

4. forever this time

Elliot Salvatore

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People always told me I was a bit dreamy and a little too beautiful for the eyes. I liked the idea of that. Of me having the upper hand. They never saw it coming. I always smiled before I bled them to death.

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They could romanticize me all they wish, but the devil cladded in tailored tux with a charming smile was still the devil.

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Jane knew better. Her running the other way instead of falling back into my arms was a breath of fresh air and a fucking humbling moment for me. Except I liked that she was smarter than everyone else.

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And, I had always loved a good chase. Things were getting too fucking easy around here.

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"Jane." I whispered her name through the air, amusement filling my chest.

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She only ran faster at the sound of my voice, probably cursing to herself. I called out her name one more time before I watched the flash of her blonde hair disappeared from my view. The fucking woman had long legs and she could definitely run all right.

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I slid my hand inside my slacks pocket and walked down the other corridor. She better ran fast because I couldn't wait to see the looks on her face when I caught her.

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I focused my eyes on the screen of my phone, following her figure through the security cameras I hacked. With a wall between us, I listened to the sound of her even breathing and the so thuds of her bare feet stomping against the hard stone. I noticed that this woman never looked back. Not now and definitely not when she walked out of my car like her ass was on fire a year ago. She just ran.

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A grin settled on my face as I looked at the way she was running. I caught on to her pattern. Straight ahead and always le . I wondered if she was le handed. I wanted to fucking know every damn things about her. I shu led through my screen to look at the handy map my brother had sent.

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My little runner was heading to some dead ends and I was going to meet her there.

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Slipping into an empty room, I switched o the light and leaned against the wall beside the doubled door. I turned down the brightening of my phone and watched her come to me.

The door opened slowly, following by the sound of her heavy breath.

"Shit."

I grinned into the dark, trying to guess what she would do next. My first guess was her coming in and hiding inside the room until the coast was safe enough to get out. I would be surprised if she was willing to turn back, risking her safety because I could be on my way behind her and this was a dead end. She couldn't possibly escape unless she murdered me or there was a secret passageway which was unlikely. It wasn't on the map.

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I watched as her fingers tightened around the handle as she tried to pull it close, turning her heels. Of course, she would rather fucking turn around and confronted me. Hiding was for the weak. I should've known better.

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"Jesus Christ." I chuckled to myself and reached out for her.

I tugged her back and held her tightly in my arms before slamming the door closed. I would be damned if she ran again. Switching the light on, I let her out of my grasp but kept my hand around her small wrist.

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My mother's glares had always been scary but they were empty threats, kinda. However I was convinced Jane would literally killed me and had fun doing it.

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Could the woman be more beautiful?

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I had my answer when she tried to hurt my dick and ended up with her back pressed against the door. She didn't shake under my gaze. Her green eyes held angry thunder and pure hell fire and when I looked into them I struggled to breath as poisonous wild flowers bloomed inside my lungs. They reminded me of the meadows in hell.

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"I'm this close to tearing out your goddamn throat. Let me fucking go, dickfucker." she growled.

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I poked the inside of my cheek with the tip of my tongue, holding back my smile which I knew would only anger her more. She didn't want to see me. We had a deal, blah blah blah. But, I was a selfish bastard and I would be the man of my words later.

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"Please go ahead. I love your pretty mouth or claws on my neck." I whispered inches away from her face.

She jerked her hand from mine and grabbed my shirt collar. I barely bit back my amusement as she forced my hand o of her leg and pushed me away.

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"I would rather puke out my guts until I die before putting my mouth anywhere near you." she gritted her teeth, rubbing her wrist as if trying to wipe away my touch.

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"You're probably a walking STDs and every other diseases." she added, narrowing her eyes at me.

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If I didn't just touch someone else, I would be o ended. I had never regretted fucking until this very moment. I should've seen this one coming.

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I rubbed my jaw, grinning now. "I always wrap it up. You, of all people know that."

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Her nostrils flared and I watched her palms balling into solid fists. Shoulders straightened and her blazing eyes never so ened. I could tell she was hating on herself for sleeping with me and running into me a er. I, however was pleased with myself.

This was something else. A feeling I couldn't describe. I was for once speechless because I was too full of the things I wanted to say to her. The ladies loved me and she had just singlehandedly put me in my fucking place.

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Me, repelling a woman. My father and brothers would have the time of their lives hearing about this.

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"I only regret two things in my entire life. One was my haircut in middle school and two was sleeping with you." she deadpanned like I should be insulted by her lie.

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I could tell when a woman enjoyed fucking me.

"We should go on a date." I said. I had never been on date but I wanted to know this woman.

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She blinked at me, her eyelashes fanning her rosy cheeks. Then like every planets in the solar system aligning, her lips curled into an almost grim smile.

"I'd rather gauge out my own eyes and eat it."

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She didn't know it but violence was a way to my heart and dick. I could feel the later twitching inside my pants. Fucking Jane.

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"Damn it. Please have my children." I cocked a brow at her, grinning.

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Her face scrunched up in distaste. "The eggs in my uterus are dying as I look at your stupid face."

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"You're my ray of fucking sunshine, Jane." I barely finished my sentence when a gunshot went o .

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It was instinct to reach for the gun under my tux jacket but the looks on her face stopped me dead in my track.

She looked in shock, barely holding herself up against the door. Blood drained from her skin and for once the fire in her eyes calmed with slight confusion. I furrowed my eyebrows at her. She was friends with my sister in law. She couldn't possibly be oblivious to the violence world, my world could she?

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"What's going on? Is that a gunshot?" she cleared her throat, trying to grasp for the door handle.

Fuck me. She didn't have a clue who she sank her claws into.

"Where's your car? You need to get out of here." I grabbed her hand and pulled out my phone.

As much as I liked nothing more than to pissed her o , I needed to go. My family needed me.

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I took my eyes o of her and stared down at my phone and as expected my brothers were blowing it o with texts, asking me where the hell I was. I cursed under my breath. They needed me but I needed to know she was out of this hell hole first.

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"Jane." I grunted, rubbing my thumb on the inside of her wrist.

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Another gunshot went o . She jumped and snapped out of her daze.

"What's going on?"

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"Where's your car?" I asked again.

"Was that a gunshot?" she asked.

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I sighed in defeat. "I think it is tradition to fire bullets during coronation."

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She looked at me for a moment, muttering something under her breath. My irritation kicked up a notch when another text pinged from my phone.

"You look pale. Let me walk you to your car." I said again, pulling her out of the door.

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To my surprise, she didn't question me the whole way to her car. She clicked her key and let me opened the door for her. I looked around for any signs of attack before peaking my head inside. Chanel and roses filled my senses. The fucking car smelled like her too. I groaned inside my head.

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"Goodbye, Elliot. Forever this time." she pushed me out and slammed her door shut.

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I stepped back, grinning. "I'm not done with you, Jane."

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The way she said my name haunted me the whole way back into the palace. I knew then there was no place in this world that could hide her from me.

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A/N: thoughts? like it? hate it?

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