

## Killer Kings (HIATUS)

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# Killer Kings (HIATUS)

by [Kataclysme](#)

## Summary

Leone had always thought he would follow Bruno all the way to hell if he had to. The discovery of Bruno's involvement in his team-mate's death changed everything, and Risotto Nero's chance encounter in a bar changed his life.

He had always been looking for a man powerful enough to save him from himself, and Risotto had appeared as an evidence among his doubts, like a black sun in the perpetual night of his existence.

Leone's place had always been in the shadows, and with the help of the Squadra, he would finally discover what it meant to be a family.

DISCLAIMER: BDSM SEX INSIDE because Leone is a masochist sub and Risotto a sadist dom.

## Notes

HELLO THERE

yes, this is not an OS, this is a fiction

Yes, i ship them. i ship them HARD. i mean, GothDaddies, ya know ?  
anyway, enjoy !

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## **A rendezvous with fate**

Leone had decided to give everything he had to Bruno the same night they had met, in that alleyway in Naples, drowned in the rain.

He had given everything to Bruno. All his strength, all that was left of his soul broken by alcohol, remorse, he had done everything to help Bruno in his ascent to the top of the Passione. He had accepted everything from him, all orders, and Bruno had never abused his trust.

Never, until he discovered Bruno's involvement in Celestino's death.

He went to pick up the mail this morning and found an envelope with his name on it in the mailbox. In the envelope, printed sheets and on those sheets, mail exchanges between the boss, Polpo, and Bruno.

Polpo had had his teammate murdered, blamed him and let him carry the crushing weight of guilt for having briefly allowed himself to be corrupted, and then sent Bruno to recruit him.

Leone had long believed that the sky would never again fall on his head after Celestino's death, and yet on that Tuesday morning, in the elevator leading to the penthouse that Bruno's gang occupied, Leone's world was shattered once again.

Bruno knew. He had always known, he was responsible, and he had said nothing.

He had pushed open the front door, haggardly, and entered the kitchen with his eyes still fixed on the papers in his hand.

Narancia had stopped him, but Leone didn't hear him, still in shock at his discovery.

Silence fell in the kitchen, and Leone ended up raising his head to fall on the worried looks of his teammates.

"Leone, is everything all right? You look really pale."

He looked at his teammates one by one, touched by their concern but too shocked to realise that yes, his teammates really cared about him.

"You knew. You knew, and you didn't tell me."

His lavender gaze fell on Bruno, who put down his cup of tea, his eyebrows furrowed.

And suddenly, like a bottle of champagne being broken, the shock was replaced by anger, and he threw the papers in Bruno's face.

"You knew what had happened, and you lied to me! For years!"

Leone's eyes sparkled with anger, and Bruno took one of the papers delicately, his eyes reading the printed words, before squeezing his eyes painfully.

Narancia and Fugo took one of the papers, and the blond man let out a shocked exclamation.

"Leone... - How could you do this to me, Bruno?"

The silence in the kitchen was deafening, and as soon as it came, Leone's terrible rage gave way to immense sadness.

"I trusted you, Bruno. Why did you do this to me?"

Bruno looked up at Leone, his heart squeezing as he saw the sadness that reigned there. Leone looked... broken. Perhaps even more so than when he had joined Passione. Unable to respond, his throat tightened in the face of the raw emotions Leone was sending back, Bruno tried to tell him everything he felt through his eyes.

*I'm sorry, Leone. Forgive me. Please forgive me. If I had known...*

Without further ado, the former policeman had taken his coat, his car keys, and ran out of the penthouse. He had driven around Naples for hours, before ending up in a bar on the other side of the city.

He slammed the door of his car, went inside, and settled in a corner.

Leone had been staring at his glass of whiskey for 20 minutes now. He thought maybe he should drink it, that the ice cubes would melt and make the glass overflow.

But what did it matter after all? That his fucking glass was overflowing?

He couldn't realize that the great drama of his life had been orchestrated from start to finish. That he'd spent years mortifying himself, flogging himself, blaming himself for not having been able to do anything, when he really couldn't have done anything. All those years learning to trust again, all that time spent with Bruno, all that effort.

All the love he had felt for the dark-haired man, it was all gone. Gone, burned to ashes in the space of a letter.

Leone felt miserable.

Something had broken that day.

He would never be able to trust Bruno again.

But without the Passion, what was he? What was he going to do?

Leone finally decided to take a sip of his whisky, and when he put his glass on the table, he frowned as he felt a look on his face. He walked around the room with a silent astonishment in his eyes, and then opened them in surprise.



At the counter, nonchalantly leaning against the ebony wood, a glass in front of him, a person synonymous with problems for him.

Risotto Nero.

Leone was in trouble.

He was on Squadra territory, and lost in thought he hadn't realized.

With any luck, Risotto didn't know him by face, he was just caught by his gothic look.

Since Risotto had decided to stare at him, Leone thought that he had nothing left to lose anyway, apart from life, and that he could afford to look at him.

Not that Leone has a crush on Risotto, who would think such a thing?

Risotto Nero was massive. He was ridiculously tall, much taller than Leone, who wasn't particularly small. He was muscular, with powerful arms, a torso chiseled like the Greek statues in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, and his tanned skin must have tasted like the sun. Leone's eyes went up on his tapered legs, his torso displayed by his harnessed coat, to slide down his neck and end up on his face.

Risotto was undeniably a beautiful man, and Leone couldn't take his eyes off his own, blood red and magnetic.

Leone gently crossed his legs and arched his back, savouring the appreciative glow in Risotto's scarlet and black eyes.

If he should die after crossing Risotto's path, then at least let him enjoy himself a little beforehand.

Leone took a long sip of his whisky without detaching his gaze from Risotto, who finally stood up to approach the table where Leone was sitting, letting himself slide onto the bench facing him.

He put one arm on the backrest, the other on the table, his legs spread apart and his position letting the light from the bar cast pretty shadows on his abdominal muscles carved in marble.

"Leone Abbacchio. Do you like what you see?"

With his face partly hidden by his hand and his glass, Leone looked up at Risotto.

The murderer knew exactly who he was.

He was so fucked.

Since he was stuck anyway, he might as well try to forget the awful day he'd just had. "That depends, what's my answer going to change?"

Risotto had a sly little laugh and a smirk that awakened a warmth in Leone's loins. The assassin glanced down at him, perfectly aware of his power of seduction. Risotto was a little surprised. Rare were the people he didn't terrify, and considering the look Leone had given him earlier, the former policeman wasn't terrified but ... eager.

"What's a man from Buccellati doing here?

- I don't work for Buccellati anymore.
- That doesn't tell me what you're doing in my area.
- I didn't want to run into any... familiar faces. »

Risotto raised an eyebrow, and continued to stare at Leone, who finally turned his head away from the room to watch what was going on in the bar.

"It's... unexpected.

- I can't work for someone who lies to me. »

Risotto had already heard about Leone. He was the first recruit from Buccellati and a former policeman who had fallen into alcoholism following the death of his partner. He was terribly effective at gathering information, and even though Risotto kept a close eye on the members of the BucciGang, Leone's stall remained a stranger. He rarely took it out, obviously perfectly capable of fighting without it.

La Squadra's leader had just lost Sorbet and Gelatto, and now Leone's superb little ass just happened to show up in front of him? The opportunity was too good for Risotto not to take it. Leone was a strong and intelligent fighter. A bit angry, but Risotto was used to it.

They continued to drink quietly, in a silence more comfortable than uncomfortable, and after a few drinks, Leone stood up, wobbling on his legs, his eyes blurred. Risotto refocused on him, and almost opened his eyes in surprise.

