Home/A Sinful War with the Rebel Heir (Book 1)/Chapter 4

Damon's POV

"She's seriously starting to piss me off," I muttered, slamming my pool cue against the edge of the table. "That fucking Velmor bitch, always meddling in my shit like she owns the goddamn place."

The cue ball clinked off the side without hitting anything. I didn't even care.

Nate leaned against the wall, a smug grin on his face. "Yeah, man. She's a stubborn brat, I'll give her that. Not scared of you at all."

"She really thinks she can bend you," Marcus added, lining up his shot like this was just another casual night at my place. "It's cute."

"Cute," I spat the word like poison. "It's pathetic."

Most girls here, they either feared me, worshipped me, or wanted to fuck me. Usually all three. But Leilanna Velmor? She wanted to ruin me. Or at least try.

And I couldn't stop thinking about it.

"I say we teach her a lesson," Nate said suddenly, breaking the tension.

I turned to him. "What kind of lesson?"

He smirked. "You know. Remind her who's on top around here. Let her chase her little justice fantasies while we pull the strings. Corner her. Humble her."

I arched a brow. "You want to pull a prank?"

"Not just a prank," Marcus chimed in. "Psychological warfare. Make her feel the pressure. Remind her that this isn't her turf. That she can't keep poking the bear without getting mauled."

I tilted my head, considering it.

It wasn't a bad idea.

"She's got an ego," I muttered, leaning back against the pool table. "Let's make it bleed."

Marcus raised a brow. "What's the plan?"

I smirked.

All day in class, she'd been pulling the same crap. Every time our eyes met, hers narrowed, unimpressed, she rolled them so hard I thought they'd stick in her skull. She sat up front, of course. I hated seat mates, always kept that empty chair next to me since freshman year. Nobody dared touch it.

"She thinks she's too good for you," Nate said from the passenger seat, tugging his ski mask up over his hairline for a moment before letting it fall back down. "Like she doesn't get it. Like she's immune."

"She's not immune," Marcus chimed in from the back, twirling his beer bottle cap. "She's just stubborn. Brat thinks she can bend you. She can't."

"Damn right she can't," I growled. "Nobody does."

Truth was, I'd been itching for this all day. I wasn't nervous, I wasn't second-guessing. I was excited. Electricity in my veins. Our plan was simple, clean. A scare. Just enough to rattle her bones and remind her where she stood.

Nate checked his phone. "Tire's done. Slashed clean. She'll be hoofing it home in no time. Right on schedule."

I smirked, eyes fixed on the street corner. "Good. Then let's make this fun."

Ten minutes later, I spotted her. Hoodie up, bag slung over her shoulder, walking down the dim sidewalk like she owned the cracked pavement. She kept her chin high even though the shadows stretched long, like she didn't know or didn't care how unsafe it was.

"She looks pissed already," Marcus said, leaning forward between the seats. "Perfect."

"Wait for it," I muttered, keeping the car steady a few lengths behind her.

When she passed the side alley we'd marked, Nate flicked his hand. "Now."

The rear door swung open. My boys slid out in unison, ski masks in place. Quick as thunder, they closed in, flanking Leilanna. She froze a half-second too late.

"What the..." her voice cut sharp, fierce, even as they grabbed her arms. "Get the hell off me!"

I grinned, knuckles tight around the wheel, adrenaline thrumming. Music to my ears.

The door yawned open wider. My guys tugged her toward it, her bag yanked clean from her shoulder. She fought, shoving, elbowing, spitting curses like a machine gun.

I loved it.

The sound of her fists slamming against the doorframe mixed with their laughter as they shoved her inside. She twisted, caught sight of me through the mask slit, and for a flash, I swore she recognized me.

My lips curled into a smile behind the wheel.

Showtime.

I floored the gas. The tires screeched, the city lights blurred, and we tore down the street with her trapped in the back, fury filling the cabin.

“Shut her up already,” Marcus hissed, struggling to keep her pinned.

That’s when Nate pulled it out, the black plastic grip of the prop gun we kept around for scares. Cheap, but convincing in the dark. He pressed it against her temple with a snap of authority.

“Shut the fuck up,” he barked. “Now.”

Leilanna froze.

The fire in her eyes stuttered. Her breath came fast, shoulders stiff, the fight trembling out of her limbs. Her lashes were wet, her lips pressed into a thin line like she was refusing to let the tears fall.

Oh, I loved it.

“Good girl,” Nate muttered, still holding the prop steady.

I drove faster. By the time we screeched into the old industrial district, my veins were alive with fire. I pulled up beside the abandoned building we’d chosen, rusted shutters, graffiti walls, the perfect stage.

“Out,” I ordered, killing the engine.

