

Taking Over My Life

Lara De Oliveira

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Table of Contents

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| Acknowledgements | 5 |
| About the Author | 7 |
| Prologue..... | 8 |
| Chapter 1 | 13 |
| Chapter 2 | 20 |
| Chapter 4 | 42 |
| Chapter 5 | 52 |
| Chapter 6 | 60 |
| Chapter 7 | 69 |
| Chapter 8 | 77 |
| Chapter 9 | 93 |
| Chapter 10 | 108 |
| Chapter 11 | 115 |
| Chapter 12 | 127 |
| Chapter 13 | 134 |
| Chapter 14 | 143 |
| Chapter 15 | 158 |
| Chapter 16 | 168 |
| Chapter 17 | 178 |
| Chapter 18 | 188 |
| Chapter 19 | 196 |
| Chapter 20 | 207 |

“To those who had their power stripped from them
In any way, shape or form...”

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and my brother-in-law who helped me with the correction of the German and Italian translations.

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About the Author

Lara de Oliveira (1998-). Her life was full of adventures so far and no one has ever shown interest in listening to them. “You are too much, be quiet, you’re nothing like a lady...” they’d say. She was never the brightest tool in the box when it came to school. While the other children learned math, Portuguese and all the other subjects she learned music by heart, that is until she was taken into the world of books. When she started her studies as a nursery nurse, fate had other plans and gifted her her daughter, Yara. She now lives in the area of Zürich in Switzerland.

Prologue

.....◆◆◆.....

Donatello Bianchi

.....◆◆◆.....

My life couldn't be better right now with my wife being pregnant again. It was a miracle that she had fallen pregnant because, according to the doctor, she could never fall pregnant again due to there being too many complications during her pregnancy with our twin boys.

I will never blame my boys for her inability to become pregnant again, but I cannot deny that I have always wanted a family with at least four kids. Now, after eight months of discovering her pregnancy, Alison was now giving birth to our second beautiful baby girl.

These eight months had gone by, with us having to be extremely careful because Alison could have miscarried at any point in the pregnancy. She had been on bedrest since we had found out about the pregnancy.

That was the day I had thought that I was going to lose my beautiful wife. I was terrified, and I had threatened all of the hospital staff to be extremely careful with my wife or else I would murder each and every one of them.

Thank God it was nothing serious. It was only our princess! The moment we found out, Alison burst into tears while smiling, unaware of what she wanted to do more.

I am currently in my office organizing everything in the mafia, so once the baby is born, we can both take some time off and take care of our princess. The rest of our kids are with Alison's sister in France on a vacation that we were all supposed to go on. However, since Alison could barely stand, we decided to send the kids to France on our private jet.

They had been in France for about a month now, and to be honest, I miss them terribly and so does Alison. She calls them, like ten times a day, that woman is the most caring mother in the world.

“AAAAHHHHH!!!” I heard Alison scream in agony. I bolted out of my office, which was in the basement. I practically flew up the stairs and into our bedroom.

As soon as I made it to our bedroom door, I froze in shock. On our bedroom floor was my beautiful wife, crying in agony with her arms holding her swollen stomach.

“AAAH!!!” she screamed out again, waking me up from my frozen state and I ran towards her.

“Alison, love?” I called once I was next to her.

Not knowing what was going on, I scooped her up into my arms and gently laid her back on the bed.

“Love, what’s wrong? I need you to tell me what’s wrong so that I can get help.” I said while I soothingly brushed my hand through her hair. The only answer I had from her was another agonizing scream of pain and I knew I needed to get her help. The doctors would know what to do.

I reached into my pocket, attempting to grab my phone, but it wasn’t there.

Fuck, I left it in the office!

“Love, I’m going to take you to the clinic, but I need you to take deep breaths for me.” I said, taking her into my arm and letting her head rest on my chest, so she could hear my heartbeat.

