

### 3. mystery stranger

Azrael Carmen

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"You looked fucking gorgeous when I looked up from between your thighs but up here holy shit you're fucking killing me, Jane." his voice was like knife cutting through my dignity.

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I blinked, the insults hit so hard that my blood boiled like hot water and maybe it was because I was flabbergasted by him. I gritted my teeth as I dug my nails into my palms. With homicide inside my head, I glared at the sight of my rebellious one night stand. A signature lopsided grin settled on his face, his shirt disheveled, brown hair tousled, his swollen lips and the obnoxious hickey on his neck.

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I had always been a judgmental bitch therefore by the looks of it I was certain Elliot Salvatore was a manwhore and no one could convince me otherwise.

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He fucked me six ways in the backseat of his Bentley for fuck's sake. I was a disgrace to the women's world.

đ<sup>4</sup>

"You looked decent then but now you couldn't be more ugly talking with your pea size dick in your mouth. It physically hurt me to even look at you." I grunted back.

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The bastard only smirked harder at the looks on my face. He thoughtfully rubbed his jaw, looking at me a little too long as if he was trying to swallow me whole.

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My legs subconsciously clenched together under his stupid heated gaze and I sensed that my traitorous vagina was about to talk her shit because he was certainly not small and he damn well knew it too but I would happily punch myself in the uterus before I agreed to that.

đ<sup>6</sup>

I only hoped the damn door fell on his head and concussed him to death.

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"Moreover, we made it clear to that we will not see each other again. Ever. Do you know how a deal works or is that too complicated for you?" I grumbled, ignoring the looks Adalina was giving me.

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Lastly, with a flick of my wrist, I dismissed him. "Leave."

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Adalina finally let out a small gasp for the first time in the last five minutes of hell. Her curious eyes jumped between the two of us probably wondering where had I known her brother in law.

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I was this close to telling her that we fucked and I only learned his name when I cashed out his check and shamelessly bought myself a new Birkin.

đ<sup>4</sup>

Yes, I was a horrible person but I would rather be sent to hell holding a designer bag in my Chanel co.in.

đ<sup>4</sup>

After a moment of whatever amusement he was in, Elliot Salvatore finally cleared his throat. He stood straighter up. His stormy eyes twinkled in delights as he looked from me to his sister in law. I narrowed my eyes at him, definitely not checking out the way he fixed his cuffs before tucking his hands into his slacks pocket.

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"Your husband will start shooting the guests if you don't leave this room in five minutes, dearest sister in law." a smug smile rested on his lips the same time he practically spat out the last part in my face.

đ<sup>1</sup>

A dig at me that he was family and I couldn't possibly make him leave the room. Dickfucker. I let out a growl under my breath then quickly stalked toward my friend. I pulled the future queen into a tight hug and kissed both of her cheeks.

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"Let's catch up soon. If I stay in the same room as that man a second longer, I might shove my heel down his throat. I love my heels."

đ<sup>4</sup>

Adalina looked too stunned to speak as I turned around and stormed outside with the heat of his amused gaze burning through the back of my skull.

đ<sup>9</sup>

The vintage corridor was as vacant as when I arrived except for the solemn statues guarding the door. I cursed out loud, glaring up at the historical ceiling while stomping away. Karma. It had to be karma. I was convinced that his sudden unwanted presence was my bad decisions coming back to bite me in the ass.

Bringing my hands up, I raked my fingers through my hair in frustration. I slept with a stranger one time. One time and I had learned about my bad fate the hard way. My one night stand was supposed to stay be a one time thing. We made a deal and even sealed it with kinky sex. I was so sure that we would never see each other ever again but there he was, looking cockier than a professional hooker seeing his most satisfied client.

đ<sup>6</sup>

The bastard was grinning as if he was reliving how dirty he had fucked me.

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I grunted at my own thoughts. The more I thought about it the quicker my heart slammed against its cage. I felt my blood pressure rising as my self hatred boiled my blood. My sanity was slipping through my mind and I might as well be experiencing mid life crisis. I hadn't felt like this since I got a C on my economic paper. I blamed this on twenty three years of self destructs and everything that led me to this embarrassing moment of my life.

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Starting about thirteen months ago when my step sister fucked my ex boyfriend in my childhood bedroom. Me, dumping gasoline on their disgusting tangled limbs before throwing in a lighter for good measure. Him, shouting for his life that he only did it because I was too uptight to be with and she was much more fun. Her, screaming how it was my fault that I was too boring to entertain any guys.

đ<sup>9</sup>

Then, me, bankrupting the bitch and buying the club the piece of shit was working at because I was humiliated and even more pissed.

