

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 26

Posted by

By

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Althaia

"I gave birth to you! I suffered for hours for you to come out of my vagina!" My mom yelled at me through the phone.

"Mom – "

"You're my only child and you have forgotten all about me!" She said dramatically.

"Mo – "

"I let you go out for a little, and now look at you, not coming back to spend time with your mother."

"Mamá!" I said frustrated, finally getting a word in. I was not in the mood to deal with this as I was already dealing with bad period cramps. I was on the bed, talking to my mother on the phone. Actually, she was doing most of the talking... Well, I take that back. She was yelling at me because apparently, she had decided in her mind that I have forgotten her.

"Mamá, I literally send you text messages every other day. Besides, I did text you yesterday that I will be home soon to spend some time with you before the wedding." I sighed, finally able to explain myself.

"I'm your mother, I deserve more than text messages every other day! And you did not text me that." She continued to scold me, making me roll my eyes a little at her. It was a good thing she couldn't see me, or she would have pulled out the wooden spoon.

"I have been busy. I've been helping Cara with her endless list of things that needs to be done. And yes, I did. Check your 36 D messages." I was really not in the mood to be yelled at. Especially being on my period with really insane cramps and back pains. It was either to suffer every month or get pregnant, making it so wonderful to be a woman. Men had it too easy.

F*ck men.

"Don't lie to me – oh, I see you did text me. My bad, honey." My mother said with a little laugh, making me let out an annoyed sigh.

"Couldn't you at least have double-checked before being so dramatic and yelling my ear off?" I scowled.

"No, sorry honey. G*d created me this way, deal with it." I shook my head but chuckled a little anyways. She was truly a one-of-a-kind woman.

"I promise I will be back soon, okay? I love you."

“I love you too, honey. Feel better.”

I hung up the phone and groaned as a painful cramp appeared. This was my third day in bed, and I have been giving people hell with my mood swings. And poor Rafaella... I yelled at him for breathing too loud. I haven't seen him ever since that episode and he was probably staying away from me after that. I actually haven't seen anyone the whole day, the manor was quiet so there was probably no one home.

As if suffering wasn't enough, I was also craving everything. I wanted every disgusting junk food there existed and chocolate cakes. The only problem was I couldn't move out of bed to get any of those things, and I had to lie in a freaking fetal position.

I had been watching Modern Family on my laptop for hours now. The only show I could watch on repeat and no matter how many

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times I had watched this show, it always cracked me up. It was especially helpful with my mood.

But I was still bored.

I grabbed my phone and scrolled through social media for the hundredth time in the past five minutes. I couldn't really do much, and I was also hungry but there was no way I was going down to the kitchen to cook something for myself. Sadly, for me, Rosana had gotten a few days off and wouldn't be here until the next two days.

My finger hovered over the number I had been contemplating calling. I didn't know why, but I was eager to hear his voice. I haven't seen him since our little moment in the kitchen. The way his hands had roamed my body and his hot breath against me had me feeling all sorts of things now. and these hormones were not helping me one bit as I thought of Damiano. As if it wasn't bad enough that I wanted him badly, but now my hormones were all over the place and made it even more unbearable.

Screw it. I was going to call him.

“Althaia.” He immediately said after the first ring. I inwardly groaned with frustration at how his deep voice went straight down between my legs.

“Do you always pick up calls like this? It sounds so serious.” I chuckled, distracting myself from the dirty thoughts that had appeared.

“It gets to the point.”

“I see. What are you doing?” I asked, not really trying to hide that I just wanted to talk. He was quiet for a bit before he spoke.

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“Taking care of business.” He finally said, and as always, he would never tell me anything specific.

“So, what does that exactly mean? Like killing people, torturing them, or just plain paperwork...?” I wondered out loud, secretly hoping to get an answer.

“If I tell you, then I have to kill you.” He sounded serious but I could imagine him smirking as he said that.

“Right, message received.” No one said anything as I heard him moving around before hearing a door closing.

“Are you feeling better?” His tone was soft, which had me smile a little.

“No, I feel like s*it and I’m craving everything... How did you know?” I raised my brows in surprise. It was not like I had told him I was on my period.

“I may have gotten a complaint about you.” He replied, amused.

“About me?”

“Yes.”

“Why?” I asked confused.

“Rafaelle said you were being a psychopath.” He chuckled a little and I dropped my jaw in shock.

“He what...? He should try to bleed for f*cking days, and have cramps and back pains. Let’s see who’s a psychopath then!” I huffed and he just continued to chuckle at me.

