

Chapter 003

Killian's POV

"Where is my father?"

I raised my eyebrow as I watched the woman in front of me. She's holding a gun too tightly and from the look of it, it is as if she is trying to look tough where in fact, she's trembling inside.

I smirked at my thoughts. Stop acting tough, little girl. I've met many faces in my life and I have already mastered the looks of those who are tough and those who are faking it to look one.

"Hello? Can't you hear me? I'm asking you where did you cage my father?"

I acted like I did not hear her, put the glass of my wine on the table before standing up from my seat.

"Do you know the place you get in?" I asked her, throwing daggers at her through my eyes. The smirk and playfulness on my face is now gone.

I saw her gulp, fear written on her face and a bead of sweat starting to form on her forehead. It was easy to determine that she's scared. But her determination and eagerness to come here is beyond words. It is only between two things. It is either she is willing to face danger just to get the reason why she came here or... she does not know the danger she's about to face the moment she steps in my place.

"I don't know and I don't care. I just want to get my father back. I'm willing to pay you the money he stole just promise me you'll bring him back to me." She said with her heart banging her chest.

It was easy to determine.

So the f****g former Governor is her father, huh?

I chuckled, shook my head as I stared at her like what she just said is terrible.

"Why are you laughing? I'm not joking! And I won't hesitate to shoot you if you don't stop!"

I rose my eyebrow at her, did not like the way she talks to me.

No one has ever tried to talk to me like that. Because they know the consequences they might face if they do.

I walk towards her with all my gears being serious. She gulped as she watched me walk to her.

"W-Why are you..."

I did not listen to her. And when I'm just an inch away from her, I saw how hard she's trying to hide the nervousness she's feeling.

I held her hand, and stared straightly to her eyes.

"Before you shoot me, you should know how to properly use this one." I whispered to her, gently and slowly guiding her to hold the gun properly. "And if you can really shoot me, do it." I continued talking, guiding her gun straightly to my heart. "Shoot me. Shoot me if you can." I whispered.

Her father was the man who stole from me earlier. I don't know where he got the guts to come here and steal.

Now that I am looking at his daughter, I just realized that they are both tough.

But not tough enough to handle me.

I waited for a couple of minutes, waiting for an answer from her, but I never got one. So I took the guns from her hold, and because she's trembling, I easily got it from her.

"W-What..."

"Do you know that I can throw you to the prison where your father is right now?" I smirked at her, pointing the gun at her, right on her brain.

She threw daggers at me through looks. But pity her because it did not make me tremble even just a bit. I've met the demon of all the devils and I did not feel any fear. Now that I'm facing an angel, does she really think she can melt my knees and make me bow at her?

"Bring me to him!"

I clenched my jaw, did not like the way she shout at me. I held her jaw and held it tightly, too tight that if I continue doing it, it might break too soon.

"L-Let me go!" She tried to remove my hand but she failed to do so.

"I would like you to remember that you are in my territory. I can kill you easily and act like nothing has happened. Or I can shut you up by placing you inside the prison with your father." I whispered at her darkly.

Tears stung around her eyes. I thought she would ght again. But no, she did not. She remained silent. Like it just registered to her what I said.

Her father is Ernesto Del Real. The former Governor of New York City. I heard that he fell into gambling after his wife died, the reason why he lost most of his assets and businesses and also the reason why he has too much debt right now that he had to come here to steal money.

Her father is one of the most respected people in the State. And I know that once this news came out, that their former Governor tried to steal from me, his respected and well-tarnished name will be ruined and will become trash.

I know that he did not do it only for the sake of money. I have a feeling that he was working for someone. Someone whom he owes money. And I think that someone is one of my enemies.

My men tried to ask him who ordered him to go and steal from me. But he never answered. He never spoke even just a word.

Now that I hold his daughter's life, I might use it to gather information without Ernesto noticing it. And through his daughter, I will be able to find out who he was working for.

A smirk formed in my lips because of the thoughts running in my mind.

"Do you want to save your father?" I asked her with a wicked smile.

Her lips hung slightly open, but she did not speak.

"You only have one chance to claim my offer. If you really want to save your father."

She glares at me. "Let him free, you asshole!"

I shook my head, stepping forward at her. "I will do that, beautiful lady... in one condition." I whisper huskily, tracing my index finger at her neck.

"What is it?" She boldly asked, her chin is up, showing her utmost confidence at me, even though I know she's trembling inside.

I touched her face but she just slapped it, forcing me not to touch her.

I chuckled because of how aggressive she is.

"I will let you and your father be free from me, but you have to be my pet for six months. You will do whatever I order you to and I will do whatever I want to you."

She stared at me like what I said was some joke. It seems like she was waiting for me to say that I was just joking but when she realized that I'm serious, she raised an eyebrow at me.

"Of course, not! That's the last thing I would do. I came here to save my father and not to enter with some stupid contract."

"Then you won't save your father. It's as easy as that. The moment you step your feet here in my territory, you already buried your feet on the ground." I xed the necktie on my neck and saw how her eyes followed my hands. "I tried to give you a chance to save your father. But if you don't want then you can now leave my-"

She cut me off.

"You're a devil! Don't you know me? Don't you know who my father is?" Her voice shook as she screamed at me.

I walked fast toward her then held her jaw tightly... enough to startle her. Her eyes widened and it seemed like she did not expect the sudden action of mine.

I moved near her face, our lips only an inch from each other. For a moment, my eyes stayed on her lips. They are red like cherry and by just looking at it, they seem so soft. The lines on her lips were perfect, like those lines were put there on purpose.

I looked back to her eyes, before whispering at her. "I know you. I know your family. I know your father too well." One wrong move from her and her lips will meet mine. "You're calling me a devil? It's ironic how you call me a devil when in fact, your father stole from me. He is the real devil. Not me. Your father is."

Now that I am holding her in this short distance, I can smell her fragrance. It's sweet but not too sweet. I like her smell.

"M-My father is a good man-"

I smirked. "Tell that to a deaf, then."

Her eyes turned into slits, but she did not say anything.

I sighed. "One last chance, are you willing to be my pet for six months in exchange for your father's freedom?"

She looked at me thoroughly through the eyes. We stared in each other for a minute before she finally nodded her head.

I smirked then took my hands off her. "Good decision, lady. I like your smell by the way." I said before going back to my table.