17. a er deadly rain

Azrael Carmen All the world dropped dead. My eyes shut closed and suddenly all my other senses heightened like sharp sword. People shouted. Footsteps	₫°
hurried away everywhere. The car was still honking rapidly outside the window. I waited a bit longer. For the pain to take control and for the feeling of a thin glass slicing through my flesh. A million shards pricked all of me. I let my mind wandered to red blood spilling the ground and copper perfuming the air.	a
None of that happened. I li ed my lids and colors bursted through every vein inside me. My vision cleared and I realized Elliot was holding me. His hand the back of my head and arm wrapped tightly around my body. I looked over his shoulder at the ruined window and the scene that was happening. So much broken glass. Toppled over table and chairs. The Salvatore men were barking orders into their phones. Their wives and children seemed calm but definitely on alert. Safe. No blood.	a් a්
They must had seen the car coming too. "Jane. Breathe." He grabbed my waist and pushed us up. I only realized then that we had been on the floor.	a
His eyes darkened as he took me in. I wondered if he saw all my weaknesses and deemed me breakable right now. Unworthy. Helpless. He cupped my face. Thumb caressing my cheekbone. "Breathe, baby." I did. Even when oxygen struggled to burn in my lungs. "Are you hurt?" He asked and I shook my head, hating how I barely had it in me to even open my mouth to speak. Elliot took one more looks at me before he explained I was safe. The car didn't crash into us. Its front had just bumped against the glass	đ
window, breaking it, before swerving to the side and hit the wall instead. He had grabbed me and threw his body over mine just as the glass was about to fall on me. I noticed the little cuts on his face then. One on the corner of his temple and two small ones across his cheekbone. I placed my hand carefully on his uninjured side. "Your face is going to get uglier now." The scars when they faded. I thought it would give him the edge. A rough brutalized handsome looks. But, even in slight shock my brain	a° a⁵
still remembered the size of his ego. Therefore I would just save the information to myself. I enjoyed humbling the man. "Oh yeah?" Relief flashed quickly in his eyes as he chuckled so ly. He leaned down and placed a slow lingering peck on my lips. Always touching and kissing me. I growled lowly in disdain. My hands roamed at his head and I tugged	a් a්°
his face down by his tousled hair. Crashing a hard kiss on his mouth. He sank under my touch in an instant. Fingers in my hair while he returned my kiss. Elliot kissed like the world was ending and I was his last something to hold on to. A lifeline anchoring him from the inevitable. I let out a sigh and he took the moment to slip his tongue inside but not before tracing the outline of my lips as if he wanted to savor me forever. He tasted like heaven despite he was built for literal sin. His tongue tasted mine and explored every corner I o ered. So lips crashing	
brutally over mine. I knew I was in some sort of quarter life crisis. Because this was the prettiest version of Hell I had walked. "Uncle Elliot is trying to eat the pretty lady. Like daddy did to	a l a l
mommy." Madeline gasped from somewhere. I assumed she had stopped singing song loudly to herself. Reality crashed back on us. I whispered his name into the kiss. "Eli, hermoso." "Jane." He groaned back and physically tore his mouth o mine. The looks on his face tempted me to forget everyone else and let him	් a⁵
"You're horrible kisser." I said and busied myself with adjusting his shirt collars. He chuckled and swooped in a harsh kiss before pecking my cheek. "I	đ
would throw myself over you a hundred million times more if it meant I always get a kiss a er." I stopped in my track. Cold dread filled down to the marrow of my bone. I decided I didn't like the sight of his blood dripping down his	a °
face. "Never do that again." "I will never let even a tiny piece of glass cut this pretty skin." He grinned like an idiot as he murmured his promise to me. I sco ed and replaced the smile he probably deserved with a scowl.	a a
"If you want a kiss, buy me a Chanel bag." He laughed at me and wrapped me into his arms while I stood there and let him hugged me. "Duly noted." "We need to get out of here." Eden spoke fast and stern, breaking my	a° a⁺
moment of weakness. I cleared my throat. We turned toward where his family was standing and waiting for us. I felt his muscles tightened under my hands and tasted the abrupt anger pouring out him. We were almost crashed to death. Elliot didn't linger a second longer as he dropped his arms around me and grabbed me away by my hand. The restaurant that was cheery with crawling customers a moment ago had been longed empty and vacant. Every tables except ours were still full of food and drinks, sitting in their places. Fear still lingered in the air from in sudden intrusion. I walked hastily behind Elliot as we all poured out the front door.	å
People stood with their friends and family, staring in shock and anger at the accident. The restaurant manger and workers were trying to calm everyone down and informing that they had already called the police and medics for any injuries.	đ
