

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 7

Althaia

"Wait What?!" I shrieked.

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"But he said Althaia Volante. That part still doesn't make sense to me. I'm a Celano." This whole situation really didn't make any sense to me. I was supposed to be dead?!

What the actual fuck?

"Celano is a name your mother and I decided for you both to have so people couldn't track you down easily. I never gave you the Volante family name because I want to protect the only daughter I have." My father said firmly.

So, that was what he meant by I was causing trouble... Made sense now. But in all fairness, how was I supposed to know that?

"I couldn't risk you going around and introducing yourself as Volante. Word would spread around, and he'd find you in no time to get what he wants." He sighed and I put my head in my hands as the headache started to increase. This was a lot to take in. I was given so much information and I had a million questions to ask.

"So..." I trailed off, my head still in my hands. "Does that mean I'm in any kind of danger now? Should I be worried?" I faced

my father again, and I was pretty sure I looked like a lost child now. If my father had faked my death then that meant that man was truly dangerous. I knew something was off with him! He was too gorgeous and too sexy to be a normal sane man.

1/5

My father's eyes softened as he looked at me.

"You don't have to worry about anything. This is why Cara is getting married into the family. It's for assurance for both families." I abruptly stood up as he

said that. They were just giving Cara off as if she were some kind of an object?!

“What?! That’s fucked up!” I said in disbelief. This must be one sick joke he was making. It had to be!

“Watch your tongue!” He said sternly and stood up as well.

“You are sending your own niece into the arms of psychopaths!” I erupted in pure anger.

“She knows what she’s getting into, and she happily complied.” No shit. Her father was a complete maniac. Of course, she would do anything to get away from him, even if it meant being with another psychopath. Anyone was better than her own father.

“Does that mean you trust them now since Cara is being married into the family?” I asked once I had calmed down a little.

“No, I don’t trust them one bit. Especially Damiano. He’s The Devil.” He spat out and I just gaped at him.

“Then what is the point of her getting married to one of them?!” My arms dropped to my sides. This was getting ridiculous!

“If he’s the so-called Devil, then why do you send Cara into their arms, huh?” My eyes narrowed as my anger came back with full force.

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288 Vouchers

“Sometimes you have to make sacrifices for the greater good.” He said calmly.

“What greater good? Don’t you even care that they could kill her for all they care?” My headache was a full-on migraine by now. My father just sighed and shook his head.

“Listen, there are things you don’t need to know. This conversation ends here.” He said, leaving no room for discussion.

"This is some bullshit." I mumbled quietly. Or so I thought because my father gave me a harsh look and I quickly shut my mouth. He walked over to me and put a hand on my cheek.

"I don't want to involve you even more in this mess." He said softly as he caressed my cheek. I just nodded at him. There was no point in trying to argue anymore with him... He wasn't going to tell me the details. For now, I didn't know if I should be pissed or grateful for that.

"You still have some explaining to do." I mumbled sourly. He gave me a small smile and looked around at my face.

"You've really become a beautiful young lady. La mia bellissima figlia." I couldn't help the warmth that filled my body as he said that. True, he hasn't been much of a father to me, but a part of me always missed him so much. I wrapped my arms around him and held him tightly without thinking about it.

No matter how much I wanted to be angry at him for not even attempting to be in my life, the little girl in me, who yearned for her father, didn't care at this moment. What counted was that he was right here, in front of me, and not rejecting me as

had feared.

1288 Vouchers

He gave a small chuckle as he wrapped his arms around me and kissed the top of my head. I decided that everything else could wait and just enjoy this small moment with my father. Not exactly the family reunion I had expected but then again, I didn't expect everything else to happen either.

How did life become so messy this fast?

"Awh look at that. A father-daughter reunion." Michael said in an almost cute voice.

"Oh shoot, I forgot you were still here." I laughed as I

unwrapped my arms from my father, and Michael just pouted at me.

“I should find Cara and apologize for ruining her party.” I trailed off as I grimaced a little. I just hoped she wasn’t too mad at me. I turned to face Michael.

“Will you give me a ride back to the hotel? I’m assuming there isn’t much of a party going on right now.”

“Sure thing! I’ll walk with you to find Cara and then drive you back.” He smiled at me.

“You should spend the night here and not in a hotel.” My father said.

“Thanks, but maybe some other time? I feel like my head is about to explode, I just need a little time for myself. Besides, all of my stuff is there.” He offered a modest nod despite his disappointment. The truth was I didn’t feel comfortable enough to spend the night here yet, and I really needed to be alone to digest all of this new information I’d just gotten thrown in my face

4/5

288 Vouchers

gave my goodbyes to my father, and with Michael, we made our way out of the office, now in search of Cara. But I couldn’t help as my mind wandered over to a certain golden-brown- eyed Devil, going by the name Damiano and his promise that we would have a chat soon.

My heart started to spike and cold shivers ran down my spine just at the thought of him.

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