

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 251 - 260

Cara(2)

288 Vouchers

Time passed before the door suddenly flung open and Maso stood by the door. It now just dawned on me just how big he actually was, having my nervousness spike even more and doubt overtook my body.

Shit, how are we going to take him down?

“Get going.” Maso ordered sharply and gestured with his head in the direction we should go. I held tightly onto Cara’s hand as we stepped out into the long hall. I wanted to curse out loud when I saw one more out there with Maso. And he was holding a gun.

I stayed close to Cara when we walked down the long hall. She was the one who had to put the plan into action since she could take advantage of whatever relationship she had with Maso. I just had to stay close since she was my chance of surviving since they could not give a fuck about me, and would kill me in a heartbeat.

Maso and the other guy were behind us to make sure we wouldn’t be doing anything. My heart was beating like crazy and I couldn’t help but keep glancing behind me, fearing I would suddenly get shot from behind.

“The fuck you looking at?!” The guy spat out and pushed me hard that I tripped over my dress and into the wall. I winced when I scraped my elbow, feeling the cuts sting immediately.

“Don’t touch her, you pig!” Cara stepped in front of me.

“What did you call me?” He hissed out and aimed his gun at her.

“Lower your gun.” Maso snapped and stepped closer to him. Cara made the move to cower behind Maso, pretending to

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seek comfort with him. I noticed him immediately tense when her hand touched his back.

“That bitch -” I couldn’t see what was happening, but he never finished his sentence. He let out a scoff and kept his mouth shut.

“Leave. I will take care of it.” Maso ordered. He gave him a stare before turning around to leave. I let out a breath, feeling the tension easing a bit now that it was only Maso. He turned to look at Cara, frowning a little but didn’t say anything and handed her something. Only now did I realize he was holding a box of tampons.

“Thank you.” Cara gave him a small smile and he immediately looked away as if he didn’t want to see her smile.

Maybe he does feel more for her than she let on...

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” I gave her a small reassuring smile.

“Hurry up.” Maso once again ordered, having Cara roll her eyes.

“Calm down, will you? We will be back in that shit hole soon enough.” She snapped and grabbed my hand.

We continued down the long hall, going through a door before we reached the restroom. I was the one to go in first, and Hooked at Cara to make sure she would be okay by herself. She gave a small nod and I swallowed hard before going.

He won’t hurt her I reminded myself.

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Shutting the door behind me, I let out a shaky breath. Now, all I had to do was to waste some time for Cara to work her charm on Maso. I pulled out the

accessory I had stuffed in between my breasts. It was a wide, pearly hairpin I had in my hair and it would be my best shot as a weapon. As quietly as I could, I managed to break the pearls off and sharpened the pin against the wall all while I heard Cara trying to spark a conversation with Maso.

“... Why exactly are you doing this to me? Was marrying me away not enough?” Cara was talking to him in a gentle tone, but he wasn’t replying.

“I didn’t expect this from you. You were the only one who was nice to me... Did you ever care about me? Or was it all fake as well?”

Damn, she is good.

The way Cara was talking even had me feeling so fucking guilty. I had no clue as to how much she had been abused in that household, and something in me told me she downplayed it a lot when she finally told me what was going on. I shouldn’t have listened to her at the time, and I should have done something to get her out of there. But in fear of making things worse for her, I was forced to stay put and only offer an ear to listen.

“... It wasn’t.” I stilled at his reply.

“Then why did you push me away at the time?” Cara asked after a while. She talked quietly as if she didn’t want me to hear. I knew she loved Lorenzo and was happy with him, but it sounded like she wanted some clarity on whatever happened between them.

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“What happened, shouldn’t have happened in the first place. It was my mistake and I should have known better.” Maso replied, still in that tone that didn’t hold any emotions.

“Why was it a mistake? Was I too broken and bruised for you? Of course, I was. I was nobody.” Her voice was laced with sadness and my heart dropped for her.

“Cara...” His tone went soft, and I anxiously waited for what he was going to say.

“It was wrong of me to get involved with my boss’s daughter.” Maso said, his tone going back to being emotionless.

“... That’s it? That was your lousy excuse?” Her voice raised. I jumped when there was a hard bang on the door.

“Time’s up! Get out.” Maso ordered loudly to me. I tried to compose myself and took a deep breath, holding the now- sharpened hairpin in my hand.

“Always go for the vital points.” I whispered to myself. I took another deep breath before swinging the door open.

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Althaia

I swung the door open, holding the hairpin tightly in my hand. I stopped at the doorway and just looked at them, feeling the tension between them. I couldn’t do anything since Cara was looking at Maso, not prepared, and Maso was keeping a sharp gaze at me. I wanted to shout at Cara for not being ready, and possibly wasting our only chance. I couldn’t do this on my

own.

