

## Chapter 3

"I've been wanting to talk to you, but you keep ignoring my calls," he said, shamelessly entering her apartment. She frowned and clenched her fist; as much as she wanted to kick him out, she couldn't do anything that would bother her neighbor. She simply shut the door and followed him inside.

"What the hell do you want? How did you know where I live?" Sera glared at him as he sat on the couch as if he were on his own estate. She sighed and ran her fingers through her hair as she sat across from him.

"That wasn't important," Sebastian replied, glancing at her belly to check for a baby bump but finding none, "I heard you had a miscarriage."

Sera could feel the vein in her forehead pulsing in anger. She took a deep breath before speaking.

"What is it to you? It's your fault, remember? If only you—" She shut her mouth, not wanting to continue talking about what happened because she knew he wouldn't feel any guilt or regret about it.

"Just tell me what the hell you want and leave," Sera added, crossing her arms. Sebastian looks at her, and she does appear to be in better shape. He may not be able to love her as much as he loves Samantha, but she is still a part of his life.

The incident made him feel guilty, but he had no regrets.

"My parents have been wondering about our marriage," he admitted, "And I can't tell them about it yet because I need

more time... So, come home with me."

"WHAT?" Sera exclaimed, stunned. "Are you hearing yourself right now? You expect me to come home with you after what you did?"

"I know I've wronged you, but just stay home for a week and come to my father's birthday party with me because I can't disappoint him with the news of our divorce," he explained, "I won't bother you anymore after that."

"No," she said emphatically before standing up and walking to the kitchen to get her coffee, leaving Sebastian bemused.

"Come home with me or I'll ruin your parent's business; you know I'm capable of that, right?" he threatened as he followed her. Sera's hand trembled in range; she was on the verge of hurling hot coffee in his face, but the thought of him ruining her parents' café made her stop.

"You..." she gritted her teeth. She couldn't believe that she had fallen in love with this man. What exactly did she see in him? Now, she's questioning her life decisions.

She could just scare him back, but she was afraid of shocking his father too much and causing him to have a heart attack, which she couldn't afford to risk.

"Fine, I'll live with you for a week, but we'll live as if we never existed; don't talk to me, and don't ever come near me, or else I'll tell your father what you did."

She responded with a threat.

"All right. I'll be waiting for you tomorrow then. I'll ask Anji to

clean the guestroom,” he said, and she just rolled her eyes.

“Whatever,” Sera said before walking over to the door and opening it for him. “Now, leave.”

Sebastian looked at her as he walked away, and after closing the door, she leaned against it and rubbed her temples, wondering if this was the best decision.

THE NEXT DAY, the marketing department greeted her cheerfully, and she returned their smiles as if she hadn’t just gone through the worst experience of her life.

“Are you all right now?” Jacob inquired as Sera sat at her desk. “We were all taken aback when you abruptly took sick leave.”

“Yeah, I’m fine now; is the manager already here?” she asked, changing the subject. Except for Emma and her family, her manager was also aware of her divorce and miscarried.

“The managers have an early meeting because the new director is arriving today,” he replied, and she nodded. She wasn’t aware that the company will have a new director.

“May I have everyone’s attention for a moment?” the manager asked as she entered the office. Everyone turned to look at her, but Sera’s eyes widened when she noticed the man who had just walked in—olive skin tone and green eyes...

The person who took her to the hospital was her new boss!

“Let us welcome our new director Mr. Primo Valdemar.” Everyone applauded and cheered as the new marketing director shook hands with everyone before smiling and turning to face her. Sera’s heart starts beating faster, she

doesn't have any idea what the hell is going on.

"I see you're doing well, Ms. Rodriguez," he said as they shook hands. She swallowed hard because he just called her by her maiden name.

"Y-yes, sir, thank you," she replied, and she didn't dare to speak further since she was so nervous. She still can't believe it.

Sera's mind was racing with questions and ideas about him. Who exactly is he? Is he acquainted with her? Was their meeting purely coincidental, or did he know something? Her mind is going blank as she tries to put all the puzzle pieces together, but she snapped at her thoughts when everyone applauded again.

The director just finished delivering a brief message to the marketing, and when he looked at her, she froze in place.

"Is it okay if I take Ms. Rodriguez? I'd like to have a little chat with her," he asked her manager and Sera could feel everyone's attention. She ignored them and just followed the director when he stepped out of the room.

"U-uhm, sir..." she paused, not knowing what to say to him. "I didn't get to thank you properly for taking care of me last—"

He suddenly stopped walking and she halted behind him. She felt small standing close to him. Feeling intimidated by him, she gulped when he turned to face her.

"Then have lunch with me," he suggested, and her mouth hung open in surprise.

"Ah, do you want me to treat you to lunch?" Sera asked softly,

unsure if she heard him correctly, but instead of responding, he reached out his hand and gently patted her head. She stood frozen on the spot, perplexed.

“Come with me.”

Sera went straight to the director’s office, where the secretary led her inside.

“Take a seat; I’ll just finish what I’m doing, and then we’ll go out for lunch,” Primo said as he worked. Sera’s eyes wander to his office, which appears to have been recently renovated.

“How old are you, Ms. Rodriguez?” she flinched and turned to look at the director who was still signing documents.

“I’ll be 27 this year,” she told him, watching his expression change. He put his ballpen down and finally turned to face her.

“I see, you’re six years younger, huh?” he said, confusing her.

“Uhm, sir, do you possibly know me? Even before you brought me to the hospital months ago?” she wondered aloud, as the thought had been bugging her since this morning.

“I’m hungry; let’s continue our conversation later,” he said as he pushed his swivel chair back and stood from his seat. Sera did the same and followed him outside. She was a little uneasy about how people at the office stared at them, but it all went away when they finally got in his car.

“I-is it okay for you to treat me like this? You seem rather friendly toward me,”

“Do you want to know why?” he asked as the car came to a halt when the traffic light turned red.

"Yeah, I mean—Yes, sir," she replied.

"Hmm, because I have a payment to collect from you." The words made Sera shiver internally. It was as if he was going to make her pay with her own life. But no matter what kind of payment he intended to collect, she would give it without hesitation; after all, he saved her life, and she doesn't have a habit of going back on her words.

"Uhm, well, what do you want me to do?" she asked, unsure whether he was a decent man or not. Primo smirked and looked at her, his hand resting on the steering wheel and tapping it gently with his index finger.

"I want you as repayment for saving your life."



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