

Chapter 278 Warning Signs

Ella

I arrived home that night, the weight of the evening still heavy on my shoulders. The glittering chandeliers, the fancy gowns, the laughter and chatter of the party all seemed like a distant dream as I stood in my dimly lit apartment, still wearing my beautiful white dress.

The words Logan had spoken to me on the drive home lingered in my mind, a soothing balm to the chaos of emotions I felt. His promise that no one would get hurt, the determination in his eyes, it somehow made me feel a little better. But could I really trust him?

I unzipped my beautiful white dress and let it fall to the floor, my reflection in the mirror looking pale and lost.

Logan was a part of a world I knew nothing about, a world that seemed both thrilling and terrifying. What would my parents think if they ever found out? What would they say if they knew I was pretending to be involved with a Mafia boss?

I shuddered at the thought, realizing with a sickening feeling that I could never tell them the truth. I was alone in this, completely and utterly alone. Even my wolf wouldn't talk to me after our last conversation.

The next morning, I made my way to work, my heart heavy with dread. The moment I walked through the doors, I could feel the eyes on me, the whispers and glances following me down the hallway.

They were judging me for walking in with a Mafia boss the other day. He had his arm around my shoulders... It still made me feel sick.

What did they think? That I had used my ‘boyfriend’ to intimidate Mr. Henderson into giving me my old job back? Because that was true, to a certain extent. I didn’t ask for it, but Logan had threatened my boss. He could lie about it all he wanted, but I knew the truth..

In the breakroom, I ran into a colleague, Sarah, who greeted me with a knowing smirk. “So, Ella,” she said, her voice dripping with malice, “welcome back to the firm.”

I forced a weak smile. “Thanks, Sarah. I’m glad to be back.” Now is your chance to redeem yourself, I thought. “I... um... I’m glad that Mr. Henderson agreed to give me a second chance here. I didn’t expect him to be so willing when I asked him if I could prove myself.”

“Mhm.” Sarah clenched her coffee cup a little tighter, her knowing smirk growing on her face. “Sure. By the way, is it true that you’re from that ‘Morgan’ family? And that you’re dating a Mafia guy?”

I stared at her, my heart pounding in my chest. How did everyone know? Was my private life really so public?

“It’s... private business, Sarah,” I said, my voice as cold as I could make it. “I don’t see why it’s any concern of yours.”

She just laughed, leaning against the counter as she stirred her coffee with a spoon and tapped it loudly against the side of the mug. “Oh, Ella, you always were so secretive. But you know, you should be careful. I’ve known women who get involved with the Mafia and can’t get out. It’s not a game, you know.”

“It’s not like that at all,” I snapped, my voice rising slightly. “You don’t know anything about me or my relationship with... anyone. So maybe you should just keep your opinions to yourself.”

Sarah just shook her head, her eyes filled with something I couldn’t quite place. Pity? Understanding? I watched as she wandered over to the door, pausing for a moment.

“You must be lucky then, Ella,” she said. “You come from affluence. You’re not like those poor sex workers or poverty-stricken women who are used and abused. You have choices.”

Her words hit me like a slap in the face. Was that really what she thought of me? That I was just some spoiled rich girl, playing games with people’s lives?

Before I could come up with a response, she left. I watched her walk away, a cold feeling settling in my stomach. Was she right? Was I just playing with fire, too blind to see the danger I was putting myself in?

Was I really so different from those women she had mentioned, the ones who had no choice but to do what they were told?

I sat down, my mind spinning, my heart aching with guilt. What had I gotten myself into? What had I done? Was I really so naive, so careless, so selfish?

I buried my face in my hands, tears welling in my eyes. The reality of my situation was starting to sink in, and I felt overwhelmed, lost, and utterly alone. A pawn in a game that I stupidly got myself involved in, all because of... what? Working late one night?

If only I had just listened to my parents that night and called an Uber. Maybe then I would have avoided all of this. I never would have met Logan.

But, no. He planned to meet me all along. If it hadn’t been that night, it would have been the next day, or maybe the next. But we still would have met, and I would still be here in this whole mess.

