

Chapter 30 A Promise Fulfilled

Alana

My first day as an art teacher for the kids went very promising. All wore happy faces and were all excited to start the lessons that I just wanted to burst in joy.

So this is what it feels like to be needed, to have a purpose in life. While looking at their faces, I can see all their dreams reflected in mine which is what got me inspired to be more enthusiastic in teaching them.

“I thought he would be here,” I sighed while lying on the grass just a few meters from our quarters. I asked Francine to let me stay here for at least an hour to think about William. “I think he’s busy.”

I never really expected him to visit me every day since I know that he is a very busy man but my heart can’t help but miss him.

“Who is busy, Alana?”

I jumped from my feet and turned abruptly toward my back where the voice spoke.

“Wh!”

And there he goes, the man in my thoughts is standing there with his hands in his pockets.

“William?!”

He sat beside me and pulled me back to my position. “Shh? Lower your voice or you will wake everyone up.”

“What are you doing here?” I whispered, my eyes busy staring at him. I cannot really believe my eyes! He’s really here with me!

He looked exhausted but still as handsome and as charming as ever.

He raised his hand to brush off some strands of hair away from my face. “Uhm, visiting you? Aren’t you happy to see me?”

“I am! But you looked so tired. You traveled here just to see me? William, you could have just rested. Why do you have to tire yourself out for me?”

He chuckled, still combing my hair. “Honey, we have jets and all kinds of transportation systems that could take me to places. And I am not tired anymore because I already saw you.”

It did not sound like he was bragging. Just telling the facts.

I pouted my lips mimicking the child I saw this morning doing that to her mother. “How could that happen? I am not your vitamin.”

He laughed cheerfully, turning his attention to my poor cheeks. “You are my vitamin, Alana. You make me strong. You are all I need.”

I scowled. “William, you sound like an old person already.”

“An old person?!” he asked incredulously and pointed at himself. “I am not yet old. I am only 25!”

“Kids here taught me that old people use language like that. You sound like them already.”

His mouth literally fell open and put his hands on his waist. “Who are these kids? Let me see them so I can show them that I am not yet old.”

Giggling because he’s acting a bit too childish, I pulled him back with a shaking head.

“Ah, you are really old now, William.”

His eyes stopped smiling and the same expression I saw that night when he kissed me settled. “Careful, Alana. I might show you what a real old man can do.”

“What do you mean? What will you do to me? Can you do that to me already?” I asked innocently.

His voice was too intense when he said that so I want to know what he is talking about. Would it be fun?

William looked up in the sky gasping for breath. “Oh, this one is killing me, baby.”

He looked back towards me, his gaze more intense than ever. “You just don’t know what you are doing to me.”

“Why?” I inched closer to him. “Did you have a really bad day? Is that why you are so tired?”

“I did but seeing you now takes that all away. Can you hug me?”

He opened his arms for me to which I did not hesitate to be pulled into his warm firm body.

“Can I kiss your head, William? One of the kids here does that to her mother to take her worries away.” I lifted my eyes at him, just enough so his chin was on nose. “Can I do that to you, too?”

“You can do everything you want with me, Alana.”

He lowered himself down as I kissed his head.

“Done.”

But he looked unsatisfied.

“Is that it? Aren’t you going to do more?”

“Isn’t that enough?”

Sulking like one of the kids I taught, he shook his head and crossed his arms, “But I am still tired. Can you do more of it?”

“What kind of thing do you want me to do for you, William? Do you want water? Food?” I put both of my hands on my cheeks. “Sleep? Do you want to sleep now? Come on. Let’s go back to the quarters.”

“And where will I sleep?”

“On my bed,” I innocently answered to which he responded by groaning hard as if he’s in so much pain. Surely, this must be such a difficult day for him. “We will sleep together while I massage my back.”

He covered my mouth with his hand and whispered, “Please stop, baby.”

But I removed it back. “What should I stop from doing? I haven’t even done anything to you.”

Seriously though, I would do everything he wants me to do. Cuddling his face, I leaned in. “Tell me what do you want me to do because I will do everything you want me to do.”

His face turned red in my hands and even his heart that was pressed on my chest began racing a little too fast.

William sighed and kissed my nose. “Alana, you don’t know what you are saying. Oh baby, stop torturing me already.”

“Oh, what is this? A couple getting lovey dovey in the fields.”

William is quick to put me behind his back when we hear the voice of a man. And he is not alone. Behind him are five other rough-looking men in their thirties.

“Hey children, it’s already late. Go home before your parents look for you,” the man in a beard said, already looking my way, lust in his eyes.

“Don’t worry, Alana. They cannot lay their dirty hand on you,” William assured me when he felt my cold hands.

He put an arm around my shoulder, not any trace of fear in his voice.

“Not so fast,” the blonde man stepped in to block our path. “Boy, leave the girl with us. I have to ask her a few questions.”

William tightened his grip around me before I heard him growl. “You will have to rethink your decisions that you made at this hour, boys.”