

His Purchased Wife Chapter 3

Liam eyed the huge table between him and Ethan. He was truly the man everyone said he was, cruel and brutal. No exaggeration, the man was the dark king of Churchill through and through.

The respect he had for Ethan increased at this moment. After his father, he might be the only man who impressed Liam with his darkness.

The same darkness which was inside him.

The other man eyed Liam, assessing not only his body but soul too. Liam's confidence ingrained Ethan, he could see the same madness he once saw in his own eyes. There was only one thing different, today Ethan's body was on high alert.

Oh, No, Not because he feared that Liam would attack him. No one dared to do that if the person was in the right mindset. He was on alert because he could sense that Liam could be the foe, and a dangerous one to add.

Ethan knew how to protect his territory, he had done that but the darkness in Liam's eyes told him that he wouldn't be a fair player like his father. He couldn't risk the war with Montreals, not when Mexicans were biting his ass off but that doesn't mean he would bow down to this young boy. Oh, no, not at all, Ethan King would never bow to anyone and certainly not to this youngster.

Liam could see the little wheels turning in Ethan's mind. He needed to know that Liam was not someone to be taken evasively. He might have not taken the chair of the boss yet but he was in the Mafia since he could remember. He knew all the rules not that he liked them, or played by them but the knowledge was something that kept him moving in the business.

"You entered my territory, without my permission, demanded a meeting with me for what, sitting on the chair quietly, boy?" Ethan jabbed, Provoking Liam intentionally.

Liam's body stiffened at the insult. He fisted his hand to stop it from twitching. He reminded him to stay cool but he was losing it, his mind was losing the calmness.

Liam leaned back in the chair, leisurely. Oh, he knew the rules, others learned them but he was born into them.

The most important rule of the Mafia: Never let your emotions show on your face.

He casually shrugged, "I came to show respect. To say that I am a friend, not an enemy, old man," he answered.

Take it any way you want, Ethan.

Something shifted in Ethan's eyes. Liam could observe it. He had not expected it, not everyone could dare to insult Ethan, that too in his territory, sitting in his office and not to mention the right to his face.

"Look, Ethan, we could do that any way you want, war or peace. I came here to show my respect to my counterpart again, and if you want things to run smoothly, everything depends on your will."

Ethan's eyes fixed on Liam. Anger and admiration were both present in them at the same time but he wouldn't accept a young lad come to his office and insult him.

"I have already told you, my decision Boy, if you want to trade your goods in my territory, you have to pay me the tax. Fifty percent of what you earn," Ethan said.

Thomas' eyes moved to Ethan, asking what game he was playing. Even Thomas didn't expect Liam to be so hard. Guess, people were right about him. Liam was really the reincarnation of Lucifer. King of hell!

"We had this understanding..."

"I had it with your father, Not you. If you want to trade in my area, pay up!"

Liam shifted in his seat. He was on the verge of losing his composure but reminded himself to remain calm.

"Tax, we are not running a government here, Ethan. Fifty percent is hype!" He snapped, gritting his jaw.

Ethan leaned back in the chair, a smirk playing on his lips. "In Churchill, I am the bloody government. You want to enter my market, pay up or don't show up here again."

Liam took a breath. "Pay up, hm!" Liam pulled out his phone from his coat. Dialed his brother Ralph, put it on his ear and met Ethan's eyes one more time.

If you could play dirty, so can I...

"Liam..." Ralph answered.

"I want you to cease all the consignment that belonged to Churchill, Evacuate the goods and burn them!"

Hot rage shot through in Ethan's body. His eyes turned hard and angry, full of rage. Thomas shook his head ever so slightly, requesting Ethan to stay cool when Ethan was on the verge of pulling his gun on Liam.

"I had an understanding on this with your father."

This time it was Liam who had this smirk on his lips. He got what he wanted, leaning back in his chair leisurely, "Right, but I will be the new boss, so my rules in my territory, Ethan. You see, this was just to show that I could play any way you want me to. I already told you that I respect you but don't take my respect for my weakness."

Ethan closed his eyes. He didn't want to fight a two end war. "Status quo, Liam. That's the only thing you will get. Now get your ass out of my office and certainly from my city."

Liam stood up, buttoned his coat and looked at Ethan. "I told you, I am a friend, only if you treat me like one, Ethan. I believe you will see the reason, now," he let out, saluting him with his two fingers.

"Oh and I forgot to mention, my shipment is standing at the border of Churchill, call your men and order them to allow my men in your territory." Liam said, putting the small packet of cocaine on Ethan's desk.

Ethan didn't even blink. Only gave him a terse nod. Not a friend nor a foe.

Liam Knight was dangerous on both ends.

After Liam walked out, Ethan glanced at Thomas who had this grin on his face. "That boy reminded me of you. The same aura, the same insanity..."

"And the same dangerousness, Thomas. He was admirable no doubt but we need to be aware of him. I don't trust him."

On the other hand, Liam's phone pinged. A message from his friend, Alexandrios pops up in his notification. It read: "Come to the jewellery exhibition tonight in Vancouver."

Liam was about to decline the offer but stopped when he received a call from his brother. "She will be in Vancouver tonight for a jewellery exhibition."

Liam's brows pulled together in question. "Which one?" He asked.

"The Belle."

Liam only chuckled. He accepted his friend's invitation for two reasons. One, he knew that he might have won the battle but not the war and he had no intention of fighting the war with Ethan. Second, he wants to meet the enchantress who stole his mind with just her pictures.

Tonight, Liam will meet Aurora and the meeting will decide her fate.