

Movie Genie - Mafia Princess (Man to Don's Daughter TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Al

Rory is an older man who yearns for the good old days and is enamoured with classic mafia films. But when he wishes to experience that kind of life, he is shocked when the Movie Genie whisks him away to a mafia-movie reality, one where he is stuck as the beautiful daughter of the powerful don . . . and finds herself with an interest in an up-and-coming member of the family business.

Mafia Princess

Another day of retirement, another day of working in the garden making those lovely tomatoes shine. Well, that was the intent, at least. Unfortunately for Rory Dougall, the garden just wasn't taking off, no matter how much care he put into it. He'd always assumed that one generated a green thumb automatically upon turning old and stopping work, but he continued to end his days feeling the arthritis in his back and fingers, and a general sense of malaise.

At least I can relax on my porch, the sixty-three year old man thought to himself, scratching the white hairs on the back of his head. He washed his hands and went out on the porch, grabbing a cold beer from the cooler and a nice hat for if he wanted to sleep beneath the afternoon shade. As he moved through the living room, he passed a photo of Maude, and it gave him pause. She looked lively, still in her mid-fifties, as she forever would be, her hair gone grey early, and her smile indicating that she couldn't care less. Her eyes seemed to stare into him, not in any accusing way, but as if to tell him to move on with life.

"Maybe another day, duck," he said, before moving to the porch.

It had been a good marriage. A happy marriage. Thirty good years of love and travel. They'd gone to Sicily together for their honeymoon, and he'd fallen in love with the land and its history. Poor Maude had suffered through every gangster and mafia film under the sun after that day, and she'd just grinned and laughed when he brought back a new VHS tape from the store.

"A man obsessed!" she'd announce. "What is it about those movies you enjoy so much?"

"You know me," he'd reply. "Just an old-fashioned soul. I like the good old days. I like the style of it. The old mafia setting; you just can't beat it, especially with the slop they call film they put out today."

"My old soul of a husband," she'd say, and kiss him tenderly on the forehead.

But now he was an old soul, and the malaise of growing old alone had worn into his bones. His friends at work, prior to him retiring, had tried to get him on dates; fifty was the new thirty, apparently! Ah, but who had time for that? It was a young man's game. And besides, women these days were so . . . new. It was all tech and social media and modern styles that never appealed to him.

He took a sip from his beer as he stared out from his porch, enjoying the afternoon sun as it died upon the horizon. As he did, a troupe of teenagers passed, sending his warning flags flying. He always got defensive around young people, so he clutched his rocking chair, ready to respond. But they didn't even give the courtesy of noticing him; they were on their tech, taking videos for some social media thing that he didn't understand.

"The old days were better," he mumbled to himself.

He took another sip of his beer. The scene shouldn't have bothered him. The teens weren't even rude. But the sight of them, not even on bikes or being social to one another, made him feel all curmudgeonly. Used up.

Obsolete.

King of Chicago, that was the flick he'd decided on for the night. It was practically a nightly ritual at this point; sit on the porch till it got dark, make up some cheap dinner, and then grow old watching old mafia movies that reminded him of the excitement of being young, of a time long passed by. The VHS quality was almost worn out, and certain scenes skipped a little, but Rory didn't care: he had the whole flick memorised, and practically recited it as it went. Of course, he was very grateful that the scene with the very beautiful mafia don's daughter in her scarlet red dress was preserved perfectly, the moment she starts her dangerous dance with an up-and-coming enforcer was filled with sexual tension. It didn't hurt that the actress was a true Italian beauty, with a prominent arched nose, dazzling dark eyes, curled black hair and perfect olive skin. Maude often joked that if he hadn't married her, he would have been shot in an alley somewhere for trying to seduce a mafia princess.

"You don't know what you're doin', dollface. This racket ain't the kind of thing a sweet girl like you should be involved in."

"Please, Michael. I'm a big girl, I know how to take care of myself. Besides, Daddy doesn't know."

"It's him not knowing about us that I'm afraid of. I haven't proved myself yet, sweetheart. I'm not a made man, not yet, and if he catches me foolin' around with his precious baby girl, then I'm taking a dip in the Chicago River wearing cement shoes, see?"

Rory recited every word out loud, soaking it in. The style, the suits, the music, the 40's setting, it was all wonderful.

"I wish I could experience a bit of that kinda life, before I pass," he murmured.

The screen flickered, and then the gorgeous Gia, daughter of the don, turned to look at him.

"Is that so, Rory?"

Rory's hairy eyebrows rose. "What?"

"Would you really want to experience that kind of life, huh?"

He looked at his beer, then his food on his tray. The woman in the TV smirked.

"Oh, it's not anything you ate or drank, Rory. Let's talk in person, shall we?"

And then she leapt right through the screen, landing in front of Rory, flesh and blood and beauty right before him. And yet, she was filtered like an old VHS movie, with the occasional film dot flickering somewhere on her body, her figure slightly pixelated and technicoloured. Still, she was a beauty.

"My God," Rory said. "Am I dying?"

"Not at all! Just the opposite, if you want your wish to come true, darling." She took a seat beside him, extending her arm around his neck seductively. It had been a long time since Rory last felt like *this*. He didn't know quite how to respond.

"I - what's happening right now? Are you really Gia?"

"I'm just wearing that gorgeous actress' look, for now. Call me the Movie Genie. I'm like a regular genie, only I surf the waves of films of all genres, watching from inside TV sets for the perfect opportunity to grant a film-related wish. And you, my attractive older friend, just wished to experience life like in this wonderful old mafia movies. Interested?"

Rory was flabbergasted. "I mean, I suppose it would be amazing. The modern world just doesn't work for me, but this is . . . is this really real?"

"As real as these lips, big guy. Listen, you just have to say the words. Say you wish to experience life like a mafia movie, and I'll grant you that. Don't you want to start again?"

"I - sometimes. Maude, my wife, told me before she passed that I should try and find new things to do, meet other people. I never could. It felt like betraying her."

The beautiful dame grinned. "Then there you are! What possible reason could you have not to want to experience something different? Something *classic*. Just think of it; the guns, the suits, the streets of Chicago, the bars and the estates and the rival gangs, the beautiful don's daughters and tales of corruption and tempting sin. Surely you can't pass up this opportunity?"

Rory considered this. It was all so sudden, but the truth was, he was rotting away in retirement. The world just didn't make sense to him. He missed the old days, and what it felt like to be young. If there was a chance this was real . . .

