

## Chapter 0030

"Thank you," I say as I take in the scene in front of me again. "But I promise you, I'm good. I'm just thinking about a few things before I head home. I haven't really had much time to myself to just ... think."

"That can be dangerous," he says, and I turn my head to face him. "Just make sure you don't get trapped there."

I nod, because the past is a dangerous place to get stuck in. But unlike others, I have a chance to change my past, even if I had no choice in the matter. I still can't figure out who wanted me back here and for what reason, and I have no idea where to start that search, anyway.

With a sigh, I make up my mind. "Well, this has been nice. But I think I'm gonna head on home," I say, throwing my thumb over my shoulder. "My car is over there. Thank you again for trying to stop me from throwing myself over."

He laughs and his cheeks crinkle, showing dimples. Oh, wow, that's cute. "You're welcome, but like I said, I'll be waiting for you to drive off just so I can make sure you're okay. Unless you want me to follow you home?"

"Alright, hero, let's not go that far!" I say as I laugh out loud. "You went from Superman to Bundy in five seconds there. Don't make me get out my gun."

He holds up both of his hands and chuckles. "She carries a concealed weapon, duly noted. I'll have to not be so brazen with my people saving next time."

"Yeah, some might not warn you," I say and take a few steps backward. "Thank you again. Have a good night—"

"Eli," he says and nods. But all I do is smile as I head back to my car.

He seemed a little too pushy with getting personal, so after I get inside my car, I make sure everything is locked. He's still standing there and waves to me as I put my key in the ignition, and then drive off.

Either that was coincidental, or that man has been watching me, but I don't stick around to see if it's the former or the latter. Thank Gods I'll never see him again.

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What's that they say about never say never?

I run to hide behind a pillar as I see the same man from the night before walking out of one of our conference rooms with a group of people. He seems pissed off and I can hear him arguing with someone about how them coming here was a waste of his time.

And he's still arguing as they walk past my hiding place and round the corner. After ten minutes, I run to the front desk so I can find out what the hell that was about. There's no

way he was here for me, right? I didn't even give him my name!

"Hey, Michael," I say, leaning on the counter. "Those men who just walked out, the ones who booked conference room 5, who are they?"

Michael raises an eyebrow. "You don't know who Elijah Yarrow is?"

"No, should I?" I ask, confused, and he chuckles.

"The man is a fucking tech billionaire, Verena. He's always at odds with Alpha Niklaus for some reason or another," Michael says, rolling his eyes. "They're rivals, but also childhood friends."

My heart stutters. "Is he an Alpha as well?"

Michael shakes his head. "No, surprisingly he's human—" he says, then he rolls his eyes again when the phone rings. "Sorry. Chat later!"

I nod and offer him a fake smile before heading back to what I was doing before my world was turned upside down.

You're telling me a billionaire tried to save my life last night, and I basically called him Bundy?