

18. burned it upside down

Elliot Salvatore

I was convinced the evil was taken in the form of Azrael. Carmen. My pretty sun looked fucking livid. Her glare hardened and her blood red lips bared canines at me. She was the most beautiful possessed thing ever, looking about ten seconds away from jumping me and tearing the shit out of my throat with her claws.

If I wasn't so fucking turned on like a sick bastard, I would've been terrified for my life.

However, right now she was eerily quiet. My throat bobbed and I stopped pacing my bedroom like a madman. I was pissed as fuck, so fucking furious I wanted to tear out a few hearts and shot a dozen men but she was here with me.

Jane sat on my bed with her boot clad leg cross over the other elegantly. Her hands clutched together on her creamy thighs. The sight and her presence settled the psychotic thoughts running through my brain.

"I'm going to clean your wounds." She announced and stood abruptly, gesturing me to take her seat on the bed while she went into my bathroom suite to grab the med kit like she owned the place.

Well, she fucking owned me so whatever was mine was fucking hers. All she had to do was glare at me and I was hers forever to fight and to hate.

I thought as I hesitatingly sat down and awaited my fate. Jane came back a minute later with a box in her hand. She dropped it down the space beside me and stood between my legs. Fucking Jesus. If she was going to kill me right here, I would die a happy man under her hand. I cursed my breath and tried not to look directly at her chest that leveled nicely in my face. She was scheming something.

Because the woman was fucking insane for leaning forward to grab supplies from the box. She didn't realize the pent up frustration I was dealing with. I wanted to kiss her again and again until we both succumbed for air.

Her perfume hit me like a damn train wreck and my brain became so fuzzy I barely remembered the anger I was boiling inside. She took her time soaking a clean cloth in saline solution before looking at me dead in the eyes.

"You can move in the dumpster behind the alley of my house, Elliot." She said very bitterly and seriously then pressed the cloth so hard on my wound.

I cursed under my breath. My hand slid up her creamy thigh and gripped onto her hip. "Okay."

"Okay?" She narrowed her eyes on my forehead as she carefully removed all drainage and dried blood like she had done this a million times.

I grinned up at her, the stinging pain forgotten because she looked like she enjoyed hurting me. "I need to be close if something happens again so yes."

"You're crazy." Her aggressiveness had toned down a bit. "You can't move in with me. I can't stand you. I don't like your face." She said without looking at me and continuing to dab my skin with more saline and some sort of liquid that was supposed to clean and help heal the wounds faster.

She didn't know how my obsession went deep that it buried to the very marrow of my bone. I remembered the looks on her face when they terrorized us and I didn't think I was ever going to forget it.

They were taunting her and me slowly and thoroughly. I hadn't found out who the fuck was behind it and until I did I was going to fucking super glue myself to her if it came down to that.

"Technically and legally speaking, I can." I muttered, knowing I had just gambled away my life by using the contract against her.

She was going to fucking murder me. I hoped my mom could hear my scream and come save me while dad cheered on my petty murderer.

"What the fuck do you mean?" Her hand froze right above my head. The blood soaked cloth hung between us as silence danced around the room.

I grabbed her hands and gently pried the cloth from her grip. She watched as I pulled her down on my laps. I waited a moment for her to jinx me with her curse and jump out before wrapping my arm around her back when she didn't move. I brought her hand to my mouth and kissed the back of it.

"I had Coop add a clause that I can move in with you when situation deemed necessary." I said carefully.

"No. I've read it. My lawyer read it. There was no such thing." She said, squeezing the shit out of my hand.

"Page 23, Section 15, Clause 76." I told her, remembering that one line by heart.

I fought the urge to smirk when she glared in realization. "You." She pointed her finger in my face. "You were always negotiating my clause whenever I came upon that part."

My deal breaking reputation was not far from truth. I played hard and dirty when it came down to business. Always. And, right now I was suffering the karma and consequences of it all.

She jumped away like I was burning her alive. The anger and hurt on her face almost made me go down and beg on my knees for her forgiveness. I would burn the damn clause right now if it meant she would come back to my arms. But, I needed to be with her for the sake of her safety and my own fucking sanity.

This city would suffer the death of my wrath when I burned it upside down if they took her away from me.

"Jane." I stood up and reached for her.

Now, I had seen the "I'm breaking up with you, dickfucker. You son of a bitch," coming but I did not see the fucking lamp coming at me and barely missing my head.

"No, you're not." I said with slight amusement as the lamp crashed into my floor. I hoped and prayed it wasn't one of my mom's collection.

Jane aggressively grabbed her purse and flipped her hair over her shoulder. "I will make your life a fucking living hell, roommate."

A promise not a fucking empty threat.

She suddenly smiled sweetly like a witch with murder in her mind. The change were uncanny, I almost winced. I watched her walk out my door, pulling out my phone to make a call.

"Don't take your eyes off her and don't let her see you if you don't want your balls fried and shoved back down your throat." I warned my bodyguard and could hear him wincing from all the way over here.

"Copy that." Coop muttered and heard her voice in the background saying goodbye to my family. "The driver. He's in the basement." He informed.

I took the stairs to the underground. A joint between my fingers. My lighter opened with a loud click, cracking through the deadly silence of darkness downstairs. I lit the shit up and took a long drag. I shoved the lighter and my hands into my pocket. White smoke puffed in the air in front of my face as I felt the high entering my system slowly. It would calm down my nerves for my girlfriend was severely mad at me and reduced the urge to kill the man. I needed him alive.

Coop had placed the fuck head in the farthest cell. He sat up right and chained to a chair in the middle. His head hung low over his chest, unconscious. I walked past him to the table across the room. I kicked the empty chair over and sat down in front of the computer. My fingers played the keyboard like piano and the codes on the screen were my personal musical notes. I fucked around for a bit and made sure the small chip was undetectable and impossible to destroy.

