

Chapter 006

Lyanne's POV

"Thanks for the ride," I croaked the silence inside the car as we reached our shooting place.

I'm more than an hour early and this will help me gather time to prepare for today's shoot—put my make-up on with the help of my glam team and memorize the lines I need to say for today's scenes. I'm no exception. The reason why Director Eliot agreed to let me go yesterday was because we were already done for yesterday's scene. We still had extra time yesterday, the reason why my asshole ex-boyfriend was so eager to shoot our bed scenes.

Killian c****d his head on the other side.

"What?" I asked, confused about the way he looks at me.

"Do you have a shoot tomorrow?"

My brows furrowed. "No? We only shoot for two consecutive days in a week."

He nodded his head as he massaged his clenched jaw. Sometimes, I do think that his jaw is naturally clenched without even trying. Reason why most people, including me, always have this impression that he never smiles.

But how many times did I see him smile already?

"Pack your clothes and you'll stay with me for the rest of the week."

My eyes widened. "What? You're joking right?" Because there's no way in hell I would let him ask me to stay with him for ve days!

He raised an eyebrow at me, and I can see from his eyes that I only have one last chance to contradict what he orders me before he kills me.

"I will just let you remember who you are, my little angel." He held my jaw gently, caressed it a bit before he neared his face to me until our faces were only an inch away from each other. "You are Lyanne Del Real, daughter of Ernesto Del Real, and pet of Killian Falcon. You do as I told you. You move as I ordered you. And you will not complain until I say so. Do you understand?" He whispered, his voice full of power and command.

My lips hung open and I slowly nodded my head. "Y-Yes,"

A smirk played on his lips before he moved away. "Now go out and do your job perfectly... because tomorrow you will start ocially as my pet."

I gulped and breathed heavily.

"I want to f**k you—hard and rough." He wrapped his around my waist, pulling me into his body. "Fast and long-lasting," he added in a whisper as he positioned himself at my back.

We both looked at each other's naked body in the mirror. He let me face him and there he attacked me with rough and feasty kisses, like this is what he has always been wanting to do—to kiss me endlessly and do it his way.

I closed my eyes and let my lips go with the rhythm of his kisses as I let my mind think my next lines.

I cut the kisses. "Before you f**k me, I need your words clearly."

He groaned and tightened the hug at my body. "What is it?"

"I will have gold. More golds than a princess could ever have. Golds just like what you have."

I gulped as he ran his ngers in between my legs. I'm thankful for the esh colored fabric panty that I wore.

"Of course, you'll have them all! But rst, let me have this p**y of yours rst."

Then he made a thrust. I felt his hard manhood poking my ass. I moaned, he groaned. And it repeated and continued as if I really liked doing it with him.

"And cut!" Eliot said outside, and that's when I sigh in relief.

Jethro was still hugging me tightly until our assistants came inside the room to assist us both. He let me go and moved a little bit, with a small satised smirk on his lips.

"Accept this towel, miss." My personal assistant prvided me with a towel and I immediately wrapped it around my body.

I glanced at Jethro who was still smiling like an i**t at me while he was being assisted by his assistant.

"You did well, Jethro and Lyanne! You two look perfect in that scene!" Eliot, our director, barked a laugh inside the room.

Jethro joined him laughing. While I make a fake smile.

Eliot tapped my shoulder then he went where Jethro was sitting. I sighed and just mind myself as I removed my make-up.

"You may now take your shower, miss." My assistant informed me.

I glanced at her and nodded.

"Jethro is really a professional and hot actor, Miss. His body is so perfect! And of course, you too, as well, miss. That's why you have such great chemistry!"

I turned my full attention to my assistant. She's talking to me while her full attention is on Jethro's almost naked body. The only thing that he wears is a esh colored tted boxer.

I shook my head and walked away to take my bath.

I scrubbed my skin, in every corner. I don't want to leave a mark of his kisses on my skin. Instead of thinking about his kisses, I spent my time thinking of 'what may happen tomorrow' as I bath myself.

Do I sleep in the same house as Killian? Oh well, I just wish he does not order me to clean and clean and clean all day long. Or to even cook. I don't know any household chores!

Oh, f**k! Why do I even think things like these? I'm his pet, right? Not a servant. So most likely, he'll not ask me to do household chores for him because I'm sure he has maids.

I shook my head and decided to nish my bath already and change my clothes. Our shooting is already done and I am ready to go home.

"Miss, your father's right hand is here. He's looking for you."

I take a look at my assistant. "Where is he?"

"He's with Jethro, miss. They are both talking about something serious."

"Where are they?"

"In the lobby,"

I sighed and instantly walked towards the lobby. I know for sure Jethro, for the nth time, is talking again with Creston about nonsense things.

Juse like him. He is a living nonsense.

"Why do you keep pushing yourself on Lyanne? Maybe you also want to get in between her legs-"

Before I could even stop Jethro from talking, Creston's st immediately landed on Jethro's jaw.

"Creston!" I called his name to stop him.

Jethro fell on the oor and the guards ran towards us to hold Creston and to help Jethro stand.

"You will be banned here, you jerk!" Jethro yelled at Creston. He was about to ght back but the guards were too quick to respond and stop him. "Don't f****g touch me!"

"Jethro, will you please stop? You're being an asshole again!"

I put Creston behind my back as I held his hand tightly, ensuring that he's not gonna punch Jethro again for the second time even though I want Jethro to be punched again.

"Lyanne, don't insult me. I should be the one defending you from that man, not the other way around." He whispered to me.

I glared at him and pinched his hand a little.

"Ouch," he said, but I doubt if he really is in pain because he's smirking at me.

"He punched me, Lyanne! You should join me and not that f****g boy!" Jethro was still yelling like a fuckikg i****.

I gritted my teeth. "An asshole like you deserves that, Jethro."

I said then walked out of the lobby with Creston.

"I'm sure my punch hurt his jaw too much. I doubt if he could talk dirty to you again." Creston said, as if he's still proud of what he has done.

I pushed him inside his car, went inside, then closed the door.

"What the hell was that?" I raised an eyebrow at him.

He c****d his head on the other side. "I punched him?"

I sighed. "Even if I want him to be punched, you shouldn't have done that, Creston. You caused a scene."

He sighed. "Okay, then. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Just make sure, you jerk."

Then we both laughed.

Creston is not just my father's right hand. He's my childhood friend. We grew up in the same household. We grew up at the same time. We ate the same food at our table. We studied in the same school from grade school to tertiary. Our friendship has been tested by time. And I can really say that he's like a brother to me.

"To change our topic, I came to tell you that your father wants to talk to you later for dinner. He's expecting you to sleep in your house."

Even if my father did not ask, I'm also planning to sleep in our house tonight.

"I'm going,"

He nodded then he wandered his eyes around the parking area. "I did not see your car around? How did you get here?"

I gulped and looked away. I forgot that he does not know about the contract I have signed with Killian. And I have no plan to telling him about it.

"I booked a taxi," I lied.

He narrowed his eyes on me. He knows whenever I am lying. And I know that he knows I lied.

Before he could ask another question, I asked him to drive me home already. And all the reactions that he wanted to ask me went down with his saliva the moment he gulped.