20. fight to death

Azrael Carmen I had lost all hope for the male species about a hundred moons ago when I was still nonexistent. They were vile creatures with ego bigger than their dick. Men believed they were all that. Except any woman could take them all down with just the right motivation. And, right now Kayden Jacobs was testing the strength of my patience. a^3 I fake smiled down the whiskey shots I ordered along with a glass of iced co ee when he took it upon himself to sit at our table and have breakfast. Silver clashed ice as I stirred my co ee with a fancy looking teaspoon, mixing it with eighty percent strong alcohol. Then I gracefully chugged half of the thing down like I hadn't seen water for a week straight. They stared at me while I reminded myself it was for the greater good. a Violence might occur during the course of this rude intrusion in my peaceful breakfast. I didn't want to stab the man fi een times with my butter knife at nine o'clock in the morning and ended up on hot news and all over tabloids an hour later. That was bad press. I couldn't risk it all when everything was going decently. Kayden made a whole show of flexing his wrist and checking his designer watch. "I didn't know you're the type to need alcohol so early in the morning." He said like his opinion mattered. a⁴ He didn't know I was simply saving his life from an embarrassing death. Because I knew I would not survive this unwanted meeting without murdering or insulting him. Even Riley knew it. She had her lawyer face on, probably strategizing how to get me out of a homicide a case. I discreetly cursed at him under my breath before taking a deep breath. "I'm missing Ireland." I said and took another sip. The bitter liquid burned down my throat the same time I felt ice cooled my blood. "We had fun in Ireland." Riley added, li ing her eyes from her phone for a second. We never checked our phone at this table. He had o icially ruined this date. I internally cursed at him. "What happened in Ireland?" He asked, cutting into his pancake. Vegan with gluten free syrup, of course. ď "A lot of peaceful breakfasts without rude intrusion." I said in a bored tone while holding out my butter knife and pretending to check my newly done nails. å They were simple blood red. I was caught outside the salon yesterday with a bitchy scowl on my face. It was no wonder people thought I was a bitch. Elliot had caught the pictures on multiple beauty gossip sites and caught a glimpse of my hands. I knew because the bastard sent me an email about how they would look perfect wrapped around his dick. I blocked his number and put his accounts on spam. 39 At least, he hadn't sent it through one of those little notes or else I would've thoroughly traumatized my poor doorman for good. I thought as I stared at the roses on the last empty chair beside me. He followed my gaze and stared at the bouquet. I shi ed my eyes on his face and narrowed them. I watched as he looked between me and the roses like he had just seen and acknowledged it for the first time. 😝 "What are you doing here, Mr Jacobs?" I asked. "I've heard you're dating Elliot Salvatore." He suddenly smiled. "Congratulations on your new relationship." "I didn't expect him to be a romantic." He said, gesturing at my flowers with his fork. "I meant once a player always a player. He uses women and steps on them like they're dirt." I tried to not snapped at him and moved to protect the roses from his stare. "You know nothing about him then." I muttered. **a**8 "I know enough." He said, picking his co ee cup and sipping it slowly. I hoped it burned him or choked him to death. "Do you know he's doing dirty business? The Salvatores are slimey people." I narrowed my eyes into glare. My grip tightened around the stupid knife. I brushed o Riley's alarmed looks and jabbed the pointed end of my knife in his face. Kayden Jacobs was new in the field. But, my assistant Barbara had ran a background check on him. He was walking red carpets, joining charity events and shaking hands with important people almost everyday. The trophy wives were severely enchanted by his pretty boy smile and charm. He could badmouth me and ran my name to the ground. Fuck knew I already had a bad enough reputation to withhold in this society. But, right now he and all those people could go to hell for all I cared. "I know plenty about my boyfriend. You don't need to remind me. His business ethic is conscientious. Everyone knows he's cunning enough to strike unforgivable deals. He plays dirty and that only make him even more dangerous." I stated nothing but the hard truth I had been dealing with for the past days. He was truly what I said he was. I experienced that a ect the hard way. "He never once disrespected me. I met his mother once and that woman wouldn't expect nothing less from her son." "If you're talking shit because you want to get to him through me, then you're a fucking coward. Whatever you hold against my boyfriend you can deal with him." I glared. a⁵ "But, you do not insult him in front of me." **48** Kayden cleared his throat. Eyes sparkled with new interest. I hated how he looked so damn amused. He leaned back into his chair and raised his hands up in surrender. "I apologize, Miss Carmen. I was merely stating what I knew from the past. Maybe he's a changed man. I didn't take that into consideration." I took a mental note to ask Elliot who the hell Kayden Jacobs was to him. And, what kind of history did they have. "We're done here. You can go." I said, putting my knife down to Riley's relief. She was typing furiously on her phone now. My phone buzzed inside my purse. I didn't bother checking it. I knew she was asking if I would like to sue him for harassment for a couple thousand pounds for fun. ð "Once again, I apologize for the interruption." He said. I sco ed into my co ee glass while continued. "It's been awhile since our last meeting and we still haven't heard back from Carmen Corp. Running into you was a convenient surprise. I thought I stopped by to ask if the deal is on." I cocked an eyebrow at him. "You think I would do business with you a er you insulted my intelligence by implying I would date men who don't respect women and badmouthed my boyfriend?" a² "It's nothing personal." He shrugged his shoulder. "I was merely pointing out my curiosity and my previous knowledge of him. I already apologized for the wrong assumption. This is business. You would only wrong another one of my assumption that you're ruthless and do business like you're out for blood reputation if you refuse