

# My Saviour - Chapter 5 Chapter 4 Reading Online for Free

## Chapter 4

Rachel

I'm working at the coffee shop for two weeks now, I've been taking the subway to work every morning and every morning the scary guy was on the train just watching me. He was starting to freak me out. But I didn't say anything to Herman or Carl yet. I'm my own woman now and have to take care of things myself. Taking care of things at this moment, means getting off the train quickly and basically running to the coffee shop just to make sure the scary guy doesn't stop me to talk to me or do worse things to me. He gives me the vibe of someone that will rape you. I know it's judging a book by it's cover, but that's how he makes me feel.

The better part of the past two weeks was the fact that I dreamed about a certain tall, dark and dangerous man and every morning it's like he was in my bedroom because I could smell him. It's probably because he's at the coffee shop every morning since the first morning he saw me there.

Massimo will come in every morning and we will talk about what happened the previous day or what I did the previous evening then he'll take his espresso and sit at the same table and just look at me. He didn't look at me like the guy on the train his looks were sensual and protective if that made sense, and it made me feel good, wanted. Some days he will be in his suit and other days in his gym/running clothes I'm still not sure if he runs or go to the gym. I didn't have the guts to ask him yet. But he looks sexy no matter what he wears. He's driver will be with him when he comes in. I'm not sure why, but each to he's own. Every day when he leaves, he will say see you tomorrow and every day I'm shocked and every morning when he comes in, I'm relieved to see him. He really has a strange effect on me. With my history with men or should I say one man I should run in the other direction but I am drawn to him. Like a moth to a flame.

"I made it Carl this is my second week and you didn't even thought I'll make it through the first week."

"You proofed me wrong Rachel, I'm very happy about that." While we were busy serving customers Carl and I spoke about everything and nothing.

"Rachel a view of my friends and I are going to a night club tomorrow night, you want to join us?"

"That sounds like a plan I have nothing else to do. What club are you going to?" I asked

"It's a club called, NAVA on 56th Street" he said

As I looked up I saw Massimo looking at us with a very angry expression on his face looking from me to Carl, listening to our conversation.

"You can't go to that club Rachel" he demanded

"Well good morning to you to Massimo eadrop much?"

"I'm not eadropping you were talking loud enough for everyone to hear. I'm serious Rachel you can't go to that club." he insisted

"Why Massimo, why can't I go out with friends?" I asked irritated

It's not, you going out with friend Rachel. I just don't want you to go to that club."

"Massimo I don't think you're in a position to tell me what I can and can't do" I said

"Fine Rachel then I'm pleading you not to go please" he pleaded

"Sorry Massimo, but I don't have any friends in New York and would like to make friends, so I'm going with Carl and his friends."

"I'll be your friend and show you New York and the night life" he pleaded again

"Massimo you're a customer and I'm very sure you have a lot of things that need your attention and I'm not one of them."

"I'm here every morning aren't I?" he said

"Yes but that's for your espresso"

"I have an espresso machine at home Rachel and I own a Italian Restaurant. I don't have to come here every morning"

He took his espresso and left. I just stared at his back, what was he trying to say and why didn't he say see you tomorrow? Will this be the last time I see him?

When Massimo left, I was very confused about what that was, why was he so insistent that I don't go out. I had an abusive husband that never let me go out with friends. I will not let anyone tell me again, with who I can go out. No Thank you mam. I'm done with that.

"What was that all about?" Carl asked me

"I have no idea, all I know is he is not happy, I hope I haven't lost you a customer Carl."

"That guy is way to smitten with you to not come back." Carl said

"Nonsense Carl his just a customer."

"I've seen that guy maybe once a week, now his here every morning and he sit's down to drink his espresso and can't keep his eyes of you. His defnitily smitten. And I heard what he said about having his own resturant. Believe me Rachel the Italians make better espresso than this coffee shop."

"We've only been talking every morning, how can he be smitten?" I asked Carl

"Have you looked in a mirror this morning Rachel?"

"Why is there something on my face?" I asked Carl

"No Rachel I'm trying to tell you, you are hot. I'm surprise not more men are throwing themselves at you, but with Massimo and his bodyguard here every morning, might put them off."

"Carl, you are talking nonsense."

"I'm not, Rachel. What about the fact that since you started here we have more male customers?" Carl asked me

"I thought it was your usual customers."

"Some yes but defnitily not all of the new men that are coming in."

"Fine let's leave it at that and I'll just say thank you for the compliment, Carl."

"Okay Rachel as you wish."

We went back to work and I couldn't stop thinking about what Carl said about Massimo, was he really smiiten with me, and did I chase him away now?

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