

The Joy of Revenge - Chapter 7 CHAPTER 6 Domenico's CHAPTER 6 Domenico's

Joy

"You look hungry. How about we get a bite to eat so you can tell me your story?" Sebastian said as he led me to the campus parking lot. I tried to pull my hand away from his, but he had a tight grip.

"I don't have a story to tell," I mumbled.

"Fine. You don't have to tell me now. I'm willing to wait. But let me, at least, take you out to an early dinner so we can get to know each other better," he said.

"Sebastian, I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful in any way, but why do you care anyway? I am not your charity case. There are so many women here on campus who are practically groveling at your feet. You can take your pick! I mean, why waste your time on me?" I asked, wanting some answers. I waited for him to say something, but he was more focused on dragging me to his car.

"I'll answer your questions once you get in the car," he said, opening the door. "Get in, Joy." I looked at him, then at his car. It was a really nice black Dodge Challenger and I really wanted to see its interior, but being in a car with a boy brought back some really bad memories.

"Uhm, can we just eat here? Somewhere on campus?" I asked, hoping I could convince him. After the assault, I still felt vulnerable. I wasn't ready to hop into a car with someone I barely knew.

"What's wrong, Joy? I can see the hesitation in your eyes. I can hear it in your voice. I promise, I'm not going to hurt you. I just want something good to eat at a quiet place where we can talk in private. Then, I'll drive you straight home. Here's my phone." He placed his phone in my hand. "My pincode is 0395. You can call the police if ever you feel threatened."

I inhaled deeply, trying to build enough courage to enter the car. I glanced at him, biting my lower lip, unsure if I should. Finally, I nodded my head and slowly entered the car.

"Good girl," Sebastian said as he closed the door. He waved at Xavier and Cristos, who were in another muscle car, before sliding into the driver's seat. Even for a man so tall, he was graceful. "I hope you like Italian food." He suddenly reached over and fastened my seat belt. He was so near, I could feel his breath on my face.

"Sure, pasta and pizza," I said, feeling a bit anxious. I needed to relax. I began fidgeting with the cuffs of my white, long sleeved, button-down blouse, hoping the distraction would help put my mind at ease. When that didn't help, I began rubbing my sweaty palms on the thighs of my jeans.

"Don't be nervous, Joy. You'll like my mom and I have a feeling she'll like you too. She cooks the best ravioli in town and I'm not just saying that because she's my mom," he said as he drove out of the campus.

His mom?! I'm going to meet his mother?! I looked down at what I was wearing and groaned.

"What you're wearing is fine. Look at me. I'm just in a regular t-shirt and jeans," Sebastian pointed out.

"B-but she's your mother. She wouldn't care if you were in rags," I argued helplessly. If the car wasn't moving, I probably would have jumped out.

"Well, at least you know you'll be safe," Sebastian said, winking at me. "So, you asked me why do I care? The first time I saw you, I just felt I needed to protect you. I know it sounds weird, but I can tell something really bad happened to you. I know you barely know me, but Joy, you can trust me."

"So you do see me as a charity case," I muttered, lowering my head in shame. I didn't want anyone's pity. I just wanted to move on and live my life.

"No, of course not," he denied. "I-I just want us to be friends. How about that?" He smiled at me, showing his perfect teeth and his gorgeous dimples.

He wants to be friends. I guess there's no problem with being friends. But again, those boys who hurt me said the same thing and look at what they did. My face is a mess, I walk with a limp and the doctors believe I will never have children of my own.

But why would Sebastian want to rape me? Xavier or Cristos for that matter? They could have their pick of any girl and I'm sure none of those girls would mind sharing their beds.

"I feel offended," Sebastian suddenly said, grabbing my attention.

"I'm sorry... what?" I asked.

"Am I that bad a person?" Sebastian asked. I turned my head to look at him, puzzled by his question. "The only reason why you wouldn't want me as a friend is if you think I'm evil. Am I really that bad of a person?" He glanced at me with puppy dog eyes and I melted.

"Of course not, Sebastian. I was just thinking of something else. Sure...We can be friends," I answered quickly. Maybe too quickly. Ugh, I wanted to kick myself.

This time, his smile was gentle, full of kindness and empathy. "You've made me really happy, Joy."

I turned to look outside my window and heaved a sigh. I silently wished I had a fairy godmother who could fix my face and heal my body. Maybe if I didn't look like such a monster, probably Sebastian and I could be more than just friends. Well, a dreamer can dream.

Sebastian parked his car in front of a cozy looking Italian restaurant named Domenico's. I should have known we would be eating at his family's restaurant.

Xavier and Cristos were already seated inside chatting with a middle-aged woman wearing an apron over a nice slate-colored pant suit. Sebastian held my hand as he introduced me to her.

"Mama, I want you to meet Joy. Joy, my mother, Rosario Domenico," Sebastian said, introducing us.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Domenico," I said, extending my hand for a handshake. But instead of taking my hand, she took me in her arms and hugged me.

"Mrs. Domenico is Sebastian's grandmother. You can call me Mama Rose, sweetheart." She lifted my chin and studied me under the light. "Who did this to you?" Sebastian's mother asked. My heart skipped a beat.

"Ah, Mama Rose, uhm..."

How could I tell her a bunch of boys raped me, then took some gym equipment, smashed my face with it and left me to die?

She noticed I was struggling with my words, so she gave me another hug.

"You tell me when you're ready, Joy. Right now, you eat. Sit, sit."

That afternoon, I had so much fun. I giggled and laughed. Joked around and talked. They didn't care about what I looked like or who I was. For the first time in a long time, I had friends.

I called my parents to tell them I was out with my new friends and Mama Rose promised them I was in good hands. She even went as far as telling them that no one would dare touch me... in a most serious tone.

I found that strange, but after witnessing what Sebastian, Xavier and Cristos did to Mark, I assumed maybe they had undergone combat training or something.

After our early dinner at Domenico's, they drove me home. I introduced them to my parents who, at first, were wary of the handsome trio. I couldn't blame them. After what happened to me, all men were bad men in the eyes of my parents.

As the weeks progressed to months, my parents learned to love them. Especially with all the help they offered me.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)