23. burst into flame

to slice my jugular." He added, only half joking. He was always grinning at me. Amusement danced to the storm of his eyes like I was the center of his sole entertainment. I scowled,	u S
eyes like I was the center of his sole entertainment. I scowled, flashing him a narrowed glare because I didn't know any better. I never really knew what to do with Elliot Salvatore. I might just kill hin to save my sanity. It would be for the better good.	n
My blood was boiling over and my fists clenched around the menu when he cocked his head to shamelessly check me out. "I'm going to kill you." I mouthed and he grinned even wider. His dimples were absolutely adorable. I hated it so much. "I'd die a happy man." He mouthed back. "Then, die." I glared.	
It was then when his mouth turned upside down. He pouted, looking so pitiful. "Will you miss me?"	8
Our waitress for the night watched us with little mortification and too much interest. Her eyes bounced between Elliot and I. She rocked nervously on her heels as if not sure what to make do of this situation. Maybe I should tell her to bolt before the bloodshed started. It wouldn't be pretty. Even the huge tip he was going to leave her probably wasn't worth the trauma.	
I scrunched my face at his absurdity. "You're so fucking annoying." I hu ed, sulking into my chair and ordering the same thing he was having as nicely as I could.	
Elliot chuckled while I gaped, watching her ran across the room. He watched me as he picked my hand from across the table and pressed each of my knuckles to his lips. I turned my eyes on his face and tried not to blink like a dumbass. His kisses made my head swirled and sent my skin crawling with anticipation. Cold lips and lingering caress of his thumb. I told myself it was the dirty martini I had been sipping since the moment we	8
stepped into the Italian restaurant. God knew I needed the alcohol to survive this evening without murdering my fake boyfriend. "You're so pretty." He told me. "Liar." I glared and snatched my hand from grip. His declaration was bucket of cold water being dumped on my fucking head as I suddenly	a
remembered our surroundings. I was convinced he had made it his life mission to piss me the fuck o. The bastard had dragged me down the staircase and out the door a er appounding that we were so late for our reservation. I barely	
a er announcing that we were so late for our reservation. I barely brushed my hair properly and didn't even have a stitch of makeup on I was still wearing the stupid tank top I always wore around the house for fuck's sake. I never wanted to act on my murderous thoughts more than when we pulled up into a five stars restaurant where the obnoxious rich people like us came to dine. Casual date my fucking ass. I was going to kill him. He did this on purpose.	
l looked up to chandelier on the ceiling and took a sharp breath. At least I managed to change out of my sweatpants and into a pair of dark grey suit pants. But, I still stuck out like a sore thumb between the sea of expensive tuxedos and silk. "I never lied. Not to you anyways." He said, dragging my chair across the floor until it was next to his.	
I scowled, gesturing to the scenery around us and eyeing his dark grey T-shirt under a leather jacket. He looked decent. "You said it was casual. And, now we look like fucking clowns."	5
White gloved servers flew in and out the kitchen. They glided around the place like elegant dancers with trays a er trays of champagne flute. The restaurant was over the top and in our faces. Live music streamed through the sound of silverware clinking into each other. Sparkles blinked in my eyes everywhere I turned whether from the extravagant chandelier on top of my head or the diamonds around	
someone's neck. He obviously lied to me. The bastard. "Jane, calm down." He leaned down to whisper in my ear and kissed the place under my jaw. "All eyes are on us. Isn't that the point?"	6
A show. I clenched my jaw and turned to glare at nothing when he planted another kiss on my cheek, throwing his arm around the back of my chair. Like we had been doing this forever. Except our forever was seven months then he wouldn't be here anymore. "I refuse to face my enemies in my ugly state, Elliot." I abruptly cleared my throat. I could careless about what they thought. I just	6
liked dressing up. He leaned back slightly and made a show of looking me up and down. Then he tilted my face up with his rough palm and looked me dead in the eyes. "Prettiest woman in the whole wide world."	6
Something flashed in his eyes before he quickly added with another ridiculous grin. "A er Alana Salvatore of course." My eyes twitched alongside my traitorous mouth. Because if I was going to smile at him right now, I would throw myself at the next car saw. He was never going to let me live it down. I shoved his face away with hand, covering his stupid mouth. "Stop	3
