

## The Billionaire's Hidden Obsession by Hikikomori Chapter 51

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#### Chapter 51

"WHERE?" Sera asked as he pulled away from the hug. Her heart began to race again; she was relieved that his fever had subsided and that he appeared to be fine, but this simply meant that they could resume their conversation from last night..

"It has something to do with my confession last night," Primo replied, determined to reveal who he really was, that they'd met before, and he was the one she saved seven years ago. He thought it would be fun to let her remember things on her own, but after realizing how stupid he was, he abandoned the idea and decided to just explain things to her. That way, there would be no misunderstandings between them later on.

"Uhm... All right, it's my day off anyway," she said, curious about where he planned to take her. They stared at each other for a moment and decided to have breakfast together, but neither of them brought up the subject from the night before.

"Are you sure you can go out now? I mean, maybe you should rest more," she asked, chewing on the pancake she had made.

"No, I'm fine already, and I want to take you there regardless," he insisted, which piqued Sera's interest. She simply hummed before posing a question.

"All right, but may I ask who's Secretary Min?" Primo flinched slightly when she asked that. He assumed he had made a mistake last night when he dialed Sera's number instead of his secretary's because their names were next to each other on his phone's contacts list.

"He's my personal secretary," he explained, "and he runs errands for me and helps me out a lot."

"I see," Sera nodded slowly, realizing there were many things she had yet to learn about him, and she found it amusing how willing he was to answer every question she posed. It made her feel like a bit of a bitch, especially after she became enraged when he asked her questions last night.

Primo got ready to leave after they finished their breakfast and dropped Sera off at home so she could get ready as well. Once they were both in his car on the way to the place where they first met; she immediately noticed that the road was familiar, and a nostalgic feeling washed over her entire body. This was on the way to her auntie's

neighborhood, where she had temporarily resided during her college years.

She still remembers when she and Emma returned to the city after finishing high school in the province. They both decided to live in a dorm, but they couldn't find one close to the university they were about to attend. Fortunately, her mother's sister's house was empty because she and her family were living abroad already. Her auntie called and said she and Emma could look after the house and stay there until they found a dorm. They ended up staying there for about one year.

She learned a lot about independence, which was difficult at first, especially when she was away from her parents. However, she eventually adjusted and was able to work part-time while attending college, earning enough money to buy an apartment with Emmár

"Do you live in this neighborhood? I mean, your family?" Sera asked out of curiosity as she gazed outside at the trees passing her by. They were getting close to the bridge that led to where she used to live, and somehow, she felt excited seeing it again.

"No, but it was on the way to where we used to live," he replied, glancing at her as it appeared she remembered this place quite well. It gave him a sense of relief, and when they arrived at the bridge, he parked the car on the safe side, where it wouldn't disturb the other cars driving by.

"Why are we stopping here?" Sera asked, watching Primo unbuckle his seatbelt. He just smiled as it seemed she didn't have any clue yet and just leaned closer to her. Her heart beat faster at the close proximity; she expected him to kiss her, but all he did was unbuckle her seatbelt.

"Let's go outside," he said as he stepped out of the car. She blinked a few times, her mind clouded by confusion, nevertheless, she got out of the car as well. The moment she stepped out of the car, she was suddenly hit by a gust of wind, and she shivered slightly. The morning sunlight shone onto her eyes as she adjusted to it. She looked around curiously as she tried to figure out what Primo was planning to do next.

"What are we doing here?" she wondered, but he didn't respond. She simply followed him onto the bridge's sidewalk and stood beside him as they both stared at the river flowing below. It was beautiful and exactly as she remembered, prompting her to close her eyes briefly before opening them when Primo spoke.

"Do you not remember anything from here?" he asked. Sera turned to face him, tilting her head, unsure why he was asking her that.

Well, Emma and I used to walk across this bridge a lot when we were in college,” she shrugged, “And it was actually close to my auntie’s neighborhood, but what exactly are we doing here?”

“Is that all you can remember about this bridge? Nothing else?” he asked again, squeezing her memory even more. Sera pursed her lips and rubbed her chin, trying to recall other memories of this location. Primo, on the other hand, was just staring at her, hoping she’d remember something as soon as possible.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, recalling a vague memory. Primo flinched slightly, and their gazes locked for a split second before she continued. “Right! This is where I saw a man attempting to jump into the river when I was on the way home by myself; it was already midnight since I came from my part-time job, and then-

Sera came to a halt as she suddenly realized something, covered her mouth, and slowly turned to face Primo again, her heart racing as she noticed he was looking at her with a warm smile on his face. The sounds of cars passing by, the birds chirping in the trees, and the distant sound of the water rushing through the river filled the silence they shared. The wind blew against them, causing some of Sera’s hair to fly in front of her face. She brushed it aside before biting her lips and noticing how happy he appeared, just thinking that she remembered everything.

“It was you?!”

Chapter 52

SEVEN YEARS AGO...

“Sera, can you take the order for table 8? I need to take the food inside the kitchen,” Adam, her coworker, said as he passed by her. She nodded and went to table 8 to take the couple’s order. When she was finished, another customer raised their hand to get her attention.

The restaurant she was working at was quite famous, so it wasn’t surprising that many people frequented it; it was because of this that she was hired as a part-timer. Her work hours were from 4:00 to 10:00 p.m., so she always went straight to work after school. It was exhausting at first, but it soon became routine for her, and she enjoyed earning money in this manner.

“Huh? Aren’t we schoolmates?” the man from the other table asked as she was about to take their order. She looked at him and his three friends, trying to remember if she had seen them at school, but after a few seconds of thought, she remembered nothing. “We are from North Avenue University’s engineering department.”

“Ah, yes. I’m from the same school; do you know who I am?” she asked, and the four men exchanged glances.

“Yeah, you’re quite famous, you didn’t know?” one of the guys asked with an amused expression. Sera wanted to frown, but she tried hard not to because she was in front of a customer. She had no idea what they were talking about because her entire life revolved around studying and working, so hearing about her being famous was the first time she had heard

about  
it.

“No, sorry,” she politely replied while smiling, “Can I get your order now?”

“Oh yeah sure,” the other man with a lot of piercings said. They began stating their orders, and Sera made sure to write everything down in neat handwriting before she repeated everything, she then went to the waiter station and punched all the orders into the register.

As the evening went on, more and more customers arrived, exhausting her. Not only did she not get enough sleep because she was studying for the exam, but she also did not get to take a break. She looked at the time while cleaning the table and saw that it was two and a half hours before closing time. She took a deep breath and kept working until the customers finally started leaving one by one.

“Are you okay?” Adam asked as he nudged her shoulder. Sera sighed and gazed at him. He noticed how tired she appeared and ruffled her hair gently, “Guess you’re not, I’ll treat you to a meal after we clock out.”

“All of a sudden?” she laughed as they both started cleaning their station. “Is it your birthday?”

“No, tonight was exhausting, and I know you came to work straight from university,” he said, glancing at her as she swept the floor while he lifted chairs and arranged tables. Sera was three years his junior, but he still respected her; she was a hardworking girl who never complained. That’s one of the qualities he admires in her. “So, I want to reward you.”

“Really?” she asked, smiling. “All right, who would ever turn down such a reward?”

After getting off work, they went to the 24/7 fast food chain and had a random conversation while eating. Sera felt relieved now that her stomach had been satisfied after spending so many hours working nonstop. She felt glad to have a friend like Adam; he always looked after her and, to be honest, she had a crush on him. She simply didn’t want to confess it because her love life wasn’t included on her priority list.

Thank you for the treat, I’ll pay for our meal next time,” she said as they exited the fast-food restaurant. Adam nodded and ruffled her hair again.

“All right, want me to walk you home? It’s almost midnight, and it’s dangerous for you to walk alone,” he said, but she shook her head, not wanting to impose too much because she was sure he was tired as well and needed to rest.

“I’m fine, my home isn’t that far from here anyway,” she smiled, and despite his desire to be persistent, he decided against it and simply agreed because he knew how unyielding Sera could be. They just parted happily, and she hummed as she walked through the almost empty street towards her auntie’s house. She’d be lying if she said she wasn’t scared, so she called Emma, she usually does to calm her nerves.

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Are you sleeping already?” she asked when her best friend answered the phone after the third ring.

“No, I’m waiting for you to come home. It’s almost midnight, where are you?”

“I’m on my way home now,” Sera replied, looking up at the sky as the breeze gently blew.

“Where exactly?” Emma asked, aware that she was walking alone.