Was Leone blushing?

His scarlet eyes ran across Leone's muscular and pale torso, which was left visible by an outrageous V-shaped décolleté that reached down to his low-cut leather trousers.

"You can't go back to Buccellati in this state.

- I wasn't planning on going back.
- what, tonight?
- Im never going back."

Risotto finished his drink, much less drunk than Leone, and got up.

"Never? Are you going to sleep or tonight?

- I'll find a guy horny enough to fuck me up and enjoy his bed, or just sleep in my car. Why do you care, anyway?"

Risotto walked around the table, and stood in front of Leone, dominating him from all his

height, and then moved forward and forced him backwards until he was caught between him and the table. Leone moved backwards and raised his face towards him with his mouth ajar. "Is this what you want, Leone? To be fucked like a whore by a stranger?"

Risotto continued to move forward, looking down on Leone, his red eyes half covered by his eyelids and his mouth just a few centimetres away from Leone's, whose breath had shortened and his eyes suddenly veiled.

"I need someone who can give me what I crave."

Leone wanted him, and he wanted Leone.

Risotto's hand rested on Leone's thigh, reaching up to his buttocks, grabbing him by the hand and eliciting a delicious reaction from the former policeman. Leone stood on tiptoes, letting out a breathless groan as he closed his eyes, his own hands resting on Risotto's chest and clutching his jacket between his fingers as he dropped his head back.

"Ooh, I see. I suspected that behind this brave facade was a needy kinky *slut*."

The warmth of Risotto's body against his own, the feeling of his fingers on him, his charisma, the power he radiated, all while Risotto was crying out for Leone to submit to him. Leone opened his lavender eyes, misty with the incredible desire he felt for the assassin against him.

Risotto's right hand, still on his ass, lifted him up with ease and invited him to sit on the edge of the table, while his left hand moved up along his décolleté, caressing his torso through the cloth before landing on his throat and squeezing his neck just as it should be. Leone's mind was haggard with desire, his eyes warm and blurred, and he breathed under Risotto's perfect, dominating grip.

The assassin brought him even closer to him, his lips so close to his own that he was almost breathing into his mouth.

"I can take care of putting you back in your place tonight and fuck you into tomorrow, or let you go and fuck a stranger who will never take you as well as I would. It's your choice, babe."

Leone was willing to do anything to make sure Risotto never stopped.

"You, *sir*."

Risotto's grip tightened on Leone's throat, making it even more difficult for him to breathe and circulate blood, but not preventing it. Leone was dazed by the force of his excitement.

"Excuse me? I'm not sure if I heard it right.

- Please sir - you, I want you, *I beg you*, I'll do anything!"

Risotto's grip loosened in a gentle caress as he led Leone to put his leg around his waist, rolling the pelvis against him and wrenching another groan out of him.

"*Good boy*. So wise, so obedient, just for me. I'm going to love bending you over, Leone."

God, the killer was really perfect. Leone dropped his head back, Risotto's compliments making him even more desperate than he already was.

"I could fuck you on this bar table, but I'd rather have your blood stain my sheets than waste it here."

Risotto's hand got lost in Leone's hair, pulling it gently as his mouth slipped into his neck and kissed the skin on his carotid artery. Leone's heart was beating fast, and he felt Risotto's pernicious smile in his neck, which eventually receded.

Leone immediately missed the warmth of his body and moaned miserably, before sighing at the bump that deformed his *master's* trousers. He let himself slide from the table, taking the hand Risotto was holding out to him, and followed the assassin out of the bar.

# Sheer Lust

## Chapter Summary

Risotto take Leone home, smut happens !

## Chapter Notes

heyyyyy

This is .. pure smut. 11 pages of smut. 5000 of porn.  
and blood kink of, course, caus ya know, metallica ...

anyway, enjoy !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Risotto pushed Leone against his car, a black Cadillac he had been driving for years and loved. Leone looked up at him, eager, and looked at his lips.

"Before we start, I want you to give me your safewords."

The murderer laid one hand on Leone's waist, savouring the warmth of his skin under the cloth and the body of the former policeman against his own, literally vibrating with desire against his own. He used one of his hands to lean against the car, being careful not to touch the car window - he himself hated the fingerprints on his windows - and put his other hand on Risotto's chest, hesitantly.

"Rewind to slow down, skip to stop.

- Good boy. So quick to obey me, it's appreciated."

Risotto's scarlet eyes sailed across his face and he put his hand on Leone's cheek, caressing his cheek with the tip of his thumb, plunging into Leone's beautiful lavender and golden plums, after a long glance on his lips.

"If you agree, my angel, I'd like to take you home and make you suck my dick, let's see what the bitchy mouth can do, huh ? After that, I'm going to torture to the verge of ecstasy and maybe, i say maybe, if you behave then i will fuck you into next week. Do you agree with all this? »

While Risotto was making a list of what he was going to do to him, Leone's hand had risen up along his chest and landed in his neck, his fingers playing in Risotto's short hair.

"I agree.

- Can I count on you to stop me if I go too far?

- Yes, sir."

The Squadra leader brought him closer and put his thumb on Leone's cheek, his mouth above his own, their breaths mixing.

"I want to kiss you, Leone."

Leone's breath stuck in his throat when he heard Risotto's words. Maybe it was because he hadn't had this kind of relationship for a while, but he felt dizzy. There was something in Risotto that echoed in him, that he felt he was able to fill a huge void that none of his partners had ever managed to fill.

Risotto knew exactly what words to use, how to talk to him, how to touch him. And they hadn't even returned to Nero's apartment yet. Leone was almost trembling with envy, and he gently acquiesced.

"Please," he said.

Risotto had a smirk on his face, sweet, with a tenderness that Leone didn't expect and that made him capsize, and then he bent down and kissed Leone at last.

Risotto tasted like the alcohol he had drunk, like the mint in his glass, and Leone's brain decided to shut down when the assassin's tongue delicately caressed his lip, prompting him to open his mouth.

He tilted his head to let Risotto access his mouth and closed his eyes as he drowned in the embrace. Risotto was so ... perfect against him, powerful, domineering, that Leone felt he was leaving this dimension little by little, and if his mind was no longer coherent, it wasn't because of the alcohol he had drunk that evening.

Leone wanted to give Risotto everything he thought he was giving Bruno. And if it frightened the murderer, to see all the suffering he could take, his fantasies and how his limits were non-existent, then so be it. He would have enjoyed the bliss that Risotto gave him, if only with his fingers around his neck, or his mouth on his, for at least one night.

Risotto stepped back, leaving Leone panting, smiling softly as he saw the former policeman trying to follow his movement to prolong the kiss.

"Look at you. You're already vibrating with desire after I've barely kissed you. What a delicious little thing you are, so desperate to please me."

Leone moaned and pressed his hips against Risotto's, their erections touching. He looked up at Risotto, giving him a lascivious look, rolling his pelvis for more contact.

"That's not how you get what you want, Leone. Tonight you'll get what I'm willing to give you, and you'll enjoy it if I think you deserve it, slut."

The former policeman nodded his head, his fingers clasping his fingers on the car that had supported him earlier, and looked down.

"Get in the car, my angel."

Risotto's fingers caressed Leone's cheek for another second before he left it, and he stepped back, pointing to the Cadillac with a wave of his hand. He took his keys out of his pocket and unlocked the car, getting into the driver's seat as Leone took his place in the passenger seat.

My angel.

Leone didn't know if it was because he was deeply troubled by Risotto or if he was broken from the day he had just spent, but the nickname had caused a stir in him that he wasn't used to feeling.