“Are you okay, Ella?” a gentle voice asked, and I looked up to see a coworker, a kind woman named Mary, looking at me with concern. I shook my head, wiping my tears away. “I’m fine, Mary. Just... just a lot on my mind.”

She nodded, her eyes filled with sympathy. “I understand. The people around here love to gossip, but don’t pay them much mind. If you need someone to talk to, I’m here.”

I smiled, grateful for her kindness. At least there was one person in this place who didn’t see me as a threat or a spoiled little brat. “Thank you, Mary. I appreciate that.”

But as I went about my day, the whispers and stares continued to follow me everywhere I went. I knew that no amount of kindness or sympathy could erase the reality of my situation. I was trapped in a web of my own making, and I had no idea how to get out.

Logan’s words echoed in my mind, his promise to keep me safe, to protect me. But could I really trust him? Could I trust anyone anymore?

As the day wore on, the weight of my decisions, the guilt and fear, the uncertainty, it all weighed heavily on me, and I knew that my life would never be the same again.

More than once, I wondered if I should leave this city and go home. I could tell my parents everything. My dad would protect me. He... He would make this all go away.

But I had too much pride for that. I had entered a world I knew nothing about, and I was in over my head. And no matter what I did, no matter how hard I tried to convince myself otherwise, I knew that I was lost, and there was no turning back.

And I had to deal with the consequences on my own.

Chapter 279 Disrespect

Ella

The office hummed with the usual activity, but as I sat at my desk, the files for the new case spread out in front of me, my mind kept drifting to Sarah's words. They clung to me like a shadow, her insinuations and her accusations haunting me.

I tried to focus on the documents in front of me, the complicated legal jargon and the details of the new case with Logan. But my hands trembled slightly no matter how hard I tried to steady them, and I couldn't shake the fear that had settled itself in the pit of my stomach.

What if Sarah was right? What if I was trapped? A pawn in a game that I didn't fully understand? A game that I could never understand?

"Ella," a voice said, snapping me out of my thoughts, and I looked up to find Mr. Henderson standing over my desk. "Are you okay? You look distracted."

I forced a smile, willing myself to push Sarah's words aside. "I'm fine," I lied. "Just a lot on my mind."

He frowned, his eyes searching my face from behind his wire-rimmed glasses. He still wore the fancy Rolex on his wrist. "Well, I hope that what's on your mind is your case, and not trivial matters," he said. "This new case with Mr. Barrett is of the utmost importance. I need you to be focused. Understand?"

“I understand, Mr. Henderson,” I assured him, hoping that my face didn’t betray the churning in my belly. “I promise.”

He nodded, seemingly satisfied, and moved on, leaving me alone with my thoughts once more.

And yet, even as I delved into the case and tried to focus my entire energy on it, I found my mind still straying to Logan’s words, his actions, the way he conducted himself. Everything that he ever said or did felt like a trick now. I was reading into everything, even down to the minor muscle movements in his hands and wrists when he spoke to me.

Was he really just trying to help me with my career, or was there something more to it? Did he really plan on ‘letting me go’ once this year was up?

I shook my head, frustrated with myself. I was letting Sarah’s words get to me, letting them plant seeds of doubt in my mind.

Logan was not like that. He was different. He had been kind to me, respectful, even. But there was a nagging voice in the back of my head that kept whispering, “What if?”

The day wore on, the minutes ticking by slowly, each one filled with doubt and uncertainty. I found myself glancing at the clock, counting down the hours until I could leave, until I could escape the office and the weight of my own thoughts.

I hardly got any work done. As I packed up my things at the end of the day, I had a new resolve within me: I needed to figure out a way to make sure that this... this ‘arrangement’ with Logan wouldn’t end in dire circumstances.

I had to protect myself somehow. When I finally stepped out into the cool evening air, my heart skipped a beat. There, waiting outside, were the same sleek black cars that I had become all too familiar with, and standing beside them was Logan with a smirk on his face.

“Good evening, Miss Morgan,” he said as I approached. “Your chariot awaits you.”

“Logan!” I hissed, my voice sharper than I intended. “What are you doing here? I live within walking distance. You don’t need to be picking me up every single day.”