“I’m almost close to the bridge,” she replied, and they began discussing their days since they parted ways after school. Sera began telling Emma about how many customers she had served today, as well as the men who told her she was famous and the meal she had shared with Adam.

“I knew it, that coworker of yours is really into you!” Emma exclaimed, excitedly.

“What? He just treated me to a meal, that doesn’t mean anything,” she chuckled, tucking the

strands of her hair behind her ear that kept covering her face due to the wind. It was cold because it was already midnight, but she liked it. It helped her body forget about its exhaustion, even though her mind was preoccupied with a certain thought.

“Duh, that was practically making a move; why would a man treat you to a meal all of a sudden?” Emma stated matter-of-factly.

“Because he’s kind?”

“Ugh, you’re dense when it comes to this; this is why you’re still single,” Sera laughed as she heard Emma’s frustration. However, her smile suddenly faded when she saw someone climbing the bridge’s railing. She froze on the spot when she realized what he was about to do and hung up the phone without saying goodbye to Emma. She ran as much as she could while keeping her gaze fixed on the man in the hoodie. Her heart was racing faster than a hummingbird’s wings, her breathing became labored, and she couldn’t take her gaze away. She was afraid that once she did, he would be gone.

“No!” she yelled as she grabbed his hoodie and pulled him down, causing them both to fall and roll on the sidewalk as cars drove by the road near them. Sera felt a sting on her elbow but ignored it when she heard the man groan. She immediately got up and went to check on him.

“A-are you okay?” the panic and worry in her voice were evident. She looked at the man’s face and was stunned for a moment, her heart beating faster than it already was. He was attractive, but he appeared exhausted, as if life had been sucked from him.

Primo opened his eyes to find a young woman kneeling beside him as he remained lying down on the ground. The sky was lit up with lightning, and thunder rumbled in the distance. He looked at her puzzled, he wanted to speak, he wanted to ask her why she did that when he was determined to end his life, but he was in the midst of a breakdown and his voice wouldn’t leave his throat.

“Are you in pain?” Sera asked again, noticing his closed eyes and fisted hands on top of his chest. “I’m going to call-”

She was about to pull her phone from her pocket when Primo grabbed her wrist and stopped her. She pursed her lips, unsure what to do in this situation. He wasn’t saying anything, so she couldn’t tell what was going on inside his head.

“All right, you don’t want me to call the ambulance?” she murmured, grabbing his shoulder and nape gently, “We should at least take shelter; it seems the rain is about to start pouring down any moment now.”

Sera reasoned as she assisted him in getting up and supporting his weight. Primo would normally have pushed her away or slapped her hand for touching him. But the warmth from her touch was soothing, and the way she looked at him with concern in those beautiful vibrant amber eyes seemed to reach his soul. It was comforting.

He gripped his hand tighter, his eyes started to water when his mind came back to the thoughts of his sister’s death. His head began pounding and he stumbled the moment Sera was able to make him stand on his feet with her support. Despite the struggle, she held onto his arm, which she wrapped around her shoulder. His weight was no joke, and his stature was enormous, but the adrenaline rush helped Sera keep up with him as she led him to the gazebo in the park. Hah!” she exclaimed with relief as he sat him down, her sweat trickling down her temples as the rain began to fall, “Y-you’re heavy,”

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Sera caught her breath and looked at him sitting there quietly as if his mind and body had gone completely numb. She sat down beside him and took out her phone; her battery was about to

run out, and she hadn't realized how many missed calls she had from Emma. She must have been worried because she abruptly hung up earlier. Fortunately, she was able to send her a message stating that she was fine and that she might arrive home late before her phone died. As the rain and wind picked up, she looked outside the gazebo, pursed her lips, and turned her head when she felt Primo leaning against her shoulder.

"W-what's wrong?" she stammered, but then realized he had fallen asleep with tears streaming down his cheeks, which she instinctively wiped away as her heart pounded against her chest, "I wonder what you've been going through..."

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## Chapter 53

THE HARSH RAIN, the wind, and the thunder rumbling through the sky jolted Sera awake. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the man leaning on her shoulder, not realizing she had also fallen asleep. She had no idea how many hours had passed, and the rain didn't appear to be stopping anytime soon. She was starting to shiver from the cold, and Emma may still be awake from worrying because she hadn't returned home yet.

"What do I do?" she mumbled before flinching as the loud thunder resounded. Primo woke up, his head throbbing and he was a little disoriented. He sat up straight and turned his head to Sera as soon as he realized he was leaning on someone.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, but he just stared at her; he tried to open his mouth and speak, but his voice wouldn't come out. He clenched his fist and tried again but failed to utter any sound. His face contorted with frustration, and Sera noticed it; she was beginning to suspect he was mute, so she didn't press him to speak. Instead, she gently touched Primo's arm, which startled him.

"Sorry, I'm just going to look at the time," she said, lifting his arm and checking the wristwatch he was wearing. Because it was dark inside the gazebo, she leaned in closer, making Primo smell the scent of her hair. "It's nearly 3 a.m.; won't your family be concerned about you?"

He shook his head as she sat up straight and looked at him. The dim light from a nearby lamp post revealed the sadness etched on his face. Sera couldn't fathom what had happened to him, but she sensed that it must have been something incredibly difficult for him to try taking his own life. Unsure if it was sympathy or empathy that overwhelmed her, she reached out and pulled him into a comforting embrace, causing Primo to freeze in surprise.

"I don't know why you tried to jump off the bridge, but I sincerely hope you reconsider taking your own life," she added, not expecting a response. "Although we are strangers to each other, I want you to know that whatever difficulties you are facing, they will eventually pass, and life will undoubtedly get better, so please don't give up just yet."

Primo pursed his lips, finding solace in those encouraging words. He wished he had been able to express the same sentiments to his sister, perhaps she would still be alive today. But, looking back, he had no idea that his sister was going through something; he had failed to recognize the depth of her troubles and her underlying unhappiness because she was always smiling brightly. Sera drew back from the hug and looked at him softly, her amber eyes warm and full of compassion, making Primo's heart beat faster. He had no idea why she was being nice to him, but he felt safe and protected, which he was experiencing for the first time. He believed that if she stayed by his side, he would be able to overcome whatever difficulties he faced. She's a complete stranger, but her presence felt like home, a home he wished he could feel more often. "You should sleep more; I'll stay by your side," Sera said, her lips trembling from the cold, Primo noticed it and quickly removed his hoodie to give to her. "Huh? No, you wear it, I'm fine."

She gently pushed back the hoodie on him, but he shook his head. He felt bad that she'd been freezing because of him, and looking at her more closely, he assumed she was younger, which he confirmed when he noticed the lace of her ID sticking out from her bag. He was curious about her name, but the fact that she was a college student reminded him of his sister. He was starting to regain his composure, but his mind was becoming jumbled again.

"What's wrong?" Sera asked, seeing him trembling. She was about to check on him more closely when he handed her the hoodie before jumping off the gazebo and running away from the park, soaking wet. Sera was surprised, but she quickly followed because she was afraid, he'd try to jump off the bridge again. She thought she had gotten him to calm down, but he clearly wasn't done with his misery and despair.

When she returned to the bridge, he was nowhere to be found. Her stomach churned with dread as she considered what if he had already jumped off? She peered over the railing to see if he had fallen into the river, but the rain and darkness made it impossible for her to see anything clearly. She bit her nail, her heart pounding, but when she looked at the road and saw the car that passed by, she saw him inside, driving away. When the car got further away, she let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding in, her knees getting weak.

"Shit, at least he's safe," she muttered, clutching the hoodie he'd left behind.

"OH MY GOD! What happened?" Emma exclaimed as soon as Sera arrived home. She was cold and drenched from the rain.

"Sorry, something came up," she replied, her voice trembling as she took the towel her friend handed her and went straight to the bathroom to avoid wetting the floor too much.

"Are you hurt anywhere?" Emma asked as she followed her inside, her face filled with concern. Sera shook her head and smiled reassuringly, her thoughts returning to the man she had saved from committing suicide earlier. She hoped he arrived home safely. And someday, if their paths crossed again, she wanted to know his name and get to know him better for the reason that he seemed to have a lot of stories to tell. And as ridiculous as it may sound, the brief time they shared piqued her interest in him.

"Should we move to another day?" Emma asked again, which reminded Sera that they were supposed to move to their new apartment the next morning. Their belongings were already packed. She had completely forgotten about it because so much had happened around her.

"No, it's fine. Tomorrow is Sunday, and that's the only convenient time we could move because the exams are on Monday," she said, taking off her wet clothes.

