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[Vivienne]

The drive back to Rosita's boutique is mostly silent. The man who came to save us sits quietly in the back next to me, while Marcus is up front with the driver, probably frowning and trying to understand who this man is. And he wouldn't be wrong either. The last time I met him, he wasn't even in the same city. Perhaps it's a coincidence that he was available just when I needed him. It has to be.

The bubble of my thoughts shatters when someone's phone rings. The man sitting next to me gives me a handsome smile before answering.

"Go," he says, picking an invisible lint from his impeccable suit pants. He nods a few times before disconnecting the call. He turns to face me once again. "It's done. Those people have been taken care of. They won't bother you again."

As much as I'm relieved to hear that, I'm equally curious. "How did you do that?"

"As I said, not something for you to worry about," he grins handsomely, tossing a playful wink my way.

I can only feel my cheeks warm at his attention. It reminds me of the last time we met. A cough interrupts my reverie, and the moment is lost.

I glance up at Marcus who seems to be frowning in the rearview

mirror. "We are here."

"Okay. Thanks." I turn to the man, giving him a grateful smile. "Thanks for helping us back there. I don't know what would have happened if you didn't come. So, thank you."

"Anything for the Angel. You know that."

I can feel the blush creeping up my neck and spreading across my cheeks.

"Right. You still remember that."

"Of course, I do. I can never forget the day you walked into my life."

I don't know what to say to that, so I simply nod.

The car finally pulls up and the driver is quick to open his door while Marcus opens mine. The man comes around the car and takes my hand in his.

"It was a pleasure meeting you again, Miss Sinclair."

He then bends down, pressing a soft kiss to the back of my hand.

"Oh."

"I hope you will call me again. Anytime."

"Maybe I will," I say, a smile on my face.

The man chuckles. "See you around."

I watch as he gets back into the car and drives away. It's only when

he's gone that Marcus voices his concern. "Who the hell was he?"

I shrug. "A friend."

Marcus's handsome face twists with deeper concern. "Doesn't look like a friend. Are you sure he's safe to be around? I kinda got weird vibes from him."

I shake my head and head for the front door of the boutique.

Marcus follows after me. "Seriously, who was that man?"

"A friend, I told you."

"A friend must have a name, right?"

I chuckle. "You're pretty curious, huh?"

"I'm your bodyguard. I need to make sure you're in safe hands. My gut's telling me he's dangerous."

I look up, meeting his eyes. "Well then, you should be proud of your gut. It's not wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Alexander is dangerous. He's also one of the most powerful men I know."

His eyes widen in disbelief. "Oh shit."

I shrug, pushing through the front door of Rosita's boutique.

Marcus follows after me. "He's Alexander Bane. That man who just

helped us is Alexander Bane."

"I know."

"But he's dangerous," he says again. "Everyone knows what kind of man he is."

"Yeah. That's the point."

Marcus sighs, running a hand through his hair. "Ms. Sinclair, what did you do?"

I give him a pointed look. "The right thing. That's what I did."

Marcus groans. "No. I mean, how do you know him? A man like him? It's very rare to find. And when you do, you don't just meet him. At least not in his personal circle."

I stop and look at him, wondering how much I should tell him. "I met him three years ago at a club. I was with my friends, and he just so happened to be there."

"And?"

I shrug. "And someone tried to spike his drink. I saw it all, so I went over and told him someone was trying to kill him. The mixture they poured into his drink was more than enough to kill an elephant."

Marcus shakes his head, still trying to wrap his mind around everything. "So, you saved his life? You saved Alexander Bane's life? Holy shit."

"Well, in my defense, I didn't know who he was at the time. Then

again, I wouldn't just let someone die in front of me. I would have helped anyone in that situation. It's just pure luck that the person I saved turned out to be some crime boss."

Marcus grunts in response. "Wow. So, that's why he came to our rescue back at that place. You saved his life once, so he was there to save yours in return."

"Something like that."

Marcus nods slowly, processing everything. "Makes so much sense now."

I smile at him. "I'm glad it does. Now, back to work. I have a job for you."

He immediately straightens his shoulders, giving me a determined look. "Whatever you want, Ms. Sinclair. Just give the order."

I smile at him. "Go and get yourself something to eat. You look hungry."

He sighs, looking like a cute little puppy who just can't figure something out. "Maybe I will. All these talks have given my head a solid spin."

I laugh and ruffle his hair lovingly. "You're so adorable, Marcus. I'm glad you're here. Now, go. I'll be right here when you're done."



After Marcus leaves with a promise to return in less than five minutes (he says he can't leave me alone from now on), I walk into the boutique and ask for Rosita. The familiar receptionist named Gigi

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guides me to Rosita's office in the back.

But as I'm opening the door, I hear someone groan.

"Shit. You are killing me. It wasn't supposed to hurt this much."

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