

Prologue: Meeting the Devil.

I craned my neck as I watch the newbies practicing for the upcoming tournament. It's a tournament where our big boss will determine their strength whether they are good enough already to be part of the Black Base's missions. And I was tasked to train them.

Black Base is an underground organization. It was handled by Mr. Black, a well-known billionaire in Z City.

Our mission is mostly stealing items, products, bounty hunting, and sometimes... killing. Though, Mr. Black never gave me an assignment that includes killing. Mostly it's just more on fighting.

Before you could get some assignments or missions, you have to undergo some training first. You have to learn martial arts, right usage of a gun, grenade, knife, and even samurai. We were also taught on how to use some high-tech technologies that could hack everything, including the CCTV cameras.

I let out a yawn before clapping my hands to get the attention of the newbies.

They immediately stopped what they are doing and run towards me. That's one of their training; they have to be very obedient with their trainer, which happens to be me.

"When you are fighting, make sure to look straight to their eyes. In that way..." I stopped talking when I heard someone talking on the earpiece I am wearing right now.

I clicked it to hear it more clearly.

I raised my hand and gestured wait for the newbies.

"X transmitting..." I raised my brows, wondering why X is contacting me. "Z, Mr. Black is asking you to come to his office."

I heave a sigh. Mr. Black promises me a vacation once I'm done with my recent mission. I'm done with it and took the job of training the newbies because I have nothing to do. Plus, this much more relaxing than going somewhere. That's why I don't know why he's asking for my presence now. Did he suddenly change his mind? He can't do that!

"Copy," I said before heaving another sigh.

I heard X chuckled on the other side.

"And I thought you're having a vacation." He teasingly said.

"Shut up, X!" I gritted my teeth.

He just chuckled again before saying "Chill, I need to go now! Bye."

After that, I turn back my gaze to the newbies. They are still standing straight while waiting for me. "Continue your practice. Make sure that no one will get hurt."

"Yes, third!" they all saluted.

Third. That's what others call me. That's my rank on Black Base.

I don't know what I did to be in the top three of this organization. I just know that I did very well with every mission I have and never failed. I gave all my best to this job, no matter how dangerous it is.

I clicked my tongue before knocking on Mr. Black's office. "I know it's you, Zabrina. Come in." Mr. Black said in a stern voice.

When I opened the black door of his office, a male in his early 30's is sitting on a big swivel chair. His hair is a bit messy and his pair brown eyes are staring me.

"What?" I asked before rolling my eyes to him.

A smile immediately formed into his cherry red lips, showing the dimple on his right cheek.

"Early in the morning and you are already grumpy, Z." He said laughing.

I made my way towards the couch located to the living room of his office before I threw myself to it, sitting like a boss, not minding if Mr. Black, our boss is looking at me.

"I know I promised you a vacation. But I have a very important mission for you. S and D couldn't do it because they are still doing their mission. This makes you the third person who is very capable of doing the job." He stood up after saying that, making his way closer to me.

He stopped in front of me before using his feet to push me on the side. He sat beside me and put his legs on my lap.

I glared at him but he just pinched my cheeks. "Please?" he said trying to show me his puppy eyes; he even pouted his lips just to complete his "cute" look which I find very funny.

"Stop doing that, Logan! You look ugly, oh god..." I dramatically said.

Logan, our big boss, also known as Mr. Black is a friend of mine. We are very close and even when everyone feels intimidated around him, I am not. He is very playful and silly around me, that's the reason why whenever we're alone, I boss him around.

Though when it comes to work. I respect him a lot. He's a good boss and I admire him because of that.

"What is it that you want?" I give up.

"I know that you are very aware of the Skullz Organization..."

"No, sorry." I shrugged.

"Seriously, Zabrina!" he exclaimed. "Are you even listening whenever Marielle is talking about the other organization?" He looked at me as if I am the biggest joke he'd ever seen.

"What? It's not my fault that I am not very interested..."

"Shut up, how could you not know about the Skullz!"

I bit my lower lip to prevent myself from laughing. Because Logan is very funny right now. I can't believe he really believes that I don't know The Skullz when they are literally the most dangerous mafia group or an organization when it comes to our field.

It took me a few seconds before I burst into laughter. "Damn! I can't believe you are handling the black base, Logan. You are stupid."

"Damn you, Zabrina!"

He discussed to me the mission and after the meeting with Logan, I immediately went to the equipment room to get all the things I needed.

I wore black leather jeans, leather jacket, and boots to complete my outfit for tonight's mission. I even brought a clip point knife and a beretta 96 gun with me. Though I am good at martial arts and could knock out any men. I still need these for protection or in case of an emergency.

I know how dangerous the Skullz is. I even heard that people call their boss the "Devil," because of how evil he is. He is like the living Lucifer of the underground organization. That's what I know. None of the black base members knows how he looks like. They said he is very mysterious and dangerous...

But if Logan gave me this job, then this is just a piece of cake.

I know he wouldn't like it if I'm in danger.

I hid in the wall while looking at the guards of the room where I am going to steal the Hope Diamond that cost 250 million dollars!

I don't even know how does a piece of single jewelry like will cost a fortune. People are really unpredictable; they spend money on just a piece of shit. Rich people make me want to roll my eyes.

It's not a surprise anymore that the group of The Skullz has it.
"Guard the door carefully, I just need to pee."

My mouth formed into an O when I heard the other guard said that to his companion. I can't believe this job will be really, really easy for me! Imagine, I just need to knock this guard down and break the code of the door and then I'm done!

"Z transmitting..." I whispered. "X, I need you to turn off all the CCTV Cameras now."

"Copy that, Z!" said X.

After that, I saw how the red light from the CCTV Cameras turned off.

I smirked at myself. Why the hell is this mission so easy?

I silently made my way towards the guard who's guarding the door. And when I'm sure that he didn't see me, I used my gun to hit his nape. He immediately fell down to the floor.

I clicked my tongue and shrugged, so much for an easy job, eh?

I focused myself on cracking the code of the door, and I really can't believe that after three tries, it immediately opened!

Is Logan sure that this is one of the toughest jobs? Or that The Skullz is very hard to deal with? Because this is really an easy job, even a newbie can make their way to their base.

I couldn't help but to gape as I saw all the shining pieces of jewelry inside. I composed myself and started searching for the jewelry I needed to steal. The Hope Diamond.

I took out my phone to check the image of the jewelry so that I can easily spot it. And when I found it, I couldn't help but gasp.

It's so beautiful! No wonder this piece costs a fortune. I was about to touch the diamond when I felt a hard object pointed to the back of my head.

"You want to die?" someone said in a cold and raspy tone.

Damn!

I curse in my mind.

"Turn around and face me," he said in demanding tone making me immediately turned around. And when I finally saw his face, my jaw dropped.

It was Eliot Nicholas! My first love.

Chapter 1: The devil was once an angel

Flashback: Eight years ago.

They said you can never forget your first love. The first person that made your heart flutter made you feel like there are butterflies inside your tummy.

Especially when you are in your adolescent time where your young heart believes in forever and long-lasting love.

“Miss Francisco, I believe in your skills. You can do this one better than anyone.” My teacher in economics said as she scans all the papers I’ve sent to her yesterday.

It’s my reaction paper to our topic last week, the importation and exportation of products in the Philippines and other countries.

Mrs. Starling likes reading my opinions that’s why I always give her my reaction paper about certain topics. And now she’s telling me to write an article about the happenings in the Philippines nowadays to be published in our school newspaper.

“Ma’am...” I said calmly “I also believe that students wouldn’t be interested reading about political issues.” I reasoned out.

“You are a public speaker, Miss Francisco. And you always encourage them to listen even though they aren’t interested in the first place. You have to power to make everyone interested in whatever you are saying.” She said.

I rolled my eyes upwards before sighing.

It’s no use.

“We always see the school newspapers on the garbage lately, students are wasting it and we believe that by electing you as one of the writers, they would be interested.” She said excitedly.

I heave a sigh once again.

“So, this is more like using my name more than believing about what I write?” I couldn’t help but raise my tone.

“That...” she had a long paused before proceeding. “Is something you are correct about? But also, because we believe in your skills. You are a great writer, Miss Francisco. You made everyone hooked to your last essay about global warming last quarter.”

I like giving opinions, writing, criticizing and public speaking. It became a hobby to me especially when my mother is a journalist and my father’s attorney.

My dream is to be a lawyer, reporter, judge, or to be a journalist just like my mother.

That's why when I started high school, I start joining some competitions that include writing and debate.

I am also always the top in my class.

Everyone become interested in me because they said I have the beauty and brain.

They are interested to hear my opinions, to read my essays and to whatever I am doing.

I gained popularity by just that.

I am not a nerd, definitely not but they call me a genius.

Everyone assumes that I don't have a flaw and sometimes it is suffocating already. Now they even want to use me to gain readers for our school newspaper.

"You can write gossips!" she suggested.

I snorted.

Seriously? A gossip? I don't even know any gossip, to begin with.

"I'll think about it, ma'am." I politely said.

"Or about love, Zabrina." She smiled warmly to me.

Why the hell are we talking about this anyway? I believe my desired profession is about politics, economics, and et cetera. Not love nor gossips/

And what did she say? I should write something about love? It's a newspaper! Why would I write something about love? Maybe I could just write about the extinction of the animals but not about love.

What do I know about love?

Love is just a chemical reaction we feel towards someone and I've never experience that.

I believe in love, of course, I am the proof of my mother and father's love for each other. But at my age, I don't think so?

I'm on my tenth grade already but never did I try to date someone nor have a crush to anyone. There are some suitors and admirers but my focus is on my goals.

“Wouldn’t be exciting if you write about love, Zabby?” Chantal said, resting her head to my shoulder. “I can’t imagine you talking about love but I want to know your opinions about it as well.” She dreamingly said before clinging her hands to my arm.

“It would be exciting! Write it for us, Ellie please!” my other friend, Amara, said.

They both have their boyfriends. Whenever they talked about their love life, I don't listen. Or sometimes, I just don't have any opinion about it. Their opinion is always the same. That love is magical and they are happily in love with their boyfriends.

Once, they tried to set me up with a football player in our school team just because they believe that I should feel what they are feeling too!

