

## Chapter 7

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Heart warming. That explains the feeling his smile gave me after I agreed to move in with him. I'll probably regret it later but who cares about later when there is now and tomorrow is not promised. Right now I felt as if my prayers are being answered and I might as well take advantage of such opportunities, since God have been sleeping during my prayers for the past years.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

He stare at me as if he was trying to figure me out. "I thought I would have to drag you out of here kicking and screaming."

I remove myself from his lap and storm across the room. "And by telling me that you thought I wasn't going to change my mind about going with you?" [1](#)

He follow me like a lost puppy. "Come on baby I was only joking," He says gently, caressing my cheek. [1](#)

His eyes were so beautiful, it was a bit difficult to stay mad at him when he was looking at me like that. "Okay you're forgiven."

"Great now that little chat is finally over, let's go."

"What! Now?" I pull my hand from his which he had grasp a

few seconds before. "What about my stuff?"

"I can buy you new stuff."

"Wait, there's something that I need to do."

Grabbing a blue shirt and sweat pants, I went to the bathroom and quickly put them on. Taking a large zip lock bag from the cupboard I place my toothpaste, toothbrush, body wash and other products a female can not do without, inside. I got my bag with my school things and make my way to the living room where Ace was waiting.

"I'm ready." I say nervously. The problem was that I was still debating in my head if I should go with him or not.

What if this was the biggest mistake of my life? What did I even have to lose, I've lost everything? What if I start getting too close to the man standing before me then lose him too?

I laugh mentally, there's no way I will fall for him.

Yes he is handsome, yes he seem to like me for some unknown reason, yes he makes my breathe stop when he look at me abruptly, yes I feel safe with him close, yes he had really pretty eyes and soft looking lips; but that doesn't mean I'm going to fall for him. Maybe fall like a brick tripped me and I fall right on my face before him, but not fall like over the moon in love with him. What does love even mean, psh?

His grey eyes met mine before traveling down to the bag in my hand. He seem as if he was considering to argue with me for carrying my things— even though he told me he



would have someone pack up all the things he got me and bring it to his house, or choosing the safe option not to.

He choose the safe option the moment he took the bag from my hand then lead me out of the luxurious apartment.

After the second most comfortable sleep I've had in years I woke up in a big room with white walls, malt fluffy carpet that covered the entire floor. There was two silver looking bedside table at either side of the king size bed I lay on, both had a white lamp on them. There was what seem like a walk in closet straight ahead. At my left there was a glass door that looked like it lead to a balcony, and at my left there are two doors. I wonder where the second one leads to, Narnia maybe.

When I woke up a few minutes ago I thought I had been kidnapped until I remember the events of last night. The three hours drive here and how I even got to this room was a blur since I was knocked out cold after the first fifteen minutes in the car with Ace.

"Crap," I curse remembering that I had to get to work. It must be so late right now and I would have to travel three hours and about thirty minutes to reach the diner. I'll never make it in time, I'm so dead.

I pull the first door open revealing the most elegant and immaculate bathroom I have even seen. It had a white and malt theme just like the room. It had a shower and a bath, there was a large mirror with two flower shape face basin in the malt marble counter. I close my mouth after I realize that it was hanging open.

"Good morning Bonita," Ace says startling me from behind. He was standing in the doorway wearing a tight white shirt and grey sweat pants.

Guys in sweat pants are so drool worthy.

"Are you okay sweetheart?" He place his palm on my forehead probably checking if I had a fever or something.

"I'm late," I say removing his hand and stepping around him.

"Ah—is there somewhere you need to be?" He ask giving me a perplex look.

"Yes you know that thing normal people go to, to earn money in order to survive. You visited me there once. Does any of that drag your memory?" I say sarcastically.

He smile at me. "Sure I remember, but you won't be working there anymore. Congratulation Miss Alision you are currently self employed!\$"


Now I was the one confused, "What are you even talking about?"

"The apartment complex. I signed it over to you. The old lady there along with most of its occupants did not like me as their landlord anyway, but I know they will love you."

I narrow my eyes at him, "You gave it to me?"


"Is it so unbelievable?" He says void of any emotion.

I slump down on the bed before staring at him. He was leaning on the door directly in front of me, his grey eyes

 +5 BONUS

scrutinizing my every move.

Yes—yes it most definitely is. "But why?"

"I'm aware of your dreams baby girl. You want to become an Obstetrician, but you settled for practical nursing because that was the more reasonable way to go and you work for that prick wife at that shitty old diner. Before you ask how, remember who my old man was." 

If he knew all of this did he also know what happened to my father and what I had went through after what happened to him? Did he know I hold myself responsible?

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