

King Salvatore.

For the last decade, I have spent my youth drowning myself in my work, businesses, investments and nothing less. After the death of my first wife, Katherine, I threw myself into my work and I gradually became what one would call a 'workaholic'. My children were only eleven and six when I decided to hire a nanny to fill in the space of a mother and that was the moment I met Lumen.

Unlike the other previous Nannies who failed at controlling the kids, Lumen was both disciplined and loving at the same time to my children. As years passed, my children grew closer to her and she began to speak about leaving because she couldn't stay a nanny forever. Thus, I came up with a solution to keep her by my side.

I proposed to her and made it substantially clear that I was doing it for my little girls only. I did not need any woman to fulfill any s\*\*\*\*l desires...I wanted none of it at the fresh loss of my wife. To my surprise, she accepted and I organized a simple ceremony on that day, giving her my surname and prestige as a Salvatore.

A name that carries weight in gold.

It was twelve years ago when I married Lumen Light for the sole purpose of my children but only after a few months of the wedding, I could tell that she was a woman willing to do anything for money. Despite making myself clear on the terms of our marriage, Lumen's first goal was to seduce me in order to have a child by me—something that would give her a great standing in my family.

However, if there is something a woman can never do, it would be to seduce me into doing their wishes. I am a man who exudes an aura of unwavering discipline and control, a living embodiment of someone who is strict with his rules. Every aspect of my demeanor reflects adherence to my code of conduct that leaves no room for deviation.

Lumen gave up trying to seduce me after learning of my personality in these years. I am strict in my personal life and in the business world too—there is no space for slacking. However, recently, she has become cunning and is trying to adopt a different method.

As the CEO of Lead Stones in the corporate world and a maa in the underworld, I have enough rumors that surround my reputation as it is. A month ago, Lumen paid a housekeeper to watch my every move but my bodyguards busted her out.

I'm still not sure why Lumen would stoop to such a level but I don't have time for silly games like that—I'm too busy to partake in it. Thus, the moment I perceive someone at my office, I waste no time in pulling her and aggressively xing her to the wall.

I did not prepare myself to find a young girl who is delicate, with soft, porcelain-like skin that seems untouched by the harshness of the world. Her eyes, wide and doe-like, sparkle with a genuine confusion and wonder, reflecting her innocence within.

I am completely enthralled by the components of her beautiful face which isn't just skin deep; it emanates from her inner purity. This is the first time since my wife's death...this is the first time I've been captivated by someone.

A woman.

As I rest close to her, an act that I did to intimidate her but the smell of her body wafts through my nose. It reminds me of the first whispers of spring, the scent of a bed of jasmines and Lily of the valleys.

"Who are you?" I ask. My posture is erect, and my gaze is steady on her, revealing an iron-clad determination.

However, I wasn't prepared to get hit in the groins. I wince. My hands instinctively clench around the aicted area as I double over, trying to alleviate the sharp discomfort in between my legs. I take my breath in short gasps, as I stop to regain my composure. Now, I'm left with a mixture of embarrassment.

My posture rigid, chin held high and shoulders back, exuding an air of superiority. It's not news that I have a bad temper and I'm still working on contacting my arrogance and raw ego.

"Just who the hell do you think you are!" My voice carries weight, resonating with a firm and commanding tone that demands respect.

Her delicate features momentarily contort with surprise. Her body tenses, and her eyes widen, momentarily staring away, avoiding direct eye contact with me. Is she shy to face me?

"I should be asking you! How dare you grab me like that!?" She raises her voice back at me, her long locks of jet-black hair covering half of her face.

"What kind of a person eavesdrops on one's conversation? Didn't your parents teach you any manners!? Are you one of Ciara's friends?" I ask, believing she is a friend of my daughter who has strolled away in disbelief of how luxurious the mansion is.

"I don't know who Ciara is...I'm Lil..." The door opens when she's about to speak and Butler Chris walks in.

"I apologize sir. I sincerely apologize. Miss, I told you to wait in the hallway. Why didn't you heed to my orders?" Butler Chris asks, as usual, there is panic in his face because he knows he will be the one who serves the punishment of this enchilada.

"Are you aware that this rude brat who was eavesdropping on my conversation, and still proceeded to assault me by attacking me..." I say, unable to complete the embarrassing sentence as I stare back at her.

"Just who do you think you are calling a brat? I didn't mean to eavesdrop...I didn't even hear a word from your office!" The young girl says, pointing her fingers at me and this time, she maintains eye contact.

"Listen, young girl, I know your parents haven't offered such luxury as this in your life but it's wrong to stroll around someone's house without permission!" I say, my tone is condescending and I can see the ash of hurt in her eyes.

"How...how can you say that to me?" She says, stuttering before the words can leave her lips.

"Get her out of my sight!" I say, gritting my teeth and Butler Chris looks confused.

"Sir, she is Mrs Lumen's daughter. The one you called earlier today, sir!" Butler Chris says and my eyes widen at that revelation.

"Wow, like mother, like daughter then." A

I say with a smug on my face as I walk over to the table in my office.

"Excuse me? You are King Salvatore?" She asks, walking closer to me and I begin to look through my phone.

"Yes, and you must be Lilas Light?" I say, a cold serious look on my face.

"Are you really the person my mother got married to? I'm trying not to believe that it's a man that is as foul as you..." Lilas says, proceeding to insult me but I grab her hands and pull her closer to my chest violently.

"Sir..." Butler Chris says.

"Get out!" My voice evokes at him and he rushes out of the office.

I return my focus to her as I hold her hand up, my eyes are sharp as daggers, piercing through her glacial blue eyes that truly captivate me.

"Miss Lilas, I don't know if you have heard about me but I'm nicknamed 'iron st'. I have a temper and I don't take insults very well! So, before you utter words that would force me to lose my temper."

"I will implore you to think well." I say, my words are deliberate and precise, each syllable enunciated with authority. The room falls into a hushed silence as his voice cuts through the air, leaving no room for doubt or dissent.

"Do you understand!?" She inches and I pull her closer to the point where her bosom rests on my hard chest. At first, I didn't know what it was but I felt a soft cloud pressing upon my chest. I look down for a second to understand and I see the v-shaped curvature of her swelling bosom.

Youthful, fair and ripe.

It wasn't my intention to be captivated by it. Yet, I am. I have been sexually dead for twelve years and all of a sudden, a young girl who is the age of my first daughter is igniting such a ferocity?

"Let go of me." Lilias says, her soft, clear voice is not daring as it was before. It seems I've won this battle of tit for tat after all. But at the same time, this win doesn't feel like victory to me.