

Eight: If Something Happens to Her, I'll Kill You

Angel Leffman

Soa really knows how to ruin my day. I just had to see her hurting Elisa and how she challenged me before kicking me out of her ocs. If that wasn't enough, she gave my position to Diether without informing me. How dare she be so arrogant? She wasn't like this before.

Whenever we argue, she'll just sigh, say two words, and leave, but now she not only argues, but she challenges me, which annoys me to no end.

And who is she having dinner with, if not her family?

"Angel," Harry called me, snapping me out of my thoughts. "I didn't know you'd be coming."

"I don't need to tell you if I'm coming to my own company," I grumbled under my breath.

"Wow, nice. I would have felt offended if I didn't know you, asshole."

"Harry, what do you want?" I asked, not in the mood for some jokes.

"I know why you're irritable. And here I thought you'd be over the moon now that you and Soa are divorced, but you got worse, man."

"Did you really have to mention her name?" I groaned and palmed my face. Just hearing her name makes me remember why I'm in a bad mood.

"I insist. Ever since she signed the papers, you've been like this. How are things with her, by the way?"

"The same, and stop saying stupid things. I was the one who wanted to divorce her. Enough of that. How's the appointment with that company going?"

"Nah, no matter how hard I insist, the secretary says the same thing. Her boss is busy, not there; they will call us, blah blah."

"Damn. Who do they think they are? Do you know who's the owner of that company?" He shook his head, and I slammed my hand on the table.

"They are hiding themselves well. No matter who or how I ask, nobody knows, and that makes them genius. Have you seen their new application?" Harry asked in amazement.

"Yeah, why do you think I want to do business with them?" I glanced at my watch and up at him. "What time is your meeting with Peters?"

"Not me, it's your appointment. You said it yourself that you want to meet with him." I was confused for a second because I can't remember it. "It's at eight at Fortune restaurant."

"I know where that is."

I ran my hand through my hair when I remembered that it was the time I was supposed to meet Elisa.

Peters is an electrical engineer, and I heard he's the greatest in his eld. I want to see his designs, and if he meets what we're looking for, we will offer him the job.

Harry seemed to know that there was something wrong. "What is it? Angel, the reservation has been made, and we cannot postpone it."

I have no other choice but to call Elisa. I'll just tell her that I'll be late because of an important meeting. We will spend two hours checking his designs, creating and sharing ideas, and everything else before signing.

"I want you to continue with that appointment with Let-Tech," I told Harry. "I don't want anyone getting ahead of us."

"I will try again, but it won't be easy."

"Don't try. Do it."

I xed myself while he xed the document I'd brought. When that's done, I leave for the restaurant.

I arrived ve minutes earlier than Peters, and we were guided to our table, where we ordered our dinner as we talked. We talked about his work, and I was impressed. He showed me his designs and ideas, and they were exactly what I was looking for. I also tried to get to know him on a personal level because I don't like scandals or surprises.

"I hope you liked my resume."

"I'm quite impressed, actually. You have good ideas, and I think we can work together. It's just a matter of paperwork, and you are part of the company," I told him with a smile, my mood lightening up a bit.

"Thank you for the trust, Mr. Leffman."

"Call me Angel, and I trust that no one will know that I am the owner of the company. In fact, you will have to sign a condentially contract."

"I have no problem with that, and you can rest assured."

We raised our glasses of whiskey and made a toast after we ate.

After an hour of getting to know each other and making plans for work, my eyes found a couple who looked happy at the back. The woman is wearing a dress that shows her curves, and she has a perfect body, and my shaft reacted in my pants. It shocked me, and I shued in my seat uncomfortably. That hasn't happened to me in four years, aside from when I saw Soa wrapped in just a towel. Maybe Harry is right. I need a woman, and it's Elisa.

"She's a beautiful woman," I heard Peters say, snapping me out of my dazed state.

"What?" He pointed at the couple I saw. "That is your wife, right?"

My head snapped back to the couple, and true enough, I saw the woman's face better and saw Soa. What is she doing here? And who is she with?