"All right, do you want to drink hot chocolate? I'll make you one while you're taking a bath."

"Yes, please. Thank you, Ems," she smiled, and Emma simply nodded before exiting the bathroom and heading to the kitchen to make her friend a hot chocolate. Sera, on the other hand, entered the shower and ran warm water over her body to keep from shivering. She closed her eyes and sighed contentedly. The water felt nice against her skin, and her thoughts returned to the incident earlier, bugging her mind.

As soon as she and Emma finished their breakfast, they began preparing to leave the house. She called her auntie to thank her for allowing her to stay in her home, and then they loaded their luggage into the taxi's compartment.

"This place holds a lot of memories for us," Emma said after they finished loading everything into the cab. She sighed sadly before turning to Sera. "Shall we go?"

"Yeah," she nodded, and during the ride, she was dozing off from lack of sleep, which caused her to miss noticing the man she had saved when they passed by the bridge.

Primo narrowed his eyes when he got out of his car and the sunlight hit his pale face. His hair became a mess as the wind

blew strongly and he covered half of his face with his hand before walking down the sidewalk. He felt stupid for leaving

without getting the name of the woman who had saved him, and now that he had pulled himself together, he was determined to find her.

He tried his hardest to remember the school's name on her ID card, but nothing came to mind. Not only was he unable to read it properly due to the darkness, but his mind also became disoriented, making it impossible for him to focus properly.

"I should start looking for you in this neighborhood," he muttered to himself as he gazed at the river below the bridge. "And once I find you, I'll make sure that I'll make you mine."

"SINCE THAT DAY, I've been looking for you," Primo said, turning to face Sera, who was listening intently after recalling the first time they met. They were now sitting on the same gazebo where they had sought shelter from the rain seven years ago, watching the children play on the playground.

"Then..." Sera trailed off, still perplexed by the whole thing. She knew Primo was familiar, but the fact that he was the man she had saved seven years ago took her by surprise. She pursed her lips and met his intense gaze as if he was waiting for her to say something. "Does that mean, the woman in your heart was me?"

Primo smiled, relieved that she realized so quickly after telling her the truth. At the same time, he felt dumber. He should have done this the moment they met again.

"Yes, that's right," he said, gently taking her hand in his, which caused her to heart pounding again. Everything was starting to make sense to her now; the reason he wanted to help her in her revenge, the reason he was kind to her and affectionate was because he had been in love with her for who knows how long. Who would have thought that after seven years, he would still be looking for her?

"Why didn't you just tell me the truth? I asked if we knew each other after we met at the company, but you didn't respond directly. What made you do that?"

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was hoping you'd remember me, but it seemed like there was no way you'd recognize me," Primo chuckled as he slowly intertwined their hands. Sera felt butterflies flutter around her stomach and couldn't help but blush slightly.

The feeling was overwhelming her. While she had been trying to win her ex-husband's heart for years, there was another man who had dedicated himself to finding her all this time.

"I'm sorry, I knew you looked familiar, but the memory was just too hazy," she said, averting her gaze from his and instead looking at their hands.

"Don't apologize. It's my fault for not telling you sooner," he smiled. "So, the answer to your question about whether I like you romantically is yes."

"I see," she nodded, not knowing what else to say. Primo gently squeezed her hand, prompting her to return her gaze to him. "I want us to date exclusively, but I know you're not ready for that yet, so I'm going to keep winning your heart until you develop feelings for me," Primo declared as he rubbed circles into Sera's palm. "I will wait for however long it takes."

Sera could feel her cheeks warming up. This was the first time she had heard such an honest confession. Also, to add to that; she was also flattered because it meant Primo actually wanted and cared for her. That he didn't have any ulterior motive, as she used to overthink. But, as he stated, she wasn't ready for a serious relationship just yet. She needed more time.

"Thank you," she said. "To be honest, everything had yet to settle in for me so I didn't really



know how to react, but if I were to be in a relationship again, I want it to be with someone like you. Someone dedicated.”

Primo’s heart skipped a beat as he heard her say those words. He swallowed forcefully, his heart racing faster than usual. His lips quivered as he tried not to grin like an idiot. Sera noticed it and chuckled as their eyes locked once more before she resumed speaking.

“But like you said, I’m not ready yet and my divorce hasn’t been finalized yet so, if it’s okay with you, I want to take things slow.”

“Of course,” Primo replied, smiling as he kissed the back of her hand gently, his gaze not leaving hers, “I’m happy to oblige with everything you want.”

## Chapter 54

DAYS PASSED IN A FLASH, and things were going well for Sera and Primo. Their relationship improved a lot despite him being away on a business trip. Ever since his confession, he stopped holding back and went all in to shower her with affection.

Are you expecting a visitor?” Emma asked when the doorbell rang. Sera shook her head and walked over to the kitchen door, peering through the peephole to see a man she had never seen before. He was dressed in a suit and glasses, and he appeared to be in his late 30s. His hair was pushed back with a few strands falling into his eyes and brow, his hands clasped behind his back as he stood there. She had no idea who he was, but he didn’t seem suspicious, so she opened the door for him, “Yes? What can I do for you?”

“Hello, Ms. Sera. I’m secretary Min. Sir Primo sent me to give you this.” He showed her the bouquet, which made her eyes widen in surprise. She looked at them, then up at Secretary Min, who smiled politely at her.

“T-thank you,” she stammered as she took the flowers from his grasp and smelled them. Her heart felt warm because it was her first time receiving flowers in a long time and a bouquet of roses at that, “Do you want to go inside for a coffee?”

“Ah, no, Ms. It’s fine. Thank you for the offer.” Secretary Min smiled. He’d always been intrigued by the woman who had captured his boss’ heart and attention, but now that he’d seen her, he already knew why Primo fell for her. Sera was stunning, and he must admit that he couldn’t take his gaze away from her. And the fact that she invited him in for a coffee even though they were strangers to each other says a lot about her personality.

“Are you sure? You came all the way here just to deliver these flowers to me.” Sera asked, turning around as Emma approached her.

“What’s the matter?” Emma asked, but then noticed Sera holding a flower. She immediately smiled, knowing who had sent them. Sera had already told her about what had happened between her and Primo, and she was relieved that her friend hadn’t given up on love just yet.

“It’s really fine,” Secretary Min insisted. “I’ll be on my way, nice to meet you, Ms. Sera,”

“Yes, nice to meet you as well,” she smiled, adding, “Take care.”

Secretary Min bowed slightly and exited the apartment. Sera then went inside and placed the flower bouquet on the center table.

“Who’s that?” Emma inquired, pleased that her friend was enjoying something as wonderful as a flower delivery. She was relieved to realize Primo was madly in love with Sera and that he didn’t have any ulterior motive.

“Primo’s personal secretary,” Sera replied, taking her phone to take a picture of the flowers and sending it to Primo, thanking him. Even after turning off the screen, her smile didn’t fade.

“Be honest with me, you’re developing feelings for him already, aren’t you?” Emma teased, leaning forward with an evil smirk and wiggling her brows. Sera pursed her lips and shrugged.

"I can't say I don't, but it isn't love yet," she replied, her gaze drawn to the flowers. "I feel safe around him, and I'm becoming more at ease in his presence with each passing day. He treats me differently than my ex-husband..."

Her voice became quiet as she trailed off, remembering how Primo treated her like a queen; he was willing to compromise with anything just to make sure she was comfortable; he would do anything to make her life easier. Not to mention that he was always there when she needed him; whenever she got drunk, or needed to run away, he'd always show up to take care of her or to calm down her mind when things started to overwhelm her.

"He is the standard," Sera added, knowing she wouldn't be able to find another man like Primo, someone who is committed to her. The fact that he had been looking for her for seven years proved that. "I may not be in love with him yet, but I'm confident that I'll be able soon, given how I'm starting to care for him."

"I bet you already liked him, you were just in denial," Emma remarked, and Sera simply hummed. She wasn't sure if her feelings were genuine or the result of her emotional state, but she was curious to see where things went because she believed Primo wasn't difficult to love. She simply needed to open her heart more and trust the process of falling in love all over chapter

Anyway, let's get going now; my family may have already arrived at their new house and café," Sera said as she changed the subject and got up from the couch. She then placed the bouquet on top of her bed before taking her bag and hanging it over her shoulder. Her parents were moving out today, and she promised that she and Emma would help them in organizing everything.

While they were in a taxi, Sera's phone began ringing. She took out her phone and immediately answered when she saw Primo's name.

"Did you like them?" he asked, referring to the flowers.

