

The Billionaire's Hidden Obsession by Hikikomori Chapter 16

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SERA CLOSED HER EYES, and Primo gulped before leaning in closer to kiss her lips, but before he could, his phone rang. making Sera open her eyes in surprise.

"Aren't you going to answer?" she asked.

"No, ignore it," he said, bringing their heads together with his hand on the side of her neck. She nodded and closed her eyes again, but the ringing kept distracting her. Primo attempted to give it another go when she spoke, "I think you should answer that," Sera said, and Primo straightened up, taking his phone from his pocket, and trying to hide his frustration with a polite smile.

"Sorry, I'll just take this," he said before turning around and scowling as he walked away, answering the call.

"Do you have a ****ing death wish?" he gritted his teeth.

"What did I do? You told me to call you as soon as I got news about the transaction," Caleb responded, unsure why his friend was so upset with him.

"Whatever, call me later; you ruined the moment!" Primo clenched his jaw and hang up the phone, taking a deep breath to calm his nerves. As soon as he turned around, Sera was already taking her bag on the couch.

"Are you leaving now?" he inquired, his voice tinged with disappointment.

"Yeah, sorry," she said as she slung her bag over her shoulder.

"I'll take you home," he offered, but she declined.

"It's fine, I'll just take a cab," she said, and even though Primo wanted to hold her back from leaving, he decided not to because he didn't want to appear desperate. It could have led her to believe that he was after her body after all.

"All right, message me when you get home," he said, following her as she approached the door.

Sera nodded and waved goodbye after thanking him for the meal earlier.

He smiled and waved back as he watched her disappear out of sight. When the door finally closed, he leaned against the wall, feeling defeated as he sighs deeply.

“Fu*k you, Caleb,” he muttered, still resentful of his friend for ruining the situation he was having with Sera in the kitchen. “MA’AM SERA,” Anji said as she entered the house, Somehow, the worried look on her face gave her a sense of Deja vu. She was about to ask what was wrong when she heard voices coming from the dining room. Even without looking at who it was, she already knew the voices belonged to Samantha and Sebastian, She sighed and shook her head before turning to face Anji.

“It’s fine,” she reassured her before going upstairs, but before she can go further, she heard Sebastian talking.

“You’re home? There’s no dinner left for you,” he said, making her turn her head and looking down at them as Samantha giggled. Sera smiled and gave them both a nonchalant look.

“So what? I’ve already eaten,” she stated.

“Where?”

“It’s none of your business,” Sera replied as she turned around and continued walking, but Sebastian spoke again. “Samantha’s going to stay here, so don’t start a fight like you did before,” he said, making her clench her fist without looking back at them. “Don’t you dare approach her,” Sera didn’t say anything and kept walking until she arrived at her room. She threw her bag as soon as she shut the door to release the frustration and anger that had built up in her chest. Her fingers trembled with rage as she realized Sebastian was

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becoming too comfortable disrespecting her.

“What the hell was his deal?” she thought to herself. “One minute he wanted to fix the problem between us, and the next he starts disrespecting me.”

“Hah! Fuck!” she exclaimed, before sitting on the bed and attempting to

calm her raging emotions. As if living under the same roof with him wasn't difficult enough, now she has to put up with Samantha's presence as well. "He's finally lost it, she muttered again before closing her eyes, trying to convince herself that she could still handle everything. His father's birthday was already the day after tomorrow; she just needs to hold out long enough till that day, then she would leave this st**id place forever and never come back.

She sighed again and took out her phone to notify Primo that she had arrived home. She then went to the bathroom and soaked herself in the bathtub, allowing the warm water to relax her tense muscles. Just as her mind was beginning to relax and she thought she could get some rest, the knocking interrupted her thought process, causing her to frown.

She got out of the tub and carefully dried herself before grabbing the robe to cover herself. She walked out of the bathroom and opened the door to find Samantha there, smiling sheepishly and holding a gift bag. Sera raised her brow in confusion before looking at her.

"What do you want?" she asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Here, I wasn't that shameless to stay here without giving you something in exchange for allowing me to stay," she explained, perplexing Sera. "Even though you were already an ex, I believe I owe you some respect."

"Respect? That's

's a big word coming from a mistress like you." Sera retorted, her voice calm but her tone venomous. "You don't have to be so rude; do you think I'm not swallowing my pride by coming with gifts for my lover's ex-wife?" Samantha smiled, determined to provoke her as payback for what happened at the dinner with Sebastian's parents. She was so humiliated that she couldn't bear the thought of not being able to take revenge against Sera for mocking and laughing at her.

Now that she's persuaded Sebastian to move in, she'll do anything to humiliate her and make Sebastian hate her even more by portraying Sera as the villain while she plays the victim.

"What are you doing?" Sebastian asked as he exited his study after making a phone call. He then walked towards the guest room where he saw

Samantha standing in front of his ex-wife.

“Oh, I just wanted to give her the gift I carefully bought this morning, Samantha explained, smiling.

“Why aren’t you taking it?” he asked Sera, who was staring at them as if they were from another planet. These two f***ers never failed to get under her skin. How could they act like they didn’t do anything wrong to her? She wished they would just vanish forever. The more they provoke her, the more she is tempted to make her vengeance even more painful and humiliating than she has already planned.

“You serious? What makes you think I’ll accept anything from the woman who killed my unborn child?” Sera’s cold eyes darted at Samantha and then at Sebastian, who opened his useless mouth for an argument and tried to save his mistress, but Sera didn’t let it happen. “I warned you this morning, do you think it was a hollow threat?”