No one's ever called him an angel before. To hear these words from Risotto, whom he feared as a murderer and longed for as a lover, was... incredible.

Leone turned his head to Risotto, who had just started the car. His left hand was resting on the edge of the wide open window and holding the steering wheel, and as soon as they were on the road, his other hand came to rest on Leone's thigh, causing a shiver that the assassin could not ignore.

Concentrated on the road and the warmth of Leone's thigh under his fingers, Risotto was better than Leone at the game of masking emotions, but he was troubled.

Leone had a way of submitting, of offering himself that illustrated a total lack of consideration for himself, for his integrity or his life.

How much had he been betrayed, abused, broken to reach such a point of no return?

Risotto knew he was lucky to run into Leone in that bar tonight. He had known from watching the BucciGang informant stare at his drink as if it was the only important thing in his life and that he was desperate for it, that he couldn't let him go.

When Leone had then told him that he was going to bang anyone to avoid sleeping outside, Risotto's blood had only gone one round.

He'd crossed paths with Leone before, he was keeping files on him. Risotto had been struck by Leone's ethereal beauty the first time he had seen one of his photos. Where he was imposing, disturbing, and looked like one of the princes of the underworld, Leone was fairylike, ethereal, angelic. His eyes were probably the 8th wonder of the world, of liquid gold and lavender, and the most beautiful Risotto had ever seen.

If Leone could bear his more than special tastes, his need to ruin him, to physically destroy him in pain and pleasure, then Risotto would never again let him wander in a bar as he found him tonight.

Risotto had felt something in Leone, an immense loneliness, a very intense pain, and had been there for so long that the man didn't even know what it was like not to suffer, and he

wanted to help him.

Risotto had also felt this loneliness for so long. He jealously wanted to keep Leone close to him, and he hoped, he who wasn't in the habit of hoping for anything, that this night with the former policeman would be the first of a long series.

Risotto parked the car in the driveway of the master villa he occupied with the Squadra, turned off the engine, and then turned towards Leone.

"I want you to understand one thing, Leone. I'm going to hurt you. I'm going to hurt you very badly. And I need to be certain that you can stop me. I don't want to do anything to force you."

The man turned his head towards him, and Risotto's heart missed a beat in front of Leone's lunar, celestial beauty as the moonbeams played in his hair and gave him the appearance of a spirit.

Leone smiled at him, taking the hand that had returned to his thigh between his long, thin fingers, carefully kissing each of his fingers.

"You can count on me, Riz'. I'll stop you."

Leone looked up at Risotto, whose surprise was visible, and when he looked into the assassin's eyes, he knew that following Risotto, getting into his car and surrendering to him was the best decision he had made in a long time.

Risotto's hand put one of Leone's grey locks back behind his ear, before caressing his cheek with his fingertips.

"Let's go, my angel."

They got out of the car and entered the house that stood a few meters away from them. With the door barely closed, Risotto pressed Leone forcefully against it, his hands closing on his waist, sliding down his hips as he kissed him forcefully.

Leone wrapped his arms around Risotto's shoulders, burying his fingers in his white hair and snatching a grunt from him as he pulled at it.

Good Lord.

Risotto's hands slipped under his ass and lifted him up as if he weighed nothing at all, and Leone groaned, breathless in the kiss as he tied his legs around Risotto's waist.

No one could carry him as if he was as light as a feather, but Leone was basically delighted to see that Risotto's arm muscles, which seemed so powerful to him, were not there to decorate.

Risotto made his way from the entrance hall to his upstairs bedroom, passing the living room where three people were staying, some of whom looked surprised and others disillusioned.



The leader of the Squadra climbed the stairs of the villa as Leone scratched his shoulders. He detached his mouth from his own, enjoying the spectacle of seeing Leone already defeated under his caresses.

Risotto set off to explore Leone's neck, first kissing the skin and then biting it, descending from his ear onto the pulsating vein. Leone was already out of breath, but the contact of Risotto's mouth on his neck, his teeth and tongue on his skin made him shiver, and he groaned as he pulled Risotto's top.

The man laughed in his neck, his breath tickling him, as he kicked open his bedroom door and closed it in the same way, before moving towards the bed on which he sat, devouring Leone's neck.

"So much impatience in you, my boy."

Leone sat astride Risotto's thighs, his hands slipping under the leather straps of his harness.

"On your knees."

With a smooth movement, Leone instantly slid to the ground between Risotto's spread thighs, who put one hand on his cheek, grabbed his chin and kissed him. He stepped back, and licked his lips under Leone's hungry gaze as he growled with discontent.

Risotto had a twisted smile on his face and Leone knew in a second that he was in trouble. Risotto's hand fell on his cheek with force, his face turning in the opposite direction as his eyes widened and he groaned loudly, unable to contain the pleasure he had instantly felt at the bite of the slap.

His moaning went straight to harden Risotto's cock, who saw Leone gliding through subspace with incredible ease.

"Take off your clothes."

Leone undoes the buckle on his belt, dropping it into a metallic tinkling next to him, his eyes fixed in Risotto's eyes. He undid the knot of his corset, slowly loosening the lavender ribbon that held him tied, and still kneeling, he passed it over his shoulders, keeping only his black leather trousers, his shoes having already been discarded when he entered Risotto's room.

He put his bruised cheek against Risotto's thigh, raising his golden eyes to look at him. With a nod, Risotto motioned for him to unbutton his trousers, and the former policeman did so immediately.

Risotto put his hands behind him and leaned back, watching Leone free him from his trousers, the spark of desire in his eyes as he pulled his dick out of his trousers, weighing it in his hand and licking his lips like a cat in front of a bowl of milk.

"You look like you want something, darling."

Leone bent over, to accentuate the contact between his cheek and Risotto's thigh, and to follow the movement of Risotto's hand that had just landed on his chin and raised his head.

"Please, sir.  
- Please what, honey?"

Leone shivers, pinned to the ground between Risotto's thighs by the pure heat he could see in the gaze of the man.

"Let me suck you off, sir. Please, I want to... I want to make you feel good."

Risotto had a tender smile, and Leone grabbed the base of his cock and began to suck it as best he could. His partners had always told him that he had a gift for it, the question was whether Risotto would agree.

He closed his eyes, licked Risotto's cock from the flat of his tongue, went up on the glans before taking it in his mouth and after a breath, relaxed his throat and let his mouth slide down the full length of Risotto's cock which rattled.

"God, Leone!"

Leone withdrew his mouth with a loud pop as his lips released the tip of his dick, and had a smirk, trying to be cunning despite his haggard eyes.

"I might not have a vomiting reflex..."

Risotto squinted his eyes and slipped his hand through Leone's hair, bending down towards him.

"Why don't you put that pretty mouth to work, hmm?"

He invited Leone to suck it again, guiding his head with his hand through his hair, pulling a few strands when the pleasure became more intense.

Leone's mouth was perfect, his expert tongue soft and warm, and the moans of pleasure he let out as he felt Risotto's thighs tensing under the pleasure made his throat vibrate and left Risotto almost out of breath.

Leone used both his mouth and his hand, with application, as if he made it his duty to give the best of himself on this fellatio, and god that he succeeded. Risotto's grunts of pleasure was a melody that Leone never tired of hearing.

He looked up at him, his lips around his tail and took advantage of the sight that was offered to him. Risotto was leaning on his elbows, his breathing heavy and breathless, his eyes closed and his head thrown back, his lips half open. The golden skin of his chest was satiny under the moonlight that shone through the curtains of the room, and made pretty shadows on his abdominals that undulated to the ground.