"I think that's the president of Rogue Motors," Peters pointed out.

What is she doing with the president of a motorcycle company?

I clenched my jaw before collecting myself. "Yes, he is. They are at work for dinner."

I looked at the two again, and Soa looked radiant and happy as they laughed. If you look at them, one will think they're on a date. And I don't get why I'm so irritated to see him with another guy.

"He's notorious, you know?" I frowned, and he continued. "That man is a born seducer, and no woman can resist him. I admire you for letting your wife have dinner with him. Your wife is a beautiful and intelligent woman; if she's my wife, I will be fuming in anger, and I will drag her away from that man."

I forced out a laugh. "I don't have any reason to do that. I trust my wife." I lied through my nose, and I don't know if I'm convincing him or me.

"It's good that you trust your wife, but that man attracts attention, and they appear to be a bit intimate."

His comment irritated me. "Are you implying something?"

Peter held up his hands. "Chill, man. I'm just saying what I know and I'm warning you. Your wife should be careful. It is known that when he wants something, he'll do everything to get it."

"Peters, if we are to work together, you should know something about me, and that is that I too get what I want, and I won't let anyone have what's mine," I said with a smirk and looked at Soa again.

Why did she have to be so irtitious?

I spent half an hour watching Soa with that jerk, and they already shared a bottle of wine. Since when did she drink that much? As far as I know, she's not much of a drinker. A while later, I saw her excuse herself to the restroom.

"Peters, I'll just make a call," I told him and asked for the bill. "The dinner's on me, so don't worry."

"You didn't have to bother."

"Nah, look at it as a courtesy from your new boss," I told him with a laugh.

After I said that, I left the table and went to the lady's room. Fortunately, she was the only one there, and I saw her splashing water on her face. She stopped when our eyes met through the mirror.

"Angel, what are you doing here?" She asked as she dried her ushed face. "This is for women only." When I did not say anything, she tried to leave, but I stopped her, and I inhaled her owery smell. "What do you think you're doing?"

"What are you doing with the president of Rogue Motors?"

"Have I ever asked you what you are doing with your girlfriend?" She threw back and tried to leave again, but I grabbed her.

"Are you aware that you two look like you're on a date?"

Her eyes sharpened. "If that's the case, what does that matter to you? We are through, and I have every right to date anyone."

"Not him. Do you know his reputation?" This woman really likes stepping on my buttons. "And you almost drank a whole bottle by yourself."

"Angel, I know how to take care of myself, and even if I don't, why do you care? You hate me, so even if something happens to me, you should be happy."

She tried to leave again, but I pushed her against the wall and cornered her.

"You are not leaving here with him, is that clear? In everyone's eyes, you're still my wife."

"Oh, so that's your concern. That they'll think that the respectable Angel Leffman's wife is cheating on him. Why don't you look at it this way then? I am still the villain. So if you nally show everyone your relationship, they will just say that you have every right because I cheated on you and not the other way around," Soa said, her unwavering eyes staring back at me.

I swear, this woman is intolerable. She challenges me, but... Since when did she become this beautiful? This... sensual with a pair of tempting red lips?

"Let go of me!"

She pushed me, and I was taken aback, so she was able to escape and hurriedly left.

I shook my head and laughed at myself. Right. Since when did I care what that crazy, arrogant, and cold woman does? Do what you want.

When I came back, I saw her sitting with the jerk again, and I went back to the table where Peters was waiting for me.

"I hope I wasn't too long," I told him. Now my mood is turning sour.

It's like my eyes have their own mind, and they found the table where the two were, and I saw how the asshole offered her another drink. Peters was talking about me regarding his ideas, but my mind remained on the table at the back. At some point, I saw the man taking her hand and kissing it, and my blood automatically rose to my head, and it took everything in me not to kill him.

Who gave him the right to kiss her?!

We stood up from our seats, and they left the same. I told Peters that I'd wait for him in the company to sign the contract, and he left rst while I waited for the two. After ten minutes or so, Soa and the asshat came out, and I followed them at a safe distance to Soa's car.

