

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 21

Posted by

By

» The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 21

Althaia

I was definitely getting my workout done with all these stairs. Especially when I was wearing heels, that was a whole new kind of workout.

For me, at least.

I walked down the last steps and looked at the scenery in front of me. It was beautifully set up, but then again, this manor was out of this world, and I wouldn't have expected anything less.

Large round tables were placed around the garden, with flowers and large candles decorating the center. Small torches were placed in the ground, making the dancing fires glow with their orange and yellow colors. Servers were around with serving trays filled with glasses of champagne, greeting the guests as they arrived.

I grabbed a glass of champagne as I walked past a server, giving a small smile to the guest as a greeting, and went to stand in the back. I just wanted to keep myself in the background and be more of moral support for Cara. I couldn't help but feel a little empty and lonely and I wished Michael was here. I missed the goofy blue-eyed man terribly, and he could always put me in a better mood.

I stood there, lost in my own thoughts while the place got filled up pretty quickly. I noticed some of the women looked at me up and down, and I glared right back at them, not having any tolerance for dealing with these sorts of people tonight. I was literally standing by myself, minding my own business. "You're looking a little sour tonight, aren't you?" I was completely lost in my thoughts and zoning out that I hadn't even noticed someone had approached me. I looked up and met a guy with short light brown hair, dark brown eyes, a sharp jawline, and stubble.

He was actually pretty cute.

"I'm not looking sour. I just suffer from a resting bit*h face syndrome." He threw his head back and laughed at my answer.

"I see. I'm Rafaelle." He stuck his hand out for a handshake, and I shook it.

"But you, beautiful, can call me daddy if you like." He said with a smug grin.

"Ew." I rolled my eyes at him but cracked a small smile.

"You're hurting my ego." He put a hand to his chest, faking a hurt.

"And what is your name, beautiful?"

“Althaia.”

“So, you’re the infamous Althaia.” He raised his eyebrows in realization, and I raised my brow at him.

“What do you mean?”

“Ah, word spread around like wildfire. Dead, but not dead.” He casually said, and I sighed. I guess wasn’t going to hear the end of that anytime soon.

“Something like that...” People around us started to talk louder and looked towards the stairs. I followed their gaze and saw Cara and Lorenzo making their way downstairs. Lorenzo was wearing an all-

12.65%

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black suit and Cara with a pale blue flowy dress with a deep v-line.

They were truly a sight to die for.

I made the mistake and looked to the other staircase and my heart clenched at the sight. Damiano, with a woman linked around his arm, was walking down the steps. She was gorgeous with her golden-brown hair and her rosy, plump lips. She was wearing a tight champagne dress that flowed around her feet, and with a slightly deep v-line.

I looked away. She was gorgeous, and there was no way I could compete with someone like her. Hell, I would leave me for her. I downed the rest of my champagne in one go and I made my way towards the bar. I needed something stronger.

“Two shots of vodka, please.” I said to the bartender. Maybe if I got drunk fast, I could turn in early and be free of seeing Damiano with that woman.

“Same for me!” Rafaele said and stood beside me.

The bartender handed us the shots and I wasted no time and downed it. The liquid created a burning sensation as it went down my throat. I grimaced and shook my head a little as I looked over at Rafaele, who had the same expression.

“The first one is always bad.” I laughed at him.

“Woo! It sure is.”

“Ready?” I grabbed the next one, and he did the same. We clinked our shot glass before downing it once again.

“Now, it’s a party! What’s next?” I laughed at his excitement but ordered something lighter. It was still too early into the party to get

23 829

drunk fast.

We stood there and chatted for a while, and I was actually starting to enjoy myself. He was very fun to talk to and continued to cra*k jokes. Most of them were inappropriate but it was fun.

I looked over Rafelle’s shoulder, seeing Damiano talking to the woman. She

had her hand placed on his shoulder, and I glared daggers at it while he listened to whatever she had to say. As if he felt I was looking at him, he turned his head and looked straight at me. I averted my eyes quickly and resumed my chat with Rafaelle, smiling at him to pretend everything was fine. "We should get seated. Dinner is being served." He offered his arm for support, and I accepted it. Together, we made our way to the table where Cara, Lorenzo, Damiano, and the woman were seated. I didn't want to be near him and looked around to find another table. But it was too late as we had arrived. Rafaelle pulled out a chair for me to sit... right next to the woman, who was sitting next to Damiano. Cara was in front of me with Lorenzo to her right.

I crossed my legs, showing my entire bare leg as it rested on top of the other. This didn't go unnoticed by Rafaelle, who took his time looking at my leg and he was not trying to be discreet about it either.

"That... is a very nice dress you're wearing." His eyes were still fixated on my leg. Normally, I would have been a bit more careful not to show too much, but this time, I didn't care. Especially in front of Damiano.

"Thank you, Rafaelle." I gave him a flirtatious smile and put my hand on his bicep.

"Oh wow, impressive." I said as I felt his hard muscle. He gave me a smirk and winked at me. I looked over to Cara, who kept looking

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between me and Rafaelle and kind of signal to me with her eyes that Damiano was sitting here as well. I picked up a glass of champagne and smiled behind it before taking a sip.

I could play this game too.

Food was served and I had almost emptied the glass of champagne.

"Woman, you need to eat before you get drunk." Rafaelle chuckled.

"You don't need to worry about me. I know what I'm doing." I patted his thigh in reassurance.

"You must really spend a lot of time working out." I said as I lingered my hand on his leg, feeling him up a little.

