

## 21. enraptured my soul

Elliot Salvatore

Everyone had an obsession, mine happened to be a glaring green eyed monster with cursing mouth so er than cotton candy. It was utterly feral, possessive and overall dirty. I felt it down to the marrow of my bone. I tasted it with every breath I took.

Jane completely enraptured my soul and turned my icy blood boiling hot.

And, no one realized the length I would go to ensure she was with me. They didn't understand the fact that I would tear the world open and burn anything to the ground in her name if she just simply asked me to. Not a fucking clue.

Especially not my sworn enemy. The bastard might as well book a suite in hell when he decided to breath in the same air as her. It had taken about everything inside me to not bash his fucking skull in that fancy breakfast table.

Except I couldn't kill him. Not now anyways. My whole body shuddered with anger as it slit up my skin like a fucking razor. I dropped a dead body and stalked toward another man twice my size. I swung the barrel of my gun across his face, punching his jaw with my already bloodied knuckles. Fucker had a hard face. I cursed and dragged his swaying body back in a tight head lock. He barely had time to move when I replaced my gun with a sharp dagger to his throat.

"Boo." I taunted with an amused chuckle.

Realization and resignation flashed in his eyes when he looked at me. I almost laughed because they always chose this moment to figure out how royally they had fucked up. Too fucking bad I was never one to hand out a second chance and Jane wasn't here to hold me down now, was he? Typically speaking he was fucking dead.

His arms went slack as I stabbed the side of his neck, tilting his head up with my arm for better access. I felt the pointy end of my blade hitting his atlas. So, I twisted it sideways until we both heard a sick click of the bone. I slowly dragged the dagger across his neck. He dropped lifelessly to the ground and I barely felt better.

Pissed was understatement to describe the cold anger I currently held. So, I killed until I couldn't hear anything but their screams in my head. They never saw me coming. Bullets blazing and the sleek of my blade slicing through flesh. A grin tugged the corner of my mouth and my hands were sticky with blood. I walked inside the bloodbath that was once the Jacobs multi million drug business head quarter. The sight of their men laying dead on the floor only pleased me a little.

I pulled out a burner phone from my pocket and dialed Kayden's number. He answered at the third ring, his bloodshot eyes flashed on my screen. "Listen, man. I've got bad news." I greeted in a mocking serious tone.

"Your bitch lost her diamond collar?" He gritted his teeth. "New flash, I don't give a shit."

I chuckled dryly, rubbing my mouth before I realized my hand was still stained with blood. It smeared across my chin and down to my jaw. Kayden straightened up from his bed with alarm. I checked myself out on the screen before grinning at him like I was mad. "If Azrael lost her diamond anything, we would be out shopping right now."

"Call her names again and I will cut o your fucking tongue and shove it down the throat of every Jacobs exist." I warned and didn't wait for his response.

The camera flipped the other way and I gave him a tour of the result of his biggest mistake. His growls did nothing but seethed my bad mood. I spoke in a slow voice to make sure the message was delivered. "A ten million pounds check from your dirty bank account will be donated to the children hospital anonymously and all the drugs here will be gone in about five minutes."

"Don't fuck with my girl."

I cut o the call and pressed the button on the laptop I placed on top of my stack of dead corpses. They didn't have a fucking table around here. I watched the codes crawling furiously on screen before a green checkpoint lit up, informing me that my the attempt was a success. A satisfied sigh le my throat as I dug my fingers into the back pocket of my pants and drew out a joint. I lighted it and took a slow drag. It had been a long fucking night.

Coop did a double take at me when he finally arrived to pick me up. I noticed the slight cringe when I slipped into the leather seat of his car. "Fuck o , man. I'll buy you a new car."

He shook his head but started driving. "Are you sure you don't want to clean that up?" He asked, looking back at the warehouse through his rear view mirror.

"The Jacobs are not going to call the police on me. I own them and they're just going to thank me for my good deed. I practically just singlehanded shut down a shitty drug cartel." I said, wiping my face and fingers with a cold cloth from his car compartment.

"Just get the guys to take all those cheap drugs and sink it down the ocean."

I was going to need a shower but this would do for now. The sun was almost up and God knew my girlfriend woke up way too fucking early to go to work. I would need to sneak in and not get caught.

"Alright, Batman. I brought your fresh clothes in the back." He said with a frustrated sigh. I could have sworn he muttered something about not being paid enough for this.

I narrowed my eyes at him but nodded my head and moved to the backseat. I stripped down and quickly changed when the car pulled up to the alley behind my new neighborhood.

"Stop there." I told him, pointing at a random sketchy looking alley.

"You're seriously going to sneak in?" He sco ed, his mouth squirming like he was trying not to laugh.

Of course I was going to fucking sneak in. I wouldn't lie to her and the conversation would be awkward as hell if I told her I got back from a massacre trip.

"Shut the fuck up. And, don't fucking tell Nico or my father or my mother or anyone with the last name Salvatore in general." I glared and jumped out o the car.

The streets were dead at four in the morning. I walked beside the shadow of mischief and the ones who had nothing to lose. Danger lurked around the corner as I took a turn down a skeptical alley. I passed a teenager selling his first coke and a mugger stealing wallet from thick trench coat pocket of the late night stroller. Desperation and violence thickened the air, li ing the corner of my mouth as thrilling adrenaline shot down my spine.

But, if this was the kind of street behind her house she would need to murder me and dump my corpse in Mars if she wanted to kick me out. She was fucking stuck with me for good.