Sebastian scowled at his ex’s attitude, her arrogance continuing to rub him the wrong way.

“Do you really think your useless threats would work on me?” he asked, grabbing Samantha’s waist and allowing her to hide behind him as if he was protecting her from Sera

“Do you want to try?” she retorted, her eyes dangerously flashing. “Just let me know if you want to, I can call your parents this instant”

“Tell them,” he encourages, making Sera frown. He didn’t seem to care if his parents found out about the divorce and the miscarriage. “Do you think I wasn’t planning to turn the table just in case you blabbered everything?”

“If you want to play dirty, I can too,” he added, “I have money, power, and everything that can make you regret making me your enemy,”

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“I see, then I guess I don’t need to stay here anymore,” she shrugged, about to turn around, when Sebastian grabbed her arms and pulled her back, bringing their faces inches apart.

“You’re not going anywhere, not yet, we’ve agreed that you’ll stay here until my father’s birthday is over. I can destroy your parents’ business in an instant, Serayah. I’ve been patient with you since you started acting arrogant because I need your help, but if you keep pushing me- He didn’t finish his sentence because Sera shoved him way hard, he almost fell, but Samantha immediately catches him to stop him and held him.

“Just leave me alone!” She yelled, her anger growing by the second, her body trembling with frustration, her breath quickening as her heartbeat faster, her fists balled into tight balls as she stood in front of him. Sebastian glared at her, watching her struggle to control herself.

He was taken aback; it was his first time seeing her so enraged. He expected her to cry, but she didn’t shed any tears; instead, her eyes were filled with rage.

“What’s your problem? Why are you yelling?” he asked, straightening himself and holding Samantha closely. “You’ll stress Samantha and the baby,”

“Hah, fu*k!” Sera scoffed while rubbing her temples. She took several deep breaths and tried to relax. “Then leave me alo*e, why do you keep approaching me? Was it difficult to ignore my presence?”

“What?” Sebastian frowned.

“I’ve lost count of how many times I told you not to approach me and ignore each other’s presence, but you kept coming,” she responded, ignoring the sight of how he held Samantha in front of her as if he expected her to attack his mistress at any moment.

“I’m tired of these repeated arguments, so take your mistress-Sera couldn’t finish her sentence when she felt Sebastian’s heavy hand across her cheek. This familiar feeling made her bit her lips even though it was already bleeding from the cut She clenched her fist and locked her gaze on him.

“I told you Samantha isn’t a mistress!” he gritted his teeth.

“Fine, she isn’t a mistress! Should I call her a whl*re then?! For going after a married man?” she retorted.

“You little...” Sebastian raised his hand again, ready to slap her, but stopped when Sera gave him a challenging look.

“Enough, babe,” Samantha said as she took his hand in hers, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have approached her to give the gift, I didn’t know she’d react like this”

“Don’t apologize, it wasn’t your fault, he said, trying to calm down before glaring at Sera and intertwining his fingers with Samantha, “It was her fault for holding a grudge against us when she should be blaming herself for her miscarriage.”

“What?” Sera was stunned. Her hands began to shake as tears began to form in her eyes, and blood continued to flow from her lip. The emotions coursing through her system were overwhelming, making her unable to hold back her tears.

She quickly closed her eyes while biting her lower lip; if she kept talking to them, she would be the only one suffering, so she sighed and turned around, slamming the door shut behind her. She leaned against it, covering her face, and sat down on the floor, her knees close to her chest, trying her best not to let out an embarrassing s*b.

After a few minutes, she removed her hands from her face and wiped the frustrated tears from her cheeks. She then stood up and returned to the bathroom, her hands resting on the sink and her gaze fixed on her messed-up reflection in the mirror. Her eyes were red, her hair was still wet, and blood was on the side of her lips.

Seeing her like this reminds her of the night Sebastian divorced her, and all she could feel right now was a desire to make them both suffer.

“You’ll regret pushing me to my breaking point,” she muttered.

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“GOOD MORNING, Primo said as he entered the marketing office.

Everyone turned their heads at him and stood up.

“Good morning, sir.” They greeted back as they bowed respectfully. He smiled and nodded, relieved that they were all back to their old selves.

Despite Mrs. Katy’s unfortunate accident, they remained professional and did not let it affect their work.

*You can sit down now. I'll be your manager for now, so don't be too wary of my presence. I'm looking forward to working with you today." They resumed their seats, and he began walking towards the manager's desk where he noticed the cut on Sera's lips. He wanted to ask her what had happened, but he remembered the boundaries she had set yesterday. He simply sighed and walked past her.

When he reached the separate table from the cubicles, he sat comfortably on the swivel chair and began looking at the paperwork that was already on the desk. He would occasionally cast a glance at Sera, who was focused on her work, and noticed how she seems to drown all her attention to it. He was glad that he had an excellent view of her, which motivated him to act professionally as she did.

"Whose report is this?" he asked after a few minutes of going over the reports on Mrs. Katy's table. He raised the folder he was holding, and someone from the social media section stood up and approached him. Sera took a look at Primo and couldn't help but notice how different his energy was while working. He appears strict and intimidating again, or maybe that was just him being professional.

"What's wrong?" she was startled when Jacob spoke beside her, causing her to turn her head at him. "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing, I was just trying to figure out what was wrong with the report," she explained, "I can't hear them, though but it looks pretty serious."