this deal because of that." a I really wanted his blood. Literally. "I don't do business with people who has no respect for me." a "If I strike with manner and shame, when will I ever get my victims right where I wanted them?" He raised his eyebrow at me. Gritting my teeth, I grabbed my half eaten croissant from my plate and bit into it with aggressively. I glared at my empty Irish co ee, willing it to fill with more alcohol. I swallowed the buttery pastry and dapped a napkin on my mouth. "So, you're not only disrespectful but also a hypocrite." "Wasn't that what you said about my boyfriend?" I arched a challenging. He was full on smiling that pretty boy smile now. I questioned what those trophy wives saw in him. He placed an arm on the edge of the table and leaned into my space. His strong cologne filled the air between us like he bathed in the thing before coming here. I didn't cover away or back down. He smirked before opening his mouth. Except he didn't manage to actually do it. I almost thanked the sky. "You're about to lose a fucking limb if you don't move the fuck away, Jacobs." A voice I knew all too well said behind me. a⁵ Kayden backed away from my face and looked over my shoulder. "Salvatore." He jerked a chin at my fake boyfriend. "Jacobs." Elliot practically spat out his name. I felt the anger trembling inside his voice and the burned of it on his palm when he placed a hand on the back of my neck. "Okay. This has been nice but if one of you starts whipping out rulers and comparing. I'm out." Riley informed the whole table. ð I turned my head to look at Elliot. His touch burned the skin on my neck and imprinted deep in my bone. It was an interesting feeling of comfort. I willed myself not to breath out of relief because he was here. I almost forgot how furious I was with him until I saw his face again. But, for now we were a team. We could fight to death a er this. 43 He stood by my side and killed the man who he apparently knew with his eyes for long a while. I tugged at his shirt, realizing it was another one of mine. đ He looked down at me and his eyes so ened in a flash. He grinned. I found myself glaring back to which only widened his cocky grin. He slid his hand from the back of my neck and cupped my jaw, tilting my face up. He leaned down and whispered so ly above my lips. "Jane." 📑 🐴 His name for me. Like a lover's vow and dirtiest promise. We stared at each other. å "Are you going to kiss her?" Riley asked and I barely turned my glare on her when he crashed his mouth on mine. a⁵ He caught me in a hard kiss. His tongue practically shoved down my throat. There was nothing gentle about it. He kissed me like he was on a hunger strike. As though he was trying to bruise me and suck the sanity right out of me. Elliot tasted like my least favorite type of flavor and yet better than any croissant I had ever loved. It was horrible. I hated it so much I couldn't stop. I grabbed onto his shirt and pulled him closer. He kissed me until we were breathless and almost dying from lack of oxygen. ã² And, all I could think about was what a way to go because I had o icially gone stupid. a A playful smile graced his swollen lips when he pulled away. He chuckled at the looks on my face and smacked a kiss on my cheek. It was a whisper of feathery kiss. I felt my entire functioning system collapsed inside my skull. I was nothing. a a⁶ "Nice bow, sunshine." He said, pulling at my ponytail. I glared while he dragged my chair back and li ed me up. He kicked at my chair before sitting on it then grabbed me into his laps. I tried to fight out of his grip as he scooted us closer to the table but failed miserably. "The last chair is occupied." He said, pointing at the flowers. đ "You're so stupid." I grumbled and slumped against him. I decided he could hold me down when I jumped to stab the other unwanted man at the table. Elliot ignored me and greeted my best friend. "Riley Preston. I've heard a lot about you." She jutted out her chin in a questioning manner, looking between us with pure hysteric. I glared at her. That traitor. My fake boyfriend answered her silent question. "From Derek Tucker, your favorite client." ð He glanced at me then and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. "Jane never tells me anything." a I sco ed and he made his point by looking at Kayden Jacobs who was watching and studying us. "He's here now. Why don't you try and insult him?" I mocked. ď "Nice seeing you a er all these years, Elliot." He brushed me o and nodded his head at the man under me. "I want to return the sentiment but then I would be lying." Elliot replied nonchalantly, tracing his fingers over my thigh. á I looked at him and wiped the lipstick stain on his mouth. "You know him?" I asked. a³ "Yes. Do you?" He asked back. "He wants to work with Carmen Corp." I told him while adjusting the collar of his shirt and smoothing the fabric over his shoulders. "You will let me take a look at the contract if you decide to work with him?" He asked with a serious looks on his face. I leaned in and pressed a kiss under his jaw. "You're not going to tell me to not work with him? I assumed you're not friends." "I won't tell you to do anything, Jane." He gripped my hip as I placed another kiss on the side of his neck and kept telling myself it was for a show. "Unless it benefits you. You tricked me, Elliot." I said and he sighed. "I don't like you right now." "You don't like me. Ever." He chuckled while I glared at him. "That was wrong. But, it was a precaution step in case something like this happen." He said, sending a quick looks Kayden before his voice got dangerous low. "We can renew the contract but I am moving in with you." "We will argue about this later." I muttered, earning another ugly grin from him. a "Well, aren't you two the new happy couple?" Kayden said, breaking us from our spell. He was still studying us like he knew something we didn't. His stare pissed me o . "You guys are so adorable. It makes me sick." My best friend added with a dramatic gag. ď I played along and squished Elliot's cheeks so hard it turned pink. "He is kinda cute." a⁸ "Was that a compliment, Jane?" He smirked. "Cute isn't an adjective to describe a guy like him." Kayden stated. Elliot turned his head to look at him. A mocking grin on his lips. "I'm confident enough in my masculinity for my girlfriend to call me whatever cute shit she wants. You don't need to worry about me." a⁷ "No one wants you here anyway. Leave." Riley waved her hand at Kayden. "I would stay and witness as you harass my best friend so I

