

Lilas.

I'm one of those girls whose puberty hit like a gunshot. I can vividly remember being conscious of myself and how my body was changing. When I was in high school, the boys looked at me with lust and the girls glared at me in jealousy. I couldn't control the way my hips accentuated in size or how bouncy my breasts grew.

As I stand before Salvatore, his face bears the marks of experience and age, yet, it's dened by sharp features and a captivating charm. Silver streaks through his dark hair, adding to his distinguished allure. As if that weren't enough, there are Intricate tattoos adorned on his neck and I believe it scatters to his chest too—it is proof, telling a story of his life in the world of organized crime and business.

My boobs are on his sturdy chest which is dened by pectoral muscles—taking in the aroma of oud and being reminded about that conscious part of myself. Salvatore looks down, and his piercing eyes take the details of my bosom. I pale. A part of me is wondering what the thoughts behind his eyes are—why did his arrogant eyes suddenly become soft?

At such close contact, I am trapped and forced to be near his bulging muscles that ripples beneath his taut skin. For a man of his age, he has broad shoulders, well-dened biceps that younger men do not even possess. And there goes his face, he is a handsome Devil, a man with rugged features, portraying a power over me that I cannot ght.

Is there something wrong with me? Why am I trying to understand the thought behind my... step father's eyes!? What the hell! He is enough to be my dad, why are my thoughts so diminishing?

He lets go of me after I remind him to and I move back, taking notice of how his strong veiny hands let go of me—a spark in his eyes which is both intense by authority and alluring in a magnetic way.

The door opens for a second time and I look behind to see my mother, Lumen. I didn't think I would be meeting her in this manner and I am unsure of what to expect as the door slowly opens.

Her skin, though marked by the passage of years, is impeccably maintained. Her complexion is smooth and clear, a testament that she has been doing well without me. Is this the woman that said she was sick?

Tears glisten in my eyes but it's not because I miss her—it's because she has been doing okay without her daughter. How can she still be doing ne after abandoning her own daughter?There's a deep, emotional silence as we take in each other's faces.

"Lilas!" She says, throwing her hands around me but I do not hug her back.

"I cannot believe it's you, my own daughter? You are all grown up and so beautiful." My mother says, caressing my cheeks and crying.

I don't even know how to react to her. I don't want to spend another second here after being disrespected by her husband anyway. What did I think would happen today? Obviously, I am not ready to forgive her.

"Honey, is this the surprise you said you have for me? Did you really go out of your way to nd my daughter?" Lumen asks, facing Mr Salvatore who I cannot seem to gaze at especially after everything that happened between us before my mother came in.

I look at the expression on my mother's face, she is talking to Mr Salvatore in such an affectionate way.

"Lilas, let me introduce you...this is your step father, King Salvatore. He is the CEO of Lead Stones. I am sure you have heard about him, it's hard to not know him in the country." Lumen says and my expression remains rigid as she turns me to meet him.

"I have introduced myself to her in your absence." Mr Salvatore's voice is of a sonorous quality. When he speaks, it's as though the words emerge from the depths of his chest, carrying a weight and authority that commands attention.

"Isn't it, Lilas?" He asks, gazing at the innermost part of my soul.

"Um...yes. I was told you were sick?" I ask, turning away from him and facing my mother.

My mother smiles in a sorrowful way, rubbing her hands together and she looks at Mr Salvatore before speaking.

"You told her I was sick?" She says to Mr Salvatore who doesn't respond. I don't understand the kind of relationship they have. She looks at him affectionately but he doesn't treat her the same.

"Isn't it the periodic u? Can you say something to me at least?" I ask, my heart is beating at the thought of her being terminally ill.

"I didn't want you to hear this rst, Lilas. I have been so scared to nd you or talk to you. I have been diagnosed with the rst stage of cancer." My mom says and my eyes immediately begin to water. I move back in shock, in disbelief. My lips tremble as they try to form words that refuse to escape.

Tears swell up in my eyes, glistening with unshed emotions. My world seems to crumble in that moment, and the weight of the news presses heavily on my shoulders. How is it possible that I just lost my father to one slickness and once again, it has come for the only parent I have.

"That can't be true..." I say, shaking my head in disapproval and she holds me.

"No, I don't want you to think the worst of this Lilas! The doctors said that I have a eighty percent chance of living because I found out on time. I will be ne." She says but I cannot catch a grip of the information.

"Lilas, look at me...I know you have college and a lot of things going on for you currently. And It's all my fault, I left you and I never looked back. I'm not going to ask for forgiveness because I deserve to die for this sin!"

"Is it too selsh of me to ask you to stay with me, please?" My mom says, holding my hands and weeping.

"It's ne, mom. I will stay here with you. You don't have to beg me." I say to her instantly and she hugs me.

I look over to Mr Salvatore and he is gazing at me too. His face is serious and he opens his mouth to speak.

"I saw that your late father owes a lot of debt to his creditors. I have ordered all of that to be paid, you don't have to worry about any of it. Also, I own the university you attend, so I will inform the vice chancellor of the university to put you on scholarship." He says, picking his phone from the table which received a notation.

"Excuse me? Business call." He says, walking out of the room with his phone at his ear.

I am completely stunned and shocked at how he managed to do all of that in a second. Once again, it resonates to me that he is King Salvatore, the richest man in the country.

He is my step father. My step father who just felt the weight of my breast!