smiling." "Flattery won't get you out of my kill list." I patted his cheek and turned to gulp down my drinks.	
"At least I'm on your list." Elliot chuckled and waved a waiter over to keep the drinks coming. I narrowed my eyes. "Are you trying to get me drunk?" "I can't drink because I'm driving. You're drinking for the both of us."	
"I can't drink because I'm driving. You're drinking for the both of us." He said innocently. We walked under the dying sun where the sky matched his eyes and the weather as gloomy as my mood much later into the night. I had never seen London so busy. I didn't know what happened to driving. My head was all buzzed and my mood lightened. I let him pulled me up a er dinner and whisked me away.	
The city buzzed with pedestrians going home from work and some coming out to enjoy a night out. I peaked a glance to the sight of red buses filling up the busy street and cars blaring at the tra ic. Music boomed from the open bars and played through the cold air.	ć
Cameras snapped in our direction. I sank a little deeper into his chest hiding my face from the mob of unwanted paparazzi. Elliot tightened his grip around my shoulders before dropping a slow kiss on my temple. He smirked when the flash went o and answered their questions about our sudden relationship with his hand on my ass. To the world, I was his.	
"Make them go away." I whispered, tilting my chin to kiss his neck and sinking my teeth on his pulse. We would look in love on the tabloid tomorrow. They would hate my	6
guts because I was kissing my boyfriend. No one would know I was planning to tear his throat out and drank his fucking blood before spitting it in his dead face. I didn't like his face. I thought and pressed another kiss under his jaw then frowned when I didn't see my lipstick stain. "I hate this date."	6
He finally looked down at me when we rounded the street and entered a much calmer area. "I'm loving this date." "Where are we going?" I asked, looking around when we suddenly stopped walking.	
"Church?" I stared blankly at the sign in front of us. Was I being punked? I was a little too drunk to care and I probably shouldn't start violence here. He tugged me closer and swayed us closer to the empty building. "I had a theory that you would burst into flame if you step inside a church."	6
I couldn't stop the o ended curse that came out my mouth even if I tried. The bastard blew out an anticipated breath and stepped a awa from me. Cold wind slashed at my entire body without his warmth. I almost demanded he came back.	y
Then, he pushed me through the threshold. I stumbled, grabbing the double door frame with panicked grip the same time he let out a defeated sigh. "Guess not." The fucking asshole. I glared and without thinking I bent down to take o my heels. He watched in amusement. And, when I chucked my weapons at his face, he ducked down skillfully. His chuckles	6
blasted the starry sky, cracking a tiny chip on my shield. I stalked bare feet toward him. He stood there with his hands in his pockets, waiting. Still laughing. My glare sharpened but the half smile broke across my lips when I finally reached him. I clawed my hands up his chest. I saw the goosebumps shuddered through his entire body. His throat bobbed and the laughters died down. Grey eyes	
darkened on my face. He didn't reach for me, just stood there a willing victim. "You're ruining my life." I accused, wrapping my fingers around his neck. His pulse quickened under my touch.	
He cocked an eyebrow. "What you're going to do about that?" I tightened my grip on his throat, tugging him down to me. "Maybe I should kill you for it." I leaned in. "Yeah?" He taunted. "How high are your blood pressure right now?" I whispered on his	6
skin, kissing the corner of his mouth and backing away. His hands flew to my hip in a dead grip. He dropped his forehead on my shoulder and sighed. "You're a cruel woman, Jane." "Only for my favorite fake boyfriend." I said and stepped back to find my heels.	ć
A kid bumped into me as I shoved my feet in the shoes. He didn't stop and run across the empty street, laughing like a menace. I followed his tiny figure and my eyes widened at the park on the other side. Elliot slid behind me and pulled my hand into his.	
"Come on. Let's see how many children can you scared away." String lights twirled around the trees, wrapping up the whole park. The gloomy place I always passed on my way to work suddenly came to life with the burst of colors and laughters. The bold sign of the carnival shone red on our faces as we stood in line for tickets. I didn't know they were holding an event. I had barely paid attention to the	
happy crowds behind him or the smell of fried food burning into my nostrils. The world clearly only revolved around the two of us because I did not notice this.	
