

## 12. bittersweet

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Elliot Salvatore

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The bastard was a dead man the moment she smiled at the sight of his blood. Her red lips barely li ed but the excitement glinting across those green eyes pumped my blood with nothing but adrenaline. I looked at her, completely mesmerized thinking about how I had never seen a smile so fucking beautiful.

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It made me so fucking sick while physically I wanted to fill her with me so deep I could fuck that smile right o .

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"With a smile like that you can ask me for anything and I might just give it to you, Jane." I rubbed my jaw in mock disgust.

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She raised a brow at me, casually sipping on her wine. Her eyes followed me as I shrugged o my suit jacket and throw it on my chair. I narrowed my gaze on her and she hu ed like I was her biggest bothersome before she looked down at the ground where her step sister attempted to help her fiancé up.

"You broke his face." she turned her head back at me, sending me a half smile.

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I chuckled in pure amusement. "You're fucking sick, sunshine."

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I would kill a thousand man to keep that smile.

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She glared at me then and I only grinned harder. That harsh glare was all mine just like she was.

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"What happened to your knuckles? Did you manage to fuck up the punch?" she sco ed, pointing at my bloodied hand.

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I cocked an eyebrow, bringing my hand up and examining the blood coated across the knuckles where my skin split opened. "Fucker has a hard face."

Jane was about to comment her usual o ense when her step sister screeched bloody murder like she aimed to cause permanently damage on our ears. Fucking Christ. I snapped my head back, meeting Malissa's or whatever the hell her name was glare and her fiancé's pissed o face. I smirked at the blood oozing out of his mouth and nose.

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"I'm suing you for assault." the step sister glared harder and I knew she was not even close to being related to my girlfriend.

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Jane would chew her alive and spit out her bones like discarded trash. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if she could mentally bitch slap her with her glare.

It was when camera flashes started going o in a rapid when I realized the whole place was silent tensed with anticipation. I could feel Jane went rigid behind me and myself straightened up in instinct. I tilted my head back and carefully studied her reaction. She hid it better than when we got out of the car but I could tell she still a little startled. I frowned at her whitened knuckles gripping the table for dear life. I calculated her totally wrong tonight.

"We have a room full of witnesses and pictures for evidence." the step sister started again but I was already at my girlfriend's side, shielding her away with my body.

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She glanced up from the table and scowled at me. I smiled playfully. "Want to get out of here, sunshine?"

"I want my dessert." she waved her hand in dismissal as if I asked her the most ridiculous question ever.

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You could share your weakness and fear with me and I would still think of you as the she devil who eat children for fun. Your reputation was safe with me, Jane. I almost smiled at my own thought but I knew better now.

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She hated my smile and my face in general. What a fucking blow to my ego.

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"And, I would like to watch her attempt to sue you." she added, motioning to the twos behind me.

"You enjoying this, sunshine?" I grabbed her hand from the table and brought it to my mouth, kissing her rose scented skin.

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She narrowed her eyes at me before snatching her hand back. "Don't get his filthy blood on me. It probably got on you too."

"Bitch." The filthy blood fucker snarled behind us.

I grounded my jaw so hard, I was surprised my skull didn't crack. All amusement washed out my system.

I watched Jane and searched her whole face, hating the distaste in her eyes and the grim frown gracing her mouth. I matched her frown with my own but my whole body was burning with anger. Her irritation looked better when it was preserved for me. Obsession sank a little deeper as I stared her. Her glare wasn't on me and I realized I only wanted it to be on me, not anyone else and definitely not that fucking bastard who disrespected her.

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"Everyone call you a bitch, Jane. I know you've never cared about them." I taunted lowly, turning her glare on me.

She fistted her hands on the table and practically growled in my face. For a second, I thought she was going to throw a plate at me or him.

"I hate him."

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"What makes him so special than everyone else?" I tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, my fingers shaking with annoyance.

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"It's none of your business." she grumbled, looking more irritated than usual.

I furrowed my eyebrows, hating how much he e ected her. "Fine, I'll ask him myself."

I stayed another second to see her reaction and stalked toward the bastard. I grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and tugged him forward until I was in his bloodied face. His fiancé let out a horrid scream but he looked past my head, watching her with hatred and longing. I swung my fist and punched him across the face. "Don't fucking look at her."

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"Look at me." I grunted when he bobbed his head back, his dizzy eyes on my face.

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I moved my thumb and pressed it hard on his throat, the gun under my shirt dug into his side. His eyes widened and I grinned dryly.

"What the fuck did you do to her?"

"Nothing." he shook his head, trembling as I pressed his throat hard enough to crash. "I didn't do anything."

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I actually laughed out loud, tightening my grip around his throat. "You don't fucking want to lie to me right now."

