voice that women had only to choose to be a *mugghieri*, *soru*, or *una puttann'*.

Every time he would say it, her father would pull on his long, scruffy, salt-and-pepper beard with a cheerful slap on the table. With a chuckle, he would be so amused with himself for coming up with such an apt observation on his own.

But then he would add with a cheerful snicker and sometimes a playful pinch on Sofia's cheek, that she had it even easier than

the rest because she had only one choice. To be a wife, of course.

Evidently, Papa didn't see her being either of the other two extremes, a nun or a whore. So Sofia, being limited in options, resigned herself to societal fate quite early on in her teens.

What else was a girl to do in 1924?

Sofia finally made her way to the full-length mink in the corner of her closet. It was a wedding present from Max, and whenever she wore the soft, beautiful, brown fur, he couldn't seem to resist her. Her warm eyes almost matched the coat precisely, except for the flecks of gold that seemed to sparkle like glitter when she smiled.

Sofia dropped the robe from her shoulders to the floor, as she caught a glimpse of her naked body in the mirror, revealing her voluptuous curves before replacing the robe with the mink. Sofia wasn't rail thin, which was all the rage to be in the 1920s.

As much as she would love for a flapper dress to hang on her as if she were a human hanger, she had no choice in the matter. Sofia had a full bosom and equally round behind since she was thirteen years old. It wasn't like she could take her breasts off and hide them away in her purse like a soiled handkerchief.

But what Sofia had also learned early in life is that men didn't seem to mind big bosoms one bit. Since the day she had fully matured into a young woman, she noticed a shift in how she was treated by the so-called stronger sex.

Schoolboys her age, boys that Sofia had known since she was a child and would often play with at the park, could no longer help themselves and would always ask to touch them. Old men in church, even fathers with children her own age, would stare as if

they were about to lick their chops when she walked by.

And Sofia wasn't the only one that noticed the difference.

Sofia's mother, Silvia, suddenly began lessons about how to ward off men's advances. They ended up not being much help to Sofia because Silvia was incredibly uncomfortable by the mere mention of sex.

The bulk of her mother's training consisted only of advising Sofia to politely say no with a friendly smile to be sure not to offend him if ever propositioned. She would emphasize that it was dire to make sure not to make a man ever, ever feel bad. A rejected man, evidently, was capable of anything. At the time, she thought Mamma was being dramatic. Now, as Sofia thought back to that particular lesson, she couldn't help but agree on that last point.

Giacomo, on the other hand, had a personal mission to make sure the chance to proposition her never happened in the first place. Sofia suddenly was never allowed to go anywhere alone with just her girlfriends. She couldn't go to birthday parties at all. Forget about school dances! Giacomo would never allow a man to lay a finger on her, let alone place his entire arm around her waist. Her father even walked her to school like he did when she was a child, which was embarrassing beyond belief.

But what was even worse, she wasn't allowed to sing anywhere in public except at their church, the heart of the Italian community in Detroit, *La Chiesa Della Sacra Famiglia*, or as it was called in English, Holy Family Parish. Her parents reasoned that she shouldn't draw any attention to herself and told her to be grateful and satisfied with singing in the choir. To her dismay, Sofia also couldn't help but note that they were, once again, right.

True to Sofia's past experience, Max also loved her *bubs*, as everyday 1920s slang called them, reassuring her they were never out of style. He told her the problem wasn't her body. It was that fashion was dictated by a bunch of fairies who had no interest in women. If anything, they were going out of their way, nowadays, to try to get women to resemble boys for their own sick satisfaction.

Not that Sofia ever asked to be reassured about her body. Max just volunteered that bit of information, as he did everything he felt he needed to explain to her.

So, knowing how effective her bubs could be, today Sofia practiced in the mirror. She nestled her coat innocently against her chin, with her big doe-eyes seductively gazing up under heavy lids through her thick, bristly, black lashes. Then to raise Max's temperature just enough, she offered a quick flash of her naked breasts.