My fake boyfriend was a kid on sugar steroid. He pulled me from stands to stands without missing a beat. I tasted enough fried food to last me a fucking lifetime because there was endless amount of it. I never knew how much shit you could actually threw into a container of boiling oil. I gave him another half smile when he bought me a pinl and blue cotton candy. And, when he suggested we tried another rides are that roller coaster. I told him I would kiss him on top of the ferris	‹
a er that roller coaster, I told him I would kiss him on top of the ferris wheel as a distraction before I shoved him out the metal door. He debated over the kiss for a long moment while I rolled my eyes. "I want that." I squinted my eyes and pointed at the alpaca plushie. It was alcohol talking because normally I only ever wanted Chanel. A small woman brushed my shoulder. She squealed at the sight of the	ć
prize and tugged at her boyfriend shirt. She wanted my alpaca. No chance in my fucking hell. "That's mine." I said to no one. But, she obviously picked it up and turned to me. Her eyes narrowed into slits as she put her hands on her hip, squaring	
me up. She was so tiny I could just squish her to death. "Did you win it?" She hu ed and looked at me up and down. "My boyfriend will." I glared. Or I would fight her myself for it. Scowling at the thought, I turned to Elliot. He was grinning, seemingly amused with this whole situation. I	
grabbed his arm and muttered under my breath. "You better not embarrass me." "At a cross bow shoot? You're insulting me, Jane." He chuckled. "I have perfect aim." The tiny woman's boyfriend chose that exact moment to size up my	
cross bow champion who apparently had perfect aim. "I bet you're altalk. Arrogant bastard thinks he's so much better than everyone." He sco ed, eyeing us but lingering on my chest. I glared. I started to insult the fucker back when Elliot clamped a hand over my mouth and pulled me behind him. I turned my glare at his head. Traitor. I fucking hated traitor.	
"Why don't you go buy your girlfriend a dozen of those with your trus fund money, pretty boy?" The soon to be dead fucker said. So, he recognized us. I clawed at Elliot's back, wanting to jump and throat punch the dead man walking. He only let me stepped from behind his back to his side but held a firm grip on me. I scowled at my fake boyfriend.	
The time at him." I mouthed. "No." He mouthed back then turned to face the other couple with a smile. "Why don't you go first?" I sulked and glared as the game stand owner handed them a cross bow and a five arrows to shoot at the balloons. All five for the alpaca.	
I had never wanted anything more. "Maybe I'll buy some of those arrows with my trust fund money and shoot it up his small penis." I muttered to myself. Elliot's chest shook behind my back as he chuckled. The first arrow hit a balloon. His girlfriend screamed so loud I almost	
went deaf. A er that, everything went to shit. For them anyways. I was perfectly happy while I watched smugly as the arrows hit the board over and over. It had to bruise his ego a little. Then, it was Elliot's turn. My back straightened as he took the weapon and didn't step around me. He raised the cross bow in front of my face, caging me between his arms. His face hovered over the crook of	
my neck and hot minty breath burned down my morality. He aimed and aligned the horizontal reticle on his eyes level. "I can buy you a dozen of alpaca toys made out of diamond." He whispered and shot the arrow.	ő
"Cocky." I mocked back. But, I barely contained myself from sticking my tongue out at the couple as the man handed me my alpaca. Elliot chuckled and pulled me away before I could do any damage. We walked through the crowd and found an empty bench under a tree. I dropped down with	
crowd and found an empty bench under a tree. I dropped down with a hu. Heels were not made for visiting a busy carnival with a man child. I decided. My feet freaking hurt. A heavy jacket draped over me with a whoosh. He snugged it around me in a tight cocoon. It was warm and smelled a whole fucking lot like him. I sank deeper into the thick cloth and hugged my alpaca. Not sure how to feel about this.	3
Not sure how to feel about this.	
I startled when a pebble hit the side of my head. The pain stung through my skull and I felt a little blood trickled down. What the fuck Elliot jumped to his feet and covered me with his body. Everything happened so fast. Screaming reporters and angry strangers. Cameras flashed rapidly all around me. They covered us	

screamed something at me. He held me tighter, looking forward. His

entire face so blank I almost demanded he brought back that cocky

Cooper waited for us in front of a car when we reached the end of the

I glared out the window the whole ride home. "They ruined the date."

Elliot looked up from whatever was on his phone. "You didn't break

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up with me once tonight. It was a good date."

park. He all but physically shoved us into the vehicle and drove the

grin.

fuck out of there.