"We used to date. She's uptight and bitchy the whole time acting like I was dirt under her shoes so I fucked the better sister. I didn't do anything she doesn't deserve." he said like he hadn't just signed his dead sentence.

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"Just because you think you weren't doing anything wrong doesn't make it fucking true." I chuckled humorlessly, shoving him o .

So, he dated and cheated on her, exchanging emerald for a fucking pebble. As if a person could be anymore dumb.

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At least it worked out perfectly for me.

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"You won't disrespect her ever again. Not in front of anyone and especially not in my fucking face." I growled and sent a hard kick in his chest.

He crumbled up into a fetal position as the step sister rushed to his side with fake tears in her eyes. I pulled out my phone and sent a quick text to Coop before sliding back in my seat across from my angry but partially amused looking girlfriend.

Sighing, I sank into the chair and motioned our server to the table. "Scotch on the rocks with a twist. Make it double. Fuck knows I need it."

He nodded and hurriedly le the table like I was about to punch him next. I cursed under my breath, clenching my phone on my knee and itching to pull out my gun. Later, not now.

"We'll be all over the tabloids by the time we leave this place and not for what we planned for them to see." she scrunched up her face. So fucking adorable, I almost forgot that I was pissed.

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I looked away, muttering. "Good. Then maybe they will think twice before disrespecting my fucking girlfriend."

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She looked at me as if I had just grown a dick next to my head. I reached out and dragged her chair to my side, scratching the flawless marble floor except I didn't give a fuck. Derek Tucker was my best friend. It was only normal that I destroyed his property like he did mine.

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Jane continued watching me. I could feel her eyes burning into the side of my face. I ignored her, looking at anywhere but her because I didn't want to fucking see her right now.

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She would dissolve my anger with a looks and I didn't fucking want that.

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Security had taken care of the two intruders who ruined our date before the server came back with my drinks and her dessert a moment later. I placed my arm firmly behind her chair. We both thanked him as I throw back the scotch like it was water and Jane might as well stabbed her damn chocolate cake with the tiny spoon he gave her.

"Overbearing men." she muttered under her breath but didn't comment further. She even let my arm stayed there. Thank fuck for that.

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Her body sank into me, seeking comfort from all the stares and whispers and I didn't think she realized that. The act warmed my chest and the tick in my jaw finally relaxed as I looked down at her. She ate her dessert with a lazy scowl, the spoon slipping in and out between her lips. Dirtier than my dirtiest fantasy. I rubbed my mouth and sighed heavily.

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"Can I have a bite?"

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"You can't." she said but I still took it anyways because I was a bastard. I wrapped my fingers around her skinny wrist and tugged the spoon out of her mouth. It popped right out and my dick twitched painfully. Fucking Christ. I mentally growled and brought the spoon to my mouth and licked it clean. I could've sworn I tasted her on my tongue instead of the chocolate.

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Dropping her hand, I turned my head away and announced. "Bitter."

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When I thought it couldn't get any worse, the date turned into a cluster fuck. I was still sulking and Jane didn't bother hiding her annoyance with me as always. She had let her wrath known the whole ride back to her house and I felt it to my very bone. I slowed down as we turned into her neighborhood and then parked the car outside of her gate.

The white townhouse looked even more scarier the dark into the night. At some point, I even heard Oakley, the she devil's snobby puppy growling and howling at potential intruders. I let out a breath and got out of the car to open her door. Except my girlfriend had a di erent idea which almost caused me my goddamn fingers.

"Shit. What the fuck, Jane?" I groaned, barely saving my hands when she slammed the car door shut and got out all by herself.

She stood in my face, her purse on her shoulder and hands clutching my gi bag in front of her. Jane was tall but she only reached my mouth in heels and therefore I still had to tip my head down for her. She jutted her chin up with determination and my dick hardened again because her glares turned me on and I was fucked in the head.

"I'm breaking up with you." she said.

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No one knew how to kill a hard on like my girlfriend.

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I sighed and looked up at the sky while I ran a hand down my face. "No."

"You can't be sulking every time someone disrespect me. I pissed o a lot of people. We're going to run into them and they will bitch about me to you." she grabbed my face and forced me to look at her.

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Her eyes so ened for a second and she whispered aggressively. "Everyone's always out to get me not help me. Even my father stands back and watch me fight my battles. I'm not used to people protecting me, Elliot."

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I opened my mouth to say something about how fucked up that was and she needed to fucking get used to it because I would destroy everyone coming at her but she slammed her hand on my mouth, covering it with a glare.

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"Thank you." she said. Her face scrunched like it physically hurt her to say the words.

I was ridiculously, utterly bewitched.

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Grinning under her hand, I licked her palm causing her to harden her glare and cursed my soul.

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I grabbed her hand and placed it against my chest, leaning down until I could kiss her cheek. My mouth lingered on her skin. "Sweet."

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