

My Saviour - Chapter 4 Chapter 3 Reading Online for Free

Chapter 3

Rachel

My alarm went off at 5am, but I didn't sleep much. All I could see was hazel brown eyes, black hair, beard and a rock solid body in a perfectly fitted suit and I couldn't get the smell of him out of my mind it was like his smell was still clinging to me. So I got up got in the shower and tried to wash away the smell of him, hopefully it works the second time around. I put on some jeans and a flowery shirt and sprayed some of my expensive Dolce & Gabana perfume on hopefully that will take his sent away. I walked to the subway and this time there was a seat for me, I did my favourite pass time and peopled watch again. There was a guy that was watching me the whole time. I got uncomfortable under his stare but at least my stop was up next. Unfortunately for me it was his stop as well. I started to make my way to the coffee shop constantly looking over my shoulder to make sure he wasn't following me. He walked behind me for 3 blocks before he turned. But the coffee shop was only a block further, so that means he works near me and I'll probably have to see him again on the subway tomorrow morning. I don't know why he was creeping me out so much. I was so relieved when he turned. When I got to the coffee shop Carl was already there. I must say I was relieved about him being there already just because the guy of the subway scared me for some reason.

"Morning Carl, am I late?"

"Morning Rachel No I'm just early"

"How was your evening?"

"Good thank you I had my first slice of New York Pizza and I must say I'm hooked." And you?"

"There's nothing better than New York pizza, My evening was good, thank you."

We probably need to get the shop open" Carl said.

"I'll go and open the doors and set the tables outside and open the umbrella's, it's really a beautiful morning in New York." I told Carl smiling at myself.

After a while the creepy feeling I had from the guy on the subway went away. Thank goodness.

About an hour into my shift I looked up and looked into those hazel brown eyes that haunted me the whole night.

“G...G...Good morning C.....Can I take your order?”

“You” he said

“Yes it’s me”

“Can I take your order?”

“You work here?”

“Yes, Can I take your order please?”

"Since when?"

"Since when what? I asked him

"Since yesterday now can I take your order?"

“Can I get an espresso please?”

“Take away or sit in?”

“Sit in” Massimo said

Massimo knew he had a long day ahead but couldn’t miss the opportunity to be around her again. He couldn't believe his luck, the girl from yesterday is working at the coffee shop at the corner of his street. Massimo thought he will take his chance to speak to her again when she brings his espresso, it's by pure luck he came into the coffee shop this morning, he doesn't normally stop for an espresso so early. He didn't even finish his thought when she was standing next to him with his espresso.

"Your espresso SIR" I said sarcastically thinking of yesterday's encounter.

He just ignored the sir bit and went on with the conversation.

“I’m Massimo, what is your name?”

“Rachel”

“Hi Rachel nice to officialy meet you. You got an accent, where are you from?”

“I can say the same about you”

"I asked you first" he said smiling at me, the smile changed his face completely, my knees went weak.

"I'm from Cape Town, South Africa"

"You are far from home"

"South Africa is not my home" I told him

"Now your turn where are you from" I asked

"Italy"

"Ooo ok, That explains a few things I said aloud, oops Sorry I need to get back to work. Enjoy your espresso." then I hurried away before he could ask questions.

I can't believe he is here in the coffee shop the most sexiest, arrogant man I've ever seen is in the coffee shop, I work in and by the look of it he was running or came from the gym. That means he stays near here...

Massimo

I thought about her the whole night and here she is. I couldn't believe my luck. Now I have a reason to come here every morning. It is just on the corner from my apartment building. I was sitting drinking my espresso and looking at Rachel now I have a name to go with the face. I wondered what she meant by South Africa is not her home anymore. I might stay in America, but Italy will always be my home. Something to investigate there, I'm sure.

I was still drinking my espresso looking at Rachel, when my phone rang.

"Boss you okay?" Luca asked

"Yes Luca I'm just having a cup of coffee at the coffee shop at the corner."

"You're normally home by now sir should I come and fetch you?"

"No Luca I'll be home shortly, see you now".

"Okay sir, Goodbye"

I sit a bit longer enjoying the view, I need this women, I thought to myself something about her calls to me. I need to know everything about her, it's going to be tricky but I'm not scared of a challenge. The only question I have for myself am I going to get someone to find out everything or will I have the patients to let her tell me. For some reason I want to hear all about her from her and that scares me because it's something I've never done before.

As I left the coffee shop I thought I must do something or say something to get a reaction out of her.

“Good bye Rachel see you tomorrow morning”.

When I looked at her, her eyes were as big as saucers, and she looked shocked. I liked it. But I also realized I will not be able to stay away from her, not until I know everything about her and even then I might not stay away.

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