

King Salvatore.

I watch as her face turns from fear to something stubborn. It perplexes me. How is she even the daughter of Lumen? I have known Lumen for years and I know that she is someone who can sell herself in a cheap way. However, Lilas is different, despite being younger—she possesses unique qualities that make her different from other women.

“Is there something wrong with you? What exactly is it with you that makes you think you can treat me this way!?” She yells at me and I raise my hands in surrender as if I’m afraid of her.

I sent my men to take down Donatello’s men whom he sent to bring her to him. My men are always at alert and around my family to protect them. It’s not an easy job being the owner of a mining company but I make it easy. After saving Lilas, I asked my men to bring her to my basement because she needed a sort of explanation as to what happened.

Distinctively, I did not want to tell her anything about what Donatello is searching for because it may put fear in her heart. Now, that she thinks I kidnapped her, it would act as a reason why she’s here. I saved her from meeting Donatello who didn’t even get a chance to lay his eyes upon her but I will be ruled as the bad guy.

“Yes, I kidnapped you.” I state and she looks around the basement in shock, wondering why I’ve brought her here.

“You are utterly disgusting! I have heard the rumors about you and your maa activities...” Lilas goes on and I simply listen, wondering what exactly she knows.

“Tell me more Lilas. What exactly have you heard about me? I ask, pacing around her and she turns in fear, trying to keep an eye on every one of my movements.

“You know your crimes. I should not have to mention them to you. Why in the world will you bring me here?” Lilas asks, gazing at me and her irises are sparkling. I raise my eyes to the roofs, thinking of something to say that will make this seem sensible. There is nothing. So, I proceed to say the thing that will cause her anger and stop her from thinking sensibly.

“I...kidnapped you because I’m attracted to you Lilas. You have really perky boobs, your hips are divine and your buttocks are something out of the ordinary.” I say, stating the rst things that I can see on her body and just like I wanted, her eyes widen in absolute shock and she uses her hands to strap her body.

A faint blush graces her porcelain cheeks, lending a soft radiance to her pale skin. Lilas is dressed in a modest dress. It is crazy how her body shape makes it scandalous. I have been celibate since my rst wife was buried in the ground. I could pay any woman for a night of my life but I didn’t care for s\*x.

What has changed? Why is there tension in my pants?

“You are supposed to be my step father? I am your daughter’s age mate. You are in a relationship with my mom, don’t you see how inappropriate this is?” Lilas shrieks at me and when I step closer, she pulls back.

“I am not your father. You are not my daughter and I only married your mom to take care of my kids when they were little.” I say, sliding my hand into the inner pocket of my tailored jacket, and retrieving a slender cigarette with practiced nesse. My movements are uid as the wisps of smoke puff in the air and I take my attention back to her.

“You married my mother to take care of your kids? Is that the lie you tell every young lady out there that you wish to slid your c\*\*k in!?” Lilas yells at me and I chuckle.

“You look like an innocent virgin, Lilas! Where did you hear the word ‘c\*\*k’?” I ask, taking the cigarette from between my lips and this time, she walks towards me.

“I am a virgin. But I’m not dumb!” Lilas says, her doe-like eyes holding stubbornness and her plump lips, drawing me to wonder what they taste like.

“Are you sure? You mentioned the word ‘c\*\*k’ while you are in an enclosed space with me. Do you think that is a wise thing to say?” I ask and her mouth opens to reply but words do not come out. I started this argument so that I won’t have to tell her the truth about Donatello and put her in harms way.

With her character, she looks like the kind of woman who would dig a dead body and ask why it died. I drop the cigarette on the oor and I walk towards her. In a swift pattern, I grab her and toss her to the couch that’s empty. And right before she can get up, I lord over her on the couch and she is quiet. This is the part where I’m supposed to show action as to why I kidnapped her.

I thought she would be ghting and throwing at my face. When I look at her face, it’s burning with a red blush, her hands are in a st and I chuckle a bit. Of course she would act like this. I’m starting to wonder if she has ever had a boyfriend and if this is her rst encounter.

“So, it’s a no?” I ask and my voice tends to be rasp.

“If I weren’t you step father, would it have been a yes or do you dislike me all together?” I ask, taking the scent of her skin as I place a hand on her hair, looking at her lips and xing my nose against her skin.

“Lilas, I’m asking you a question.” I whisper and she raises her knee to hit my c\*\*k. But this time, I’m faster. I stop her knee in the process and I grab her lips in an intimate kiss. In the same unfold, I push her gown to her thighs, my large hand touching her raw skin as I rest in between her legs.

The moment my heavy length lays in between, Lila’s buckles in shock but I swallow the moan that would have escaped her lips. It was supposed to be a scare, I was supposed to pretend to have interest in her as a lie as to why she was kidnapped. However, this is no longer a pretense. My hands caresses her cheeks in a feather-light, and she leans in, entrapping me in the warmth of her legs.

I pull Lilas closer, lifting her body with one strong hand of mine. My hands encircles her waist and I can feel the swell off her full breast and I crave more. I can feel the dampness in between her legs as my c\*\*k massages the folds of her pink underwear. I want her naked before me. I want to use my eyes and mouth to my taste her n\*\*\*\*\*s that poke at my chest

It has been years since I place myself at the edge of desire and I immediately reach under her gown, searching for her underwear.

“Stop, that’s enough!” Lilas says and she struggles to get away from me. After getting off the couch, she straightens her dress from the works of my hand and her hands clutches the buttons of her dress which i’d started to open.

She looks at me for one last time before running out of the basement. I want to pursue her and at least apologize. But my c\*\*k still thinks action is going to take place.