

11. my deadliest poison

Azrael Carmen

I was fake dating an obnoxious bastard. He looked hideous with his half hearted grin and his wild gaze on the road. I watched him spin the wheel with the heel of his palm and arm casually hanging on the opened window. So free and reckless. He was a breath of fresh air and everything I could never be.

Red light kissed his face as the car came to an abrupt stop. He finally took his eyes o the road and cocked his head at me. "Enjoying the view, sunshine?"

That stupid fucking nickname. If he was about to start telling me the reason he pronounced me as such was because my blonde hair reminded him of the fucking sun, I was going to dump his ass during this fake first date.

I turned my head away with a scowl before muttering under my breath. "I'm deciding if I want to be seen with you in public."

His chuckles filled the little space and I debated bashing his head in the dashboard. Despite being blessed with a disgustingly good looks and a handsome face to match, the bastard was horribly irritating. He was much more attractive when he didn't open his stupid mouth.

"Anyone would kill to be paraded around on my arm." he stated as we made a sharp turn to the le. It was a horrendous fact that I refused to acknowledge.

I decided then that I would be spending the next seven months of my life crashing his egos until there was nothing less than a shell of a weak wounded man.

"I'm using you for my own selfish benefit." I said, clutching the strap of my purse.

"We both get advantages out of this. And, I shall be a servant at your service, Jane." his whisper sliced through the cold air conditioning and his words caressed me like a lover's touch.

If I wasn't careful, Elliot Salvatore might just be my deadliest poison.

The car's engine cut in front of a golden building right in central London. He got out first, giving his car key to the kind valet. A dozen cameras suddenly flashed around us and my hand went rigid on the handle. Elliot studied my face as he opened my door for me, holding out his hand. I could feel the blinding lights and their curious eyes burning on my skin, waiting and anticipating my response.

I grew up around the media but never this close. They loved my father and his exciting date life, not me. I was the uptight heiress who loved designer brands and drinking people's blood. And, now they were watching me because I showed up with the most eligible bachelor in the country. He was right when he said I was going straight to the top. Our insane scheme might just work.

I needed a fucking minute.

Elliot bent down and stuck his head inside the car, invading my personal space. I didn't have it in me to curse him out so I settled on another cold glare.

He held my face in his hand. I imagined strangling him to death but smiled sweetly at him. People watched, still anticipating. This time I let them and my blood sizzled in satisfaction.

"I'm on your team, Jane. For better and for worse." he leaned forward, skimming his mouth across my cheekbone and his low whisper felt suspiciously like a lover's vow.

I melted into his touch, grumbling low just for him to hear. "Definitely for worse."

Suddenly, he was grinning at me. I glared to match his gaze. "What?"

"You're nervous. It's adorable." This time he fully smacked a kiss on my cheek before finally helping me out.

I freed my hand from his grip and punched him across the jaw. He mocked wince as I turned to the cameras, raising my eyebrow when the flash went o rapidly. "By all mean, I don't normally support violence."

Strong arm pulled me back by my waist, he tucked my head under his chin. "I support Azrael Carmen."

I expected about a thousand investors in my email tomorrow from that statement alone. The bastard knew what he was doing.

A white gloved waiter led us to our table beside the floor to ceiling rose colored glass window. People shamelessly watched us with keen interest and I knew exactly why he specifically chose this place. Every elites and English snobs such as us dined in here. I only hoped the food was good as I ordered a glass of white wine and the most expensive item on the menu with chocolate lava cake for dessert. Elliot shook his head in amusement before he slyly slid a familiar white bag across the table for me. I looked between him and the Chanel written across the paper in black.

He motioned me to take the bag with his eyes. I didn't. He grabbed my hand and forced it on me. I glared at him the whole time I carefully pulled out the wrapping paper and then the little box inside.

"It's not a fucking bomb." he sighed, sipping on his neat whiskey scotch which in my opinion was such a pretentious drinks but of course he would favor the liquor.

I stared at the black silky bow tie inside the box and traced the fabric with my finger. I had never worn a bow in my hair since forever.

"Black to match your soul." The bastard announced his intention.

I wanted jumped across the table to stab him with my butter knife but I had class. So, I settled on a "Fuck you." before I half assed a forced "Thank you."

The food arrived a little later a er I placed everything back inside the bag and set it aside. He watched me eat like he did days ago, attentively and with fascination. I flipped him o a couple of times while telling him to cut it out and eat his goddamn food before I kicked his leg under the table for good measure.

"Do you still dance?" he asked, stabbing his fork in his steak.

The question was out of nowhere and so random I barely managed to answer him. "No."

"A CEO in two separate businesses and a stripper at night." he hummed, nodding his head. "You must be loaded."

I glared and gulped down the wine. "There's no need for small talks, Elliot."

"We need to cover every tracks and details if we were to fool the whole world. I need to know you and you, me." he raised an eyebrow at me as if it was the most obvious thing ever.