Satisfied with her performance, she thought to herself that it was finally her turn to surprise Max for a change.

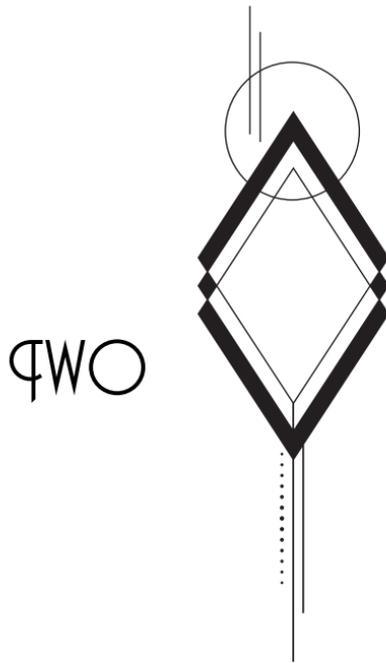
She then walked over to the jewelry box proudly on display in the middle of her massive closet. It was a large, ornately carved wooden box, which was another wedding gift from Max. Sofia had received many gifts from him that night. Too many, in her opinion, although he never really cared what she thought. That man did whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted.

She pulled open a few drawers, clearly on the hunt for something specific she had in mind. Each drawer was filled to the brim with gold and diamonds as she casually rummaged through it like it was nothing more than a kitchen junk drawer. Finally, her search came to an end, and a smile spread across Sofia's face.

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Each wave of Sofia's perfectly styled bob shined brightly in her mirror's reflection as she carefully placed a diamond-crusted hairpin in it. She stepped back to take a look at her completed outfit and gave herself a reassuring nod.

Sofia looked perfect for tonight.



Meanwhile, in the Denaro's grand stone kitchen below, the housemaid, a mousy Polish gal named Marta, was adding utensils to a picnic basket as Catalda, the Sicilian cook, a portly, old woman, hobbled over to the oven and removed a golden baked chicken.

As she set the roasting pan down to cool on the massive butcher block, Catalda curiously asked Marta in her thick, broken accent, "The missus has-a been primpin' all day. Whatta you think why?"

"Oh, I do not know... They are newlyweds, dat is all."

Not curious in the least, Marta kept her attention on the task at hand. She continued to pack a feast of Italian food within the picnic basket. Marta knew that if she wanted to keep her generously paid job, she should not ask questions in the Denaro home. Mr. Denaro definitely made that clear to her with the intense glare

he gave when he explained the rules of his household. She never dared to cross the line.

But today, even though she knew better as well, Catalda couldn't help herself. "Hog-a-wash!" She replied. "All the food, the love boat outta back. The missus is going to tell Mr. Denaro she's with-a child. *Certo!*"

The love boat that Catalda was referring to was a large houseboat that suddenly appeared that afternoon. It was currently docked at the end of the usually empty pier on the dark, brooding Lake Saint Clair.

Outdoors in the evening dusk, the peaceful lake reflected the dark hues and mood of the sky above. A thick blanket of dark pillowy clouds hung low and endless across the horizon. The dense forest trees hugged the 26-mile shoreline so serenely that all one could hear was the soft lapping of the gray water as it bumped against the pier. Red rose petals provided a splash of color as they were sprinkled down a path along the long, narrow pier to the boat.

Looking back to shore from the docked boat, one could see an elegant English manor with a gray fieldstone exterior that stared coldly back in silence. Similar to all the other majestic estates of upscale Grosse Pointe that surrounded the lake, the Denaro mansion's tall roofline jutted out here and there amongst the thick forest trees camouflaging its existence.

In the kitchen, the cook took over, packing the picnic basket with her baked chicken as the housemaid tidied up. As she swept the floor, Marta said, "What do you mean? It is much too soon after wedding."

“Thatsa if they were not already giving it a go before. Don’t forget we’re talking about the rich people,” Catalda replied with a couple jabs of her fist in the air, a standard Italian gesture clarifying she means sex.

