

## 5. straight out of Tartarus

Elliot Salvatore

They said that the loveliest face made the cruellest woman. I would have laughed if I hadn't come across such a fucking lady. She was so hauntingly beautiful, green eyes so behind those burning glares and when she held me that night it was as if I was the most delicate thing she knew and yet her touch felt more lethal than a gun to my head. And, now I had found myself being dragged down to hell by the neck.

The most dangerous mafia prince in a businessman suit, I might be. A con artist and a charming liar. But, Azrael Carmen played me for a fucking fool. She had looked at me in the eyes and got away with lying to me under a technicality. All witches were selfish and heartless.

She was my worst match straight out of Tartarus.

"A stripper my fucking ass. I'm the dumbest motherfucker on fucking earth." I cursed to myself, typing illegal codes on my trusty computer two weeks a er I lost her the second time.

Another file floated on my screen and I clicked through her pictures, staring at her shiny blonde hair and hated how fucking perfect she looked. "And, you have the honor of playing the player, Janie sunshine."

"I would be pissed if I wasn't so fucking proud and definitely more fucking intrigued." I muttered under my breath. She might as well have just created a dangerous obsession.

Carmen was a name of old money. Her father created a legacy with his trust fund, building houses and selling everything that came with it for decades. The crazy motherfucker had risked everything for the corporation and it worked in his favor. And, now it was hers to play with. How I didn't know all these before was beyond me.

She had kept me in the dark, leaving me thinking she was a simple myth when she went around leaving blood trail behind her little heels in the business industry.

I tapped my fingers on the hardwood desk, staring her candid face. I bet my money on Azrael Carmen never looking less than perfect for a day in her life. It looked as if a paparazzo had caught her on the street outside a Chanel store on her shopping trip and yet she was picture ready. She was that well known and I never noticed her before.

Her harsh glare mocked me through the screen. I cursed myself, rubbing my jaw in frustration.

"Elliot Salvatore, you better not be plotting to steal that girl out of her home at dark. Or so help me God I will drop kick you so fast you can't even say the word mom." my mother strolled in the room, her posture so poised and strides so elegant you wouldn't see her gun coming in your face.

She was in my face barely two seconds later and then my precious keyboards was snatched away. She glared down at me as I slumped into my chair, pouting innocently at the world's most dangerous woman. Alana Salvatore was a force to be reckoned with and I adored her more than myself.

"This is your father's fault. Him and his stupid gene. It runs the family I swear to fucking God. Insurable men." she hushed, shutting the whole thing down and I watched my hours of hacking blinked away before my eyes.

I sighed and slowly pulled my poor keyboard from her tight grip then placed it back on my desk. I spun my chair around and wrapped my arms around my mother's waist, hugging her close and placing my head on her stomach. A grin spread across my face when I felt her whole heart soened as she patted my head.

"You're going to give me more grey hair." She grumbled, tapping my hallow cheek. I almost chuckled but I knew better.

I tilted my head back and looked at her. "Does it occur to you that I might have a cute little harmless crush on the woman?" I squinted my eyes accusingly.

My mother paused for a whole second before she grabbed my head and examined my face, her eyes narrowed into slits. "Tell me her name and blood type."

"Azrael Carmen, she is my lying sunshine but I forgive her. And, I was getting to the blood type when you bursted into my room." I rolled my eyes.

"For the hundred times knock on the door, woman. I could've been watching porn."

I said it and visibly cringed because it was the next traumatizing thing to her walking on me which thank fuck was fucking unlikely because women weren't allowed here.

"Your sunshine?" she totally ignored everything else I had said and clinged onto that part. Of course.

If I wasn't mortified before, I was now. I watched in horror as my mother grabbed me by the shirt and pulled out of my chair. She practically slammed herself into the seat and started the computer again.

"Mother, no. You're not planning my bloody wedding. You had your fun with Nico and Eden." I carefully slid the chair away from the desk and guarded it like a dog.

She narrowed her blue eyes at me, icy and cold. I sucked in my breath and tried not to think of the worst. Surely, my own mother wouldn't kill me. Right?

"What are you going to do? I saw the devilish looks on your face." she accused and I visibly breathed a sigh of relief.

"I have plans for her." I smiled and gently hushed my mother out of the room.

"I hope you get your balls handed back to you." she glared, amusement glinting in her eyes.

I grinned and peaked my head outside my bedroom door to watch her. "We have Tucker's gala at eight. Come down for dinner at seven a er you get ready. God knows they're not going to feed us real food." she shouted over her shoulders but kept walking away.

