

Unknown danger

Ariana's pov.

I woke up in an unknown place. I blinked to clear my vision to make sure I wasn't mistaken. No, it wasn't even a dream. It was definitely not my house. The feel was so masculine and lavish all over this room. Everything I could see in grey and white, marble and teak, reected wealth and class. As if I were in a king's palace. So royal and elegant.

Then my gaze shifted towards a stout and large gure. The body's aura was warm and bright, making me melt at sight. The handsome face looked at me keenly.

I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not daydreaming.

No! He was still there.

Vincent.

He was actually there, sitting near me. My body shuddered as his manly cologne overpowered my senses, and before I lost my mind and did something insane as if throwing myself in his arms and kissing those full red lips, I averted my eyes and focused on the decor of the room.

I became very nervous when I learned that this was his bedroom and I was lying on his bed. Oh. My. God. What the hell was I doing in his bed when he was sitting so close? I peered down at myself and sighed in relief to see I was still wearing the same clothes.

I didn't remember how I met him and came here. He told me he found me unconscious on the road. He saved me again. How in heaven's name did he always arrive on time and save me like a hero?

His presence really made me frightened and edgy because he made me feel something... something I couldn't understand, I couldn't describe. I was pulled toward him by some unknown force. I didn't know why I felt like this whenever he was around. My heartbeat raced as he spoke, and a strange feeling again began to arise. God, his deep, manly voice made me hot, and I panicked as I felt all the heat jolt between my legs.

I just wanted to get out of his place as his intimidating and insanely sexy personality made me ogle his handsome face despite trying to keep my eyes low. This was not normal, right? And what would he think if he caught me drooling over him? A crazy girl was lusting after a hot man! I was so embarrassed at the thought.

He insisted that I should take his car. So I agreed. But I told the driver the address of Jack's workshop as I wanted to meet him before I fainted.

Upon reaching his workshop, I asked his co-worker about him. They said they hadn't seen him since lunch break. I tried his phone, but he was not even picking up my calls. After all, where could he go, that too, in the middle of work? He had never done this before. The anxiety shot into my heart. I called a cab to go to his house. I was afraid that his mother's health may have deteriorated. I almost ran to his door as soon as the cab stopped, and I paid the driver.

I rang the bell at his house apprehensively. To my surprise, his mother opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Brown. Is Jack at Home?" I asked straight off and didn't even bother with formality.

"Good evening, dear. Please come in," she offered and opened the door wide. She moved aside to let me in.

I stepped in, and she closed the door.

"Jack is not at home. He might be at work," she answered.

"No, Mrs. Brown, I went to meet him at the workshop. But he was not there. I thought he must have left for home early," I told her.

"How's your health, Mrs. Brown? When are you going to have your next chemotherapy?" I asked hesitantly, looking worriedly at her wrinkled face.

"Chemotherapy?! I am perfectly alright, dear. Why should I go for chemotherapy? I am not sick," she said, scowling.

This new information left me dumbfounded.

"But... but Jack said you... you..." I swallowed hard as I could not voice out the name of a deadly disease to a healthy-looking lady. Why did Jack lie to me? I remembered he never left me alone with his mother and never let me talk to her about her health. He said his mother didn't like to talk about her health and disease because this made her depressed.

"That rascal lied to you. How many times have I told him to abstain from his antics and not to lie? I am ne and have minor health issues due to age and anemia. But not that serious," she frowned.

I was speechless. Jack lied to me. I worked overtime to give him money to pay the bills. So it was all a lie to get money from me. I trusted him more than myself. My eyes became wet thinking about how I supported him emotionally and nancially. That was all a lie.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Mrs. Brown went to open the door.

"Hi, I am detective Bob. We are looking for Jack Brown. Where is he? We have an arrest warrant for him," I heard a rough, threatening voice. I peeked outside and found two policemen standing at the door.

"What happened, detective Bob?" Mrs. Brown asked, her voice shaking with panic.

"We have evidence and proof that he was involved in human tracking. We found out that he played a major role in selling minor girls to the Maa," Detective Bob apprised. My heart stopped beating. Was I hearing him right? No, it wasn't possible. My Jack couldn't have committed such a lthy and dirty crime.