“Turn around and put your hands on the wall.”

“What, why?” I asked, my heart leaping to my throat and my hands started to get sweaty.

Fuck, I’m going to get caught.

“I said turn around -”

“She can’t!” Cara finally snapped out of whatever was going on with her and came to my rescue.

“I need help since I can’t really do anything in this big dress.” She continued and gestured to her dress. Maso’s eyes narrowed as he looked at me. His eyes continued down, stopping by my hands where I had them both into fists.

“Hands on the wall, now!” He snapped. I took a step back when he came closer to me, and I sent a panicking look to Cara.

“No, wait, Maso -” Cara went after him but tripped over her dress and crashed into him. Maso was fast and managed to

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grab a hold of her before she could hit the ground.

This was it.

Without hesitation, I quickly kicked the back of his leg, having him fall to one knee. His head snapped to mine with fury, reaching for his gun. Cara managed to push his hand away from the gun and I pierced the hairpin straight into his eye.

Adrenaline was pumping in me like crazy, and I was sure my heart was about to explode when Maso shouted out in pain. In fear of attracting attention, I tried to silence him by putting him in a headlock to cover his mouth. Cara managed to limit his movements by holding on to his legs to keep him down.

“Grab his gun!” I told Cara to hurry. The minute the words came out of me, Maso snapped out of it and elbowed me right in the face with great force. I staggered backward before falling to the ground. A massive, overpowering shock flooded my body before a sharp pain spread across my face like a bitch.

I blinked a few times to regain my vision. I turned around just in time to see Maso shoving Cara away from him. With a burst of adrenaline, I jumped to my feet.

Only to meet the muzzle of a gun. With a very furious Maso behind it.

“You fucking Russian.” He sneered with the hairpin still attached to his eye. His eye was bleeding, and the way it looked, had me trying not to throw up all over the place.

My chest rapidly rose and fell quicker than ever as I looked right into the gun. There was nothing I could do at this point. I was mentally preparing myself to be gone, and I hoped,

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whatever was going to happen, at least Cara would be getting out of here. I hoped Lorenzo would be able to find her and get her all the help she would need after witnessing my death.

I watched as his finger curled, ready to pull the trigger. I closed my eyes, just wanting it to be over already.

I will be with you soon.

I managed a small smile, thinking of Damiano, our baby, and my mother.

A tear rolled down my cheek, knowing I would soon be on the ground. Dead.

“No!” Cara screamed and I snapped my eyes open at the sound of gurgling.

“My God...” I breathed out in shock at the sight. Maso staggered on his feet until his back hit the wall and dropped his gun in the process. He was choking badly, trying to stop the bleeding where Cara had punctured a knife right into the side of his throat.

“Ca...ra...” Maso choked out as he stared at her with wide eyes. Almost pleadingly. His hands were desperately trying to do something. But they were moving slower by the second until coming to a complete stop and slumped down to his side. His eyes closed and his body stilled.

“What have I done...” Cara whispered in fear. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from Maso, seeing blood continue gushing out from his neck. I tore my eyes away from him and looked at Cara. She was looking pale and her entire body was trembling with tears in her eyes. I instantly grabbed her and turned her back to him.

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Escape Plan(1)

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“It’s okay, Cara. It’s okay.” I pulled her into me, holding her tightly, and kept telling her over and over again that it was okay, trying to convince myself as well. I put my hands on her face, wiping her tears away.

“You did what you could. It’s not your fault. It could never be, okay?” I talked to her firmly, not letting it show in my voice how appalled I was. She looked lost and she was in shock. I knew that feeling too well.

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“Listen, Cara. Right now, we need to snap out of it and get the fuck out of here, okay? It’s our only chance.” I talked to her hurriedly and she nodded, taking a breath to compose herself.

“We need to move his body into the restroom before anyone sees.” Luckily, the doors were heavy and thick to not attract any attention to us, but it was only a matter of time before anyone would walk in through those doors. The other guy might come soon to check on what was taking long for us to be back.

I grabbed Maso, forcing myself to think of his body as a heavy bag of potatoes and not a fucking dead body I was dragging. Cara came to help and I knew it wasn’t easy for her as well when she flinched when his head dangled into her.

“Just a bag of potatoes...” I mumbled continuously. We managed to get him into the restroom and I saw the trail of blood that followed along with the body.

“Wipe away the blood!” We grabbed a bunch of toilet paper and tried to get rid of the blood the best we could, but it was still not enough. I looked down at my dress, getting the idea of cutting it to use as a cloth to cover our tracks. I searched around for anything sharp I could use to make a tear and of course, there was nothing.

Until my eyes landed on the knife stuck in Maso’s throat.