"Right. Mr. Valdemar seems to be more meticulous than Mrs. Katy, it appears he will not accept any mistakes," Jacob said quietly as he continued to stare at their boss' face. His brow furrowed slightly as he continued to speak with their colleague. Sera nodded, agreeing with her friend, but when Primo looked at them, they both flinched and immediately averted their gaze, resuming their work.

Primo smirked and turned to face the person he was speaking with before dismissing him. He then looked at his wristwatch and pushed the swivel chair.

"It's time for the meeting," he announced, causing everyone to stop what they were doing. He stood up and walked out of the office, followed by the others.

When they arrived at the conference room, someone from the sales department had just finished arranging the chairs. She bowed to Primo and

exited the room as marketing department members entered. Everyone was seated inside the room and began discussing the upcoming project's changes.

"WHAT'S THAT?" Emma inquired when she noticed the cut on Sera's lips when they finally met after weeks of not seeing each other.

"Sebastian slapped me," Sera admitted, making her friend's eyes widen in surprise.

"What? Did you meet with him?"

She nodded.

"I know you're going to be mad at me, but I'm currently living with him again," she said, leaving Emma speechless. She was staring at her friend as if she were looking at an endangered species. Her mouth hung open as she tried to process what she had just heard. After a few seconds, she opened her mouth, but Sera beat her to it

"Sebastian went to my apartment and threatened me to live with him for a week or else he'd ruin my parents' business," she explained until she got to the part where Sebastian slapped her.

"For fuck's sake. That bastard should just die!" Emma's hand was trembling in anger as Sera finished speaking. She couldn't believe it had all happened in such a short period. To make matters worse, she is only now learning all of this. "Why didn't

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you tell me this sooner?"

"You're on a business trip, so why would I burden you by telling you about my problems?"

"I'm your best friend, Sera. It hasn't been that long since you suffered; you were just starting to rebuild your life, and now you're suffering again without telling anyone until it gets this bad." Emma rubbed her temples, wanting to let this slide but not being able to. Not after hearing what she's been through while she's been gone.

"Sorry," Sera apologized, knowing Emma was mad because she was concerned about her well-being.

"No," she said, taking her friend's hand in her own. She sighed and looked at Sera. "I'm the one who should be sorry, I should have checked in on you sooner... What's your plan now?"

"Well, I guess I'll just have to endure it until tomorrow."

"But are you planning to tell your in-laws the truth?" Emma leaned back in

her chair, calming herself.

"No, I'll just show up tomorrow and pretend to be Sebastian's loving wife, and then I'll leave the house and let him deal with his parents. I don't care what happened after that, whether he married Samantha or what," Sera said before raising her hand to attract the waitress' attention. "Let's order first."

"All right," Emma said, and they ordered lunch before continuing their conversation. "Your in-laws adored you, and based on the story you told me about the dinner with them, there's no way they'll accept that bitch to marry their only son."

"Right, but it seemed Sebastian's determined to marry Samantha. If worst comes to worst, he might even do something that would make his parents hate me. I wouldn't be surprised if one day, he'll make me the villain and his mistress the heroine." Sera grimaced while drinking water, recalling what her ex told her last night about turning the table. She knew he had something planned if things didn't go as planned.

He knew from the start that his parents didn't like Samantha, which is why he kept their relationship private when they were dating before.

He knew from the start that his parents didn't like Samantha, which is why he kept their relationship private when they were dating before. It was obvious that he'd do anything to get them to accept her now, especially since she was pregnant with their child.

"What will you do if that actually happened? Hearing all of this has convinced me that your husband is a fucking psycho," Emma commented, and Sera laughed lightly.

"He is, though," she said, "And if he really does what I was thinking, I'll just show them what a villain should really be." "What do you mean?" Emma frowned, unable to decipher what her friend was thinking at the time.

"I'm planning to get revenge with the help of someone," she admitted, which piqued Emma's curiosity. They hadn't seen each other in a week, but she had already missed a lot about Sera. She felt as if she was missing out on a lot of important information. Also, she appears to be different from the last time she saw her. She couldn't put her finger on it. But one thing she is certain of is that Sera is stronger than ever.

"Who is this someone?"

Sera looks at the glass wall beside them and returns her attention to

Emma, deciding to tell her everything, including her relationship with her boss.

“Primo Valdemar, the man who saved my life.”

“What? Your boss?”

“Yes, actually...” Sera paused for a moment before continuing, but then the servers arrived with their food. They thanked them, and she resumed her story as soon as they left. “Anyway, we didn’t get to talk about how he saved me, so I’ll start from where I met him.”

“Go ahead, I’m all ears,” Emma said, nodding in anticipation of her friend’s explanation. After Sera gave a brief account of

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how they first met, she continued her story.

“When I returned to work, I was shocked to find out that he was the new director of the company; we had lunch as we talked about how I would repay him for saving me, and he told me that he wanted me as the repayment.”

“Wait, isn’t that bad news?” Emma questioned while they ate. Sera hummed, pondering how she should respond to that question.

“To be honest, I didn’t think it was, after all, he saved my life,” she shrugged, “So when I asked him what he meant by he wanted me, he replied that he wanted me to be at his beck and call, which I agreed to without much hesitation.”