“Watch it before you come on my ‘who to beat up’ list.” My brows pinched in seriousness.

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“Oh, really?” He was amused and I could definitely imagine him leaning back in his big boss chair as he said that.

“Yes. I’m strong, I could totally beat you up.” It was the biggest lie. He could crush me with his pinky if he wanted to.

“You do realize I’m twice your size? You barely reach my chest.”

“Tsk! As if that can stop me. I can just jump to get you.” I stated confidently

“Hmm, I know exactly where you can jump on.” His voice went low, and it went straight down between my legs, a steady pulse appeared, and my entire body fluttered the way he had said it.

“I – I ...” I couldn’t form a sentence and it was like my body was on fire.

“Althaia.”

“Yeah?” My voice was barely audible. He wasn’t even here, and he could make me feel like that. Only The Devil’s work.

“I have to go.” It almost sounded like a sigh.

“Oh, okay.” I was a little disappointed, but I knew he was a busy man.

“Try not to miss me too much.” I could hear the smugness in his tone before

he hung up. I tossed my phone aside and groaned in frustration at the state he managed to leave me in.

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I stretched as I woke from a well-needed nap. I had to take a shower after my phone call with Damiano to take care of my crazy hormones. Then after I just felt drained of energy and passed out

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as soon as I hit the bed.

My stomach started to growl when the delicious smell of food filled my nose. I took in a big whiff and sat up. My eyes widened at the amount of food that had been placed on the coffee table. I got up and saw everything that I had been craving was laid out in front of me. It was enough to feed a small group of people.

Happy with the sight in front of me, I wasted no time and opened the pizza box, a cheese pizza with extra cheese. Just how I liked it!

It was still hot. Did someone just deliver the food? I must have been really tired since I didn't hear anyone walk in and set it all up. Either way, I was too happy and too hungry to actually care about it. As I sat down and ate, I noticed a small black box in the middle of all the food. Curious, reached for it and opened the box.

"Wow..." I breathed out, stunned. Inside the box were two gold round stud earrings. They had one large diamond in the middle followed by small diamonds around. They were breathtaking!

A note was attached to it and a wave of butterflies erupted as I read the neat and cursive handwriting on the note. A smile appeared on my lips.

For you, my Althaia.

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He must have gone crazy... These were real diamonds! There was no way I could accept that! I continued to look at them, seeing just how shiny they were. I liked shiny things, and it was a weakness of mine, but these must have cost a fortune just by looking at the number of diamonds in them. I decided it was something I couldn't accept.

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I got up and grabbed my phone from the bed and I sent him a text message.

Althaia

Thank you, but I can't accept them.

A few minutes went by, and my phone vibrated.

Damiano

You don't like them?

Althaia

Are you kidding me...? They are gorgeous!

Damiano

Then keep them. They are yours.

I sighed and bit my lip as I looked at the earrings. Was it really okay for me to accept such an expensive gift? I took the box and ran my fingers over them.

They were so beautiful. Maybe I should try them on, just to see what they would look like...

I put them on and looked at them through the camera of my phone, and I fell even more in love with them. I took a selfie with my hair tucked behind my ears to show the earrings and sent him the picture.

Althaia

They're stunning. Thank you.

Damiano

Beautiful. You're welcome.

I smiled down at the message, my cheeks heating a little at the word.

The things he was doing to me.

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The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 27

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Althaia

“So, why exactly can't Michael come and get me?” I asked again. I was in Damiano's office, trying to knock some sense into that thick head of his.

“I don't like him.” He replied curtly and he continued to look through some papers that were scattered around on his desk.

“Well, I do!” His eyes snapped to mine, giving me a firm look. I rolled my eyes at him.

“Antonio will drive you.” He said as a final order.

“Why do you want to trouble the poor man by going back and forth? I'm just going to my dad's and spending time with him. before I leave for home in a few days.” I had made myself comfortable on his desk, watching him go over a list of numbers. The list was so long with an endless number, it made my eyes hurt.

“He will be staying with you. For protection.”

“That's dumb... Protect me from what? My own father?” He sighed and put down the papers to look at me.

"I won't be able to be there with you as I have to take care of something. Antonio with you will give me one less thing to worry about." Damiano explained. Now, I kind of felt bad when he said that. I liked that he was worried about me but he was still being ridiculous. I was pretty sure Michael was more than capable to give me a ride safely.

"Fine ... Where is he then? I want to go now." I gave in.

"Outside, waiting. I'll walk you out."

