

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 10

Althaia

"Thaia, get your ass up!" A voice shouted and I heard the constant banging on the door. I let out an annoyed groan at the sounds. All night I couldn't sleep and kept tossing and turning with my thoughts racing at a hundred miles per hour. I couldn't stop thinking about all that had happened in such a short time, and I still had so many questions for my father I needed to ask before I left back home. And that Devil named Damiano did nothing to ease my mind.

I knew he was too beautiful to be a normal sane person.

The constant banging on the door didn't stop. Not even once. It just kept going with Cara on the other side as she continued to yell at me to open the door. I let out a big, frustrated groan as I got up from bed.

"My God, Cara!" I snapped and swung the door open with my eyes half-open.

"Finally!" She exclaimed. I ignored her and returned to my bed, getting under the blanket and pulling it over my head with the intention to fall asleep. I was too tired to deal with her right now.

"What are you doing? Get up!" The blanket was suddenly pulled from my body and I had to take a deep breath.

Please, Lord, grant me the strength to not rip her head off and throw it out of the window!

"Cara!" I snapped again as I sat up and searched for the

blanket.

"Let me sleep! It's early!" I complained. I gave up on finding the blanket and plopped down on the bed again.

Whatever, I was tired enough to sleep like this.

"Early? It's one in the afternoon!" Damn, already?

"And close your legs, we can see your vajayjay." Cara commented.

“Don’t fucking look then.” I said annoyed.

Wait.

“We?” I asked confused. “Who’s ‘we’?” I lifted my head to look and to my horror, Michael was present, resting his shoulder against the doorframe. I looked at him in horror and he just stood there and smiled all innocently at me.

“Morning to you, Thaia.” I closed my legs and screamed at him.

“Turn around!” I continued to scream at him as I clumsily tried to get out of bed. Cara was definitely not helping as she stood at the end of the bed, laughing so hard that tears were visible in her eyes. I ran to the bathroom and slammed the door shut, hoping the ground would just open and swallow me.

I took my time getting ready in the bathroom as I waited for the embarrassment to die down. Eventually, I had to get out at some point and live with the fact that I had flashed Michael my private part... I didn’t even look at him when I got out and just hurried out of the hotel room.

“Your daddy wants you to join a small dinner party next week.”

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Cara informed. We were at a café, sitting outside and having a bite to eat while we enjoyed the very hot sun that was

currently baking us.

“Why?” I took a sip of my second dose of iced coffee. I desperately needed caffeine due to the lack of sleep.

“Since there is no point in hiding you anymore, you might as well come to the different occasions.” Michael explained.

“So, he’s just gonna forget that the fact he still didn’t bother to reach out to me all these years and expects me to be, I don’ t know, okay with it?” Just because I missed him and we hugged didn’t mean I still wasn’t hurt by the lack of effort of not reaching out to me. All those years when I had desperately wanted my father but I had to force those feelings away because he couldn’t be bothered to keep in

touch.

“You have to understand where he is coming from. If he started to call you or show up at your place, you might as well be dead now.” Michael shrugged as he casually explained.

“People are ruthless, Thaia. They will do anything to get what they want. The things I have witnessed.” Cara shuddered and Michael nodded in agreement, looking less bothered than Cara.

“I guess...” I sighed. Maybe they were right. Who knew what would have happened to me if it was all true? Would I have been abducted and tortured? Would they have mercilessly cut into my flesh to retaliate against my father? Cut off my limbs and deliver them to his residence. The thought of that made me sick. I didn’t know what these people were capable of... And maybe it was for the best to expect the very worst.

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“Are you coming then?” Cara asked in a hopeful tone.

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“I can’t. I only took this week off. I have to get back to work.” Cara gave me a bored look as I said that.

“You work for your mother. I’m pretty sure she can let your ass off for a few more days.”

“And because she is my mother, she goes hard on me.” My mother owned a boutique and designed gowns and dresses, and I suppose I inherited that skill from her. I have always enjoyed drawing and was fascinated by art. Then I decided to take it a step further by creating my own gown sketch ideas.

“One time I messed up an order and she was a second away from pulling out a wooden spoon to whoop my ass.” I scoffed at the memory. My mother was the type of person who would whoop your ass in a heartbeat with her beloved wooden

spoon.

“Not the wooden spoon!” Cara and Michael said at the same time, and we all burst out laughing. My mother would use the wooden spoon on anyone who misbehaved, regardless of who they were. And since we all had spent a lot of time together when we were younger, Michael got his fair share of whooping with the wooden spoon along with me and Cara as we had the habit of making trouble.

“I’ll talk to her, she never says no to me.” Cara bragged and I rolled my eyes at her.

“Sucks to be an only child, and not even be the favorite.” I joked as I let out a dramatic sigh. My mother loved me and Cara very much. There was no doubt that she wanted to do whatever she could for Cara since she wasn’t able to come and live with us. Hence why she would never say no to her.

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“What’s the dinner party about anyways?” I asked confused. Would there be a bunch of men with guns present?

“I guess it’s to make up for the engagement party yesterday. It’s just the family and Damiano and Lorenzo.” Cara explained. So, men with guns would definitely be present. I tried not to show a reaction at the mention of Damiano. I had no idea what came over me, but there was something so incredibly intriguing about him. The way he carried himself, and with those golden-brown eyes...

“Again, I’m so sorry about that.” gave an apologetic look to stop my thoughts from drifting to a place they shouldn’t. Cara simply waved me off, not bothered about it.

After the episode, I went to search for Cara and I explained to her what my father had just revealed. She couldn’t have cared less about the party and just wanted to make sure I was okay. She was truly an angel and she didn’t deserve to be treated like that and handed over as if she was nothing.

“Baah, you guys are so boring!” Michael complained and threw his head back.

“I thought we would be doing something fun.” He sulked.

“I told you we were just going out to eat and do some shopping. Nobody asked you to come, you just dragged your ass with me.” Cara rolled her eyes at him.

“I was bored, and there wasn’t much to do anyways at this time. Besides, don’t you rather have me around instead of... What’s his name?” Michael stopped to think.

“Oh, Maso!” He exclaimed. Cara chuckled at him.

Dividing into pages now

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“Masos is a great guy. He just takes his job way too seriously and basically breathes down my neck, but still a great guy.” Cara wasn’t allowed to leave without a chaperone, and Maso was the one to be with her wherever she went. He was a very serious guy though.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Let’s just go, my ass is getting numb.” Michael got up and stretched his arms above his head, which caused the white t-shirt he was wearing to slightly raise, showing some of his toned stomach.

I couldn’t help myself and gazed for a little longer than I should have. I took the time to closely check him out, and it was clear to see he spent time working out. He was nowhere the built of Damiano, but his physique was quite nice actually. My eyes roamed his body till they met his eyes, seeing he was already looking at me with a smirk on his face.

“Like what you see, gorgeous?” He winked at me. My face burned in embarrassment that he had caught me openly checking him out. He didn’t seem to mind though.

“Stop flirting and let’s go.” Cara ordered as she rolled her eyes at him. Michael put his arm around my shoulder as we walked in the direction of the boutiques. I turned my head to look at him as I felt his gaze on me, and he had a cheeky smile on his lips.

“I definitely liked what I saw earlier.” He whispered in my ear.

“Shut up.” I smacked his chest and he just let out a chuckle, having me slightly blush at his words.

