

WHEN OBSESSION BECOMES DANGEROUS





**DELIGHT WRIGHT**

*Claimed by Two Mafia  
kings*

*Two kings, one queen, only blood will  
decide who wins.*

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*To God Almighty –  
For the strength, wisdom, and grace to complete what I began.*

*To my beloved husband, Sunday Menta,  
Thank you for your unwavering support, love, and belief in me  
through every chapter of this journey.*

*To my precious son, Brian Menta,  
Your presence fueled my imagination, even in my most trying  
moments. You are my brightest inspiration.*

*And to my wonderful siblings –  
Thank you for standing with me. This story carries a part of all of you.*

*With love,  
Delight Wright*



Her beauty was their weakness.  
Her silence, their downfall.  
They fought to possess her...  
But she wasn't the beginning of the  
war, she was the end of it.

DElighT WRiGHT.



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# *Prologue*



Luna Hart never wanted power, she just wanted to keep her mother alive and her head down, working nights at the underground Velvet Club, serving drinks to dangerous men with darker secrets. But when two of Italy's most feared Mafia kings set their sights on her, the quiet life she built begins to collapse.

Diego Romano, brutal, arrogant, and born of blood and fire, sees Luna as a challenge, a woman who doesn't bend, a woman worth breaking. He wants her under his control, in his bed, and out of every other man's reach.

Leonardo Romano, cold, strategic, and utterly untouchable, has been watching Luna from the shadows, obsessing over her strength, her silence, and her unshakable gaze. He doesn't want to ruin her, he wants to own her completely.

Neither man knows who Luna really is, but her past is just as dangerous as theirs. And when secrets start surfacing, the war for her isn't just personal, it's legacy, blood and revenge.

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As Luna is pulled deeper into their world, her choices will shape the fate of empires. But power always comes at a cost.

In a world ruled by guns, secrets, and obsession...

Who will Luna destroy before they destroy her?

## *Chapter 1*



LUNA

\* \* \*

**V**elvet Club wasn't just a nightclub, It was its own secret world, hidden beneath the city and drenched in darkness, pulsing with danger.

No signs marked its entrance, no blaring music or neon lights spilled onto the street. From the outside, it looked like the back end of an abandoned warehouse, It looked like nothing special and hard to notice.

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But once you stepped inside, everything changed.

The walls of the club were lined in deep red velvet, that were soft to the touch but heavy with secrets. Golden lights swung low, with corners where secrets lived, the kind of secrets you weren't meant to hear, the dangerous ones whispered behind closed booths and sealed with silence. The air felt thick with things unspoken, like the club itself was holding its breath.

This place was underground in every sense and only the powerful, the wealthy, and the dangerous ever made it through the doors, and even then, only by invitation.

The music didn't blast here like in other clubs, It moved slow and thick, with deliberate beats that wrapped around skins and settled in one's bones, the kind of rhythm that made your heart beat just a little differently, It made you feel like something dangerous was about to happen.

People didn't come here to dance and drink, they came to make deals, to celebrate in private, to vanish from the world outside. Some came to hide and a few came hoping never to be found for a while.

And me?

I worked right in the middle of it all, and it was another night to render my services.

I weaved through the crowd with a silver tray of drinks balanced in one hand, my face was calm, my movements smooth, like

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clockwork.

My job was simple: serve drinks, smile only when absolutely necessary, and stay quiet and probably invisible.

The dress code helped with that, a black dress that fit just right, not too revealing and not too plain with heels just high enough to click softly against the floor but not so high I'd trip. Most importantly, a look that said I worked here, but didn't belong.

People stared, they always did, especially the men. But I'd learned long ago that stares didn't mean anything unless you gave them power, and I never gave them that.

Most nights, I felt like a ghost in here, floating past the rich and the reckless, hearing things I wasn't meant to hear, seeing faces I pretended not to recognize. I stayed in the background, even when everyone was looking straight at me.

But sometimes, nights didn't go according to plan.

“Table fourteen,” Tessa said, chewing her gum as she brushed past me with a tray in her hand. Her blonde hair was tied up in a tight bun, and her eyes sparkled always from excitement but sometimes with danger.

“He’s sitting alone,” she added, leaning in close. “In the VIP section. He Just dropped five grand for a glass of Macallan.” She whispered.

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Tessa grinned. "That's one hell of a man."

She didn't explain further and she didn't needed to, because in Velvet, you are taught early not to ask too many questions, still, something about it tugged at me, a pull of curiosity I couldn't ignore.

I glanced across the room, toward the far end of the VIP area.

That part of the club was darker than the rest, the music faded softer there, almost respectful. No one danced in that section because that was where real business happened and it was the dangerous kind.

I picked up the tray with the Macallan and made my way across the room, my heels clicking softly, with every step.

A strange feeling tugged on my skin like someone was watching me. It wasn't the usual kind of stare, this was heavier, like a hand pressing against my back.

Then my eyes met with his. It was the man in table fourteen.

He was sitting alone in the last booth with a straightened back, with one hand resting lazily on the leather seat. He wore a black suit with no tie and had the kind of look that screamed power without trying. His face was unreadable and sharp with admirable features.

I slowed down, but didn't stop because I couldn't afford to. I reached his table and set the glass down carefully.

## *Chapter 1*

“Macallan 25,” I said quietly. “No ice, no questions.”

He didn’t pick up the glass, he didn’t smile either, but there was a flicker in his eyes like I’d just confirmed something he’d already suspected.

“You got a name?” he asked.

His voice was low and smooth, but I could hear the edge under it, like a blade.

I met his gaze without flinching. “Only when I want to be found.” I said.

He tilted his head slightly, a trace of amusement dangled on his lips.

“I’m Diego,” he said, “don’t forget it.” The

name hit me like a shot of cold air. Diego

Romano?

I’d heard it whispered in the backrooms and also in conversations that ended in silence. One of the most feared Mafia kings of the whole of Italy. A man who didn’t need to shout to command fear, he was the kind of man you didn’t cross unless you had a death wish.

I didn’t blink, nor flinch. “I’m sure I won’t,” that’s what I just said, then I turned and walked away.

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But I could still feel him watching me, like I was already a piece on his chessboard, moved without my consent.

Back behind the bar, Tessa was waiting, her eyes widened with pleasure immediately she saw me.

“He talked to you?” she asked in a hushed, urgent whisper.

I set the tray down. “He told me his name.” I said, my voice was serious and calm.

She let out a slow whistle. “Girl... that’s not flirting, that’s a claim.”

“Maybe he liked the drink.” I snapped.

“Maybe....” she said. “Or maybe you’re the next thing on his list.” Her words made me arch my brow.

Tessa leaned in closer, her voice dropping low. “Diego Romano is his name, and he doesn’t give out his name for no reason. If he tells you who he is... it means he’s already made his decision.”

I didn’t say a word, but my eyes drifted back toward the VIP booth.

Diego was still there, and he was still watching.