Leone felt him close, so he let his mouth slide until Risotto was pelvised, the tip of his tail resting in his throat, which he tightened by moaning.

"Aah, Leone..."

Leone stepped back, just waiting for Risotto to come on his tongue, and the murderer put a soft hand on his cheek and hair. He reopened his eyes as Leone released his tail and let his tongue out, Risotto's sperm resting in the middle.

Risotto watched him do so, his eyes blurred by his orgasm and surprise, as he swallowed with his eyes closed, running his tongue over his lips and moaning.

Leone was perfect.

Risotto opened his eyes, grabbing Leone by the hair, and suddenly lifting him up, wrenching out a plaintive moan.

"Get on the bed, Leone."

He laid Leone on his back, dominating him with all his stature and admiring his grey hair making a crown of moonbeams on his black sheets. Leone's pale skin contrasted with the blackness of the sheets, and Risotto slid his hands over his neck, his chest, bending over to kiss his jaw, his shoulder, his collarbone.

Leone growled beneath him, rolling his hips to accentuate the contact between them, panting. Risotto's hand reached down into Leone's trousers, unbuttoning them and pulling them off with a smooth movement, taking his boxer shorts with it.

"Get them wet for me, Leo."

He presented his fingers to Leone's lips, who sucked them, turning his tongue around the phalanges with application until Risotto pulled them out with a loud pop. He placed his hand on Leone's throat, squeezing gently. Leone bent over as his breath quickened, Risotto's lips a few centimeters from his, his breath mixing with his own, as the first two fingers entered him.

The familiar but oh so comforting burning sensation he felt was soon joined by another.

He felt a pulling sensation under the skin of his chest, tingling, then a warm pain, like a real burn. Leone lowered his head to his chest, and his belly, widening his eyes.

Under the skin of his chest were little needles. The first one pierced the skin slowly, tearing out a groan of discomfort before making him feel an intense pleasure when the needle began to heat up, and the blood started to bead.

Risotto was using his stand, Metallica, to fuck him.

Leone could feel his blood heating up, like molten lava in his veins, the needles forming under his skin, moving and piercing it, he could feel the blood flowing down his neck and clavicles.

Risotto bent down, licked the scarlet streak that ran down from Leone's left collarbone to his belly, and went back up to kiss the wounds he had just caused, while the blood from the cuts adorned Leone's skin like little rubies.

The stinging but intense pain as he loved it made Leone's brain vibrate with pleasure, and the combination with Risotto's fingers inside him that relaxed him and touched his prostate made him go crazy, and he put one arm around Risotto, his other hand grasping the sheets.

"Sir, please... I need..."

After a final bite on his shoulder, which he licked affectionately, Risotto went back up to Leone's mouth.

"Yes, darling? Tell me what you need."

Leone undulated against him, trying to increase the contact with his body, and the pressure of his fingers inside him, the blood still flowing gently on his chest and along his neck. The pleasure he felt was so intense that Leone thought he was going to lose his mind, and he wanted to let himself slide completely, to surrender himself completely to Risotto who took such good care of him.

The murderer held him in his hands as if he were a precious artifact, while physically destroying him to a point that gave him the greatest sexual satisfaction he had ever known.

"I wouldn't do anything without some indication from you, Leone."

His fingers continued to move inside him, pushing on his prostate as a new needle pierced his chest, sending shocks of pleasure throughout Leone's body, his eyes rolling in their sockets.

"I need...fuck - you know what I want. »

Risotto's hand tightens abruptly around his neck, making him a little dizzy from lack of oxygen.

"Have you forgotten how to address me, little thing?

- No, sir, I - ahh - i haven't.

- Good."

The intensity of Risotto's eyes made Leone lose what sense he had left, and the treatment he'd been undergoing for a few minutes pushed him to the brink of sanity.

Risotto rolled his hips against him, and Leone finally cracked.

"Take me, please, Sir. Use me, break me, I'll do what you want - I'll do anything, I need..."

Risotto shut him up by putting a finger on his lips as he stepped back to grab some lubricant and a condom from the bedside table.

He leaned over Leone again, his mouth above his own almost like a ghost of their previous kisses and repositioned his hand on his neck, satisfied to see the proud and arrogant Leone Abbacchio completely undone under his caresses.

With a supple and fluid movement, he entered him, his mouth just below his ear.

Leone widened his eyes as he tied his legs around Risotto's waist and took off his cap, his fingers clinging to the short white locks.

Risotto was huge, and Leone felt ... fulfilled beyond belief. Risotto wrapped his other arm around him and rolled them around, finding himself in a sitting position, Leone sitting on top of him.

The former policeman threw his head backwards, as he took Risotto's entire cock inside him. Risotto kept a hand that was obstructing his breathing as he did so well, while he kissed on the cuts from which the needles had come out. One of his hands slipped over his legs, and he began to move in Leone, who finally put his forehead against his own.

Leone was no longer able to speak, destroyed from beginning to end by the crazy combination of desire, pain and pleasure he felt with every push of Risotto inside him, had the idea that this man, the chief assassin of the most powerful mafia in Italy, had decided to kiss him, to mark him.

He wanted to stay with Risotto forever, to be his thing, to let him destroy him and drown him in blood and satisfaction, he wanted to stay in his powerful and comforting arms, where he had never felt as much in his place as against him, under him.

"Aaah, Risotto..."

Risotto raised his eyes to imprint in his memory the spectacle of Leone completely dazed, drunk with desire and completely incoherent under his thrusts. He accelerated with a wry smile, wrenching a long, hiccupy moan from Leone, who was bouncing off his dick.

The murderer felt his lover on the brink, and decided to push him a little more, seeing that he was restricting himself, that he was containing his pleasure.

"Come for me, sweetheart."

Risotto's deep voice, made hoarse by the grunts, combined with his breathless, authoritative tone, made the cogs of Leone's extinguished brain rattle as he came to orgasm in a strangled scream, suddenly tightening around Risotto.

"Perfect, darling. So obedient, for me. You're a real wonder. »

Risotto moved inside him a few more times, before burying his mouth in the back of Leone's neck, who was holding it against him, on the verge of fainting from the force of his orgasm.

The assassin closed his eyes, savoring his orgasm, the warmth of Leone's body against his own, and the beauty of the moment they had just shared. Gently, after coming down from the ecstasy of pleasure, he put his hands under Leone's buttocks, carried him to the bed opening, and gently slipped him into the black sheets, under the duvet. He removed the condom and threw it into the desk basket, and straightened himself up.

He said, "No..."

Risotto turned to Leone, who was holding him by the wrist as he walked away to retrieve some things from the adjoining bathroom.

He put a soft hand on Leone's cheek and Leone looked at him, almost asleep.

"I'll just get you something to cool you down, honey."

The former policeman let him go, nodding his head and using what force was left to straighten up on his elbows, his mind clearing up a little.

Risotto returned, still naked for his greatest pleasure, and with his hands full. He sat down on the edge of the bed beside him, and without a word, meticulously disinfected his cuts and wounds, one hand on his own which was above the duvet.

Leone hesitated for a few seconds and let his thumb trace small circles on Risotto's hand in a gesture of both tenderness and thanks.

Risotto took care of him, carefully cleaning the cuts, the semen on his belly which had begun to dry, before handing him a bottle of water.

"Drink a little, you've lost a lot of blood."

Leone nodded his head before taking a few sips, under the tender gaze of Risotto.

The assassin put everything he had used in the bathroom, before going around the bed, ignoring their clothes scattered on the bedroom floor. Risotto slipped under the duvet next to Leone, who instantly came to lie against him, letting out a satisfied sigh when Risotto closed his arms around him.