“I know that sounds bad news, but he isn’t a bad guy; he never asked me to do anything strange, all we’ve done since then is eat together, and he even offered to help me in my revenge; it appears he empathized with my pain, so I accepted it,”

“Are you sure he doesn’t have any ulterior motive? Because to be honest, something feels weirdly strange here.” Emma asked after swallowing her food. “I mean, why would a stranger suddenly help you in exacting revenge? Are you sure he isn’t a bad guy!”

“Well, I was a little skeptical about his identity at first because it felt like he already knew me before the incident, but when I asked him, he said he didn’t, but I was familiar, Sera shrugged, reaching for a tissue to wipe her mouth and wincing slightly as it brushed against the cut on her lips.

“Besides, he told me he was betrayed as well, so maybe he was just

feeling sorry for me. After all, he was there when I had a miscarriage.”

“What if he knew Sebastian and had a secret grudge against him, so he decided to help you because it would benefit him as well?” Emma concluded, earning another shrug from Sera.

“I honestly don’t know, but whatever his real motive for helping me is, it can’t be that evil, right?”

“You sound like you have a lot of faith in that guy, Sera, and you haven’t even known him that long

“I can’t say he has my complete trust, but it’s my instinct; I feel like he has good intentions and won’t lie or trick me, so I’m comfortable with him,” Sera explained, which caused Emma to frown slightly. She knew her friend like the back of her hand, she isn’t the type to let someone take advantage of her, so hearing her talk about Primo as if she truly believed he wouldn’t betray her was surprising.

“Do you like him?” she asked, making Sera choke on her drink. She coughed a few times before recovering. Telling she likes Primo was absurd, how did she get that conclusion? It has not been that long since they met.

“What? N

No, she replied, shaking her head in confusion at Emma’s question.

“Then what’s your real relationship with him? Because, no matter how I look at it, something’s going on between you and him for you to trust him this easily.”

Sera pursed her lips and sighed.

“Promise me y

you won’t judge me and will simply support whatever decisions I make during these weeks.”

“You know you always have my support, so spill the beans: what’s going on between you and your boss?” Emma crossed her arms across her chest, her gaze locked on her friend’s. Sera took a deep breath and told her the truth

“We’re dating without a label.”

SEND GIFT

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“YOU LOOKED DRAINED, what happened?” Lara inquired when Sera

returned to the office after having lunch outside. She laughed awkwardly and sat in her chair as if her energy had been completely sapped. She was relieved that Emma didn't judge her for having a no-label relationship with her boss, but she bombarded her with advice and kept reminding her that she should never fall in love with him.

"Do I look haggard?" Sera sighed, resting her head on the backrest of her chair. She was staring at the ceiling when Primo appeared behind her. Their gazes locked, but he kept walking, forcing her to sit up straight. Somehow, she was embarrassed that he saw her tired face

"You looked pale," Jacob commented

"We still have a few minutes before the break ends, I'll just retouch my make-up," she said as she pushed her chair back and went to the restroom. She was never this self-conscious about her appearance, but she doesn't want to appear haggard or anything in front of Primo. She wasn't sure why, but she decided to take better care of her appearance from now on. Maybe her self-esteem suffered as a result of Sebastian's cheating, she doesn't want to admit it, but she became somewhat insecure.

"Right, I should make that bastard regret cheating on me," she muttered to herself, even though she knows it won't happen because regret isn't in Sebastian's vocabulary. Even if she became more beautiful, sexy, and desirable, she would still be a nobody in his eyes. She shook her head at the ridiculous thought and applied lipstick to make her face less pale. Her hair is also getting longer, so she tied it, exposing her nape.

When she returned to her desk, her eyes met Primo's. He was staring at her from his seat, and their gazes were locked before she averted hers and began working, remembering that they were in the office and that someone might notice them

"Fuck," Primo muttered under his breath as he tapped the table. Taking his gaze away from Sera was more difficult than it should have been, and he could feel himself getting hot and flustered by her alluring features. He clenched his jaw and concentrated on the paper in his hand, knowing that if he didn't, he'd lose control. He wanted to leave a mark on her pale neck and kiss every inch of her skin until she was satisfied. Here to control his urges by balling his hands into fists, but he couldn't.

In the end, he pushed his chair back and walked out of the office. Sera noticed it but chose to ignore it and continue working. Primo, on the other

hand, returned to his private office. He took deep, calming breaths to try to calm down and

regain his composure. He wasn't after Sera's body, but the more he sees her, the more his desire to possess her body. The sensation of longing causes his stomach to twist uncomfortably. The feeling of longing makes his stomach twist uncomfortably. He can feel himself being weak against her, unable to resist. He didn't know how much stronger his attraction to her had grown, but he could tell he had fallen deeper and faster in love with her. It was becoming dangerous.

"MY BACK HURTS, Sera grumbled as she exited the taxi. She massaged her shoulders and stretched her neck after sitting in her chair for far too long. She needed to take over time because she was in charge of the ad copy for the new project. She let out a deep sigh, looking at Sebastian's house. She was hoping she wouldn't run into him and Samantha, but as soon as she opened the door, she saw them having sex in the living room like an animal in heat

She frowned and clenched her fist when she met Samantha's gaze while she was on Sebastian's lap grinding against him. She smirked at her and kissed his earlobe, making Sera feel disgusted. She quickly turned around, ignoring the pair, and stomped upstairs. It was obvious they were doing it on purpose in that place to irritate her.

"F(*ers!" she gritted her teeth and stared at the ceiling, trying to forget the image but it wouldn't leave her head. She let out a loud groan and punched her pillows while cursing profusely. She then took her phone and looked at the last conversation she had with Primo. She was the one who told him that they shouldn't spend too much time together, but she needed a distraction right now. Before she knew it, she was already texting him, asking if she could come over and spend the night at his place.