He just chuckled, his eyes twinkling with amusement. “It’s a dangerous city, Ella. I’m just trying to help.”

I frowned, anger bubbling up inside me. “By disrespecting my wishes? Is this how it’s going to be all throughout this year? I don’t want this to be another case where the woman is trapped and can’t leave.”

His smile vanished, his eyes widening in confusion. “What are you talking about, Ella? Trapped? Abused? What’s all this about?”

I blanched, realizing that I had spoken without thinking, my fear and anxiety spilling out in a rush of words. But it was too late to take them back now, and a part of me didn’t want to.

“Is it true?” I asked, my voice trembling. “What they say about the Mafia and the women who get involved with them? That they’re trapped, abused, unable to leave?”

Logan’s face paled, and he looked away, his jaw clenching. When he finally spoke, his voice was soft and filled with regret. “It is true, to an extent. But not all men are like that, Ella. Just some of them.” “But how do I know that you’re not like that?” I asked, my voice breaking. “How can I trust you?”

“You have to trust me, Ella,” he said, his voice filled with pain. “I would never do anything like that to you. I’m not like those men.”

I wanted to believe him. I wanted to trust him. But the fear and doubt were like a dark cloud, hanging over me, obscuring everything else. It was only made worse by what I overheard at the dinner party and Sarah’s words.

“But your men kidnapped me, Logan!” I cried, tears threatening to spill out of my eyes. “How can I ever trust you after that?”

He reached out, his hand gently touching my arm, his eyes filled with compassion. “That was a misunderstanding, Ella. You know that. You have to know that.”

I shook my head, tears blinding me. “I don’t know anything anymore, Logan. I don’t know who I can trust, or what’s real.”

He sighed, his shoulders slumping. “I’ll prove it to you then, Ella. I’ll prove that you can trust me, that I’m not like those other men.”

“How?” I demanded, my voice filled with desperation. “How can you prove it to me?” He looked at me, his eyes filled with determination. “You’re a lawyer, Ella. Write up a legally binding contract for us. Make it so that I’ll let you take me to court when this is all over if I don’t let you leave. I’ll sign it, Ella. I’ll do whatever it takes to make you believe in me.”

I looked at him, my mind a whirl of confusion and doubt. Could I really trust him? Was this just another trick, another game?

But something in his eyes told me that he was sincere, that he was telling the truth. “I’ll do it,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper. “I’ll write up the contract.”

He smiled, his eyes filled with relief. “Thank you, Ella. Thank you for trusting me.”

“I don’t trust you,” I said, my voice firm. “Not yet. But I’m willing to give you a chance to prove yourself.”

He nodded, his eyes filled with understanding. “I know, Ella. And I’ll prove it to you. I’ll prove that you can trust me.”

We shook hands, sealing the deal, and I looked into his eyes, searching for any hint of deception. But all I saw was sincerity, determination, and a promise.

For the first time in days, I felt my wolf Ema's presence relax. She said nothing, but I knew that she was happy. And in a strange way, it made me feel better about my decision, too.

"Okay, Logan," I said, my voice filled with resolve. "Let's do this. Let's make this contract, and let's make it ironclad. I'll hold you to it, Logan. I'll hold you to every word."

Chapter 280 Contracts & Promises

Ella

The sun's late afternoon light spilled into my office, casting long golden fingers over the documents I had meticulously drafted the previous night and spent all morning working on. I sipped on a cup of coffee, its bitter tang juxtaposed against the heavy sweetness of my lingering doubt.

Instead of spending the day working on my case with Logan, which I should have been doing, I spent it writing up this contract. Every word, every line, every clause had to be absolutely perfect. I had to protect myself, and this was the best way that I knew how.

But in reality, what was I really doing? Could a simple contract-a piece of paper-really guarantee my safety in a world so deeply entrenched in intrigue and power plays?

Of course, Logan was late. He was supposed to meet me at my office an hour ago, but he never showed. I figured that it would be just like him, to make this promise and then ghost me without signing the contract.

Just as I was engrossing myself in a particularly tricky clause, my phone buzzed. I almost jumped, spilling a few drops of coffee onto the corner of my desk. Anxiously wiping it away, I answered. "Hello?"