She then hobbled over to the tall, wooden wine rack spanning the entire wall of the large kitchen pantry. As the old cook grabbed a bottle of wine, she called out to Marta, “There’s no problem trying each other out before-a the nuptials. If it doesn’t work out, eh, someone else will always marry them because they filthy rich.” Catalda hobbled back to the massive butcher block island and placed a bottle of wine inside the basket.

“I do not think dat is case. Mrs. Denaro come from humble place herself, I know,” Marta argued.

A smile spread across Catalda’s face, amused by how naive her much younger coworker was, and added with glee, “Butta the missus is-a beautiful. It’s only the ugly girls that have-a to be fresh as a spring daisy on our wedding night.”

Annoyed by both the condescending tone in the cook’s voice and by her implication that she must be one of the ugly girls Catalda just referred to since she fit the profile, Marta retorted in the defense of the lady of the house. “Here, I wash bed sheets, and I tell you, it is too early for a baby. They are newlyweds, dat is all.”

Wearing her mink, Sofia entered, catching the cook and housemaid off guard. Shocked to see her in the kitchen of all places, they both immediately stood up at attention at the sight of her.

Catalda tried to disguise her worry that her employer may have heard them gossiping about her. She did the best she could to muster her usual deferential tone when she asked, “Mrs. Denaro,

you should have ring-a bell. Whatta you need, dear?”

Sofia, casual and seemingly unaware of anything being said before her surprise arrival, double-checked the contents of the picnic basket and replied, “Nothing at all.”

She pulled a couple of crisp bills out of her mink coat pocket and handed one to each of them and told them with authority, “Here’s a couple fins. Take the rest of the day and spend some time with your families. Tony is waiting out front to take you.” As indeed the butler was.

With big smiles of gratitude, both Catalda and Marta looked down at the five-dollar bill, far more than a day’s pay for them, sweetly placed within their palm.

Overwhelmed by her generosity, the cook was speechless for a moment before she finally could reply, “Thank-a you very much, Mrs. Denaro.”

However, Marta, although happy as well, was also a bit worried. At first, all she could say was, “Yes, missus. It is very kind of you, very kind, indeed.”

The shy housemaid then hesitated but thought it best to drum up the courage to add, “Excuse me, but does Mr. Denaro know of dis? He usually like us do work until he bids us good evening.” Marta’s nervousness made her strong Polish accent come out even more, making her harder to understand.

But Sofia expected her apprehension. She calmly responded, “Don’t you worry about Mr. Denaro. I’ll take care of him.”

Not needing any more convincing, the cook and the housemaid dutifully grabbed their things and headed out the back door. As they left the gray stone manor, the cook whispered to the

housemaid, "I no care whatta you say. She's having a baby."

Marta couldn't help but reply, "Whatever it is, she is a god-send to us all. We must go before Mr. Denaro returns home, and we are both cooked for leaving early."

They both scurried around to the front of the house to return to their homes before their chance to escape somehow failed. Extra time with family was a real treat for them because their hours were normally so long they usually just slept at the Denaro home during the week.

As their footsteps faded in the distance, Sofia looked out the kitchen's back window. Standing next to the houseboat, she could see its new captain, dark and weathered, waiting at the far end of the pier. His jacket collar was up, blocking his clean-shaven face from the cool spring wind that whipped him as it swirled around the flat lake. He acknowledged he was ready for duty with a curt wave to her. He had a face different from his, but the same familiar rough and blackened hands of the father she loved dearly. It made Sofia wonder if only crooks and criminals had soft, clean hands.

Sofia returned her attention to the picnic basket. She pulled out the wine bottle and returned it to the rack. She then reached high above, on her tiptoes, and grabbed an alternative selection from the very top shelf. She checked the label, confirming with a nod that this was, indeed, the right one, and replaced the old with the new.