We walked out to the huge driveway, and sure enough, Antonio was there next to the car, waiting for me. He looked like the type of man you would see on a fashion runway with his dark, dirty blonde hair, blue eyes, and short beard. He wore a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up and a pair of casual jeans.

Antonio gave a firm nod when we approached him, and he opened the backseat door for me. Before I could even get in, Damiano wrapped his arm around my waist and pressed his lips to mine. It was a long, sweet kiss that had me melting completely in his arms.

"Behave." He told me when he pulled away.

"I always do." I grinned. I suddenly realized he had kissed me in front of Antonio, having me feel a little shy about it. But Antonio didn't seem to mind as he walked around the SUV and got in the driver's seat. I stole another kiss from Damiano before saying bye.

We had been driving for a while now and neither of us was talking. The radio was playing softly in the background and now I just felt kind of awkward just sitting in silence.

"So, Antonio..." I started. I didn't really know what to say to him but maybe I could get to know him a little better. They were all so dark and mysterious and always wore blank expressions.

He looked at me through the rearview mirror, and my mind went blank. All of a sudden I didn't know how to make a small conversation.

"Uh, I'm sorry for troubling you like this. I'm sure you had other things to take care of." I gave him a small apologetic smile.

"It's fine." One cold, curt answer. I sighed quietly to myself. I guess none of these men were really a fan of any type of conversation.

"How long have you been working for Damiano?" I tried again. I knew it was a long shot with this question, but I guessed I preferred awkward conversation instead of silence. Then he went silent, and I thought he wouldn't answer me.

"Since day one. We grew up together." I nodded. It made sense. then why he was one of Damiano's most trusted men. Well, I just assumed he was because wherever Damiano went, he was right there with him.

"I see... Do you have any family?"

"Why the sudden interest?" I got taken aback by his tone.

"I'm just making conversation. They are fairly normal questions to ask when you want to get to know someone."

"Look, I'm just doing my part of the job. I would rather not have you ask me questions." Da*n, what crawled up in his butt today? I didn't say anything back and just stayed silent. I would rather not pi*s him off some more. What if something did happen and he just let me die because I annoyed him? I didn't want to take that chance...

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I had never been happier in my life when we drove into the familiar driveway of my father's mansion. It was one really long ride and it felt like decades after my failed attempt to make conversation. I caught sight of Michael, who was standing near his car, talking to

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one of my father's men. I got excited and jumped out of the car the minute Antonio came to a stop.

"Michael!" I squealed as I ran up to him.

"Thaia!" His face brightened up when he saw me. I jumped up to him, wrapping my arms around his neck and he held onto me, spinning us around and making me laugh in the process.

"S*it, did you get shorter?" He put me down to my feet and put a hand on top of my head to measure.

"F*ck off. I'm wearing sneakers today, you bully." I playfully smacked his hand away from me.

"You've been missed. It's boring without you guys here." He pulled me into a tight hug again.

"I've missed you too! At least we can spend some time together now. I'm leaving back to mom's in a few days and thought I would hang out with you guys for a bit."

"Sure thing." Michael looked behind me and saw Antonio leaning against the car, watching us.

"What is he doing here?"

"Just making sure I get back and forth safe." I shrugged.

"Where's dad?"

"In his office. I'll come with you." He wrapped his arm around my waist and led me upstairs. I took a quick glance at Antonio to see if he would be okay. He was already looking our way, glaring at Michael's arm around me.

"My beautiful figlia!" My father said excitedly as we entered his

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office.

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“Hi, papá.” I gave him a kiss on his cheek and hugged him. My smile disappeared when I looked at the dark circles under his eyes.

“Are you not getting sleep?” I frowned in worry.

“Don’t you worry about me. I have just been working a lot lately.” He gave me a dismissive wave and sat back behind his desk.

“You have to be careful, papá. Don’t work too hard. You can have Michael do the hard work.”

“Hey!” Michael protested and I stuck my tongue out at him.

“How’s the wedding preparations?” My father asked.

“Good! It’s going to be so beautiful. Cara has been killing me with all of her demands, so it’s nice to be away a little.” I chuckled.

“Good, good.” He nodded and shared a quick Michael. Before I could ask if there was something wrong, the phone rang. My father picked up the phone and I turned to Michael.

“I thought we could all go out somewhere. The weather’s nice so why not enjoy it.”

“As long as there is food, I’m down with whatever.” I seconded it. If there is one thing we both shared, it was our love for food. I turned to look at my father when he hung up the phone and got up from his office chair.