“Okay,” he said. “I wish to experience life like a mafia movie.”

The woman grinned, then kissed his forehead, planting a hand on his chest.

“Then experience it you shall, Rory. And trust me, you’re going to love it. Your Maude was right, rest her soul, you need a totally new experience to give you purpose and life. And I’ve got just the thing!”

She clicked her fingers, and suddenly the TV expanded in size, the screen taking up the entire wall. Rory gasped, and then again as a vortex formed into the centre of the crackling screen, which showed a mafia family preparing to go to war, tommy guns at their sides. His tray was knocked aside as the man began to float, lifting off of his feet and drifting towards the screen.

“Wh-what’s happening!?” he cried.

“You’re getting your wish! I’m sending you to another time, another dimension, another reality where the world runs on mafia movie logic! Trust me, it’ll be killer!”

But Rory was starting to yell in fear, unable to stop himself as he was pulled *through* the television set and into a great void, which catapulted him through a mirrorscape of different dimensions. Pixelated static was everywhere, and the old man found himself tumbling head over heels past enormous television screens, all of which displayed entrances to other dimensions, many of which ran on movie logic. A gorgeous western cowgirl sat upon a fence, overlooking her husband heading out on a horse. To his surprise, she turned and waved at him, calling out.

“What genre did you choose, fella?”

Rory was almost too shocked to respond. “M-Mafia movies!”

“Ha! Well, I suppose that’s somethin’ else. I’ll take a western myself.”

Pressure ran through his form. Shocks of static infected his body, causing it to tense and change, even as he fell. To Rory’s horror, his gut began to pull back in, his sagging wrinkles stretching tight again. The older man’s grey hair began to grow longer and longer, turning silky and black and beautiful, covering his vision. His hips spread out further, his hip replacement dissipated, becoming healthier again. His arthritis disappeared in his hands and back, but the downside was how petite he was becoming.

“What’s happening to m-meee!?” he cried as he tumbled through the void, slowly careening past screen after screen. His voice cracked, becoming feminine and gaining a Chicago accent. “My voice? What’s happening to my voice!?”

It was soon becoming obvious: his legs became soft, his thighs slightly thicker, and his manhood started to retreat. Rory patted himself over, trying to force the changes back.

“Where’s my suit!? Why aren’t I becoming some kinda mafia man? A don? Why am I- ohhh!”

Two small breasts formed, slim but present. They grew slightly larger, remaining petite but undeniably perky. His clothing shifted until it was a lovely green . . . *dress*. A dress, a woman's dress, complete with a brassiere and women's underwear forming beneath it, cupping his shrinking mound even as it sank into his flesh, to be replaced by a vaginal opening - a full blown *vulva*.

"Mhmm!" the new woman groaned, struggling against the strangely pleasurable sensations, even as her hair grew yet longer and her face began to alter. Her jaw cracked, face becoming soft and ovoid in shape, her nose gaining a fine Roman arch to it. "No! This isn't what I - ahhh - agreed too!"

Her hair looped around behind her head, forming into a neat bun at the back of her head that still allowed for some lovely dark tresses to fall from either side of her scalp beside her eyes. Everything was strange; her body so new, so vital, so *young* and petite and slender and *wrong*.

I'm a woman. Why am I a woman? This makes no damn sense!

"Oooh! Are you, like, gonna join me for some, like, hot lesbian action and stuff!?"

The new woman turned her head, realised she was passing another screen: this one a cheap-looking set with a very pregnant-looking blonde with enormous tits. She was getting railed by one man while another filmed the experience, and a third waiting his turn.

"What in the Sam Hill!?" Rory cried, hearing her own sweet voice and Italian-flavoured accent.

The blonde giggled, then moaned as she was thrust into by the man taking her from behind. "Ohhh, s-sorry! Like, I'm in a porno universe! You look, like, you're gonna be in some sexy Hollywood whatever! He always makes us, like, women when we make wishes, but you'll totes love it! Ohhh! I know I super d-dooooo!"

Rory could barely take in that crucial bit of information, because suddenly her mind burned with further changes. Already, she was seeing herself as female, but now her mind totally switched, and in an instant her self-conception as Rory was gone, replaced instead by a new name befitting her narrative position: Rosa Lombardo.

"No!" she cried, seeing a television approach. It was old, something right out of the forties, old knobs for adjustment and everything, boxy in shape with a black-and-white screen. "I take it back, y'hear? Leave me as an old codger, will you? I'll happily die drinking on my porch rather than-"

She fell through the screen, now a beautiful young Italian-American woman.

The daughter of a don, she thought, though she knew not why. And then there was nothing.

Rosa opened her eyes. Had it all been a dream? Surely, she'd just drunk a little too much beer and then eaten something that was a bit past its use-by date and then-

Then she looked down, and saw that she was wearing a beautiful forties' style dress with a fabric belt around her waist that emphasised her pretty shape. Her breasts were small but pert, her hair heavier on her head, though at least done up in a bun, and between her thighs . . . was something she wasn't ready to grapple with, just yet.

"Di mio. I mean, oh my God," she said, clutching her pretty face. *"Where am I?"*

She was in a bedroom of some description. No, that wasn't right. Something told her that this was *her* bedroom. It was classical in style, with a great comfortable bed with far too many sheets and pillows, and a covering around the bed that hung from above. Great paintings hung on the walls, one of a beautiful Italian woman that must have been her mother - somehow, she sensed this. The furniture was all varnished black and sandalwood, ornate in design.

I need to find a mirror, she thought. Figure out what's going on.

She moved to the nearby dresser, with its various makeups. One drawer was half-open, and she noticed other dresses were there. For some reason, her brain lit up at that. *I could truly look refined in that red one. Just like a beautiful Don's daughter. No doubt some of the men would treat me to - what am I thinking? I'm a sixty-three year old man, not a . . . woah.*

She took in her own reflection, barely able to believe it. She had large, dark eyes, almost too round, giving her an intensity to match her beauty. Her lips were slightly fuller and had red-looking lipstick on them, but so much of her face was different, with more noticeable cheeks and a softer complexion. Her eyebrows were dark and thick yet utterly feminine, her hair gorgeous in its bun; stylish and period-appropriate. Her green dress had a golden pendant in the shape of a dove over it, one that hung around her neck. She was not particularly tall, but as she lifted the skirt of her dress, it was obvious she had *legs*.