"Yeah, they're lovely," she replied, looking at Emma as she smiled and bumped her shoulder. Her best friend clearly enjoyed watching her flirt with her boss over the phone. But she can't blame her because she knew Emma was concerned that her experience with her ex-husband would cause her to lose faith in love.

"Really? I'm glad, sorry I wasn't able to give them myself. I'll return to the country in two days, and I'm planning to take you out for dinner after I land. Does that sound good?" Primo asked, forcing her to focus on the phone call.

"Wouldn't you be tired by then?" Sera wondered.

"No, I already missed you, so I wanted to see your face as soon as possible," he replied, making her purse her lips. She noticed that he was being direct with his words after his confession, but it still made her flustered. She reasoned that she should get used to it because it appeared that Primo would continue to express his feelings until he won her heart.

"HELLO, UNCLE AND AUNTIE. It's been a while," Emma greeted them warmly when they finally arrived at Sera's family's new house and café.

"Hi, Emma. Thank you for coming to help us. I hope we didn't inconvenience you," Yolanda said, embracing her daughter's best friend.

"Not at all, I enjoy helping," Emma replied with a smile. They then proceeded upstairs to assist in organizing the house. Simon was already there, carrying boxes and placing them in one corner of the room. Sera wasted no time and joined her family in unpacking, with Emma following suit. Once the work was completed, they all sat down to have lunch together.

However, their attention was suddenly drawn to a honk from outside, causing everyone to turn towards the window.

“What’s that?” Simon wondered aloud.

“I’ll go check,” his father responded, pushing the chair back and heading towards the window where he spotted a car in front of the café. The man who had just exited the car noticed him and waved.

“Good afternoon, sir! We’re from Nova Interiors, we’re here to assist with organizing the furniture for the café.”

“Huh? Ah, hold on. I’ll go downstairs,” Bernard said before turning to face his family.

“Who is that dear?” his wife inquired.

“Somebody from Nova Interiors,” he shrugged, “I’ll go talk to them, finish your meal without me.”

Bernard went the stairs while his family continued eating. After a few minutes, they joined him and saw men in polo uniforms arranging the tables, chairs, and other equipment inside the café.

“Did you hire them?” Yolanda asked, perplexed as she watched them diligently working.

“No, they said Alden sent them,” Bernard replied, and they all turned to Sera when her phone rang. She forced a smile and checked her phone, already suspecting who was behind this unexpected assistance. During her phone conversation with Primo earlier, she had informed him that she and Emma were on their way to her family’s café, and she assumed he must have called Alden to send help.

“I’ll just take this,” she said, stepping out of the café and answering the phone. “Hello? Did you send them here?”

They’ve already arrived?” Primo asked, loosening his necktie as he sat on the hotel room bed he’s currently staying at. It

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Chapter 54

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was already 12:30 a.m. in New York, and he felt exhausted after attending numerous meetings and presentations.

Yes,” she nodded, “You didn’t need to send people here to help. You’ve already done so much for us.”

“It’s fine, I want to make things easier for you and your family.”

Sera’s heart beat faster, her cheeks flushed, and she bit her lip to suppress the smile forming on her face. She felt a surge of joy knowing how much Primo cared for her and her family. It was a different kind of happiness, knowing that someone cared for her family this deeply. They weren’t officially dating yet; and she didn’t want to abuse his kindness.

“Don’t spoil us too much,” she said, glancing back through the glass door to see her family and Emma assisting the workers with organizing the furniture. She then turned her attention back to the street, watching people and cars pass by

“Why? Do you dislike it?” Primo leaned against the headboard, closing his eyes and savoring every moment he spent listening to her voice. He had planned to take her on a date after confessing his feelings, but he had forgotten about his upcoming business trip as the CEO of VM Corporation. It had been three days, and he missed her terribly, enough that if she told him she missed him, he would book a flight home immediately just to see her again.

“No... it’s just that this is my first time experiencing something like this, and I don’t want to rely on you too much to make my family’s life easier,” she confessed.

“It’s fine if you keep relying on me, but alright, next time I’ll ask for your permission first,” Primo agreed, his eyelids growing heavy as he listened to her sweet voice.

“You sound tired. I won’t take up too much of your time. Go rest, and we can continue talking later,” she said, her attention drawn to a car parked on the other side of the road. She couldn’t

explain why, but she felt like she was being watched.

“Okay, I’ll call you,” he smiled before ending the call and drifting off to sleep. Sera, on the other hand, glanced at the white car for a moment before entering the café, wondering if she was just being paranoid or if someone was truly watching her.

SEND GIFT

## Chapter 55

“SERA! COME HERE.” Lara exclaimed urgently. Sera tilted her head but still made her way to the lounge where Lara and Jacob were seated. It was still early, so she assumed they hadn’t clocked in yet.

“What’s going on?” she asked, taking a seat beside them.

“I heard Chelsea is quitting,” Lara whispered, her voice barely audible as she didn’t want anyone to overhear their conversation. She didn’t want rumors to spread.

“What? Where did you hear that?” Sera asked, her eyes wide, unsure how to feel about it. Sure, she and Chelsea weren’t on good terms, and she had been harassing her, especially after the recent incident with the flash drive. They already resolved their issues and Chelsea had stopped picking fights with her out of fear of getting fired, so the idea of her quitting seemed hard to believe.

“Just earlier, before I got here. I overheard her while she was on the phone, sounding stressed and saying she was going to quit and hand in her resignation today, no matter what,” Lara explained, recalling Chelsea’s behavior during the phone call. She seemed exhausted and terrified of something.

“I wonder what happened?” Jacob pondered, rubbing his chin before taking a sip of his coffee. While he wasn’t close to Chelsea, he still knew she was dedicated to her work. She had been with the company for almost four years and had been striving to be promoted to assistant manager. It seemed strange that she would suddenly quit.

The three of them fell into silence, trying to come up with possible reasons for Chelsea’s decision to leave. However, they soon realized that they hadn’t clocked in yet, causing them to panic and rush towards the marketing department.

“Why are you all running like children?” Mrs. Katy asked, causing their eyes to widen. Seeing the manager back from the hospital was a surprise. Her arm was still in a cast, but overall, she seemed to be doing well. She was supposed to be back after two weeks, but it had been a month and a half since the incident happened. Nonetheless, knowing she was almost fully recovered brought them joy.

“Mrs. Katy!” they all said in unison before approaching her desk. “Welcome back.”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “I really want to catch up with all of you and the entire department, but we have a lot of work to do with the product launch approaching. Let’s focus on that for now, and we can celebrate my return tonight.”

“Yes, ma’am!” the three nodded before taking their seats at their respective desks. Sera was happy to have Mrs. Katy back, but she couldn’t help but feel a twinge of sadness that she wouldn’t be able to see Primo on the manager’s desk anymore. He would probably go back to his private office now that he no longer needed to act as the manager.

She sighed, feeling conflicted. It was a good thing they wouldn’t be in the same room to work anymore, especially since she knew Primo had feelings for her. It would require more effort to maintain a professional relationship. But at the same time, she would miss observing how he worked, the way his brows furrowed when he read a proposal, how he tapped his pen when deep in thought, and how he looked intimidating when receiving slop p y reports. She would

surely miss those sights.

“Huh?” she blinked twice, realizing the thoughts she had been having. Her eyes then widened as she saw that she had typed out a paragraph describing Primo’s habits without even realizing it. She quickly pressed the backspace key and deleted every sentence she had written about him.

“Crazy,” she muttered, refocusing on her work until it was time for a break.

“Oh, by the way, my parents’ café has a new location and will have a soft opening tomorrow. Do you guys want to visit after work?” Sera asked as they made their way to the cafeteria.

“Really? Let’s go! Your parents’ coffee and pastries are the best. I’ve missed them,” Jacob happily agreed. It had been months since their last visit to the café. “But I didn’t know they relocated. Did something happen?”

“Well…” Sera trailed off, about to explain what had happened when someone bumped into her shoulder. She turned her head while clutching her shoulder and saw Chelsea glaring at her before hurrying away.

“What’s her problem?” Lara asked, her brows furrowed as they watched Chelsea leave the company building. “Maybe she quitting.

Was it related to me?” Sera wondered, causing Jacob to hum in response.

“I don’t think so, but maybe it has something to do with the incident involving the flash drive?” he assumed. “We don’t have any concrete evidence that she intentionally tried to frame you, but it was clear that she did. And the fact that Manager Choi lost his job because of it might still be weighing on her conscience.”