Sofia emerged with the wooden picnic basket in hand from the back door. She looked up, checking the weather for the possibility of rain. The sky was as gray as any other typical day, with rolling clouds so low it felt as if you could reach out and touch

them. Because of the constant cloud coverage that often went on for weeks on end, it was difficult to predict with any certainty whether it would rain in Michigan.

Sofia was especially nervous about it raining today. It had taken her a considerable amount of time to plan this evening's events. Spring showers would spoil everything. But luckily, the clouds didn't look sufficiently dark enough for anything more than perhaps a foggy night. And fog would only help her by providing more privacy.

As she stepped toward the boat, she heard a loud crunch from a twig her foot landed on. The sound instantly brought up an old childhood memory, one that she had been thinking about a lot lately, and she wasn't surprised it came up for her now.

She remembered that same crunch when her small leather boot had stepped on a twig when she was out hunting with her father as a girl. As soon as she had done it, she immediately hid behind a tree.

A mighty buck's head had popped up, alert, with nostrils flaring back and forth as if to smell out whether the sound meant there was truly danger nearby. When he neither heard nor saw anything else, he returned to his supper of leaves.

Behind another tree, Giacomo, then with a darker but equally scruffy beard, waved for the young Sofia to proceed on. When she hesitated to move, he impatiently motioned for her to pull back her arrow.

Giacomo was an avid hunter who had hunted often with Sofia's two older brothers, Enrico and Alessandro. But once they both perished in the Great War, Giacomo decided that his 12-year-old

daughter would now have to do as a hunting partner. It was the best he could come up with, since he didn't know how else to spend time with her as she grew up into a young woman.

But he found her hesitant and unwilling to kill, which he reasoned was simply because she was a girl and didn't have it in her. He didn't expect her to be anything like his sons were, but seeing her timid nature made him miss them all the more.

Sofia could tell that her father wasn't thrilled to be left with only her to hunt with, but she at least was able to spend time with him alone. It was a luxury she had never experienced before. Back then, Giacomo was either always working the line or hunting with her brothers.

Careful not to make another sound, she pulled back her arrow. Slowly, she allowed her bow to emerge from behind the tree ever so slightly. She certainly didn't want the buck to see her weapon aimed at his neck as he feasted on his last meal.

Her chocolate brown eyes focused as she aimed at the deer. She remembered glancing over at Giacomo, who was still hiding behind a nearby tree, encouraging her to release the bow with his usual hand signal.

But when she did let go of the arrow, hoping her father wouldn't notice, she bumped up her bow ever so slightly. As the arrow flew swiftly in the air, it skidded right above the mighty buck's head. It narrowly missed causing him to bolt away in the opposite direction.

Sofia thought about how disappointed her father had been in her for missing that shot. Nothing ever got by Giacomo, so, of course, he had caught on that she purposely missed. He berated

her for costing their family some much needed free venison.

She winced as she remembered he had called her weak that day. He then dismissed her actions as something a typical woman would do, grumbling to himself all the way back to their Model T that he really shouldn't expect much from her.

Sofia wondered if her father still felt that way about her -- after everything she had gone through this past winter.

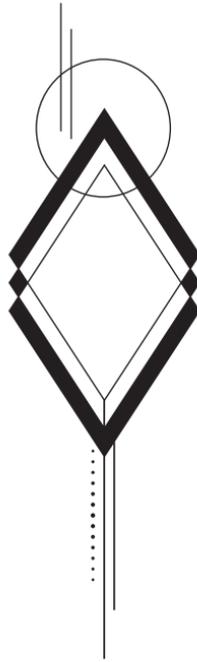
Perhaps he still doesn't think I have it in me?

She snapped out of her reverie when she suddenly heard the sound of her husband's deep voice.

"What's this all about?" Max demanded.

Sofia met his question with an instant smile sweetly on her face, completely over the moon to see him.

THREE



“It’s your invitation to a proper honeymoon, Mr. Denaro. It’s about time, don’t you think?” Sofia said playfully with a flirtatious smile.