It didn’t work out; I didn't show up with the date set-up with the captain ball. I don’t even know how he looks like. But every girl in my class, or maybe, batch, likes that guy. Saying he’s dreamy.

“Other than telling us that’s only a chemical reaction, what else can you say about love,” Amara said, now busy texting her boyfriend.

Her boyfriend is older than her, he’s already a grade eleven student in our school and Chantal’s boyfriend is our classmate.

“It’s a newspaper! Seriously? Do you really expect me to write something about love on it?” I sarcastically said, but it only made them laugh.

“If Mrs. Starling suggested it, it means it’s possible. I haven’t read any articles in our newspaper but I think there’s a section about it.” Chantal said.

Amara put down her phone in front of us. “Don't you like it? It will be a challenge to test your skills if you can also write something that you are not interested at. You can ask us for some head ups!” then she playfully winks at me.

I certainly couldn’t just imagine myself writing about love.

I’ve never experienced romance. All I have is love from my family and friends.

Ah! Maybe I could just write about family love!

“How about love from family?” I said smiling widely.

Chantal immediately lets go of my hand and she looks at me as if she's very disappointed by what I said. And Amara's expression is just the same as her, they are both disappointed. What?

“I know you are loved by your parents, Eleanor. But we want something about romantic love, maybe about first love! Yes! First love!”

“First love? But... I don't have a first love.” I said softly.

“And that what makes everything exciting!” they both said happily.

In the end, I accepted the request of Mrs. Starling. I haven't decided on my topic yet, but I have a long time to decide because the newspaper will be published next year pa.

I am now in the library of our school, searching for some romance books I could read to help me know love.

I know it's funny, instead of exploring it with people around me. But here I am, trying to learn love by reading a book as if I will learn from it. Everybody knows that everything written from a book that has romance genre is all fictional.

But I just think it's better to just read instead of doing something that I know I don't like.

I can't just roam around and use someone as an object to experience love.

“Oh!” my eyes diverted to the left side where the law books are located. Law books! These are the best books!

I bit my lower lip, walking backward to stop myself from going... but I can't!

I slowly put back the romance book I've got earlier and immediately went to the law books section.

I felt excited as I touch the thickness of the books. There's some dust on the book already. Maybe because the students are not very interested in these.

I grabbed the 1987 Constitution of the Republic of the Philippines.

I carefully sat on the wooden floor of the library and rested my back to the wall.

This is the end corner of the library so mostly, students don't go here. The majority of the students who go to the library mostly just come here to sleep or to waste some time.

I was already engaged even when I am just on the first page of the book. The first article talks about the national territory of the Philippines.

That the national territory comprises the Philippine Archipelago, with all the islands and water embraces therein, and all other territories...

I am focused on the book I am reading when I felt someone sat beside me, not so close but still... the corner where I am right is a bit spacious and it could fit ten students.

I turn my gaze to the guy who sat to the same corner where I am. He's holding a book about the family code of the Philippines. And I think he is interested in the law too.

He's a tall guy, by just looking at how long and firm his legs are, and I think is 5'11" or taller. He looks older than me. I think he's already in college or senior high-school. I can't determine since he's not wearing a uniform.

He's wearing glasses and his chocolate brown hair is a bit messy.

His protruding eyes were focused on the book he's flipping already, and even when he is wearing eyeglasses. I still could see his beautiful green eyes. They perfectly suit his dark and long eyelashes. Even his not so thick eyebrows are perfect.

His aquiline shaped nose is supporting his eyeglasses. And god, someone made this guy perfect with those red and wet bow-shaped lips.

He looks like an angel.

Maybe he's a fallen angel?

I only noticed that I've been staring at him for too long when he faked a cough. I suddenly felt shy and I feel like my cheeks are now red.

He is now looking at me, making his green eyes more visible to my sight.

His lips parted to say something, "I'm sorry to interrupt your reading. I hope you don't mind if I sit here with you." he said in a deep and raspy voice.

"Course, I don't mind," I said huskily.

I may not be interested in dating but I must admit that I find some guys attractive, too. I have crushes too, sadly they are celebrities so I don't think it considers?

Today is the first time I admired someone.

When I looked at him again, he is focused on reading the book he's holding. His big and long fingers are holding his book; the book looks so small on his hands.

I shook my head and tried to focus on the book I'm reading.

There's a long silence between us. No one dares to speak again.

I was the first one to leave when the bell rang for my next class. I didn't bother to bid my goodbye because we aren't that close but I nod a bit, he nodded back.

Whenever I go to the library, our path always meets.

I found that he is a first-year college student. BS Economics student to be exact.

Whenever we see each other, we only smile at each other or sometimes we say hello. It's always like that.

Sometimes he will ask me what books I am reading and after I answer him, that's the end of the conversation.

I never got the chance to ask for his name.

It's been two weeks since the last time I saw him.

Four in the afternoon when my class ended. Amara and Chantal asked me to join them in watching the football practice. Amara's boyfriend and Chantal's brother is part of the team.

"Logan's the one who's leading the team," Amara said while munching her cupcakes.

"That's good! Then there's a big chance they will win." Chantal commented.

The practice game went on and on and I couldn't focus because I don't understand it. All I know is that they need to score. I don't know.

"Nice game, babe!" said Amara to his boyfriend Harris. She wipes the sweat on her boyfriend's face before planting a soft kiss on his cheeks. Ack, that's too much for my eyes.

"Bro," Chantal said making me divert my eyes to his brother David.

But my eyes grew a little bit when I saw a familiar face on his back.

He is sweating and a bit dirty. He still looks like someone who can be a worldwide model if only he would want to. He just looks like someone who's advertising a product about sports right now.

He's gorgeous.

"I didn't know you like sports too, Zabrina." Si Harris said.

"Not really, I just came here with them," I said before faking a smile.

I really want to keep the conversation with Harris but my attention is focused on the guy behind him.

"Eliot and I are going to eat in the cafeteria. Want to join us?" said David.

Eliot.

So his name is Eliot.

It perfectly suits him.

I saw him watching my every move. He looks surprised to see me; I can see that through the expression of his face.

And it's a bit amusing that he's a football player. I know that his body is really good but I didn't know he's into the sport.

To be the guy that Chantal and Amara's been talking about is a big surprise to me.

I can also see the girls throwing some stares at him as he stood up there, looking so manly, like a majesty you need to obey, like a part of the royal family.

"Sure! I'm already hungry," Amara said as she pouted to us.

Eliot cocks his head on the other side before his right brow raised to me.

"Oh! Eliot, maybe you already know Zabrina. She's the one we set-up with you before. Sadly, she didn't show up. You waited for too long that day." David said while laughing.

My eyes grew even bigger as David said that. I know that David was part of the blind date before but I didn't know that it's Eliot!

And to know that he waited for me before is a bit surprising to me.

I mean, he's a gorgeous guy. With his height, intelligence, and face. I don't think he's still been up into a blind date!

I am sure there are a lot of girls who want to date him!

"Don't be mad at Zabrina, Eliot, please! I just kind of force her before." Chantal said.

A smile form into Eliot's lip before he let out a chuckle. Even his chuckle sounds so sexy.

"It's alright, Amara, I understand. She's still young and I wouldn't blame her if she focuses on her study than dating." He said in a deep and raspy tone.

We all decided to eat snacks in the cafeteria. And sometimes, I'd catch Eliot throwing gazes at me.

After that day, we went home. I didn't have the chance to speak with Eliot.

I am now sitting on my usual spot in the library when I smelled a familiar scent.

He sat beside me and he's now wearing a uniform. "Hello." He smiled at me.

“H-hi...” I bowed my head because I suddenly felt shy.

I tried to focus on the book I am reading because I know that that's already the end of our conversation.

“You’re reading that again.” I raised my head and looked at him.

“Uh... yes.”

“Are you planning to take law?”

He’s really trying to have a conversation with me!

“Yeah... what about you? You want to be a lawyer too?” I said before putting down the book I am reading, he did the same.

“Yeah, been wishing to be a lawyer someday.” He said before smiling, making his perfect set of white teeth become visible to my eyes.

I smiled and nodded my head.

That was the end of our conversation that day. In the next days, we're just talking about our subjects.

I am now sitting in my room, trying to figure out what to write on the gossip and love section ng newspaper.

I admit I have a crush on Eliot.

He’s smart and gorgeous. I like how he smiles, how he laughs, how he talks, and even the way he moves.

This is the first time I got interested in someone.

I feel nervous whenever he’s around, I feel like my cheeks are turning into red whenever someone mentions his name.

I like the way he mentions my name. It's husky.

Then I just found myself already writing about love.
I am not in love.

But this feeling is the closest thing I’ve ever felt into my life that has a connection with romance.

You’ll get amaze to everything they do. Be content to small talks as long as you talk to them.

And you will be interested in things you used not to care just because they are into it.

Just like now, I'm holding the bottled of water I bought while sitting on the benches, watching the football game when Eliot is one of the players. I am always present and my conversation with Eliot in the library is becoming longer. We even became friends on Facebook already.

"Go, Harris! I love you!" Amara cheered at her boyfriend.

"Go, brother!" Chantal shouted.

The game is good but none of them could score yet, I didn't know this game is hard.

I am biting my lower lip. I want to cheer Eliot, too. But I am really shy...

They had a break to talk about their next attack or defense.

I saw Eliot looking at us, his hair is a bit messy and his green eyes stare at me for a few seconds before diverting back to his team.

I bit my lower lip hard.

"Go, Eliot!" I shouted.

That makes the students look at me. I felt my cheeks slowly turned red, making me cover my face with my palms. This is embarrassing!

I saw Eliot look at me, then a smile form into his lips. He's trying to hide it but it keeps on showing.

I smiled back and then I felt my heartbeat became faster.

"Fighting, Eliot! Win the game!" I shouted again. The other student cheered for the team too because of that.

Ending, they won the game.

Harris ran to his girlfriend Amara, and on his back, there are Eliot and David.

I'm holding the bottled water and I was about to give it to Eliot when suddenly Luna came in.

She handed bottled water to Eliot.

"Nice game, Eliot." She said in a sweet voice.

I slowly put down the bottled water I'm holding and hide it on my back.

“Thank you, Luna,” he said in a formal tone.