“Sorry, figlia. Something came up that needs my presence.”

“Oh...” I tried not to look too disappointed but failed as he embraced me.

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“I promise I will make it up to you when you come back, okay?” | gave him a small nod and he kissed the top of my head and left.

“Looks like it’s just the two of us, Michael. What do you want to do?” Michael had an exaggerated thinking face with his index finger and thumb on his chin. Then he snapped his fingers as an idea popped into his head.

“I know exactly where to go! You will love it there.”

“Uh, where?” I asked excitedly.

“It’s a surprise.” He snickered.

“I hate you.” I groaned. I loved surprises if I didn’t know about them, but to tell me it was a surprise was something my curiosity couldn’t handle. And he knew that.

“So, can I drive your car?” I tried asking him again when I spotted his Aston Martin.

“No.” He let out a scoff.

“Come on, Michael! Let me just try it this once, and I promise I won’t ever ask you again!” I put my hands together and gave him my best puppy eyes. He looked at me for a while, a small crease appearing between his brows before he sighed.

“... Fine. But only this time!” He looked at me firmly to make it clear. My eyes widened as I couldn’t believe he actually said yes.

“Oh my G*d, I love you!” I gave him one big, tight hug before I ran to the driver’s seat. I stopped when Antonio made his way to me.

“Oh, Antonio, we are just going for a ride, and maybe grab something to eat.” I smiled. He looked at us as if trying to figure out something.

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“No. You’re driving with me.”

“You don’t get it. I’m finally allowed to drive his car.” I tried to tell him how big of a deal it was.

“I don’t care. You’re driving with me.”

“Don’t tell her what to do.” Michael got up in his face. My heart started to beat faster at the sight of Antonio’s darkened expression.

“And what are you going to do about it?” He stepped closer to Michael, daring him to challenge him.

“Michael, don’t...” I grabbed his arm and tried to pull him back. I was afraid they were going to try and kill each other. And how exactly do you stop a fight like that?

“Please Antonio, you can just follow us in your car.” I suggested. I had to separate these two quickly. He stared at Michael for a little longer before he turned around to his car. I breathed out a sigh of relief.

“Come on, let’s go and have fun!” I tried to lighten the mood.

The minute I sat in the car, Michael had an extreme laughing fit. He was laughing so much and kept pointing at my short legs that couldn’t reach the pedals and had to move the seat all the way up.

“Don’t crash, the airbag will kill you.” Michael continued with his lame jokes.

“Shut up before I kick your a*s!”

“Okay... watch out... Easy over there.” I rolled my eyes at him being overly dramatic. It hasn’t even been five minutes, and he was acting as if I was going to crash.

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“I know how to drive.”

“Tsk, you’re a woman.”

“What the hell do you mean by that?” I snapped.

“I just mean that women are not good drivers.” He shrugged.

Oh, no, he f*cking didn’t.

We were at a stoplight, and I got ready to give him a ride he will never forget. I pressed down on the gas a few times, making the car roar beautifully.

“Thaia, what are you doing?” He asked nervously. I gave a slight smirk, waiting for it to turn green as I continued to make the car roar.

“Thaia – ” He screamed as I slammed my foot down, going insanely fast. I weaved in and out of cars while laughing like a crazy person, and loving the thrill it was giving me.

“Slo- slow down!” Michael finally managed to yell. I slowed down and laughed as I looked at him. He was all the way back in his seat, his foot on the dashboard and arms to the side, trying to hold onto something while the color in his face got drained completely-

“That will teach your sexist a*s!”

“You’re crazy!” I just laughed and looked in the rearview mirror.

“S*it, I lost Antonio.”

The Devil’s Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 28

Posted by

By

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Althaia

“Mmhh, this is so good!” I stuffed pieces of meat in my mouth. Michael’s surprise was to take me to a Korean restaurant he came to often, and we were having the best Korean barbecue I had ever had! It was so mouthwatering I couldn’t stop eating. Even the kimchi was so delicious that my plate had been refilled three times already.

“Da*n, it’s like watching live porn with the sounds you’re making.” Michael gave a cheeky smile.

“Why would you even say that?!” I hissed at him. I gave an awkward smile to the table next to us as they heard him make that comment.

“It’s hot though.” He grinned, completely unaware they had heard him.

“Stop it.” I glared and he chuckled as he continued to eat.

“Have you ever tried Soju Bomb?”

“I’m ashamed to say that’s the only thing I haven’t tried yet.”

“Let’s get one right now.” I stopped cutting the meat as I looked at him confused.