"You bet I do, baby." He grinned at me.

Chatter was made around the table, Cara talking to Lorenzo, and that woman to Damiano. I sat and ate my food quietly, not feeling like chit-chatting with anyone as I continued to be in my sulking mood. I leaned back in my seat when I finished my food. That was when I noticed the same snobby women from earlier kept giggling and looking at me at the same time.

Seriously, what the hell was their problem?

I smiled at them, sweetly, before flipping them off and dropping my smile at the same time. They rolled their eyes at me but looked away. I then noticed

Lorenzo was looking at me, tilting his head slightly to the side. That was when I realized, me, flipping off the snobby women, looked like I was flipping Lorenzo off. My eyes widened and I slowly pulled my hand down. The woman beside me

burst out laughing, and my cheeks heated in embarrassment.

“I like her.” She spoke.

I don’t like you.

“She’s a wild one, Arianna.” Rafaelle said. So, that was her name.

“Let’s get another shot.” I said to Rafaelle and stood up. I stumbled a little on my feet, and he immediately held onto my waist to steady me

“I don’t think you should get any more to drink.” He laughed but I shrugged him off.

“It’s a party, I’m having fun.” I rolled my eyes at him. The music started to play loudly, and my eyes widened.

“Let’s dance!” I grabbed his hand and dragged him to the middle where people had already started to dance. The Spanish melodies of a guitar reached my ears and I started to sway my hips to the music. Rafaelle grabbed my hips and pulled me into him until my back was against his front and started to dance with me.

Not bad... He was actually a pretty good dancer with the way his body moved with mine.

He suddenly spun me around to face him and I put my arms around his neck as we continued to dance with our bodies pressed up against each other.

Rafaelle looked behind me and smirked. He took a hold of my right leg and pulled it up against his hip and dipped me low. I squealed a little as I did not see that coming and giggled when I got up again.

“Oh s*it, that got me dizzy.” I laughed and blinked a couple of times. Being tipsy and doing fast moves were not a good

combination. I made a sound when I was suddenly ripped out of Rafaelle’s arms. Damiano grabbed Rafaelle by the collar and punched him in the face. With so much force he fell to the ground.

The music stopped and gasps could be heard.

“What the hell is wrong with you?!” I yelled at Damiano. I was furious he had ruined my fun time. He gave me a look that said I should pray for my life and grabbed my arm. He started to drag me away from the party, but I ripped my arm out of his grip and turned to see if Rafaelle was okay. I didn’t get far when arms took a hold of me, and I got thrown over his shoulder.

“Are you insane? Put me down!” He ignored my yelling and walked with inhuman speed. I started to get dizzy with how fast he was walking, and I, being upside down, didn’t help.

“I’m going to be sick...” I mumbled a little as the dizziness got to

me.

He kicked a door open and plopped me down on a desk, making me face him. He rested both of his hands on the desk on either side of me, caging me in. I gulped a little as I looked at Damiano, who looked like he was ready to kill.

“What the *uck is wrong with you.” He hissed lowly. I crossed my arms and faced away from him. It looked like we were in his office.

“Look at me when I talk to you.” He ordered firmly but still gently held my chin to face him. But I glared at him.

“Me? I should be the one asking you!” My built-up frustrations were coming out, and I was furious now. His eyes narrowed.

“What are you talking about?” His voice was still deadly low, but I didn’t give a *uk about it.

“You think you can just come and mark my freaking body, and then just disappear for G*d knows how long? And not to mention showing up with another woman!”

“What woman?” He said sternly and I clenched my jaw at him for playing dumb.

“Just let me go.” I tried to move away but he kept me caged between his arms.

“What woman?” He pressed on again.

“That woman... Arianna.” I spat out her name. He went silent and kept looking at me for a while. He then sighed and leaned back a little.

“You’re letting another man touch you because you think I’m with her?”

“I’m not *u*ing dumb.” I crossed my arms.

“Don’t ever let other men touch you.” He leaned closer to me, warning me to not defy his order. I leaned forward as I glared at him.

“Good thing I can do whatever I want. Just like you.” I gave a sarcastic smile. Damiano clicked his tongue in annoyance as he kept looking at me.

“She’s my sister.”

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Althaia

I went silent as I blinked at him.

Then I burst out in laughter.

“Oh my... That’s like the oldest excuse in the book.” I wiped the tears from my

eyes from laughing so hard. Damiano stared at me blankly, probably thinking I had lost it.

“You didn’t strike me as the person who would make jokes, but that was a good one.” I continued. My laughter died down when I heard faint voices outside the office.

“...I told you not to do it.” Arianna sighed as she opened the door with Rafaelle behind her. He scrunched up his face as he rubbed his jaw. Damiano turned to look at them and I jumped down from the desk to create a little distance between us.

“I wanted to see how pi*sed I could get him. Yo, Damiano! Did you have to go for the face?!” Rafaelle erupted. I took the opportunity to have a good look at Arianna. I was too caught up in my jealousy that I refused to actually see the resemblance between them. They had the same golden-brown eyes and the same nose, and some features of Lorenzo.

She was literally a mixture of Damiano and Lorenzo.

Oh, f*ck...

Arianna rolled her eyes at Rafaelle and looked at Damiano with a scowl on her face.

“Damiano, did you really have to punch him in front of all these people?”

“He’s lucky he’s even alive.” Damiano calmly replied.

“Is this how you welcome your cousin to your home?” Rafaelle huffed out and I dropped my jaw open.