“Oh, fuck... I need that knife...” I said, grimacing.

“You’re not actually thinking of...” Cara trailed off, looking disturbed by the idea.

“I am...” I nodded but made no move to get it.

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Escape Plan(2)

288 Vouchers

“Okay... Okay.... You can do it. You smashed a rock into someone’s head. You watched his fucking brain mass. This is nothing.” I tried to encourage myself.

“Nope, not working.” I gagged at the image that flashed in my mind. I put a hand to my mouth, trying my best not to throw up. I took a few deep breaths and finally mustered the courage to retrieve the knife.

I grabbed the handle with a disgusting look on my face as I tried to pull it out. The feeling of the knife being pulled out was so vile that I almost emptied my stomach on him. It was too much for me and I had to immediately pull it out in one swift motion.

“To think our husbands do that for a living...” Cara was looking disgusted and I mirrored her expression.

“Something I will never understand.” I shivered in nausea. Ignoring the blood on the knife, I started to cut my dress shorter and tore the material into a few pieces. We wet them and started to wipe the floor clean in haste. We were almost done when we both froze in place and looked at each other with wide eyes. The sound of loud voices could be heard and they were getting closer to us. I quickly wiped away the last blood on the floor before we rushed to the restroom.

“Fuck, the wall!” I whispered in frantic. I was about to get back out but Cara managed to grab me back and close the door just in time when another door banged open.

Men shouting and footsteps running past the door had us

looking at each other with questioning looks.

What in the world was going on out there?

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Escape Plan(2)

288 Vouchers

I promptly told Cara to handle the gun because she had

better aim than me and I was better at handling the knife. The footsteps were fading and I let out a breath of relief, thankful they didn't notice the blood on the wall.

"Where the fuck is Maso?!" We both tensed at the voice of the other guy that had been guarding the door. We pressed ourselves against the wall next to the door when he stopped nearby. Cara and I jumped in fright when bullets were flying in through the door, and I held my hand to my mouth to not let

out a scream.

Then it went completely silent.

He stepped closer to the door and I tried to signal to Cara what to do next and follow my lead. I crouched down, pressing myself to the wall as much as I could, and held onto the knife tightly. The door slowly opened and the second half of his body was inside, I stabbed him right into the side of his stomach. He screamed out in pain and crashed into the door.

"Now, Cara!" I shouted and she fired before he could pull the trigger.

Shooting him right in his face.

"We have to move." I pulled the knife out of him. I had no time to be sensitive about the sight in front of me.

"Cut my dress!" Cara lifted her dress. I nodded and went to cut it but stopped.

"Such a beautiful dress though." I said.

"I know. It's my dream dress" She looked at it sadly. We both took a second to admire it before I let out a sigh and cut the

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dress.

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We sprinted-down the long hall after making sure the coast was clear. The others went this way, meaning there must be an exit somewhere. We entered another door and came to a stairway. I looked up and saw that there were three floors.

"We don't know how many we will face up there." Cara spoke.

"I know. But we have to take the chance and see if we can fight our way out." I told her.

"Shoot whoever comes in sight and we can take their

weapons to make it out." I knew she was nervous. Hell, so was I. It was not like we had years of training to be doing this.

Cara was more advanced than I was as she did have proper training in handling the gun and had good enough fighting skills. I, on the other hand, had just begun training. And I was so thankful Damiano decided to train me because there was no way I would have survived so far without it.

"Don't think, just shoot. And I will stab those bitches who come near us." I said, trying to ease the tension. She cracked a small smile and held my hand tightly in hers. Together, we made our way up while trying to keep out of sight.

"They're here!" Someone shouted from below us. He ran up the stairs while I heard more footsteps approaching.

“Run!” Cara reacted faster and dragged me with her as she ran up the last few steps to the first floor. There was no time to check the situation on the other side as we burst through the door.

“They’re escaping!” There were more men to the far left of the hall, guarding the floor. We quickly ran to the other side with them hot on our trail. We ran as fast as we could but stopped

when someone came appeared at our end with a machine gun. I was already exhausted, breathing loudly and my heart was on verge of stopping altogether. At this moment, I wanted to cry that we were surrounded.

“Duck!” I barely registered the word coming out of his mouth, but still managed to hold Cara and threw us both to the floor as bullets went flying over our heads.

When everything stilled, I looked up and got to my feet, wary of the person in front of us. He was dressed in all black and wore a mask. I held the knife tightly, getting ready to swing as he neared us. Then he took his mask off.

“Michael?!” Cara gasped.

“Wait, I thought you were...” I trailed off but then really looked at him. He looked like he had been through hell. Cara was about to go to him but I stopped her as I looked at Michael with narrowed eyes. unsure if we could trust him.