So, I'm a leggy broad. The girls in the mafia films always were. I mean, I've got breasts, I can't deny that, but at least they're not huge. But these legs! Wowzers!

"This is seriously insane," she said aloud, posing in her reflection. Part of her wanted to laugh; what insanity was this!? But another part was terrified; this wasn't what she'd asked for. "Change me back, Movie Genie!" she cried. "You ever hear of the customer always being right?"

Suddenly, the door crashed open, and two men entered suddenly, both in dark suits, both looking fairly handsome. They were, she realised instantly, brothers. They both looked Sicilian as well; the olive skin, the dark moustaches, the slicked-back hair. Yes, Sicilian

gangsters. Instantly, she put up her hands, terrified. The taller one with the black eyes had a tommy gun in his hands. The slightly smaller, but still very fit, one had a revolver.

"Rosa? Are you alright?" the younger brother said.

"I - y-yes!" she cried, keeping her hands up. "Don't hurt me!"

The younger man looked galled, immediately putting his revolver away. "Rosa, you know I'd never hurt you! We just heard a loud squeal and-"

"That's Miss Lombardo to you, Giani," the older brother said, resting his tommy gun down. "Don't get too familiar. You ain't got the right and neither do I."

"Of course," the one called Giani said, the younger of the pair. He was close to Rosa now, and checking her over, assessing for danger. There was something oddly . . . *dashing* about him, and in that instant Rosa realised something that was just as much of a shock as being suddenly turned into an Italian-American woman.

Di mio, I'm attracted to men. I find him handsome! What is wrong with me? That damn genie will pay for this; I've been attracted to women ever since my balls dropped fifty years ago!

But there was no denying the appeal of his young, early twenties face; the handsome jawline, the small scar on his chin, the piercing blue eyes and his slick hair with one small curl falling on his forehead, like some kind of gangster Christopher Reeves.

"I'm alright," she said, after swallowing her feelings down. "I - you're Giani."

"Of course," he said with an easy smile. "And you remember my *fratello* here, lug that he is."

The older brother was handsome too, but in a dangerous sort of way, with a large scar along his left cheek. He had a smirk on his features, but it didn't seem to reach his eyes.

"So, no danger, Miss Lombardo?" he asked.

"N-none. Just a . . . bad dream. I was snoozing."

"Very well. We'll take our leave. Your father wants to see you soon, Miss Lombardo. Giani?"

The younger man gave her a smile and retreated, but not before letting his gaze linger upon her.

"You call out if you need us again, Miss Lombardo."

She found herself smiling. *Why am I smiling?* she thought to herself. *Why is my body responding to him like this? This is not the mafia movie life I'd imagined!*

Still, she couldn't stay in 'her' room, and it only became clearer as the minutes passed. The Movie Genie wasn't answering her prayers, wishes, demands, anything! So, after inspecting herself one last time, and once more being surprised at the Italian beauty in the mirror, she stepped out of her room and crept down the stairs into the main living area.

It was some kind of mansion. Or an estate. No, a country house. The light filtered in from outside, and she could see horses in the distance. Wherever they were, it wasn't in the heart of Chicago but beyond its fringes; the skyscrapers of that great city could be seen in the distance.

"This is too much," she muttered. "Sixty three years of living and I've never had anything like this. Oh, Maude, if you could see me now."

"Rosa, my dearest daughter. Why do you keep your *papi* waiting so?"

The new woman turned slowly, her movements more graceful than she was intending, as if she were playing a part. To her astonishment, an older man in an impressive striped suit was resting comfortably on a couch, a cigar in one hand that was still smoking. He looked to be perhaps in his mid-fifties, and he had white hair that ran quite thin. Another man stood nearby, facing away from them, looking out an open doorway. He had a rifle on his back. A guard.

"*Papi*," Rosa found herself saying, the words coming automatically as if from a script. "*I'm sorry. I was just trying to find the perfect dress for the day.*"

"The day is now one in the afternoon," the man said in a gravelly voice. "Come, sit and talk to your father."

She did so, her heart beating nervously. The man had a presence that was not unlike Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. She realised he even had a small kitten beside him that he was stroking calmly. Rosa intended to try and tell him what was going on, but a new compulsion hit her.

"*Papi, don't tell me you're worried about me. It was just one night out.*"

"A night out where you and your friends slipped clear of my men, once again. Those guards exist for a reason. If the Fratellis ever got word you was out there alone, undefended, they wouldn't hesitate to get to you to hurt me. This war is brewing, my daughter, and it ain't a kindly sight for a girl like yourself. Your days of partying need to come to an end."

"Partying?" she said, confused.

"Yes, partying. Don't think I can't smell the scent of alcohol upon you, or that I fail to notice the bags beneath your eyes. You are as beautiful as your mother when she was your age, and I know all too well what that can mean for your safety."

Perhaps I have to play along? Perhaps that's how I get out? It's a movie sort of world, so I . . . finish the movie? But how does a don's daughter usually act?

It hit her right away: a mafia princess was *always* acting out a little. Pushing at the boundaries. Making things hard for her father, but also pushing further into the business, changing it for good or bad. Much better than the other female fates, really; most of them got shot, or had to run like hell from whatever Robert Deniro had planned for them down that suspicious alley.

"Aww, Daddy," she said a little sardonically. "I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself."

"Yeah? Well, I'd much rather my men take care of you. This business is serious, Rosa."

"Mafia business?"

He became very serious. "We don't use that word. We don't talk about that, not here. You know that. This is the kind of behaviour I'm trying to curb, Rosa. Bah! You're as restless as your mother, only you don't have her survival instincts. From now on, I'm assigning some men to you, and you better-

"Fine, I'll take the brothers," she said.

Her father paused. It was strange, how easily she viewed him as her father, despite the fact that her real father had been gone nearly twenty years. *Like a second father, in a way, for a second life. Clearly, my mind is affected, because I don't feel like a man in his sixties, that's for sure!*

"The brothers?" he asked.

"Yeah, the pair who came up quick to see what I was squealing about. They were faster than your regular chumps, so why not them?"

Don Lombardo frowned, but he did rub his whiskers as he considered it. "They ain't made, sweetie. They're not truly part of the family."

"Then they'll be all the more hungry to prove themselves, *Papi*. Besides, your so-called 'made men' weren't that fast, were they? Those two answered straight away."

Don Lombardo considered this further. "There are many ways to get made. Keeping my daughter out of trouble has got to be the hardest. Fine."

