

10. roses with thorns

Elliot Salvatore

There was something about death that calmed the rage inside my head. I looked more like myself with blood stained skin and gunpowder covered shirt.

Screams filled up the entire basement as my blade sliced through. I barely slit the thin line of his throat when I pulled the knife back with a grin, spinning it playfully between my fingers. He watched me with fear shaken eyes, probably praying he wouldn't have picked the wrong fight. Nobody ever learned. They fucked up and expected there would be no consequences.

Rule number one, there would always be consequences when it came down to this family, my loyalty and blood.

I thought while I thoroughly dipped the blade in acid. "This is getting boring." I hued, turning back to the scaredy-cat.

Eden glanced from across the room, his gun pressed against a man who probably pissed o his wife like the one I was taking care of at the moment. My twin brother cocked an eyebrow at me and nonchalantly shot the bullet that sent the man flying back and down the ground with a loud thud.

"I fucking second that." he muttered with a scowl.

"This is practically your fucked up version of a fucking playground. What the fuck are you saying, Elliot? You're never bored." Nico scoed from the wall he was leaning on.

I glared at my big brother. Fucker had been on a break for almost half an hour now while we were elbows deep in filthy blood. We had been here for fucking hours.

"Killing half of the royalty bloodline a day takes the fun out of it." I looked away from them, testing the tip of my blade on the side of the scaredy-cat torso.

I counted up his ribs and let the acid burned into his flesh until I reached where his heart was pumping blood. He inhaled a final sharp breath before a painful scream choked out blood from his mouth as I stabbed hard enough to tear out the heart. I watched his eyes stared soullessly into space and let the thrill seeped past my vein. A satisfied grin broke across my face then just as I dropped the dead organ on the ground.

I barely wiped the blade when another victim replaced the last. I looked at his face and sighed heavily. "For fuck's sake, Eden. How many people do you have? I'm fucking starving."

"I need a clean slate in order to never put my wife in that position ever again. I have to kill every last ones." my twin brother had never looked more distressed than right now that I took one looks at him and knew I would be here all fucking day if he needed me.

"Fine. But, let our men do some of the dirty work. Fuck knows you probably have the entire castle of dukes and dicks here." I grumbled but still pulled my gun out of the holster.

"Let's finish this." Nico finally pushed his ass from the wall and walked over. "We've been here for hours I can't barely remember what my wife looks like." he said with a scowl.

I shook my head with a laugh. He flashed me a warning glare like he heard me calling him whipped in my head. I raised my bloody hand up and flipped him o .

"Whipped." I mouthed like I had a death wish.

"Fuck you." he mouthed back.

"Shut the fuck up." Eden grumbled at us.

I loved my brothers.

My white shirt was discarded by the time we were down to the last few men. Sweat coated my forehead and the air was filled with metallic smelling blood. Unrecognizable corpses scattered across the floor. I tried to hold my gun in slippery grip because there was so much fucking blood I was covered in it from head to toes. I pressed the gun against his temple, digging my fingers into the open wound on his side. The bastard screamed in pain and it was nothing if not music to my ears. I grinned as I grabbed the back of his hair, tilting his head back.

"Ready?" I didn't have the patience to wait for his answer and my fingers teased the air above the trigger.

My phone rang inside the pocket of my slacks. I let it rang for a minute and turned back to whatever the hell I was doing until it rang again. I cursed under my breath and dug for the phone with my gun still on his head.

The name on the screen lightened my whole mood and I fucking grinned like an idiot. "Janie sunshine."

"Are you busy?" she grunted from the other side. I glared at the crying him bastard, silently told him to shut up.

I took a step back and unloaded my gun. "No. What is it?"

Nico and Eden, stopped whatever they were doing and stared at me. I smirked at them and walked to the small window.

"Where are you taking me tonight? What's the dress code?" she asked and her voice was so chilly I could feel her glare all the way over here.

"No dress code. Come naked." That's what I fucking said.

She ignored me. "I knew you were useless. Suit jacket or satin dress?"

If someone told me I was going to stop torturing souls to talk fashion for a date night last week, I would have shot the fucker in the dick. But, here I was anyways. "The dress."

"Suit jacket then. Heels or platform knee high boots?"

"You're fucking killing me, Jane." I muttered, tightening my grip around the phone.

And, all I could see was me shoving my hand up that dress and fucking her in her heels or those fucking boots. Fuck me.

My system was already thrilled through by all the screaming and blood and now she was here with her voice and fashion shit. This was practically an epic foreplay to the sex I would never get. Not yet anyway. I fucking hate her.

"You said seven sharp. Don't be late. I will break up with you." she said and I heard ra ling noises in the background.

"You can't fucking break up with me, Jane." I grinned as she hung up on me with a grumble of displease.

Smiling, I shoved my phone back in my pocket and loaded my gun. The bullet hit the middle of his eyes with a loud bang. "Who's next? I have a date in an hour."

"Who was that?" Nico asked.

I cocked my head at him. "My girlfriend."