"No, thank you," I heard Soa say as she tried to take the key from the man.

"I insist, Soa. I'll take you home because you're a bit dizzy."

"Alexis, you are nice, but I assure you that I am perfectly ne. The last drink tasted weird, so it didn't affect me much. Thank you for the offer."

"I wouldn't be comfortable knowing that I let a woman leave while she's not feeling well. Please, let me take you home." The persistent man continued to insist.

"Alexis, there is no need, really. Now, can you return my key to me, please?"

By now, his gentle and sweet guy acts are gone. "No, you'll come with me. We'll take my car."

Soa's patience probably ran out as well, as she is now glaring at the man but still composed.

"Again, thank you for worrying about me, but I am telling you that there is no need, and I will not leave alone."

I frowned in anger. What did she mean by that?!

"Oh? Who are you with then?" The guy, Alexis, asked in mockery.

"My husband is inside having a business dinner. He's about to nish, so there is no need for you to bother."

So she conveniently uses me to escape the trouble she got herself into?

"Your husband? Soa, do you think I'll believe you? If he is, why did he let you have dinner with me?"

"And what is wrong with that? This is just a business dinner where we were talking and you are ruining it. My keys, please." This time, Soa asked for it in a not-so-gentle way.

Alexis clicked his tongue in clear annoyance. "Do you know what kind of reputation I have, Soa?"

This guy is asking for his death today, it seems.

"Yes, but I also have one, and I want to remind you that you were the one who wanted to meet, but if you are looking for something more, you are mistaken."

"Soa, everyone knows that your marriage is an hour away from ending. He was never with you—not in meetings or parties, and only in front of the press. He lets you go, and it's a shame that he doesn't see a woman like you." Oh, now he's dead. "And he's not the right man for you."

I couldn't stop myself anymore, and slowly approach.

"Alexis, my husband does not have a good trait, even if he appears approachable. As a businessman, you should know that he has a particular attitude. I don't want him to see this and ght you. He hates it when other people try to take what's his."

Good. At least she knows me.

"I like stealing things, especially if they're as beautiful as you," Alexis said with a grin and moved forward, making Soa take a step back.

"I am serious, and you are annoying me. Give me back my keys before my husband sees us, and I'll pretend this never happened."

"Don't lie anymore, Soa. Your husband is not coming because he's not here. And even if he is, what can he do to me?"

I nally reached them, and I took his arm before twisting it behind him, and he tried to ght.

"I can break your face or your hand. You choose," I said coldly, my eyes burning with rage. Soa took that chance to snatch her keys. "I don't like seeing women being touched without their consent, especially if she's my woman."

"Oh, I didn't know you were here, Angel."

"Now you know, and if you don't want the dinner you had to be your last supper, it's better if you stay away from her," I yanked his shirt and whispered. "I saw what you put in her desk, so be grateful that I will not kill you."

I pushed him away and punched his face. When he tried to attack as well, I avoided it and punched him again, and Soa came between us.

"Angel! Stop it!" She tried to stop us, and I gave the asshole a few more punches. "Angel!" She held my face and stared into my eyes. "Let him be before you kill him. I think he got the message."

When I nally calmed down and could see again, I saw him passing out on the ground with a mangled face.

"I should kill him!"

"Angel, let it be. Take me home because I'm not feeling well, please."

I looked at her to see that she was pale and sweating, and she could barely stand. "I thought you could take care of yourself."

"I can take care of myself, but I forgot it."

"What is it?"

She looked at me and handed me her keys before taking the passenger seat. I closed the door and kicked the jerk one last time before getting in.

I saw how pale Soa was, and she was pung out our breaths. "Soa, are you okay? I'll kill that bastard," I said angrily, and she stopped me.

"H-Hospital." As she said this, she lost consciousness, and I panicked. "Soa!"

I hurriedly drove to the nearest hospital I could nd, and the doctor and nurses quickly tended to her. I called Harry and told him what happened to take care of that bastard.

I didn't think I'd say this, but if something happens to Soa, I swear I will kill him!