“Nice game, Eliot!” said Chantal before slightly pushing Luna.

Luna looks irritated but she just shook her head and left.

I couldn't help myself but look at the bottled water that Eliot is holding. The one that Luna gave.

But instead of drinking it, he gave it to Harris and Harris immediately opened it to drink on it.

He removed his helmet then went closer to me. He stopped in front of me, smiling, his clothes are dirty but he still smells so nice.

“Hi.” He said huskily.

“H-hey...” I said shyly.

He smiled again, before diverting his attention to my hand that's holding the bottled water.

He looks like he wants me to give him the water. His lips were a bit pouting as he watches me.

I slowly handed him the water. "F-for you. I know you're tired." I said softly.

A ghost of smile form into his lips, I looked away.

"Thank you, Zabrina."

And that day I realized to myself that I fell in love with an angel.

Chapter 2: Confessing to the Devil

“Wow, are you in love, Zabby? This is a good piece!” Amara said while reading the school newspaper.

I immediately shook my head as a no. “No! I am not.” I bit my lower lip and I felt how my cheeks slowly turned red.

“Alright!” she shrugged her shoulders. “But I’m sure the students will like this. Especially that it talks about first love.” She wiggled her eyebrows to me.

“Hey, I heard that Luna wants to pursue Eliot. I can’t believe Luna is one of the girls who want to be Eliot’s girlfriend,” said Chantal as her eyes are fixated to her phone, reading something.

“Who wouldn’t like Eliot? But the question here should be...” there’s a long pause before Amara continues. “Does Eliot want to date them? Or her? Eliot never had a girlfriend.”

I couldn’t focus on their conversation as the only thing that’s running into my mind is... Luna likes Eliot.

Luna is a pretty girl; she’s also very good at academics. And it’s not impossible for Eliot to like her.

I don’t have any experience when it comes to this thing we call romance. But I felt a slight pang of pain on my chest. The thought of Eliot dating Luna is making me sad.

I bowed my head and told them I’m just going to pass my paper to Mrs. Starling. Mrs. Starling complimented my work and told me how amazing it is but I didn’t know why I can’t be happy nor smile.

I ended up reading books again about law.

“Zabrina...” the familiar deep and bit raspy voice got my attention. I raised my head only to meet his green eyes.

There, in front of me, is Eliot standing. He’s wearing his eyeglasses again and his uniform. Maybe because he doesn’t have a practice game today.

“Eliot,”

He looks puzzled as he stares at me before picking some random book on the shelf. He sat beside me after he got what he needs.

“I heard from Amara that you went to Mrs. Starling but you weren’t there. So, I thought that you are here.” He said huskily, fixing his eyeglasses.

Maybe it's because he's close to me or maybe because he smells nice and I like his natural scent that my heart keeps beating like crazy.

He looks manly and he smells like a real man.

“Why are you searching for me...?” I said silently.

He looks surprised at my question as he stares at me. He looks puzzled once again, he's looking at me as if I'm a big mystery to his life and he wants to solve me.

“Ah! Your friends said you suddenly left after talking about Luna.”

I felt the familiar pain on my chest.

The way he says Luna's name is hurting me.

I didn't know that just a simple mention of her name could hurt me like this.

“Ah...” I tried to think about the reason why I left. “No. I just went to pass my paper...”

“Hmm,” he hummed before slowly nodding his head. His lips twisted a bit while his eyes are still staring at me. My brows furrowed, he just smiled at me.

I don't know what magic he cast that a smile slowly forms into my lips, too. I looked away and tried to hide the smile on my eyes.

He chuckled before opening the book he took.

He didn't say anything after that. We just remained in silence while reading a book.

I became fine after that day.

“It's void if your witnesses are not in the right age...” He said in a deep tone.

We're in the library again and he is explaining to me the family code of the Philippines. We are talking about marriage now.

“But as long as there are two legal age witnesses, is it legal?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said

“Is it true that you can get married on a ship?” I curiously asked as I tilted my head on the other side.

He slowly nodded before flipping the page of the book he's reading.

“Article. 31. A marriage in articulo mortis between passengers or crew members may also be solemnized by a ship captain or by an airplane pilot not only while the ship is at sea or the plane is in flight, but also during stopovers at ports of call.” He explained it to me as if he memorized it.

Oh, I see. So that's how it works.

"What about if you want a separation? People from the Philippines already want a divorce."

A ghost of smile form into his lips. "A petition for legal separation may be filed on any of the following grounds. Repeated physical violence or grossly abusive conduct directed against the petitioner, a common child, or a child of the petitioner; et cetera..."

“That's too much. I am kind of scared with marriage now...” I said before hugging my book.

“Don’t worry; you won’t get separated once you got married.” He pouted a bit before diverting his eyes to the book.

“How could you say that? What if my husband will physically abuse me?” I said hysterically.

His lips twisted sexily. “Don’t worry, I won’t.”

I know he's only joking but then... his eyes are telling me otherwise. It feels like he is serious about it!

Eliot, you really know how to make my heart flutter and at the same time, make me so speechless, but in a good way.

I am now sitting on the benches here at the school ground. Some students already went home because it's already late. This day is a bit exhausting because of too many activities. That's why I decided to kill some time here before going home.

The cold air is blowing some strands of my air and even the skirt I am wearing. The air is cold but it's bearable and relaxing. Ahh! It's good to sleep in this kind of weather.

I took out my book on mathematics to review some formula that my professor discussed earlier.

I could hear the birds chirping as they fly their way back to their home.

Even the sun is slowly bidding its goodbye as the sky is slowly turning into color orange.

"I like you, Eliot." and just like what I said, there are no students around anymore. That's why the place is very quiet that you can hear even the slightest sound.

Luna is standing in front of Eliot.

Just like how the wind blows my skirt and hair, it is also blowing some strands of Luna's hair making it look like its dancing. Her cheeks are tinted pink, lips a bit parted.

She's very pretty, and the light from the sunset and is giving her beauty more justice. She looks like an angel.

I looked away and chose to just pack my things. I need to go. I don't want to ruin their moment, I am not stupid. I know that Eliot likes her too. She's pretty, smart, and very kind. It's not impossible.

I slowly stood up and started to leave. Holding my books, my bag... and my broken heart. It hurts so much; I didn't know this pain is even possible. I could feel my heart breaking into pieces, it's aching so much

I like... no, I love Eliot but it doesn't mean that he's already mine. That I have the right to stop others from liking him or stop him from liking others.

I don't have the right to stop them from falling to each other. They are perfect for each other.

I am still too young. He is 3 years older than me and girls of his age are the right girl for him.

Not me.

"Zabrina!" I stopped walking.

Even if I don't look back, even if I don't look at it. I know already who's calling my name. The familiar feeling inside my stomach, the only reason why my heart beats faster. There's only one reason why.

It's him.

But no! You should leave, Zabrina! Just pretend you didn't hear anything!

I started walking again and I made sure it's way faster than before.

Maybe he got shy because I witnessed their confession to each other. Maybe he was embarrassed that's why he followed me; maybe he wants me to keep my mouth shut!

He's following me! He's really following me!

I tried to walk faster but he stopped me by holding my elbow and pulling me towards him.

I almost lost my balance; thankfully I landed on his chest.

"Where are you going? I've been calling you." He said as his eyes darkened.

He looks confused as he watches me; I slowly removed his hand to my elbow before I stand straight. I felt a voltage of electricity when I touched his hand. Is that what we call sparks? Damn! I don't know.

“I didn't hear you,” I said defensively.

When I look behind him, I saw Luna already leaving. Where is she going? What happened? Did I ruin their moment?

Luna got lost in my sight when Eliot covered his body. Because he's tall and has a nice body, he successfully did that.

“Luna...” I said softly,

When our eyes met, he looks irritated. It's like he's not happy with what's happening. Maybe he's mad that I ruined their moment together...

“Stop looking at her and look at me, Zabrina.” He harshly said as his jaw clenched.

“H-huh? But Luna is already leaving, Eliot...”

“I don't care, Zabrina.” His voice thundered. “Let's talk.”

What are we going to talk about? Is it more important than their feelings for each other?

Maybe he just wants me to keep my mouth shut. “Eliot, don't worry. I won't tell anyone about what I...”

But before I could finish my sentence, I felt a lump on my throat making me stop from what I am going to say. I cleared my throat before continuing. His jaw clenched once again as he watches me carefully.

"I ruined your moment with Luna, I am really sorry..." I felt a slight pain on my chest.

So this is how it really feels when you are in love with someone and they are in love with someone else. You just need to pretend that it's alright even though it's not.

It hurts to like someone who likes someone else.

I can feel the tears slowly forming into the side of my eyes. I bit my lower lip hoping it would stop them from falling. But instead, they slowly made their way down to my cheeks.

My lips parted as I felt the tears running down to my cheeks. I immediately wipe it using the back of my hands. He gaped as he saw me crying. He looks stunned and confused. I felt uneasy so I moved backward, still trying my best to stop my tears but they just wouldn't stop.

The wind is blowing; the sun is already setting, leaving the whole school ground area to become a dark place. The breeze of the air is already becoming colder just like how I feel right now.

I don't know why I'm crying in front of him. I don't understand why I am hurting like this. Is it because I love him and I know he likes someone else? Or is it because I realized that I can't him?

I don't have the right. You don't have the right, Zabrina! So stop crying and just let go!

I love him but that's the end of it. I should stop thinking that he'll be mine.

I'm still too young for this. I'm still too young to think that this is really love. But if this isn't... then what the hell is this!

"Zabrina..." he said hoarsely before he raised his right hand to reach for my cheeks. Using his thumb, he wiped the tears on my cheeks. His touch is very light and careful. It's like I am a fragile thing that he wanted to take care of.

I hate that I'm already hurting but at the same time my heart is crying for happiness because of his simple gestures.

This is crazy! I can't believe I'd feel this. I'm hurting but happy at the same time.

"S-sorry... something just got into my eyes. Maybe the dust." I said before a fake laugh came out into my mouth.

I saw the gentleness on his eyes as he caresses my cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Zabrina." He mumbled in a soft tone.

His voice was tender and soft, like a lullaby into my ears. It's like an angel singing in front of me.

"Why are you saying sorry? I told you it's just because of the dust!" I brushed away the tears on my eyes, removing his hand to my face.