“Look, I know what I have done is unforgivable, and I would like to explain my side of things. But that will have to wait until I get you out of here and to safety. I’ve got clothes for you to change into so hurry up. We don’t have much time.” Michael explained but I still hesitated.

“Althaia, please. I would never intentionally put you and Cara in danger. Trust me.” He looked sincere with his pleading expression.

“Come on.” Cara nudged me and I gave in. He looked relieved and we followed him from where he came from. This place was like a maze with so many passages. It felt impossible to navigate around.

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Escape Plan(3)

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“You can change here. I will keep an eye out.” He led us to a dim area and handed us the duffel bag he carried with him before turning around to give us privacy. We hurriedly helped each other get out of our dresses and pulled the clothes out, black leggings and black shirts.

“The vests too.” Michael said. I went to grab one when I was suddenly pushed against the wall. I immediately swung my knife at the person but my arm got blocked and pinned against the wall. I was about to grab his arm to bite, but instead, I let out a strangled gasp and dropped the knife in shock.

His lips curved into a beautiful smile as he looked at me.

“Hi, baby.”

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A Love Reunion(1)

Althaia

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I felt my heart stop beating.

I couldn't believe it.

I was afraid to even close my eyes to blink in case this was some kind of an illusion. A beautiful one that I would never get to see if I did.

Did I die and we got reunited?

With my shaky hand, I reached out and touched his face. He leaned into my touch and a sob escaped my lips, and tears welled in my eyes.

“Damiano...” I sobbed in a whisper.

“I’m right here, baby.” He kissed the palm of my hand and pulled me into him. I couldn’t hold it in anymore and cried into his chest, wrapping my arms tightly around him. It was real. He was right here in front of me, holding me tightly in his strong arms as he buried his face into my neck.

My husband is alive.

Damiano wiped my tears away when I had calmed down, placing his hands on my cheeks, and leaning down until he captured my lips. The moment our lips touched washed away all the stress and anxiety that had built up in record time while being locked up. It gave me a sense of serenity and relief washed over me, and out of all the kisses we had shared, this was the sweetest kiss.

I couldn’t breathe.

But only because it was the purest joy and love I had ever felt. We kissed like we were each other’s lifelines, and my heart was racing with intense emotions.

Damiano pulled slightly back to let me catch my breath and rested his head against mine. It was probably not the right place and time to be taking a moment of just being in each other’s arms, but I couldn’t care less about it as I clung to him in desperation.

“I told you, I will always find you, my love.” He whispered.

“I know.” I croaked out with a smile. He always kept his word. No matter what.

“I really thought you had left me.” I sniffed as I looked at him with a fresh wave of tears.

“Never. Not even death can do us part.” Damiano wiped my tears away with his thumb as he caressed my cheek.

“How bad is it?” I asked and looked down to where he got shot. I lifted his shirt to see but he was wearing a bulletproof vest underneath.

“It will take more than a bullet to bring your man down.” He smiled softly.

“Are you okay? Does it hurt anywhere?” Damiano started to feel me around to find any injuries.

“I don’t think so. I can’t really feel anything.” I told him.

“It’s the adrenaline.” His brows pinched together when he looked around my face. I was sure it was bruised after being

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A Love Reunion(1)

elbowed fucking hard in the face.

“Are you bleeding anywhere?” His eyes were filled with concern for me and I shook my head.

“I’m not.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m okay.” I cupped his face and I could feel his entire body relax.

“But I’m worried about you.” I almost whispered as I took a good look at him. He was looking pale and had small beads of sweat on his forehead. He was in a bad condition yet he was still on his feet, in front of me.

“Don’t be. It’s nothing I can’t handle.” He assured me and went to grab the vest for me.

Damiano strapped the bulletproof vest and made sure it was tight and in place. I looked over at Cara, seeing her wrapped in Lorenzo’s arms while he talked to her quietly to calm her down. She didn’t deserve to go through all of this. Especially on a day that was supposed to be her happiest day. I felt like I had failed her for a second time. It wasn’t fair for her. It wasn’t fair to any of them.

Damiano stopped in his tracks when I sniffed and saw my teary eyes.

“Where does it hurt?” He immediately went to unstrap the vest but I shook my head before he could.

“Tell me what’s wrong.” He cupped my face.

“I’m sorry.” I croaked out, my heart aching for making them go

through so much. Damiano looked at me confused, not understanding why I was apologizing.

“For everything. For causing you so much trouble and pain.” My voice was laced with guilt and sorrow. To see him get so badly hurt because of me. It was something I could never forgive myself for. Damiano smiled and looked at me amused. Now, it was my turn to look at him confused.

“You silly woman.” I almost pouted as he wiped away my tears once again.

