

## Rushed promises

(Olivia)

I can't believe I said yes to Derek's proposal. I've thought about it constantly, and I had doubts along the way.

I had just gotten a divorce, and it didn't feel right to get married so quickly. But the more I thought about his proposal, the more I realized it was exactly what I wanted.

It wasn't about the luxury that came with it. It was about the fierce protectiveness he'd shown me ever since we met at that bar.

I wanted someone like that in my life. And I couldn't deny the strong connection I felt toward him. Pretending otherwise would have been a lie.

He was the first person I called when I got fired, and he dropped everything just to be with me.

Aaron was never like that. If I had a problem and called him, he'd tell me he was busy and that I should handle it on my own.

I should have seen the red flags from the moment his attitude shifted toward me. I held on for too

long, hoping he'd change, but I was wrong. So, for the first time, I decided to do something for myself on my terms. It was exactly what I needed.

"Since you agreed to marry me, you'll have to move in with me," Derek said. I could sense the excitement in his voice. He wanted this more than I realized.

"Isn't that too soon?" I asked, trying to think of ways to buy myself more time, feeling like I might be stepping into another cage.

I knew Derek wasn't controlling; he didn't care about what I did. But still, I didn't fully know the kind of man he was yet. Three months was hardly enough time to truly understand someone.

For all I knew, he could have some dark secret, waiting for the right moment to trap me. I shook my head, pushing away the doubts creeping into my mind.

"Maybe it is," he admitted.

"But it doesn't make sense for you to keep paying rent when I live in such a big house. Plus, It'll give us a chance to know each other on a more personal level." I rolled my eyes when he said that, knowing exactly what he meant.

"When do you intend on getting married?" I asked, trying to figure something out.

"You're the one who will be in charge of that. The wedding is going to be small, though. Including my parents, brother, and Jake. You'll have to deal with the rest." I couldn't help but roll my eyes again, more out of frustration than amusement.

It felt like he had already thought about this while I was struggling to process it.

"You don't have to worry about that. I don't know my birth parents and my adoptive family aren't welcome." His smirk faded when I said that.

I didn't mean to ruin his moment, but I needed to remind him that I was a nobody. If he wants to marry me, then he would have to accept that part.

"Oh yeah, I forgot. If you'd like, I could just cancel my family's invitation and just invite Jake. I don't even know what I was thinking." I didn't want him to do that out of pity for me.

I accepted who I was, and it was time for me to move on.

He gently grasped my chin, turning my face so our eyes could meet. What I saw there made my heart gallop in my chest as butterflies made a home in

my stomach.

His touch was gentle but firm, making it hard for me to look away.

The way he looked at me, there was something in his eyes that I hadn't seen in anyone else's before.

"Just tell me what you need, and I'll get it done. No question asked." I know that he meant it, too. I could sense that he would do anything for me, which was scary as hell.

"I'm fine, Derek. You can invite whomever you want, I won't have any problems with it." I replied. Yet he didn't let my chin go as he continued to watch me as if trying to figure out if I was lying or not.

"Okay then, I'll only invite Jake. The only reason is because my family can be a bit overbearing, especially my parents. My brother, though, couldn't care less about what I did." He finally released my chin and turned to look outside the window. His mood suddenly shifted from playful to serious in a matter of seconds.

I watched as his shoulders became tensed as if he was struggling with something. It wasn't like him to go quiet this way, which made me feel a bit uneasy.

< Rushed promises

+10 Points >

"Derek, are you alright?" I asked, trying to get his focus back on me. He sighed while running his hand through his hair.

"I'm fine. Let's just focus on the wedding and you moving in with me. How about I go back with you

Ad

Ad-free >

to your apartment and you can pack?" I stared at him when he said that. Why was he moving so fast?

"You want me to move in with you today?" I asked. His jaw clenched slightly as he looked at me. No, he wasn't angry at me that much, I could tell. But I

knew that something was bothering him, I just didn't know what it was.

"Yeah, it wouldn't make any sense for us to live separately since we are getting married." I guess he was right, but I was having doubts already.

I knew that I wanted this with him, but his reaction toward his family let me know that something was going on there, something serious that he wasn't ready to share as yet, and I didn't know if I wanted to be a part of that drama.

"You're right; I only have a couple of suitcases with me." He nodded his head when I said that.

"That's fine. From now on, you will live a better life. I promise you, Olivia, those who wronged you are going to be sorry." I could tell that he was serious. What exactly did he intend to do?



6

Comments



27

Vote



Watch videos get points (0/10) >

