

## 8. ends with a kiss

### Azrael Carmen

My father warned me about all the evil in the world. How I could eliminate them with the right motivation and strong will. I never did but I always believed I could if I wanted to. The world was my Chanel purse. But, I was not ready for the devil of a man with an adorable demon playing his very own cupid. I stood dumbfounded, seeing right through their perfect scheme while my father was oblivious and played right into her little hands.

I had heard about the Salvatores bloodline but never knew they all were perfect manipulators. They even started young. I thought as I watched the little girl took my father's hand and purposely turned the wrong direction. I didn't know you could dance at sweets table, on the other side of the damn room.

This was trickery and pure manipulation. I grunted under my breath as he walked me over the empty space in the middle of the party. "Trying to run away?" he asked in a mocking tone.

I cocked my head at him and rolled my eyes. "Unlike you, I am a woman of my words. I was played into a dance with you but I had accepted my fate. And, I never back down."

Or maybe I simply couldn't crash a child's dream. She was way too adorable for her own goods.

He stared at me for a long while.

"You look fucking hideous." he said, with his hand pressed on the small of my back. "There is nothing I wouldn't do to fuck you in that dress."

No chance in fucking hell. I jutted out my chin and let him enter the empty dance floor. He followed with a low chuckle to himself.

Erratic violin started the tango and my whole body chilled down to the bones. I didn't bother asking if he knew the dance. My hip swayed sideways and down as my gloves covered arms came alive with the music. I turned around and met his cocky grin with a glare. He stood five steps away. I danced toward him, spinning in my dress. Elliot Salvatore met me half spin with a hand wrapped around my own and another on my lower back, surprising me.

I stood straighter to meet his tall built and wrapped an arm around his shoulders, sliding my leg up his hip before swinging it back as the beat picked up. "I can feel the desperation coming out of you." I whispered with a smile.

He cocked a brow at me. The corner of his mouth raising into an ugly smirk. His grip tightened around my waist when he spun us around the floor graciously. "Desperation looks good on me, Jane. Although the only thing you should feel is me coming inside you."

I glared, trying to crash his bone with my hand. He only smirked harder and led his arm to twirl me around a couple times. The room burned around us in a blur. Cold air hit my bare thigh first. And, then I felt his warm hand. Our eyes furiously clashed together. He stared down the hiked up dress and eyed the white knee high boot underneath it. My leg hung so high around his torso. I could barely kicked up my feet. Tango surrounded us in faster and even louder beat.

He slid his hand from thigh down to my ass for support and led me up into a smooth spin, making himself my very own dancing pole. I was almost impressed when we suddenly faced each other again in our original form. Hands forever intertwined and another one of his around my waist. He tugged me closer until his face was inches from mine. I dug my fingers into his shoulder, hating how close we were and the way his cologne blinded my system.

"One of these day I am going to respectfully fuck the fucking secrets out of you, sunshine." he grumbled under his breath. "What else are you hiding?"

We turned our heads side to side, following the angry violin. My fingers trailed from his shoulder to the back of his neck. I clawed his skin with the leather of my glove and leaned toward. "My next secret will be your ugly dead body rotting in a ditch behind my fucking dumpster."

I broke away from his arms but the tips of our fingers never failed to touch. He watched me danced with a rhythm of his own until the music slowed and he brought me back to him. My whole body shivered in disgust and burned with pure anger. I fucking loathed how he could never hold me close enough. His hard front pressed into my back, his lips hovered on the side of my neck and his hands were all over me. We danced. Hips swaying and legs always chasing after the violinist's angry music.

"Your touch disgusts me and your face pissed me off. I never want to see you again." I picked his hand from my waist and swung it up with mine.

"Fate clearly says otherwise. You and I, are undone business. Almost meant to be in a fucked up way." he whispered, dancing from behind me.

I leaned my head against his broad shoulder, rolling my hips and eyes. "There's no you and I. We had a deal. Stick to it. I will not fuck you again ever."

He trailed his nose slowly down my neck, humming softly as he bit on the skin with half of his face hidden behind my hair. "I hate all the lairs beside myself."

I ran my hand up his side and grabbed the back of his head, tugging his hair hard enough to inflict pain. I felt the grin in his kisses and growled under my breath. "You disgust me."

"Careful, Jane. My teeth are so close to your pretty throat. I might just tear it out."