While she waited for his response, she took a quick shower and changed into casual clothes that weren't too fancy but were still presentable. When she was finished getting ready, she took her phone and saw that Primo had already responded, saying he'd pick her up because he was nearby. She felt relieved and accepted his offer. Not long after, he texted her, saying he was almost to the place where she blocked his car.

Sera sighed and took her bag before heading downstairs, where the a***oles were already fixing themselves after f***ing on the couch

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"You're home already?" Sebastian inquired; surprise written all over his face. Samantha, on the other hand, seemed pleased with the fact his ex-wife had caught them red-handed. With that, Sera concluded that the b**ch had most likely planned everything. It's clear why she's staying here. She wanted to remind her that Sebastian had chosen her and that she no longer had a place in this house.

"Where are you going?" he asked again when Sera didn't respond and just looked at him with disgust in her eyes. Samantha snickered as if the whole thing was amusing. Sera was done with both of them, so she just kept walking, ignoring her ex's

"Did something happen?" Primo asked as soon as Sera hopped into his car and noticed the frown on her face. "Is it your ex?"

Sera nodded, her head resting against the headrest of his seat.

"Sorry, did I disturb you?" she asked as she turned her head to face him when he began driving.

"No, I was on my way home when you messaged me," he replied, giving her a reassuring smile that relieved her. To be honest, she could have gone to Emma's or her parent's house, but for some reason, she chose to stay with him.

"Can we drink at your place? I needed alcohol in my system right now," she asked, looking away her eyes about to water. She thought she had moved on, that she was gradually healing, but seeing Sebastian and Samantha f***ing in the house where she had spent her married life brought the pain back to life. She was so befuddled by her emotions that she didn't know what to do.

"Of course, let's do whatever you want," he said, and Sera smiled. She wasn't sure if Primo had an ulterior motive for being so nice to her or if he was simply a genuinely nice person. She sighed, thinking either one would suffice as long as it will help her erase her misery.

"Thank you," she said, about to turn her head back to him when her phone rang. She took her phone from her bag and rejected the call right away because it was from Sebastian. She was certain he wasn't calling because he was worried or felt bad about being caught having sex with Samantha. It was probably because his father's birthday is tomorrow, and he was worried she won't come.

Primo looked at Sera and couldn't help but wonder what had happened between her and her ex-husband to make her look so angry. Not to mention she wanted to drink and spend the night at his place tonight. He assumed something serious had occurred, and he was glad whatever it was because it had driven Sera to come to him.

"HERE, YOU CAN RELAX HERE" Primo said as he led Sera into the cellar room as soon as they arrived at his house. Sera's eyes widened at the sight of all those bottles of liquor. The room was quite large, with tables and chairs, and it was ideal for unwinding while drinking alcohol.

"Have you eaten already?" he asked as they walked inside. He left the company early because he needed to attend an important meeting, so he couldn't check on her.

"Y-yes, at the office before I clocked out," she said, her gaze still drawn to the cellar room. The ambiance was very relaxing soothing, reminding her of the bar she used to go to with Emma. It was quite dark, but the place still gave off a warm

and
vibe

"All right, you can open any bottles you want here," Primo said before taking a glass from his cabinet and placing it on the table, drawing Sera's attention to him.

"Aren't you going to join me?" she inquired, earning a chuckle from him.

"I will, but I need to take a quick shower first, so go ahead without me; I'll join you once I'm done," he for her cheek. Sera just stood there and watched him caress her cheek affectionately, their gazes locked.

"What's wrong?" she wondered as she noticed his expression soften significantly.

"Nothing." he smiled. "Don't cry while I was gone.
id before reaching

"I won't," she chuckled, and he nodded before patting her head. After that, he left the room, and as soon as he shut the door behind him, he looked at his palm and placed it over his mouth, inhaling the scent that comes from Sera's hair. He then clenched his fist and went upstairs to his bedroom. He needed to keep his cool or else he'd lose it and take advantage of her

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weakness.

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MMM, this one's strong." Sera shut her eyes as she set the **glass** on the table after drinking the first bottle she decided to open. The rum was quite potent, so the burning sensation she felt was actually quite pleasant

"I should put some ice on it," she thought to herself before getting off the bar stool and walking over to the refrigerator near the counter. She opened it and found ice inside, she couldn't help but be amazed at how convenient this place was; for a brief moment, she imagined **that** living here would be like a vacation for her.

"Crazy," she muttered **as** she grabbed the ice and put some into her glass. She sat down again and poured more **rum** into her glass before taking another sip. She was enjoying her drink when her phone rang again; she took it from her bag and answered it instead of rejecting it.

"What?" she asked, her voice irritated as she swirled her glass, her gaze fixed on the ice inside.

"Where are you?" Sebastian asked her and she rolled her eyes.

"Why?"

"Did you see us?" Sera frowned as she heard how hesitant his voice sounded. She placed the tip of the glass in her mouth **and was** about to drink when he spoke again. "Come home."

"**And** why should I? So, I can witness you two **fucking** again?" she scoffed, gulping the **rum as** if it were water. "Do you **really** have

no shame?"

