

14. psychosis on her

Elliot Salvatore

I was so fucked. And, not even literally. She was everywhere I was. Stolen cheek and forehead kisses between our little schemes were suddenly too addicting and somehow better than fucking. I lived to fuck. Except right now I breathed Azrael Carmen like she was fucking oxygen.

Putting 9420 miles between us seemed like a perfectly good plan until it wasn't.

I had cancelled our business meeting on purpose because I might actually hand myself over to her for the taking and be her highness bitch forever, no fucking complaint would be heard from yours truly because again I was fucked.

So, what if I ran o to Australia to take a fucking deep breath that wasn't her rose lotion and Chanel perfume.

I blamed all my fucking psychosis on her.

"Fucking Jane." I muttered under my breath, faxing my handwritten note to the little flower shop I found back in England a er ordering a shit tons of thorn roses for her.

A couple of hours later, I found myself doing a conference call with my new Australian partner about deals and potential contracts. I figured I was already here so might as well do some business instead of sulking in my own misery and undoing.

The rented house stood literally in the middle of nowhere between the coast and the wilderness. My huge wooden desk sat in front of a floor to ceiling glass that led to a balcony. I sat with my back facing the blue ocean and scorching sun. I felt the heat burning through my skin as a sear of sweat coated my forehead and dripped down my back even with air conditioning blasted all over the place. I wondered why the fuck didn't I go to Alaska where I wouldn't be burned or bitten to death by insects.

This was all her fault. She o icially messed up my head so bad that I lost all logics and common sense.

"Elliot, sir." My head snapped from the screen of my computer when Coop's frigid voice traveled from the door of my bedroom. I arched an eyebrow and leaned back into the chair as he stalked inside with his phone glued to his ear. The looks on his face had me pausing and my brain turning gears.

I apologized to my new business partner and abruptly ended the conference, motioning Coop to start talking. I swore to fuck if he couldn't find the insect spray, I would cut o his balls and serve it to the flying bloodsuckers on a silver platter.

He took one looks at me and then started talking.

Jane's ex boyfriend was murdered and dumped inside his own apartment, discarded like a piece of shit he was. His corpse sat right up inside a bathtub filled with his own blood. He hung one arm over the edge and another pressed up against the wall, bleeding to death. The two ugly slash across his wrists implied it was suicide.

I knew better but I also wasn't responsible.

I pulled out a drawer and grabbed the whiskey bottle inside. Glancing at the clock on my bedside table, I cursed as I poured the liquor into a glass anyways. My inside drastically cooled to a negative degree. Coldness seeped through my vein. I feared I might freeze into ice. Usually when I felt like this someone or a few unlucky fuckers brutally died.

Both of my hands itched to stab something and coat every inches of skin with warm blood to ease the icy cold. I tightened my grip on my whiskey glass and downed the drinks before pouring another.

Coop was still talking when he grabbed the remote and turned on the television attached to the wall in front of us. He switched between channels to England breaking news and blasted it across the room. I tracked my eyes on the Carmen's family picture on the screen then the picture of the step sister's engagement and finally a video of me punching the dead bastard a week ago during my date with Jane. The reporter talked his mouth for miles and I didn't hear a fucking thing about his other suspicious injuries. I didn't need to nor that I cared to. I already knew the fucking details by heart.

Five broken ribs, severely punctured lung, fractured skull, a broken leg and probably a concussion. I did that. Except I wasn't stupid enough to kill a guy I publicly humiliated a mere week later. He was bound to die but slowly and definitely not from a fucking shitty framed murder.

"Do you know who did it?" I asked, calmly. Like my girlfriend's life wasn't possibly in danger while I was a few thousand miles away.

Coop turned o the news and started typing on his phone. "I'm working on it."

"Send our men to my fucking girlfriend. I swear to fucking God if someone on the street so much as bump into her right now, I will unleash hell."

"Miss Carmen le for her father's estate twenty minutes ago. She should be safe but our men are there." he said. I nodded my head.

He added a moment a er. "I don't think whoever killed him is a er us. He could be her family's enemy. Miss Carmen does have a reputation."

A reputation she had but not bad enough that someone was a er her life. Unless, the bastard held grudge big enough against me and didn't favor his life to have the guts to fuck with her just to get to me.

"Her enemies are also mine." I gritted my teeth, jaw grounding. But, mine wasn't hers to bear.

The sight of her lifeless glare fore shaken my sanity. My fingers tightened around the half empty glass at the thought of me being the reason she could be hurt. She had no idea I was the mafia and I practically paraded her around on my arms for my enemies to see and be excited about getting to her to get to me.

A dry chuckle escaped my mouth as the glass shattered inside my palm, sliding through my skin. My trusty bodyguard didn't flinch. He knew the drill. Coop handed me a white cloth from his suit jacket and went back to typing on his phone as if nothing happened. We were both used to my daily anger issues.

Blood dripped to the clean hardwood floor filling in the silence. Even when anger blinded my sight, my ears still picked up every little sounds. So, when footsteps stumbled outside the door and my bloodied hand flew instinctively to my gun holster.

The bullet flew with a loud bang just as my two best friends appeared from the other side.

Ace Beckett looked unfazed, the bullet barely grazed the tip of his ear. He grinned at me and strode inside my bedroom like he owned the place with his hands tucked casually inside his pockets. Platinum blond hair so pale it was almost white and a pair of black eyes to match his heart.