Massimo Denaro had just turned 25 years old, but he already had the commanding presence about him of a man twice his age. Although, for the most part, it was his flippant charm that would render just about anybody defenseless.

Besides his dark, handsome looks and smooth ways, he was always dressed to the nines just as he was at this very moment. His black pinstripe suit was made of the finest Italian wool. It was cut to the exact measurements for solely his own broad shoulders and trim waist. His polished, black leather wingtip shoes with white spats with pearl buttons along the side looked out of place on the cold, dewy grass of his sprawling backyard.

Despite his elegant clothes and slick talk, Max, as he was called since he was orphaned at the age of four, was actually as tough as nails. He had no choice but to be. He was well-aware that he was second-in-command of the Scalici Squad, the toughest faction of the Detroit Italian Mafia, *La Cosa Nostra*.

Max's brother-in-law, Salvatore 'Sally Bottoms' Scalici, was his boss and was made by none other than the head of the entire Detroit Mafia, Salvatore 'Singing Sam' Cattalanotte, the last Gianolla family leader left standing after the bloody four-year Gianolla/Vitale Mob War that killed more than a hundred of their guys combined.

To restore the peace and maximize their profits amongst all the competing Mafia families within the city, Singing Sam took it upon himself to call a conference of mob bosses on Thanksgiving Day in 1920, dividing up the territory with clear boundaries to avoid future conflict. The Scalici Squad was granted a large segment of the eastside of Detroit, answering only to the former Gianolla lieutenant, William 'Black Bill' Tocca, in the chain of command.

Since Max was an orphan, Sally Bottoms was the one who reared him alongside Max's older sister, Teresa. When Teresa was apparently unable to give her husband any sons of his own (having given birth to five daughters instead), Max was groomed to take over the booming family business one day, which first engaged in blackmail and extortion and then, due to Prohibition, morphed into the most insanely profitable booze-smuggling operation in the country. So Max was destined to be the next boss.

And he was very much looking forward to it.

In 1924, Detroit, Michigan was the crown jewel of the country, where imagination and hard work spun innovation unlike anything ever experienced on earth.

Birthered by the hard-nosed Henry Ford, the auto industry literally drove the world forward in both miles traveled and bank balances achieved. Ford's unprecedented high pay, a whole five dollars a day, gave men incomes never experienced in history before. More money meant houses, cars, clothes, and, most importantly to Max, lots of parties with lots of booze.

Detroit was also responsible for a whopping 75% of all the alcohol supplied to the entire United States during Prohibition. Because of, yet again, Ford and his desire for a sober workforce, it was the first city to go dry in 1918, a whole year before the rest of the country. This gave mobsters living there a head start on building a network. By 1924, the smoothly run operation to bootleg hooch from Canada was dubbed *The Funnel*. About 500,000 cases of Canadian whiskey alone was making its way through the funnel every month.

When there were once only 1,800 licensed saloons, Detroiters, fighting for their right to party, now often frequented the 25,000 illegal *blind pigs*, also known as *speakeasies*, in the 1920s. The area of Detroit called Black Bottom, a hotbed for pure jazz music (and the breeding ground for the future Motown), supplied the legendary entertainment at these equally legendary parties, while several major gangs made sure the booze never stopped flowing.

But two gangs in particular made sure the fun times never ended for the city's most upstanding citizens. There was the Pur-

ple Gang, a group of Russian Jews so bad they were dubbed after the color of rotten meat. And then there was the Scalici Squad, equally as cutthroat in its attempts to gain a larger share of the second-most-profitable business in town.

Their greed flowed as freely as the whiskey they smuggled, and a fierce rivalry between the two gangs had developed because of it. That meant Max had to work double-time to make sure his boss was the biggest Big Cheese in Detroit. So it was extremely rare for him to take an entire night off for personal pleasure and relaxation. Especially on a Tuesday, when the largest shipments of the week would arrive and he would then have to provide the supply for all the big party nights that occurred nonstop continuously from Wednesday through Saturday.