I took a lazy drag as I sliced the scalpel through the thin layer of his skin minutes later and carefully jammed the chip inside his head. I would love to stab the fuck out of his skull but opened wound meant treatment and doctors liked digging thing out and the chip could not come out before he even went in.

When I was satisfied with my work, I grabbed a syringe and stabbed the side of his neck. The fucker jerked awake and frantically looked around the room. I finished my joint and walked around his chair.

"Welcome back, sleeping beauty." I smirked, pressing the burning bit into his right eye. His scream was music to my ears.

"You crashed my brunch and now my girlfriend is mad at me. Can you tell I'm in a foul fucking mood?" I grinned, picking up a gun and loading it.

He looked at me then, one eye bugging out and another burning with ashes. I didn't hear his frigid pleas when my bullets flew and the loud sound drowned out his voice. I sat on my chair and leaned back as I blindly shot anywhere that wouldn't kill him until the gun ran out of bullets.

Then, I just picked up another gun.

"Who sent you? Come on we've been over this." I asked for the hundred times. I was so fucking high I could barely enjoy the blood pouring out of his body and down into the kiddie pool under his chair.

My question was answered with another plead and pitiful cries. I sighed and dropped the second empty gun. I picked up a random knife Coop had left me and walked over to where he was sitting. I chanted in my head that I was not killing him. Not today anyway. He would be my trojan horse.

"I'm here." I whispered, grinning down at him. I had even bothered to ask for his personal information which he so willingly gave. Jared was his name. Teary bloodied face and quivering jaw. I gripped under his chin. My finger digging into the dark purple bruise. "You can talk to me or not talk to me, but I'm here."

The fucker who was stupid enough to take the order of crashing his car into my girlfriend trembled when I pressed the cold silver of my blade against his throat. "Start talking Jared."

Coop saw him coming from a distance and shot a bullet to the wheel, causing him to swerve into a wall instead. If it wasn't for my bodyguard's quick thinking, she would've been dying right in front of my eyes. I barely wanted to entertain the thought of her death.

He had been arrested on the spot after my brothers and I beat the shit out of him and being sent to jail, awaiting for his further sentence. Case was closed and settled as a drunken accident. No one was injured so it would be nothing bad for him although a drunk man wouldn't know that.

Jared however looked a little too relieved for a man who was about to be stuck in a cell, taken away by the legal and the law. I watched with slight amusement and boiling anger while the policemen handcuffed and shoved him into their car. Because good fucking luck going to jail. The moment that car drove down the unavoidable sketchy street, Coop smashed into them and gave the fucker a taste of his own medicine before grabbing him back from death gate to meet the real ruler of Hell.

So, here we were. My knife slicing through his skin and bleeding out the blood from his vein. It dripped and dripped. Warm blood turning the dense air coppery mist.

"I'm sorry. Please. They made me do it." He pleaded, crying and screaming for the help that wouldn't come. My brothers would come of course but I didn't think that was the help he was currently begging for.

I pulled the blade from his throat. He let out a small whimper that turned into a heart wrenching scream when I rammed it back into his rib. His body hunched forward, doubling over and folding in what I hoped was agony. More blood poured out of him and down into the pool. I grabbed the back of his head and forced his eyes on me.

"Are you sorry that you get caught?" I mocked, cocking an eyebrow at him. "Who. Sent. You."

"I don't know. I didn't see their faces." He cried even harder as I pulled the knife out then jammed it back in. "Please."

"Did you look at her when you were driving that car? Did you see her? She was having a good fucking time and you put her horror on her face." I gritted my teeth, recalling how the most vicious woman I knew trembled in my arms as she tried her fucking best to hide her fear from me.

I would never forgive myself if they were a reminder of her because of me. Thoughts of my enemies tormenting her, getting to her and hurting her.

The knife clattered to the basement ground. I loosened my grip on his hair, my palm spreading across the back of his head. "I'm losing my cool, Jared. Anytime now."

Lies. I felt nothing and my blood was cold as ice except the dread that was clawing up my chest, tearing through skin and sucking out my soul. Selfish and obsessed. I could only blame myself if they tempted to take her away.

I hated to be the villain of her story, the reason of all the bad things happening to her but I could not let her go. Never. Not even over my fucking dead body. Which meant I would rather be fucking dead if she was not with me.

I never said I was a good man.

And, for the ones coming at her? I would be their worst fucking nightmare coming to life.

My men walked into the cell a moment later. Their footsteps caused Jared to straightened even more in alert. I let them go and took a step back while everyone get to work. They lifted the chair and pulled the pool out before setting him back. I watched blood transferred into a tank of salted water, turning the clear liquid magenta red.

The tank was set up in front of him. I had always wanted to drown a man in his own blood. A tragically poetic end.

"Go get my brother. We should need a doctor to keep him alive soon." I said and some of the men hurried out.

I grabbed the back of his head again and smiled on last time. "Lucky for you, he's the best of the best."

His scream was muted by the sound of water choking the life out of him. I dunked his head into the tank of his own blood and salted water to help heightening the pain. I watched his arms flanking on his sides and trying to grab onto something. Maybe a lifeline that I would not throw him.

My wrist ticked. Forty seconds. I grabbed him out by the gash on his throat. Jared gasped for air with enough desperation to turn my frown into a grin. I dunked him back in and pushed until his head went deeper and I was elbow deep in blood.

And, when I pulled him out again, his loyalty sank to the bottom of the tank.

"Jacobs. I heard them on the phone. They called him Mr Jacobs." He said between life and death. I let him go.

Fucking Kayden Jacobs and his fucking slimy father.

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