"I didn't realize **you** were back," Sebastian sighed, "Go home, let's talk about-

"No, we have nothing to discuss; if you're **worried** I won't be at the party tomorrow, don't be; I'll be there," she said, turning her head **as** the door open

ed. Primo entered the room, dressed in a white shirt and gray pants, his hair down and still wet from the shower. Sera was dazed for a moment. She already knew he was attractive but seeing him in casual clothes is definitely a different view.

“You chose that rum? It **was** the strongest on the shelf,” Primo said as he walked towards her, gently rubbing his hair with the towel that hung on his shoulder.

“Yeah, it tastes good,” she replied, flinching when Sebastian spoke. She had almost forgotten she was talking to **him** on the phone.

“Who’s that?” he inquired, but she had already hung up the phone and turned it off so as not to disturb her and Primo. She took another sip from the rum. This time she was ready for the burning sensation, and she welcomed it.

“Was that your ex?” Primo inquired, opening the cabinet and taking a glass before joining her at the table.

“Yeah,” she **nodded as** she watched **him pour** some rum into the **glass** without ice.

“Do you mind me asking what happened?” he inquired, “It’s okay if you wanted to keep it private, I just want you to know I’m all ears **on** your rant, after all, letting your frustrations out is always better than bottling them up.”

“Hmm,” she hummed, feeling the alcohol was **already** in her system but not enough **to** make her drunk. She wanted to rant, but it felt embarrassing to tell others that she had caught her ex-husband having sex with his mistress inside their house. It **wasn’t** a pleasant subject, especially since it triggered something within her that she couldn’t quite **grasp** yet.

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“To be honest, his mistress has been staying with us since yesterday,” she said, **laughing** humorlessly.

“That **doesn’t** sound very healthy to me...” Primo murmured, his face concerned, and she agreed.

“Right, but my ex was a scunibag. I saw them fucking in the living room earlier, and I thought I already moved on, and all I felt for him was anger, but seeing them doing **that** in the house we spent our marriage life on, it’s too **much**. Sera smiled bitterly. “It still hurts.”

“Do you still love him?” he asked, sipping the rum until it was gone. **Sera** looked at the man in front of her; he seemed

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concerned, but something was off about his expression, she couldn’t tell if he was concerned or angry.

“I’m not sure,” she replied as she, too, emptied her glass. She then looked up at Primo when he stood up and **walk** towards her. He leaned against the table, facing her with a neutral expression.

“Do you want me to help you forget him?” he asked, gently tilting her head upwards. Her heart began to race, and her cheeks flushed **as** a result of the unexpected intimate encounter.

“What will you do?” she wondered. His touch felt warm on her skin.

“Hmm, let’s pick up where we left off last night... If you’re up for it, of course,” he replied smoothly, leaning in closer. Sera pursed her lips as she recalled what had happened last night. He licked his lips slowly and she unconsciously followed his movements with her eyes, making her gulp. “Sera.”

He called her name, bringing her out of her trance. She snapped out of it and looked up at his green eyes, his face was now a few inches away from hers.

“What’s your answer?” he asked, his voice low and husky that it made Sera shiver. She felt **like this** night would be steamy, but for some reason, she doesn’t mind if things escalated that **way**.

“Are we... going to make out?” she wondered, to which he nodded.

“I think that would be better than alcohol, don’t **you** think?” he caresses her arm **until** it reaches her hand before gently pulling her to stand. “Besides, aren’t you here because you want to be distracted?”

Sera nodded slowly as Primo placed his hand on her waist, pulling her in closer. Their gazes locked, and before she knew it, she was already wrapping her arms around his neck, making him smirk before leaning in to kiss her. His kiss was slow **and** gentle, allowing her to completely relax. He then turned her around, shifting their position.

“Mmnh,” she moaned **as** she leaned against the table as Primo deepened the kiss. This wasn’t her first kiss, but it felt different and comfortable, almost as if they’d **done** it before. When they both needed air, they slowly pulled apart while panting.

“Better?” Primo questioned, looking into her eyes. He gently brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear, and she shuddered under the touch.

“Yes,” she nodded awkwardly, but that didn’t last long as he leaned in for **a nother** kiss. She was surprised at first, but she reciprocated and continued to make out with him. This **time**, **his** kiss **was** more passionate and full of need, and it **made** Sera feel something she couldn’t quite put her finger on. Is she turned on? Maybe but she’s not sure.

“Nghh,” she pursed her lips **as** Primo kissed her jawline, causing her to shiver. She closed her eyes and tilted her neck, allowing him to continue sucking at her skin. Primo couldn’t help but smirk as he kissed her delicate neck; he wanted to leave a **mark on** her but knew it would make her angry, so he abandoned the idea and just enjoyed the **way** his tongue traced over her skin, making Sera moan.

“Wait—ahh—S—sir,” Sera’s tone unexpectedly became formal. She gently pushed Primo, causing him to come to a halt and look **at** her, **puzzled**.

“You **wanna** stop?” he asked, caressing her cheek affectionately. Sera bit her lip and tried to avert her gaze, but he held her chin, making her gaze meet his eyes again. “What’s the matter?”

“Uhm,” she trailed off, unsure whether to be honest or not, after thinking about it for a second, she decided to tell the truth, “**You** can touch me more.”

Primo froze at her words **as** if something inside him was about to snap. Sera seems to have had no idea how much he was holding back. He was relieved that she wants him to touch her but at the same time, he **was** afraid that he'll lose control.

