

Chapter 16 I'm Serious

He firmly held on as she withdrew her hands and would not let her go. When their flesh first met, she felt a rush of warmth envelop her, racing from his palm along her skin and into her heart, quickening it.

His voice was deep and beautiful, like the entrancing notes of a cello, and he said solemnly, "The moment you promised to marry me, you should have been prepared for this kind of intimacy." His remarks made Ember feel strangely at ease. "Will our union as husband and wife genuinely mean anything if we don't take this brave step, looking for ways to understand and trust one another? Ember, I'm dedicated to this union."

His words held reason, and their sincerity even sparked Ember's imagination, allowing her to envision their married life together. As her face flushed with heat and she became overwhelmed, a sudden ring interrupted the moment, emanating from her nearby phone.

Retrieving her phone from her bag, she glanced at the caller ID and breathed a sigh of relief. Standing up politely, she addressed him, "I apologize, I need to answer this call."

The call came from Ember's younger brother, Felix. On the other end of the line, he anxiously implored, "Sister, Mommy has another headache. She ran out of her medication. Are you outside? Can you please buy it for Mommy?"

"Of course. Wait at home, I'll be back shortly after I purchase the medicine."

Although Ember's mother suffered from a recurring ailment, Ember's concern for her well-being remained steadfast.

Alexander's gaze never left her as she walked away to answer the phone. Observing her anxious expression, he hastened to offer his assistance.

Indeed, as he approached, he overheard the mention of buying medicine. "Is someone unwell?" he inquired, his curiosity fueled by his intuitive grasp of the call's nature.

"My mother has a severe headache, and her medicine has run out. My brother called to inform me and asked me to purchase it urgently," Ember responded, the tall and handsome figure of Alexander exuding an aura of genuine concern.

Without delay, Alexander reached into his bag, retrieving several banknotes and placing them on the table. He seemed even more anxious than Ember herself. Meanwhile, the café grew busier, with an increased number of patrons and two mischievous children darting around the aisle.

Silently, Alexander shielded her from the boisterous children and walked her directly towards the exit. "Wait here for two minutes, I'll bring the car," he assured her.

Ember stood by the doorway, watching him hurry away, and couldn't help but recall the man who had accompanied her to purchase medicine for her mother. Like Alexander, that man had also shared her worries and anxiety. Yet now, contemplating the present circumstances, she couldn't help but wonder if David Smith intended to betray her after eight years together. She found herself unable to comprehend his true character.

Lost in her thoughts, she was abruptly interrupted by Alexander's return. "What were you thinking about?" His voice, magnetic and clear, brought her back to the present.

"The car?" she asked, refocusing on the matter at hand.

"It's right there." Alexander pointed towards the family sedan before them. "I tried calling you while I was in the car for a while, but when I saw you lost in thought, I decided to approach."

Ember realized she had been lost in a daze, unsure of how long it lasted. Remembering her mother's headache, she hurriedly made her way to the front of the car, and Alexander followed closely behind. He opened the passenger seat for her, gesturing for her to get in.

Before she entered the car, she paused for a moment, taking in the sight of the vehicle before her. One of her colleagues owned the same car, which fell within the price range of 70,000 to 80,000 dollars. It was a testament to the comfort and luxury it offered.

Once she settled into the passenger seat, Alexander walked around to the driver's side and climbed in. Just as Ember reached for her seatbelt, he swiftly moved, securing it for her. His actions were instinctual, as if he had done this countless times before.

As the fragrance of Ember's natural scent filled the car, Alexander couldn't help but be reminded of the night he had desired her. Her scent lingered in his mind, distinct from any perfume he had encountered.

Ember's occupation exposed her to various male clients, and in her daily life, besides David Smith, there were other customers who took advantage of moments like fastening her seatbelt to express their affections or attempt inappropriate advances. These encounters made her ill, and she often

wished to banish such individuals from her life.

Yet, Alexander stood as an exception. Not only did she not feel disgusted, but she also had no desire to distance herself from him. There was an unexplainable connection between them, a magnetic pull that defied her past experiences.

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