“Did you forget you’re driving?” After that little stunt of mine, I wasn’t allowed to drive his car anymore. Actually, he said he would never get in a car with me if I was the one driving.

He was such a big baby.

“One won’t affect me. Besides we’re not going back right away. I know another place to get dessert, so it’ll be fine, trust me.” I agreed and Michael waved over one of the owners. Her name was Ji-*o, a small, cute older lady

who placed the items for the Soju Bomb. This was a family-owned restaurant, and they were crazy about Michael and had practically adopted him.

“Gamsahamnida.” She looked at me a bit startled when I thanked her.

“You speak Korean?” She asked in Korean.

“Just a little, I’m still learning.” I replied with a smile.

“Ah, what do you mean just a little? You speak Korean well!” Ji-*o turned to look at Michael with a twi*kle in her eyes.

“Michael, such a pretty girlfriend speaks Korean well! I approve.” She winked with a thumbs-up and just walked away before either of us could say anything.

“Guess I’m your girlfriend for the day.” I chuckled, switching back to English.

“Does that mean I can take you home with me too?” Michael wiggled his brows.

“You wish! Shut up and let’s do this.” I reached for the glasses and poured the beer into a pint glass and the soju into a shot glass. I grabbed the two chopsticks and put them on top of the pint glass. and placed the shot on top of them.

“Are you ready?” He asked and I gave an excited nod.

“1...2...3...Soju Bomb!” We yelled together and slammed our hands. down on the table on either side of the glass, making the shot drop down into the beer, and we quickly downed it in one go.

“Hell yeah!” Michael yelled as he finished his glass.

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We went for a walk after we ate, which was well-needed after all the food we had consumed. I was glad I was off my period so I wouldn’t be extra bloated, but still, I had to unbutton my jeans at one point to make more room. It was a bad idea as I was so full it actually hurt. But it was totally worth it.

Michael didn’t disappoint me when he took me to get dessert. We got the most delicious chapssaltteok with chocolate and fresh strawberries inside. I could literally die of happiness right now as I continued to stuff my face.

We laughed and joked, completely losing track of time. I noticed. the sun was setting, and I grabbed my phone to see what time it was. My heart dropped as I saw the 28 missed calls.

From Damiano

S*it!

“Michael, it’s getting late. We should get going now.” We made it to his car, and I bit down on my lip in nervousness. I made Michael drive a little faster back to the mansion as I had totally forgotten about Antonio, and Damiano was most likely pi*sed now. I didn’t dare to call him back now and thought I would just talk to him when I got back to his place.

We pulled into the driveway, and my heart stopped a little at the sight of

Damiano standing by the stairs. He was smoking a cigarette, his eyes following the car. I couldn't figure out if he was pi*sed or not because his face showed absolutely nothing. Beside

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him stood Antonio, and he didn't bother to mask his annoyance.

I gulped as I didn't know what was awaiting me.

I felt like I was in trouble...

I got out at the same time my father walked down the stairs. He exchanged some words with Damiano and shook hands with him.

"Althaia, I'll see you when you come back for the wedding." My father gave me a side hug when I neared him.

"Okay, take care of yourself." I smiled. Damiano walked over to his car and opened the door to the passenger seat, waiting for me.

"See ya, Michael. I had fun." I hugged him and he kissed my temple before he let me go. I walked over to Damiano's car, and his gaze never left me once. I hated that I couldn't tell what he was thinking with his expressionless face.

I jumped a little in the seat when he closed the door a little too harshly. I sunk down, not ready to face his wrath.

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Damiano was silent as we drove. Antonio took off somewhere in his car, so it was only the two of us. I noticed we took a different turn that wouldn't lead to the manor.

"That's not the way back... Where are we going?" I finally broke the silence. He ignored me as he continued to look straightforward. His hands were still clenched around the steering wheel, making his knuckles turn white.

"Look, if it's about Antonio, then I'm sorry." He gave a dark chuckle that sent a chill down my spine.

"You're sorry?" He said darkly.

"Imagine the f*cking phone call I got from Antonio, only for him to say that he lost you."

"I think you're overreacting... I was just hanging out with Mic

"I told you to behave." He growled out.

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"I'm not a da*n child! I can do whatever I want." I snapped. I didn't lose Antonio on purpose and I would have given him a call if I had his number, but then I got distracted by the surprise Michael had in store for me and I forgot all about it.

Damiano didn't say anything as he sped up. He was going so fast that everything was blurring, making the other cars *ok at him as he weaved in and out of them. It made me uneasy as he kept speeding up and I feared we

would crash by how fast we were going.