His eyes went down to his hand. I sniffed before I tried to myself calm and formal. You are embarrassing, Zabrina! How could you cry in front of him!

What would he think now? That you are crazy?

When his eyes went back to me. I saw how his eyes become soft as he stares at me, it's like he's being careful or something.

"What about Luna, Eliot? She left... what if she'll think that you don't like her?" I said trying to fake my cheerfulness. "Ah! Sorry, I heard about her confession..."

"I don't like her," he said in a hard tone.

I faked a laugh to hide the pain I am feeling. "Impossible! She's very pretty."

His face darkened, clenching his jaw before heaving a sigh.

It's like he's stopping himself from something.

"I don't like her." He said again but more serious now.

He sounds like he wants me to understand that. I forced a smile before slowly nodded. Luna's beauty and intelligence didn't pass Eliot's standard. So I think the chances of him liking me are impossible.

A guy like Eliot deserves a perfect girl. A girl with beauty and brain. Sophisticated and very classy.

"So, now tell me why you are crying?" his voice becomes softer.

But if I will keep telling myself that I don't deserve Eliot. That it's impossible for him to like me! Am I going to feel better? No! I need an answer. I want to know if my thoughts are right. If it's really impossible.

I took a deep breath and raised my head to face him. I am sure that I probably look like a mess right now. My eyes are teary, my face is wet because of the tears and my hair is a bit messy because of the wind. But here I am. Trying my best to be confident in front of the guy I like.

"I actually cried because it hurts to see you being with another girl." that's what I want to say but instead I said "It is just really because of the dust..."

Damn it!

A smile slowly forms into his lips. His hand went to my head and pats it. "If you say so, Zabrina."

I should stop being scared. I should tell him what I really feel!

"E-Eliot..." I said stammering.

"Hmm?" his right brow rose as he cocks his head on the other side, watching me carefully.

If I really want to tell him what I really feel. I should be presentable enough. Not right now that I look like a homeless person. "Meet me here tomorrow afternoon. I have something important to tell you!"

He licked his lower lip.

"Alright..." he said huskily.

"Promise?"

"Promise. I will meet you here tomorrow."

But my confession never happened. He didn't show up that day. I just heard that he left the country the next day. He just disappeared and didn't say any word.

And after eight long years. He's standing in front of me with a gun in his hand, pointing at me.

He slowly put his gun down before putting it to his back. "What are you doing here?" his familiar deep and raspy tone is still the same.

He became manlier and taller than before. His body is now bulkier, looks like someone who comes to the gym more often. But he's not too muscular, just enough to say that he has a nice body. And I couldn't miss the chance to compliment how well his biceps. It looks hard!

But one thing I've noticed.

He's not the same angelic guy I used to know.

"I-I just saw the unconscious guard in front of the door. Then I got curious what's inside so I went it." I reasoned.

He grins at me, looking snobbish as he tilted his head on the other side. "You think I'll buy your reason?" even his voice become manlier and deeper. Everything has changed!

He's not the same guy who made my heart flutter before. I can't feel the comfortable feeling around him anymore, he looks dangerous...

"Then why are you asking? I think you already know." I had to pinch myself after saying that.

I should be scared that he caught me stealing one of the most valuable item for The Skullz, but here I am, mocking him.

"Hmm, tough girl." He licked his lower lip. "Are you not scared, kitty?" He leans his body closer to me making me step back. I could smell his familiar scent. The scent I used to enjoy sniffing before. I shook my head, this is not the right time to reminisce past, Zabrina. You have already moved on!

"Nope." I said cockily then showed him my sweetest smile.

If he's a changed person, so am I.

I am no longer the demure girl who had a crush on him back when I was still a teenager; I am now bolder and stronger.

"I know you wouldn't kill me." I proudly said.

He snorted. "Aren't you scared of me?"

"Why would I? You don't look scary." I blink my eyes twice before twisting my lips playfully. "And we know each other from the past. I know you wouldn't just kill me after having a reunion with me."

A laugh came out from his mouth. He even put his hand on his stomach as if I said something funny. I wasn't even joking in the first place. I was really hoping that he'd count that as a reason not to kill me.

And I am actually curious too what is he doing here.

Is he working for The Skullz?

I wonder if he knows who's their boss or the Devil.

"Let's have a deal then, kitten." when he looks at me again, his eyes become more dangerous and scary. "I'll spare your life in exchange for your service."

Chapter 3: You can't run away from the Devil.

“A deal?” I asked as my brows shot.

I wonder what the Devil will feel if he finds out that one of the members of his mafia is making a deal instead of annihilating me. He'll be dead meat, I am sure of that.

Especially that I've heard that the Devil gives no mercy to anyone, even his family.

I heard from Marielle, one of my subordinates, that the Devil even killed his own father to take over his position.

Imagine, killing your own father for your own satisfaction. Selfish.

“Yes, a deal.” He said in a devilish tone as he slowly blinks his eyes to me. I've noticed how long his eyelashes. Gifted.

“You want me to serve you? What? As a slave?” I said in a mocking tone.

How sure he is that I'm going to agree with him?

On the other side, that would be good. If he's this dumb then it's possible to escape on him. I will just make him believe that I've agreed with his deal then escape.

You are brilliant, Zabrina.

“Not unless you have another way to escape this place without getting hurt.” He shrugged his shoulder to me.

Why does he sound like he's manipulating me? It feels like he is just playing.

I licked my lower lip and stood up in front of him with full of confidence. “Alright then,” I just need to go along with his game right now so that I could escape.

His jaw clenched. “Deal?” he said in a deep tone.

“Deal,”

“Okay! You may go.” He said casually making me widen my eyes. What?

He will let me go just like that?

Is he dumb?

I can't believe Eliot became an idiot after eight years.

But why am I even complaining? That's an advantage on my part.

I'm still looking at him with doubt in my eyes as I slowly walk my way towards the door. He's just looking at me with a playful smile before he shrugged again.

I saw the guard I knocked off earlier and he is still asleep. When I'm finally on the door I immediately run.

I pressed my earpiece to contact X. "Z transmitting!" I said panicking.

Even when I'm already on my car, driving away from that place, I still feel nervous.

Everything feels surreal.

I've met my first love and he's a member of The Skullz! And he let me off instead of killing me!

Is that how The Skullz works? Make a deal with their enemy and let them off like that? That's crazy.

"Why you sound nervous?" The cold tone of X made me feel at ease, at least now I know that I wasn't dreaming.

That Eliot really let me go off the hook.

"I didn't get the diamond," I started.

"Oh, alright." He said in a bored tone.

"What?" I held the steering wheel tightly, biting my lip. "You are not even going to scold me or something?" I shouted at him.

"Why would I, Third? That mission is harder than you thought. So it wasn't that surprising to me anymore."

I closed my eyes tightly because of frustration before I removed my earpiece and threw it in the backseat.

He's right.

There's something really fishy with the mission.

I got in very easily; I knocked off the guard easily, and even crash the code easily. It feels like someone wants me to really do it easily!

Maybe it was a trap?

I don't know.

Few more minutes and I got back to the black base. Some newbie and colleague greeted me but I am not in the mood to greet them back.

I am already rushing my way to Logan's office; I need to talk to him about this mission. This will be the first failed mission I had if ever I let this go.

Even if Eliot lets me go today, that doesn't mean that I won't go back. I need to make this done.

"He pointed his gun to me!" that's the first thing that came out to my mouth as I entered Logan's office.

Logan is the son of the real boss of Black Base. Though he's the one handling us now, his father is still the big boss.

I've met his father once and he's very terrifying. Even Logan couldn't go against his father. That's how powerful and intimidating he is.

"I'm glad you're safe, Zabrina." He sighs before resting his back to his swivel chair.

"No! I need to go back, Logan." I said, frustrated.

"You don't need to. I know how hard it is to deal with The Skullz. I'll make a way to give the assignment to Dan or maybe Sebastian." He said narrowing his brows.

He took a shot from his tequila before pressing something on his telephone. "Once First is back, tell him to come over."

I gritted my teeth. Feeling annoyed and angry because of what happened today.

Don't get me wrong. I am really happy that I am still alive after my meeting with Eliot. I know he could kill me only if he wants to earlier. And even if I am good at combat, it's still impossible to save my life.

I got my position and rank here at the black base because of how good I am in every mission. This is the first time that I got caught off guard.

I know how dangerous the Skullz is. But that doesn't mean that I will just give up.

I have to prove that I am deserving and worthy of this.

"Cut it, Logan." I said before heaving a sigh "Don't give the mission to Sebastian. I will do it. Just give me more time."

He slowly put down the telephone before sighing. I know I shouldn't force him to make me do it and just have my vacation but it's my ego we are talking about here now.

I don't want to lose.

"It's dangerous,"

"I know. But you asked me to do it before so I believe that you believe I can do it."

Logan just sighs and nodded his head. He looks so done and stressed because of me. A smile immediately forms into my lips then left his office.

I made my way to the computer room of this building to meet one of the most powerful hackers of our base, X.

I've asked him for information about the Skullz, and even though it was hard to access all the information about it, he still managed to do it.

I spent my whole weekend reading a thing about The Skullz. I've found out that after the old master of their organization died, the Devil took over his position.

Even though everyone said that it's him who killed his father, it still doesn't have enough evidence.

He took over the position at a very young age but he's too powerful that's why nobody tried to oppose him.

It is also said that other than the organization. The Devil also manages a lot of businesses around the world. It's probably where he gets his funds too.

Interesting... he is good at the world of mafia and business. I wonder who he is.

He's just the same age as Eliot.

I was preoccupied with reading when my phone suddenly rang for a call. I took my phone from my pocket and saw that it's Marielle who's calling.

"Hey..." she said in a sleepy tone.

"Yes, why?"

"You told me to call you even if there's small progress with the investigation of your parents' death." That got my attention. I pushed the papers I've been reading the whole day and focused on what Marielle is saying.

"What is it? Tell me!"

“We found one of their killers; it says that he lives around the city and working with The Skullz.”

The Skullz... is it possible that it's the Devil who asked to kill my parents?

I grip on the phone tightly.

Before my parents' died, my mother was the lawyer of a powerful family who wants to sue an unknown person. I've never got the chance to find out who are these people but from what I've heard, they are from the government.