He shouted an order in Italian for the brothers to be brought before them. Rosa blushed a little as she gazed at Giani, the younger brother. He looked a little nervous.

"You two will be the new guards to my daughter. You shadow her. You hold her bags. You afford her respect. You stay out of her way unless necessary, but you pull her out of any situation that doesn't smell right. *Capiche?*"

"You got it, boss," said the elder brother.

"We won't let you down," added Giani.

"See that you don't, and maybe you two may even find yourselves part of *mia famiglia*. Just don't let her out of your sight. I mean that."

Rosa tried to calm her breathing. She wasn't sure if she'd just made things better for herself or worse. One thing was for sure, however: she'd certainly leaned further into her character, and a new compulsion was already rising, a playful impulse that was much more youthful and wasteful than anything her old self would have considered just an hour ago.

"So," she said, smirking a little. "How good are you two at carrying bags of shopping?"

If Rosa Lombardo had to play her role as the bratty, spoiled mafia princess, then apparently she was in it for a longer haul than she'd initially hoped. The first week in her new life, she made private prayers and demands to the Movie Genie to change her back and return her to her geriatric, calmly retired life. But alas, no dice. Instead, she had to remain her pretty Italian self, moving about the estate of her father or accompanying the family where required to various social events, often wining and dining with politicians, lobbyists, or figures connected to various gambling enterprises. Naturally, Rosa was rarely allowed to see the more exciting parts of the mafia genre that she yearned for: Giani and his older brother, whose name was Enzo, rarely let her, mainly due to Enzo's far stricter influence. Instead, she was kept out of the family business, and her Don father continually implied that she would *never* see such business until she was a Don's wife, as he planned to organise a marriage for her to the Fratelli clan's heir that would finally see peace between them.

Negotiations were ongoing.

Thankfully, that gave her time to explore her new status, her magnificent surroundings and, of course, her new body as well. All notions that Rosa had become a wiser and less impulsive individual with age were immediately dispelled when, the first night of her new life, she immediately ran herself a bath and inspected her beautiful female body over and over.

That damn genie, she thought. Putting me in a mafia princess body! What on Earth was she or he or it thinking? God, but these breasts are nice. They remind me of Maude's pair, back when we were younger and . . . friskier.

She cupped her venus mound, feeling her slit, but didn't act on any impulses just yet. No, that took a further three days of will power. Three days of dressing up, of attending events, of being a cloistered young woman protected by armed men, the younger of whom liked to wink and smile at her and cause all sorts of flutters in her slim belly.

It's just your new mind, Rosa. The Movie Genie did something to it. Remember Maude. Remember that you're an old man who's moved beyond such things,

It didn't really work. The truth was, her new youth had injected her with passion, desire, and a young woman's overriding lusts. When she adorned a rather fetching red dress while her father talked to various lobbyists and business partners one night, hosting them at the country house, Rosa gave into temptation and started drinking wine . . . a lot of it. Her impulsive new instincts caused her to become tipsy and then plain *drunk* much faster than intended, and she was moving straight towards her father as he spun honey into the ears of various property investors.

“Daddy!” she went to cry. “I have something to say!”

But before she could barge on in and distract anyone, Enzo was immediately closing the door to her father’s meeting, and Giani was helping her upstairs to her room, his powerful hands upon her form. She could feel something hard.

“Mhmm,” she moaned, the automatic dialogue returning. *“Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?”*

Enzo scowled, but Giani chuckled. “I’m always happy to see you, Miss Lombardo, but in this case, it *is* a gun in my pocket. For your protection.”

“And now, for your protection,” Enzo said. “You must go to your room and nurse a hangover in the morning.”

She did, and she would. But even as they made sure to guard the room from outside, Rosa couldn’t get that thought of Giani’s hand upon her arm, feeling the softness of her. She breathed heavily, trying to summon the willpower not to think about it, but she was drunk and giggly and remembering what it was like to fool around with Maude when she was younger, so instead she got up on the bed, tore off her clothing, got under the covers, and began *really* finding herself.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. “Ohhh. So that’s - ahh - how that f-feels. Always wondered how M-Maude felt when I used my fingers like . . . this. Ohhh.”

It was certainly blissful, and soon the mafia princess was biting her lip, sucking in air as she teased her most tender parts. The dampness between her delicate thighs became a soaking wetness, and soon her mind was wandering to places she had forbidden it to over the past week. She imagined Giani, looking fine and handsome in his pinstripe suit, a tommy gun rested over his shoulder, a cigarette in his mouth, and his suspenders . . . slowly lowering.

“Ohhhh, yesss,” she murmured. “Mhmm, that’s right. Come here, you seductive son of a - ahhh!”

Her sounds grew louder, particularly once she started fondling her lovely nipples and accelerating her progress towards a terrific climax. Soon she was howling, crying out loud despite knowing that her guards could hear her. She hit her first female orgasm with wild aplomb, thrashing in her sheets and giggling to herself drunkenly at the pleasure it created. It was only when she was coming down from the repeated orgasms that a heavy knock landed on the door, followed by equally heavy whispering. Finally, Enzo opened it.

“Do you require any help, Miss Lombardo?”

She had her sheets covering her right up to the neck, but they were thin sheets, and her nipples were pressing against them. She blushed, partly from alcohol, partly from embarrassment at what she’d done, and partly from a strange, inner excitement. A rebellion.

“Oh, I’m perfectly fine, Enzo, thank you.”

Giani was grinning in the background, and she gave him a little wave. God, he was handsome. Enzo just rolled his eyes, on the other hand. She stuck her tongue out at him, and he visibly exhaled before shutting the door.

I really can't stand that one, she thought to herself. Though I guess he's not all bad. Was that a tiny smirk on his face at that last second?

More days passed. Rosa walked the streets of Chicago with a stereotypical mobster woman look: a chic dress with a heavy fur scarf draped across her shoulders, and a long cigarette that Giani was always keen to light for her.

"You really are the best, Giani," she said with a smirk, enjoying the way he looked at her. She knew she shouldn't - God, what would Maude think? - but she needed to play out her role, or else she might never get back! And besides, her youthful self found her bratty behaviour so fun! It didn't hurt that the cigarettes seemed to give no ill effects; this was a world of classic mafia tropes, and who got emphysema in old mafia movies?

"You know, *Papi* will be so proud of me," she said, letting her hips swing a little as she walked down the street. "I didn't even spend *all* his money on clothes. Though I came close with those shoes, didn't I?"