“Please, slow down... I can’t...” I squeezed my eyes shut and held onto the door. I started to feel nauseated, and I could feel everything I had eaten wanted to come up.

“Ca*zo!” He let out a string of curse words in Italian and he slowed down. He pulled to the side of the road, and I opened the door to get some fresh air, trying my best not to throw up in front of him. I heard him get out of the car and made his way over to me. He crouched down in front of me, putting his hands on my cheeks to look at him.

“Are you okay?” Damiano’s brows pinched together as he looked around my face. I nodded and took a deep breath, already calming down. He sighed and pulled me into him. I closed my eyes and breathed in his scent. He always smelled so good.

“You’re going to drive me crazy.” He kissed the top of my head.

“Deal with it.” I mumbled into his shirt and smiled.

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Althaia

The car coming to a stop woke me up. I had fallen asleep as the ride to wherever he was taking us took a while to get there. I looked out of the window but there wasn’t much to see as it looked like we were in an underground parking lot.

“Where are we?” I asked when he opened the car door. It was a little chilly down here and I shivered. I was only wearing an off-shoulder top that showed a little of my stomach and a pair of jeans, which didn’t provide much warmth.

“You’ll see.” He pulled me into his side, providing me with some of his warmth as we made our way into the elevator.

“We are in a hotel.” I observed when we stepped out and walked down the hall. I could tell this was a private floor as there was only one room here.

“I have an event to attend, and I want you to join me.” I was a little surprised he wanted me to join him for an event. Did that mean we would be sharing a room? My question got answered when we stepped inside the hotel room. We were definitely sharing, and something about it made me feel a little excited.

“So, what kind of event?” I asked and looked around. The room was large and

much fancier than the hotel I had stayed in. Everything was super clean and neat it made me scared to even breathe in case I would dirty the air. I shouldn't have expected anything less. He was after all a man of luxury. "Auction." Damiano replied and went to the mini bar and poured himself a drink. His intense gaze rested on me, and I suddenly felt shy from his attention. Some golden light caught my attention, and I stopped in front of the floor-to-ceiling window that covered the entire side and looked out.

The golden light came from a large lake with sprinklers going high in the air, moving around to a soft rhythm with lights at the bottom.

"It's beautiful." I smiled when hands wrapped around me. He rested his chin on my shoulder, feeling his breath close to my neck before I felt his lips on my skin. My body fluttered at the action, having me lean into him, enjoying the moment and the view. His tongue flicked across a sensitive spot, and I let out a soft moan, closing my eyes.

Damiano made a low sound with the back of his throat, pleased with my reaction to his touch. His hands ventured down, unbuttoning my jeans before sliding down between my legs. I closed my eyes and let out a breath at the pleasure slowly building with the way he was touching me. My body was completely relaxed against him, not caring he was taking his time fingering me in front of the window where everyone could see if they looked up.

It felt too da*n good to give it a single thought.

"Mnhm..." A shudder of pleasure showed when he nibbled my earlobe. Suddenly, he turned me around and lifted me to have my legs wrapped around him and arms around his neck. My back was pressed against the window, and for a second, I was scared we might fall out. The thought quickly left my mind with the way he was looking at me before leaning in closer until our lips connected.

It started slow and sweet until he bit my lip to gain access and deepened the kiss. I pressed my lover half into him, feeling his

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already hard length and making him grunt in response when slowly moving against him.

I felt him move until my back hit the soft mattress of the bed, never breaking our passionate kiss. I pulled slightly away to get some air and looked at Damiano. His beautiful golden-brown eyes turned a shade darker as he looked at me lustfully.

His hands worked to get me undressed, leaving me in my bra and jeans. I wasted no time and pulled his shirt off, my hands trailing down his impressive, tattooed body and feeling his hard, defined. abs. The rest of my clothes got tossed to the side, leaving me completely naked and laid out for him. Damiano took his time drinking in my body, and my cheeks started to feel warm at the

intensity of his look.

“Beautiful...” His hands slid down my thighs, palm on each knee, and gently move them apart. My breathing was already, and my heart beating faster in excitement.

“F*ck.” His eyes snapped to mine with a subtle smirk before he went down.

“G*d...” I breathed out when I felt his warm tongue on me. My eyes rolled to the back of my head at the way he was working his tongue on me. I gripped the sheets, and my back arched when he inserted a finger. That pleasurable sensation was building faster than I had ever experienced in the pit of my stomach. Damiano had a firm grip on my hips, holding me down when my hips went up.