Exactly, it was essentially her fault that his manager got fired. Anyone would feel guilty knowing that their actions led to someone losing their job,” Lara chimed in, agreeing with Jacob’s assessment of the situation. Sera simply pursed her lips and nodded, trying to push aside the sinking feeling in her chest. Regardless of Chelsea’s reason, she felt a sense of responsibility. The way she had glared at her earlier clearly indicated that she played a role, possibly even the main one.

Unbeknownst to her, she was actually the reason behind the situation. After allowing things to settle, Primo finally took action to pressure Chelsea into quitting. He instructed one of his men to secretly monitor her, posing as a company employee without revealing his true identity. He commanded his men to harass her covertly by leaving food outside her house, capturing photos of her, and developing them before sending them to her. He made him do all sorts of things that a true stalker would do.

While Sera’s relationship with Primo is improving and becoming clearer by the day, she remains completely unaware of what he is doing behind her back and what kind of person he actually is.

## Chapter 56

WELCOME BACK, Mrs. Katy!” The entire marketing department greeted in unison, raising their glasses in celebration.

Thank you, everyone! Let’s enjoy the evening,” she replied, and they all cheered, rejoicing in her return. Sera quickly finished her beer and let out a sigh, feeling refreshed from the cold drink.

“Oh, Emma messaged me,” Lara mentioned, looking at her phone. Sera raised her eyebrows, surprised that they were now close enough to exchange messages. She was glad, though, and had a feeling why Emma had reached out. “She’s inviting me and Jacob to her birthday next week.”

“Ah, right. Her birthday is next week. It’s going to be held at Haru’s family villa,” Sera said,

pouring herself another beer from the pitcher. "It's a beach party, you should come."

"That sounds like fun! I'll definitely go. What about you, Jacob? It's during the holiday, so we don't have to worry about work," Lara said excitedly, typing a reply on her phone.

"Of course, count me in. Emma mentioned introducing me to her friend when we were clubbing, so maybe I'll find a girlfriend there," Jacob joked, chuckling as he took a sip of his drink.

"I bet you will. Emma's other friends are beautiful, especially her colleagues," Sera smiled, remembering how pretty and kind Emma's friends were when she met them. They had been friends since middle school, and whenever one of them made a new friend, they made sure to introduce them to each other. They had continued this tradition, so they were both familiar with each other's friends.

"Alright, I'll let Emma know we're going," Lara giggled, still focused on her phone. They continued drinking and exchanging conversation until Sera's phone vibrated. She took it out and read Primo's message, asking if she was home and if it was a good time to call. She quickly excused herself from her colleagues, replying that he could call as she exited.

Once outside the restaurant bar, Sera sat on a bench near the entrance. She leaned her head back, feeling the cool night breeze, and closed her eyes to savor the moment until her phone rang. She immediately opened her eyes and answered the call, not wanting to waste any time knowing that Primo was a busy man.

"Are you outside?" he asked, his voice still groggy from just waking up.

"Yes, Mrs. Katy treated the whole department tonight to celebrate her return," she replied.

"Oh, right. Today is her return," he nodded. "That means I'll be working in my private office once I come back. Will me?"

you miss

"Huh?" Sera's heart skipped a beat, recalling her thoughts earlier. She pursed her lips, about to say yes, but Primo spoke again before she could.

"Just kidding," he chuckled, realizing he might have come on too strong. He cleared his throat and asked, "Are you drinking?"

"Yes," she nodded, closing her eyes again as dizziness started to set in. The night breeze brushed against her face, making her sensation pleasant, and she sighed contentedly.

"Are you drunk?" he asked again, worried. She could clearly hear the sound of him shuffling the papers and she assumed that he was checking some documents first thing in the morning. The fact that he had chosen to call despite being busy, made her feel special. With him, she was experiencing many firsts, unlike her ex-husband who had never made her feel special. When Sebastian went on business trips, he would never contact her, as if they weren't married. She understood that it was normal for a CEO like him, but now that she was being treated differently, she was starting to believe the saying, 'If they wanted to, they would..'

"Hmm, no, but the alcohol is affecting me," she replied softly, opening her eyes.

"I know I'm not your boyfriend, but please, don't drink too much. I'm not there to take care of you," he reminded her, and she smiled. She enjoyed the feeling of receiving the affection and care she had longed for during her relationship with Sebastian.

Yes, sir, she chuckled. "I need to go back inside. Let's talk again if you have more time later." All right, Primo nodded, and Sera pursed her lips. She wanted to talk to him more, but it might seem suspicious if she was gone for too long.

"Bye," she said, her voice hesitating before ending the call and sighing. She then stood up and was about to go inside when suddenly, Jeremy and Isaac appeared, surprising her.

"Hi, Sera. It's been a while," Isaac said, waving with a pleased smile.

"Hi, what brings you here?" she asked, regaining her composure..

"Oh. Jeremy is picking up his girlfriend. I just tagged along in the hopes of seeing you."

"I-I see," she smiled awkwardly. "But wait, girlfriend?"

"Yeah, didn't you know? Jeremy and Lara started dating yesterday," Isaac answered, looking at Jeremy, who nodded to confirm his friend's words. Sera was surprised, although she had expected them to end up together sooner or later.

"Really? Congratulations," she said with a smile before glancing at the door. "Do you want me to go and call her?"

"Yes, please, thank you." Jeremy and Sera nodded before she excused herself and went inside to inform Lara that her boyfriend was outside. She stood up with excitement and left, but she returned shortly after. Soon, the welcome back party for Mrs. Katy had concluded and everyone said their thanks and goodbyes to her.

"Do you need someone to accompany you home?" Jacob asked as they left the restaurant.

"Lara's boyfriend was waiting outside, so I don't have to worry about her. What about you?"

"I'm fine, I stopped drinking when I came back from taking a phone call. I'm completely sober now." Sera reassured and when they finally stepped outside, Lara approached Jeremy, who patiently waited for her to finish.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah," she smiled.

"All right, I'll go ahead since I still have a report to finish at home," Jacob said before saying goodbye to his friends.

"See you tomorrow," Lara said happily, obviously drunk.

"I'll head home too," Sera glanced at her wristwatch, noticing that there was still an hour left before the train stopped running. If she leaves now, she will still manage to catch the final train.

"Huh?" Jeremy reacted, his cupid instinct kicking in, "Alone? But it's already late. Why not have Isaac walk you home?"

## Chapter 57

"Uhm, do I make you uncomfortable?" Isaac asked as he and Sera stood face to face in the crowded train. Her face was almost touching his chest, so she looked up at him and shook her head.

"No, why would you think that?"

"Well, it's just that... You're quieter than **usual**," He shrugged, his gaze drawn to her long lashes. She didn't appear drunk, and now that he was looking at her closely, he noticed that she had changed since the last time they met. She became more beautiful, and her aura shifted around her. She appears more confident, which makes him more attracted to her.

"Ah, sorry. I was just thinking about something," she said, smiling slightly. "Anyway, I'm glad you're fine now."

"**Yeah**, I've fully recovered," he nodded, unable to take his eyes off her. He was about to ask her out for dinner tomorrow when her phone vibrated, and she immediately checked it. Sera pursed her lips as she read Primo's message, asking if she was home yet.

I'm on my way home, she replied before looking back at **Isaac**.

"Oh, by the way, Lara told me that your parents' cafe is having its opening tomorrow after relocating. Would it be alright if Jeremy and I came?" he asked, wanting to continue their conversation.

"Of course, anyone who **wants** to try our coffee and pastries is welcome," she nodded happily, grateful for their support. Since they relocated, it was given that they would lose some regular customers, and she worried about the momentum of **the** business. But she tried to **stay** positive and trust that things would pick up once the café reopened. After all, the location was more exposed to the people.

"Really? I'll invite my other colleagues too after work since it's not far from the office." **Isaac** smiled, watching her glance at her phone again.

[Alone?]

[No, I'm on the **train** with Isaac.]

She replied, unaware of the impact her message would have on Primo. He tightly gripped his phone, feeling his pulse quicken at the mention of his name in Sera's text.

"S—sir? Is there a problem?" one of the presenters in front asked, snapping Primo out of his **trance**.

"No, please continue," he **said**, taking deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself down. He discreetly hid his phone, deciding not to push the conversation any further. He knew he needed to regain control of his **emotions** before things spiraled out of hand. Beating Isaac wasn't enough; he needed to take further action to ensure that he would stay away from

Sera.

"**AR YOU SURE** you don't want me to accompany you home?" Isaac asked as Sera's station approached.

"Yes, I'll be fine," she replied with a smile, positioning herself in front **of** the door.

