

PROLOGUE

Lilas walks into the dark kitchen, her hourglass body baths in the soft glow of the moonlight filtering through the window. After being up all night, rolling from one side of the bed to the other—having one image in her mind. She cannot seem to fall asleep. It's all because of her step father, King Salvatore.

The man who is twice her age is carved like a Greek god, eyes that unravel her even when she is wearing clothes and his words that utter nothing but sins. It is not helping that they live in the same house, under one roof, where her dear mother is present.

Her dangerous stepfather who is a businessman by day and a daunting Maa by night haunts her sleep and she gives herself to him in every imagination.

"I promised not to do this again. Why do I have these disgusting thoughts?" Lilas whispers to herself as she pours a gold glass of water into a cup.

At this time of the night, everyone is fast asleep. There is no sound, there is no one awake except her. At least, it is what she thinks until her eyes and his strong, angular built shadow stretched across the wall.

Lilas gasps, covering her soft lips from making a sound that could spoil this process. She waits for him to come out of the dark. His chiseled form is outlined by the faint moonlight, conjuring an image of power and athleticism, as if the gods themselves had bestowed her stepfather their divine proportions.

As Salvatore nears her, Lilas innocent eyes diverge from his cold gaze to the mature bulge in between his legs that is proving to be erect despite the layers of clothing. There is a smirk that plays on his face because he knows Lilas has only been touched by him.

He is a man of sinister ways. Despite being a man who can have any woman by his riches or prowess, King Salvatore is drawn to a girl who is the same age as his daughter. His dead wife would probably roll in her grave. Slowly, he looks at Lilas plump lips until his potent gaze trails to her full, abundant breasts that are perky at the same sequence.

Or is it her hips? The last time he watched her walk away, he could only imagine Lilas on his bed, receiving spansks for having a naughty mouth. She was stubborn as much as she was innocent, he has never met a woman that angered him to pleasure.

"What was it you said to me at the oce today? You will travel a million miles to get away from me?" Salvatore asks, the tone of his voice is mastery, laced with menace as the maa he is. He is a man who doesn't take "no" for an answer. And Lilas has told him many "no's".

King Salvatore moves deliberately towards the buckle of his pants. His fingers deftly navigate the familiar mechanism with a practiced ease. As the clasp gives way, he grabs Lilas in a swift manner.

"What are you doing? Someone could see us" Lilas whispers, looking at the entrance for anyone who could appear before them.

"Touch it, Lilas...and feel what you are denying yourself." Salvatore says, holding her hands and bringing it closer to his groins.

"We...you know we cannot do this anymore." Lilas stutters.

In a swift second, he rests her hands against his bulging hard member and he groans. Lilas can feel the contours of the vein on his length and the last time, it left her completely out of breath—and the feeling still lingered. King Salvatore, her step father, was the first person she ever slept with just a few days ago.

She promised she would not do this again but the tingle in between her legs says otherwise.

"It aches, Lilas. It aches for you." Salvatore says, his voice is firm, an absolute timbre.

Ravishingly and tired of getting the ache in his groins, Salvatore bends her to the cold counter in the dim kitchen. In her distressed sleep gown, her robust ass is as corpulent as the last time. In every of Lilas movements, it bounces and Salvatore raises the gown to touch himself.

The daunting maa grabs her wide hips as he buries his enormous length into his innocent dove, musing their voices in the wake of the night as he releases his seed into her.

ONE

Lilas.

I am Lilas.

Two months after my father passed away, I received a phone call pertaining to my mother whom abandoned us a long time ago. I was only twelve years old when I heard the argument between her and my father.

She wanted more—a life full of glam and riches that my father could not afford.

Vividly, I remember how my father begged her to think about me, begged her to stay for me—her little daughter. I was staring from a small space at the door, eavesdropping on their conversation. And there, with eyes that I inherited from her, she gazes at me from where I was peeking and while staring into my eyes...she said these words.

"I don't care about Lilas, I love myself more."

Thereafter, I watched her enter into the taxi, silently begging her to look at me, just one more time.

It was twelve years ago and I found a way to shut her out of my heart completely. However, like a string of a kite—I have been pulled back. I received a call from a man who introduced himself as King Salvatore, it is a name that is awfully familiar. I thought it was a prank at first because that name is currently a subject we are studying at college.

It is the name of a popular business protege in Leadcity. Explicitly, King Salvatore is known as a formidable business maa, an enigmatic and ruthless man who is nicknamed "the iron st".

He is known as the CEO of Lead Stones—a mining company which controls a total of hundred percent of the activity of anything gold, silver and other rare precious metals in the country. According to our study of him in college, he is a man who operates from the shadows, wielding immense influence and power over the country and government too.

To maintain their influence, it is said that the shareholders, business partners and others related to Lead Stones ensure a code of silence among each other and betrayal for swerving from such code of conduct is met by swift and brutal consequences. King Salvatore's power extends into the highest echelons of political and corporate circles, allowing him to manipulate markets and regulations to his advantage.

No, it's not possible that it's the same Salvatore that called me this morning. My mother may have been a gold digger but she would not go digging from the source itself.

