

Chapter 4 Heart Is Fluttering

“It’s just that... my heart is fluttering.”

The darkness in the man’s eyes disappeared, and the corner of his lips curled up.

His tall figure leaned closer to the counter and stopped when there was only an inch’s space between them.

“Does your heart flutter after seeing me?” The man deliberately lowered his voice.

The last syllable he said was seductive, as if it could move the wind by her ear.

Elena nodded her head subconsciously.

The man was pleased by her response and reached out his hand.

Elena’s breath hitched as the man brushed his warm fingertips across her hair, removing a small piece of confetti that had gotten stuck.

Ba-dump!

At that moment, Elena’s heart started to pound violently against her chest.

Currently, the two of them were very close, and Elena could smell a faint scent of agarwood on him.

It made one feel calm and refreshing.

The man lowered his eyelashes and noticed the woman still holding her breath.

Her face was soft, and her lips were full and red, enticing him to take a bite.

His fingers glided through the smoothness of her hair, brushing past her cheek as he pushed the strand of her hair back behind her ear.

His demeanor remained composed as if his actions meant nothing in his eyes.

Blood instantly rushed to Elena’s ears, and she picked up the glass and downed the remaining drink.

She closed her eyes, letting the bitter warmth wash over her, momentarily offering a respite to her heart from palpitating.

“How about drinking with me tonight?” Elena suddenly proposed, her words surprising even her.

The man’s hazel gaze, icy and piercing, bore into hers, sending an unexpected shiver down her spine.

For a moment, Elena wondered if she had overstepped. But then, to her surprise, she heard him agree. “Sure,”

Twenty minutes later.

The room spun around Elena as she slammed the glass onto the counter with a thud.

“One more,” she slurred, her words barely coherent.

The man felt a headache coming on as he watched Elena empty an entire bottle.

With a heavy sigh, he swapped the whiskey with water and slid it before her.

The exchange went unnoticed by the intoxicated woman, who was completely lost in her world.

She gulped down the liquid but only sensed a subtle change in its taste.

At that moment, her mind was a jumbled mess as the alcohol took hold of her senses.

After a brief silence, Elena opened her lips. “H-He cheated on me.” Her voice quivered, betraying the hurt she felt deep inside.

“With my best friend,” she added. “They betrayed me. They betrayed my trust, our friendship... everything.”

Tears welled up in Elena’s eyes, threatening to spill over. “He promised we would go through thick and thin together. But that bastard was quick to reveal his true colors.”

Her voice rose with anger and pain. “And that bitch...” Elena spat in disgust. “She wants me to serve that bastard with her!”

Elena rambled on, pouring out all her grievances, each word punctuated by anger, hurt, and betrayal.

The man listened quietly and did not disturb her.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Elena fell silent. She looked up at him, her eyes red and swollen. “What should I do now? My life is over!”

The man's unwavering gaze locked onto Elena’s.

With a gentle touch, he brushed away a tear that lingered on her cheek with his index finger.

“It’s not worth it,” he whispered, his voice barely above a breath, yet it echoed in Elena’s ears like a solemn vow.

Elena’s breath caught in her throat as she met his intense gaze.

“He was my first love,” she confessed. “Will I ever be able to move on from this betrayal?”

The man’s eyes softened, and his hand gently cupped her cheek. “He might be your first, but certainly not the last. If you give yourself a chance, you might find someone who would treat you as the center of his world.”

His voice was low, as though trying to hypnotize her in the depths of his hazel orbs. An intensity that made Elena unable to look away.

She leaned in, her cheek resting against his palm, and closed her eyes.

From afar, the man saw his friend, the bartender, walking over, and heaved a sigh of relief.

Picking up his jacket, he rose from his seat and glanced at Elena.

Before leaving, he leaned in, his lips brushing against her ear. “If it were me, I would bring them to their knees and make them feel how it was to be at mercy.”

With one last lingering look, he straightened up and walked away.

The vibrating beats of the music faded into the background.

It was only when she found a completely different person in front of her that Elena snapped back to her senses.

Panic seized her, and for a moment, she doubted whether the mysterious man had been a figment of her imagination.

“Where’s he?” she blurted out.

Max raised a brow in response. “The one who was here earlier?”

Elena nodded, her eyes darting around the vibrant chaos of the club.

“He doesn’t work here. He was just helping me for a while. Would you...”

Before Max could even finish his sentence, he saw the woman stand up and leave.

Elena’s eyes moved from one corner to another, hoping to catch a glimpse of the person who had briefly stepped into her night, but to no avail.

It seemed as though a bucket of cold water was splashed on her, leaving her lost

With a sense of urgency, she desperately searched for the mysterious man.

Just as she was about to give up, she noticed the familiar figure climbing up the stairs from afar.

The man held the jacket over his shoulder, exuding a hint of laziness that made him appear even more alluring.

Without wasting another second, Elena scurried through the sea of dancing bodies, weaving her way toward him.

Despite the energetic ambiance of the club, the man could feel the subtle presence of someone tailing him.

He didn’t need to turn around to know who it was, and a smile played on his lips.

Elena was like a starving camel who had found an oasis.

She didn’t know what the future held, but tonight, she wanted to be with him!

As they entered the VIP area, the guards lurking in the shadows took position, ready to make a move on the intruder.

The man raised his eyebrows, signaling them to stay back.

The guards retreated to the shadows; however, the word ‘gossip’ was written all over their faces.

When they turned around the corner, the man suddenly stopped in his tracks.

In a swift motion, he spun Elena around and pinned her against the wall, his body pressing against hers.

His gaze was intense, his hands resting on either side of her, caging her against the wall. “Why are you following me?”

Elena was taken aback by his sudden move.

“I-I’m not...” she stammered, trying to find the right words. “I just thought we hit it off well and wanted to chat for a bit more.”

“Chat?” The man scoffed. “Woman, I don’t know if you’re too naïve or if you think too highly of me.”

He leaned in closer, his lips dangerously close to hers. “Following a stranger in the middle of the night, aren’t you afraid I’ll take advantage of you?”

Elena’s heart raced at his proximity, her mind reeling with fear and excitement.

She knew she should be cautious, that she should step away from this dangerous game, but there was something about him that drew her in with a magnetic pull she couldn’t resist.

“Even if you do, it’ll be my honor,” Elena replied.