"But it's **late**, and it's not safe for you to walk alone," he insisted, wanting to spend more time by her side.

"Don't worry, I'll be safe," she reassured him. Despite his efforts to convince her otherwise, she remained firm in her decision. Reluctantly, he had no choice but to let her go on her own.



When the train came to a stop, Sera bid Isaac goodbye and stepped off the train. As the doors closed, she checked her phone once again, disappointed to find no messages.

When she **arrived** home, her phone rang, causing her to flinch slightly. She took out her phone, expecting a call from Primo, but frowned when she saw an unknown number displayed on the screen. Curiosity got the better of her, and she answered the call.

"Hello," she spoke calmly.

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Chapter 57

"Are you with Sebastian?" a familiar voice asked, causing her face to scowl. She couldn't understand how Samantha had got her number or why she **was** asking such a question, but **she** knew it wouldn't be good to engage in conversation with her. Not after what happened to the hotel.

"No," she replied, removing her sandals and settling onto the couch to get comfortable. "I have nothing to do with him now, so please leave me out of whatever problem you **have**."

"Siop lying! I know he's with you! It's late, and he **hasn't** come home yet!" Samantha yelled, prompting Sera to roll her eyes.

"I already told you he's not with me. Don't ever call me for such a ridiculous reason again," she sighed, exasperated. "And please, **just** leave **me** alone."

She hung up the phone and blocked the number, staring up at the ceiling in disbelief. Samantha's audacity was ridiculous. The way she spoke made it seem like she was Sebastian's mistress. It was absurd how entitled she acted but knowing that Samantha was finally experiencing a taste of her own medicine brought Sera some satisfaction. She could only hope that her **ex**-husband's mistress wouldn't continue to pester her.

"Oh, right," she muttered to herself, realizing that she had forgotten to inform Primo about her plans to attend her parents' cafe opening tomorrow before their dinner date.

She grabbed her phone and sent him a message regarding the change in plans. Then, she got up and made her way to the bedroom to prepare for bed. After showering **and** changing into a pair of shorts and an oversized t-shirt, she fell asleep.

The next day, she was **awakened** by the sound of her phone ringing. She groaned and reached for her phone, answering without checking the caller ID.

"Hello?" Her voice was groggy and tired.

“Sorry, did I wake you up?” Primo asked, instantly making her wide **awake**. She rubbed her eyes and sat up, holding the phone to her ear properly.

“Yes, but it’s okay. My alarm was about to go off anyway. Are you at the airport now?” s he inquired, hearing the background

noise of announcements.

“Yeah, sorry I couldn’t reply earlier, he apologized “Regarding the opening of your parents’ café, I’ll try to stop by, and then we can have our dinner **date** another time.”

“Are **you** sure? We can still have dinner after showing our support for the café, Sera suggested as she got out of bed and left the bedroom to start preparing breakfast. She put the phone on speaker and gargled, listening to Primo’s response.

“Is that okay?”

“Mmm,” she hummed after gargling and wiping her mouth. “Well, if you aren’t tired yet then it’s fine. I want to have dinner with you. Besides, it’s my fault for forgetting about the café opening,”

“Oh, and Lara and Jacob will be at the cafe. What if you run into them?” she added, concerned that the two of them might become suspicious of their relationship.

“We can simply inform them that I previously owned the commercial building before selling it to your family. Or I can wait until they leave I will most likely arrive in the **country** at seven anyway. Will you be going to the cafe after work?”

“Yes,” she needed, smiling as she admired his thoughtfulness. She appreciated how he was willing to adjust to any situation. just to spend time with her.

“Alright, I will let you know if I have already arrived in the country,” he said. “I will board the plane now, see you **later**,”

“See you, have a **safe** flight.”

After

ending the call, Sera smiled and continued preparing breakfast. Soon, she arrived at the company and immersed herself in work. During a coffee break, Simon sent her a picture of the cafe, showing a larger number of **customers** than she had expected. She breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that the business was not failing just because they had relocated.

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Chapter 57

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“Sera, Sera Lata called out urgently, causing her to **look** at her and notice that she was running towards her with a codicione behind

“What’s wrong?” she asked, puzzled, as she looked at both of them.

“I have more news to share about the reason for Chelsea’s resignation she whispered as they sat in front of her. They were in the lounge, and there were people from other **departments** around, so Lara wanted to tell her quietly. She leaned in closer to Sera’s ear and continued **speaking**, “Someone **mentioned** that an employee from the company was stalking her”

“What? Who?” Sera gasped, her surprise **evident** as she processed what she just had heard.

“I don’t know, it wasn’t confirmed yet since Chelsea didn’t want to say anything” Lara answered, her response only adding to the mystery and leaving them all wondering who could be behind it. The question lingered in Sera’s mind throughout the rest of the day, but as she stepped into the bustling cafe, it was momentarily forgotten. The warm, inviting atmosphere of the newly opened coffee shop, filled with the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and delicious pastries, helped **ease** her calm her mind.

“Hi auntie, uncle!” Lara and Jacob greeted Sera’s parents with enthusiasm as they approached the counter. “Congratulations on having a new location for the cafe.”

“Thank you,” Yolanda smiled, appreciating the support from her daughter’s colleagues. Even Simon’s classmates had come to visit earlier. She was **glad** to know that her children **have** supportive friends. Soon after, Jeruty and Isaac arrived, accompanied by **some** of their colleagues.

“Did your parents bake these pastries? They’re really good.” Isaac complimented as they sat at the same table

“Yeah, Mom and Dad both love baking. **They** actually **attended** culinary school together and were classmates,” Sera shared proudly, her admiration for her parents evident in her voice. She couldn’t help but smile, feeling a sense of pride in their accomplishments,

She glanced at her pocket when it vibrated, she was about to check the message, but she was afraid Isaac would see it because they were sitting next to each other. It was already seven o’clock, and she had a feeling it was Primo who had messaged her.

“Sis,” Simon called, interrupting her thoughts. She turned her head towards him and excused herself before going to her brother.

“**What’s** wrong?”

“Sorry, can **you** help me man the cashier for a second! I’ll just go and fetch my high school friends. They can’t find the cafe, Simon explained.

“Oh, all right. Go **ahead**,” she nodded, understanding the urgency. She made her way to the counter and **began** taking orders, trying to keep up with the influx of customers.

“Good evening, ma’am,” she greeted, offering a polite smile to the woman standing in front of her. Sera couldn’t help but notice the woman’s striking beauty and the air of elegance that surrounded her.

“I’ll have a large, iced caramel macchiato and one cinnamon croissant, please” the woman ordered.

“Can I have your name, ma’am?” Sera asked, maintaining her friendly demeanor as she looked at her. “There was **something** about the woman that intrigued her. Perhaps it was her captivating smile or the way she carried herself with grace,

“Sure, my name’s Chloe.”

SEND GIFT

Chapter 58

“THANK YOU, GUYS!” Sera exclaimed **as** her friends bid their goodbye after s

supporting her parents cafe. She waved at them and, once they were gone, she checked her phone to see if Primo **had** messaged her again. He **had** informed her earlier that he was already at the airport and on his way to the cafe. It had been almost an hour **since** then, so she knew he would be arriving soon.

“**Sera**,” she looked up as Isaac approached her.

“Why did you come back? Did you forget something?”

“Ah yes.” he nodded, scratching his neck. The nervousness on his face was evident, causing Sera to tilt her head in confusion. Isaac cleared his throat, wanting to ask her out for a meal since earlier but didn’t know how to bring it up. “Wellum.”

He searched for the right words, but nothing seemed appropriate. Finally, he sighed and blurted out, “I forgot to ask if I can invite you to dinner tomorrow. If you’re not busy.

**Sera** was taken aback, unsure of how to respond. Although it was just dinner, she felt that accepting would give him hope for a closer relationship. **She** pursed her lips, not wanting to lead him on when she already had someone waiting for her.

“Uhm, I know this might sound ridiculous, but could it be possible that you’re interested in me?” she asked boldly, wanting to confirm what **Lara** had told her before; that Isaac w

as serious about her. And if that's really the case, then she needed to turn him down to avoid giving **him** false hope.

"W—

was it obvious?" Isaac laughed nervously. "Actually, when we first met at the club, I was really drawn to you. **And** when we **talked**, I found myself wanting to spend more time with you."

"I know I acted like a jerk when alcohol clouded my mind, but when we met again at the train station, I thought that maybe it was a sign for me to give it a try and see if we could be friends or even more than that, he confessed, **leaving** Sera feeling flustered.