"It's Logan."

His voice was terse, the backdrop noisy. I could hear the echo of shouted orders, a revving engine, and something that sounded like metal clanging on metal. Was he in a metal shop or something?

“Logan, I have the contract ready,” I said, choosing to ignore these strange sounds. “We agreed on this. When can you come over to sign it?”

There was a momentary pause. “Look, I know I promised I’d be there already, and I’m sorry. But I’m dealing with some... matters right now. But I’ve sent a car for you, and I called to check since it should be there by now. Come to the mansion.”

I hesitated, my mind instantly flashing back to Sarah’s chilling words from yesterday. The thought of once more walking into what might be a lion’s den made my heart race.

“No,” I finally said, trying to muster as much courage as I could. “I won’t fall for any traps, Logan. We’ll sign this in a neutral place.”

“A trap?” He sounded genuinely surprised, his voice rising. “Ella, you think I’m trapping you? You don’t need to come, but the car is there anyway. If you change your mind, get in and my driver will take you here. I promise I’m not the boogeyman, or whatever it is that you think I am.”

My heart was pounding as we hung up the phone. Was I really going to do this? Was I going to trust him? The papers on my desk seemed to mock me, the inked contract a stark reminder of the games and the power plays that were part and parcel of this world I had become involved with.

The decision felt as if it took a lifetime, but finally, determination won over fear. This contract needed to be signed as soon as possible.

Grabbing my purse, I hurried out of my apartment, the door clicking shut behind me. As I approached the car, the driver looked up and gave a curt nod. “Miss Morgan?”

“Yes,” I managed to say, my voice unsteady. He opened the door for me, and I slid into the plush back seat, my heart in my throat.

The journey to Logan’s mansion seemed both too long and too short, all at the same time. My mind was a whirlwind of questions and uncertainties, each mile that passed adding to the growing apprehension.

When we finally arrived, I found myself almost frozen in my seat, my body refusing to comply with my brain’s command to move. The driver had to clear his throat to prompt me.

“Miss Morgan? We’re here.”

I stumbled out of the car, my legs feeling weak. The grandeur of Logan’s mansion never failed to take my breath away, but today, it felt different. It felt like I was stepping into a lion’s den, voluntarily. “Logan’s in the basement,” the driver informed me as he closed the door.

“The basement?” I echoed, both surprised and concerned. “Yes, Miss. Just follow the stairs down.”

I nodded and made my way into the mansion, my footsteps echoing in the vast emptiness. It was unusually quiet, the normal hustle and bustle of the servants missing. “This is stupid, Ella,” I thought to myself, chewing my lip. “Stupid, stupid, stupid.”

My wolf, who was finally speaking to me again, only perked up as a familiar voice came into earshot.

“Careful, Brian! Lift it gently!”

Logan’s voice was followed by what sounded like a clatter of metal and a muttered curse coming from the basement. I quickened my pace, my curiosity piqued, and peered down into the darkness. There was a set of wooden stairs leading down, and I could see shadows moving around.

They appeared to be banging on something. I heard grunting, and then the two shadows seemed to be dragging something heavy across the floor.

“Bodies?” I thought to myself, swallowing. “Don’t be ridiculous, Ella,” my wolf’s voice responded. “Do bodies sound metallic when struck?”

“You have a point.”

I began to head down the stairs, although tentatively and fully prepared to turn and run if need be. But when I reached the bottom step, what I saw stopped me in my tracks and took me completely by surprise, even more than bodies.

Logan was there, his sleeves rolled up, his hands and face smudged with dirt and grease, working alongside one of the servants. It appeared as though they were... trying to fix a broken furnace.

“Logan?” I called out, unable to hide the shock in my voice. He looked up, surprise evident in his eyes, and then a smile broke through. “Ella! You came after all.”

I could only nod, still stunned by the sight in front of me. “What are you doing?” I finally managed to ask, taking a step closer.

Logan wiped his brow with the back of his hand, leaving a streak of dirt. “Fixing the furnace. It broke down this morning. This is the infamous ‘trap’ you were so afraid of.”

It was, indeed, not a trap at all. Rather, it was nothing more than a rusty furnace and two men who were covered in grease and dirt.

