

## **FALLING FOR THE ENEMY Chapter 5 - CHAPTER FIVE: EMILIANO?**

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A burning pain shot through Maria's skull like a blazing fire, forcing her to peel her eyes open. She quickly shut them back as she was met with a blinding light. She attempted to shield her eyes away only to realize the extra weight that had been put on her hands. She blinked several times, eyes finally adjusting to the light as she looked down at her arms.

Her chained arms.

She looked down at herself, still clothed in the same oversized shirt and shorts she had on since yesterday.

Yesterday! Memories of what happened began to flood her mind as she wondered where she was.

Taking a look at her surroundings, she was on a bed, a huge one at that, possibly Queen sized. The walls surrounding her were pure white, with a chair, wardrobe and dressing mirror situated at either side of the room. It looked like a normal bedroom. But the man standing at the foot of the bed with his back turned to her certainly wasn't part of an item found in an ideal bedroom.

Maria could tell he was an elderly man by the numerous strands of grey atop his head. He appeared to be yelling at someone on the phone, his pale wrinkly hands clutched the object with so much force it was sure to leave some form of damage to it. He had a voice so strong and demanding, that it sent a wave of fear down Maria's spine. It was nothing like Maria had ever heard before.

He was tall. Very tall. From his back alone, anyone could tell he was a fit man.

"And so you had to chain her like a dog, gillpollas!" The don screamed into the device making Carlos flinch at the other end.

"I-I'm sorry boss, but she is very dangerous. It had to be done-"

"Dangerous, you say?" The Don's voice dropped an entire octave, making his voice low and menacing. "You know what else is dangerous, Carlos?"

Carlos paled at the other end. He knew the Don could handle himself better than any of them but he preferred to be safe and protect his boss. But the fact that the Don was this angry because some girl was chained was certain, whoever that girl was to the Don was someone important. "W-what?"

"Me."

The line went dead and Carlos knew if he wanted to ever walk out of the ranch again with a job he'd better make those chains on that girl disappear.

Maria watched the one-sided interaction with both bewilderment and amusement. Her kidnapper was upset that she was being chained? Isn't that the normal thing to do when you kidnap someone?

As if any of this was normal anyway.

His back still to her, the strange man said, "You're finally awake, you've been out for a whole day." His voice had become a lot more gentle than before. It made Maria start to believe he had some sort of split personality.

Not knowing how to respond, she remained silent. A day? Did he say a whole 24 hours? She tried to open her mouth to ask who the hell he was and what he meant by she was out for two days. But the consistent pounding in her head made it very difficult for her mouth to form words.

The man slowly turned to face her and Maria was met with the same shade of obsidian as hers. Only that he was accompanied with red rims and a deranged demeanour.

The strange man clasped his hands together, drawing Maria's attention to them. Her eyes widened at the sight of his incomplete fingers, his left had four and his right had two. It was a frightening visual for Maria, the Don noticed this and joined them behind his back instead.

The Don was an epitome of confidence and pride. His aura always radiated power, danger and authority. He was feared and respected across the whole of Spain and Western Europe for his cold brutality and judgement. He was never one to back down or feel intimidated.

But the man that stood before Maria was different. He almost looked....  
Bashful?

Almost.

"Uh... I'm sorry we have to talk like this" he said, referring to her chained hands. He scratched his nape with the two fingers left on his right hand. He had waited so long for this moment, but now that he had finally gotten it, now that he had finally gotten the chance to look her in the eyes and talk, he could shamefully say for the first time in his life; he was speechless.

Maria, however, did not share the same feelings. "I don't know who you are or where I am so please let me go, I don't have any money. I promise not to say a word of this to the police, I swear."

The Don felt insulted that she'd think someone like him needed money. He could be losing hundreds of millions right now and it still wouldn't affect him or his business. "You shouldn't swear," were his first words to her. He pulled out the chair that leaned against the left wall and sat beside her, his eyes roaming every inch, corner and curve of her face as though he was trying to draw a picture of her in his mind.

"Well then what do you want?!" Maria screamed in both frustration and anger.

"Three things."

"Which are...?" Completed confused as to where the strange man was heading to.

"One, being your forgiveness." The Don's thin lips had dropped into a frown. His eyes remained focused on her as her face morphed into one of pure confusion.

"For kidnapping me? It's done." She lied.