"Can I?" he asked, looking her in the eyes once more. She nodded and **took** the brave step of taking his hand and placing it on her breast, which surprised him. She wasn't drunk, but the **kiss** had such an effect on her **that** she didn't mind if they went **all** the way. She reasoned that she must be **touch**

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deprived, or that she simply desired vengeance. If Sebastian fucked someone else, she'll do the same.

"Fuck," Primo grumbled before tugging her shirt with her bra, exposing her breasts, which he immediately began sucking

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and licking. His fingers were exploring her other nipple, and he could feel Sera becoming hotter by the minute.

"**Aaah**," she moaned, watching as he seemed to be liking the taste of her. She smiled, somehow enjoying the attention she was receiving.

"You like that?" he inquired before shifting his focus to her other nipple. He gently sucked and nipped them, staring at Sera as she nodded. He then stood tall and kissed her lips before lifting her to sit on the table.

"Can I touch you down there?" he asked, **panting** slightly due to the fact that he was **already** hard. He was getting excited seeing how Sera desired him as much as he desired her, probably even more. The fact that she did not push him away, instead took the initiative to do more than kissing, only fueled his desire and drove him **wild**.

"Yes," Sera said softly, a little embarrassed as he stared at her, waiting for an answer.

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“Tell me if it’s too much,” he whispered before kissing her earlobe while his hand started tracing her legs until it reached her wet undies. He clenched his **jaw** and slowly pushed her panties aside. “Did you wear a dress **so** I could easily **access** you?”

“No,” she said quietly, biting her lower lip when he began rubbing her wetness. “I didn’t have this in **mind** when I told **you** I wanted to spend the night—Aashn!”

She couldn’t finish her sentence as he slid his finger into her, making her arch her back and moan

“So hot,” Primo murmured, pressing a sweet kiss along her neck. Sera pursed her lips and tightened her grip as she put her arms around his **neck**, closing her eyes and arching her neck to allow him greater access. She couldn’t take it any longer and began **shaking** her hips against his finger, causing him to hum in pleasure.

“Fuck. **You’re** so lewd, Primo exclaimed, his arousal rising rapidly. “Don’t provoke me too much, or I **might** lose control,”

He kissed her lips once more and pushed her down, forcing Sera to rest her elbow on the table to help her support herself. Primo spread her legs even wider and added another finger while watching Sera’s eyes fill with lust and pleasure.

“Wait, I—
I think I’m gonna cum.” she stammered, attempting to pull Primo’s **hair**, but he refused. She closed her eyes and curled her toes as she felt a wave of pressure between her legs. Primo smirked as he pulled his fingers out and licked the **juices** off, making Sera’s face flush red..

“Your taste’s addicting, he said before taking her wrist and slowly pulling her up **straight**, her energy leaving her body.

“Are you okay?” he asked, but instead of responding, her head leaned against his chest, falling asleep on his arms. Primo smiled and **caress** the back of her head with a satisfied smile on his face.

SEND GIFT

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A POUNDING HEADACHE jolted Sera awake from her slumber. She blinked rapidly trying to make sense of her surroundings and when she remembered what happened before she fell asleep, she quickly sat up. She then searched around in the dark for Primo, but he wasn't there.

She slowly took the blanket off of herself and got off the bed, feeling groggy. A quick glance at the clock revealed that it was already past midnight. She was about to open the lamp beside the bed when she heard a voice coming from the door that seems to be the bathroom.

She walked up there and attempted to call out Primo, but before she could open her mouth, she hastily covered her lips, hearing him moan.

"Sera," he said hoarsely, making her shudder as she imagined what he was up to inside.

Primo, on the other hand, was busy stroking himself that he failed to notice that Sera was already awake. He threw his head back and stared at the ceiling, imagining what happened in the cellar earlier. He tried to distract himself by working to ease his hard-on but no matter what he does, his erection remained and wouldn't stop growing.

"Ugh, f**k," he moaned as his c*m splattered to the ground. He closed his eyes and let out a deep sigh. After a few seconds, he began cleaning up his mess and washing his hands.

When he exited the bathroom, his eyes widened as he noticed Sera leaning against the wall. It was dark, but the moonlight shining through the window allowed them to meet each other's gaze.

"What are you doing there?" he inquired, attempting to appear nonchalant. She definitely knew what he was doing inside given her flushed cheeks.

"Sorry," Sera whispered before approaching him, "I didn't mean to fall asleep and leave you-"

"It's fine," he said, grasping her shoulder and gently pushing her back to the bed. "Don't feel bad; it's a good thing you fell asleep because if you didn't, you wouldn't be able to walk tomorrow."

Sera could feel her cheeks heating up in response to the statement he just made. When they reached the bed, she turned to look at him and realized he wasn't joking. She gulped and let him push her down to lie down, covering her with the blanket.

"Did you bring a change of clothes?" he asked as he joined her on the bed, lying down right beside her. She could feel every breath he took since his

face was so near to hers, it felt warm.

“No, it’s my day off tomorrow, so I won’t need to change my clothes; I’ll just spend the day at my apartment before going to my father-in-law’s party,” she replied, staring at him as he drew her close to him as if it were the most natural thing to do. They aren’t lovers, but they were dating, so she assumed cuddling like this was okay. After all, they’ve already had more intimate encounters than this.

“We won’t see each other tomorrow then, he commented placing his arms around her waist.

“Now that I think about it, which company were you working for before Laveur?” she inquired, interested in what he did before being the marketing director of Laveur because, no matter how she looks at it, he appears to be wealthier than Sebastian, or perhaps he has another company that allows him to afford such a luxurious home and car.