Logan, no longer wearing his usual suit and tie, now wore a dirty white t-shirt and jeans. The sleeves of his shirt clung to his sweaty biceps. His dark hair clung to his forehead in certain places, and he had a slight scruff of beard growing on his face from a lack of shaving that morning.

I hated to admit it, but he looked... hot. I had to quickly look away to hide the redness that was growing in my cheeks.

But despite that, I was still utterly taken aback to see Logan, the incredibly wealthy son of a Mafia boss, actually getting his hands dirty working on equipment in the basement. Maybe that was why my next words, which were completely rude and uncalled for, spilled out of my mouth before I could stop them.

“A broken furnace?” I asked, looking up at Logan with wide eyes. “Isn’t this a servant’s job?”

Chapter 281 Fast Cars & Slow Smile

Ella

“A broken furnace? Isn’t this a servant’s job?”

As soon as the words slipped out of my mouth, I felt my eyes widened. “Ella!” my wolf growled, annoyed by my words. “That’s rude! Why did you say that?”

Truthfully, I didn’t know why I said it. It just... slipped out. Surprise, maybe?

“I-I’m sorry,” I said aloud, swallowing. “That was rude. I just meant that I’m shocked to see you working on a furnace, that’s all.”

My words were met with a chuckle from the other man who was working with Logan. The servant, a man of about fifty with grizzled hair and weathered hands, looked up at me from where he kneeled on the floor next to the furnace and winked.

“None taken, Miss. I know it’s shocking for a man of Mr. Logan’s status, but believe it or not, we work on all kinds of stuff together,” the servant explained, his voice full of pride. “Mr. Logan here is so good with his cars, it allows him to fix all manner of things. We’re all happy to have him for a boss ’cause he helps out with difficult tasks like this when he’s able.”

“Cars?” I asked, my interest piqued. Logan nodded, and a playful glint appeared in his eyes. “Yes, cars. I’m good with mechanical stuff. You

might find it surprising, but I love getting my hands dirty. Come on, follow me.”

He gestured for me to follow him, and I did, still feeling slightly dazed. As we walked through the expansive mansion, I couldn’t shake off the astonishment I felt. The Logan who stood before me, hands covered in grease and shirt stained with sweat, was far from the suave, sophisticated man I had previously known.

He led me to a huge garage, its large doors sliding open to reveal yet another secret about him that I hadn’t expected.

The garage that Logan had revealed was far from a simple storage space for vehicles. It was a meticulously organized temple of automotive beauty and mechanical prowess.

As I stepped further inside, my eyes widened into saucers. I couldn’t help but feel like I had entered into Logan’s secret sanctuary. Almost instantly, my senses were assaulted by the smell of gasoline and rubber, but it was a good smell. Pleasantly intoxicating.

The first thing that really struck me, though, was the sheer size of it. It was more akin to a professional showroom than a personal garage. Polished concrete floors reflected the overhead lighting, casting a warm glow that danced across the surface of the vehicles.

Each car, whether a luxurious sports model or a classic vintage piece, was positioned with deliberate care, allowing ample room to admire them from every angle.

Along the far wall, a collection of tools and mechanical equipment was arranged with almost surgical precision.

Wrenches, screwdrivers, and specialized automotive instruments were hung in clear view, ready to be used at a moment’s notice. There were workbenches cluttered with engine parts, sketches, and manuals.

And then in another corner of the garage, I noticed a small lounge area with leather chairs, framed photographs of racing moments, and shelves lined with trophies and medals.

Clearly, this space served not only as a place for work but also for relaxation and reflection. I could almost envision Logan and his friends or fellow enthusiasts gathering here to discuss their latest projects or just to share their passion for cars.

“These are all yours?” I asked, slowly walking down the row of cars.

“Yep,” Logan said, using a clean part of the hem of his shirt to wipe a smudge off of one of the car hoods. “Years and years of saving my money led to this. That one down there was my very first car.”

I followed his gaze to a sleek red car. I knew nothing about cars, but it looked vintage. And fast. I wandered over to it, my eyes taking in the cream-colored leather interior and the hood that was so shiny I could see myself in it like a mirror.