"You are a very terrible liar," the Don mused. "We'll have to work on that...." He said, more to himself than to her.

Maria was bubbling with frustration and impatience, "then for what?"

A moment of silence passed.

"For not being there for you, hija."

Hija?

Who was this man calling hija? It couldn't possibly be her. Her father was dead. The Don's next words however opposed her thoughts, "I'm your father, Maria."

"No." Was her only response.

The Don sighed, "I know you won't believe me so easily, but I wouldn't go through all this trouble just to lie-" he was interrupted by a screaming Maria.

"You're probably trying to brainwash me! My father is dead!"

Although he despised being interrupted more than anything else, the Don let it slide because one, she was not aware of who he truly was and two, she was his child. His very own.

The Don took out a photo from his pocket and unfolded it before Maria. The sight made Maria's eyes water. The picture portrayed her as a child, not more than three years old, running on a field with her late mother's outstretched arms trying to catch her. But the child was running towards someone, a man.

The Don.

They all looked younger then considering the picture was taken over fifteen years ago.

Maria shook her head in denial, this couldn't be. "It's photoshopped," she declared.

The man shook his head with amusement, she was his blood. So stubborn.

"I swear on your mother's grave-"

"DON'T YOU DARE MENTION MY MOTHER, YOU DERANGED PSYCHO!" Her voice raised to its very top, this time, annoying the don.

"Never," he said lowly, "in your life, will you raise your voice at me. I'm a man feared by many across the continent and I won't hesitate to make you one of them." His harsh eyes pierced through Maria, she shrunk into the bed, staring up at him with fear in her eyes. This wasn't going the way he wanted. He released a small sigh, "Please don't be difficult," he said in a softer tone.

The world began to spin before Maria, he wasn't aware of the emotional strain this had on her. First, her mother died, she gets kidnapped and now this? "Why?" She asked as tears began to well in her eyes, "Why now? After all these years, you waited for my mother to die before showing yourself, why?!"

"I was trying to protect you."

"Bullshit," she muttered beneath her breath but it failed to escape Don's ear.

"Do not use such language in my presence-"

"I'm not even supposed to be in your presence! If what you say is true then why the change, huh? You're no longer trying to protect me? You bloody hypocrite- ah!" The sudden sting on her cheek accompanied by a neck-snapping force had her screaming in pain.

"I am your father and you will respect me!"

The room fell silent, the only sound was the little sniffles Maria made as she tried her best to hold back her tears. She didn't know why this was happening to her, what crime had she committed to deserve all this?

The Don relaxed into his seat, pulling out a cigarette and lighter, he lit the cancer stick and took several long drags. The smoke eventually resulted in Maria's coughing fit.

If it had been anyone else he'd have watched them cough till they eventually choked and passed out. Fortunately for her, he had some form of empathy towards her. He turned out the light in the cancer stick before putting it away.

"You said you wanted three things. What are the two?" Were Maria's next words, her voice monotone.

"I want to get to know you better, and maybe you could do the same to me?" Maria snorted in response but did not comment on his demand. "And I want you to be my successor."

That piqued Maria's interest.

"Successor?" She repeated. "To what?"

"My business."

He seriously must be joking.

"Not interested, sorry." Her tone was dismissive as she turned her head away from him.

"Unfortunately, you don't have a choice."

"Excuse me?" She asked incredulously, turning her head back to him. "You can't force me. I can deliberately make your 'business' collapse if I wanted to."

The Don smiled, "Exactly, you wouldn't want to do that." Maria did not miss the threat hidden in those words. "Besides, you can't. Even if you wanted to."

Just then, the door opened to reveal a muscular blonde man, he wasn't freakishly tall like the Don but he was taller than Maria. "Forgive me for the delay, Don." He rushed out, his head bowed as he quickly went for Maria's wrists and unlocked the chains. She sat up quickly and massaged them.

"Don?" She found herself repeating and it was then she began to wonder what he meant by 'business'.

"Carlos, do tell the maid to come and take care of our guest and prepare a hot shower ready. We have a new addition to the family," the Don ordered and Carlos nodded, his eyes still focused on the floor as he left, shutting the door behind him.

Maria got up from the bed and scurried to the father on another side of the room, away from the Don. He found her actions. "You're a Don? Or is that your name?"

"I am one." He answered. His next words, however, were enough to make her pass out. "I am don Emiliano."