Enzo sighed. She'd saddled him with most of the clothing. "You've got enough to wear for a hundred lifetimes, I'd say. You got more than a Sicilian princess."

"I *am* a Sicilian princess," she said, patting him on the cheek, which made Giani laugh. "Besides, how can I represent Don Lombardo if I'm not properly attired?"

"Oh, we're representing Don Lombardo, are we?" Enzo said. "I thought we were just *shopping*."

"Encouraging his market to grow!" Rosa noted. "Isn't that right, Giani?"

The man shrugged. "So long as my brother has the heavy load, I'm fine!"

"I really do hate you sometimes," Enzo said. "Look, Miss Lombardo-"

"Please, call me Rosa."

"I - I don't think so. Look, we need to be getting back. Your father said you needed to be back by three o'clock. I know you like to party and all, but -"

"Yes, yes, I understand. Giani, be a handsome boy and bring the car round, will you?"

The man was only happy to, grinning at his brother as he took off to get the car. Enzo was left carrying all the bags of vintage clothing, including some amazing headscarves that she adored, much to her own reluctance. It seemed her new self had a real sense of style.

"You don't like me much, do you, Enzo?" she asked the bigger man.

Enzo looked straight ahead. "I don't like a lot of things, Miss Lombardo."

“Such as?”

His expression turned serious. “Failure. Please don’t get my brother in trouble. I been taking care of that mook ever since we were streetkids.”

It was a dash of seriousness in an otherwise light moment.

“I . . . I promise. I’ll try, at least.”

At this, he actually smirked, just slightly. “Thanks.”

“Man of few words, aren’t you?”

He nodded, and nothing more was said until Giani pulled the car around and took them back to her father’s house. When she arrived, he frowned at the sheer amount of bags being dragged with her.

“My darling daughter, I don’t run a mafia just so you can spend all our ill-gotten gains on *clothing*.”

At this, Rosa couldn’t help but embrace her father, kiss him on both cheeks, and then giggle like a silly girl.

“Oh, *Papi*,” she said, emphasising her accent deliberately. “And here I thought we didn’t use *that word* out loud?”

“Heavenly Father above, save me from my daughter.”

So it wasn’t the mafia life she had imagined or fantasised about, that much was obvious. What it *was*, however, was interesting. That could not be denied. 1940’s Chicago was a thing to behold; the vintage vehicles, the men in their suits and the women in their gorgeous dresses, herself part of the latter. The war had just been won, and the excitement for a new nuclear age was budding. But as much as she herself had lived through the Cold War and knew its stresses, Rosa couldn’t help but find herself taken up by the excitement of it all; it was as if the world was new, and so was she.

Well, I am, aren’t I? she thought more than once in the coming days. *I’ve got a new body and a very changed brain. Hell, I want to go drinking on other people’s lawns instead of chasing youngsters off of mine. I actually want to be bothered looking good rather than pottering in my garden. I want to be out here, drinking in this world!*

Part of her knew she should have hated this a lot more. Her new body was still quite emasculating, but she reasoned that she would have hated it a lot more were she younger when she changed. As it was, suddenly having all the energy and youth one could dream of was more than enough to outweigh becoming female. Her body knew how to apply makeup, knew how to put on her brassiere just so, and to style herself beautifully.

And she was, and had been, for two whole weeks. Even as newspapers hot off the presses talked of the underground gang war going hot. Even as detectives several times visited their homes. Even as Fratelli men turned up dead, and then Lombardo men shortly thereafter. That part was less exciting. From the outside, seeing the weeping women and injured men, not to mention experiencing her own softer side, she felt an innate wrongness over the violence. When Giani and Enzo were attacked when they were elsewhere, not minding her, her heart had leapt into her throat until they rocked up at her father's estate. Giani had some torn patches on his suit, and Enzo had a wound in his shoulder, but otherwise they were fine.

"Damn you!" she said, shocking them both when they were cleaned and before her. "Neither of you are to do that again! Do you hear? I'm your *Capo*, not my father! You answer to me, and I *order* you not to engage with that Fratelli trash and hurt yourselves, understand?"

"Understood," Enzo said. "I will avoid all bullets in the future."

"And I shall endeavour to help you buy more lovely dresses," Giani said.

At this, she smiled. "Oh, it's not dresses today . . ."

"Miss Lombardo," Enzo said. He loomed over her as she inspected the wonderful new cars in the lot she was visiting. "I must remind you that your father's credit only takes you so far. You are *not* getting a new vehicle today."

"Aww, but I can try one out, can't I? A little test lot. Daddy owns the lot, after all. What do you think, Giani?"

She turned from the vehicle to the younger brother, fluttering her eyes a little. It had only been four days since she had become Rosa Lombardo, but already her more feminine gestures and mannerisms were becoming second-nature to her. And true enough, they actually worked, just as Maude's charm had once worked so easily on her.

"Come on, Enzo, I'm sure one little ride can't hurt, right?"

Just you wait, pretty man, she thought to herself. She had to mentally retract the 'pretty' part, however; she refused to acknowledge her new body's sexual inclinations . . . or how powerful they were. It only powered her impulses when she got in the driver's seat of the vintage Cadillac, and just minutes later, Giani was eating his words.

"DAMN IT, ROSA! SLOW DOWN!"

"I can't hear you over the sound of my speed, Giani!"

"I told you this was a bad idea!" Enzo complained from the back. "She's run wild." His scowl had not gone away, but she didn't find it so overbearing anymore. Rather, there was a quiet kind of dry humour in it that she now detected, and wanted to impress.

"That's right, I have!" she said, beeping the horn and overtaking a car ahead of her. She squealed with delight; she hadn't felt like this since she got her first pickup back in her early twenties! Only she was twenty years old now, and master of her own little world!

Both men actually *yelled* when she almost crashed going down a far-too thin lane, but she just whooped with glee. She was a mafia princess, breaking the rules and upsetting her criminal father. Sure, there was the whole 'being a woman' aspect, but Rose had not felt so young in *decades*.

It was nearly a week later, when Rosa was actually acclimated to her new self, when her father summoned her. Enzo and Giani followed, and when her father saw them in the main living room he nodded. "I see these two are keeping you out of too much trouble. They won't be needed much longer, however."

Rosa cocked her head at this, waiting for her father to explain. He dismissed the brothers, he removed themselves immediately. Giani gave her an easy grin, but to her surprise, Enzo lingered just a little longer, a look of concern upon his face before closing the door. It made her heart skip a beat, which she hadn't expected.