“So... you’re all ... related...?” I pointed at them all, confused.

“We sure are, gorgeous.” Rafaelle winked, which earned him a punch in the stomach from Damiano.

“Rafaelle, shut up! And Damiano, stop kicking his a*s.” Arianna said with an annoyed sigh.

“Don’t worry, I can take it.” Rafaelle wheezed out with his hands on his knees as he tried to compose himself.

“You’re not together...?” I looked back and forth at Arianna and Damiano, and as I kept looking at them, there more I could see they were siblings.

“That would be incest, love.” Rafaelle straightened up. Before Damiano could get to him, Rafaelle earned a smack in the head from Arianna.

“I knew I shouldn’t have let you come with us. Be quiet before I rip your tongue out.”

“G*d, just let me die now.” I groaned in pure embarrassment. I had made a total fool out of myself, and I wished the ground would open and swallow me so I wouldn’t have to be in this situation.

Arianna walked up to me with a smile and put a friendly hand on my shoulder.

12.30%

“I’m sorry, this was not how it was supposed to go. Damiano is just very

private and doesn't share much. We heard him talk on the phone and we heard a woman's voice, but he wouldn't tell us anything. A*shole over there, Rafaele, thought it would be a good idea to flirt with every woman present to see if he could get a reaction out of him."

"Totally worth it." Rafaele grinned.

"You're lucky he didn't kill you." Arianna shot back.

"Honestly, for a second there, I actually thought he would." He laughed, completely unbothered and Arianna shook her head and turned back to look at me.

"I'm sorry for all this fuss. I'm Arianna, Damiano's and Lorenzo's younger sister."

"I can see that now... I'm Althaia." I gave her a small smile. My body was so hot, and I could feel the blood rush to my face. I was probably looking like a tomato now.

"We'll have a chat later. Now, I really want to get back to the party. Let's go, you idiot." She quickly walked over to Rafaele and dragged him by the arm out of the office while he complained about being abused today.

I looked everywhere but at Damiano, while I shuffled on my feet. How could I ever face him after the way I had acted? G*d... I really wanted the ground to swallow me.

Damiano sat down on the couch and looked at me with this blank expression of his.

"Come here." He motioned with his finger to approach him. I slowly walked over to him, still feeling embarrassed by the whole thing.

25.53%

He took hold of me when I was within his reach and sat me down on his lap. I felt him twirl some of my hair around his finger while I looked straight ahead. Finally working up the courage, I faced him.

"I ... Well, you could have said she was your sister."

"You never asked."

"How was I supposed to ask if she's your sister or someone you're f*cking?"

"Maybe if you weren't busy letting another man touch you." He raised a brow at me.

"... Whatever." I mumbled as he continued to play with a strand of my hair.

"You didn't wear the dress I sent." His voice went low and my body tingled when he faintly brushed his lips against my bare shoulder.

"I was mad..." I embarrassingly admitted. I had assumed the worst but then again what else was I supposed to think after that phone call?

"I see." Damiano checked out my dress, his eyes stopping on my leg.

"Too much for other men to see." He frowned as he moved his hand to my exposed leg. It was a dress you had to be careful with the long slit, and I

wouldn't be surprised if someone said they saw some of my a*s. But I didn't care, that was how angry I was...

"That was the point." I gave half a smile.

"You're playing a dangerous game with me, Althaia." He shifted me to straddle him. He buried his face in my neck, his lips faintly touching my skin which made a slight shiver down my back.

40 92%

288 Vouchers

"Where were you?" I finally asked as I breathed out. Damiano leaned back to look at me.

"Italy." He simply said I raised my brows in surprise.

"Why?"

"Nothing you need to concern yourself with." He said with a smirk, and I rolled my eyes at his answer.

"Of course..." I sighed. I played with the buttons of his dress shirt when I noticed some black ink that was faintly visible behind his white dress shirt. As the curious person that I was, I unbuttoned the first ones to see. I could only see a little bit of the top of his tattoo that was placed in the middle of his chest, but I couldn't make out what it was supposed to be. I continued to unbutton his shirt all the way down.

Right there in the middle of his chest was a hooded skull wearing an imperial crown. I pulled his shirt to the side as the tattoo stretched out on his chest. On either side of the skull were massive angel wings that covered the rest of his chest. I raised my brows a little, completely impressed with the art. I trailed my fingers on the skull, fascinated by the details. I looked up to Damiano, who already had his eyes set on me, observing me. I suddenly felt shy at the way he was looking at me and had to look away.

"We should get back to the others." I tried to get off his lap. I suddenly remembered I had left Cara all alone out there. Well, almost.

"Do you want to?" Damiano stopped me by holding me in place. His hands went under my dress and slowly trailed them up to my hips. I closed my mouth when I was about to answer him. My heart started to beat a little faster, my whole body suddenly getting that

55 20

electric feeling, excited about his touch. His hands caressed my hips, playing around with the string of my underwear.

Then he ripped the string, making me gasp at the unexpected move.

"That was my favorite!" He didn't bother responding, instead, he gave me a devilish smirk as he placed his hands on the back of my neck and pressed his lips to mine. I forgot about everything the minute our lips connected, kissing

me roughly and biting down on my lip to let him enter.

I was getting hot and excited, and the way his fingers found their way to my entrance and slowly were stroking me, had me almost wanting to let out a blissful sigh. I moaned against his lips when Damiano entered, moving his fingers inside, his thumb went around in circles on my c*it, sending waves of pleasure through my body. I should be embarrassed by how fast I got wet, but the way he was touching me right now made me not care at all.