Elliot's hand dropped mine instantly at the sight of the driver inside that car. He muttered something before dropping a kiss on my forehead. Suited bodyguards came out of nowhere and surrounded us then. Gasps followed the Salvatore brothers as they strode through the crowd and yanked the car door opened. Elliot grabbed the bloodied driver by his neck and dragged him out. He fumbled out and dropped to the ground, hitting his knees on the hard pavement. The man looked fucked up either from alcohol or drugs. Blood dripped down his face and drenched his shirt. His eyes laced with	
boredom as he took in his surrounding but turned frantic when landed on the men before him. He stood up to run but Eden was in his face, daring him to take another step. "My whole fucking family was in there." Nicholas growled. And, I	å °
No one made a show to stop him. Not even the policemen that was now piling outside with us. We stood there in trance. Watching the man collapsed to the ground just to be pulled back by Elliot. His knuckles whitened from the grip he had around his throat as he literally li ed him up and threw his body against the wall he crashed his car into. Punches a er punches. Until he was thoroughly beaten bloody. Anastasia ushered her children and her sister in law into a car. She	a⁰
closed the door behind me before walking to where I was standing. "We must leave. Now." She said, tugging at my elbow. I was too enamored by the violence in front of me to move. They had looked so furious. Hungry for vengeance almost. Except the anger	at
faded away. I could feel it slowly simmering down with each punches as if they thrived in blood and pain. It calmed them. "Elliot will break his hand if he keeps going." I muttered under my breath.	a³ a¹
I turned my head toward the brunette and she raised an eyebrow at me. "Are you not scared of him? What he is capable of?" "I have a lot of people I'd like him to fist fight." I said, glancing at him one more time. He was brutal.	a් a°
She laughed then and pulled me away without letting me protest this time. "Maybe you're more like us than I had thought. A little Salvatore in there somewhere." The lies suddenly turned poison in my chest. I wanted to scream at her to not welcome me into their family. That I was nothing but a selfish bitter bitch who was only using her brother in law. I wanted to just scream and cut someone. Perhaps that man who dared trigger my emotions.	
Nothing came out of my mouth. My head was all over the place. I was thinking with feelings. Anastasia dropped down the small space next to me and slammed the door. We squeezed together into the jammed space between the three of us and two car seats.	
Elliot's unusual cold voice floated somewhere behind us when the car drove away. "Who sent you?" We drove in silence. I didn't ask where we were driving to. Adalina was calmingly caressing her bump like she was trying to sooth her baby. The two other babies were out, asleep like all was fine while their mother fussed over them without taking her eyes o of them. Stuck in the very middle, I dropped my head back to the headrest and sighed to myself. I watched out the front window from under my eyelashes. The man in the driver seat was Declan Cooper. I knew him as Elliot's	đ
bodyguard. He kept looking at the rear view mirror to check if I was still breathing every ten seconds. My stupid fake boyfriend probably put him up to this. So, I broke the silence a er a while and told him to cut it out. He still did anyways but a little more discreetly. A scowl permanently stuck on my face the whole ride to wherever we were going. Civilization was le behind and in its place were forest and creepy silent roads. The car stayed turning right and le as if we were driving	₫°
inside a huge maze. Trees kept getting taller and taller as we drove deeper. I could barely see the sun or the sky anymore. I hadn't known such place exist before. "We're going to the Salvatore estate. Parents in law's place." Adalina turned and smiled at me. "This is a great place for hiding bodies." I furrowed my eyebrows. "I know." Anastasia agreed with a grin as she stroke her son's chubby cheek.	a⁴ a⁴
The estate emerged straight out of the forest. We pulled through the heavy guarded gate and into the long driveway, rounding an extravagant centerpiece in the middle. I got out of the car last and was mesmerized by the fine architecture of this place and the gardens stretching around it right to where the sun was sitting. A black limo parked beside us and I only noticed that Mr and Mrs Salvatore were right behind us the whole time. Alana walked up to me and grabbed my hand into hers as she pulled me inside. "I can't catch a break around here. I'm sure this first impression of us	
will last forever." She grimaced and I laughed which earned me a heartwarming smile. "Maybe we can laugh about this over Christmas in a few years." She added and pretended she didn't see the looks on my face.	a a
If the place was beautiful from the outside, it was out of this world inside. Every turn I took I found a new thing to admire and gape at. Until we stopped in front of a guard lying face first on the floor. I heard Mr Salvatore cursed behind us as he stalked over and crouched down to check the pulse. We followed close behind him into the living room, stepping over at least a dozen unconscious guards and maids. Anastasia clutched something behind her back, holding her daughter with another arm while Adalina held little Aiden.	