"I know this kind of situation is very intense and tends to magnify things, but I've never had this kind of chemistry with anyone else. I've never had that kind of... holding someone in my arms, and feeling so calm."

Risotto's fingers traced arabesques on Leone's back as he breathed in the lavender scent of his silver hair.

"I would like... I would like you to stay here. I want you to stay with me. I know it's early, Leone, but I want you to be mine."

Leone shivered, burying his face in Risotto's neck, savoring the warmth of his skin.

"All right," he said. I... I want to stay too. You're not..."

Leone's voice was unsure, which was not surprising coming from someone who had such a hard time talking about his emotions.

"You're not the only one who feels this way."

Risotto's arms tightened around him, and Leone closed his eyes. It was new for him. Sharing a real connection with someone. To feel... considered. Loved. Valuable.

They stayed in that position as sleep won them over, and Leone thought that maybe, perhaps, he could be happy one day.

## Chapter End Notes

thank your for reading it !!!  
i really hope liked it, it was very fun to write heee  
plz give me comments its my oxygen

see ya soon !

# Peaceful Morning

## Chapter Summary

The next day for Leone and Risotto, feat the Squadra acting like one big dysfunctional family.

## Chapter Notes

HELLO THERE ITS ME UR DUMB FRIEND

how are yall ??

i would like to thank u very much for all ur kind comments here, on Crimson Dust, A flower, and Always with you !!

im so happy u like my ideas and how i write and manage my fictions !

this chapter is "la squadra being bros and tooth rooting fluff"

MENTION OF DEPRESSION TOO

have fun !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I swear to you, Pro, if you finish that coffee, I'll murder you."

Ghiaccio entered the kitchen grumbling, his hair in a mess and his glasses on the tip of his nose. Prosciutto was sitting on a stool in the middle island of the kitchen, quietly blowing on a steaming cup of coffee. He opened his eyes and had a smirk on his face when he saw Ghiaccio entering the kitchen grumbling as usual.

"Because you think I'm going to drink your horrible coffee powder maybe?"

Illuso rolled his eyes, stirring his cup of tea distractedly, turning a page of his newspaper as Melone entered the kitchen, dressed in lilac jogging pants and a T-shirt too big for him that he knew belonged to Ghiaccio.

"Lord God."

Ghiaccio fell on a stool in the central kitchen island with his friends and took a long sip of his hot coffee.

Breakfast and meals in general were a moment that the Squadra members spent together, like the somewhat chaotic family they were.



They were almost all here, now that Pesci had discreetly joined the kitchen and Formaggio was rummaging through the fruit and vegetable bin to make his usual greenish smoothie.

"Risotto isn't up yet?

- I admit it's weird, he is always up at dawn ? »

Formaggio took his head out of the fridge with a nasty smile on his lips and looked at his colleagues as if to say "I'm going to do something stupid and absolutely nobody will be able to stop me", before slamming the fridge door and running across the kitchen to go and wake Risotto up by surprise.

Prosciutto put down his cup of coffee suddenly, a few drops splashing on the worktop of the island, and followed Formaggio to prevent him from waking Risotto and thus condemning them to certain death.

He ran down the stairs behind Formaggio, who suddenly opened the bedroom door, but froze before shouting anything, giving Prosciutto time to catch up with him.

"But what the hell ... "

Formaggio was frozen at the entrance of Risotto's room, his hand still on the door handle. Prosciutto approached him, frowning at the expression of surprise he could read on his face.

The curtains in Risotto's room were open, letting light into the whole room. Clothes were scattered all over the room, mostly between the door and the double bed in front of them.

Risotto was lying in his bed, on his back. He slept peacefully, his head turned towards the person sleeping in the hollow of his arms, which he held with one arm around his waist. Formaggio's expression of surprise was heightened when he recognized Leone Abbacchio, the BucciGang informant, who had his head nestled in the crook of Risotto's neck, an arm thrown carelessly over Risotto's torso on which he was sleeping.

Leone was covered in small cuts, and Risotto had purple lipstick marks on his torso and neck. Their legs were tangled under the sheets and they both slept peacefully, completely unaware of the two men who looked at them in surprise.

Formaggio and Prosciutto exchanged a knowing look and both closed the bedroom door, silently retreating.

"What did we just see?

- Dude, I don't want to know."

Prosciutto went back down to the kitchen, closely followed by Formaggio who sat on a stool, while he finished his coffee - still burning - in one go. The other members of the Squadra were staring at them, curious.

Illuso finished his diary and closed it in the greatest of calms, putting his chin in the palm of his hand and holding his cup of tea with another.

"He spent the night here?  
- Did you know about this? "

The dark-haired man laughed sarcastically before nodding.

"Of course, I was in the living room when they arrived yesterday."

Formaggio dropped his forehead against the table with a thud that triggered a collective burst of laughter in the kitchen, before rubbing his head with a grin, laughing in spite of himself.

Upstairs, Leone woke up slowly. He was fine there. Huddled in powerful arms, against a strong, muscular body, warm, his mind fogged by sleep and satisfaction. He felt an arm resting on his waist, and fingers sliding slowly through his hair.

Risotto seemed to be awake already, but had decided to wait for Leone to wake up to move, running his fingers through the silver strands of the former policeman's hair. His other hand was drawing delicate little circles on the skin around his waist, making him shiver. He buried his nose in Risotto's neck, breathing in the smell of the man holding him tight.

His perfume, masculine and fresh, and the aroma of his skin, musky and a little metallic, made him laugh softly when he thought back of his Stand.

"Hello."

Leone grunted as Risotto sneered, his chest vibrating with laughter.

*Dear Lord*, Leone thought, he was dead and in paradise, it was not possible to feel so *good* otherwise.

He finally straightened up, turning on his stomach, his face a few centimeters away from Risotto's, who was still smiling. His hair cascaded around his face like a river of silver, and Risotto raised one hand to grab one of his locks between his fingers. Leone's hair was soft as silk, and before he caught it behind his ear, he kissed it gently, closing his eyes.

Leone widened his eyes in surprise, unaccustomed to so much tenderness, especially coming from a hitman like Risotto.

Risotto's hand slipped the wick behind his ear before sliding into his neck to make him lean towards him and kiss him more deeply.

Their kiss was slow, and Leone quickly opened his mouth to deepen their embrace. He placed his hand on Risotto's cheek as he closed his eyes and the killer's other hand stroked his waist, his thigh, to slide over his ass, massaging it between his fingers.

Leone stepped back, short of breath, and his mouth still a few millimeters away from Risotto's mouth. He looked at the man beneath him, smiling gently, as if he was still in a dream.

He wouldn't have believed Risotto capable of tenderness, of gentleness. And yet, if Risotto had spent long minutes destroying him in the most delicious way last night, he now cherished

him as if he were a beautiful Murano glass statue that might break at least in a shock.

Risotto's hand still in his neck brought him closer to him, kissing him gently again. The passion flowed into their kiss like honey, sweet and syrupy, comforting like hot chocolate after a long walk in the pouring rain and cold wind. Leone moaned softly, out of breath as Risotto chewed his lip, and rolled them into the sheets, finding himself above Leone.

Risotto smiles as he hears Leone's short, breathless breaths and feels his back arching to accentuate the contact between them.

He was quietly continuing his ministrations on the former policeman under him when he heard a noise on the ground floor, and someone almost shouting "Formaggio, come back you little prick!" followed by racing noises.

Leone burst out laughing as Risotto grunted and let his head fall into his neck grumbling.

"I think your colleagues are awake, Risotto.

