

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 8

Althaia

"What a grand entrance you made." Michael teased me as he slightly bumped his shoulder against mine.

"You don't say." I chuckled as we walked to my hotel room. Michael walked me all the way up to make sure I got back completely safe. I was grateful for that and I was almost leaning into him to feel a little bit safe.

I scanned my keycard and opened the door, holding the open door for Michael to enter as well!

"Not bad, Thaia. You got yourself a luxury suite." He whistled in impressment as he looked around.

"Well, I thought I would take advantage of this opportunity and treat myself a bit." I gave an innocent shrug. I had asked for one of the biggest rooms in the hotel because I wanted to feel like a real vacation.

The hotel room was spacious that it was divided into two large rooms. A lounge area with soft coaches that would swallow you and a huge flat tv screen. The other room was where the bedroom was with a king-sized bed because I wanted to be able to spread my arms and legs without them dangling at the edge of the bed. I had this annoying fear that if my arm or leg were hanging from the bed, some kind of nasty creature would definitely grab me and drag me across the room.

Yikes... No, thank you. I had enough shit to worry about.

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I plopped down on the single armchair and unstrapped my stilettos. I kicked them off, making them fly in different directions, and leaned back and closed my eyes. I moaned a sigh of relief as I curled my toes, making sure the blood was flowing down to them.

“Wow, that could not sound any more sexual.” Michael said with a smug tone. I peeked one eye open, seeing him smirking as he took a seat on the couch across from me. I flipped him off, making him laugh at my actions.

“Why do you even wear those? They look so painful.” He nodded at my stilettos.

“Because they are hot as fuck.” I said as it was the most obvious thing. “Besides, not everyone is blessed with a height like yours. I need the additional height, so I don’t disappear in the crowd of all you tall people.” I leaned forward a bit and reached to the back of my neck to take off my necklace while debating on whether to take a hot shower or make use of the bathtub and just soak for a couple of hours.

“There is nothing wrong with your height. It’s cute and suits you. Besides, you’re blessed in other areas.” He wiggled his eyebrows and gestured to my breasts. My dress was actually quite revealing from the top which gave him a good view of my cleavage.

“Creep.” I rolled my eyes at him but I couldn’t help and smile at his comment. I could feel my cheeks heat up at the way he was looking at me right now.

“Can you help me take off my necklace? I think the lock is stuck or something.” I said to distract myself from my

thoughts as I let out a frustrated sigh. I stood up and turned

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around for him to look at it, lifting my hair for him to have better access.

“Sure.” He managed to unclasp it with one try and slid off the necklace to give it to me.

My brows slightly went up when suddenly Michael trailed his hands down my back and rested them on my hips. I froze at his actions and my heart rate started to spike up as he pulled me closer until my back was pressed to his

front. A small grunt escaped him as I felt his lips lightly touching the side of my neck.

My breath got caught in my throat as I didn't expect him to do anything like this. Tingles erupted in my stomach when he wrapped his arms around me, his hands rested on my stomach.

"You look absolutely gorgeous tonight." He whispered in my ear. I opened my mouth to say something but no words were coming out.

"Goodnight, Althaia." He gave me a small peck on my shoulder and walked out of my hotel room. I still didn't move even when the door closed shut.

Did I imagine this, or did this really happen...?

I let out a breath when I came out from my daze. I decided I needed a cold shower to cool down my body which was currently burning.

I stood under the cold shower for five seconds before switching it to hot water. I let out a sigh of relief, feeling my body relax now. Though, I still couldn't fully relax as I couldn't stop thinking about Michael and the way his hands had

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trailed down my body. Just thinking about it had me blushing.

It was not something I had expected him to do... I did have a huge crush on him when we were younger, and now he looked even more handsome than ever. Maybe he felt the same about me? I groaned at all these thoughts running through my mind. As if my mind wasn't a big mess after having met The Devil. Michael just had to add to that pile.

I had to distract myself so I wouldn't keep thinking about all the things that had happened today, and there was no better way to do so than to sing in the shower.

Singing was maybe a little understatement as it now turned into a full concert performance, where I imagined I sang in front of thousands of fans, using the shampoo bottle as my microphone.

"Sidestep, right-left, to my beat. High like the moon, rock with me, baby. Know that I got that heat, let me show you 'cause talk is cheap. Sidestep, right-left,

to my beat. Get it, let it roll.” I sang from the top of my lungs, and even started to do J- Hope’s elevator dance but immediately stopped when I almost fell on my face.

I turned off the shower and opened the glass door, humming as I dried myself off and wrapped my hair in a towel when I heard the hotel door open and close.

Room service must have arrived.

After I came out of my daze when Michael left, I ordered some food since the party didn’t exactly go as planned. I hadn’t eaten anything the whole day because I was so anxious and nervous to meet my father. Now that I had calmed down, my stomach made the biggest rumble sound ever, and I was

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happy Michael had left before he heard it.

That would have been embarrassing.

Wrapping myself in the big fluffy bathrobe the hotel had provided and slipping into the slippers, I made my way out of the bathroom and towards the lounge area where I knew my delicious food was waiting for me to devour.

I was so ready to stuff my face.

My heart stopped beating and I stopped dead in my tracks when I saw a figure sitting on the couch. The figure reached for the lamp that was on the small stand next to the couch and turned it on.

It was The Devil himself.

Damiano.

“Good evening, Althaia.”