My father was then planning to publish an article about it. But even before my mother could win the case, my father could publish the article. They died with a bullet in their skull.

“Send me the address,”

After Marielle sent me the address. I left my place and went to investigate this guy.

His name is Gabriel, a 47 years old guy. He has a wife and three daughters. Marielle believes that he took money from the one who wants my parents' dead because of his debts.

I clenched my fist when I saw him. He's happily laughing with his daughters as his wife is preparing a meal for them.

How can a murderer like him laugh like that as if he didn't take the parents of a young girl?

He ruined someone else's family and he has the guts to be happy?

I gulped hard before turning on the engine of my car. As much as I want to kill that man already, I will still need him for details.

And I don't want to ruin his moment with his family right now because I'll make sure that that will be the last time they will be happy.

I will avenge my parents' death.

For now, I need to do my mission.

I'm now standing in front of a tall building. On the very top of the building the word “E.I. Incorporation” was written in a bold letter.

This is one of the Devil's company.

I don't exactly have plans right now. All I have in my mind is to know how their organization works so that I could sneak in without trouble.

I was about to enter the building I heard X's voice from my earpiece. "Zab, we're going to have a meeting. And Mr. Black wants your attendance."

"Okay,"

I still have a lot of time to deal with the Skullz. For now, I will go to the meeting first.

I was peacefully driving my way back to the base when a black car stopped in front of me making me step hard on the break of my car. My head almost got hit on the steering wheel and my heart is pounding so hard because of nervousness.

"What the fuck!" I cursed before harshly removing my seatbelt.

I opened the door of my car and went out.

"What the hell is your problem? I almost died!" I shouted angrily to the driver of the car.

I am more annoyed that I'm already close to his car and he's still not opening his door or window.

Isn't he going to say sorry at least?

"I almost died because of you suddenly..."

"I'm glad you didn't. I don't want you dead yet." The window of his car rolled down and the familiar devilishly smile of a man appeared.

Damn.

What the hell is he doing here? I thought I already escaped from him.

I can't believe he's in front of me, smiling.

"W-What are you doing here?" I stepped back and planning to run already when I saw him scowling.

He immediately went out from his car and I was shocked when he pulled me down, almost dragging me to the road with him. And that's when I heard the sound of a gun.

"What the hell?" I looked at him confused.

He didn't look at me and just took out a gun from his back and fired somewhere. I heard a grunt from somewhere and then someone fired their gun to where we are.

Eliot wraps his left arm around me to cover me while his other hand is busy firing back to those who are shooting us.

I covered my ears because of the noise coming from their guns. His car window is already shattered because of the gunshots.

“Oh crap, I’m out of bullets.” He said casually.

I was about to say something but he just pressed his index finger to my lips. “Stay here, don’t think of running away.” Before I could say something, he stood up.

I tried to sneak in and I saw some goons, covered with a mask pointing all their guns to Eliot.

Who the hell are these people? Mask? They are probably from the Mask Gang.

“Eliot!” I shouted when they started shooting him again. Thankfully he easily avoided them all.

What the hell is he planning to do? Catch all the bullets?

I pulled out the gun from my back and was about to shoot them when Eliot just pulled someone’s collar and hit his face. It was so hard that the guy’s face immediately bleed.

He took the gun of that guy and shot his head. I gape as I look away from it. I still remember how my parents’ died because of the bullet inside their heads.

They ran to Eliot to attack him but he just dodges it all and punches their faces, stomachs, and any part of their body.

I can’t believe he’s just one guy and they have guns but he knocked them all.

He was busy stepping on someone’s head when another guy from the mask took his gun and pointed to Eliot who’s oblivious about the situation.

I clicked my tongue and pointed my gun to that guy before pulling the trigger.

The guy fell off, his head bleeding.

Eliot turns his gaze to me and tilted his head when he realized what I did.

I slowly put down my gun and sighs.

“How did you find me?” I said when I finally got the chance to ask that.

Wearing his playful smirk, he walks towards. There’s a bit of dirt and blood from his black suit but he still looks dashing.

I blink my eyes and looked away.

“You can’t run away from the devil, kitten. Even if you try, I will always chase you.”

Chapter 4: Assistant

"What the fuck was that!" I violently said.

I put back my gun to my back before running towards Eliot who's just watching me walk towards him. When I stopped in front of him, I got the chance to see the members of Mask Gang, lying on the floor, bathing to their own blood. Some are unconscious, some are dead. This poor thing.

And I still can't believe that Eliot manages to defeat them all without getting anything, even a scratch.

The way he fights and move earlier was very impressive. I must admit that I've never seen someone fought like that, he looks very expert on the way he fights. His moves are very light but his attacks are hard and firm.

Strong enough to knock all these guys.

"It's impossible that I am the target because they are an alliance of our organization!" I continued, still a bit hysterical.

Mask Gang is one of the organizations that we once helped before, they owe as a favor. So, if I am really their target right now. Then that means they are asking for war from us. Which is I find very absurd?

"Is there anyone who can answer me here? I need to..."

"You are not the target, Zabrina," Eliot said. He licked his lower lip before he craned his neck. Closing his eyes as if he got tired from fighting these thirty guys!

Of course, that's tiring! He attacks them and manages to avoid the raining bullets from them. He's... He's stupid!

He's lucky that he's still alive... or is it a bit of luck? I think not.

"I need to make sure it's not me who they want to kill!" I said still a bit hysterical before walking towards the guy whom I think is still conscious. But before I could go near to that guy, Eliot harshly pulled me towards him, making my forehead bump his massive and hard chest.

"Aw!" I complained.

"I am the target, not you." He clicks his tongue before letting go of me.

Oh.

But why would they target a member of The Skullz? He is just a member and I don't think he is that important. Unless if he's very close to the Devil and he's one of those "valuable members,". In which I won't doubt since he's a good fighter. I wonder if The Skullz training is very hard.

He diverted his gaze to his car who got wrecked because of a gunshot. Aw, his car looks very expensive and cool.

He scoffs, walking towards his car. He pressed something to his car key and the car made a sound. I just cocked my head on the other side to watch him. Eliot took a phone from his pocket before pressing something then he puts his phone to his ears.

When I got bored looking at him, I made my way to my car. Thank God, my car didn't get any gunshot. It's still shining and beautiful.

I still don't know how Eliot managed to track me down. I thought I got away already. But who am I kidding? Even if I try to deny it and call him an idiot because he lets me go. There's still something on my mind that tells me he'll haunt me.

He said he's the target. Then that means that he's life is dangerous.

I went inside my car.

I need to leave while he's busy talking with someone on his phone.

I started the engine and that's what made him look to my way, he's phone is still on his ears as he watches me. Even though the car is tinted, I feel like he still could see me from outside.

His eyes darkened and he looks weary but he didn't stop me from leaving.

I'm already far from him when conscience started to visit my thoughts.

We were attacked by the Mask Gang and he knows that he is the target. That just makes things clear that his life is in danger. I left him there, he's alone and he's car was wrecked.

What the hell am I thinking! Leaving him all alone there for my selfish whim!

I bit my lower lip hard before sighing.

"Damn it!" I hissed and then decided to drive back to where I left him.

And he was there sitting on the hood of his car as he drinks something on his flask, maybe a liquor? He's looking at me arrogantly, his eyebrows rising before his lips twisted sexily.

"You came back?" he tried to sound surprised as he put his flask back to his suit.

If it's not because of conscience, I wouldn't come back. I just don't want to find out the next day that he's already dead and I have the chance to save him.

That's the only reason why I came back!

It's not because I care about him... definitely not! I don't want to feel any guilt about this.

"Hop in," he smiled when I said that, he clicks his tongue.

"Oh, I don't want to disturb you, kitten." He said teasingly.

I scoff as I watch this arrogant guy walking towards my car.

Really? He really didn't want to disturb me, huh?

He opened the door of my car and went in, sit there like he owns it. He turns his head cockily to me before biting his lower lip to prevent himself from smiling.

"Where shall we go, kitten?"

"I'm taking you back to your base where you will be safe," his eyebrows met to what I said before shrugging.

"I guess that's alright, too." He made a pause, I started the engine. "But only if you know the location of the base."

"Of course, I do! I almost stole the necklace to your base, remember?"

I suddenly remember my mission. I still need to steal that necklace to prove my worth as the third rank in the black base. And being around with Eliot will actually help me. If he wants me to be his slave, that I should take the bait and use it as an advantage.

"Oh, that's not the base. We just know your plan of stealing the necklace." He nodded his head as he twisted his lips.

"What?"

"Yes, that's just a bait to find out who's trying to steal the necklace."

Is he serious!?

"What the fuck?"

He just chuckled beside me.

So all along, the very reason why I got in easily is that they want to catch me. This is just making me more terrible. I'm getting angry. They toyed me!

It's making me more feel like I am not really worthy of my rank because I was fooled.

I hold the steering wheel tightly, gritting my teeth.

Calm down, Zabrina.

What matters now is that you still have a chance to steal the necklace.

My phone rang for a call from Marielle. I looked at Eliot and he's just looking outside, his hand on his chin.

I answered the call and put my earpiece so that he couldn't hear it. "Hey,"

"Zabrina, I found something about Gabriel," Marielle said and I heard her typing something on her computer.

I look at Eliot again before answering Marielle. "What is it?" I tried to make my voice quieter as possible. Though I know Eliot could still hear me.

"We look through his transaction the same year your parents died and it said here that he receive money from a guy named Mr. I. That's all that I've got so far, I don't know who this Mr. I yet but I will try to find out."

"Thank you, Marielle. That's already a big help for me." I ended the call after that.

Mr. I

If we're suspecting that the Skullz is behind my parents' death, then it's possible that this Mr. I is also part of it.

And Eliot must know him.

"Then where's your base? I'll take you there." I cleared my throat.

"That won't be necessary." He pressed something on my car and the window slowly rolled down. "You still want to steal the necklace, right?"

I gulped before I let out a fake laugh. "I'm trying to escape from you, Eliot. Why would I want to steal it again if my life just got in danger before?" I said in an awkward tone.

"Mhm. You can't lie to me, Zabrina. I know what you truly desire."