“You have done nothing wrong at all. Stop blaming yourself and feeling guilty for something that is out of your control. And did we not say for better and for worse?” He reminded

“We did.”

“Good. If I didn’t mean it, I wouldn’t be here. And I would have let your ass get shot.” My eyes widened when he slapped my ass, grabbed it, and gave me a good squeeze.

It left me speechless. No matter the situation we were in, he could always find a moment to be inappropriate.

“You’re too much...” I mumbled and he gave a cheeky wink.

“Sorry to interrupt you all, but we have to go.” Michael called out. I was grateful he had his back turned to us during all this time. I still felt weird around him after his confession but for now, I could shove those feelings away and just focus on getting out of here.

After Damiano made sure I was okay and everything was in place, he picked up the knife I had dropped.

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“Whose blood?” He looked at the knife with a slight frown.

“Maso’s. And some other guy I don’t know.”r

“You took down Maso?” Michael looked at us in shock and I nodded.

“I stabbed him in the eye with a hairpin. He was about to shoot me if it wasn’t for Cara who saved me by stabbing him in the throat with the knife.” Damiano shared a look with Lorenzo before they both turned to look at Cara.

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“Honestly, I was more scared of Damiano coming to haunt me if I let anything happen to you. The thought of that alone scared the shit out of me... Besides, I took an oath too, to protect my brothers and sisters.” She smiled warmly at me.

“Thank you, Cara. I owe you one.” Cara looked at Damiano in shock. It was not every day you would hear a Mafia Boss tell you they owed you a favor.

“Maybe you can fix us up with some therapy after this? I haven’t exactly killed anyone before.” Cara said, trying to half-joke about it.

“I could use some of that.” I agreed, chuckling a bit. Hell, that therapist would need a therapist after hearing the shit we had gone through.

“Whatever you both need. We’ll make it happen.” Damiano said, but then stilled as if he was listening to something.

“How close, Ava?” I was confused for a split second before realizing he had an earpiece in.

“More of those fuckers keep popping up.” Lorenzo sneered when we heard the faint voices coming closer.

“Here, take this.” I looked down and saw Damiano handing me a gun and tucked my knife into the front of my vest where I would be able to easily grab it if necessary.

“Your reflexes are good. Next time, swing the knife from below, it’s harder to block that way.” I gave a firm nod as he quickly explained

while feeling my heart rate go up once again at the nearing voices. He even gave me an earpiece so I could hear Ava and Rafaele. They had taken over the

cameras in the whole building and were informing us how

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many men we **would** face.

“Althaia and Cara, stay close together and follow Michael’s lead. Lorenzo and I will take care of those bastards so you can slip through.” Damiano ordered firmly.

“Will you be okay?” I asked worriedly.

“I’ll be fine, my love.” Damiano gave me a quick kiss. Even though he kept saying he was fine, I was still worried about him. He got shot and was standing on his own two feet in front of me. It shouldn’t have been possible but he was fighting through it all.

For me.

My stomach twisted and I swallowed hard as we went out of their way and took cover away from the door where those men would be bursting through at any second. Damiano and Lorenzo got ready while I held Cara’s hand tightly in mine.

“They got this.” She reassured me and I took a deep breath to ease my nerves.

“Once we get the chance, we will have to go through that way. We should be able to find an exit from there.” Michael explained and loaded his gun. I racked the slide on mine to have it ready. I was willing to shoot whoever would stand in our way. They had taken so much from me and I was not going to give them the power to do it again.

The door burst open and the first two men came through. They barely stepped inside before Lorenzo, as the Tank Man he was, literally grabb

ed them by their necks, and smashed their heads together before tossing the m to the side where Damiano finished them off with his gun.

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“That’s my man.” Cara said completely mesmerized by the strength of Tank Man. I was too by the duo. It was incredible to watch them in action. They were only two, but highly skilled and lethal men, who were currently taking down man after man as if it was nothing. I kept my eyes on Damiano, making sure he was going to be okay, but even while injured, he was invincible.

The Devil and Tank

Man moved around each other and had each other’s back was something I hadn’t even seen in movies. They were truly like one mind in two bodies.

“Now’s our chance!” Michael shouted to us. We hurriedly got up and ran down the hall where Damiano and

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Althaia

I landed on the ground and cried out when I landed painfully on my shoulder. It felt like I got shot. But the sounds of groans quickly caught my attention and I whipped my head in that direction.

“Oh, God, Michael!” He was bleeding from his leg and I quickly crawled over to him, ignoring my own pain.

“Why did you do that, you idiot?” Cara sat up and looked at him. He had pushed away and he let himself take the bullet.

“Are you guys okay?” Michael panted out and tried to get up, but immediately held around his ribs and slumped down again.