“Just listen to my heartbeat. Hang on for just five minutes. We’ll be there soon.” I said in an attempt to calm her down while I walked as fast as I possibly could towards the car.

I laid her in the backseat before rushing over to the driver’s seat. I drove as slowly as I possibly could, given the circumstances, trying to remain calm because every

single bump on the road made Alison scream like someone had stabbed her.

The moment we reached the clinic building, I stopped the car right in front of the entrance. I swiftly got out of my car and rushed to the back seat to get my wife. I walked inside the clinic with Alison in my arms. I yelled at the staff for help. As soon as my voice filled the lobby of the clinic, one of the nurses rushed over to me with a gurney, where I quickly placed Alison. More nurses and even some doctors rushed to us while I held her hand the entire time when suddenly Alison squeezed my hand and her eyes fluttered open. They were full of tears, making my heart clench. She didn't say anything for a moment as the tears flowed out of her eyes like a waterfall.

“I love you, Donatello, tell our kids *maman les aime sur la lune et retour*. Please, don't blame our baby girl for anything that happens today. I will be with you every step of the way until we meet again, love.” (*Mommy loves them to the moon and back*) With that, her body went limp and her eyes closed, never to open...

After that fateful event, our daughter was born. I named our daughter Charlotte, I guess Alison knew somehow, I would come around. I wanted to name her Erika or

Alexandra, but my wife insisted, she was going to be named Charlotte and she was right.

I loved Charlotte like she deserved to be loved every day.

That day, I lost my wife, but in my children, I would always have a piece of her. That gave me the hope and comfort I needed to keep going without the woman who held my heart.

My other children never came back home though. They blamed me for the death of their mother. I would visit them every month without fail, but they never wanted to see me, and with time, I gave up and never tried to see them again.

They stayed with their aunt Eloise until Aurora (my eldest child) turned sixteen. When Aurora moved out of her aunt's house, she chose to take her brothers with her and start a life away from me and their little sister.

Since then, I have only ever seen her at meetings for the mafia, which she had taken over once she turned twenty. I am grateful she did though, because running two mafias and preparing Charlotte for her future was becoming too much to handle. If it wasn't for my good friend Vince and my Charlotte, I would never have made it through losing Alison.

Now, twenty-two years later, I am finally with my dear wife again, she waited for me like she always said she would, and now together, we will watch over our children and secure their futures.

Chapter 1



Grief. That feeling has filled my heart since the day my father's stopped beating.

I looked into my bathroom mirror and couldn't recognize the girl that stared straight back at me. My naturally wavy, light brown hair is pulled in a neat bun and not one hair was out of place. My eyes were blotchy and red, with dark circles adorning the skin beneath them. They were once light blue, but are now a darker shade of blue. The only thing you could see in them was this grief I tried so hard to hold in, in front of others. My usually soft, pink lips were now dry and sporting some purple and blue stains from all the times I was biting them, the frustration of the day my father took his last breath showing through.

My father had always told me I should never show emotion in front of others. However, it was almost impossible for me to keep a poker face until today.

Today was the day my father would be put to rest near the love of his life like he always had wished and I needed

to somehow become what my father had wanted me to become. I had trained and studied my entire life for this. He had spent all of his free time teaching me everything I needed to survive in this world.

The mafia world.

I graduated college at the age of fifteen and have never once stopped studying since then. I vowed to study as hard as I possibly could so that I could take over as soon as possible. I promised my father that I would do so, and I intend to keep that very promise.

I looked down at the black dress I was wearing, noticing how it hugged my body perfectly, making all my curves show. The dress reached just above my knees and the slit reached just a bit higher than my midthigh. The silky material had its natural shine making it look flawless, and the slit showed a bit more skin than I would like to, but I couldn't help but wear this dress today.

My father loved when I wore it. He always said that it showed my true power. Exiting my en-suite bathroom, I make my way into the walk-in closet to get some simple black stilettos and a black coat that reached just a line under my dress.

After putting my shoes on, I walked inside my en-suite again, leaving my coat on the bed.