- My colleagues? I think you meant "the children I'm babysitting". »

The leader of the Squadra straightened up, the hand that held Leone's wrists slipping over the soft skin of one of his forearms, caressing up to his shoulders, flying over his collarbone to rise in his neck and sliding gently down his cheek, wrenching a long shiver out of Leone as he thought back to the night they had just shared.

"We'll pick this up later, *Leo*."

He grabbed Leone and straightened him up with a smooth movement, the former cop's purple and golden eyes opening in surprise as he landed gently against Risotto's warm, muscular chest. He raised his head towards him, his lips a few centimeters from his own as he straddled halfway across.

"But for now, coffee.

- You know how to seduce to me."

Leone settled properly on his knees, straddling Risotto and straightened himself up a little to overhang him by a few centimeters, holding his face in his hands. Risotto stared at him, his eyes red and black interrogative.

"I ... I don't know what's going on between us, Risotto, and I'm not really good with emotions, but ... "

Risotto put his hands on his waist, a firm but gentle grip from which Leone could free himself at any time if he wanted to and remained silent. He tilted his head to the side, letting Leone know that he had his full attention and would not interrupt him. Just this simple gesture, this mark of respect and concern from Risotto ignited a gentle warmth in Leone's chest.

He had been in Risotto's company for less than 24 hours, and he felt as if he had always been there. It was ... strangely easy to be with Risotto. They understood each other without talking,

it was so new for him, who had always thought that his life would soon be over, either because he had thrown himself in front of a train, or because he had drowned in alcohol, or because he had died on a mission.

Leone had never envisioned his existence as anything more than a scourge, a terrible and unbearable wound that was weighed down by the pain of having to live, getting up every morning and trying to do something productive with his life and his days, when all he wanted most of the time was to curl up in a ball and forget how to breathe and *finally* die in peace.

He would wake up every morning with only one thing in mind: to go back to bed at night and do nothing, when even doing nothing made him feel terribly anxious.

Bruno had arrived in his life and had partially taken him off the streets, alcoholism and one-night stands by offering him a place in Passion, a roof over his head and a family, but the depression and the impostor syndrome had remained, and more virulent than ever.

"Hey, Leo."

Risotto's deep, calm voice and the tender touch of his hands on his hips brought him back to reality, and he apologized with a contrite smile.

"Excuse me I -

- Dissociated? Don't apologize, it happens to me sometimes too. »

Leone pressed his lips against his, unable to hold back. He wanted to stay with this man, he wanted to make him his and be *his* and only *his*, because in less than 24 hours Risotto had made him feel more than he had felt in the 21 years that made up his miserable life.

He kissed him with fervor, perdition, giving everything he had in it, breathing in every breath he exhaled, like a man who had just drowned and was catching his breath, he kissed him as if he was an oasis after an interminable crossing of the desert, as if it was the only thing that mattered to him.

When he stepped back, Risotto's cheeks were rosy, his hair was in a mess and his eyes were bright, surprised but happy.

"I don't know what's going on between us, but if you'll have me, I'd like ... no, I want to stay with you and see where it goes."

Risotto smiled at him and passed his hands under his ass, inviting him to tie his legs around his waist.

"I offered it to you yesterday, didn't I? Of course you can stay.

- Can I stay or do you want me to?

- I want you to stay. »

The leader of the Squadra rose suddenly, carrying Leone, who felt lighter than a feather in Risotto's arms, and took them to the adjoining bathroom to take a shower before going

downstairs for breakfast, kissing for the thousandth time this morning Leone who was smiling.

## Chapter End Notes

eh its me ur boi again

did u like it ?? its soft, i know, but i feel like they just can understand each other, like theirs souls match ?

anyway, i hope u liked it, dont forget to comment if u have something nice or even not nice to say it always makes me so happy !!!

see ya soon, drama incoming ;)

Kat

# Trust Issues

## Chapter Summary

The Squadra meets to discuss the Abbacchio case, and the former policeman is given a new mission far more dangerous than anything he has done before.

## Chapter Notes

hum

hello there

yeah i know its been like 3 months and I'm so so so sorry but I had to start school again, fight depression and my personal issues so I had a blank page syndrome ...

and then, someone adviced me to write 400 words per day and ... IT WORKED. IM HAPPY.

anyway, new chapter, they are wholesome, Melone and Leone will be besties, and Leone has now a job to do ...

hope u'll like it !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I don't see why we should trust him."

Risotto glared at Ghiaccio a stern look, gauging him from the other side of the meeting room. The bluish one had his arms crossed, his eyebrows furrowed and his gaze furious as usual. Melone had his hand on his thigh, his gloved fingers tracing small circles on his skin in the hope of calming him down. He glanced at his companion, worried that he would burst a pipe and start to scream, without realizing that his soothing gait was actually working.

"It's one of Polpo's men, Risotto. POLPO! He can't stay here."

Ghiaccio rose abruptly, tapping his hand flat on the meeting table, suddenly tipping his chair over. Illuso was startled on the other side of the table, while Leone looked at Ghiaccio with a blasé look.

"Do you want me to leave, Ghiaccio?"

The young man turned his angry gaze towards Leone, who was standing strangely on the armchair. He wasn't sitting normally, but he had both legs hanging over the armrest and

swaying calmly. His chin was resting in his hand and his elbow on the armrest against which he was half leaning. Risotto was standing not far from the chair with one leg raised and his foot resting against the wall with his arms folded.

"If I understand correctly, Ghiaccio, you want me to leave?"

Leone threw his legs over the armrest, rising smoothly and smoothing the folds of his trousers. Ah, he'd have to go and buy something to change his clothes. He had been at the Squadra's lair for a little week, and he had already washed his clothes, but he hadn't had any clothing problems because the time he hadn't spent in his long corseted coat, he had spent it naked in Risotto's bed, sleeping against him or meowing with pleasure under his ministrations.

So the silvery one stood up, casting an amused look at Risotto, who was watching the scene in silence. He walked towards the door, a disturbing smile on his lips.

"Ah, what a pity."

Leone approached the front door as the members of the Squadra gave each other shocked glances. Prosciutto extinguished his cigarette in the crystal ashtray on the meeting room table and stood up. He picked up his cigarette packet and lighter, walking past Leone to open the door.

"I want him to stay. I know he can help us to avenge Sorbet and Gelato. I vote for him to join the Squadra."

Prosciutto walked out of the room, under the amazed gaze of his teammates, and the amused one of Risotto. The leader shook his head, ringing the bells that hung from the end of his cap and triggered a puffing noise from Illuso.

Risotto moved towards the table, as Leone was about to leave the room, and cleared his throat.

"We're a team, right? I'm not going to force my decision on you if you're formally opposed to Leone joining us then so be it. But I see in him a chance for us to find the murderer of Sorbet and Gelato, to avenge them and start a new life."

Risotto raised his hand to grab his strange hat, which he took off and put on the table, solemnly. He looked at the members of his team, worried and a little anxious.

Risotto had been a great loner all his life. His mother had never really been happy to have him, and his father had already been a member of Passione when he was just a child. Risotto had always learned to fight and to fend for himself.

Risotto was immediately told that murder was in his blood, and it was one of the truest phrases he had ever heard in his life.

When he was 16, Metallica had appeared in his life and Polpo, his dearest father, had quickly made it clear to him that it was in his interest to serve Passione too if he didn't want to get

into trouble with the mafia or the law. He had obeyed and served the organization religiously. And then one day he was told that he was going to work in pairs with another assassin.

It was on a Tuesday in October, not far from Santa Chiara, that Risotto Nero met the man who would become his closest friend, his trusted man and his second, despite their age difference.