“We’re okay. I can’t believe you did that!” I looked around, seeing we were behind a machine and out of Carlos’ view. I pressed down on the wound while I tried to figure out what I could use to stop the bleeding.

“Isn’t it cute? A traitor is helping the enemies.” Carlos’ voice rang out along with another gunshot firing. I threw myself down to cover, avoiding the bullet by a hair.

“Stay down.” Michael put a hand on my back to keep me down as he aimed after Carlos who was coming back. Michael fired after him, forcing him to cover away from us.

“Fuck!” Michael groaned and slumped to the ground in pain.

“Don’t make it worse for yourself! Are you hurt anywhere

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Ugly Bitch(1)

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else?” I scanned his body for other injuries but it was difficult to make out since he was also wearing a bulletproof vest underneath.

“Just a few cracked ribs. The drugs have worn off.” He panted out with a strained voice before more shots were fired.

“You’re not getting out of here! You’re all dead!” Carlos laughed, having me grit my teeth.

“Help Michael while I distract that little bitch.” Cara said and got ready to move

.

“Wait, take my gun with you.” I patted myself, realizing I didn’t have it on me.

“Shit!” My eyes widened in a panic. I searched around for it on the floor and I found it. The only problem was, it had slipped to the other side after being pushed to the ground. I reached up to my earpiece to call for any backup.

But it was gone.

“It’s okay, I got it.” Cara showed she had a gun

“Are you sure you want to do this?” I asked worriedly. I didn’t want anything to happen to her but with Michael unable to move and no one to call for help, we had to try.

“No! You’re not doing it.” Michael growled out in pain. We ignored him as we continued to look at each other. She gave me a firm look, convincing me she could do this.

“I’ve hated that ugly bitch from day one. I want to shoot those two hairs on his head.” Cara looked over in the direction of Carlos with disgust on her face.

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“Okay. Try and keep him away from here while I help Michael.”

“Cara, no!” Michael growled out and even tried to get up to stop but it was already too late as she got going.

“Shut up, you’re not in charge anymore.” I told him and had him lay still so I could figure out what I was dealing with while I went back to put pressure on his leg.

“Are you hurt anywhere else?”

“It doesn’t matter. Just leave me and save yourself. I’m a dead man either way.”

“I’m not leaving you here.” I glared at him. I knew it was the pain that was talking for him.

“There is not much time... You and Cara have to get out of here before it’s too late. This place is about to blow up.” I thought my heart couldn’t beat any faster, but it did at the information. I took a quick, deep breath and focused.

“Then I better get you out of here.” I grabbed the hem of his s

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Ugly Bitch(2)

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“Stop talking as if you’re about to die. We’re getting out of here and we’ll be fine. I am done losing people I care about. Your words hurt me, yes. Even more, because I was such a mess at the time. You can’t control who you love, and I know that very well because look who I’m with.” I chuckled lightly, and he even let out a small smile through his pain.

“I also know how miserable life can be when you think you have no one. But you still have me. Us. We’re still your family. What happened in the past is forgotten and forgiven.” I said and continued to tear off a piece of his shirt to bandage his leg. Michael put a hand on top my mine to stop me.

“If only I knew what was going on, I would have done everything I could to stop it.”

“I know.” I believed him. Gaetano was the piece of shit who deserved to rot. Not Michael.

“I don’t deserve it. Go and save yourselves.” He was panting more and his voice was strained.

“Yeah, no.” I smacked away his hand and bandaged his leg. He clenched his jaw when I tied it tightly around his leg, making sure there was enough pressure.

“I kind of have a reputation of caring more about others than myself.” I smiled and gave his hand a small squeeze.

“Can you help me loosen up the vest? I can hardly breathe and it’s pressing against my ribs.” I quickly fixed it and he let out a small breath of relief.

I stilled, frozen in place and Michael mirrored my expression. Everything was quiet. The shouting and gunshots that had been in the background, ceased. Michael tried to get up but I

stopped him and put a finger to my lips to tell him to stay silent. As quietly as I could, I crawled to see what was going on. My arms were trembling and everything in me was

praying Cara was okay.

Swallowing hard, I sat with my back pressed against the machine and slowly peeked out. I gasped at the sight and a shot was fired. I jerked back, landing on my side to cover. But I was too late as I cried out in pain, holding my bloodied arm.

“Thaia!” Michael reached out to me.

“I’m fine, I’m fine.” I clenched my jaw in pain. I looked down at my arm, removing my shaking hand to see too much blood gushing out. It was burning in pain and the skin was open, but

no bullet was stuck.

“I – Fuck! He has Cara!” I wheezed out. Michael was outraged and somehow managed to get on his feet with his gun ready.

But he didn’t fire.

