

Shut the Door

Kiara:

"Argh!" I scream as I open my eyes to find Zane staring down at me.

He chuckles, and I furrow my brows as he stands up from my bed.

"I can see that I occupy your thoughts day and night," he says, causing me to pull me to make a fist under the blanket.

He strides towards the door before turning to face me. "An old friend of mine is in town. If your family has any hobbies besides murdering innocent people, then you surely would have heard of the great John Hilly."

Everyone knows John Hilly, and it's exciting that I'll get to meet him, but I can't let Zane know how thrilled I am because he seems to take pleasure in draining the life out of me.

"Why are you telling me this?" I ask, and he closes the door, walking towards me.

"We're having a private dinner with him, and you must behave!" he grits his teeth, then walks away.

I slump back in bed, pulling the blanket over my face.

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Dinner with John Hilly arrived quickly, and once again, I find myself in front of the mirror, getting all dolled up.

"I know you hate this part, but look on the bright side. Mr. Malibu knows



a lot of famous people. In my entire life, I never thought I'd see John Hilly, let alone hear him play the piano in the house I live in," Ariana says.

"It's indeed marvelous to meet the man who hid all the massacres in my pack from me," I respond, causing her to pause with the brush on my face.

"John Hilly used to be my favorite artist. My parents would always crank up the volume whenever a massacre was happening in the pack. I didn't find out until I was eighteen, which was just three years ago," I scoff, pulling off a smile, hoping I haven't scared her too much.

In no time, I'm ready. I step out of the room in a strapless black bandage dress, paired with a scarf around my shoulders to cover up my nipples. Ariana escorts me to the dining room, and the guards at the door open it for me. I walk in to meet Zane and the famous John Hilly, a slender man with jet black hair.

Their eyes lock onto me as I confidently stride towards the large dining table, a grand piano sitting elegantly in one corner. As I approach the table, Zane rises from his seat, a smile playing on his lips.

"John, meet Ms. Levine. Kiara, this is John Hilly," he introduces us. I force a smile onto my lips and extend my hand towards John.

John takes my hand and plants a gentle kiss on it. I glimpse Zane's face wrinkling slightly at the sight. After the introductions, I take a seat next to Zane, directly across from John. Zane rings a small bell in front of him, and the door swings open to reveal several servants carrying an array of dishes. They set the food on the table, and one servant serves our meal. Once done, he stands still with the other servants in the room.



I can't help but think how tiring it must be for them to watch us eat.

Zane starts a conversation with John, and I quickly realize he's trying to make me feel insignificant. Despite my annoyance, I can't help but be distracted by his handsome appearance, and the memory of his chiseled abs lingers in my mind. Recollections from the previous day flood my thoughts, but I remind myself not to let him get the better of me.

I casually remove the scarf from my shoulders, revealing my strapless dress.

"And I had to go to the U.S to..." John's words trail off the moment he notices the outline of my nipples against the fabric of my dress. I sigh, feigning innocence.

"Some days, I too wish to chase my dreams," I say to John, reaching for a bottle of wine.

The room falls silent, but I ignore them both and pour myself a glass of wine.

"Wine, anyone?" I ask, my eyes darting between the two of them.

John takes the wine from me and pours himself a full glass, then he gulps it down. After that, he stands up and walks over to the piano, taking a seat.

"The evening feels quite romantic. I think we need some suitable music," John suggests, and I almost laugh at his attempt to lighten the mood.

He's probably trying to prevent Zane from losing his temper and putting a bullet through his chest.



John starts to play, and Zane resumes his meal, his eyes fixed on me as he chews. I ignore him, letting my body sway to the melodious chords of the piano.

After two songs, the tension in the room eases. But when John starts to play his song titled "Sweet Lover", I rise to my feet and sway to every note, making the song about me while Zane watches, visibly irritated. Halfway through the song, I sit down and chuckle.

"That was great!" I exclaim, applauding. John maintains a straight face, and I laugh again.

The next song is slower, so I continue with my meal.

"My hands are tired," I announce, then snap my fingers at one servant standing by.

He rushes over to me, and I hand him my fork.

"Feed me," I instruct him. But the moment his hand touches my fork, Zane grabs his hand, tightening his grip.

"Enough!" Zane yells, and John immediately stops playing the piano.

Zane pulls the man close, grabbing him by the collar as he trembles in fear. My heart skips a beat as I contemplate what Zane might do to this man.

Maybe I have gone too far, I say to myself. It will be great to watch Zane lose it if it isn't at the cost of someone's life.

"Do you like having a dick?" he asks the man, who stares at him with no response.



“Let me rephrase; would you like to pee from your butt?” Zane asks, and the man shakes his head, his breathing becoming more labored.

Zane then takes the fork from him, pins his hand down, and stabs it into the servant's hand, causing him to cry out in pain. I scream in fear.

“Are you insane?” I yell, jumping to my feet, and then I pull the fork out of the man's hand, causing him to cry out even louder.

“All of you, get out and shut the door!” Zane commands, and the servants scramble towards the door. He stops the last one and instructs them to take the injured man away.

As the room empties, my heart pounds in my chest, the thought of what he might do to me crossing my mind. Once they shut the door, I realize we are alone, and John has also left. Zane stares at me, his eyes glowing yellow with his claws extended.



Gigi



Author

“Two chapters up, and many more to come. Merry christmas everyone!”



Like