"You have a girlfriend?" my brothers asked. Even Eden was in some kind of quarter life crisis because he seemed fucking interested.

"Azrael Carmen. She runs the biggest construction and furnitures corporation in England." I said, a hint of smile brushing the corner of my lips.

I pointed my finger to the discarded shirt I neatly folded on the chair because I didn't want blood to get on it. "And, that's Carmen Couture. She designed it herself."

My girlfriend was quite awesome.

Eden was still staring at me when Nico pulled out his phone. "I'm telling dad and uncle Brandon and uncle Sebastian." He added with an amused smirk.

Karma was a fucking bitch.

"You're never meeting her. This family is all kind of fucked up." I groaned.

I parked my car in front of a London townhouse an hour later, freshly showered and not a single drop of blood on my skin. I carefully glanced around the neighborhood. Her neighbors looked too uptight to be potential danger in their perfect wool coat and designer boots. I took a sigh in relief then grabbed the rose bouquet from the passenger seat and got out of the car. I sent her a quick text, informing that I was here.

A loud whistle cracked from above and I tipped my head up in amusement. My girlfriend poked her head through one her small windows and glared at me. "Use the fucking doorbell."

"Wait there. I'm not ready." she added.

I raised a brow at her and shouted back. "Then fucking invite me in."

A few passerby threw weird glances at me. I felt it burning through the back of my head but I didn't have it in me to look away from the woman upstairs. I hadn't seen her since the dramatic contract signing five days ago.

"Fine." she finally shouted back and buzzed me in.

I walked through her door, shrugging o my coat and hung it on the hanger. I expected crying children and poor tortured souls and whatever the hell the devil decorated his house with.

But, the entire place screamed her name. From her huge white couch to the stacks of magazines on her glass coffee table and the thousand designer boxes and bags laying on the floor. So jazz played in the background as I walked further into her world. Vogue covers hung in the middle of her living room and I counted about two million pastel color pillows on the couch and chairs. But, it was the smell of Chanel and something flowery that made my skin crawled.

I was nothing in her world. I had no fucking chance against this woman. Everything about her made my head swirled and that pissed me the fuck o .

"What are you doing?" Speaking of the angel and she shall appear.

I ignored her presence because I was disgusted by this whole place and continued looking into her fridge. "Looking for innocent children you're about to cook and eat."

"Fuck you." she spat and slammed the fridge right on my fucking hand.

"Damn it, Jane." I cursed and turned toward her. Wrong fucking move.

It was like a whiplash and a splash of acid thrown in my face. She looked like she was my biggest mistake and I couldn't wait to let her ruin my fucking life.

"You're wearing my clothes." she checked out my new suit and subconsciously adjusted the shirt collars.

Her hot breath on my neck and Chanel su oated me. She was so close and I didn't think she realized that.

"You can say I look handsome." I casually slid my arms around her small waist.

The move earned me a shove to the fridge door and a murderous glare. So hot, I wanted to fuck her straight to literal Hell.

"These are for you." I cleared my throat and gave her the bouquet.

She took it and suspiciously glared at the roses. I closed the distance between us and placed a small kiss on her cheek. "Roses with thorns. I thought you would love them more."

Azrael looked a little startled by that but she covered it quick. "Thank you."

"I need five minutes. You can sit on the couch but don't touch anything or I will cut o your balls and let my dog use it as a chewing ball." she said and rushed back up the stairs with her flowers.

I chuckled and shoved my hands into my pocket. A little bark made her threat sounded a little more serious. I swallowed and followed the sound out of her kitchen.

Sitting on the couch was the most flu iest dog I had ever seen. He looked at me and barked again. I had no doubt his owner taught him how to glare like that and curse visitors with ten years of bad luck.

"Hey, buddy." I eased up to him and scratched behind his ear.

The dog narrowed his eyes at me before cocking his head as if telling me to sit my ass down and scratch him some more. I took a seat at the farther end of the couch and tapped the empty space next to me. He jumped straight into my laps and started attacking my face with his wet tongue. Fuck's sake. At least one of the Carmen actually appreciated me.

"Oak! You're not supposed to like him."

Man, I couldn't have her and couldn't play with her dog. I mentally sighed in defeat.

The sound of her voice did however stop the dog in his track. He looked at me then at her then at me again before flopping himself down my laps and stayed there, choosing a side.

"Hah. He picked me." I grinned and stroked his fur.

She was in my face in two seconds, stealing away my new friend into her arms. "I told you not to touch anything." She jabbed a finger accusingly at me.

I raised up my hands in surrender. "He came to me. Your dog likes me."

"Traitor. You're grounded for life." she kissed her puppy's head with a so glare to which he barked in response and jumped o .

I watched in pure amusement as she stared starstruck at her dog walking away. I stood up then and pulled her into me by her waist and I claimed it was a perfect miracle because she let me hold her while walked us to my car.

"Ready to show the world I'm yours, sunshine?" I asked with a small smirk.

"Fake boyfriend. That's all you are." she muttered under her breath.