"Father," she said, turning back to the Don. "what's this about?"

Her father sighed, grabbed a newspaper, and showed the headline to her.

Four More Slain in Deadly Gang War!

"Three were ours," he said. "The stalemate continues, and business is bleeding, and worst of all so is our *familia*. Luigi was killed in that battle."

She gasped, because that was narratively expected of her, but she couldn't help but think: *Who is Luigi? Was he the motormouth one that hit on me?*

"Father, if you would just let me do something to help-"

At this, her father *threw* down the paper upon the ground, his face turning fierce enough to elicit a squeak of surprise from her.

"Damn it, Rosa! Again with this? You are not an enforcer. You are not a made man. This is men's work, and even without sons, I would never ask that of you. I would sooner die. You romanticise this life, but you do not understand it."

I suppose he's not wrong. But I'm still older than you, father, deep down at least!

"There must be something I can do, or else you wouldn't want a meeting with me. Or is this about the car crash?"

His eyebrows turned up. "Car crash?"

"It's just a minor thing. Never mind."

Don Lombardo said nothing, and that told her this was serious. Only after ten long, aching seconds did he speak, his gaze never leaving hers.

"There have been secret talks on how to resolve this. Blood has been spilled, and only the joining of blood will do. It comes with too heavy a cost, but that is what all *paterfamilias* must weigh. Rosa, the Fratelli family are offering Antonio, Don Fratelli's son and heir to join with our family. And in return, I am offering your hand to his."

At this, he actually took her hand and held it lovingly. Dread filled Rosa; dread at losing the comfort and joy of her current situation. At leaving her handsome and loveable bodyguards. Very loveable.

She snatched her hand back.

"No! I won't!"

Especiallly not since I lost Maude. I know she wanted me to find someone again, but not like this! Not as some mafia truce GIFT!

"You must," her father said, and his face was despondent. "I'm very sorry, Rosa. I love you more than life, but these are the decisions I must make . . . for the family."

"No! I won't!" she said, and before he could reply, she took off running out of the room, tears streaming down her cheeks. She passed Giani as she exited into the gardens, bumping into him, but he grabbed her hand and pulled her back. She embraced him, crying into his shoulder.

"Hey, hey, it's okay."

"D-did you h-hear?"

"Yeah, I heard, Rosa."

She sniffled. "I'm to be married off. Like some animal, traded at the damn fair!"

"Yeah, I guess them's the breaks. We had some fun though, didn't we?"

Something broke in her heart all over again. "You - you're not gonna fight for me? You could talk to *Papi* and-"

"And go against the Godfather? Are you kidding me? Rosa, we had our fun, and I won't lie, I was hoping for a little action-"

She slapped him across the face. It made a surprising sting. When she went to slap him again, he caught her wrist easily.

"Hey, the first one was free, but the next'll cost ya. Listen, Rosa, I was just gonna say that I really would want to do something, but I can't jeopardise this. My brother and I, we gotta keep our cards close, ya know? We gotta be made men, and that means towing the line. I'm real sorry, but you gotta understand."

He patted her cheek softly, with genuine affection, but he did leave her. Tears poured down her face, but it was only when he was gone that she realised Enzo had replaced him, and was standing silently near her, waiting for her to notice him. He loomed as ever, but his seriousness made a certain sense to her now, as did his laconic nature.

“You gonna tell me to hurry up and do my duty?” she said. “Go get married and stop complaining?”

“Just offering a handkerchief,” he said, passing her one. He patted her gently on the back, as if uncertain.

Moments passed, the pair of them silent.

“My brother, I always protected him growing up. But . . . means he can be a bit of an asshole at times.”

She giggled through the tears. “And you’re not?”

“You don’t deserve his, Miss Lombardo.”

But I made the wish. I made the deal. And now here I am, the tragedy at the heart of a mafia romance story.

She turned and kissed him on the lips. He was surprised, but kissed her back just a moment later, his strong arms unfolding her until finally they retreated.

“I’m sorry, Enzo,” she said.

“What for?”

“You’re a real nice guy,” she said, sniffing again. “If I had to marry anyone, I’d like it to be you.”

The meeting of the Lombardos and the Fratellis was conducted on neutral and sacred ground. The St James Cathedral was the location, and it had a hint of foreboding about it. Rosa was with her father Don Lombardo, and they had two men with them just in case. Likewise, Don Fratelli was present with two of his own guards, as well as Antonio, who was a thin-faced young man with a pencil moustache that looked like it was failing to grow in. They met in the interior of the church, the grandeur of it like something out of a movie, appropriately enough. Rosa found it hard not to be nervous; her sense of narrative from watching so many of these flicks was making her nervous.

Don Fratelli was the first to step forward from the side of the interior, and his entourage moved with him. He was an older man with glasses and a warm smile. You’d never have guessed he was a don, whereas her own father was a consummate Godfather type. He clasped his hands together.

"Vito, my good friend," he said in a charming voice. "So good for us to finally meet and end this terrible, terrible bloodshed."

Don Lombardo stepped forward as well, as did Rosa with him.

"I agree, Dante. Too much has been spilled, and too much lost. A horrible waste."

"And the Fratellis are not one to be wasteful, and so you have my apologies."

"We Lombardos prefer to keep our peace, and so you have *my* apologies."

It was a ritual, she recognised. Two sides parlaying, going through the motions. They met in the aisle of the church, and she could feel Antonio Fratelli's eyes crawl over her almost slimily. She was dressed more modestly, with a beautiful silken headscarf and a white coat over her dress. There was something almost bridal about it, which made her feel guilty.

It's just a story. You're not betraying Maude. It's just a shame that Enzo isn't here. I could at least tell him that . . . no. Stupid. You're just an old man playing at being a mafia princess. Get the story done. You agree to marry him, it's over. Unless . . .

She thought she saw movement, but Don Fratelli distracted her.

"Ah, and what a beautiful bride you shall make for my Antonio, and bless him with many strong sons, no doubt! Antonio, she's beautiful, isn't she?"

"She is, *Papa*," he replied, never looking away from her. "A father's pride."

"My greatest treasure," Don Lombardo said gravely. "I am giving away my future to you, Dante. I hope you understand how important this is to me."

Don Fratelli smirked. "Ah, Vito, you are giving away so much more than that."

Oh God, that smirk. That nod. I've seen scenes like this before. Up in the gallery!