The man who introduced himself as King Salvatore informed me that my mother was unwell, battling an autoimmune sickness which has left her emotionally dehydrated. I'm not sure what he means by an autoimmune sickness—but I know that she usually suffers from a periodical u. Could that be the case or is he just saying that so that I would have no choice but to visit her?

Now, I'm undecided. Why does my mother need me to stand by her side if this is because of some periodical u? It is hypocritical because when she left us, I suffered many nights as a child battling that hereditary u.

Slowly, I pace around my father's old oce, looking at the address I had written on paper.

I have lost one parent already. Will I regret this if I don't reach out to her? My father death left me with loads of debts that I'm trying so hard to pay. Due to his sickness, his leather company started to run on loss after all the profits went to the hospital and his health for over a year.

The creditors have been on my arm and neck, sending threats upon threats to me. I might have to sell this house to come up with a solution. What do I do? How do I continue college? How will I pursue my dreams as a jewelry designer?

However, if I find my mom, she could offer help. In as much as I don't want to receive an atom of help from her, I cannot lose my father's house—it is the only thing I have left of him. With a loud gasp, I pick up the paper on the table which contains an address and I head out of the house.

After an hour, the taxi's engine purrs to a hushed stop. As the taxi pulls up to a substantial perimeter of grand wrought-iron gate, flanked by stone pillars which serves as the main point of entry.

"Sir, are you sure this is the address?" I ask.

"Yes ma'am! This is a residential area for the very rich and wealthy." The taxi driver says and I am in utter shock.

I pay him and step out of the taxi. At the gate, there are uniformed security personnels who are stationed, providing a visible presence to deter unauthorized access.

"How can we help you?" One of the security personnel asks, his voice is brass and threatening. I clear my throat before answering.

"I got a call from King Salvatore? Um...this is the number. I'm here to meet my mother. Her name is Lumen." I say, showing them the number that called me this morning.

"Miss, what is your name?" The security personnel asks.

"Lilas." I respond, clutching my purse closer and closing my eyes. The security personnel walks away to confirm my identity or whatever and I wait. In a few minutes, he returns back.

"You can go in." He replies.

The grand wrought-iron gates swings open gracefully, revealing a cobblestone driveway lined with manicured hedges and ancient oak trees. I walk in, trying to stop myself from being so nervous. I look forward and I see the estate.

It is a masterpiece of classical architecture, it is adorned with ornate moldings, tall windows, and beautiful vines that climb the walls—adding a touch of timeless charm.

A gentle breeze rustles the leaves around me, and I can hear a distant murmur of a fountain which adds to the serene atmosphere. As I make my way toward the entrance, I can't help but feel a sense of shock—is this really the life my mother has been living? All the moments where I sat in that cold hospital, waiting for my father to open his eyes—she was living like a queen?

She was enjoying a world of refinement and sophistication?

An older man who is dressed as a butler walks towards me before I can reach the door.

"Miss Lilas?" He asks.

"Yes." I respond.

"I am Butler Chris. Please, come with me...your mother is currently out but Mr Salvatore will like to see you." He says and although I have questions to ask involving my mother, I simply follow him.

At every turn, there is something marble and shining as we walk. First off, I cannot believe there is an indoor elevator in the house—it is all too much for me to grasp at all.

"Butler Christ! I think Penny has left the house!" A woman wearing a housemaid uniform yells in frustration, running towards us in horror.

"Oh no!" The butler says. He looks forth and back as if he is trying to decide what to do.

"Um...Miss Lilas? Please, kindly wait here for me. I will be back soon. I apologize." Butler Chris says.

Together, he and the woman in the uniform rush out and I'm left in the hallway, wondering what that was. Am I supposed to stand and wait here until they arrive?

The hallway is bathed in the soft, warm glow of chandeliers hanging from the high ceiling. The walls are adorned with richly textured wallpaper in muted, golden tones, creating a sense of depth and sophistication.

Along the hallway, there are grand archways which lead to various rooms, and I forget that I'm supposed to wait here. It is so beautiful and I cannot stop myself from drawing closer and closer. As I walk closer, I hear a voice, as if one were arguing over the phone and it's coming from a room whose door is slightly open.

I pause when I can see a masculine man from the slight space, I cannot picture his face yet. He is moving from one end to the other, a phone at his ear as he argues.

Why the hell am I eavesdropping on this person's conversation? I ask myself and the moment I turn to walk away, my purse falls on the marble floor and I pause. The door opens violently and he pulls me into the room, shutting the door at the same time.

Pushing me against the wall, what I see is a pair of piercing gray eyes that cuts through, demanding attention. It is a man with a chiseled jawline framed with a face weathered by experience, yet marked by enduring charm.

"Who are you?" His voice is deep and rich, with a steady and deliberate cadence of authority—it makes every hair on my skin rise.

I find it very hard to speak because I am surrounded by a man with broad shoulders, bulging biceps and thick forearms. His arms have an aura of raw, unyielding strength, yet they also possessed a certain grace in their movements, a testament to the balance of power and control that denied his physical presence.

He closes every space between us and to free myself, I raise my knee to him, hitting him at the center of his family's jewel.