I hollered back. "Yes, ma'am." Then slammed the door shut and leaned against it for a second, blowing out a deep breath. I glanced around my room. I was twenty seven and still lived under the same roof as my parents. The dark grey walls mocked me every time I walked in but it was mine and this was the only home I knew. My brothers were long gone, living with their wives like the pussy whipped bastards they were. That was the rule, no wife no moving out. We stayed in one place as a family until we decided to make our own.

Except my little sister who had le to find her own identity in big wide world of New York. She knew a weakness and brutally used it against us because not even dad, my brothers and I together could refuse her teary eyes and the sadness on her face. Bella Salvatore played us so hard we were all ready to bring New York to her. Mother had looked at us, unimpressed but supported her daughter nonetheless. So, we had let her go until she decided to come back which we all knew deep down was going to be a long long time.

I however was sure as hell not moving out anytime soon. I never intended to find myself anywhere else. I was London with no intention to find my heart. I was almost certain this would be my forever sanctuary and my father was going to be my very doom.

My nose was buried deep into a stack of paperworks when my phone vibrated aggressively on the desk, reminding me to get ready. I skimmed through our legal a air one last time before I got my ass up and stalked into my walk in closet before mother came in again and dragged me out by the ear. I shrugged on a black tuxedo with a pair of matching slacks and tied a silver tie around my collar. Running my fingers through my hair, I smirked at the mirror. I looked decent but disheveled enough to piss o Derek Tucker, the son of the birthday boy tonight. I loved my friend but the fucker was a neat freak who le nothing out of place and so I had vowed to piss him o every chance I had.

Everyone was at the long dining table by the time I graced them with my presence. A grin subconsciously spread across my face at the sight of my brothers and their wives. My sisters in law had them by the balls and they didn't even seem to care. Anastasia was soothing a fussy Aiden while my big brother tried to get her attention. Eden was solely focused on his pregnant wife and I just knew that my twin brother didn't see anyone else in the room beside her. And, my dad almost looked as pathetic as the rest of them.

"Jesus, did I just walk into la la love land?" I cocked an eyebrow at them as I casually walked to my seat where my favorite niece was waiting for me. "Stop making starry eyes at your respectfully wives. It's making me sick to my very guts."

Madeline giggled and patted my bicep when I pulled out the chair beside her. "Uncle Elliot, you look very handsome." she said with too fucking sweetly, making my gaze narrowed.

I ignored the sco s around the table and adjusted my watch. "What do you want, sweetheart?" I asked my niece nonchalantly.

The little girl leaned into my seat and waved me toward her. I dipped my head down until she could whisper in my ear, feeling the heat of everyone's gaze on us now.

"I promise one boy a dance. He's going to be at the ball. You need to distract my daddy." she said. Nico would have a stroke hearing this.

I, on the other hand, hummed like the cool uncle I was. Eden might be her soulmate but I was her partner in crime. I stared at her for a moment before whispering back. The nosy people were now shamelessly straining their ears, trying to listen to our secret conversation.

"I need his father's last name, his national insurance number, his biggest weakness and worst nightmare." She was grinning smugly by the time I finished so I added another course. "Is your precious little heart in it? You're just playing him, right?"

Madeline had told me all the information she had learned by heart and I didn't even ask how she knew all that. Then she confirmed one thing that had sealed our deal. "I'm four not stupid, uncle Elliot. It's a pity dance. My heart is in my chest."

I nodded my head and we shook hands. "You owed me one."

The dinner proceeded a er that with everyone asking whatever the hell we were whispering about. Everyone except my new sister in law, Adalina who just looked amused with the whole thing. I raised an eyebrow at her through the rim of my wine glass and she had flashed me a knowing grin. I almost bursted out laughing, the queen of England had known a boy asked the little Salvatore out on dates and she had kept it a secret. I secretly cheered to her with my half empty glass and shook my head in amusement. She was the perfect addition to our crazy bunch.

"You're the only one without a date. That's kinda sad." my father announced from his seat on the limo, looking at me.

I grumbled under my breath and hauled my ass out of the car. Cameras flashed in my eyes and the crowd's scream out of the car. I shoved my hands into my pockets and winked before I walked the red carpet like I did a thousand times before.

I was Nicholas's underboss, the sidekick to his super hero and a knight to my twin, Eden for he was the king consort of England. But, I was the very brain and face of Salvatore Tech.

Here in the business world I ruled.

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**A/N: the break has been good to me but I have missed you all. thank you so much for being patient-3**