I was so close. I could feel it.

Damiano went faster, his tongue working deliciously on my cl*t. I looked down to where he was resting between my legs, only to see his gaze was already resting on me. There was something so erotic about the sight, making me moan, moving me closer to the

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edge, and having my legs tremble.

I fell back down on the bed, the explosive feeling of the climax taking over my body and having me cry out in pleasure. My entire body continued to tremble as he still held me down and continued to work with his tongue.

Damiano pulled away, giving me a chance to get to my senses. He licked his lips while taking off the last piece of clothing he had on. My eyes slid down his body, my eyes widening a little at the size of his length. I had been with guys before, but it was nothing like his size.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from it as he rolled on a condom. When I finally met his eyes, he had a slightly amused look, and I gave a small, innocent smile as if I hadn't just gawked.

Resuming his position between my legs and rested his arms on either side of my head before I felt him slowly teasing me at my entrance, sliding up and down my wet slit. Just as I was about to make a frustrated sound, he entered me, hard, stretching my walls with his thick length.

“F*cking hell!” He grunted and continued to thrust into me at a fast pace and making me moan loudly. Damiano leaned back, took hold of my hips, and went even faster and harder. The room was filled with our moans and the sound of our skin slapping against each other.

A finger found its way to my c*it, having me close my eyes at the intense pleasure building as he continued to pump inside of me. The tension in my stomach built up more and more, and it took me no time to reach the very intense climax that erupted through my body, making me cry out and my body trembling in immense pleasure.

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Damiano slowed down before coming to a stop to let me catch my breath.

“Don’t think it’s over yet.” My eyes snapped open to look at him in shock.

“Wait, you didn’t...?”

“I’m planning on f*cking you all night.” I let out a small squeal when he flipped me onto my stomach, grabbed my hips to pull me up, and slapped my a*s before filling me up again.

The Devil’s Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 30

Posted by

By

» The Devil’s Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 30

Althaia

I woke up from my deep slumber, stretching and feeling just how sore my body was. It was the best sleep I have ever had in my life, and it was most likely due to all the sex. Damiano really meant it when he said it wasn’t over yet. At some point, we had fallen asleep but he had woken me up during the night for yet another round. I wasn’t complaining, he definitely knew what he was doing and made me realize just how flexible I could be.

I looked to where Damiano was sleeping but was met with an empty space. When I heard the shower was running, I got up and made my way toward the half-open door. The soreness between my legs was going to be a reminder for a while of how rough he had been with me.

Damiano was standing under the shower with his back facing me. A satisfied smile appeared on my lips at the sight of scratch marks I had left on his back. I wrapped my arms around him when I stepped inside and he pulled me around to face him. He looked at me with a lazy smile before tilting my chin up to meet his lips.

“Morning, beautiful.” His voice was deeper and husky from sleep, which sent a delightful fluttery feeling.

“Morning.” I smiled shyly when he called me that. He pressed me close into him, and I let out a blissful sigh as the hot water was helping my sore body. Damiano buried his face into my neck, plastering small kisses around while his hands roamed my body in a way that made my body immediately react to him.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and played with the nape of his hair. His hands trailed down my body, rested them on my a*s, and lifted me to him. I wrapped my legs around him when my back hit the cold tiles.

“Are you trying not to make me walk?” I chuckled when I felt his hard length teasing against my entrance.

“Maybe... Then I would know you would stay put.” He touched me in ways that immediately sent a steady pulse between my legs. I let out a soft moan as he entered me, making me throw my head back as he continued to attack my neck. Luckily, he wasn’t as rough as he had been during the night because I couldn’t handle that type of pounding right now.

He moved at a pace I could follow, and I even moved my hips a little against him, making him groan in pleasure as he kept thrusting in me. I tightened my hold around him, resting my head on his shoulder when I reached my climax. Damiano followed right after, pulling out before he reached his peak.

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“I’ve slept a lot but I still feel like sleeping. But I’m also hungry.” I complained and laid back on the bed. Damiano stood at the end of the bed in nothing but a towel that hung dangerously low on his hips. He was a delicious hot sight right now and so muscular it was insane.

“Hmm, we could stay in and do something else.” He cocked a brow, gesturing to the bed.

“No, I need a break.” I laughed. I sat up to get dressed but then realized I didn’t have any spare clothes with me.

“Maybe we need to stay in. I didn’t bring anything with me.” I sighed. I could wear the clothes I arrived in but I didn’t have any

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clean underwear with me, and going commando in jeans was not pleasant.