You don't know what I truly desire, Eliot. The necklace is just a bonus to the one I really desire. I want to take revenge to the one who killed my parents.

I want to know who is this Mr. I and ask him why he wants my parents dead. What did my parents do to him for him to take their lives. I want to kill Gabriel the way he killed my parents.

I will take revenge on everyone who harmed my parents!

I didn't answer him and just drove quietly.

We remained silent until we got into the city.

I dropped him off to the nearest mall.

"Thank you, kitten."

I just rolled my eyes to him and was about to step on the gas when he lean to the window of my car, moving his face closer to mine.

"What are you doing?"

"I know you really like to steal the necklace. Meet me tomorrow morning here,"

"Don't fool me," I scoffed.

"Be my assistant, you will have all the chance to enter our base. Being by my side will give you all the access to steal the necklace." He moves his body away from me, fixing his black suit as he tilted his head on the other side, smiling at me.

I blink my eyes and slowly gape as I saw the beauty of his green eyes again. The same eyes that made me fall in love before. Made my adolescent heart beat faster. He made me lose all my control of my body and emotions before.

But that was all from before. I'm already moved on.

"Why are you doing this?" I said calmly.

I don't want to believe him that he wants me to really give me a chance to steal the necklace. If his boss is the Devil, then letting me steal that valuable item would take his life into risk. I don't want to trust him.

"Because I don't want the sad expression to your face," he breathed.

My lips parted. The way he says it sends chills to my body.

"I won't believe you,"

He scoffs before a playful smile forms into his lips. "Why wouldn't you?"

"Because I know who your boss is, he will kill you if he finds out what you're doing right now. You wouldn't risk your life for..." My voice cracked.

"Fun?" He continued what I want to say. "Oh, I would, kitten." he chuckles.

I used to see Eliot as fallen angel before. He's so soft, he makes me feel vulnerable and everything about him feels like heaven. He has this light around him that makes everyone love him.

But now... even if he's being playful and laughing... I still feel like something is different.

He's carrying a foreign aura that makes him look scary... and evil.

"And who do you think my boss is?"

"T-the Devil..." I stutter.

His lips parted before he clicks his tongue. His eyes darted at me before he started laughing, he's staring at me as if he couldn't believe what I said.

"And what makes you think that I wasn't that Devil, kitten?"

My hand fell from the steering wheel to my lap.

He isn't the devil, is he?

Oh god...

Finding out the truth about who Eliot really was is surprising.

I wasn't really surprised when I thought he's just a member. But right now that I found out that he's actually the devil! The leader, the boss, the mafia boss of The Skullz... it's freaking me out!

Hearing all the information about the "devil" makes me wonder if it's really true that Eliot is indeed that person! He is very different from what I see him.

He is intimidating, yes!

He's a bit scary, yes!

But not to the point that he could really be that ruthless devil!

I gulped as I saw him walking towards me, wearing his famous devilish smile.

"You came!" he's trying to act surprised but I don't think he really is.

If I am not mistaken, they said that the devil was good at manipulating people. So, I bet, he's already thinking of manipulating me. Of playing me, making me a fool.

I admit I'm still not convinced that Eliot is really the person behind all those horror stories I've heard.

I've known Eliot before for a long time. He was a friend of my friends, he's very kind and sweet.

And maybe he did really change... but I don't think not to the point that he'll turn to be like this!

"Course, I need to steal the necklace." I blinked my eyes before looking at him with straight face.

"Alright, assistant." then he smirks devilishly at me.

Why do I feel like this is a wrong move?

Chapter 5: Soft

Eliot brought me to his company. Even though I already know that he's the big boss of the Skullz, I'm still surprised when he brought me to the top of E.I Incorporation.

E.I.

Of course, it stands for Eliot Ignacio. How naive of me not to think about that.

All his employees saluted at him when we passed them. If this is how powerful he is already in the corporate world, what more to the underground world, right?

I never imagined Eliot to be a son of a rich tycoon, especially when the last time I remember. Eliot wants to be a lawyer.

Or... Maybe he wants to be the lawyer of their organization before?

I don't know. I don't have the means to ask him that, too.

I looked around his office and couldn't stop myself admiring it. The interior has a combination of white and black, a typical design for a guy's taste.

Everything I see looks very expensive, even the mere vase on the side of his big television looks very simple but I think it's expensive.

There's a sala set inside his office, it has sets of couch, television and a glass table. There is also a door close to it and I bet that's a room. And I saw a kitchen too, a drawer full of different wines and liquor.

His desk is in front of the door of his office. Maybe the sala set is for important guests only.

His office is just like a condo unit, except that it only has limited furniture.

When I'm done wandering my eyes, I decided to sit on the couch of his sala.

I saw him darted his eyes on me before it went back to the papers he's reading.

He's sitting on his big black leather swivel chair, wearing his eyeglasses, holding a glass with liquor on it. He looks very expensive, especially that he looks very neat and powerful with his black suit.

He has this aura screaming that "I am damn rich and you must bow down to me."

I lick my lower lip and started to look around again.

Though I am here to be his assistant, I have another goal too, and I know he is very aware of that.

He gave me a chance to steal the necklace as long as I could find it.

He wouldn't just leave the necklace around here; it must be in a safe or secured place.

My eyes darted to the door of his bedroom.

It's probably there!

"You wouldn't even bother to offer me a coffee first before you start with your plans?" His deep and cold voice thundered around his office.

His eyes are still fixated to the papers but I think he's very aware of my actions.

"You don't drink coffee, Eliot. Stop the nonsense." I said rolling my eyes as I walk closer to the door of his bedroom.

I heard him chuckle a bit but I didn't bother to look back. My attention is already at the door, his necklace is probably here! I am sure of it.

But before I could open the door, I felt a hot breath on my neck sending goosebumps to my body. It made me jumpy and my instincts immediately push him. But it was useless; he has a hard and massive chest that my push feels like a feather to him.

"I don't want to waste your time, it's not there." He said in a low tone. My eyebrows meet as I stare at him; he just shrugged his shoulder before smiling widely at me, showing his perfect set of white teeth.

"I'll give you a clue where to find the necklace..." why would I believe him that the necklace isn't here? The more he wants to stop me from going in means there's a high possibility that it's really inside. "But first we need to go to Montenegro ship."

"Wait!" but even before I could complain, he held my wrist and pulled me to walk already. "Hey! You told me I could steal it!" I said as I try to pull my arms away from him, but he's very strong and he's holding me tightly.

Why everything about this guy is very hard and strong!

"And you also agreed to be my assistant," he turned around to face me. He's smiling but there's no humor on it. "Isn't accompanying me to a meeting is your job?"

I harshly pull my hand away from him and finally, I succeeded. This scheming devil! He's doesn't really want me to steal the item, he's wasting my time!

Damn him!

I was frowning the whole time I'm following him. We are at a cruise ship, there's a party going on and it looks like only rich people are invited. Of course, he is invited.

I rolled my eyes as I watch him talk to tycoons, exchanging laughs and smiles as he held a glass of champagne.

It's been really a long time when we last saw each other at the ground area of our university. There are already a lot of changes, and if I'll be honest to myself. I never really imagine meeting Eliot again.

This scenario never crosses my mind. I've never imagined being with him right now, watching him using his intelligence and power to make more money using these tycoons.

He said that this is a Montenegro ship, then I guess that the old guy he's talking with is Mr. Montenegro.

Does this guy a part of the underground world too? He can't be this rich without any connection underground.

I wore my fake eyeglasses that could capture something. I clicked something on the side of it and it captured a photo of Mr. Montenegro. I pressed my earpiece and connected it to the black base.

"X," I immediately said when it's connected already.

"Where are you? We are going to a party." He said in his famous cold tone.

"Party?"

"Yeah, it's Mr. Black's birthday. The big boss is coming."

Oh? Oh crap! I forgot about Logan's birthday.

And what did he say? Logan's father is coming? The Big Boss of the black base!

"Ah... yeah right," I won't let X know that I forgot about Logan's birthday. "But I sent you a photo, tell me information about him."

"Alright," after a few minutes, X spoke again. "He is David Montenegro, the head of Montenegro Clan. He has many dirty works and I believe he once tried to steal information from The Skullz."

The Skullz? But he is friends with Eliot?!

They are even laughing at each other.

Is it possible that Mr. Montenegro doesn't know the face of the Devil, too?

Is Eliot planning something else? But why didn't he tell me...

"Wait... are you on the party happening on his cruise?" X sound worried as he said that.

"Yeah, I just..."

"Listen, Zabrina! I've heard that The Skullz planted a bomb there to..."

"Aw!" I hissed when someone bumps on me, the reason why my earpiece fell to the floor. I looked to the floor to find it but I heard a kid crying in front of me, probably the one who bump me.

It's a little girl wearing a white dress. Tears are all over her face and her hair is a bit messy.

"Ugh," I groan when I couldn't find the earpiece.

If The Skullz planted some bombs here, it's possible that Eliot will die too? So I don't think it's true that he really did.

I shooked off the thought and kneeled in front of this little girl.

"Are you lost?" I said in a soft tone.

"M-mommy, I couldn't find my mommy."

"I'm going to help you find your mommy, just don't cry anymore. Alright?" She sniffs before nodding her head; I smiled at her and wiped some tears on her eyes.

The ship is big but I think it will be easy for us to find her mother. I am looking around, holding the little kid's hand as we walk.

"Zabrina, let's go." Eliot suddenly appeared in front of me and pulled my hand away from the kid.

"Wait, we're still finding her mommy," I said and pointed the kid.

"That's not important, let's go." He said in a more harder tone.

I saw a ship nearby, coming towards this ship.

"Come on, I will just help this kid then we will leave, okay?" I pulled my hand away from him and face the kid again.

"The ship is going to explode in a minute now, so if you continue being stubborn, then we will die here." He hissed at me.

So what X told me is true. That they really planted some bombs around here.

But there are so many innocent people here and if the ship explodes, every one of them will die!

Even this kid beside me!

"Eliot, no! There are many innocent people here and..."

"None of them are innocent, Zabrina. They are human traffickers, murderers, and thieves. Everyone here is criminals." he emphasized the word criminal as he looks at me darkly.

"Even this kid?" I couldn't help but to raise my voice at him.

"Oh, damn it, woman!"

