

## Chapter 6

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The man was my father. Was I hearing right? The Mafia, the man who Ace killed was his father? Questions after questions took over my mind.

Why would he kill his own father? Is he really that bad for killing a man who took the lives of thousands? Does this mean he is now the Mafia? Did the Captain know this? Is that the reason why everyone seem to fear him or do they just think of him as a troublemaker like Dorine had mentioned? No wonder he had so many bodyguards.

"Joeniya breathe properly." I heard him say on the other line.

Only then did I realized that I was breathing like I was going to have a panic attack.

"The man deserved it, okay?"

"Deserved it! He was your father how could you kill him?" I was angry, despite him being a bad person he was also the man who help conceived Ace only for him to put a bullet through his brain. I would give everything to see my Papa again.

"You don't understand Joeniya, so don't start judging me. The man trafficked women, he tortured people for a living. He took the life of someone I love right in front of my face."

"Thank you for allowing me to stay at your apartment, I'll

leave as soon as I'm back on my feet." If this man could kill his father, God knows what he will do to me.

I end the call before he could say anything else. I need time to process all this information.

After yesterday events my thoughts were all over the place. I was wondering if God had finally answered my prayer after so many years to bring someone back into my life who would actually be there for me, a companion. Then there is also the thought that the devil also listen to prayers and he could have sent someone to make my life even worst.

With all of this going on there was no space left for me to remember the long paragraph about the clotting of blood that I was positive would be on the anatomy and physiology test tomorrow.

Last night I had the best sleep I have ever had in years. The mattress was so soft and comfortable. The best thing about this is that I also had a proper food to eat.

After finally crawling out of the bed I check my nurse watch to see that it is five pm. I gape at the watch. It must be broken. There is no way I slept out pretty much the entire day.

I decide to check the phone Ace gave me. 5:01 pm it reads. I wasted the entire day sleeping. The pill he drugged me with didn't only help with my fever but it also knocked me out. Better than killing me. I thought.

After having a shower and brushing my hair and teeth. I make my way to the kitchen to make something to eat. Even

though I want to be able to give myself this kind of luxury, I didn't want to get too comfortable until I could actually do this for myself.

Shoving the last spoon of Mac n cheese in my mouth I pause as a loud sound came from outside. Right by the door. It sound like someone had fallen over. Yesterday when I arrived the only person I saw was the reception. I'm sure other people lived in this apartment building, I just haven't seen or heard anyone.

I ignore the sound and decide to wash the dirty dishes, after I will catch up on my studying.

"Gosh Bonita, you wouldn't even open your door to see what had happened."

I gasp with a hand covering my chest while staring at Ace. He wore a black dress shirt with the first two bottoms undone. The shirt was tucked into matching pants. He was holding his hand to his forehead, looking as if he was in pain.

"You can't just creep up on people like that, it doesn't matter if this is your apartment building." I say rolling my eyes.

He gave me a wall grin before walking over to the refrigerator where he retrieve an ice pack, before sitting on one of the bar stools.

"I'm fine Joeniya thanks for asking," he reply sardonically.

I study him for a few seconds. It seem as if someone had wacked him on the head with a hard object.

"What happened to you?" I decided to ask.

"Your neighbor is a fifty four year old who hates my guts and doesn't fear to hit me out of a pan despite of me being her landlord."

I raise a brow but said nothing.

"What if he gave me a heart attack?" I mumble to myself as I dry my hands.

"That's the only thing I would not want to give you, baby." Ace says as his eyes travel from my legs upwards. I had forgotten that I was wearing a large Patrick shirt that reach my thigh and matching ankle socks.

"I wanted to see if you made up your mind about coming with me, if not then I won't stop coming around until you do."

I watch as he toss the icepack on the island his eyes meeting mine.

"Give me five reasons why I should leave with you."

"I can give you ten." He say confidently as he stood from the stool and walk towards me.

"I'm listening." He was closing the distance between us, making me uncomfortable.

He was very tall compared to my five feet six inches height so it was also a bit intimidating.

Grabbing my hand he pull me right

against his chest, a sound of shock escaping my mouth as he did this, holding me firmly to prevent me from escaping

his grasp. I felt like pulling away from him and a part of me wanted to stay like this forever.

"For one I want to keep you close where I can protect you. Two you live all alone with no one to talk to. Three despite of who I am I can show you a world better than this, one where you will get everything you deserve." His grey eyes stare into my owe. "I don't want you living back on the streets Joeniya, it's dangerous, I want to take care of you." 1

"I can take care of myself," I whisper.

He sigh and pull me back over to the stool where he sat and pull me in his lap, using his iron grip to keep me in place.


"There's nothing wrong with someone helping you Joeniya and I ask for nothing in return." His voice become softer as he trail his fingers up and down my thigh. "Fourth I'm not a horrible person and the fifth I think you need me as much as I need you."

I grasp his fingers before they could make their way further up my thigh, his grey eyes meets mine. I wasn't sure if his fifth reason was meant in a sexual way or if it went deeper than that. The look in his eyes says the latter.

"I'm sorry."

"It's fine." It seem as if his actions were unconscious anyway.

"Why don't you prove to me that you are not a horrible person?" I didn't realize I was still holding his finger until he remove it from my own in order to intertwine our fingers

 +5 BONUS

together. Pressing a kiss on the back of my hand he then place our hands on my lap, the other held me around my waist.

The small gesture made my heart skip a beat. "Move in with me and I'll show you Bonita."

"I'm already living here and it's not far from where I do my daily activities."

"It's not safe here either Joeniya, I won't tell you why just take my word for it."

I thought about what he had said before about us needing each other, probably he was right probably he was wrong.

This was like one of those math equations when you're fifty percent sure that the answer is right and fifty percent sure it's wrong. Sitting here in his arms made me feel so much better. I felt safety and comfort. I felt as if I was not worthless after all, or am I just feeling this way because I've been alone for so long? Could just be hybristophilia, who knows?

"When do I move?"

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