I could see that Logan had a hands-on relationship with these cars. He didn’t just drive them, he understood them. He tinkered with them, improved them, and made them a part of his life.

“This is a hobby of mine,” Logan said, his voice tinged with passion. “I love working on them, tweaking, modifying, and of course, driving them. I like to drive fast.”

He smirked, that cocky grin that I had seen so many times before. “I could take you out in one of my fastest cars and show you a good time,” he said, his voice dripping with sweetness like honey.

I blinked at him with wide eyes, my mind still grappling with this new side of Logan that had been unveiled. The cars, the machinery, the hands-on approach – it was all so unexpected.

And, although I never would admit it, it attracted me. My wolf was practically begging for me to get dirty right along with him amongst all of these cars. It took everything in my power to hold her back.

Then he saw the contract in my hand, and his expression changed. “I almost forgot,” he said, taking it from me and quickly signing it, the pen leaving a trail of grease from his hands on the paper.

I gingerly took it back, a strange mix of relief and embarrassment washing over me. I had been so distrusting, so ready to believe the worst, and yet here was Logan, proving me wrong in every way. I tucked the contract into my satchel, still feeling a bit silly.

“Thank you,” I managed to say, my voice sincere. He nodded, watching me closely. “You’re welcome, Ella. I’m happy to do whatever it takes to make sure you feel safe and comfortable as we navigate this arrangement of ours.”

I looked around the garage, my eyes drawn once more to Logan’s first car. It looked like a beast waiting to be unleashed, and I could feel a thrill of excitement at the thought of experiencing its power.

“What’s wrong?” Logan asked, cocking his head. “You look like you saw a ghost.”

I shook my head, patting the side of my satchel. “Nothing. Thanks for signing the contract. I’ll make copies and you can have one.”

“No need.” Logan leaned back on the hood of one of the red race cars and folded his arms across his chest, revealing once more how his biceps bulged and strained against the sleeves of his dirty t-shirt. Even from where I stood, he smelled like sweat and oil. I felt my face getting hot once again, and I quickly looked away.

“Um... Alright, then,” I said somewhat awkwardly, turning toward a little door that looked like it led to the outside. “See you later. Your case should be all set soon, so...”

“Sure thing, Ella,” Logan said, ever the picture of perfect poise and relaxation. I was about to leave, my head still spinning with all that I had learned and seen, when his words stopped me in my tracks.

“Wait! What about that ride?” he called after me, that teasing smile playing on his lips again as I turned back to face him.

Chapter 282 Joyride

Ella

“Wait! What about that ride?” I slowly turned around, my eyes wide, my heart hammering in my chest. My eyes were met with Logan’s smirking face, his expression dancing with mischief.

“Well?” Logan asked, pushing himself off of the hood of one of the cars and coming over to meet me by the door. “Just one joyride? I’m itching for a good drive. Being stuck in the basement all day really made me crave seeing the sunset. I swallowed. “I really shouldn’t,” I said, glancing at my watch. “I’ve got work...”

“Work, shmork,” Logan interrupted with a grin.

“Pick a car. Any car.” “But... I’ve never been on a really fast ride,” I stammered, my mind a whirl of confusion and excitement. “I mean, growing up in such a dense city, we barely drove at all except to go to our mountain estate in the summers.”

Logan’s eyebrows shot up, and he let out a chuckle, his eyes twinkling with amusement and making them stand out against his dirt- stained skin. “So that must be why you always want to walk everywhere.”

His words made me blush, and I looked away feeling self-conscious. How had he noticed something so small about me?

“Come on, Ella,” Logan said, his voice soft and coaxing, his hand gesturing at the row of sleek, gleaming cars. “Pick one, and I’ll take you for a joyride. We can check out the scenery, and I promise it’ll be an experience you’ll never forget.”

I bit my lip, torn between curiosity and caution. My wolf was howling inside me, urging me to take the plunge, to let loose and have some fun. But the rational part of me, the part that had always played it safe, was holding me back.