Prosciutto. He was two years older than him, and while Risotto was just 17, Prosciutto was 19, and they immediately understood that they were both carved from the same wood.

They were both survivors, both fighters, and their success rate on missions was 100%. No matter how difficult the mission entrusted to them was, failure had never been an option for them.

Polpo had made a fatuous fuss about the success of his little protégé, without ever saying that Risotto was more than his favorite, that he was also the flesh of his flesh, that he was his son and not a henchman found on the side of the road with an inclination to murder.

Risotto and Prosciutto had worked in pairs from that fateful day on, and little by little they had made their way through the organization, until the Godfather himself entrusted them with the creation and management of a team.

Little by little they had gathered around them other survivors, gifted and talented killers, rigorous or extravagant, and the Squadra di Esecuzione was finally born in the form it has today.

Risotto had made Prosciutto and the Squadra his family. They lived together, worked together, and eventually became friends. Their opinions mattered more than he could ever have imagined, and he would never force them to accept Leone if they objected.

He looked up from the table at his team, and then at Leone, who was staring at him from the entrance to the room. Suddenly his heart inflated like a balloon and a comforting warmth poured into his chest as Leone gave him a gentle smile of encouragement.

What spell had this man put on him? Leone had arrived in his life, drunk and horny in a dingy bar in Naples, and had shot most of his certainties without the slightest shamelessness.

With him, in just a few days, Risotto had been able to savor the pleasure of being with someone who has the same inclinations as you, who understands you and desires you for what you are deep down, under the mask of coldness. Leone was supple and tender under his fingers, like a custom-made piece of satin.

Risotto felt in Leone the echo of the fear of abandonment he had felt so much before. He had recognized in the abandonment that Leone showed during their relationship a desperate need to belong, to be something at least for someone, at least for a while.

Leone was just 21 years old, and Risotto had seen in him one of the most wounded hearts, one of the most broken souls he had ever met.



If he could keep Leone in his arms, help him surface and keep him close to him forever, then Risotto would do so without any hesitation.

But to do that, he needed the rest of the Squadra to agree to integrate Leone into their small team. Prosciutto had already spoken out on the subject, and although he knew that Illuso, Melone, and Pesci would not be against it, the opinions of Ghiaccio and Formaggio still remained.

"Are you opposed to Leone joining us? Do you have any reticence, any doubts? If so, please let me know and I will consider them. We are not only a team but also a family. I want everyone to be in agreement on something as important as the arrival of a new member. »

Formaggio sighed, scratching the back of his neck as he reflected.

"I have nothing against him. But that doesn't mean I trust him. I'm waiting to see if he'll be faithful to you. We shouldn't forget that he was Bucciariati's damned soul. »

Risotto nodded, fully understanding his colleague's doubts. He turned his eyes to Ghiaccio who was still frowning and did not seem ready to change his mind on the matter.

The bluish one always had a tight jaw, and deliberately avoided Melone's gentle gaze, who tried to soothe him without saying a word. He looked up at Leone who was at the entrance to the room, looking at him, waiting for his verdict. The eyes of all the members of the Squadra were fixed on Ghiaccio, and he realized that the decision to integrate Leone was based on his opinion.

Ghiaccio sighed and tried to close his eyes to calm himself, concentrating on Melone's hand which was resting on his thigh, and drawing small circles to calm him down. He took a deep breath and put his hand on Melone's hand, which squeezed it gently, breathing in and out with him to help him regain his calm.

"Ok."

Ghiaccio opened his eyes again, a little calmer.

"I don't trust him. He's a man from Buccellati."

Risotto opened his mouth to speak, but Ghiaccio spoke again almost immediately.

"I don't trust him. I don't trust him for the time being. When he proves that he is trustworthy, then we'll see. In the meantime, I won't say anything."

Ghiaccio looked up at Melone who gave him a proud smile, before looking at Risotto who nodded his head in satisfaction.

"Good, I understand. The meeting is suspended."

The members of the Squadra stood up and passed in silence in front of Leone who had left the room shortly before them, and calmly returned to the living room. Leone turned to Risotto, and followed him next in his office.

He closed the door behind him, Risotto already leaning against his desk and crossing his arms.

Silence hovered for a few moments in the room, Leone turned his head towards him, his hand still on the door handle.

"What are you going to do about it?

- Prosciutto said I could avenge ... Sorbet and Gelato? What happened? »

Risotto tickled his tongue, looking towards the window as he tightened his arms a little more, making his pectorals swell in the process, drawing Leone's gaze to his chest.

The former policeman approached him, putting one hand on his forearm and raising his head towards him.

"Risotto, I can't help you if you don't tell me what happened. I need to know everything - and by that I truly mean everything. »

Risotto turned his head towards him, looking at him, anxious. He stared at Leone for long seconds before sighing and unhooking one of his arms to put his hand on his own.

Leone turned his hand so that it was palm to palm with Risotto's, and squeezed it gently into his fingers. He put his other hand on Risotto's arm, which passed his around his waist, drawing him against him.

"We were ... there were ten of us, part of the Squadra. There was one pair of us who worked better than the others. Their names were Sorbet and Gelato."

Leone nodded his head, his thumb tracing small circles on the back of Risotto's hand, encouraging him to continue as he felt Risotto's grip tighten on his waist. The leader of the Squadra turned his head towards him, finally looking him in the eyes.

"They were married."

Leone frowned curiously.

"Married?

- Yes, they were married. Since when, four years ago? It was a beautiful wedding. Sober, but beautiful. Sorbet and Gelato were made for each other. They did everything together, and had hardly left each other since they met. »

Risotto stared at Leone, watching his reaction. The young man smiled at him, before placing his head against Risotto's chest, his ear a little above his heart.

"What happened to them?"

If it was possible, Risotto held him even tighter. Leone felt him tense, and above all sad. Angry, but in mourning more than anything else.

"The Boss was only reducing our pay. One day Sorbet and Gelato had had enough. They decided to find out who the Godfather was."

Leone gasped, closing his eyes and listening to Risotto's heartbeat against him, which was beating powerfully in his chest, and his calm but somewhat quivering breaths.

"They disappeared, and several days later Sorbet's body was found in a morgue. Gelato was found much later. He was found cut out of 38 pieces of plexiglass, sent by post. »  
The former policeman painfully closed his eyes as Risotto laid his head on top of his own, kissing his hair in a tender gesture that warmed the hearts of both of them.

"It's horrible. I know we're part of the mafia, I know this kind of thing happens, but ... I can't imagine it.  
- You don't want to imagine. »

Risotto's voice was no higher than a whisper, and nothing could disturb the cathedral-like silence that hovered in the office bathed in the soft late afternoon light. One against the other, in an almost natural embrace, they felt at peace.

Leone's defection would not go unpunished, but he knew how to protect himself. He was not alone. And for once, he could count on someone who knew that the truth should not be kept from him. Risotto had told him about the murders of Sorbet and Gelato, and the murderer had decided to trust him. He had a lot to gain, but also a lot to lose.

"I'm going to find the son of a bitch who did this."

Leone moves back a little, raising his magnetic gold and lavender eyes towards Risotto, his determination shining in the hollow of his pupils.

"What?  
- The murderer of Sorbet and Gelato. I'm going to find him."

Risotto placed his hand against Leone's cheek, staring serenely at him.

"Are you sure? Avenging Sorbet and Gelato also involves finding out the identity of the Godfather. Are you aware of the risks you are taking?  
- I am aware of them. But I want to help you. Let me find the murderer of your friends.  
- Why would you do such a thing? »

Leone looked at him silently, his eyes sailing over every detail of Risotto's face.