I sco ed but humored him anyways. "I bought the strip club that night. I only performed to test the water and never did again."

One night and I slept with the most annoying man on earth. A year later, I found myself selling my soul to him for months to save my business. It was as if bad luck and me came in a package deal.

"You did ballet." he cut another piece of meat and savored it on his tongue. I watched his jaw worked as he chewed the food.

"I stopped when my mother died." I said through gritted teeth, willing the conversation to end.

His eyes li ed up and a frown graced his lips. I enjoyed the sadness for a moment. "I'm sorry. Do you miss it?"

"No." I said and he nodded his head.

He asked me about Carmen Corp and declared I had to show him my business plan with at least a hundred pages file and an in-depth presentation a er. I entertained him with my work for he was going to be my biggest investor and to ensure that his money wasn't going to go to shit if my life was depended on it. We talked more and I didn't find myself wanting to bolt out of the door or taping his mouth shut with the glue gun inside my purse like Riley predicted this morning. Maybe it was the roses and the cute bow or perhaps I had been drinking too much wine.

"Your board team sounds like a fucking tool." he muttered, typing something on his phone.

I hated the fact that we miraculously agreed on something for once. "Tell me something I don't already know."

"Fire them and fucking hire new people." he said and I was about to banter back when a mash of bleached blonde hair caught my eyes.

I gripped the edge of the table, cursing. "No."

"What the fuck do you mean no?" Elliot narrowed his eyes on me.

Mila Cooper and her new fiancé who also happened to be my cheating ex boyfriend walked in the building, looking sickeningly disgusting. I faked a smile so hard my cheek hurt when my step sister spotted us from the entrance. She slithered her hand up Issac's bicep, smirking at me. I only cringed inward and hoped not to throw up in front of my fake boyfriend when they both walked over to our table.

"Who the fuck are you baring your teeth at?" Elliot li ed my hand from the table and pressed a kiss on my whitened knuckles.

"You better be the best actor in the whole wide world for the next five minutes or I'm dumping you, Elliot Salvatore." I glanced at him. "Act like I painted your universe pink."

He looked at me like I had lost my fucking mind. Confusion swirled in his eyes but the moment cheap perfume filled our space, I knew we were on the same fucking team.

"I haven't seen you in awhile, big sister. How are you?" Mila's chirpy voice scratched my eardrum and I feared her brain stopped working.

Her fakeness was nothing if not infectious.

"It's been so long, Azrael." Issac said with a stupid smug grin.

Elliot Salvatore did it better. He fucked better too.

I ignored the two fucked ups and shi ed my gaze on the lesser of evil. "My step sister and her fiancé, hermoso."

He quirked an amused eyebrow at me before tilting his head to the twos and curly nodded like he was acknowledging people so far beneath him. "Elliot Salvatore, the boyfriend."

My step sister blinked at him while her fiancé tried to act normal. "Salvatore? You're like filthy rich. Your family practically own the country." She gasped at him and I almost died in embarrassment from knowing her as a person.

"Don't boast his fucking ego and leave us." I dismissed her, training my eyes on the grinning bastard sitting in front of me. Great.

"You can have anyone and you're dating her?" her voice cut through me like chilly air in winter. And, I suddenly remembered vaguely why I cut her o despite my father's insistence.

I could feel Elliot's intense gaze on me while I tried not to be stabbed in public. My reputation was already in the fucking dirt. I couldn't hurt my business more than I already did. I took a sharp breath and tightened my grip on the table.

"Seriously, man. Ice queen bitch is going to freeze o your balls with her coldness." the scumbag chuckled at his own joke.

I gritted my teeth and stood the fuck up. I was not going to let them wracked all over me. Not when they were living o my fucking money. My finger flew in his face. Shoulders squared and my heels dug the ground under my feet. "You fucking fuck. I'm going to cut o your fucking-

One moment I was ready to burn the most horrible people on earth and the next I was held back by the bastard who was supposed to be on my team. He secured his arm around my stomach and pulled me into his laps. I turned my head and glared at the traitor.

"You're making a scene. Calm down, Jane." he whispered into my ear.

I shook my head, fighting to get out of his strong hold. Damned muscles. "He called me a bitch."

"I'm fucking pissed but you need to calm down first, sunshine. People are watching you." he said and I hated how logical he was right now. Fuck the people.

"Make him bleed and I will calm down." I gritted, pointing my finger at the cheating asshole.

Elliot tucked a strand of my hair behind my ear, looking all so serious, grinning like a devil. "Okay."

My ass barely hit his chair when he got in my ex boyfriend's face, throwing a punch so hard I swore I heard his bone snapped in half.

Mila screamed bloody murder as her fiancé fell to the ground. I couldn't help smiling secretly to myself.

Except Elliot Salvatore didn't miss a single thing. He cocked an eyebrow at me and gasped. "Is that a smile? Careful, you almost look happy, Jane."

My lips thinned and I glared at him. It was much easier to hate him.

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A/N: do you like the story so far?