

## Always The Last To Know

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# **Always The Last To Know**

by [catball](#)

## Summary

Fed up with Xanxus' antics, Dina confronts him in the only way she knows he'll listen.

## Notes

Prompt: "Angry kiss: Dina/Xanxus".

When they first entered this relationship, Xanxus made it brutally clear that just because they were fucking, didn't mean there was anything more to it. It was disappointing, but Dina was well aware of what she had agreed to, and though she had grown to care for that difficult man, she knew he would never change. She accepted his terms, and for a while their "friends with benefits" arrangement worked well. She wasn't expecting him to be so demanding; when he wanted something, he would go out of his way to get it, even if it meant she had to drop everything for him. The sex was mind-blowing, and she got well accustomed to his rough foreplay.

However, the Cavallone Decima had no intentions of staying in just a physical relationship forever. If Xanxus didn't want to become anything more, Dina wasn't going to cry or lose sleep over it. So for the last few months, she started casually dating. Finding decent men who weren't politicking to try and get a foot into the door of one of the largest mafia families in Italy wasn't easy, but she managed to locate a few.

And they all ended the same way.

At first, some of them would suddenly stop returning her calls, and when she did manage to get in touch with them again, they were too terrified to speak, much less be seen with her in public. The harder she tried to keep a steady boyfriend, the more and more it seemed the Varia began crashing in on her dates. Restaurants, movie theaters, her own mansion; it was there where she and Xanxus now stood before one another, her office in complete shambles. Office supplies, the family ledger and other paperwork she had been compiling scattered across the floor; what hadn't been singed being turned into useless ash. Her potential suitor had long since abandoned the scene, barely managing to escape the antique wooden desk he had hidden under almost crushing him.

Over and over, after the men she would be seeing were chased off, he would show up at her door. Before she even had the chance to confront him about any of it, he would already be stripping off her clothes, and they would end up fucking wherever they landed.

This was going to be the last time, she had declared. He couldn't have it both ways anymore. If he wasn't going to be her lover in absolute, then he couldn't just claim her body whenever he chose.

Those are the words that brought out Dina's conviction, and it was those words which escalated their argument into this warzone.

They were both breathing heavy, the glow of Xanxus' flame just barely flicking from his fingertips. She gave a defiant crack of her bullwhip, her own spark igniting from the snap as she pulled it taut in front of her. Even fatigued, she had no intentions of letting him get the upper hand, of thinking he had the better of her. They remained in this standoff for a while, both ready to strike, but neither ready to make the first move. She kept her eyes on his waist, knowing full well his handguns were in their holster beneath his coat. He hadn't even made an attempt to draw them, and she wasn't sure if it was because he was taunting her, or he just didn't take her as a serious threat.

Despite his tall, broad stature, Xanxus was unbelievably fast, and before she had a chance to register it, he began the battle again, stepping in and rearing back his arm. Instinct kicked it, and with a swing of her whip Dina snapped the tail end around his wrist and forearm, tugging him off balance and giving herself a chance to move out of his line of fire. Attempting to retract her weapon, she found he had ensnared the cracker and thong into a firm grip, and they stood in a deadlock. She narrowed her gaze, unwilling to release the handle as he was unwilling to release the end. Briefly, that arrogant smirk flashed, and with a powerful wrench, he yanked her forward, slamming her hard against his larger, muscular frame.

With a fistful of hair, he pulled her head back until they were looking each other directly in the eye. He crashed his lips into hers, devouring her in the ruthless kiss she had come to know well. She couldn't lose herself and let him take control again, she couldn't let him fuck his way out of this; her free hand grabbed hold of the loose tie around his neck, and when she felt his tongue retract to plunge further, Dina bit down hard on his bottom lip.

She heard him intake a sharp breath, a low, guttural growl vibrating deep as he snatched the bullwhip, heaving it across the room. Releasing the hold on her hair, she felt his hands groping around her hips, Xanxus' fingers digging hard under her skirt and into her pantyhose, tearing the fabric as he lifted her by her ass, slamming her back against the wall, forcing her legs apart and hooking them around his waist.

She could feel his cock was hardening as he pinned her with his body. He was suffocating her, and every time she attempted to come up for air, he denied her. She was tasting blood, and couldn't tell if it was his or her own. Finally managing to grab a mix of his hair and feathers, she pulled him back, the pair gasping for air. Fresh blood was smeared across his mouth, and she didn't have to see it to know it had blended into her lip-gloss like a stain. They remained this way for what might've been mere minutes, but felt like an eternity. His maroon eyes were burning intense, a wry grin playing in between each breath.

"Did you really think piss ant trash like that was going to make me jealous?" he asked, much to her surprise.

"Jealous?"

He didn't seem to have heard her, as he continued. "You've had your fun, woman, but those pathetic scum you keep dragging around here are just wasting my time."

Dina stared at him in what must've been dumbfounded shock.

*"He...he thinks I'm trying to make him jealous?"* It had never once occurred to her; outside the bedroom he was the same cold and distant man he had always been, at times turning even colder, and hadn't shown any signs of interest. Every time she tried to test the waters, a spur of the moment kiss here, taking his hand into hers there, he would get agitated or aloof, so she eventually backed off. He had made it evident, or, at least, she thought he had made it evident, that he had no interest in her other than having sex.

The sudden movement of his tongue slowly licking the blood from his bottom lip caught her attention and interrupted her train of thought. Xanxus leaned in just beneath her jaw, biting hard against her neck, his teeth digging into her skin. She let out a loud moan, bucking and

grinding down into his hips as she felt him sucking and pulling her tighter in, crushing her breasts against him. She was convinced he was trying to tear her flesh from her bone, until he finally released his seal with a loud pop.

“If I have to keep branding you until you remember who you belong to,” his voice was husky against the bruise already forming and blending into her tattoo, as she felt his hand drawing down her thigh, the sheer fabric tearing along the way. “I will.”

Those first few times when they began this relationship, he repeated it like a mantra; just because they were fucking didn’t mean there was anything else to it. It never dawned on her that she wasn’t the one he had been talking to.

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