I still could not believe my ears. He was talking about selling girls, and I was also there. Then everything began running into my mind from the beginning. He got the job proposal and insisted that I should do it. Then, he left me in that shipyard, and then one event followed another. So, Jack also tried to sell me. My Jack was the one who sold me to the Maa. A tear dropped on my cheek before I could stop myself. I loved him with everything in me, and he betrayed me. He never loved me.

I slumped down on the couch as my body and mind became numb. I felt my world crashing down. All my dreams are shattered into pieces.

"O, my lord! How many times have I told him to leave the wrong path? Get better. Be a good person. But he did not listen to me, and today the police came searching for him," Mrs. Brown cried, holding her head in her hands. "I am sorry, detective, but he is not at home," she informed them.

"Listen carefully, Mrs. Brown. Inform us when he comes home, and you tell him to report to the police station," the detective said and left with his partner.

Mrs. Brown was still crying. I looked at her. But I didn't have the strength to console her with my broken heart. I quietly left. But I didn't know where I would go and what I would do. Now I was all alone once again, having nobody on this earth who I could call my family.

I had no idea where I was going. My legs were moving on their own. I stopped walking and came out of my trance when I found a few dangerous-looking men surrounding me. I looked up at them, and they all glanced at me dangerously as if a lion was watching his prey.

"Yes, she is the one we have to pick up," one of them said.

"Should we kill her right now?" Another man asked.

"No, no. Not here. If we kill her in the city, it could be a problem for us as someone can see us. Let's take her to the forest where no one can nd out about her. We will bury her after killing her there," one of them advised.

What the hell were they talking about?! They were planning to kill me in front of me?! But why did they want to kill me?!

I looked around to nd a way to escape. But they had gathered around me from all sides, leaving no way to slide away from them.

They quickly got closer. I was shocked to see their speed. Two of them held my hand and began dragging me with them. I wanted to shout, but one stuck tape on my mouth. They threw me in a truck and began racing the truck across the road.

I didn't even know when we left the city and reached the forest border. They dragged me out of the truck and pushed me to the earth. I fell straight on my face.

"Where do you think you are taking her?!" A loud, deep voice roared in the surroundings.

They froze just hearing that voice.

Every head snapped toward the owner of that deadly voice. Vincent stood there with his dominating aura, glaring at them with his eyes reddened with anger. When his eyes landed on me, they became soft momentarily, with a cool blue gleaming in them. But the goons next moment, they again turned into a death glare as he gritted his teeth when the goons grabbed my hand and pulled me closer.

"King Vincent? What is he doing here?" One of them mumbled.

"How did he nd out about us?" Another one whispered.

King Vincent? Why were they calling him king? Though his personality was glorious, and he had a majestic aura, I didn't think I had ever heard of a king named Vincent.

"Ariana! Close your eyes and don't open until I tell you," he ordered, and my body acted on his command.

I couldn't help but close my eyes and felt as if the goons had freed me. I heard the shuing and moving of some people around me. Some gasps and mued cries were heard in the air. After a few minutes, I listened to another command.

"Now open your eyes and don't look behind," Vincent instructed me as he removed the tape from my mouth. I opened my eyes and looked at him. He was unreadable.

He held my hand and quickly walked us out of the forest. I wanted to look back to know what happened to those men. But I could not. It seemed my body was not listening to me but following his instructions.

I secretly peered at him. His face was cold and expressionless. Like nothing happened a few minutes before. But I could not avoid the tingling sensation in my hand where he held it.

A wave of unknown excitement ran down my spine, making me shudder. He must have felt that. But why did he act so oblivious?

How the hell did he always come to save me, and, most importantly, who was he? Some questions were swirling in my head, making me feel dizzy.

I wanted to ask him, but again, the words did not come out of my mouth though they were on my tongue. Something was not right. I could feel weird vibes coming from all around me.

He made me sit inside his car and leaned in to buckle my safety belt. Rounding the car, he took the driving seat and started driving.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked when he took a turn in opposite directions from my home.

"I am taking you to my place. Ariana, you are not safe anywhere else," he announced in his cold voice.

"But why did someone want to kill me?" I asked, frowning.

This was so puzzling. Everything that had been happening lately mistted my poor life. Why would anyone want to kill me on this earth when I had never harmed anyone?

He gazed at me for a moment and again shifted his attention towards the road without answering my question.