Marcus yanked the door open and dragged her out, her shoes scraping on broken concrete. She stumbled, still shaking, still staring wide-eyed at the fake weapon. Nate leaned close enough for her to see the smirk under his mask. She recoiled, but she didn’t scream. She knew no one would hear.

Perfect.

We shoved her through the broken doorway, the air inside stale and cold. Dust swirled under the weak light that filtered through cracks in the boards. A single chair sat waiting in the center, like a throne for the damned.

“Sit,” Marcus snapped, pushing her toward it.

She resisted, jaw clenched, but Nate lifted the fake gun again and her defiance cracked just enough for her to lower herself into the seat. Her hands gripped the edge, knuckles white.

I leaned against the wall, arms crossed, watching. My boys moved quick, looping rope around her wrists, binding her to the chair.

“What do you want from me?!” she sobbed. “Money?! How much?! I’ll give it to you, just please, don’t kill me! Please!”

The desperation, the pitch of her voice, the way her shoulders shook was almost too much. I pressed my knuckles to my mouth to hold in the laugh threatening to tear out of me.

God, this was so fucking funny. So entertaining.

This was Velmor, the loudmouth, the brat who never shut up. Reduced to begging, bargaining with shadows.

Nate leaned down, fake gun angled just enough to gleam under the broken strip light. Leilanna flinched so hard I thought she might rip the ropes herself.

I leaned forward. “You really wanna know who sent us?”

Her wide eyes darted up to me, red and glistening. “Who?!” she cried. “My mother?! Is she behind this?”

That stopped me for a second. Her voice cracked, not from fear this time, but something rawer, something that almost sounded like heartbreak. I caught the tremble in her lips, the disbelief, and for a fleeting moment, something in me hesitated. Why would she think her mother wanted her dead? What the hell happened between them?

I almost wanted to ask. Almost.

But then I forced that weakness out of my chest with a sigh, rolling my shoulders like I was bored of the whole scene. “Why?” I said, mocking, tilting my head. “Maybe she’s just sick of you. Maybe she finally got tired of her spoiled little brat who never knew when to shut up or how to mind her own damn business.”

Leilanna's breathing hitched. "I'm sorry!" she sobbed, voice trembling. "Please, I didn't mean to! I'm sorry, I'll stop, I swear!"

Her tears spilled freely now, dripping down her face, soaking the gagged edge of her sleeve. I watched her crumble, and for a moment, there was a quiet thrill in it, a strange, dark satisfaction in seeing someone so proud unravel completely.

But beneath it, something else stirred, curiosity, faint and unwanted. Because the way she'd said "my mother," the panic in it... it didn't sound like guilt. It sounded like betrayal.

And I hated that I wanted to know why.

I lifted my fake gun slowly, letting the dim light catch its edge as I aimed it right between her eyes. She froze, her entire body going rigid.

"Say goodbye," I said quietly.

Her eyes went wide, her breath catching in her throat. "W–what?"

"Say goodbye," I repeated, taking a deliberate step closer. "To your life. To whoever's gonna miss you if anyone even will."

She started shaking her head so hard that strands of her hair came loose, sticking to her wet cheeks. "Please, please, don't!"

The fear in her eyes hit deeper than I expected. Her chest heaved with every breath, and her voice cracked into raw, helpless sobs. "I'll do anything! Please! I swear, I'll never bother anyone again!"

Nate glanced at me uncertainly. "Maybe that's enough—"

"Shut up," I snapped, still staring at her. I didn't even know why I said it. Maybe it was because for the first time, the whole thing didn't feel funny anymore. The sound of her crying wasn't satisfying. It was... unsettling.

I leaned down until I was at her eye level, the fake gun brushing against her temple. "You talk too much, Velmor," I whispered. "You should've learned when to shut up."

Her lips trembled. "I'm sorry," she whispered again, smaller this time. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

The words broke apart, and I felt something twist in my gut. This was supposed to be a joke, a lesson maybe, a little payback for the way she'd run her mouth. But the look in her eyes, pure terror, no fight left, made the whole thing feel wrong.

Nate shifted behind me. "Man, maybe we should stop—"

I didn’t answer. My arm stayed up, but my grip had gone loose.

Leilanna closed her eyes, whispering something, maybe a prayer, maybe a name, and that did it.

I dropped the gun to my side, exhaling hard.

I straightened and nodded to my guys. “Enough. Untie her.”

“What?” Nate blinked. “Now?”

“Now,” I snapped, voice flat.

Marcus moved first, unlooping the coarse rope from her wrists. It left faint red marks on her skin. She jerked her arms free the second the last knot fell loose, rubbing them furiously, eyes darting from one masked face to the next.

I stepped closer, still masked, lowering my voice to a whisper only she could hear. “Remember this moment, Velmor,” I murmured. “Remember what it feels like to be on the wrong side.”

Then, slowly, I reached up and tugged the ski mask off my face.