"It seems a lot to me, just to prove your loyalty to us. Why are you doing this?  
- I'm doing it to..."

Leone's voice got stuck in his throat.

*I'm doing this for you. It is for you. Because without even knowing it, you saved me from myself.*

How he would have liked to tell him how he felt. All the intensity of the feelings that poured into his heart and swelled his chest every time he touched him, every time he saw him. The warmth that flowed into his chest when he woke up before Risotto and watched him sleep, his features soothed and his face untouched by the worries of everyday life.

But it was too soon. So much too soon. He wasn't ready to confess what he felt at Risotto. Leone was far too afraid that Risotto wouldn't feel the same as he was beginning to feel.

He wasn't prepared to give up his arms around him and the happiness that growled in his throat when Risotto's lips fell on him.

*Not now. It's too soon.*

Leone was ready to silence his feelings if it meant he could stay with Risotto, with this ruthless, sadistic and cruel but at the same time gentle and tender man. If he could stay there as long as possible, he would. How could he not have seen earlier that Risotto was the right person for him?

"What kind of man would I be if I let their deaths go unpunished? Have you forgotten that I'm a former policeman?"

Risotto stared at him for a few more moments, doubtful, having seen that Leone's answer was not the one he had given him. Realizing that the young man would not tell him anything more, he decided to let it go.

After all, Leone didn't know about it, but he wasn't planning to let him go anytime soon.

"Think carefully. But your help will be welcome. However ..."

With one arm around Leone's waist, he turned their positions around and sat Leone on the edge of his desk, barely looking at the papers in it. He put his hand on Leone's chest, pushing him to lie down on the desk, and encouraging him with his other hand to pull his leg up around his waist.

Leone's hair was scattered on the desk, and his little smile made Risotto shiver.

The man was about to get his fucking skin. He slipped his hand between his top laces, slowly relaxing them, without taking his eyes off Leone's face, which was blowing softly, shivering under his fingers.

The young man let his fingers run over Risotto's forearm, before standing up on one elbow to run his fingers into his neck and bring him closer to him.

"However?"

- However, I still don't know your stand."

With one arm around Risotto's shoulders, his body pressed against him and his mouth ajar, Leone laughs softly, in a breath.

"Make me come and I'll show it to you."

A knowing smile was born on Risotto's lips as he kissed Leone, drawing him to himself with the laces of his corset.

"Oh, what. Here? Any member of the Squadra could get in.

- Where else would the fun be?"

---

Leone grabbed the onion from the worktop and began to peel it while Melone uncorked a bottle of red wine next to him. The scientist stopped when he saw him put the onion on the cutting board and started to slice it in half, putting one half aside.

"You don't pass it underwater?"

Leone glanced at him questioningly, laying half of the onion flat and cutting it with a rather hallucinating speed and technique.

"Why would I put my onion under water once I cut it in half?"

- To remove the thing that makes you cry," Melone replied, his eyebrow raised as if it were obvious.

- Because onions make you cry?"

Leone looked at him, doubting, his eyebrows furrowed. He continued cutting the onion, perfectly indifferent to the substance produced by the onion, which should have made him cry. He grabbed the bottle of olive oil and threw a trickle of it into the burning frying pan, before dropping the chopped onions into the oil, instantly browning them. He lowered the intensity of the gas, before turning again to Melone who watched him cook in silence.

"Be nice and give me the button mushrooms in the fridge."

Illuso sneered across the worktop as Melone stuck his tongue out at him, catching the so-called button mushrooms in the fridge.

"In fact, give me all the other ingredients as well. Since I'm cutting things up, I'll do it all at once."

So Melone took the beef, mushrooms, spring onions, carrots and peppers and gave the sachets to Leone, who methodically took out the ingredients before washing them and cutting them up sharply. He put all the ingredients in the pan, leaving them separate in the cooking, before turning around to the two members of the Squadra.

He put his hands on his hips and raised an eyebrow.

"Which one of you is on table duty?"

Melone pointed to Illuso, who pretended not to see them, before finally getting up to grab some food to set the table.

"So, are you staying?"

Leone lifted his head from his stove, looking at Melone. He slipped one of the locks of hair that had escaped from his hairstyle behind his ear and nodded his head.

"For now, yes.

- For now? Were you planning to leave?"

Melone put his head in his hand, leaning against the counter with his back arched and his face inquisitive.

Neither of them saw or heard Ghiaccio, who was at the entrance to the kitchen. The bluish one was right next to the door and had stopped in his steps when he heard the voices of Melone and Abbacchio in the kitchen.

He heard the sound of a knife resting on the worktop and turned his head towards the door to hear the conversation taking place there.

No," he said. I wasn't planning to leave. But this decision is not just mine."

Ghiaccio opened his eyes, surprised.

"I know what it's like to be part of a team. The Buccellati team was like my family. I would have given anything for them. Believe me, Melone, if one of you had arrived in the BucciGang, I would have had reservations."

Ghiaccio bit his lip, strangely touched by the tremolo of emotion that made Abbacchio's voice undulate.

"I expressed more than my share of reservations when Giorno arrived. For you, I am a stranger and a potential danger. And you want me to be honest with you? »

Ghiaccio leaned a little more, and the half-open door allowed him to see the predatory smile on Abbacchio's lips.

Melone stared at him, understanding.

"I would have been offended if you hadn't expressed any reservations about me. Offended and disappointed. And not at all worthy of your reputation, haha."

He swirled the knife between his fingers before taking the mushrooms out of the fire, wiping the pan with a piece of paper towel and wiping the pan dry to gracefully toss in the finely chopped spring onions.

"I intend to stay here. In any case, Risotto has given me something to do, and I intend to do it. Whether I stay afterward is a decision you'll all have to make together. »

He quickly turned up the heat to quickly brown the onions, added a dash of water before covering the pan.

Leone turned to Melone and smiled at him, with kindness and sincerity that was unusual for a 21-year-old corrupt ex-policeman turned mafia man.

"Anyway, that's a discussion you'll have later. Wait until you see the results of my mission, okay? That would be sweet."

He got out of the bowls and checked that the rice was ready, seasoning it in just a few tens of seconds, under the curious and admiring eyes of Melone.

As he moved in the kitchen, Ghiaccio stood up and left, confused. He didn't want Abbacchio in La Squadra because he didn't trust him. He was a man of Polpo, he was the damned soul of Buccellati. Who could guarantee that he was not a double agent?

At the same time, he found it hard to believe that Risotto could be fooled in this way. By a sexual affair. Ghiaccio had all the doubts in the world about Abbacchio, but he couldn't doubt his boss. Not Risotto.

Maybe he should give Abbacchio the benefit of the doubt?

Risotto must have seen something in him, to give him a place in the Squadra despite his origins. There had to be something.

Ghiaccio discreetly walked away from the kitchen, while Leone turned his head towards the door with a raised eyebrow.

*I thought I heard someone?*

He shook his head, serving the Bibimbap plates, leaving Melone and Illuso to take the remaining plates to the table.

Ghiaccio and the others might well have doubted him, he would end up proving to them that he was trustworthy.

But to do so, he first had to follow the trail of the murderer of Sorbet and Gelato.

## Chapter End Notes

hehehehe i really hope you like it !

u can cry or shout at me in my twitter dm's [@DiavoloFraise](#) yeah this is NSFW and I chat and go feral and post preview and shitpost about 2D men and women !

i hope we'll see each other soon with chapter 5, and that u liked chapter 4 <3

## End Notes

hello there

next chapter is holy kinky smut

hope u liked the beginning !

see ya soon !

Kataclysme

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