"FATHER!" she screamed, pushing him backwards. "LOOK OUT!"

Suddenly, everything happened at once. Gunfire erupted from the second tier as the Fratellis ducked down to avoid the spray. Rosa pushed her father to safety, but one of the guards was killed by the spray of a tommy gun, and the second barely made it two steps for bullets careened through his body. Rosa screamed, dragging her father, who had been shot in the leg, though she knew not when.

"Get them!" she heard Don Fratelli scream. "They can't escape!"

But she was already fleeing around to the entrance hall of cathedral with her father, the footsteps of her enemy behind her and coming down the steps to their side.

"*Di mio*," Rosa said, exasperated and terrified. "We need a weapon!"

Her father gave a pained growl as he slumped up against the wall. His leg was hurt badly, and his shoulder was too. His hand hung limp at his side.

"Rosa, my revol-

She didn't even wait for him to finish the sentence. She grabbed his weapon from its hidden holster and fired blindly, eyes closed. There was a guttural "eugh!" and the sound of

something heavy dropping like a sack of potatoes upon the cathedral stairs. When she opened her eyes, one of the mooks was dead.

“Oh God,” she managed. “*Papi*, we need to go!”

He grimaced, clutching her as they continued moving, but then masonry began to explode above their heads as the second gunman came out from cover. Rosa couldn’t help herself: she screamed, freezing in place.

“Turn around!” the figure yelled.

She did so, still holding her mafia don father, whose breathing was ragged. The gunman had his weapon trained on them, a smirk upon his lips. He made a motion with his head, and moments later Don Fratellia and his son Antonio appeared, both looking slightly worse for wear after the brief spiral out of control. The rival Don quickly composed himself, however, grinning maliciously at Rosa, who had just dropped the gun.

“Well, the daughter has some fire in her after all. Perhaps I should have approved the marriage?”

His son and hitman chuckled to themselves.

“Oh perhaps you should have been born a man, little girl.”

“Fuck you!” she said, then spat on the church floor in his direction.

“Careful. This is a holy place.”

“And you just violated a Sunday truce in it!” she yelled. “The other families won’t stand for this! Everyone will want your head!”

But Don Fratelli simply lit a cigar and took a long drag upon it. “I don’t think that’ll be much concern, little one. The Five Families will fall in line once I cut the head off of this Sicilian snake. We’ve got some New York friends we’ve made a recent alliance with. And besides, who’s to say who shot first, huh? Maybe this was all a misunderstanding?”

Rosa stared daggers into him, but her father stood just a little taller, mustering the last of his strength.

“Dante, if you have any honour left, you’ll let my daughter go.”

“See, that’s the problem with you, Vito. You were always too old school. The game is changing, and there just ain’t room for you honourable gangster types anymore. Antonio, do your father proud and do the girl, will ya? I want her death to be the last thing you see, Vito.”

“No!” he cried, trying to step in front of her but faltering.

Rosa tried to think of something to do - anything - but was coming up short. Antonio smiled maliciously and raised his weapon. She shut her eyes, terrified of the end, and suddenly a loud shot rang out that made her squeak.

And then another.

And another.

“Get to cover!”

“He’s up there!”

“There’s two of them!”

Rosa opened her eyes and realised the Fratellis were scrambling. Gunfire was coming up from the gallery of the cathedral, and she realised immediately that it was Giani. The Don was being evacuated, a bullet hole in his shoulder, and his hitman was already down, bullet holes everywhere in his torso.

“Papi!” Rosa exclaimed. “We need to get you to safety!”

She began to help him move, even as the gunfire and yelling increased. She moved to the exit of the Cathedral, but the stairs were tricky, and his weight was only increasing upon her fragile figure.

“I’m s-sorry, Rosa,” her father whispered. “Leave me. G-get to safety.”

“No, *Papi!* But when we get out of this, you let me marry who I want, okay?”

He smirked before grimacing in pain. “I can . . . agree to that.”

More gunfire from within. Rosa couldn’t help but smile.

Giani came to save me. But why? Hadn’t he thought it was just a regular betrothal agreement? Have I been wrong about him? And where is Enzo?

Her dreamy thoughts erupted when a bullet bounced off of a gravestone near her. She gasped, falling to the ground, her father landing beside her and groaning in pain. Don Fratelli was clutching a wound in his side, but in his other hand was a pistol trained on them. His face was bloody, his expression pure rage.

“Your men killed my Antonio, Vito. My blood. I’ll take yours if it’s *the last thing I do.*”

He dropped the pistol and gripped Rosa by the neck, squeezing tightly. She tried to fight him off, but he was too heavy. His weight upon her was too much, and for an old man his strength was impressive. The pain was incredible, and was only relieved when her father tried to shove the man aside, but two swift kicks to Vito’s stomach made him gasp and fall prone. It gave Rosa time to scramble and knee the man in the crotch, causing him to yell out.

“Little bitch!” he screamed. “I’ll kill ya! I’ll kill ya stone dead ya little b-”

A pair of enormous arms grabbed Don Fratelli and lifted him with ease upwards. The man cried out, reaching to try and free himself, but Enzo was a giant of a man, and his eyes were back to their cold gaze.

“You’ll never hurt her again,” Enzo said, and with one simple motion he snapped the man’s neck like it was little more than a twig.

The don fell to the ground, limp and prone. Enzo moved immediately to Rosa’s side as if the dead man was but a distraction. He placed a hand on her cheek, and she was shocked at how gentle it was, how his eyes immediately switched from that cold gaze to something far more . . . loving.

It was you. It was you the whole time. Giani was all flash, all style. But you were there, with your dry banter, with your protective instinct. You came back for me.

"Are you okay, Miss Lombardo?" he asked her.

She kissed him. She couldn't stop herself, nor did she want to. Every part of her wanted to thank him with every fibre of her being, but this would be enough.

"Call me Rosa," she said. "I insist. And I'm fine. But my father needs a hospital."

Rosa's *Papi* lay in care in the hospital. No man had ever been so well-guarded; there were bespoke suited men up the whole corridor and in the room at all times. Thankfully, this precarious situation wouldn't last long; her father was making a good recovery. The bullets had missed anything vital, thank God.

"It's because I was shot in a church," he said with a smirk as Rosa passed him more flowers, Enzo behind her. "God would not stand for that."

"Father, you run a criminal empire."

