

The Devil's Fire by Mariam El-Hafi Chapter 9

Althaia

I blinked once.

Then a sound that I wouldn't even describe as a scream

escaped my mouth. I turned around clumsily, tumbling down to the ground before I quickly got up again and ran as fast as I could back to the bathroom. I slammed the door shut and quickly locked the door in the process.

My hands were flat on the door to make sure he couldn't get in. At this point, I was breathing so hard and loud that I was pretty sure the room next to me could hear me, but I couldn't care less right now. I had more pressing matters at the moment.

Such as not being killed.

I yelped when there was a sudden knock on the door.

"That was quite dramatic of you, Althaia." He said with a hint of amusement in his voice. My jaw dropped open. Dramatic? Was he fucking kidding me right now? He was the one with the gun, threatening to shoot if we moved. If anything, he was the dramatic one!

"It will take me nothing to kick this door down if you don't come out." The Devil talked to me as if we were having a casual conversation.

"I would like to stay in here..." I told him with a slightly shaking voice. I was mentally beating myself up for not having my phone with me right now to call for help,

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"Get out. Now." I could already hear how annoyed he was.

"... How do I know you won't shoot me the minute I get out, huh?" I tried to ask with a firm and suspicious tone, but my voice didn't allow me with its shakiness.

He went completely silent.

“Are you fucking serious?!” I yelled at him and banged on the door with my fist.

“If I wanted to shoot you.” He said calmly. “You wouldn’t even have made it to the bathroom. This door wouldn’t have stopped me from shooting you either. I can simply put a bullet in you through the door.” I quickly turned away from the door. I hadn’t thought he could actually shoot me through the door. Especially, how I was practically pressing my body against the door to keep him out.

“Get out. I don’t have all night.” He ordered.

Why? Because you have other people to kill?

I looked around in the bathroom, trying to see if there was anything I could use to at least defend myself. But what was I supposed to use? Freaking stab him with a toothbrush? I took a deep breath and as slowly as possible, I unlocked the door. But I didn’t open it yet. A few moments passed and I took this as an opportunity and swung the door open and ran for my life.

Well, I tried to run anyways.

He immediately grabbed me when I tried to run past him.

“Let me go!” I tried with all my might to escape his arms, but

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he had me in a steel-like hold. It was impossible to get out.

Damiano sighed as I continued to squirm against him while he carried me as if I weighed nothing. He walked us to the lounge area and dropped me down on the couch where he previously sat on. There was a knock on the door with a followed ‘room service’. The server strolled in with the serving cart and started to place different plates onto the table. Way too many plates.

I didn’t order all this.

Before I could say anything, the server pulled out a bottle of champagne and held it elegantly for Damiano to see, and I connected the dots.

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“Is this to your liking Mr. Bellavia?” Damiano looked at the bottle and gave a short expressionless nod. The server poured champagne into two glasses and put the bottle back into the ice bucket.

“Anything else I can get for you?” He asked with his hands clasped in front of him.

“That will be all.” I watched as Damiano handed him a few hundred dollars as a tip. The server gave a small bow in gratitude and left the room, leaving us alone. Damiano handed me a glass of champagne and took a seat across from me. He clinked his glass with mine and took a sip, eyeing me while doing so.

I just stared at him confused.

“Are we celebrating something?” I was confused. This whole thing was confusing.

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“Yes.” He simply said.

How elaborative.

“What?”

“You coming back from the dead.” He smirked. This guy thought he was so funny now since he was cracking jokes?

“Ha ha, so fucking funny I forgot to laugh.” I rolled my eyes at him. I didn’t know what came over me, but for some reason, I was feeling bold as fuck and less scared of him than before. It was definitely the adrenaline pumping in my body. It also did help that he wasn’t waving a gun in my face, at least I could somehow stand a chance against him if he had no gun. Though I doubt I could stand a chance. I couldn’t even get out of his grip on me. But I should still be okay since he said he wouldn’t shoot me, right?