Instead, I screamed after Michael when he violently jolted backward and landed on his back. I rushed to him but let out a breath of relief when I saw he would be okay. If he weren’t wearing a vest, he would have a bullet in his chest now.

Carlos’ laugh boomed out.

“There is that scream. I’ve wanted to hear it ever since I saw the video of you screaming after your mommy.” He taunted. I stopped breathing.

“What..?” I breathed out.

“I watched it all. How everything happened. I made them

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record you so I wouldn’t miss out. The way you cried and screamed after your mommy made me horny.” My heart was pounding, and my breathing changed, shaking as he

continued to laugh. My eyes burned with unshed tears. They videotaped my mother's death as if it was some kind of entertainment?

"Your reaction was praiseworthy. Screaming, crying, and shouting before going numb. That shit went straight to my cock. It had me almost jerking off to it."

"You're sick... You're fucking sick!" I screamed but it only humored him some more.

"It's a shame they didn't get to you. I wanted them to cut you open. To cut out that disgusting thing that was growing in your belly." I felt time stopped. Everything stopped moving. I wasn't even breathing anymore as everything shut down. within me.

The pain, the anger, the sadness, the shame I felt when my baby got ripped away from me. How I was left with only a picture of a painful memory. A constant reminder of how powerless and shattered I was when I couldn't protect my own baby.

"Disgusting...?" My voice was shaking.

Shaking in anger.

"Did you just call my baby disgusting?" I didn't know what was happening to me as I let out a laugh. Humorless, dark and cold.

I couldn't hear anything.

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I couldn't feel anything.

I grabbed the gun, my hand tightening around it.

"I'm fucking killing that ugly bitch."

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Post Views: 8

? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

Althaia

I ran as I shot after him, but I was too far away to hit him. Everything Damiano taught me about being steady and focused went straight down the drain. My heart was pounding and I was shaking. Shaking so much in rage that all I could think of was how desperately I wanted to get my hands on him and see the life painfully disappear from his eyes.

Disgusting?

The word kept echoing in my mind. Over and over again.

I kept moving, running as fast as I could, taking cover wherever possible as I kept shooting in his direction. Carlos was desperate to land a shot on me. So much he, too, was unsteady and unfocused while I moved in between the concrete pillars to get closer to him. No matter what, I knew I wouldn't be able to hit him. My aim wasn't good enough but I wasn't aiming to hit him.

Just yet.

He still had Cara, and I couldn't risk accidentally shooting her. Instead, I was trying for him to empty his gun while I got closer. And at this moment, I was fucking thankful Damiano had made me run at every practice.

"Shit!" Carlos cursed out. I let out a slight smirk when I heard him pull the trigger on the now-empty gun.

My turn!

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I stepped out from behind the pillar, the gun ready in my hand, and aimed for Carlos. My finger rested on the trigger, about to shoot but stopped when he used Cara as a shield to protect himself.

“Let her go, you ugly bitch!” Cara was trying to get out of his grip but stilled when he pressed a knife against her throat.

“Can’t. For once, she is actually useful.” Carlos smiled cunningly.

“You piece of shit!” I sneered and stepped closer.

“Ah, ah, ah! Don’t come any closer. Unless you want to watch me slit her thro at open.” He laughed and Cara winced when he slowly made a cut on her throat.

“Let her go!” I screamed, and my hands started to shake as I held the gun, wanting so desperately to shoot after him. But I couldn’t.

“Thaia, go... Get out of here while you still can.” Cara pleaded and I shook my head.

“I’m not leaving you. Not again.” I had already failed her so many times. I couldn’t let it happen again.

Over my fucking dead body.

“It’s okay, Thaia. I wasn’t meant to live long anyway.” She smiled sadly while I vigorously shook my head.

“Can you stop being suicidal for just a damn minute, and let me help you?!” I yelled, trying not to cry while thinking of how to get her out of this situation.

“How sad... I would even shed a tear if I actually gave a shit

“If you really want her to live, I’m willing to do a trade. I will let her go if you come with me.” His sinister smile returned.

“Althaia, no!”

“Shut the fuck up, bitch!” Carlos his and pressed the knife against her neck, blood slowly trailing down as he cut into her skin.

“Stop it!” My breathing was loud with my mind was racing with every possible scenario. But the reality was, I had no choice if I wanted my loved ones to live.

They have gone through so much already because of me.

They have lost people they care about because of me.

“I will go with you. Just let her go.” It was the only right choice.

“Excellent. I’m sure our dad will be very pleased about that.” I glared at him. There was nothing more I wanted to do than wipe his disgusting smirk away.

“Althaia, don’t do it, and just get out of here!” Cara desperately shouted to me.