Max held up a formal invitation to meet in the back by the lake that was addressed to him in Sofia's elegant cursive handwriting, and he wasn't amused at all by it.

"Whattaya up to, Sofia?" He huffed.

But she ignored his condescending tone laced with impatient impertinence. Instead, she responded with the same robust flirtatiousness as before, "I've been eagerly awaiting your arrival."

Sofia then blinked seductively as she gazed up at Max through her bristly eyelashes while she held her cozy fur close, nestling it under her chin. And just as she had practiced earlier in the mirror, she let her coat fall slightly open. When his eyes widened at the tempting flash of her bubs, Sofia knew she had gotten Max's attention.

With a graceful extension of her arm, she motioned for her husband to follow the trail of rose petals down the long, wooden

pier. This, of course, caused her mink coat to open even further, allowing Max to see just enough to know she was completely nude underneath.

But, surprisingly, Max didn't budge.

"Somethin' came up at work. I can't make whatever this is ya got planned. I thought we were just havin' a quick dinner before I drift."

"Aw, things always come up at work. Don't be such a flat tire, Max. Enough with work. It's time to play..." Sofia showed him a glimpse of her bare shoulder from underneath her soft and luxurious mink before adding, "...with me."

"You do know how hard I gotta work for ya to own that fur?" Max asked.

"*Amore*, if it means more time with you, I could easily lose it."

Sofia then dropped the fur from her body, but before it could even go past her shoulders, Max stopped it from falling to the ground.

"Have ya lost your mind? What if someone sees you?"

"Who's going to see me out here?"

Sofia seemed to have a valid point since the entire property appeared isolated between the surrounding tall, thick forest that shielded the whole property and the immense lake. The only thing one could hear were the chirping of crickets in the dusk.

She continued, "Besides, you promised we were going to spend tonight alone together. Come on, Max, give me just one evening. Please, Max. It would mean the world to me."

Adding to her persuasive argument, Sofia raised the picnic basket and said, "You have to eat anyway."

He was now regretting appeasing her earlier that day when she asked with a sweet smile and gentle touch of his arm if they could get together tonight. He didn't recall whether she had referred to the evening in its entirety, having popped back home solely for dinner and a quick fuck before returning back to work. But not having the time to deal with this nonsense, he simply replied, "Let's just go inside."

Sofia instantly responded with her best sexy pout. Within their short relationship, she had quickly learned that Max liked it when she behaved like a spoiled child. If she wanted to get her way, as Sofia desperately wanted now, she was going to have to use every trick she could muster at that moment.

With her plump, red lips still protruding, she whined, "But I went through all this trouble, making it a surprise for you."

"I ain't gettin' on that boat, Sofia," Max snapped back.

"But I don't understand why not? Do you know how long it took me just to convince Bambino to help me? I practically had to beg him to get me this boat and driver."

Max's extremely loyal bodyguard, Bambino Cercone, or rather, Bambi as he was called for short by his fellow thugs in the Scalici Squad, was the most gigantic goon one could imagine, standing thick and tall at six feet four inches. By just the look of him, one could easily conclude that getting this intimidating man to do anything he didn't want to do would be impossible.

"That doesn't surprise me one bit. Bambi knows I hate boats. I'm surprised he got it for you at all."

Sofia knew it would be tough to get Max to agree to her plan. Still, she never in a million years thought it would take this

much convincing to get her own husband interested in spending some uninterrupted time with her for a romantic evening. Sofia did her best to hide how absolutely irritated she was at the irony of the situation, considering their history together. Then again, she reasoned everything about Max was difficult.

Sofia mentally went through a list of her tricks. She had to be careful because one wrong move could make this entire evening end quickly and even terribly. Not sure what else she could do to get him to agree, she decided to change tactics, so her tone with him went from playful and flirtatious to cold and filled with disappointment.