Then we all stopped dead in our tracks. A tall figure sprawled over the couch, watching us. I stared wide eyes at the handsome twenty something man. His black hair styled into perfection. Blue grey eyes like the sky a er deadly rain stared at us with pure boredom but it was the sharp cut of his cheekbones that set o the danger siren ringing inside my head. He shook the potato chips bag and tilted his head up, throwing back what was le inside. "Who the fuck are you?" Mr Salvatore snapped first. The guy dusted his black leather jacket before lazily standing up and	ਰੰ ਰੰ
shoving the empty bag into his jeans pocket. "Lukas Hendrix. Where's your daughter?" I hadn't met the youngest Salvatore yet but Elliot had talked fondly of his only sister. And, from what I had heard they were really protective of that girl. This guy, whoever he was, was as good as dead. My theory was only proven right when said girl's father narrowed his eyes. "How did you get in?" He asked with a dead glare. "Through the front door." Lukas shrugged his shoulders. "Where is	3 ²
"You broke into my house, fought my soldiers and demand to see my daughter?" Mr Salvatore practically growled. "I'm going to kill you." Alana grabbed her husband by the arm and pulled him back as she surveyed the guy. "Let's all stay calm." That possibility and hope for calmness? It was gone when the loud footsteps stumbled upon us. I rubbed my face and held back a grean	ී ් ්
footsteps stumbled upon us. I rubbed my face and held back a groan. Here we fucking go. "What the fuck happened to our men?" Elliot started, walking to me but his eyes were on that guy. Seth Salvatore filled in his sons. "He fought a dozen guys and won." "I don't need violence. Intelligence works fine or in this case chemistry. Gamma-hydroxybutyric acid." Lukas murmured and shoved his hands into his jacket pockets.	63
"Who's that nerd?" Nicholas narrowed his eyes into slits before started speaking lowly to his wife. Anastasia nodded her head and grabbed her son from Adalina before leaving the room. "No. He's friends with Bella or something. I want to watch this."	aී aී
"No. He's friends with Bella or something. I want to watch this." Adalina protested beside Eden. He probably asked her to follow Anastasia. Lukas drew a line at that and grumbled. "I wouldn't say we're friends."	a⁰ a¹
"Why are you here?" Alana asked them gestured to her husband and sons. "This crazies. They will actually kill you." I hoped she didn't meant literally. "She steal something of mine and I need it back." He said but whatever it was she took it pissed him o.	a a³ a⁵
"My daughter is no thief." Mr Salvatore spoke the same time Alana did. "Bella went back to school a week ago." She told him, earning a few curses and grumbles around the room. Lukas cocked his eyebrow almost amusingly. "Did she now?" A loud bang crashed from behind us then and white smoke erupted out of nowhere. I coughed loudly, grabbing on Elliot's shirt. His arms instinctively sought me. We looked with keep interest as the	at at
instinctively caught me. We looked with keen interest as the unconscious men on the floor started bouncing to their feet. And, when we looked back to the guy. He was gone. "I said never take your eyes o your enemy. Did I teach you enough?" Mr Salvatore muttered grumpily. "I'm going to find and kill that kid." To say that my fake boyfriend was furious was an understatement of the fucking century. The bastard had completely lost his mind and I	a [™]
the fucking century. The bastard had completely lost his mind and I meant totally went insane. I sat on his bed, still in my heels while I watched him paced around the room muttering to himself and sometimes me. He looked murderous enough to kill a parade of dinosaurs. "You need to stay with me for awhile." He said. I glared. "What?"	á
"Move in with me." He said casually. I caught on what the fuck was happening inside his brain. It was the crash and the fact that I could've been killed on the spot. The sudden theory from my father that someone was a er us and my step sister's fiancé suspicious sudden death. He took me out of a bubble wrap just to place me in another. "No, thanks." I muttered back, unimpressed.	a ⁷
"No, thanks." I muttered back, unimpressed. "I don't want anything happen to you." He sighed, stalking toward me. "Someone literally just broke in here. I couldn't be all that protected." I raised a challenging eyebrow. "Then, I'm moving in with you." → ③★ ←	් ් ්