"What the fuck happened to hi and hello, you ill mannered low life." he rolled his eyes, beelining over to the living area of my room and helped himself to my untouched breakfast.

If I wasn't so pissed o , I would've been amused. There was never a dull moment with Ace Beckett.

"Which miserable bastard pissed you o ?" Derek asked while closing the door and locking it for good measure. The fucker made a show of flexing and looking at his designer watch before adding. "At ten in the morning."

Coop answered before I had the chance to defend myself. "His girlfriend's ex boyfriend was murdered."

"I'm no expert in relationships but isn't that a good thing?" Derek cocked a brow at me before taking the empty seat in front of my desk. "Do you have some sort of emotional attachment to him?"

"Elliot has a what now?" Ace shrieked with so much horror.

"A girlfriend and a potential attachment issue, Beckett. You need to catch up. Although I'm still a 120% sure that he tricked her into the relationship." Derek said thoughtfully.

I sighed and rubbed a hand over my face.

Living my life to the fullest had always been a goal. I never regretted a moment in my life until right now. Leaving Jane alone was a fucking terrible decision and inviting these assholes to my small vacation however was the biggest mistake I had ever regretted.

"Vacation's cancelled. I need to go back." I announced then turned to my bodyguard. "Prepare the jet. We're leaving right now."

Coop nodded his head and stalked out of the room without another question. My friends however were a pain in my ass.

"Dude. What the fuck?" Derek grumbled from his seat. "At least explain what's happening. I cancelled eight appointments to send your ass o through the whipped tunnel."

"Who's the girlfriend again?" Ace shouted from across the room, still eating.

Then he proceeded to mutter shit to himself. "I need to stop assassinating people internationally and move back to fucking London. Stay local or whatever the fuck. Seriously, dude this is so not cool. I'm always le out on things."

I ignored him and grabbed my phone from the desk, FaceTiming said girlfriend. Just to know if she was safe and for the sake of my own sanity. The call rang for a moment before she finally picked up. I felt my pulse jumped in a normal rate and my blood warmed at the sight of her face. She glared at me through the screen and my dick welcomed it with a twitch. I needed fucking serious help.

"Jane." I breathed her name. "Are you okay, sunshine?"

Derek and Ace, looked at each other in amusement before started mouthing jokes and snickering.

"Do I not look okay? Are you saying I'm ugly today, Elliot?" she scowled at me as she set her phone up against something.

I got a full view of her tits barely contained in her thin tank top. She sat with her legs crossed together on a four poster bed. I stared at the creamy flesh for a moment, completely star struck. I had to practically forced my eyes away and looked behind her, getting a glance of what looked like her bedroom in her father's house. The room Azrael Carmen grew up in.

"You look fucking hot. I'm asking if you're okay because your ex boyfriend is murdered. Don't change the damn topic. Talk to me. Tell me you're fucking safe."

"I'm stitching leather gloves." she glared down at her laps and I followed her gaze like a goddamn dog.

Her fingers clutched onto a clump of black leather, poking and stabbing at it with a needle. She looked frantic. My girlfriend was either startled by the event and didn't want to show her weakness or she had lost her fucking mind. She was fine when we talked hours ago.

I typed an email to Coop and told him to hurry the fuck up with the jet. I needed to leave.

"Jane." I gritted my teeth. She snapped her head back at the screen and met my eyes.

"I told Barbara to get the toughest leather so you wouldn't break your weak knuckles the next time you fuck up a punch." she said and went back to making gloves, for me apparently.

I felt the corner of my mouth tipped up in an instant but I managed to contain the smug smile. Now wasn't the time to piss her o .

"You fucked up a punch?" Ace made his way behind my desk and shoved his goddamn head into the screen. Derek followed suit, squeezing me in between.

"Wow. You're like totally out of his league." Ace grinned at my girlfriend.

"Azrael Carmen. You are?" Her voice floated with hostility but the amusement in her eyes glinted as she looked between the three of us with severe interest. I decided that my friends could live for another day.

"Ace Beckett. Your boyfriend's favorite bestie."

"I'm his favorite and you know me." Derek bantered a little too seriously. Shit went down his head from there. Words were thrown and punches were flying playfully. I didn't confirm nor deny the allegations.

Cursing under my breath, I rose from the chair and walked out of the room outside to the balcony. Their bickers faded as I stepped the glass door shut and headed over to the railing. The sound of waves crashing against the shore filled the silence between us. I leaned over and showed Jane my view of Australia before switching the camera back to my face.

"I can't believe I'm fake dating the ugliest guy in the friend group." her eyes rolled annoyingly as she sco ed her distress for me to hear.

I chuckled, running my thumb over her face on the screen. "Little liar."

That earned me another fucking glare. I only grinned harder until she decided she had enough of me and threatened to hang up but not before she told me to shove my ego up my ass and go to hell. I declared she was my ray of sunshine.

I didn't know. I had no idea how obsessed I really was. How powerfully I carried her within me. She was inside my skull and bones. There was nowhere in this world that I could run to and escape from her.

"I'll back with you in a bit." I promised.

I watched her hands fisted on her thighs, gripping hard on the small needle and thread. The leather fabric dropped beside her on the bed. I only wished I was there to kiss those fists away. "I don't need you."

"I will be there anyways." I smiled at her. And, until right now London had never been more far away.