“It’s okay, Cara. I just want you to be free.” I gave her a reassuring smile. I watched tears glisten in her eyes

Chapter 260

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? Views, Released on February 11, 2024

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Goodbye(2)

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“...Cara...” I whispered, shock resonating in me. She looked at me, with tears that escaped as her body trembled before falling to the ground.

“Cara!” I shouted at the top of my lungs, running to her side.

“You’re coming with me!” Carlós grabbed me and pushed me away before I could get to her. I landed on the ground but got on my hands and knees to crawl to her with tears already blurring my sight.

“Please, no!” I cried after her, almost reaching her when I got yanked up by my hair. My scalp was burning but I couldn’t care about it as I numbly tried to push Carlos away to get to Cara.

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry...” I kept sobbing to her.

"It's okay... You did what you could." Cara smiled as tears ran down her face. I watched her slowly close her eyes, making me scream after her.

"Cara, no! Stay awake, please stay awake!"

"Get the fuck going!" Carlos dragged me away from her.

"If you don't fucking listen, I will slit her throat and then yours." He hissed, holding the knife against my neck before roughly pushing me in front of him.

I glanced back at Cara with tears covering my face as he kept pushing me forward to the metal walkway. Carlos was close behind me and I could feel the knife against my back to have me going. I silently cried as I slowly walked toward the exit.

It was all happening all over again.

My mother and then Cara. I tried to repress my sobs as I

thought about how fucking useless I was. What was the point of all the training if I couldn't even use it? I was powerless and worthless. I couldn't even protect my loved ones. And once again, they were dying in front of me

I looked down at my feet, wishing I was put out of my misery as my heart ached. Aching for every single one I had lost in my life.

I blinked the tears away a few times when I realized the knife was still tucked into my vest. I stopped walking.

"Hey! Keep going, Russian whore!" I shook my head.

"Fuck no!" I grabbed my knife and ducked as whirled around fast, blocking his arm the knife as I struck at him from below. Again and again, sadness and rage overwhelmed me. I was done being so fucking weak. And I would rather die knowing I at least tried fighting for my loved ones.

I watched the way my knife slid across his face. Carlos stumbled back into the safety railing as he clutched his face.

"You fucking bitch!" He screamed.

"Oh, shut up already." I lunged after, ducking again before he could grab me, and kicked the back of his leg. Carlos landed harshly on the grating and I

instantly got on top of him to keep him down. I held my knife tightly, raising it high above my head with adrenaline pumping like crazy in me.

I was ready to end his life once and for all.

I plunged the knife down, aiming for his throat.

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Only for Carlos to block it and hit me on the side of the neck, hard. I dropped the knife as I choked and became dizzy, losing focus on what was going on. He shoved me away from him and I forced myself to cough to catch a breath to fill my lungs.

But it was short-lived.

Carlos got on top of me and wrapped his arms around my throat, choking me.

“You really do make everything so fucking difficult.” He hissed. I thrashed around, using my entire body to try and shake him off, but he was too heavy.

“I wasn’t planning on killing you yet, but what you just did, you deserve to fucking die! Sleep tight, sister!” I was gagging and my airway was almost entirely cut off. He added more pressure and I knew it was almost over for me.

I tried to move my head to the side to buy myself some time, to notice we were on the edge of the walkway. And with one hard push, we would both fall out of the wide safety railing.

We were at least twenty feet up. Enough for the fall to be fatal.

“Then you’re dying with me.” I choked out. I mustered every single strength I had, using my legs to help me and we both rolled over the edge.

I cried out in pain when I gripped the edge. It felt like my fingers were on the verge of being sliced off. My body was swaying twenty feet up in the air, and I was panting, struggling to hold on as I was too heavy.

I looked down and my heart went to my throat at how high I

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Goodbye(2)

was. My life depended on the strength in my arms, which were practically nonexistent since I had prioritized eating food over trying to be physically stronger.

288 Vouchers

“Let go of me, Carlos!” I shouted. He was holding onto my legs, adding more weight when I was barely able to handle my own. I could feel the sweat drip down my face as I panted, literally holding on for dear life with an ugly bitch hanging

onto me.

“You crazy bitch! If I’m going down, you’re coming with me!”

“Fuck you! You’re the reason we’re in this situation in the first place! I would rather kill myself than die with you!” I tried to kick him off but he was holding tightly onto me. I had to be careful with how much I was moving if I didn’t want to lose too much of my grip.

“I will take you with me!” The bastard started to jerk around, having me gasp as my hold loosened on the edge of the platform.

“Carlos, stop!” I pleaded and gritted my teeth. My arms were burning and I knew they would give up soon. I would be

falling for God knows how long until I hit the ground. My spine would be fractured and my skull would be split open, spilling my brain mass everywhere.

It would be one gruesome death.

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