“And Bambino said you’d never agree to this, but I assured him this was the only way I could get you all to myself with nobody dropping by unannounced. Or worse yet, your sister just hanging around for as long as she pleases. But you know what? It’s okay. You go to work. I’ll find someone else to play with.”

Sofia spun toward the pier to depart without him, but Max grabbed her by the arm, stopping her. He was angered by her insinuation. He wanted to smack her right across the kisser for even daring to suggest such a disrespectful thing to him. But he didn’t want to have a bad night between them, especially since she seemed so eager to please him.

Besides, Max knew she didn’t mean it. Sofia may be a woman, but she wasn’t dumb enough to do anything like two-time him. Just over a month ago on their wedding night, Max made sure Sofia was well aware of what the consequences would be if she ever dared to make such a decision.

Since then, Sofia had proven herself to be a dutiful wife by

doing whatever Max wanted, whenever he wanted it. She never even complained, until now, about his long hours away in the city. It was also true that between his workload and her morning sickness, they were prevented from ever having a real honeymoon together.

It then occurred to him that this may be his last chance to really enjoy her hourglass figure. It shouldn't be much longer before the baby showed and she started to get fat. So Max decided it would be best for him to at least smooth things over.

"We have a perfectly good table in the house. Why don't we just eat inside? Then we can fuck in our own bed and not in some stranger's boat."

Surprised, Sofia raised an eyebrow. It had nothing to do with his vulgar language. She was used to that by now but instead, it was about his response as a whole. She asked, "I thought you said something came up at work? I don't understand why you can eat at home, but you refuse to..."

Suddenly, her eyes widened with a realization. She finally understood the problem at hand, and knowing full well he wouldn't like it, she blurted out, "You're afraid of the water!"

Max quickly retorted in his defense, "Me, afraid? No, Mrs. Denaro, you are mistaken."

She put her hands in his and tried to pull him onto the pier, but Max pulled his hands away, clearly anxious.

As an excuse, Max muttered, "To avoid a watery grave, I stay on the ground. God knows in my line of work how many have given me the *malocchio*."

The *malocchio*, as it was said in Italian, is an age-old super-

stition called *the evil eye*. And Sofia was in agreement with her husband that many people in town would have eagerly given it to Max, considering his brute power and immense wealth. With all the booze he bootlegged, he was one of the wealthiest men rivaling the likes of the auto titans in town. But she wasn't going to let any superstition, even one likely to be true, to get in her way tonight.

Sofia let her mink fall open again, giving Max another teasing glimpse of her naked breasts. Stroking his ego, she added with a seductive purr, "Since when are you afraid of the *malocchio*? The Max Denaro I know isn't afraid of anything."

Sofia knew she was pinning Max in a corner. Making him prove his manliness to her by showing he was not afraid of getting on the houseboat, as she desired.

But it never occurred to her that a man like Max would be frightened of anything, especially a fear of water considering all the many massive lakes that outlined around and throughout Michigan. Had she known he hated boats because of it, she would have come up with a different romantic getaway. But now, she had to make the situation work.

"I said I'm not afraid."

She pulled him closer and pressed him against her naked body, enclosing him within her soft, warm coat. "Then, this is one boat ride you're going to love," she said with a sly smile.

Max couldn't hide how clearly enticed he was by his beautiful wife's tempting body as her hand began to grope his throbbing shaft, giving him a small sample of the night to come if he finally acquiesced.

“I guess I gotta eat anyway.” Making sure he kept his position as the one who called the shots in their relationship, Max quickly set a clear boundary, “But just this once.”

He then playfully squeezed her ass hard as Sofia squealed with delight that she was finally able to convince him. She rewarded him with a long, passionate kiss.

With both arms wrapped around his neck, she looked him in the eye and promised, “You’re never going to forget this night, Mr. Denaro.”

To ease his anxiety so he would surely get on the boat, Sofia did her best to keep the moment light with her smiling radiant face locked onto his own. She gently took Max by the hand and led him carefully down the pier with her.