Damiano's lips moved down to my neck but stopped and looked down at the halter neck top that covered my breasts. He looked displeased at the sight while reaching for something next to him. He pulled out a knife, and for a second it had me confused. Then almost like a flash of lightning, he cut the straps of the top, watching it fall down around my waist and exposed my breasts.

Pleased with his work, he laid me down on the couch and put my hands above my head in a firm grip. I closed my eyes, shuddering in pleasure when I felt his warm mouth taking in my breast, his tongue going around on my nipple. His fingers found their way back inside of me, moving fast as I moaned loudly. I started to tighten around him, my body slightly shaking as I felt myself closing in on that explosive wave of pleasure. I gasped as his fingers were edging me closer and closer with the way he was

72272

paying attention to that place that gave me pleasure.

I was almost there, ready for the incredible climax.

Then he stopped.

I snapped my eyes open and Damiano pulled away. He stood at the end of the couch and started to button up his dress shirt as he looked at me with a slight smirk.

"Why did you stop!" I almost yelled in frustration and raised my head to look at him. I was so close, and he left me hanging!

Damiano just tilted his head a little.

"Behave, and I might give you what you want." He said in a low tone. I gaped at him as he made his way toward the door. He rested his hand on the handle and turned to look at me, his eyes trailing down to my dress.

"Looks like you need to change." He winked and left. My eyes went wide when I realized what he had done.

I got punished by The Devil.

91.35%



The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 23

Posted by

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Althaia

I made my way back to the party after I had changed. I had to freaking hold onto my top as I made a run for it to my room, and was lucky I didn't bump into anyone. I had no choice but to open the gown bag that was sent to me earlier and I was shocked, to say the least. It was a long beautiful off-shoulder emerald sequin dress with a sweetheart neckline. It was tight, hugging my figure and it flowed down at my feet. It was a beautiful dress and a more modest one than the one I had worn. It was still one hell of a se*y dress, and definitely got the reaction I wanted.

The party was in full swing when I got down from the last steps. People were dancing, drinking, and chatting with each other, forgetting about what had happened earlier. I really couldn't afford to ruin another party, and it was like every time we were supposed to have a good time, something always seemed to happen.

With me present.

"Whoa, what a dress!" Cara checked out my new dress when I stopped in front of her and Arianna. Since there had been a slight misunderstanding, there was no reason for me not to get to know her. She was his sister after all.

"That is gorgeous! But why did you change?" Arianna tilted her head a little.

"It got ruined..." I sulked. I was still pis*ed about him ruining my dress. And very pis*ed that he left me hanging when I was so close.

1288 Vouchers

I was still throbbing.

"How did it get ruined?" Arianna's eyes slightly narrowed.

"Your st*pid brother cut it." I replied sourly and they laughed at me.

"Not that I say it's okay, but I get him. If you weren't too busy sulking, you would have noticed that every man was looking at you, hungrily, like you were their next prey." Cara said with a grin.

"He almost shot up the whole place." Arianna scoffed but had a smile on her face.

"Sorry... I don't know what came over me." Well, I did. I was jealous and angry, but they didn't need to know that.

"You like him." Cara teased with a smug smile

"No." I me*tally beat myself up for letting it come out too quickly.

"Tsk, you're not fooling anyone with your jealous a*s." Cara raised a brow. I

gave her a blank look before mirroring her teasing smile.

“Right. Then I would like to see your reaction to this.” I grabbed her shoulders and turned her around to face where Lorenzo was standing with Rafaele and Damiano. The two women I had flipped off earlier had gone up to the group of men, one of them being bold and flirted with Lorenzo.

“Oh, hell no.” She marched right over to them, ready to fight.

“Now, that I want to see.” Arianna said excitedly and I chuckled, following her to the group of people. Lorenzo noticed Cara immediately as she made her way toward him, and he wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her into him when she reached him. The woman finally got the message but looked annoyed as she took a step back.

17.79%

1134

288 Vouchers

How does one get the courage to approach Tank Man? One look from him and I would be running for my life. And also, this was a party for Cara and Tank Man, how the f*ck didn't she get that he was a taken man?

The other woman was happily chatting and flirting with both Rafaele and Damiano. She kept touching Damiano's arm, which triggered something in me. I glared at her hand, thinking about ripping it off and slapping her with it.

I blinked, shocked about my thoughts. S*it, I was really being tested today.

I stopped right next to Rafaele while Arianna stood next to Damiano. The woman stopped talking and looked me up and down before meeting my eyes.

“I see you have finally decided to dress up and join the classy side. That dress was sl*tty, to say the least.” She laughed with her snobby attitude which made me want to sneer at her.

“Please, I could walk around naked and still be classier than you.” I rolled my eyes at her.

“Honey, don't mistake this for the street corner you work at.” She had a smirk on her face and flipped her hair back.

Did she just call me a prostitute?

“How would you know where I work? Oh, wait! Don't we work for the same pimp? I do recall seeing you on the streets last night! You must have made a lot of money since it was one car after the other.” I nodded, acting impressed.

Her smirk got wiped out completely and Rafaele choked a little on his drink, trying not to laugh. Damiano looked at me, raising a brow while he took a sip of his drink, and I just gave an innocent smile.

28.84%

288 Vouchers

“Do you have any idea who I am?” She glared at me.

“No, which means you're irrelevant.” I shrugged, not caring about her.