He made a point of grazing his teeth on my pulse before we broke away again. We continued the dance, eyes never shifted apart. He met me beat to beat with the sway of his hip and precision in his steps. I was horrifiedly taken back to the cursed backseat of his car with his perfect thrusting and the way he moved his body. I shook my head, angry with myself for being tricked into this dance and how I felt so powerless next to him. The beat climaxed as I jumped into his arms again. He led me up into the air until my body hung off his shoulder upside down. He spun us in circle and let my arms danced with the wind to the last brink of the dying beat.

Elliot swept me back down and I slid off him like a snake. His arm stayed around my back as he bent our bodies down inches above the very floor. He winked and I glared, holding on to his neck. The music stopped and he helped me back to my feet. It felt like an icy storm whipped across my whole body when his embrace suddenly disappeared. I gritted my teeth in irritation.

"You may just be the best tango I've ever danced, sunshine." he casually slid off my glove and brushed a cursed kiss across my knuckles.

I took a step forward with all the intentions to smack the grin right off of his stupid face when the cheering erupted like an alarm waking me up from my worst nightmare. I frantically glanced around the room. Everyone had gathered to watch. His little niece was smiling so hard beside my grinning father that my anger almost faded away. I clenched my fists on my dress and turned back to glare at the bastard. By the looks on his face he knew the whole time and didn't care. I didn't either. But, the fact that he knew when I was too distracted by him to even notice the people pissed me off.

"If you want this back, meet me tomorrow where London can be my sole eye witness. I will be hanging out with Benjamin Hall." he said, holding up the piece of clothing.

"Seven am sharp, Jane. It's a date."

The dickfucker. I was going to strangle his fucking neck.

"Don't stood me up. I've heard you love your Chanel." he kissed the little logo on my stolen glove before disappearing into the crowds.

I stayed there and fumed for the rest of the night with my annoyingly amused father and my new acquaintance, vodka bottle. Courtesy of Derek Tucker. It was the least he could do for befriending a bastard.

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Big Ben mocked me from the blue sky the next morning as I walked out of a small cafe a few streets away. I tightened my grip around my purse and pulled my sunglasses over my eyes. I strode down the path in my heels, listening to my phone ring nonstop inside my coat.

I should be chugging down coffee and grilling my brain in my office right now but if I stayed another second someone might actually die a horrible death. I needed out and that fucking glove was limited edition. Goddamn it.

The light turned green and buses took over the already busy streets. I stood with the bored pedestrians and excited tourist. I glanced up at the glaring sun and took a deep breath before crossing over the street when the vehicles lined up into a stop.

Grey eyes and smug face. I stared at the tall bastard leaning against a wall like he had all day in a dark turtle neck under a black Tom Ford suit jacket and slacks. He looked about a million pound worth of heartbreak and pathetic tears. I cursed my bad luck and blamed it all on him.

"You're late." he said with an annoyed face.

I crossed my arms over my chest and rolled my eyes at him under the sunglasses. "I have things to do. Where's my thing?"

He stood up from the wall and lazily reached for me. His fingers brushed across my cheekbone as he smiled into a cocky grin. I let him tucked a strand of hair behind my ear and pulled my sunglasses off. Just so I could murder him with my gaze.

"You look stressed." he frowned at my face. "Let's get you a cup of coffee and food."

"No. Give my thing and be gone."

We ended up in a fancy restaurant that served little cakes and finger sandwiches. He dragged me to a table in the very center and physically put me in a chair. I glared at him the whole time I shoved the fantastic food down my throat and thought about bashing his head in.

He sat there and watched me eat with his usual grin. As if I was the most interesting thing in the whole wide world.

"You're paying." I stood up the moment I finished eating and grabbed my purse.

He rubbed his jaw, obviously trying not to laugh. He then rose from his own chair and cupped my face into his palm. "Date ends with a kiss, Jane."

I stared in horror when he grazed mouth over my cheek. This time I was hyperaware of the eyes burning into us. He smiled so good almost like my biggest mistake and his lips were softer than anything I felt. He lingered for exactly seven seconds. Yes, I fucking counted. Growling, I bit down my lip and shoved the bastard off.

"Give me my glove back." I glared, slapping him across the face.

Gasps erupted the place and I felt my skin crawl with nerves. Satisfaction stained my smile as I watched my hand prints marked his skin red. "You look somewhat decent with my mark decorated on your ugly face."

Elliot poked his tongue inside his reddened cheek, chuckling dryly before sitting down again. His glare matched mine and I saw the nonsense looks disappeared. "Sit your ass down, Jane."

"Go to hell."

He sipped his cold coffee for the first time and looked outside the street. "I have a business proposition for you."

I never knew I would be interested in signing contract with a devil who wanted me more than the sun.