“I don’t know, Logan,” I said, my voice trembling. “I mean, it’s very generous of you, but I really should be going. I have work to do, and-”

“Come on, Ella,” Logan interrupted, his voice gentle but firm. He grabbed my shoulders and guided me away from the door and back toward the cars. If this was a trap, then I really was just a helpless little mouse. “Don’t overthink it. Just choose a car and let’s go. Trust me, you’ll love it.”

I looked into his eyes, searching for any sign of deception or hidden agenda. All I saw was sincerity and a playful spark that was impossible to resist.

“Okay,” I finally said, my voice barely above a whisper. “Okay, let’s do it.”

Logan’s face lit up, and he clapped his hands together, “Fantastic! Now, which one do you want to take?”

I looked at the row of cars, but my eyes were drawn once more to Logan’s first car, the red one with the cream-colored leather interior. There was something about it that called to me, and I pointed at it, feeling a thrill of excitement. It looked as though it was designed to fly.

“That one,” I said, my voice full of wonder. “It looks really fast.”

Logan smirked, his eyes dancing with mischief. “Ah, I knew you had a soft spot for my first one. Everyone does,” he said, his voice filled with

pride. “She’s also my fastest.” He opened the door for me, and I hesitated for a moment, my heart pounding.

As I slid into the seat and felt the scent of polished leather take over my senses, I couldn’t help but feel a bit nervous. My father was always incredibly cautious when it came to driving, sometimes to a fault. He never drove too fast unless he really needed to, and I never learned how to drive.

My hands were shaking, and I clutched the edge of the seat, trying to calm myself. “Ready?” Logan asked, his voice full of anticipation as he settled into the driver’s seat.

I looked at him, my eyes wide, and nodded. “Ready,” I whispered, feeling a strange mixture of fear and exhilaration.

The engine roared to life, and Logan expertly guided the car out of the garage and onto the winding road. At first, I held my breath, my body tense as we accelerated, the world blurring past us.

But then, as Logan skillfully navigated the twists and turns, I found myself relaxing, the fear giving way to excitement. He drove fast, but it was a controlled kind of fast. I could tell he knew what he was doing, and I started to have fun.

“Enjoying the ride?” Logan shouted over the wind as he put the convertible top down, his eyes on the road, his hands steady on the wheel.

“Yes!” I yelled back, feeling free and wild as the wind whipped through my hair, loosening it from its tight ponytail. As my blonde hair whipped around me, I couldn’t help but laugh, the sound bubbling up from deep within me, pure and uncontrolled.

I looked over at Logan, and our eyes met, at shared understanding passing between us. He grinned, and I grinned back, feeling a connection that was new and yet somehow familiar.

We raced through the winding roads, the car hugging the curves, the engine purring like a satisfied cat. I looked out at the distant city, a sea of lights that sparkled in the twilight, and I felt a rush of adrenaline that was unlike anything I had ever felt before.

“This is amazing, Logan!” I shouted, my voice full of joy and wonder. “I never knew driving could be like this!”

He looked at me, his eyes full of warmth and satisfaction. “I told you you’d love it,” he said, his voice full of triumph. “There’s nothing like the open road and a fast car to make you feel alive.”

I looked at him, feeling a surge of gratitude and affection. He had shown me something new, something beautiful, something that had awakened a part of me I hadn’t known existed.

“Thank you, Logan,” I said, my voice full of emotion. “This means more to me than you’ll ever know.”

“You’re welcome, Ella. It was my pleasure.”

He reached over and squeezed my hand, his eyes soft and understanding. I found myself allowing our touch to linger longer than it should have before I finally worked up the courage to pull my hand away. We drove on, the night stretching out before us, full of promise and possibility.

I leaned back, letting the wind caress my face, feeling alive and free, knowing that I had discovered something not only about Logan, but also about myself. If only my dad knew about this, I thought to myself. Driving at breakneck speeds with a Mafia guy? He’d kill me!

And yet, at the same time, the thought of it just made me laugh even more. For the first time in my life, I felt as though I was really letting go, allowing myself to be free. I was allowing myself to take a risk, a real risk, and I was laughing in the face of the consequences.

Maybe it was stupid and naive, but at that moment, I didn't care. All I cared about was the feeling of the wind in my face and the laughter that lingered between Logan and me.