"You little -" She hissed out and took a step closer to me. Arianna stepped in front of her, preventing her from coming closer to me.

"You better be careful with your next words, Zahra." Arianna's voice went low and her whole demeanor changed into a menacing one. I even shivered a little at her voice.

"She should be careful. She might accidentally get hurt." Zahra continued, not backing down.

"If she does, I won't hesitate to cut your throat open. You know better than to f*ck with me." Arianna's voice was filled with promise and gave her a warning look. Zahra was smart enough to keep her mouth shut and backed away. Sometimes I forgot who these people really were.

"We should go." The other woman, who had tried to flirt with Lorenzo, grabbed Zahra's arm to get away from us. Zahra huffed, but before she turned around to leave, she made a comment that made my blood boil.

"Damiano, we should get together soon, like last time." She winked. She gave me one last look with a smirk before she walked away.

"Who even invited her? I've always hated that bi*ch." Arianna frowned at their retreating forms.

"Was she always like that? She is not aging well." Rafaele commented and shook his head a little. I stayed quiet the entire

44 29%

time and glared at the back of Zahra's head. I really wanted to gorge her eyes out and force them down her throat.

"Let's go get you a drink before you do something stu*id." Caral whispered to me. I didn't bother looking at Damiano and let her lead me to the bar.

"Shots of vodka, please. And keep them coming." I told the bartender, and he happily complied.

"Why does this taste like water? Did you give me water?" I slammed down the shot glass and squinted my eyes at the bartender.

"No, but I'm cutting you off. You've had enough."

"It's a party! I'm having fun!" I tried to get make him pour me one more, but he refused. I scowled at him and spun on the bar stool to look around. Cara had gone to the bathroom and left me alone. I didn't feel like making small talk with anyone and kept myself entertained as I continued to spin around.

I spotted Lorenzo making his way somewhere and I quickly jumped down from the bar stool, almost falling on my face.

"Lorenzooo." I giggled as I sta*gered over to him. I slightly shook my head and blinked a few times.

The shots had definitely taken their effect.

Lorenzo stopped when I called for him and I couldn't help but giggle.

"Why do you always look so serious? Are you not having fun?" I stumbled a

little as I couldn't hold my balance. Lorenzo quickly

5806%%

steadied me before I could. I pouted at him when he didn't answer me.

"Want to know a secret?" I gave him a big smile, leaned into him, and put a hand to the side of my mouth to whisper it to him.

"In my mind, I call you Tank Man." I started to laugh hard as soon as I said that.

"Tank Man, you get it? 'Cause, you're all macho macho." I put my arms out to imitate his broad physique.

"You should stop drinking." He said, not impressed with me.

"So, he speaks!" I gasped dramatically.

"What do you want?" He said impatiently.

"You're rude! Whatever... I'm here to tell you, If you ever hurt my Cara, I will hunt you down, mister." I pushed my finger into him with every word.

"Really?" He crossed his arms while looking at me with a blank expression.

"Yes! Look at me, I am strong. I work out." I flexed my biceps to show him. I looked at my arms and scowled when I saw my non-existent bicep muscles.

"Okay, so maybe I don't work out. I mostly eat, but that should count as a workout, right? You know, reaching for the food to get it in my mouth. That's like going back and forth, I should be shredded by now."

"You talk a lot."

"You're mean." I pouted at him for a little before a genius idea

71 33%

11340

popped into my mind.

"You know what?! We should be best friends because you're marrying my best friend. We should all be best friends together!" I said excitedly and wrapped my arms around him with a big smile.

"Althaia." The familiar voice of The Devil spoke, making me turn around to look at him.

"Oh, look who came, Tanky Man. It's the Diavolo." I giggled.

"You're drunk." He pulled me away and Tank Man took the opportunity to leave.

"No... you made my best friend leave." I felt sad as I watched Tank Man leave.

"Let's get you to bed." He started to guide me towards the stairs.

"Are you going to do naughty things to me like before? Or are you saving that for Zahra?" I dragged out her name. Damiano ignored me and ended up carrying me as I kept tripping over my own two feet. He walked into my room and sat me down in the armchair and crouched down to take my heels off.

“Oh, that feels so good. I think the blood has stopped flowing to my feet.” I sighed as I curled my toes a little. He helped me up. again and pulled down the zipper of the dress. My eyes started to droop as I couldn’t keep my eyes open for much longer, and Damiano had to hold me into him while I stepped out of the dress and led me to the bed. I plopped flat down and closed my eyes, ready to sleep as I felt the blanket over my body.

“Do you like her?” I mumbled, half-asleep already.

“She’s not my type.” He answered quietly.

8355%%%

288 Vouchers

“That’s not an answer.”

“No.”

“Who’s your type then?” The room fell silent, and I thought he had left before he spoke again.

“Goodnight, Althaia.”

I mumbled something in return before sleep took over me.

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» The Devil’s Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 24

Althaia

I woke up to the most pounding headache I have ever experienced in my life. My muscles were aching like crazy, and my mouth was as dry as the Sahara Desert.

G*d... What did I do to myself?

I was sprawled out on the bed. My eyes were barely open due to the bright sunlight that streamed through the windows. I felt like I had hammered my head against a wall and fallen at least fifty flights of stairs. I looked around as I tried to remember what had happened because right now, I couldn’t remember s*it. Also, why did nobody stop me from drinking that much?

... Yes, I refused to take responsibility for my actions when I was suffering this much.