Her reaction was worth every second of this game.

Leilanna gasped like I’d sucker-punched her lungs. Shock stretched across her face, then snapped into pure, molten rage.

“You…” Her voice cracked, raw with fury and betrayal. “You fucking asshole!”

“Well, look at you now. Velmor the fearless. Velmor the loudmouth. Velmor who can’t keep her nose out of my business. What happened to all that bite, huh? All those threats? You talk like you’re my equal, like you’ve got claws sharp enough to scratch me, but here you are, crying at the sight of a toy.”

She lunged at me, fist flying. For a heartbeat, I almost let it land just to see how hard she’d swing. But Nate and Marcus caught her wrists mid-swing, yanking her back before her knuckles could find my jaw.

She strained against them, spitting curses that echoed off the hollow walls. “You think this is funny?! You sick piece of shit!”

I smirked, tilting my head. “Careful, Velmor. You’re gonna make me think you didn’t enjoy my little show.”

Her nostrils flared, eyes blazing. “Enjoy?! You terrorized me! You made me think I was going to die!”

I shrugged, casual, watching her fight against my guys. “And yet, you’re still here. Breathing. Standing. Maybe even stronger for it.”

“Stronger?” she spat, her voice dripping venom. “You’re insane.”

Marcus chuckled, still holding her arm as she thrashed. “She’s got a mouth on her, man. Even after that.”

“Let me go!” she screamed, jerking against their grip.

“Do you know why I did this?” I asked softly, lowering my voice until only she could hear.

She glared at me, jaw clenched so tight it could’ve shattered bone. “Because you’re a sadistic bastard who gets off on breaking people.”

I smirked wider. “Close. It’s because you don’t know your place. You walk around the campus like rules don’t apply to you. Like you’re immune. Like you’re better than everyone else... including me.”

“I am better than you,” she hissed.

Nate barked a laugh at that, still pinning her wrist. “She’s got balls, I’ll give her that.”

I ignored him, keeping my eyes locked on hers. “No, Velmor. You’re not better. You’re reckless. And reckless people need to be reminded who runs things.”

She spat at the floor between us. “You don’t run me.”

That earned a sharp laugh from my chest. I leaned in closer, so close I could see the flecks of fire in her irises. “You sure about that? Because you were just begging for your life five minutes ago.”

Her face flushed, shame flickering over the fury. “You’re nothing but a coward hiding behind your daddy’s money and your little soldiers! You’re sick! This is pathetic! You think tying me up proves you’re strong? It proves you’re scared of me!”

A laugh ripped from my throat, sharp and cruel. I straightened, smirking down at her. “Scared? No, Velmor. I’m entertained. There’s a difference.”

I circled her like a predator, my shadow slicing across her body as she tracked me with her eyes. “You want my attention so bad, don’t you? Always picking fights, always standing in my way. Admit it, you like this. You like me noticing you.”

Her lip curled in disgust. “I hate you.”

“Why don’t you just fucking tell me if you wanna get fucked so bad, huh? You pick fights, you spit in my face, you keep coming back. All that noise just for my attention.”

Her breath hitched, but her glare didn’t waver. That glare burned like a blade.

I chuckled, cruel and lazy. “But well… too bad.” I let my eyes drag down her hoodie and back up again. “You’re not my type.”

A flush crawled up her neck, whether from anger or humiliation I couldn’t tell and didn’t care.

“That’s all this is,” I went on, voice like silk over barbed wire. “You trying to get noticed. And me, reminding you where you belong.”

Her eyes flashed, fire under ice. “You’re disgusting,” she hissed, voice shaking but sharp.

I tilted my head, savoring it. “But enough games. Here’s how it’s gonna go, Velmor. You stay the fuck out of my business. No more playing hero. No more charging in where you don’t belong. You keep your mouth shut, your head down, and maybe, I’ll let you walk through the school in one piece.”

Her lips parted, breath hitching. “You can’t—”

“Oh, I can.” I leaned down until my breath brushed her ear. “You think today was bad? That little scare in the chair? That was me being generous. You wanna keep poking at me, Velmor? Then I’ll stop being generous. And trust me, you don’t wanna know what that looks like.”

She swallowed hard, throat bobbing. The fire in her eyes flickered, but it didn’t die. God, she was stubborn.

I pulled back, smirk widening. “So here’s the deal. From now on, you’re gonna be a good girl. You’re gonna mind your business. You’re gonna stop getting in my way. And if you don’t… well, you’ve already had a preview.”

Her jaw clenched so tight I thought her teeth might crack. “You’re pathetic,” she spat. “You think you scare me into being your puppet? Never. You’re going to regret this, Damon. I’ll make damn sure of it.”

“Maybe. But until then, be a good girl, Velmor. Or I’ll make you one.”