

2. fucking patriarchy

Azrael Carmen

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My grip tightened around the pen I was holding with every words that le his stupid mouth. I felt my sanity leaving the very hard shell of my skull. I wanted to hurt someone so bad it hurts.

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The board had been looking at me with distaste the moment I stepped into this meeting room and took my seat at the head of the table. Men and their fucking patriarchy. I cursed their existences and their audacity to think that they were better than me just because they had a dick attached between their legs and I didn't.

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I deserved to be here. This seat was my inheritance but I worked my ass for it all while fighting for my other passion in the fashion world. Carmen Corporation was my way into my father's good graces and I enjoyed the proud looks I put on his face but Carmen Couture was my pride and joy. Except everything was going to hell.

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It was an unfair world filled with men's fragile egos.

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"We can handle the clients if you're not capable, Ms Carmen. Surely the business world is harsh for women." Jameson Gallo was my father's bitch. He worked as the head of marketing since forever and I would love more than anything to change that.

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"Get fucked, Jameson." I glared, silencing the room.

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Then I gathered my folders and told him to go to hell so cruelly explicit that the old man looked like he wanted to ask me for directions.

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"I ran my business just fine. If you have any problems with me, hand in your fucking resignation letters. I need more women around here anyway." I stalked out of the room, my heels clicking angrily.

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Barbara was hot on my tail as I waited for the elevator to come. She panted breathlessly before taking the stack of folders from my arms, handing me my Chanel purse. I frowned at my assistant and took my phone out. She went over my schedule for the day as we rode the elevator down together. If I stayed in this building a minute longer, I might just burn it down and su er the wrath of my father. Vaughn Carmen loved this place more than his new wife.

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"You have breakfast with Ms Preston at eight. Meeting with the princess at nine. And, a business dinner with your father later at seven in the evening." Barbara typed something into her tablet then turned it o .

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I grumbled at the last part of my schedule as the elevator's door opened. "Thank you, Babs. I will be heading out now."

I slid on my sunglasses and slipped into my car. The smell of expensive leather cooled down my blood like it always did. I placed my purse to the passenger seat and plugged in my phone. Jazz filled the small space of my car as I drove out of the building and through London to where I was meeting up with my friend for traditional Monday breakfast.

I parked in front of the small restaurant and walked inside the familiar place. White marble floor with high mirror windows and sleek gold interiors. The smell of strong co ee and freshly baked croissants hit my nostrils sending a grumble to my empty stomach. I pulled my glasses to the top of my head and looked around for Riley Preston.

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"You're late." my friend said, sipping on co ee that was as black as her hair.

I pulled out my chair and took the seat. She slid my cup of co ee across the table. I muttered a thank you before drinking it. "I'm not late. You're horribly early. That's worse than being late."

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"I need to go over a case so I woke up early." she shrugged her shoulders as we ordered our food.

I grumbled at the lawyer in front of me. With that baby blue eyes and her petite frame one lawyer would think they could swallow her whole in court. That would be their own undoing and a sight to watch which was why I followed her to her cases sometimes for my own enjoyment. Riley could be sweetly brutal, it's sick even for me.

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"Board meeting was hell. All I could think about was castrating their balls and shove it up their asses." the satisfaction at the thought alone was amazing until I realized I had to see their balls in order to do that.

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Riley flashed me a knowing smirk. "You're going to see the princess today and dress her up for her crowning ceremony. Think happy thoughts, Rory."

"Plus the prince is hot as fuck." she sighed dreamily, cutting into her vegan pancakes drown in chocolate.

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"You know you're talking about a married man. I went to high school with his wife who is my very dear friend and your future queen." I scrunched up my face.

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"Yeah, throw that in my face. You're friends with the future queen. Lucky bitch." she pointed her fork at me accusingly. I laughed for the first time in a week.

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I kissed my friend's cheeks goodbye as we parted ways. I was already running late and I had to dress myself up before going to the palace. It wasn't my first time there. Addie and I, went way back. We used to do all sort of teenagers shit in the place and people judged the fuck out of you if you were underdressed, even to go smoke pots with their princess. The memory li ed my mood even more.

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I changed into a sleeveless light green satin dress and a pair of nude heels. Golden cu clung around my wrist, matching the hoops in my ears. I curled my hair and let it waved its way to my waist. I only reapplied my lipgloss on my car's window and hurriedly grabbed the stack of gowns and made my way into the palace through the back door. The whole country was waiting.

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The moody castle felt the same as it did all those years ago. Hanging portraits of the royal family and the white broken sculptures that I never seemed to make sense of. I remembered my way to her chamber and hoped she didn't move somewhere else or I was fucked. I didn't have time to get lost.

The door was half opened when I stopped in front of it and poked my head inside. Princess Adalina stood in front of the mirror, looking beautiful as she always did. A lost looks settled on my old friend's face. I pulled her into a hug before going straight to business.

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"You realize you're ordering the future queen around?" she chuckled but still followed my order and stepped into her chosen gown.

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I zipped her up and smoothed the sear fabric. My nerves hit the curve as my pulse quickened. I worked hard on this dress and she was making it shined. "I'm making you pretty." I muttered back, internally bursting with pride.

I was practically dancing around in my head and singing happy song when the door slammed open. I had a feeling the rude intrusion was going to ruin my mood for the next fi een years of my life.

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I glared ahead. Elliot Salvatore looked like he just fucked someone. Fast and dirty.

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A/N: the chapter will get longer as the story progress. how are you liking the story so far?

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