"At least let me save this little girl's mom and her..." I breathed.

He closes his eyes tightly.

"Amanda!" and just like a destiny, her mom rushed towards us.

"Nathan, take them to the ship." Eliot turned around to the guy wearing a white suit.

"Yes, boss." the guy saluted and guided the woman and the little girl.

"Where are you taking me?" said the woman.

I just watch them walking away. When I look at Eliot, he's looking at his watch.

"We won't make it anymore," he said.

"What?"

"You know how to swim?"

"Wait, what?"

But before I could say anything, he held my hand and pulled me with him to jump from the ship to the sea.

The water is deep and I couldn't hold my breath anymore. One thing I am not good at is swimming.

I couldn't breathe anymore and I feel like I'm slowly drowning. I couldn't see anything other than the water.

My chest is tightening and I'm losing air.

I'm already feeling weak when a hand wrapped around my waist and pulled me closer to its body.

When I opened my eyes, I saw Eliot holding me.

But I don't think I can make it longer.

Bubbles went out from his mouth and then his face moves closer to my face and then I felt his lips to mine... and they are soft.

Chapter 6: What makes you different?

A long breath came out from my mouth. my chest is still aching as I try to inhale and exhale some air.

Eliot's strong hand are wrapped around me, he is supporting my weight as he used his other free hand to swim towards his ship.

"Boss!" a familiar face of Eliot's bodyguard threw a lifebuoy ring to us. Eliot's lips on a grim line as he reaches for the lifebuoy ring and handed it to me, I think he knew that I'm still having a hard time so he made me hug it and position himself on my back to help me move. His allies pulled us up the ship, but Eliot didn't let anyone touch me.

He was the one who helped me to the ship.

Although I didn't hear the explosion from the ship we came from, the Montenegro ship, I still could hear the sound of a burning ship to my back. I didn't have to look back to find out if it exploded already. And I don't want to look back because I still can't believe that they really are dead already... or probably fighting for their lives.

I can't believe I was just watching those people earlier, having their conversation, laughing, enjoying the very scenery of the beautiful pristine blue waters of the sea, and now, their bodies are burning with that ship.

I exhaled harshly when I'm finally up to the ship, my knees weakened and I fell to the floor. Eliot narrowed his eyes on me before he walks towards me and removed his coat and hand it over to the girl who's wearing a pencil cut skirt and white polo long sleeve.

The seawater is dripping from Eliot's medium length hair to his face down to his neck. The ship we are in is already moving towards the shores. My body is still shivering, shaking, and I feel weak and out of breath as I glared at Eliot.

One of his men went to whisper something on his ear and he just nodded to dismiss the guy.

"Elise," he called the attention of the girl who took his coat. The girl just bowed her head to Eliot, like a good servant she is. "Take her to her room and help her change."

I don't need help! I am furious!

I gritted my teeth and didn't say anything; I just let the woman helped and guide me to one of the room of this ship.

"You can take a shower now, miss. I've prepared a bath for you." She said politely.

I don't have time to be hard headed, so I just went to the bathroom. While I'm inside the bathroom, thoughts are running inside my head. The water from the bath that she prepared is warm and refreshing, but my mind is wandering somewhere else that I couldn't calm down.

I am here to find out the truth about my parents' death and steal the necklace, but I couldn't help but to feel emotional to what happened just now.

Eliot mercilessly let the ship explode that possibly kills those people. I may not know who they are, but I believe they don't deserve to be dying like that.

So, it was really true when they said that Eliot is the devil! That he is evil and he gives no mercy.

Although I already know that is he the big boss of the Skullz, I still believe he isn't that horrible. Looking back to our past together, I still tried to believe that he isn't the kind of person they believe.

That he is still has a heart.

They said he killed his own father.

How could I still justify his actions now?

After taking a thirty minute bath, I went out wearing only a white towel. The same girl who brought me here is still patiently waiting for me, and in the bed. A white dress and some undergarment are lying on it.

Looks like she even prepared clothes for me

"Miss, this is your clothes. If you need anything, just use the intercom and call me. Young master will be here later."

I bit my lower lip.

"You may go,"

"Alright, ma'am." She bowed her head again and finally went out.

I took the dress she brought and wear it together with the undergarment.

Minutes after I'm done changing, the door opened. It was Eliot, holding a bottle of champagne and two wine glasses. I rolled my eyes; he thinks he can bribe me with a drink? No.

"Up for a drink?" he said casually as he walks to the small table beside the queen sized bed of this room. He put the wine glass on it before opening the bottle of champagne. He poured the alcohol in the glasses and I remained standing here, not wanting to talk.

"The little kid and her mother are resting to one of the ship's room. They didn't bring any company but only themselves to the party." He darted his eyes on me, smiling a bit before he went closer to me to offer me the glass of champagne.

My eyes went down to the glass then I looked away.

I am glad that the little kid is safe but my heart is still aching for what happened.

When he noticed that I wouldn't take the glass, he went back to the table and placed it there. He took a sip to his drink, sitting like a king to the sofa inside this room.

I saw him lick his lower lip, making it wet and become more reddish.

My lips parted as I remember what happened earlier. Although I know he just did that to give me some air, I still feel like we kissed. Which makes me feel horrible because I don't want to think that I've kissed this devil?

And as I remember, he has soft lips... very far from how hard he is. His long fingers are holding the glass of champagne, making his veins to his hands become visible to my sight.

"Why are you still sulking, Zabrina." He said softly, his eyes are focused to his drink.

Sulking? Really? He thinks I am just sulking here?!

He made me feel emotional. I almost died because he suddenly pulled me to the water without giving me warning. I should be thankful but I am really mad right now.

"You killed innocent people, Eliot! And you think I am just sulking here?" If it's really possible that a smoke will go out from your nose and ears, I am probably like that.

I am so angry.

"I told you, those people aren't innocent." he said, as if it's no big deal.

He's treating this like it's no big deal and its making me hate him even more!

"Still! You don't have the right to decide for their lives." I said loudly and my eyebrows are raising already. "And what makes you different from them? You are also a bad person!" It was too late to realize what I've said.

I gulped hard when I saw jaw moving, a smile without a humor form into his lips and he raised his head, looking at me, with his devilish eyes.

"And what makes you different from us, Zabrina? You are also a criminal." He said dangerously, making me gape.

Chapter 8: The Devil is the father

“Can you stop talking garbage?” I looked at Eliot with straight face, unlike from how he acted earlier, he is back again at being jerk.

I think his happiness is really messing my life and teasing me. I don't what he can gain from that, but I think he is enjoying it so much.

He let out a soft chuckle, leaning his back to the white wall as he cross his arms to his chest. His lips twisting a bit as he stare at me with his ravishing green eyes, they are twinkling in a beautiful way, making me admire it.

Looking back when I was still teenager who's in love with this little devil, I could say that his eyes were one of the reasons why I fell in love with him.

It's beautiful and his emotions can be easily read through his eyes. It's very transparent and I really like it when I stare at it.

Although his eyes are still ravishing as always, there's something I could say that changed.

His eyes become mysterious and it's no longer easy to find out what he's thinking.

“If you want cuddle...” he smiled at me teasingly “Just say it, kitten. I'd be willing to tuck you in the bed.” His lips parted a bit before it went to a grim line.

“No, thank you.” I rolled my eyes upwards then was about to walk passed him when he stopped me by holding my elbow.

“Let's go eat first,” he said, more determined than before to make me eat.

“I am not hungry!” I said gritting my teeth.

“Then watch me eat,” he shrug his shoulder. His bow shaped lips pouted a bit. I closed my eyes to calm myself and not do impulsive action like stabbing this guy in front of me.

“Am I a dog to you?” I sound very offended as I said that.

Instead of feeling sorry, he just snickered and tried to bit his lip to prevent. Making his cheeks turn into a bit of red.

Seriously this guy!

“No! Of course not,” he doesn't sound like he's sure with what he's saying. More like he's thinking of something else that would still offend me. “More like a cat, a kitten to be exact.” And he smiled widely, feeling proud to what he said.

“Can you...” I let out exasperated sigh. “...stop calling me kitten?”

He sees me as a kitten... really? I can't really understand how his mind works.

The way he act and his emotions changed so quickly that I don't know how to deal with him anymore.

He's hard to deal with!

“Why would I? You are like a kitten...” then he flashes a warm smile, made me think for a second that he was the same guy I knew before but it immediately vanished as he continue his sentence. “...foxy like and very clever, better than dog.”

So he really sees me as animal.

I sincerely don't know what to feel about this.

“You just want me to eat with you, right? Let's go. I don't want to hear you say anything anymore.” I said, finally giving up satisfying this devil.

A smirk forms into his lips and called his body guard? I don't know... but he is always with Eliot and he looks silent. He has a beautiful face and although he looks very quiet. It didn't stop me from thinking that this guy is good at fighting.

Considering that he's always beside Eliot, which will only make sense.

“Nathan,”

“Yes, young master?”

Hmm, young master.

How many years have passed already since high school? Eight years? I was just 15 back then. And my adolescent heart told me I was in love with this guy.

I wonder how old he is now.

Hmm, 26...? I'm not sure.

He's way older than me before.

I wonder if he gets to finish his desired course, because I didn't.

I lost all my dreams when my parents' died, the moment they died, I felt like I died, too. And truth to be told, my organization really did something to make everyone believed that I died. I don't know if Eliot knew about that.

But when I joined Black Base, Zabrina Carson is already dead.

I was reborn as Third or Z. Close friends might still call me Zabrina. For me, the old me is already dead.

“Tell Samantha to prepare the wine,” he said before dismissing the guy.

Eliot looked at me and signaled me to follow him so I just did. I guess giving up to just eat with him makes him finally shut up that our way to the dining is very silent. Nobody dares to talk; I could only hear our footsteps and my breathing.

When we got to the dining of the yacht, the smell of the food, it smells delicious! I am already craving, I swallowed some saliva as I looked at the food.

I never knew I could be this eager to eat.

My stomach suddenly growled making Eliot look back at me.

I felt my face heating as it slowly turn pink. I looked away, feeling embarrassed. He didn't say anything but I saw him grinning.

Ugh! This is embarrassing! I can't believe I told him earlier that I wasn't hungry!