"I appreciate that, but you see, there's something you don't know about me. I am divorced, and to be honest, I already have someone waiting for me. So, I don't think we can be more than friends," she said honestly, hoping he would understand. Giving straightforward answers without sugarcoating was the only way **she** knew to reject someone's confession. She had rejected several men in high school and college, so she knew **what to do**.

"Oh, I see. Isaac scratched his nape, trying **to** smile, but the disappointment in his eyes betrayed him. Sera felt bad, **but** she needed to do what was best for herself **and** Isaac.

"Yes, I'm sorry," she said, and he immediately waved his hand, shaking his head.

"No, don't apologize. It's fine. I kind of expected this **to** happen since I noticed someone making you happy these days," he said. "Then I guess I'll stop trying. I don't want to make you uncomfortable by being persistent-

"Ms. Rodriguez." Sera flinched at the sound of Primo's voice. She and Isaac both turned their heads and saw him approaching.

him

"Sir," she **said**, trying to maintain her composure. His untimely arrival was not a good sign. She needed to do something to avoid suspicion. "Thank you for coming. My parents are waiting for you. They wanted **to** thank you again for selling the commercial space to us."

"Uhm, sorry Isaac. I need to entertain my boss," she added, turning to **Isaac**, who looked slightly surprised. He already knew that Primo treated Sera differently, especially after the incident where he had been threatened by him. But seeing how Sera tried to avoid suspicion confirmed that something was going on between them. He looked at her and simply nodded, sensing the dangerous aura emanating from Primo.

"Alright, I'll leave then. Thank you, and please don't feel bad about rejecting me." Isaac smiled before walking away. Once he had left, Sera turned towards Primo and

d noticed the unreadable expression on his face. She nervously played with her fingers, unsure why she suddenly felt anxious. It was as if she had been caught doing something wrong, even though she hadn't. It made her feel like she needed to clarify things to avoid any misunderstandings.

## Chapter 58

"He confessed his feelings to me, but I turned him down," she said, wanting to be clear about the situation. Their relationship had changed, and she felt obligated to explain. After all, she had accepted Primo and told him to wait for her. It would be respectful to keep him in the dark after hearing what had happened.

"I see," he nodded, relief evident on his face as if he had been holding his breath since she interrupted their conversation. He was worried that if he asked what was going on, it would lead to another argument like what happened at the hotel. He didn't want to take that risk. "Thank you for reassuring me."

"I didn't want you to misunderstand things," she said before opening the door. "Let's go inside."

"Okay," he nodded and followed her. He then greeted her **parents** and congratulated them. Yolanda and Bernard could sense that something was happening between their daughter and her loss, but they chose not to say anything. Seeing **Sera** free from the misery caused by her ex-husband was something they were grateful for, and they didn't want to ruin it by pressuring her to reveal the truth about their relationship.

"OH!" Sera exclaimed as they were on their way to the hotel where they would have their dinner. Primo looked at her, wondering why she suddenly reacted like that.

"What's wrong?"

"Earlier, when I was at the cashier, a woman named Chloe ordered a drink. Now that I think about it, she's the same woman who came to the penthouse before, I just didn't recognize her right away because she looked different that night," Sera explained, noticing Primo's frown as if she had said something wrong.

"Did she bother you or something?" he asked, his tone slightly angry. She shook her head, wondering why he was reacting like that. Then a question popped into her mind.

"No but is she really just your friend?" she asked, causing Primo's finger to twitch slightly. "You told me before that you didn't want her to see me. May I know the reason why?"

“Well,” he glanced at his driver and then focused his attention back on Sera, who was sitting beside him in the backseat. “I’ll explain later when we arrive at the hotel,”

“Hmm, alright,” she nodded, “But is it okay if I don’t change clothes? Won’t I look underdressed?”

“No, of course not. Besides, I reserved the entire **restaurant**, so you don’t need to **worry**.”

“What? You reserved the entire restaurant?” her eyes widened, knowing how expensive the place was. Reserving it would **probably cost** a lot and even though she knew he could afford it; she still couldn’t believe he **spent a significant amount** just to reserve the place for their date.

“Was that too much? I wanted to have dinner with you alone in a place that suits your preferences, so I thought we’d do something fancy

“Preferences? You think a restaurant from the luxurious hotel is my preference?” she asked, thinking that he probably assumed that because she had dinner with Sebastian in similar surroundings. That thought bothered her, she didn’t want him to assume anything like that. Even if she was once the wife of the CEO, she never really indulged herself with fancy things or places, she preferred living a simple life.

“Yeah, **is** it not?”

“Of course not. If you **ask** me, I prefer having dates at home,” she admitted with a **faint** blush. “And if **you** think that’s my preference **because** you saw me having dinner with Sebastian, then you’re wrong.”

“Really? Sorry for assuming,” he said, taking her hand and kissing the back of it.

“It’s fine, I just don’t want you to think that I’m a woman who lives a life of luxury she smiled, and he nodded. Not long after, they finally arrived at one of the renowned hotels in the country. If she remembered correctly, this was the most **expensive** and luxurious hotel, where all those famous celebrities stayed- local or international.

“Good evening, ma’am and sir.” the man greeted them when they arrived at the restaurant located on the top floor of the hotel. Sera smiled at him and greeted back before they entered inside. Her jaw almost dropped seeing how stunning the

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**view that** welcomed them was. The entire wall was made of glass, allowing her to see the night view. The ceiling was so high that she felt small, and the overall interior screamed luxury.

“Do you like it?” Primo asked when he noticed her awestruck state. She nodded and then **sat** down when he pulled the **chair** for her.

“Yes, thank you.” she smiled, watching him sit across from her. This wasn’t their first time having a meal together, but somehow this time felt different than all the other times. **Maybe** because they were in a more romantic place and their relationship became clear **since** Primo’s confession

“Should I serve the food now, sir?” the man who guided them asked politely. Sera then noticed the **tag** on his uniform and **saw** that he was a manager. It must have meant that they wanted to provide satisfactory service for the manager himself to

serve them

“Yes, **thank** you.” Primo nodded and when the **man** left, he turned to face Sera who was **staring** out the window, seemingly enjoying the view, which made him relieved.

“How did you manage to reserve such a place? I **mean**, it must have been difficult, considering how many guests from wealthy backgrounds want to dine here.” She wondered, enjoying the peacefulness as they were the only people inside.

“Right, the management was hesitant to allow the restaurant to be reserved since it might affect their business. Fortunately, I was able to convince them,” he explained, of course, he was lying. This hotel was one of their biggest sources of profit. He owned it, so it **was** possible for him to reserve it as he pleased. He tapped the table lightly with his finger, pondering if he should just tell her straight that he was the CEO of VM Corporation. However, it might affect their relationship if he revealed it now, so he decided to wait a bit longer.

“I can’t believe you would go to such lengths to impress me,” she chuckled, looking at him with her eyes twinkling with amusement and fondness. His gaze remained fixed on her, and although he had seen countless women **look** at him this way, they didn’t **have** the same effect on him as Sera did. “But, let’s continue our conversation from earlier.”

“Which one? About Chloe?” he questioned, just like her, he too didn’t want her to misunderstand things. She reassured him, so he needed to do the same. After all, reassurance is **what** she needed the most considering her experience from her past relationship

“Yes, is she really just a friend! Because when I first saw her visit your house, it didn’t seem like you guys were just normal friends” she said, “I just didn’t ask you that night because I didn’t have the right, but things are different now between us.”



“Chloe is Mica’s childhood friend and eventually became my friend too. Our families were close, he explained, looking at her to show the sincerity of his words. “She’s just a friend to me, but I was aware that she sees me more **than that**

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“SO, UHM... Are you saying that she’s in love with you and you’re aware of it?” Sera asked, wanting to confirm if her conclusion was correct. And if **that** was the case, then it made sense that Primo didn’t want his friend to meet her.

“Yes, but she hasn’t confessed to me or anything. It was just obvious that she has feelings for me,” he explained, observing her reaction. He placed his hand on top of hers and caressed the back of it **gently**, “But you don’t have to worry, I

“No, how can I not?” she cut him off, shaking her head. “I mean, from her perspective, I am a hindrance and maybe that’s why she visited the cafe, to check on me. And it must be the reason why you don’t want her to meet me, right? Because you’re worried that she’ll harass me or something along those lines.”