had even looked a little flabbergasted because she had been quiet this whole time but didn't say anything else. She stood up and grabbed her purse, sticking a hand at my fake boyfriend. "It was nice meeting you, Mr Salvatore. Don't let a hair fall o her head. I will sue you for it. I've been wanting to see your big brother in court since law school." Elliot shook her hand with an amused looks. "Likewise, Ms Preston." Riley waved goodbye at me, blowing an air kiss as she stalked to the door. The waitress came a minute later to pick up her bill and put it on her tab just as Kayden handed his card information to her. He rose from his chair and brushed nonexistent dust o his tux jacket. "Later, Miss Carmen." He nodded his head and took one last looks at Elliot before leaving. I had a feeling I might be seeing him again way sooner than later and I was already dreading it. I didn't have time to think over it when Elliot tapped on my ass. "Ready to go home?" He asked with a cocky grin. I scowled and punched his chest. The bastard mocked hurt and rubbed the place like I wounded him. "I'll do all the chores. I promise." He said, pulling me into a hug. "Look at you being my little bitch." I whispered into his neck. He chuckled in my ear and I almost forgot I was ever mad. **→**)* « A/N: i haven't le a note in awhile because i don't know what to say lol. but i still love you guys btw<3

can use that to defend her in court when she murders you but I have

cases to win. No one has all day to listen to the bullshit spewing from

My lips started twitching. Elliot was full on laughing by now. His chest

shook behind my back as he struggled to hold me in place. Kayden

a⁹

đ

 a^3

a

ā⁵

a⁵

your mouth. Leave now so I can go to work."