Chilly wind sliced through the layer of my sweatshirt however not as cold as the couple of new blades pressed up the skin of my waist and legs. I tucked my fists into the pockets and tapped my knuckles against my safety blanket. A Walther PPQ M2, a classic weapon of choice for the law enforcement which I found very fucking amusing right now because the irony did not lose on me.

Just in case I didn't leave the crime scene fast enough and somebody with a death wish came a er me. For example, stupid Kayden Jacobs. I would be damned if I let him near her.

The sun was rising, Pink and blue swirled around the sky as I rounded the corner to her house, leaving behind the alley and muggers. I jogged down the small front yard and took out all my weapons in record time then hid them under some rocks and behind a thorny bush beside the front door. I glanced around one last time before I took out my key and quietly sneaked inside.

I locked the door back in place as quietly as I could and turned to place my keys in a fancy looking bowl on a vanity table. I grinned to myself, amused at the sight of her Chanel keychain next to my spider-man one.

A low bark scared the shit out of me. I jumped back a little, cursing under my breath and turning around. "Shit. What the fucking fuck."

Oakley sat right in the middle of the hallway as if he was waiting for me to come back. I almost gasped in horror and died to explain myself because I fucking swore the puppy was squinting his eyes at me with accusation. I didn't like this.

Then there was the chilly voice that only my girlfriend could possess. "Where have you been?"

I was certain I looked about as guilty as a kid with his hand caught inside a cookie jar when I rubbed a hand down my face. Jesus Christ. Why the fuck did I even think I could get away with this. I had no chance.

"Business." I said, finally looking up.

And, I realized then that I must have died and gone to heaven. Or maybe this was some sort of fucked up trap they set up for me in hell. Because Azrael Carmen had always been a sight to behold but this slightly disheveled version of her almost killed me on the spot and I knew I would happily die a whipped as fuck bastard at the moment.

I watched her descended the staircase in sweatpants and the those flu y Chanel slides. Her face glowed under the slight sunlight shining through the glass window. Her messy long hair flowed behind her, looking almost magical as though each strands was weaved straight from sunbeam. She tucked it behind her ears annoyingly. I thought the sun was becoming a part with her.

"Wipe your drools. You look like a dog, Elliot." She sco ed as she dipped down to gather Oakley into her arms.

I didn't even try to hide the fact that I was checking out her ass in those pants when I followed her into the kitchen. Jane put out a bowl of food for the puppy and turned to open the fridge. I followed her movements and thanked fuck because she didn't ask another question.

"If I catch you with a mistress on tabloids this morning, I will let Oak chew o your penis and sell it on the black market for ten purses." She muttered, slamming the fridge door shut.

"You won't humiliate me like that, Elliot Salvatore."

I spoke too fucking fast but I had expected nothing less from her.

"I wouldn't be caught dead with another woman." I told her genuinely with a smug grin.

She cocked her eyebrow at me and crossed her arms over her chest. My eyes dropped to the swell on top of her breasts poking out the thin tank top.

"Don't hold your breath for a thank you from me for your bare minimum. What are we having for breakfast?"

"Uh. A chubby child on toast with a sunny side up and bacons?" I answered distractedly.

"Get out of my house. I'm breaking up with you." She glared and threw an avocado she picked from the basket in front of her at my head.

I caught it with one hand and cocked an eyebrow at her. "You like avocados toast, baby?"

Her eyes narrowed into slits and asked. "You like your life, Elliot?"

If this was my normal morning with her, I wanted it until the end of time.

"Don't think I forget about the contract shit you pulled." She glared harder before announcing that we were definitely renewing the thing a er breakfast.

"Yes, dear." I sighed and helped her cook the food she threatened to poison me with, praying we both wouldn't burn down the house.

Now, I wasn't one into those spiritual stu s but even I knew that couldn't be a great way to start living together.

My boxes stacked on top of each other and scattered all over the living room, invading and mixing with her things. I knew she hated it. I sat on the floor beside the co ee table across from the couch she was sitting on. A laptop in front of me while I furiously typed my fingers away. Jane's eyes burned into my head and she watched me like a fucking hawk as I typed our new contract. Shivers ran down my spine as she leaned over and her scent filled up my nostrils. The woman smelled like a fucking meadows. I adjusted my pants again and tried to follow what she was saying.

Our burned breakfast was forgotten and abandoned back on the kitchen counter. She argued and I humored her happily until the papers printed out and we both signed our names and aggressively shook hands.

"If you ever manipulated or lied to me again, we're done. Forget this whole scheme." She said and a pang of guilt hit my chest.

I looked at her and tried to let her go.

A good man would have. Free her from the danger that was my life. Too many risks. So many deadly endings lurking. I tried so fucking hard to let her go as I stared at that face. She was here, glaring at me. Feeling like a whole fucking lot like mine. I was a horrible, selfish bastard.

And, soon, I would have no one else to blame except for myself.

"You know I'll always tell you anything if you straight up ask me."

"Okay." She muttered back, her eyebrows furrowing.

"Six months until you fall in love with me, baby."

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**A/N: I sincerely apologize for the very fucking slow update. And, thank you for bearing with me. Some of you are really understanding and some aren't but I get it you're excited for the story. I love you all the same. I have crazy assignments right now but I will try my best to write. So, please understand and be patient.**

**P.S don't worry i won't abandon you lol. until next time<3**