I didn't want to cover my face with makeup, but if I went to my father's funeral with this face, I would destroy everything I had already worked so hard for. It might sound sexist, but I am the daughter of the Italian/American Mafia's Don and I will rise to be the Queen, my father trained me to be, which means I can't show emotions, or others might get the wrong idea and try to cross me.

After successfully covering any signs of grief, I made my way downstairs, where my bodyguard and family friend was already expecting me. As soon as I see him, our eyes meet, and I can see the effects of grief in his eyes. He was my father's most trusted bodyguard and best friend, but even Vincenzo wasn't able to protect him from his fate, the fate I traced for him. If only...

The ride from the mansion to the funeral sight was short. When my mother passed away, my father had a chapel built in our estate and her remains rest there as well as my father's, which will be right beside his beloved wife, the love of his life as he always called her when he would tell me about her.

Vincenzo opened the car door for me as soon as I gave him my okay signal, I turned white when I saw three persons I had never personally met before standing there before the church entrance. Now you ask how I know

them? I have to in this kind of business. You have to be a few steps ahead of everyone.

“Aurora, Stephano e Andrea a cosa devo questo piacere?” I asked politely with my stone face. (To what do I owe this pleasure?)

“He was our father too, Charlotte. We came to the funeral and to get you. But that matter can be discussed later this evening,” Stephen said, looking me straight in the eye.

“You’re very welcome to come to Papa’s funeral and stay the night if you’d like to, but after that, I will have to kindly ask you to leave the estate,” I stated, emotionless.

Anyone could see the shock flash on their faces, but as quick as it showed, so was it gone too. *I couldn’t care less, they never came home after Mom passed away. So now that my father died, they come home? For what? Money? I don’t really give a rat’s ass.*

I made my way past them and inside the chapel with my head held high, where our family friend Padre Antonio was waiting for me to start the ceremony along with our family and friends.

It all ended soon, and the worst part was definitely concealing my emotions when I saw them roll my father’s

coffin into the wall opening, shutting it with stone and cement. Leaving everyone to enjoy a little memorial service to talk about my father, I made my way home alone.

Vincenzo saw me leave but before he could follow me, I signaled him that I just wanted to be alone. He wasn't thrilled at the idea but as his shoulders sunk lightly, I knew he was going to respect my decision and stay behind.

The walk wasn't as short as I would've liked, but I needed to be alone and I could use the exercise. As soon as I was out of everyone's sight, I took my stilettos in my hand and let my bare feet take me through the enormous fields we have on the estate. The vines were bare, but these vines were special for Father and I because we experimented for years until we found the perfect grapes for our blended wines. So many memories flooded in my mind that I could almost see him here with me.

The October sun was comforting on my skin and it almost felt as if my father was trying to comfort me for his passing as he did when I got to him that day. I can still remember it so clearly that it almost scares me.

(Flashback)

I was in my hiding spot doing some work for the mafia. My father must be cursing me not to end right now.

I was supposed to be outside training one-on-one fight, but instead, I was cooped up in the attic with a nice warm cup of coffee. I loved doing that, my father gave me some work to do yesterday, but I was so engrossed in my book that I kind of let it slip that I had to work, so now here I am catching up on my work.

But suddenly, something didn't sit right with me. I got restless and couldn't concentrate, my heart was racing, and I felt the need to go and take my father out of his misery. With that in mind, I made my way down the stairs, but just as I was walking through the hallways, I heard a gunshot. taking one poisoned dart out from the band I have on my tights and under my dress, I made my way to the back door, always with my senses on high alert.

Just as I was on the last step of the stairs, I saw movement from my peripheral vision. I ducked down so no one would notice me, they were talking with each other in another language, one I luckily know, German.

*“Sie muss hier sein! Wenn wir Sie nicht mitnehmen, wird der Chef uns fertig machen!” said someone with a loud voice. **(She has to be here! If we don't take her, the boss is going to terminate us!)***

I wanted to know more, but I needed to find my dad before they get to him and torture him, to hand me over. I

know he would not crack and give me up, that's how I know that if I don't find him, he is dead.