At this, he gave a slight chuckle. "You know, perhaps Don Fratelli was right. Perhaps I am too old-fashioned. You acquitted yourself far better than I, my little one. Perhaps some new blood is needed for leadership. And perhaps a woman with your instincts would lead the family well."

"You still have many more years, *Papi*."

He patted her hand. "Just tell me you'll consider it."

Rosa kissed her father on the cheek, then stood, stepped back, and took Enzo's large hand in hers. Well, more like hers in his.

"You rest now, father."

When they stepped out of Vito's room, Giani was waiting, his eyes hungry.

"Did you do it, Rosa? Are we made men?"

"Please, you were always going to be made men after what you did."

"Well, thank Enzo here. I thought . . . damn, I'm real sorry, Rosa. I thought it was just regular betrothal stuff. I didn't realise what Fratelli had in mind."

She put up her hand. "All is forgiven, Giani. It's a good thing Enzo here was so protective."

"Well, he was absolutely insistent, weren't you, brother? You felt something was up. Wanted to make sure you were okay. I tell ya, I thought I was smitten, but here my big silent brother was head over heels. Damn if I didn't miss my shot, huh?"

She chuckled. "You did. But I'm sure there's a nice girl out there for you, Giani. Now, if you don't mind, I have to talk to Enzo in private."

"Sure, sure. You really are something, Rosa."

"That's Miss Lombardo to you, Giani."

He gave a feigned response of pain before tipping his head and retreating, leaving just Enzo and her together. He shuffled awkwardly on his feet.

God, what a beautiful big lug he is. Like a giant killer teddy bear. A good looking one, too. Maude would have liked you. And . . . I think I do, too.

"So, you were worried about me?" she said.

He frowned a little. "Yeah."

"That's kinda cute, you know."

"Well . . . you kissed me. That'll make a guy do things."

"Hmm, what kind of things?"

She gave him a rather sensual fluttering of her eyelashes, placing one hand on her hip to show off her lovely figure. The man actually blushed, which only made her fall deeper.

"Tell you what, mob man. Let's go find out."

"Uh, Rosa -"

"I'm sure there's a closet somewhere nearby . . ."

She searched down the nearest free hall absent of her father's men.

"Rosa, what are we doing?"

"Let's just say I'm ready to take the advice of someone very dear to me, and take a chance on life again. Try something new. Meet someone else and - ah! Here!"

She opened up a closet that was big enough for the two of them.

"It's a closet."

"God, did Giani get all the suave and brains out of the two of you?"

And then she dragged him in and shut the door. Suffice to say, Enzo understood *real* quick what she was going for, especially once she wrapped her legs around him and shimmed out of her underwear. She stroked his muscles, felt his chest, allowed herself to revel in being young and sexual again, and even in being a woman.

"I want you to fuck me," she purred in his ear, lowering her hand to feel his very impressive hardness. "You think you can do that?"

Enzo nodded, clearly flustered. "I think I can, Miss Lombardo."

"That's Rosa, remember? Though if you play your cards right, maybe it'll be *Mrs* Lombardo to you, one day. Because *you'll* be taking *my* family name, mister."

With that, he kissed her more passionately, and she worked to unbuckle his belt. Moments later he was sliding into her, and she was groaning in disbelief at the wonderful sensation of being penetrated.

"Ohhhh, yessss!" she moaned. "That's - ahhh - the stuff I'd f-forgotten!"

Different, she thought, *but still pretty damn good. Maude, I hope you're laughing somewhere, but also understanding, because this is - ahhh - pretty amazing!*

She held on to him as he fucked her, thrusting into her as he held her against the wall, and soon she was in fits of ecstasy. When she came it was with such a loud eruption that Enzo had to cover her mouth, but it didn't matter.

She felt so damn alive again. And she never wanted the story to end.

"So," her father asked her, relaxing in his bed back at the country estate. "Have you considered my offer, my Rosa? Will you learn the ways of the family business?"

Rosa stood, wearing an appropriate red dress, the colour of blood, the colour of *passion*. She was beautiful, but for the first time she also felt the stirrings of power. She looked to Enzo, who was trying very hard not to smirk in her direction, still playing the role of bodyguard and, in secret, being her *very virile* lover.

"I will," she said. "But only if you consider something else, *Papi*." She looked up at Enzo and smiled, utterly smitten.

"Beleive me," her father said. "He and his brother are made men. Once I am back in health, there will be celebrations galore."

But Rosa just bit her lip, still feeling a *little* bratty. "Oh, not that, *Papi*. I was thinking of an entirely *different* blessing . . ."

It was a good thing, Rosa considered, that her father blessed their union, and allowed for a hurried and celebratory wedding. Not only did it allow the gorgeous mafia princess to fully throw herself into her role and embrace her new life, but it allowed the love between her and Enzo to bloom fully. Her soft spoken yet powerfully protective man looked incredibly handsome as she walked down the aisle towards him, and she herself felt so entrancingly beautiful. To be married again, and as a woman, after sixty three years of life, it seemed so insane, and yet so right. It was not the mafia dream she had imagined, but it was so much more, especially given the recent news she had kept a tight lid on.

Even so, she caught Giani's wink, serving as Enzo's best man, as she approached the altar. She smiled at him, but that playfulness was still in his eye.

"Congratulations," he whispered to her, before flicking his eyes down to her belly.

It was only just starting to show, and a lot of work had been secretly done so as not to show off the fact that she was nearly twelve weeks pregnant with Enzo's child, but

evidently Giani had figured it out. The fact that she was refusing to drink alcohol 'for good luck' and occasionally touching her ever-so-slightly domed belly was probably another series of clues. Her father gave her away to Enzo, and she kissed her *Papi* on the cheek.

"I look forward to meeting my future grandchildren," he said, before moving to take his seat.

Oh God, does he know, too? Shit, who doesn't know!?

But then she turned and looked into Enzo's eyes, and realised she didn't care. She was about to get married to a new love, and she was carrying his child. Yes, she'd gotten knocked up before getting married, but hey, she *was* the impulsive don's daughter at heart still, wasn't she? And with her father back in health, there'd be time to mature before she ever took the reins. For now, she was happier than she had been in well over a decade.

"You're very handsome," she whispered to her lover.

"And you look very beautiful," Enzo told her. "Glowing."

She blushed, unable to hide her joy. The priest indicated that the ceremony was about to begin, but Rosa couldn't help but give one last little tease to her future husband, and an ode to the greatest gangster film of all.

"And may our first child be a masculine child."

The End