đ<sup>6</sup>

All those tragic events resulted in my remorseful ass stripping in my new club where I met the rich mystery stranger who came with a fifteen hundred thousand pound check. He negotiated with hot sex and I struck the deal to never see each other again.

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I could be rebellious and fun, it was mostly a middle finger to my ex boyfriend and his bitch. Although the soul uttering orgasms were a bonus.

But, he was hot until he opened his goddamn mouth after unexpectedly showed up in my life, again. I hated men and surprises.

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And now, I was rethinking my whole life. I could practically hear my therapist's disappointing sighs all the way from her cozy office in central London. But, it was her fault that she never prepared me for situations like this.

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I was going crazy and this place was a cluster fuck. Who needed this many corridors anyways. I came to a stop at the end of it, deciding which way should I turn to reach the throne room. A tall window stood on my left, displaying the hot sun outside the garden while an interesting looking painting hung on the wall to my right. I peaked my head side to side, studying each ways. I didn't remember coming to this side of the castle before.

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After a moment, I finally accepted the fact that I was lost. Sighing to myself, I leaned my back against the window and decided to wait for someone to pass by. I needed a strong drinks and the possibility of never seeing a certain face ever again.

"Jane." he called out from somewhere between the corridors.

đ<sup>6</sup>

I fucking jinxed myself.

đ<sup>4</sup>

The sound of my middle name on his stupid mouth made my inside twisted in pain. I hoped he choked on it the next time he uttered it out.

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"Jane." He was close, merely a couple feet behind me. I knew that because I could feel the hair on my arms rise at the thought of us interacting again as my skin crawled in annoyance.

So, I leaned down to take off my heels. I knew how to walk in them, hell I would work out in heels if Riley wasn't so frightened of the small possibility of me breaking my neck. But, when you were trying to run away from the devil, one had to run like a motherfucker.

đ<sup>9</sup>

"Fuck. You've got to be kidding me." his amused chuckles followed behind me like a ghost sucking on my soul.

I hated how his voice reminded me of when he whispered it across my skin.

Without hesitation I hauled my ass out of there, not caring about the fact that I was going to get lost. I was already lost anyways. As long as I got away from him. This was a survival move.

đ<sup>6</sup>

Or so I thought. I could hear his thumping footsteps behind me. He was fast and precise. The bastard was even laughing his ass off like any of this was funny. A sick predator out to catch his poor prey.

đ<sup>6</sup>

I didn't dare look behind my back as I kept running as fast as my stupid feet could carry me. My muscles burned but my skin was colder than ice. Wind plastered across my face as I sprinted down a new hallway, paintings flashed into blur on the corner of my eyes. I had never run so damn fast in my life.

I had no idea where the fuck was I going but the adrenaline pumping inside my system kept me going as I internally thanked my dead mother for the long legs.

đ<sup>4</sup>

Finding myself in front of a tall double door with no more hallway to run through. I swallowed a deep breath and my lungs hurt like a bitch. Like someone shoved a sharp knife down my throat and sliced my wind pipe. I glanced behind my back, placing my hands on the door for support. The hall was empty and I strained my ears to listen for heavy breathing or the sound of his stupid chuckles. Nothing. My heart skipped a beat as I sucked in my breath before pushing the door opened, praying it was the throne room and I was late.

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I cursed at the darkness in front of me. I seriously needed to get rid of all these bad lucks. Whatever the hell did I even do to piss off God.

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I was about to turn my heels and get the hell out of there when his so chuckles tingled my ears. Long fingers wrapped around my wrist, tugging me right into the darkness and then straight into his arms. I shivered under him as flashback of his skin on mine fogged my brain and my ability to think. Then I heard a loud bang of the doors slamming shut before the chandelier above our heads switched on, dimly lit the hallow room.

đ<sup>9</sup>

I clenched my jaw in annoyance and jerked out of his hold. He let me go but he kept his hand firmly around my wrist. I didn't even try to get out of that. Strong bastard. Stupid men using their strength as advantage over women.

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"I let you go once. I'm not going to do that again." he said, taking a step toward me.

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I glared at him and took a step back. "We had a deal."

đ<sup>6</sup>

I watched the side of his mouth quirked up into another smirk. I kicked my leg up, aiming at his small dick. Except he was faster than fucking lightning. His hand caught my attack mid air. And, I forgot how to breath when his fingers dug into my inner thigh through the satin of my dress as he picked up my leg, wrapping it around his hip then proceeded to slide his body onto mine, closing the distance between us.

đ<sup>6</sup>

Elliot Salvatore smelled like the ocean and citrus with a hint of scotch whiskey. Just like he did all those months ago. I inhaled his scent slightly overwhelmed by his crude invasion. My back pressed to the door, our hands intertwined beside my head and his hard on digging into my stomach.

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"I told you I always play dirty, sunshine."

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