I tiredly sat up in bed and noticed that I was naked. I looked down at the floor and saw the dress I had worn was on the floor next to the armchair.

Had I undressed by myself?

I couldn’t recall anything and forced my body to get up and go to the bathroom. I stared at the bathtub. I could really use the time and soak myself

in hot water and bubbles, but in fear of never getting up again and being stuck, I decided a shower would do.

I got out of the shower when my body started to be red from the hot water. My fingers had started to wrinkle and that was when I

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thought I might have stayed a bit longer in the shower than intended. I tied my hair into a loose braid, letting a few strands of hair loose around my face, and got dressed into a pair of black sweats and a thin black top that stopped mid-drift.

I made my way downstairs to the kitchen at a snail's pace. I did not have more strength to walk any faster. The smell of coffee hit my nose and I inhaled deeply, already excited about the crea*y hot liquid. If there was anything I truly enjoyed, it was the smell of coffee in the morning.

I could people talking as I neared the kitchen, and soon enough I saw Arianna and Rafaelle sitting by the island, having their breakfast.

"Good morning!" Rafaelle shouted in a singing voice, making me grimace.

"For the love of G*d, stop." I groaned as I covered my ears. They were too sensitive to high noises at the moment.

"Someone had quite a bit to drink yesterday." Arianna commented as she drank her coffee.

"How are you all fine? I feel like s*it." I placed my head on the cold surface of the island and sighed a bit, the cold sensation helped with the headache.

"No s*it, I'm surprised you're even alive. You kept taking shot after shot. You are one tiny human but you sure can drink." Rafaelle laughed.

"Urgh... Why did I hate myself that much?" I groaned. Arianna placed a mug of coffee in front of me and I took it gratefully.

"You don't remember what happened yesterday?" She gave me an

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amused look.

"Not really... Nothing comes to mind when I try to remember last night." I scrunched up my nose.

"As long as I didn't do anything too embarrassing then I think I'm fine not remembering. You know what, even if I did, it's better that I don't remember anything at all."

"Mmhmm, well you did become best friends with Tank Man. Or at least tried to." I had my mug midway, about to drink from it when I looked at Rafaelle.

"Wha-*o – how do you know...? What?" I rapidly blinked at him, trying to figure out if I had heard him right.

"You were yelling at him, calling him Tank Man, and something about him being macho macho." I looked at Arianna mortified. Suddenly, the entire night

came rushing back to me and my eyes widened.

“You’ve got to be f*king kidding me.” I put my head in my hands. and groaned in embarrassment.

“I really made a fool out of myself last night. S*it, when did I become like that?”

“Well, we had fun watching you. Actually, I think that was the best party I’ve ever been to in my life.” Rafaelle laughed.

“What a sad life you have had then... Wait, how old are you?” He did look to be around in his mid-twenties.

“35.” He shrugged and I raised my brows in surprise.

would have never guessed. I thought you were in your twenties!”

“Ah, what can I say, I like to take care of myself.” He wiggled his brows.

“Please, don’t tell me you’re in your thirties as well. Nothing wrong with that, it’s just that you look to be around my and Cara’s age.” I asked Arianna.

“Yeah, I’m 26.” She smiled. At least I got that sort of right. She and Cara were the same age.

“Does that make you the oldest of us all?” I looked back to Rafaelle.

“Nah, Lorenzo and I are about the same age, Damianò is 38.” I spit out my coffee and started to cough violently. Holy s*it, I did not see that coming. Was he really that much older than me? I was now starting to believe that they were vampires because they were certainly aging slowly.

Arianna patted me on the back as my coughing wouldn’t cease. I had finally calmed down and got myself a bottle of water and drank it greedily.

“Jesus, calm down woman I was only kidding. He’s actually 42.” Rafaelle continued with a smug grin.

“Rafaelle, shut up. Are you trying to kill her? She just had a coughing fit.” She smacked him on the head, and he just pouted at her and rubbed the back of his head.

“Don’t listen to him, he plays around too much. He’s 28 and so is Lorenzo. Damiano is 30 and not 38.” She explained.

“That’s a relief...” I let out a breath. I did not know what to think about Damiano being that much older than me. Arianna chuckled at me.

“Is Cara not up yet? She is always the first one to wake up and drag me out of bed.” I asked when I noticed she still hadn’t made an appearance.

“Not what we know of. We’re the only ones who came down for breakfast.” Arianna shrugged.

Then I got an idea.

“Payback is a bit*h. I’m going to wake her.” I smirked. Every single morning, she would barge into my room and wake me up. For the first time in forever, I had woken up before her and now it was time to give her a taste of her own

medicine.

I found a new surge of energy and I s*ipped down the hall to her bedroom, excited to finally disturb her peaceful sleep.

I did an evil snicker in my mind.

I stood in front of her door, and I quietly put my hand on the handle to make sure I wouldn't make any noise. I tried to contain my laugh when I carefully opened the door and tiptoed into her room. Her bed was empty, and my shoulders sagged in disappointment. The sound of the shower running, and I shrugged, thinking I might as well just scare her a little since I was here.

I kicked the door open.

"Boo, bit*h -" I stopped in my tracks and stood frozen at the doorway.

In front of me was a freshly showered and a very naked Lorenzo. I heard Cara squeal in the background and Lorenzo just looked at me, unfazed that I had just barged in. I opened and closed my mouth like a fish, struggling to find any words as we looked at each other.

I heard Cara say something and I snapped out of it.