She could feel his apprehension with each wooden step he took, but she pretended nothing was amiss with him. She couldn’t risk upsetting him right now by highlighting how afraid he actually was about walking above such shallow water.

One thing she had already learned for sure at her young age is that men had the tendency to act like big, fat babies if anything didn’t go their way, so the last thing she should do was make Max feel weak. She knew that would cause his temper to blow, and he’d stomp back to the house in a huff.

However, that didn’t stop her from marveling to herself about how scary Max could be; yet, he seemed now like nothing more than a scared, little boy. She would never have thought that was possible if she hadn’t seen it with her own eyes.

When they finally made it to the end of the narrow pier, to get it over with quickly, Max hopped onto the houseboat without

hesitation while Sofia easily entered the vessel without getting or needing his help. Once he was on board, it didn't seem as bad as he had imagined, but he was still relieved when she immediately led him inside.

Within the houseboat, a romantic setting had been carefully arranged with brightly lit candles scattered throughout the room, and in the middle was a small table set for two on a luxurious fur rug. However, Max opted to continue following the path that led straight to the soft, pillowy bed waiting with a large heart made of the same red rose petals.

“Going straight for dessert, are you? But I don't want to spoil your dinner.”

Sofia placed the heavy picnic basket on the table as Max sat down on the bed, causing the flower petals to lose their shape and disperse everywhere. She immediately pulled out the bottle of wine she had carefully picked out for this particular romantic evening.

“Don't worry about me. I gotta big appetite.”

Max gestured toward his full erection that he wasted no time with freeing from his constraining pants.

“But, the chicken will get cold.”

“Somethin' you need to know about me if we're gonna have a happy marriage. I love cold chicken.”

Even at this early point in matrimony, Sofia knew Max well enough to know that he wouldn't take no for an answer. So she stopped unpacking the carefully prepared meal and reluctantly put the wine down without opening it.

As much as she wanted to be pouring a glass, she didn't want

to risk his mood changing for the worse with him stomping off in anger. Everything wasn't going exactly as she wanted, but at least she managed to get him on the boat.

She reassured herself that all she would have to do is screw him good and then they could have a drink followed by her carefully orchestrated conversation, as she had initially planned.

As Sofia approached, Max roughly grabbed her by the coat and pulled her close to him so aggressively that it made her stumble into him. Within seconds, Max threw Sofia's mink on the floor.

"Wait. The windows. The captain."

Max replied, teasing her, "So now you're worried about someone seein' you."

He reached over, pulled the window shut, and the curtain closed. Without another word, he then proceeded to push his naked wife down to her knees before him, giving Sofia her next cue.

THE SAVONE SISTERS

Rosanna Savone and Diana Savone are the authors of their debut novel, *Giacomo's Daughter*, the first of a trilogy, about a young 1920's Detroit Mafia wife. Michigan-born by Italian immigrants, currently California-living unapologetic feminists, and entertaining yet thought-provoking storytellers, one of their passions is sharing the Italian-American female perspective.

You can follow them online at thesavonesisters.com or on Facebook and Instagram [@thesavonesisters](https://www.instagram.com/thesavonesisters).

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They thought the Detroit Mob War was about money...

Giacomo Spera always told his daughter, Sofla, that women had it easy. They only had to make three big decisions in their entire life. To be either a *mugghieri*, *soru*, or *una puttann'*.

But then he would add Sofla had it even easier than the rest because she had only one choice. That's to be a wife, of course.

Evidently, Giacomo didn't see her being either of the other two extremes, a nun or a whore. So Sofla, being limited in options, resigned herself to societal fate quite early on. What else was a girl to do in 1924?

Until she became a Detroit Mafia wife when she married a top guy in the Scalici Squad named Max Denaro. Then Sofla was faced with a choice her father never prepared her for. To be either prey or the protector of the family.

So much for having it easy...

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