The girl from earlier when beside me to guide me on my seat, she smiled at me after I am settled. She bowed her head before she step back to give us privacy.

“Shall we eat?” said Eliot after the servants are done preparing our food.

Trying to save face after my growling tummy, I tried to sound like I wasn't interested on the food. “Yeah, sure,”

A hint of smile was seen on his lips; I just avoided his gaze and tried to focus on the food in front of us.

I was busy chewing my food when I remembered the little kid and her mother.

“Are we not going to invite them?” I said before taking another piece of meat.

“Samantha already prepared meal for them,” he called the attention of Samantha and the lady immediately went to pour some wine on his wine glass. She did the same on my glass and step back again to quietly wait for Eliot's command.

“I see,” that's the only thing I said before I resumed eating.

It took as an hour to finished eating, I can't eat as fast as I want because he looks like a king having a meal with his servant, which is even if I don't want to think, it's me.

He looks very expensive and classy as we dine.

Feeling embarrassed, I tried my best to eat the meal with elegance too.

The food was indeed delicious, I enjoyed it and I am very full right now as I lay on my bed. It's already ten in the evening, I'm already feeling sleep.

I'm glad that Eliot didn't bother me anymore after eating. He just told me to go to bed and sleep.

He even tried to tease me and told me he'll prepare milk for me, just like what a kitten should drink before sleeping.

Annoying

It's already sunny when I woke up. Yesterday was an exhausting that probably the reason why it's already nine in the morning and I just woke up.

When I went out, I saw Eliot already drinking champagne on the yacht dock, wearing sunglasses. Like someone who is just having a vacation.

I even saw the little kid playing with some paper on the side. I wonder where her mom, why isn't she looking for her daughter is. What an irresponsible mother.

"Young master, I was told that Young mistress Veronica is looking for you." I heard Nathan said.

Veronica? Who is that? Ugh! Doesn't matter, don't care.

"She's there," said Eliot, smirking, as he pointed to the helicopter not far from where we are.

And he's indeed right when the helicopter hovered on top of us. Revealing a lady who looks even younger than me, she's wearing a leather pants and white shirt as she started to speak.

"Eliot!" she screamed on top of her lungs.

The wind that the helicopter's rotor making is blowing my dress and hair, I called the little kid over so I could protect her and she immediately hugs me.

He doesn't look amused at all when he saw the girl. She went down and looks irritated as she face Eliot.

"I've been searching for you!" she said as the helicopter started to fly not that far from us. Maybe for them to hear each other talk, whatever they are going to talk about, it doesn't concern me so I should leave.

But when I was about to leave with the kid, I heard the girl saying something.

“Where is the necklace? Give it to me now...” she said eagerly.

I turn to Nathan who’s patiently standing just beside me.

“What does she mean?” I asked.

What necklace is she talking about? Is it the hope diamond?

“The young master was told to give the necklace to the one he’s going to marry. If young mistress Veronica will have it, she will be declared as young master’s fiancée.” He said.

Oh no!

She can’t have the necklace nor can he give it to her.

I am here to steal it and I won’t allow anyone to try stealing it from my possession.

“What necklace is she talking about, honey...?” I held the hand of little girl beside me and walk towards Eliot.

Eliot look amused as he stare at me. I just raised my brows to him, trying to intimidate him. But he just looks like enjoying the moment.

“And who the hell are you?” said Veronica.

“Oh,” I acted surprised. “Pardon me for not introducing myself. I’m Zara, and this is Amanda, my daughter.”

“So? I don’t care!” she said with annoyance evident on her voice.

“You don’t but...” I sighed and look at Eliot “...you are talking to the father of my child. So, I thought it’s inappropriate for my child to watch you trying to steal her father from us.” Then I smiled at her sweetly.

No, darling. I won’t let you have the necklace.

And looks like Eliot isn’t interested at you at all

“What is she talking about, Eliot!”

Eliot grinned at me before putting his arm around my waist. “I apologize for not informing you, Veronica. This is my wife and our daughter.”

Guess this devil is the father, huh?

Chapter 9: Smart kitten

Veronica is fuming mad as she cross her arms on her chest, glaring at me. I couldn't help but laugh evilly on my mind as I gently stroke Amanda's back and feeding her breakfast.

I didn't know how Eliot manage to make Amanda's mother remained silent and didn't bother to interrupt our mini drama.

And Amanda as a clever kid seems to realize what's happening and she's coping up with the drama and even calling me *mommy* and Eliot as her *daddy*.

Since Eliot seems to understand why I wanted to do and it's an advantage for him. His devil ass even invited Veronica to eat breakfast with us.

He is eating his breakfast like he is an almighty king of the world. Doesn't care about the tension between the three of us, so this is what he wants, huh? To let me fix this while he is sipping his mango shake happily.

"Why aren't you eating, Miss Veronica? The chef that Eliot is great cook," I smiled at her sweetly before picking the napkin and wipe the side of my lips.

She looks irritated as she raised her brows to me, her arms went down and I saw how her fist clenched. Wanting so bad to attack or maybe slap me? If that's what she wants, she could try.

After all, it's been a while since the last time I've punch someone.

If only Eliot isn't this evil and just let me steal his necklace without buying time to distract, I should be at the base now and probably knocking off X's butt.

But looking at Veronica, sighs. She looks like a brat kid from a rich family, who is just good at whining and screaming. This won't do, I'd rather sleep.

I took the glass of juice that Samantha prepared for me and took a sip on it.

"I don't believe you, Eliot! You didn't marry this bitch!"

I dramatically put my hand on my chest and pretended to get offended as she said those words. I saw Eliot secretly grinning when he saw my action. "How could you call me bitch in front of my daughter, Miss Veronica...?"

I put my hand on Amanda's chubby cheeks and scoop her face on my palm. "Baby, please don't listen to her..." I made my voice sound convincing that I am offended.

But who cares if this whiny spoiled brat calls me bitch? She's not that important in my life and would never be one.

“You are bad! Mommy is not a bitch,” Amanda shouted at her and the kid even pouted her lips, trying her best to look mad.

Good girl, baby girl. You are doing very good, I’m proud of you.

Veronica gapes as she looked at us before diverting her gaze to Eliot who’s looking at me, amused at what we are doing.

This guy! I’ll make sure to steal the necklace and get information about the Skullz then beat his ass. Ugh! I will really do that, just wait, you devil.

“Eliot!” she whines.

Keep whining you brat. Your devil here won’t help you because he wants to get rid of you too. Whoever you are, you can’t be a hindrance on plan.

“Enough, Veronica...” he said softly before putting down his glass of mango shake “Zara here is my wife and you should respect her as the young madam of Ignacio.” I twisted my lips as I watch Veronica looking like she’s about to murder someone.

Her cheeks are turning red, she’s so angry that she’s ready to smash everything she could touch.

She didn’t say anything but it’s obvious that she isn’t done yet.

“I know you’re not here only to ask me for marriage again, Veronica. Why is it that you want?” Eliot said in straight face, wiping his lips with the table napkin.

“Are we really going to talk in front of that bitch?” she rudely said.

“I told you that she’s Mrs. Ignacio now, do I have to repeat myself to you Miss Hwang?” Eliot sound dangerous and scary as he said that, that even Amanda held my hand, she looks scared.

Veronica’s eyes widened and she looks scared with Eliot, too. I just shrugged my shoulder. I guess this guy could really intimidate or scare anyone he wants. He screams of authority and you should obey him.

“I-I’m sorry...” Veronica is stammering as she said that.

“I should get going, honey. I’ll give you guys a privacy...” I said and I was about to stand up when he pulled my hand.

“Stay,” he said full of authority. And just like a kitten, I followed him and sat back to my seat. “There’s nothing you can’t hear,” he added.

Veronica bowed her head and she didn’t say anything. It looks like Eliot really scared her, poor whiny.

“It’s about the Hwang Corporation...” she said in a tiny voice.

Hwang Corporation? So this little whiny here is young lady of Hwang Corporation. One of the biggest corporations of the country, what does she need with Eliot that she even used a helicopter to talk to him.

“Continue,” said Eliot.

“The eldest miss of Hwang corporation is a daughter of my grandfather’s adopted son and they are already talking about who’s going to have the right with Hwang Corporation!” she looks mad as she said that.

Eldest Miss of Hwang Corporation, hmm... if I am not mistaken, it’s Vivian Hwang, one of the most cunning person I’ve ever known.

She was once a client of Black Base; she tasked us to steal the presentation of Hwang’s legitimate granddaughter. That’s the reason why she got the position of Chief Marketing Officer. So if Veronica is part of Hwang Corporation... then she is the righteous owner of the presentation we stole to destroy.

“I need your help, Eliot...” she pleaded as her eyes started to become teary.

“You want me to destroy Vivian?” he scoffs.

“Yes! She doesn’t deserve what she has!” she almost cried when she said that.

“I don’t mean to interrupt but...” I paused and look at Eliot to ask permission if I could interfere their conversation. He just gives me a slight nod so I continued. “But if her father is adopted, then she isn’t the first miss of Hwang, it’s you.” I shrugged my shoulder after stating a fact.

“You are talking nonsense!” She rolled her eyes on me. “If you don’t know anything then keeps your mouth shut!”

I smirked at what she said; she’s stupid and couldn’t get my point.

“Veronica,” he said, warning her that made her scoff and just pouted her lips.

“She’s has the credibility...” she whines.

“And you don’t believe to yours?” I said with a mocking smile on my lips. “If you don’t, then maybe you should try investigating whether Mr. Hwang, your grandfather’s adopted son is legally adopted.” Then I winked at her.

One of document that Miss Vivian made us steal and destroy is the truth that her father is not legally adopted by Mr. Hwang. He just uses Hwang but he is not legally allowed to use the surname.

Mr. Hwang didn't change his surname to Hwang, and all of his documents were just fabricated.

Because first of all... why would a rich tycoon like Mr. Hwang will make an adopted son inherit all of his wealth?

Eliot smirked at me when he realizes my point.

Seems like Veronica already understand my point so her eyes widened and her lips parted because of the realization, sighs.

Eliot turns his body to face me and gave me a meaningful smile.

After that, he lifts my chin using his index finger, making our face close to each other.

"Smart kitty," he said then smiled at me.