"I am so sorry!" I yelled and turned around and ran out of there as fast as I could. By the time I reached the kitchen, I was out of breath. Three pairs of eyes snapped at me as Damiano now decided to appear.

Just great.

He looked at me with furrowed brows as he looked at my wide-eyed and red face.

"What's wrong?" Arianna looked behind me to see if someone was chasing me.

"I – Uh, nothing." I scratched the back of my neck and looked away in embarrassment.

"That did not look like nothing." Rafaele commented.

"It's nothing, trust me." I awkwardly laughed as I returned to my seat by the kitchen island.

"Althaia." Damiano looked at me sternly, and I bit my lip a little, hesitating. Oh well, here goes nothing.

"I saw Lorenzo naked." I said quickly. They didn't say anything, and I kept my head down, refusing to look at anyone. Then Rafaele burst out laughing. He was laughing so hard that he actually fell from the chair. I glared at him as he continued to laugh at me. I looked at Arianna who failed to try and hide her laugh behind her hand.

"Were you spying on him?" Rafaele asked after he had calmed down but was still chuckling, and I scowled at him.

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"Ew, no! He was in Cara's bathroom when I tried to scare her."

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“They were probably doing it in the shower. Ah, maybe that’s what the banging against the wall was in the middle of the night.” He said, coming to a realization.

“Gross.” Arianna grimaced in disgust.

“Lorenzo! Had a good time?” Rafaelle looked behind me and wiggled his brows. I kept my head down, suddenly very interested in the marble design. Lorenzo ignored him and continued over to the coffee machine.

“Anyways, I was thinking about spending the day by the pool. Care to join, Althaia?” Arianna broke the silence and I turned to look at her.

“I would love to, but I didn’t bring a bathing suit with me.”

“Oh, I have tons of new ones, let’s go and find you one.” She said excitedly and I got up to follow her as she made her way out. I looked over to Lorenzo who was leaning against the counter, already staring at me with a slightly amused expression.

“I’m really sorry... If it helps, I didn’t see anything.” I said quickly to reassure him with an apologetic smile. I wanted to make sure he didn’t think of me as a creep who peeped. Rafaelle burst out laughing again.

“Da*n, she called you small.” My smile fell.

“No! That’s not what I meant! I’m sure you’re well equipped...” My eyes started to widen in horror, and Rafaelle was laughing so hard that he fell on the floor. Lorenzo just looked at me as he sipped his coffee.

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“I’m very sorry.” And I got out of there as fast as I could.

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Posted by

By

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Damiano

“You’re getting slow.” I slammed Rafaelle down on the training mat. He quickly got up again and threw his leg for a sidekick, aiming for my head. I blocked his kick, holding onto his leg, and kicked the other, making him fall with a loud thud.

“All right, I’m done.” He groaned as he stayed down. I went to the bench and picked up a towel and wiped the sweat off the back of my neck. Rafaelle finally got up and grabbed a bottle of water, chugging it down while walking towards the bench.

“I blame this round on the alcohol from last night.”

“You’re lazing around.”

“I was definitely not lazing around with that blonde chick yesterday.” He replied with a smug look on his face.

“Don’t f*ck anyone important.” I warned him. The number of times I had to get his ass out of situations because he f*cked the daughter of someone important to my business. He would play his charm on the ladies, making them think they had a chance with him when he was only after a one-time f*ck.

“Speaking of...” Rafaella started as he sat down on the bench

“Don’t.” I shot him a look, already knowing where he wanted to go with this.

“You don’t even know what I was going to say!” He exclaimed and I just stared blankly at him.

“I do.”

“I like her.” He smiled, making me glare at him.

“Not like that though. She’s definitely something else.” She was something else. She was nothing like the like rest of the women who came from families who had the slightest bit of power.

“Who would have thought the daughter of Gaetano would have caught your eye. Or is she just a part of the plan?” His brows raised in curiosity, and I shook my head at him.

“No. She has nothing to do with it.” Just as innocent as she looked she was truly oblivious to what kind of world she had stepped into

“She could be faking it. It’s always the innocent ones you have to keep an eye out for. I find it a bit hard to believe that she didn’t know her own family name.” He had a suspicious look on his face

“Her mother took her away when she was still a kid. She didn’t know what her father was doing until she got older. Still, she stayed away and is oblivious to what is going on. If Stefano had done his job properly, he would have found her instantly.” I explained. What was interesting about the whole thing was definitely why her mother decided to leave Gaetano.

“May his soul rest in peace.” Rafaella sighed as he shook his head. I gave him a smug look. Stefano knew the consequences of not doing a job properly. I was not a patient man and he f*cked up when he didn’t do a thorough search on Althaia

“I have been keeping an eye on her ever since she showed up. She’s no threat.” She couldn’t be. Ever since I saw she was well and alive, I had to keep an eye on her and watch her every move to figure out what type of person she was, and why she suddenly decided to show up.

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“Her mother?” Rafaella asked.

“She is a different story.” I said as we made our way out of the basement

where the gym was.

“How so?” He frowned a little, curious about her mother.

“The number of phone calls that couldn’t be traced have increased since they got here.” I informed him. While Althaia didn’t pose any kind of threat, her mother was someone I needed to figure out since she was an ex-wife of a mob boss. She knew what world this was, and I needed to know why she was getting untraceable calls.

“I see. Looks like I got to take a look into that.” He said and I nodded as we stepped outside by the pool. My eyes immediately found the green-eyed woman on the sunbed, laughing at something Arianna said.