“It’s in the closet.” He slid the closet door open and sure enough, it was filled with clothes. He pulled out a white dress shirt and grey dress pants for himself. I walked up and looked at the many choices that were hanging out for me.

“These are brand new clothes.” I looked through the clothes and the price tags were still on.

“When’s the auction?” I asked. There were too many clothes for it just to be a short trip.

“Tomorrow. I had them fill up with anything you might like as we might stay for a few days.” I raised my brows slightly at the information. Was this his way of a getaway weekend? So far, it was starting out right.

“Wear this.” Damiano chose something from the closet for me to wear. It was a light-colored, off-shoulder mocha dress. It was tight on the top and flowed out from the hips. It was actually a cute dress. I dropped my robe to the floor and put on the dress. Damiano tilted his head to the side as he looked at me.

“Going commando is good for the body.” I grinned.

“Hmm, easier access for me as well.” He half-smirked.

“Have you not had enough?” I asked amused. He grabbed my waist and pulled me closer to him, leaning down to meet my face.

“No. It’s mine now, and I can’t have enough.” His voice went into a low, deep tone that had my body flutter in an insane matter. I cleared my throat and had to look away to control the

overwhelming feeling and to hide my flushing face. But not before. earning a satisfied look from him at my reaction.

“Food now?” I had to step away from him a bit. I couldn’t seem to think when he was this close to me and looking at me the way he just did.

“Whatever you want.”

“So, why are we going to an auction?” I asked and sipped my latte. We found a cute, small restaurant, having a croissant sandwich for breakfast.

“Why do you think people go to auctions.” Damiano was entertained by my question, and I rolled my eyes a little.

“I know why people go to auctions. I’m just curious as to why we are going.” I elaborated.

“See it as a get-together.”

“Like with a bunch of mafia people or normal people?” I realized how it sounded but luckily he was amused by my choice of words.

“It’s a way to show off your power and wealth to others.” He explained, and I raised my brows in surprise.

“So, mafia people. But why do you do that?”

“It’s also another way of forming alliances between families and starting a business. You would only want to have the most powerful by your side.” I was really intrigued by the information he was giving.

It made my heart just beat a little faster as I got reminded of what type of person Damiano really was. I knew what he was capable of. I had seen it with my own two eyes but still, I wasn’t scared of him. A dangerous world I had stepped into, yet I was interested in what could happen.

“But, uh... should I be worried about going with you...?” I asked nervously. One thing was to be around Damiano and his men, but a room filled with skilled killers who couldn’t care less about me was a tiny bit worrying.

Damiano leaned forward, resting his arms on the table, and looked at me with dead serious eyes.

“They have a death wish if they dare to touch you.” He stated firmly. An involuntary shiver ran down my spine at his cold tone.

“How assuring.” I gave a half smile. Truth was, I had no idea what to expect or what kind of people I was going to meet. I just hoped that it wouldn’t go as far as where people would kill each other in the middle of an event. But then again, did these people really give a f*ck about anything? They were, after all,

the biggest criminals to exist.

“Do you need to... I don’t know, carry weapons to such an event?”

“You would be naïve if you didn’t. I always carry at least one weapon anywhere I go.”

“Even now?!” I gasped in a whisper, and my eyes widened a little.

“Even now.”

“Where do you have it?” My eyes trailed down his body to see if I could spot anything. He cocked a brow and leaned back in his seat.

“Why? Are you planning something?”

“Sure, because I have years of experience and I plan on taking you all down. I’m the next Queen, so be aware.” I dramatically flipped my hair back.

Damiano looked at me to the point where he was actually smiling a little.

“Who knows? You might be hiding something. Pretending you have no idea what you’re doing.”

“Sadly, I’m not that interesting. Nor am I skilled to do any of that. The only skill I have involves a pen and paper.” I sighed. I was really boring compared to him.

“You’re more than that. I have seen your work, and you’re very talented.” His golden-brown eyes looked intently at me, and I squinted my eyes.

“And how would you know?”

“I have seen your sketchbook. You have a very creative mind.” My jaw dropped.

“Wait, how much did you see?” He smirked at my reaction.

“All of it.” I blushed as I remembered what I had in my sketchbook.

I always have my sketchbook with me wherever I go because it was my way of relaxing. When I arrived at the manor on the first day, I needed to distract myself because I kept worrying if they had been hurt. I sat outside on the balcony, intending to catch the sunset on paper, but turned out my mind had different plans and I ended up sketching him.

“Of course you have...”