“Eat.” He ordered and stared at me with a blank face.

He was definitely a Mafia Boss with the way he was so comfortable bossing me around.

“No, thank you. I’m not hungry.” I crossed my arms and glared at him. My stomach betrayed me as it let out the biggest possible rumbling sound ever. My eyes widened and my face had never been this hot before. I was pretty sure it was as red as it could be.

“Okay, so maybe I am hungry...” I muttered, embarrassed.

“But how do I know you won’t shoot me while I eat? Because that’s fucked up! Making me feel like you’re fattening me up, ready for slaughter like a pig.” I rambled on before I could stop myself. Damiano just raised a brow at me while he sipped

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his champagne as I continued with my rambling.

That was it, wasn’t it? He was so going to kill while I ate.

“You curse a lot.” He ignored my rambling. “A lady shouldn’t curse. It’s not befitting.” He smirked as I gaped at him. I frowned, annoyed with what he had just said.

“Good thing I’m no lady then! And it’s called sentence enhancers. Gets the message across.” I huffed out and squinted my eyes at him.

“Eat.” He ordered me again.

“But how-

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“I won’t shoot you. Now shut up and eat.”

“Rude! You shouldn’t tell a lady to shut up.”

“I thought you made it clear that you were not a lady, no?” He tilted his head slightly to the side, giving me a rather devilish grin.

Shit, good point.

“...Whatever.” I frowned.

“I’m not a patient man. Eat.” I still hesitated as I looked back and forth between the very delicious-looking food, if I may add, and him.

“What is it now.” He was now clearly annoyed with me. Even though he said he wouldn’t shoot me, he would definitely do it now because I had annoyed him.

“I’ll eat, I promise!” I quickly said. “It’s just that... It feels weird

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to eat if you’re not eating...Like, are you just going to stare at me...?” I awkwardly trailed off.

Minutes passed and he just stared at me blankly. I started to feel uncomfortable and squirmed a bit in my seat when he didn’t move or talk and continued to just stare at me. Luckily, it didn’t last much longer, and he grabbed a plate of pasta and began to eat. Relieved, I started to look at the different foods placed in front of me, and my mouth started to water.

I grabbed the plate with four mini sliders and started to eat. I closed my eyes in happiness when I took a bite. The different flavors exploded in my mouth and created heaven. I could taste everything from the freshness of the vegetables, the incredibly delicious seasoning of the meat, and the smoky sauce, to the very soft and buttery brioche bread. Right now, I wouldn’t care if he killed me if he just let me finish this food.

I would die happy.

I finished three of the sliders in no time and looked around at the table to see what to eat next. I spotted a plate of steak fries and immediately switched plates and started to munch on them instead. So crispy and so good. Then I spotted the mozzarella sticks and immediately grabbed the plate. I just kept going and tasted a bit of everything, and downed the champagne.

I let out a satisfied sigh when I was done and I could slowly feel myself getting sleepy.

“Impressive.” A voice rang out and I jumped a little in my seat. I was so caught up in the food that I had forgotten that he was still here. I noticed he had finished his plate of pasta and was leaning back on the couch, watching my every move. Did

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he watch me all this time as I was eating? I would have felt embarrassed if I wasn't tired now and just shrugged it off.

"Okay, listen. Let me just say this and save you time; I don't know anything. I don't why this or how that. I know nothing. Nada. I haven't talked to my father in years until tonight, so you're really not going to get much out of me." I said tiredly. I was too tired to be scared of him right now and just wanted him to leave. What time was it again? I really wanted to pass out and sleep for the next two days.

"I know." He said with a smug grin and I raised my brows in surprise.

"Then why are you here?" I gave him a confused look.

"That's for me to know and you to wonder about." He got up and made his way to the door. His hand rested on the door handle as he turned slightly to the side to look at me.

"Goodnight, Althaia. It was a pleasure." He winked at me.

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