My eyes trailed down her body, liking the red bikini she was wearing. My eyes rested on her breasts for a little as she adjusted the top that was a tad too small for her full breasts. F*ck... that bikini on her was definitely getting a reaction from me. I quickly scanned around the area to make sure none of my men stood around to look at her.

“Cannonball!” Rafaelle yelled as he ran and jumped into the pool. Water splashed right on Arianna and Althaia who were right by the pool.

“You idiot!” Arianna yelled and angrily wiped some of the water from her face. Rafaelle gave a taunting smile as he got up from the pool, went to her, and started to shake his head like a dog to mess with her. She lifted her leg to kick him, but he was faster and took hold of her ankle, and dragged her out of the sunbed.

Arianna’s yelling died down when he threw her into the pool. She

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started to curse at him when she returned to the surface and the idiot just stood at the edge, mocking her and not noticing Althaia coming up behind him.

I watched her smiling as she sneaked up behind him, and quickly shoved him into the pool before he could notice her.

“Oh, you played dirty!” Rafaelle accused her and she gave an innocent shrug.

“Whoops.” She grinned at him. Her face was slightly scrunched up with her tongue in between her teeth. I looked at her a bit amused with the face she was making. She looked at me when I neared her, and she quickly looked away.

“I’m going to go get us something to drink.” She told Arianna, who was busy trying to drown Rafaelle.

I was well aware of what she was doing as I followed her inside. Still, I couldn’t help but stare at her round ass for a little as she walked.

Shit, the things I would do to her...

“You’re avoiding me.” I told her when she opened the fridge, all while she was trying her best not to look at me.

“Don’t know what you’re talking about.” She mumbled as she continued to avoid looking at me. The cold from the fridge gave her a slight shiver, and I immediately noticed how her nipples hardened behind her top.

The image of the way she had arched her back for me to taste her breasts still freshly lingered in my mind, and the way she would moan. The blood was quickly rushing down and I had to force myself to think of something else, but her standing in that bikini made it difficult.

“Look at me.” It came out as a light order.

“No, thank you.” She scoffed at me. The corner of my mouth lifted a little as I noticed how she was getting bolder with time. I would never forget how scared she was when she first saw me and thought I would kill her.

That plan changed when she looked at me with her big scared green eyes, and how she clumsily tried to run away. The sight was amusing, to say the least. It was definitely not something I had witnessed before. She really didn’t know anything about the world I lived in, and if she had the slightest idea, she would have more of an awareness and looked for the cameras I had hidden in her hotel room.

“You should ask me.” I knew why she was avoiding me, but I wanted her to tell me.

“Why? It’s none of my business.” She sighed and closed the fridge.

“It isn’t.” I agreed. Her jaw clenched and I was having fun with her reactions.

“Cool.” Althaia still didn’t look at me and tried to leave. I clicked my tongue and grabbed her, sitting her on top of the counter, and stepped in between her legs. Her breathing changed as I leaned into her. She had no idea how well I knew her body... The way she would clench her jaw when she was angry, bite the inside of her cheek whenever she was lost in her thoughts, the way she would shift weight on her feet whenever she tried to lie.

I knew it all too well.

“Althaia.” My voice came out in a low tone as I looked at her. She

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shuddered when I said her name and I knew the effect I had on her. She had the same effect on me too. Especially when she would moan my name.

F*cking hell!

The blood was rushing down and painfully pressing against the shorts I was wearing. Her wearing the bikini wasn’t helping my situation at all. I wanted to rip the damn thing off and take her right now.

To bury myself so deep inside of her.

“Use your words, Althaia. What’s on your mind?” I took hold of her waist and buried my face into her neck. My lips were faintly brushing against her as her

breathing got a bit louder, and I wanted to hear that sweet voice moan my name.

“Zahra...” She breathed out.

“What about her?” I asked against her neck. I already knew what she wanted to ask.

“You and her... Did you...?” She couldn’t form a complete sentence when I started to peck her neck.

“No. Never.” Zahra was an annoying type of woman and definitely not my type. I wouldn’t even f*ck her if I was desperate.

“But why did she – ”

“To make you jealous. Which worked.” I looked at her and her cheeks started to get flushed. Something was endearing about it whenever she felt embarrassed, and I have come to like how her cheeks would get that flushed color.

“Oh...” She bit her lip and looked away, and I felt myself twitch

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down below at the sight of her. She didn’t even know what she was doing to me. I pulled her lip and ran a thumb over it.

“Don’t do that if you don’t want me to take you right here.” I almost growled out. The things I would do to her to make her scream.... Her breathing halted for a second and she looked at me with her bright green eyes. A small sound escaped her as she tried to squeeze her thighs together.

F*ck it.

I pulled her into me and hungrily kissed her, not being able to restrain myself anymore. Althia responded immediately and wrapped her legs around me. I pressed my lower half into her, making her gasp when she felt my hard length against her. I took the opportunity and deepened the kiss, playing with her tongue, and having her let out a faint moan I had been craving to hear.

I pulled down her top and played with her breast, pinching her already hard nipple, and thinking about what it would feel like to be inside of her, filling her up.

I heard the distant voices of Rafaella and Arianna coming closer. Annoyed, I pulled away and helped her down to her feet. She looked confused for a moment but then she heard their voices and quickly went to fix her bathing suit. They would be able to tell what happened by her red and swollen lips.

“Soon.” I whispered to her. I gave her one last kiss before I turned to walk away.

I needed a cold shower to calm down before I lost control.