“Hmm, I worked overseas. Remember when I saved you? I mentioned being late for my flight.” he replied. Of course, he lied about working abroad. Even though he wanted to tell her the truth that he was the CEO of a conglomerate corporation that owned Lauver, he felt it wasn’t the right time yet, so he decided not to reveal that fact just yet.

“I see.” she nodded, looking at him puzzled as he grabbed her chin and solily kissed her lips. It was only for a split second, but the sensation lingered in her head, reminding her of what had happened earlier. “What was that for?”

“Nothing, yo
your lips just look tempting” he chuckled, “Let’s sleep, I’m sure you were tired.”

Sera nodded and placed her arms around Primo’s torso, causing them to cuddle while facing each other. He was surprised. but he tried his best to hide it by smiling and kissing her on the forehead.

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“Good night,” he said softly, making her smile. Sera has no notion that kissing on the forehead will give her butterflies in the stomach. Sebastian had never done that to her before, so the gesture made her heart s*ip a beat.

“Good night,” she replied before closing her eyes.

THE NEXT DAY, Sera flopped on her bed as soon as she arrived at her apartment. Primo offered her a lift home after they ate breakfast together,

and she'd be lying if she said spending the night with him last night wasn't worthwhile. She was glad she went with him since it helped her forget her frustration.

She had no idea he would be so caring and tender towards her, and it felt great to know that there was someone who would take care of her in a way that made her feel special. Spending time with him made her realize that her two-year marriage with Sebastian was nothing compared to what she shared with Primo in such a short period of time.

He was more intimate and affectionate than her ex-husband. Thinking back, she was the only one making their marriage work before. Even though Sebastian wasn't particularly cold or neglectful towards her, he was never really affectionate or sweet. He would simply sleep after sex and would not initiate a cuddle after satisfying his sexual needs. It was always her who clung to him as if she were the only one in love and recognizing it all too late made her laugh.

"You're so stu**d, Sera," she told herself as she couldn't believe how she overlooked such a great flaw in her ex. Now, she's relieved that he divorced her. Perhaps it was the universe's way of keeping her from sinking deeper into a life she doesn't deserve. Reading how desperate he was to know her whereabouts was satisfying, to say the least.

"I should sleep more," she remarked before shutting her eyes, but the phone rang before she could even doze off. She hastily grabbed it and checked the caller ID before answering.

"Hello? What's the matter?" she asked his younger brother.

"There were people in the store, they were saying it needed to be demolished," Simon replied, forcing Sera to sit bolt-upright on her bed.

"They also claimed we were using illegal property."

"What?" her brow furrowed, suspecting Sebastian had something to do with what was going on. She took a deep breath and sighed, massaging her temples. "Wait for me; I'll be right there."

"Okay."

Sera hung up the phone and changed her clothes before exiting her apartment and calling Sebastian. It just kept ringing with no response, making her curse under her breath.

"F**k!" she exclaimed, running her finger through her hair. This is absurd, she thought. She knew Sebastian's threat wasn't hollow, but she didn't expect him to carry it out simply because she hadn't responded to his

messages. Why is he doing this when she clearly stated that she would attend the party?

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a couple of minutes, she already arrived at the cafe where her parents were sitting at a table with two men in suits. "Mom, Dad," she called as she approached them. The cafe hadn't opened yet even though it was already past 10:00 am, "What exactly is going on?"

"They told us that someone had bought this property and they were about to demolish this," her mother replied, making her turn to face the two men sitting in front of them.

"We bought this property from the previous owner, and we have the documents proving ownership and the purchase process. What do you mean someone bought this property?"

"It was fake, the previous owner you were talking about was just the caretaker of this place, and he gave you fake documents; the real owner of this place sold this property to a real state owner, and they were planning to build a new apartment complex here, so they will demolish everything around here, including the cafe.

"That doesn't make any sense!" Sera slammed the table angrily, but her father quickly calmed her.

"Relax, Sera. Fighting them won't solve anything, Bernard said as he rubbed his daughter's back, while Simon stood in the back, worried about what would happen to their business now.

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"We already showed your parents the real documents, you were a victim of fraud, here, see for yourself," the other man said, placing a brown envelope containing the document on the table. Sera just stared at it for a few seconds before taking it and carefully checking the documents. It was indeed look legitimate, but she was still in denial; after all, her parents had sold their house in the province just so they could start their business here in the city, and now these men were claiming they were a victim of fraud.

"We're giving you more time to relocate. We felt bad that you fell under such horrible situation, but we were just doing our job," the man said, and Sera couldn't help but bite her lips and stare at her parents' expressions. Her mother's eyes were already teary, but she was doing her best to remain composed, while her father's gaze was sorrowful.

The money they spent on the property was not small. Just imagining how much pain they were in right now made Sera sad.

Well, we'll give you until the end of this month to move out because the project is starting soon," the two men stood up and collected the documents before leaving. The whole family was silent for a moment before Sera spoke.

"Don't worry. Mom and Dad. I have my savings. We'll buy a new space for the cafe," she reassured them, even though her savings were insufficient to purchase a new property.

"Should we just go back to the province?" Yolanda muttered; her hands clenched tightly.

"No, we'll keep your dream business going; the store was already popular and had a lot of customers; we're even planning on expanding; for now, I'll just find a place we can rent to move the cafe," she said before hugging them. Simon approached them and joined the hug, comforting their devastated parents.

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