“Habt Ihr schon überall gesucht? Ich will jede cm von dieses Haus durchgesucht. JETZT!” (Have you looked everywhere? I want every inch of this house searched. NOW!)

Chapter 2

.....◆♥◆.....
Leaving
.....◆♥◆.....

I made my way up the stairs and to my room, where I had a secret way out. You see, my house has tunnels that no one knows about other than my dad and me. The other people that knew about it are no longer alive to tell.

As soon as I got to my bedroom door, I walked inside and closed the door as softly as I could, trying not to draw any attention to myself.

I make my way to the windowsill, where I tend to spend most of my free time whenever I am not hiding in the attic.

The thing is, the windowsill is not just a windowsill. It hides the stairs that lead to the tunnels. I let my fingers trail across the windowsill until I find the fingerprint scanner just on the border of the windowsill, and it makes a silent click, letting me open it and make my way down the stairs.

As soon as my feet touch the ground, the door begins to close. Sighing, I make my way through the tunnels after hearing the secret entrance click shut.

I know these tunnels by heart, so I can't really get lost down here. The perks of having a photographic memory. I make my way to our security room and go over to the computers that have all the images of what is happening inside and outside of the house.

I search for every camera and when I see it, I can't believe it. They never intended to make my father talk, they just wanted me, and my father was never going to let me go.

My eyes stayed glued to the screen, I'm not too sure about how much time I stood there looking at my father's body laying on the cold grass outside before I finally snapped out of it and began to look for who these people were, but I can't see them anymore.

Oh, wait, what have I got here? Hmm, this is going to be fun. I won't be as compassionate as their boss and that much I can promise.

When I saw they only left a couple of guards behind and left, I made my way through the tunnels and, one by one, eliminated every guard they left with the poisonous darts I had on me.

The last one was by my father's side and I simply smiled as I got closer to them. My father's eyes snapped to me when he heard my footsteps, he was a mess. He had

stab wounds all over his body, blood slowly oozing out of them.

His face was adorned with black and blue bruises, he could barely open his left eye. I just snapped a quick look at him, though, before focusing on the muscular man guarding him. Time to put on a Grammy-worthy performance.

“Hey, what happened here, big guy?” I asked in a sickly-sweet voice with a small yet innocent smile plastered on my face.

“Well, it seems that your daughter isn’t as smart as you thought Bianchi.” The man said, laughing at my father. Oh dear, he has no idea where he got himself. If only he knew the dumb one was himself.

“Miss Bianchi, we were sent to collect you. Now, if you would be so kind, follow me.” He said, walking towards me and motioning me to walk in the direction of the house.

“Oh, of course, I will, Sir. Please let me help you first. You are injured!” I said, faking the worry. He looked at me and then down at himself to look for injuries.

“Miss where...” he looked up with a confused frown while starting to speak.

The sad thing for him was that he never finished his sentence, or did he? Oh well, he won't talk more anyway because as soon as he looked at me. I took the dart I had hidden between my fingers and stuck it right on his neck

"Right here. Good ride to hell." I said just before he fell at my feet, dead.

I ran to my father and kneeled beside his body. I was speechless. I knew he wouldn't make it even if I stitched him up. He had already lost too much blood. I took his head in my hands and brought it to my lap.

My eyes were filled with unshed tears and I didn't trust my voice enough to say a word.

"Baby, look me in the eyes, please," he said it so slow and painfully that it hurt.

I looked him directly in the eyes but kept my mouth shut, swallowing my sobs down.

"I taught you all I know, love. Now is your time to take over. Don't let me down, my love. I will be by your side every step of the way. I will finally be with your mother and free." He said it all with a smile on his face, even though I could hear his pain. I know he is happy to go. I just nod my head affirmatively as an answer.