

Chapter 43

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[Vivienne]

Maybe it's the fact that I'm done with idiot men for the day, or that I have grown a deep hatred for men altogether, but the moment I hear the distressed voice of Rosita and the sound of a man grunting, my heart hurls and I don't think twice.

I shove the door open, and although it sounded like my friend was in trouble, I did not expect to find her on the floor, on her stomach, with a man straddling her from behind.

I see red so fast, I don't even know when I grab the laptop from the table and swing it right over the bastard's head.

Crack!

And, oh boy, that was satisfying.

The laptop snaps in half on contact, and he goes down with a painful cry, covering his head with both hands.

"You touch her and I'll cut your dick off and feed it to you!"

I raise the laptop in the air, ready to strike again when I finally hear Rosita screaming.

"Oh, my God, Viv. What the hell?"

I look down, finding her scrambling towards the guy and not me.

"Why would you hit him? God, and that too so hard. And oh, my God. Is that my laptop? Did you just—Oh, God!"

"What?" I have no idea why, instead of thanking me for saving her ass, she's accusing me as if I did something wrong. That rubs me the wrong way and I frown. "I was saving you," I look at the bastard. "He was trying to rape you!"

"He was not!" she snaps at me, and it's almost like the world goes on mute. "Oh, my God. Michael, are you okay? Shit. Talk to me, man. Don't just die on me. Please, don't die on me. I just got my best friend back and you're not sending her to jail by dying. Get the hell up, man. Say something!"

The man named Michael coughs, rolls onto his back, and coughs again. "Fuck. Why the hell would you hit me with a laptop?"

"You were on top of her trying to force yourself on her," I snap.

The bastard frowns, "You mean sex? Good Lord, no. I'm not attracted to her that way. I don't think I have ever been. I mean, to women, I guess."

My frown matches his, "What?"

Rosita nods, her fingers on her lips. "That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"What is he then doing here?"

"He's my physiotherapist. He was trying to help me with my shoulder and my back, and the next thing I knew, you came in, saw us, and

tried to murder him.”

My jaw drops.

Despite being in absolute pain, which I can see on his face, the man finally chuckles. “Shit, man. I never thought a woman could do so much damage. And with a laptop at that? You’re fucking strong, I’ll give you that.”

I finally notice a pair of resistance bands on the floor and the mat, of course. “He’s really a physiotherapist?”

“Yeah, he is.”

“I thought he was going to hurt you.”

She sighs. “Oh, sweetie,” she pushes herself to stand on her feet and hobbles toward me, hugging me tightly. “The last time someone cared about me enough to try and protect me was almost never. So, thank you,” she pulls back, smiling. “But please don’t kill people I work with. It’s kinda important. They are good people. And I love you, and I would hate to see you behind bars. You’re getting what I’m saying?”

Relief washes over me and I chuckle at her expression, feeling embarrassed at the same time. My whole face feels so warm, I feel like soon I’ll be on fire.

I turn to the man now sitting on the floor, with his hand still on his head. “I’m so sorry for the confusion, and of course, for hitting you so hard.”

"Yeah," he shakes his head. "you did hit me very hard. I feel like I'm still seeing double."

Rosita and I share a concerned glance. She peels herself off me and grabs her phone. "Michael, just try to calm down, okay? We're going to take you to the hospital, okay, sweetie?"

Michael waves his hand dismissively, though his grimace betrays his pain. "No need for a hospital. I'll be fine. Just need a moment to... reassemble my brain cells."

Rosita raises an eyebrow. "Are you sure? You look pretty banged up."

"Trust me, I've had worse," he chuckles weakly. "Once had a patient's dog mistake me for a chew toy."

I stifle a laugh, feeling both guilty and relieved. "I still feel terrible. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?"

He looks thoughtful for a moment. "Well, a non-violent cup of coffee would be nice. And maybe a promise to never hit me ever again?"

I laugh at that. "Deal. I owe you one for the misunderstanding."

Rosita pats his shoulder gently, before helping me get to the sofa. "I'll make sure she doesn't assault any more of my colleagues."

Michael grins, wincing slightly. "Much appreciated."

I put the broken laptop down and turn to face her once again. " Seriously though, thank you for understanding. I really thought you were in trouble."

Rosita's smile is warm and reassuring. "I know, Viv. And I appreciate it. Next time, maybe just ask before you start swinging laptops around."

We all chuckle, and the tension begins to melt away. I glance at Michael. "So, about that coffee?"

He nods, a playful glint in his eye. "Sure. Just promise not to hit me with the coffee pot next."

I laugh, shaking my head. "I promise. No more violence. Just caffeine and apologies. Sounds good?"

"Sounds great," he grins, before wincing. "Also, on second thought. Maybe we should get me to the hospital. I feel like I'm about to faiiiiiinnn—," and then the man drops, head first, hitting the floor. 1



Diti Koshy Author

Poor Michael :P Let me know what you think :)

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