

# 1. a sociopath, maybe

**Elliot Salvatore**

ā<sup>6</sup>

"I'm not a psychopath, my mother had me tested." I narrowed my eyes in offense.

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Blood dripped down the sleeve of my shirt. So hot and fresh, it fragranced the entire basement. I tilted my knife sideways carefully curving the blade through the veins in my victim's arm. The snaps of tight strings sent a satisfaction chill in my chest. I grinned at my handiwork, cutting down to his wrist and slamming the knife deeper. A soul-calming click hit my ears when it crashed through his bone.

ā<sup>1</sup>

Whatever his name was jerked up from his chain with a teasing scream. I took the knife out of his wrist and threw it across the room. "A sociopath, maybe." I pulled a handkerchief from my pocket and wiped my hand with it.

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"Please. Let me go," he begged between the painful cries. His eyes stuck on the damages I caused on his arms. The bastard was done for. I didn't miss a vessel.

ā<sup>1</sup>

I took a step back and followed his gaze. "Yeah, you're never going to finger another pussy. Ever." I stated the obvious fact.

ā<sup>1</sup>

He stared at me through his bloodshot eyes. I smiled back at blood oozing out of his head and nasty bruise across his stupid face. I loved it when they looked at me like that. Like I was God with their lives between my palms.

"You're fucking crazy," he spat out blood as I cocked my brow at him.

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I dropped the handkerchief and pulled the gun from my holster. Loading it with the heel of my palm, I stalked toward the fucker. I towered above his chair, grabbing the back of his head and forcing him to look at my fucking face.

ā<sup>1</sup>

"You fucked with my fucking family." I stabbed the tip of my gun into his throat, my fingers hovering around the trigger.

ā<sup>1</sup>

"Jesus, it's like a bloodbath in here."

I snapped my head to the entrance. Nicholas walked into the room with his sleeping daughter tucked in his chest. I genuinely grinned at the sight of my niece. My brother stepped over the blood, scrunching his face in distaste. I was going to enjoy when my sister-in-law murdered his ass for taking their daughter in here.

ā<sup>2</sup>

"Well, I'm about to bath in his blood. You wanna join me?" I jerked my head back, pulling my gun away from the cowering traitor.

ā<sup>1</sup>

Nico glanced at the man chained to my chair. He led his gaze back at me and shrugged his shoulder. "I'll check my schedule and see if I can."

ā<sup>1</sup>

I chuckled as the said man flinched at our interaction. "Why are you here? It's late."

Shining his daughter on one hand, I watched him pulled out his phone from his pocket and scrolled through it. "Adalina's coronation is at ten tomorrow. We're staying over so we can go together."

ā<sup>4</sup>

I ran a hand down my face, rubbing my jaw in amusement. "Ah fuck. Fucking Eden's going to be king. We're fucked."

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The fucker looked down at his daughter then back up at me. "You kiss your mother with that mouth, Elliot?"

ā<sup>2</sup>

The mischievous glint in his eyes didn't go unnoticed. We enjoyed being a pain in one another's ass but he knew, I knew, we would die fighting side by side.

ā<sup>1</sup>

"She's sleeping. She can't hear me." I scooped.

ā<sup>1</sup>

"Sure. Don't be late for the ceremony," he pinched me with a stern glare. Nicholas didn't realize this but he looked the most like father especially when he made that face.

ā<sup>1</sup>

"I wouldn't miss it for the world." I humored him as he turned around and left the room.

ā<sup>1</sup>

I fucking hated it here.

ā<sup>1</sup>

People were too damn pretentious at ten in the fucking morning. My parents were tensed in their seats as if they were expecting war. To be honest everyone here was awaiting blood. I looked around the place, trying to make sense of what the hell was happening. The royals were in fucking chaos. And, knowing my twin brother. I wondered how the fuck could he survive any of this. Perhaps the sickening love he had for his wife guided him through it. I looked at him from my seat. His eyes glaring. I bet he was thinking about burning this place, again.

ā<sup>2</sup>

Pride rushed past my system and snoozed up my fucking ego. England was damned under his rule and I couldn't be more proud of my little brother.

ā<sup>3</sup>

"Eden told you to stop staring at him. He said you look stupid." my littlest sister, Isabella whispered beside me.

ā<sup>5</sup>

I had just physically moved her from her original seat between two overbearing bastards. Not my fucking sister, fuckers.

ā<sup>1</sup>

"He also asked you to go find his wife. Adalina is taking too long. He's so whipped." Ella waved her phone in front of my face, showing me the same text messages I ignored in my phone.

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Cursing under my breath, I stood up and planted a kiss on her cheek.

"You, don't talk to anyone. I will be back."

ā<sup>1</sup>

I picked up a glass of champagne from the tray on my stroll through the castle. The dukes glared at the back from my head as if I fucked their virgin royalty nutcase daughters. I felt insulted to my very soul. Silently grinning, I passed through the people and managed to not pull my gun on any of them.

ā<sup>1</sup>

At least until I stopped in front of a hideous painting and a willing lady in silver conveniently slid beside me. I tipped my head back, drinking my champagne. Her blood-red lips pulled into a fake shy smile. She was definitely not fucking shy. I shamelessly trailed my gaze down her dress. The neckline so daring low, her daddy must have a stroke when she came down the stair. I raised an eyebrow at her a moment after I looked back up her face while she was still checking me out.

This place wasn't so boring after all. I always did fancy a royal fuck.

ā<sup>4</sup>

"Elliot Salvatore, pleasure to meet you." I flashed her a smile.

"Tessa," she held out her hand and I took it, bringing it up to my lips.

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I motioned the waiter forward and gave him my empty glass with a grin before turning back to her. "Well, Tessa, tell me what are you doing out here in the hall?"

ā<sup>1</sup>

I had her pressed to a wall in some brooms closet a minute later with her dress hiked up her waist and flimsy legs wrapped around me with my balls deep in her pussy. I kneaded her breast with my hand, feeling the squishy silicone underneath the thin skin but who was I to judge as long as I had something to play with. I gripped under her ass with my other hand, hoisting her higher up so I could fuck her deeper, faster and dirtier.

ā<sup>3</sup>

Her moans filled the small space and I only fucked her harder in a hope her father would hear how good his daughter was getting fucked. My grudges with the royals went deep. Grumbling at the thought of them fucking with my family, I hiked my hand up her throat and choked her slim throat. Anger and pleasure heightened my senses.

ā<sup>5</sup>

I slowed down for a moment to look if I was hurting her. "You good?" I asked, running my knuckles over the red marks around her neck.

ā<sup>2</sup>

She threw her head back, eyes dazed in her own high. "More."

Tessa went back to the ceremony, freshly fucked and disarranged. I threw the condom out before following down my path like nothing happened. Sex was just sex. I got off and she got her orgasm. Raking my fingers through my hair, I pulled out my phone and followed the direction Eden had sent me because this place was a fucking maze.

ā<sup>4</sup>

I adjusted the tie around my neck before shoving my phone back into my slacks pocket as I reached the tall double door. I heard two pairs of heels clicking and furrowed my eyebrows. I thought she was supposed to be alone. I wandered my hand over the gun under my tux jacket and finally knocked on the door.

Her sharp voice cut through my skin like a fucking lightning struck.

Fucking Jane

ā<sup>3</sup>