

King Salvatore.

“You should have something to eat before leaving.” I say, looking at her empty plate. I walk towards her and there is a slight hesitation in her disposition. She must have thought that I would be taking the seat right next to her. Instead, I take the seat in front of her in order to get a clear view of her face.

“I’m not hungry.” Lilas says, getting ready to stand and leave.

“Then, you have to wait for me. I’m taking you to college just like I told Lumen I would.” I say and my gaze lingers on her with an appreciative intensity, tracing the contours of her face and the subtle expressions that danced across it.

“You don’t have to take me anywhere.” Lilas answers in a stubborn manner. It is no surprise that she is feisty. I couldn’t control myself yesterday and I crossed the limits of the relationship that should exist between a stepfather and his step daughter.

I don’t have a reasonable explanation as to why I couldn’t keep my hands off her. Lumen and I have never been romantic with each other because I wasn’t interested. Our act of love is only a pretense for my children, we even stay in separate bedrooms. I give Lumen a luxurious life, my surname and the things money can buy.

However, she cannot have my heart, body or soul.

“I apologize. I did cross a limit.” I say, crossing my legs as I place a piece of fruit on Lilas plate because she isn’t eating.

“You crossed all limits. I should tell Lumen.” She says and I’m not buzzed. I don’t have a reason to be scared that she wants to tell Lumen. However, I have to remember my daughters and how disappointed they would be if they found out that I never shared a strong bond with Lumen.

It would break their hearts.

“Why haven’t you told her then?” I ask, curious to know what is stopping her from spilling it. From what I sense, she has not forgiven Lumen. The only reason she is here is because Lumen is sick with cancer.

“Are you so shameless? You ought to be thanking me for not telling her.” Lilas says, her eloquent voice sparing no second in humiliating me.

“Fine. Thank you for not telling her. Now, I’m asking why you haven’t told her. Could it be that you enjoyed it?” I ask and a loud gasp is released from her mouth. Instinctively, she gets up from the chair and grabs her bag.

I get up from my chair, following her hurried steps and with my longer legs, I end up catching to her. I stand in front of her and she steps back.

“I cannot believe that my mother actually left us for a man like you.” Lilas says and there is nothing but disappointment on her face.

“Lilas, I have told you previously. Your mother and I are married legally only for my kids. I pay her monthly for her motherly services to my children.” I say and the confusion on Lilas face grows deeper.

“Enough with that bullshit talk!” She says, her voice taking a tone that is indifferent and I lightly smile.

“You kidnapped me, and tried to have your way with me. What would Ciara say if she finds out that her father is a crazy bastard!” Lilas says and my face becomes contorted with anger, a storm brewing in my eyes at the mention of my daughter’s name.

I do not take threats about my children lightly. I grab Lilas in a second and jam her to the wall. Her eyes, which were full of stubbornness take the view of defeat now. I grab one of her hands and place it to the wall, roughly.

“If you ever mention my daughter’s name...I’ll ruin your life.” I say, tension pumps in my muscle and it betrays the emotional turbulence within. Each uttered word from me is a bitter dagger, slicing through the veneer of my composure.

Nervous anticipation paints her features as she stares at my eyes which are nothing but a fiery gaze. The tone of my voice has changed, it’s not the same as the one I used in talking to her a few minutes ago.

“You forget that I’m King Salvatore. I control this damn city and if I buried you today, no one would talk about it. Not even your mother. I paid your father’s creditors and I paid your college tuition. You are indebted to me.” I say, my voice is raw—one would think I was talking to my enemies.

I raise my hands to her watery eyes, her lips that quiver due to the extent of my threat and how far I’m willing to go. A rosy hue on her cheeks, which is a telltale sign of how fearful I have proved to be.

I have not let go of her hands yet. I lean further and I open my mouth to speak.

“If I ask you to bend over, you will do it without fail. If I ask you to spread your legs for me, you will do it. And if I asked you to suck my c**k, you would take it. You are indebted to me and you will pay the way I want.” I say, my last words are a hammer on a nail and I feel her body become frail.

“Do you understand?” I ask, forcing her to look at me. Her eyes glistens with unshed tears—the moisture clings delicately to her lashes, refracting the light like dewdrops on delicate petals.

“Y—yes.” Lilas murmurs and I gently let go of her. As usual, my dominant personality has swallowed her erceness. I hate myself for it but I am too much of an egotistical man to allow a young woman to ride over me like a pony.

My pride is a trait that I’m still working on. I’m used to threatening people and Lilas is not an exception.

“Come on, you will be late for class.” I say, exhaling and taking a cigarette from my breast pocket.