“Primo, I know I’m overreacting, but I don’t want to be in a situation where I have to deal with unnecessary conflicts,” she added before looking to the side when the food arrived. She pulled her hand away from the table and averted her eyes from Primo. Suddenly, the air between them felt tense, and she didn’t want the night to be like this. She knew he was tired from the flight and had put in a lot of effort just to have a dinner date with her, but she needed to express what was bothering her.

“Are you angry?” Primo asked, breaking the silence after the manager left. This wasn’t what he had in mind when he decided to tell the truth about Chloe, but he understood why she reacted like that.

“No, I’m not. I just voiced what’s bothering me when you told me that your friend has feelings for you. I know it was out of your **control**, but I’m just worried that I’ll be hated by someone because they find my existence a nuisance, Sera explained as calmly as possible. “I want my next relationship to be peaceful.”

“Sorry,” Primo apologized. “But I swear, I won’t do anything, so you won’t have to go through any harassment. I will talk to Chloe and clear things up.”

He tried to reassure her, even though he couldn’t really guarantee it. The fact that Chloe managed to find the cafe owned by Sera’s parents and visited just **to** see her in person made him certain that she and his mother were plotting something. He thought they would already leave him and Sera alone when his mother apologized to him, but as he suspected, there was no way

his mother would just let him do as he pleased, especially when it would threaten her connection with Chloe's parents.

"All right, let's just drop the subject for now. Let's eat so you can go and rest, I don't want your efforts to go in vain," Serh smiled. She couldn't help but feel bad, noticing that he looked worried. It was as if he was thinking things between them would go south. It showed how much he wanted them to be together, but it seemed that things wouldn't go as smoothly as they both thought with Chloe entering the picture.

"Don't worry, my efforts have already paid off the moment I saw you," he said as they started eating. Sera felt her cheeks getting warm, amazed at how his words made her forget the worry she had just seconds ago. She decided to loosen up and get rid of any negativity that could ruin the nice atmosphere around them.

"You're really expressing your feelings now that you've confessed, **huh?**" she smiled, sipping the red wine that came with

their meal.

"Well, I've been holding back since I met you again. I even went as far as making **yours elf** a payment and having you at my beck and call just **so** you could stay by my side," he chuckled, sipping his wine too. They both enjoyed the light meal, drinks, and the ambiance of the restaurant as they converse.

"What made you fall in love with me? We didn't even **have** a proper conversation the night I saved you, and to be honest, I assumed you were mute because you weren't talking," she admitted.

"Well, I was having a mental breakdown at the time. That night was the same night I saw my sister dead." he said, and she nodded, recalling how he **told** her the day he confessed to her why he was in a mess that night.

"Right, it must have been an awful experience," she commented, **feeling** sorry that he had gone through such terrible

trauma.

"It was hell," Primo smiled bitterly, "But your presence that night saved me **from** the misery. The way you treated me, the way you tried to comfort me despite us being strangers, made me feel something I **had** never felt before."

"And maybe, that's the reason why I fell for you. I know this sounds ridiculous, but meeting you **gave** me enough reason to

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keep going,” he added, which made Sera’s heart beat faster. She didn’t know she had that much impact on him. It was overwhelming, but at the same time, she felt good knowing that her presence was enough to save him from the torture he went through

They continued talking and drinking, enjoying every second spent with each other. After they finished their meal, another **staff** member cleaned the **table**, Primo nodded at him, signaling that once he was done with work, they could leave the

restaurant

“The view is comforting, isn’t it?” he said as he approached Sera, who was now standing near the glass wall, mesmerized by the breathtaking view of the city. The tall buildings, the lights, the cars, everything was stunningly beautiful. She loved it.

“Yeah, it’s very relaxing and pleasing in the eyes” she nodded, turning to him and taking a sip of the wine she was holding. It was tasty and sweet, suiting her taste more than the beer she had last night. “Are we going home now? I’m sure you’re tired from the long flight.”

“I’m fine, I slept on the plane,” he answered, sitting on the couch beside her. He looked at her and she decided to sit beside him. They were silent for a moment until Primo leaned his head on her shoulder. “Do you know how to play the piano?”

“Hmm, I do,” Sera nodded, glancing at the grand piano near the couch they were sitting on. “But I haven’t played since college, so I don’t think I can play it well.”

“Then how about giving it a try?” he said, **tracing** her slim fingers, which sent shivers down her spine. She didn’t know why, but the way his finger brushed against hers made her skin tingle. It was electrifying, and she liked it.

“All right,” she nodded, and Primo sat up straight, watching as Sera headed towards the piano and opened it before sitting down. She tapped one of the keys and then started playing her favorite piece, Claire de Lune. Her hands moved quickly across the keys, recalling each note and melody. She wasn’t that interested in music or instruments, but when she heard this piece years ago, she decided to learn how to play it. Now, it felt nostalgic to be playing **it** again.

Primo watched her with loving eyes. Not only was she beautiful and hardworking, but she was also talented. Her fingers moved over the keyboard effortlessly, almost instinctive

ly. It was mesmerizing to see the way she played the piano; it was a completely different sight compared to when she was working

“You’re good,” he clapped and stood up after she finished playing. He then walked towards her and closed the fallboard of the piano before leaning on **it**, facing her. “How did you learn this? Are **you** interested in music and instruments?”

“No,” she shook her head, looking up at **him**. “But when I heard my co-worker playing this while I was doing a part-time job in college, I fell in love with the melody and decided to learn it.”

“How about you? Do you know how to play any instruments?” she **asked**, but he shook his head.

“No, my parents enrolled me in different lessons like violin, piano, and cello, but none of them worked,” he chuckled, remembering how he ditched every class his parents forced him to take. He didn’t want to be a subject for their amusement because he knew they wanted him to learn an instrument so they could have him play during occasions and brag about how smart and talented he was. But as someone who hated that stuff, it was impossible for him to learn any,

“Then what’s your hobby?” Sera asked, curious about what he did to kill time whenever he was bored.

“Hmm, take a guess he said mischievously, which made her hum and put her fingers on her chin, thinking of something.

“Photography?” she guessed, remembering all the photos of his sister in his room. Prim’s mouth formed a small o’ when she guessed it correctly.

“How did you know?” he asked, sounding amazed that Sera found adorable. It was rare for her to see such a different reaction from him since he’s usually calm and stoic.

“Uhm, well, the photos in your room. Some of them were solo pictures of your sister, so I assumed you were the one who took them,” she shrugged, watching him as he sat beside **her**.

“You’re sharp,” he chuckled, his gaze fixed on her. Sera sipped the wine that she placed on top of the piano earlier and noticed how he was watching her, **making** her turn to him while raising an eyebrow.

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“What’s wrong? Is there dirt on my face?” she asked, touching her face. He shook his head and gently held her cheeks in his hands, making her meet his green eyes.

“No, I just suddenly had the urge to kiss you,” he said, his gaze lingering on her lips as he took the **glass** from her and placed it again on top of the piano, “Can I?”

“It’s not that you can’t, but what if someone walks in?” she said, glancing around. It was clear that they were the only ones. Inside as the soft background music was the only sound, she was hearing

“We’re alone, and no one would walk in. Remember, I rented the whole place?” he reassured, holding her chin and turning her towards **him**. Sera pursed her lips and met his gaze. Her heart raced, and though she hesitated, his eagerness and **desire** for her made it hard to refuse.

“Okay,” she nodded, and Primo smiled, leaning in to capture her lips, his tongue gently exploring hers as he held onto the side of her neck, pulling her closer. “Mmnn.”

Sera’s voice was muffled as she tried to keep up with his pace, realizing how much he had wanted this. She placed her arms behind his neck and flinched when she felt his hand move to her waist. She then almost yelped when he lifted her all of a sudden and placed her on top of the piano in front of them

“W— wait,” she slowly pushed his shoulder while he was now standing between her legs and she was seated on the piano. He immediately loosened his grip on her waist, both of them panting

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Well, it feels like you’re going to devour me. Can we take it slow?” she said, still catching her breath. She could feel Primo’s rapid heartbeat in her palm as he stared at her with a dazed expression

“Sorry, the five days I couldn’t see or touch you felt like months,” he admitted, taking her hand from his chest and moving it to **his** cheek before nuzzling it. Sera’s heart raced again when Primo looked at her like that as if he truly **wanted** to devour her. She swallowed hard and, for some reason, pulled his head down to her level, giving him the perfect opportunity to claim her lips.

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COMMENT

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“**AAAH!**” Sera gripped Primo’s **hair** tightly as he began to lick her wet folds. She looked down at him and felt a shiver down her spine when she saw his beautiful green eyes gazing back at her. “Wait, let’s not do this here.”

“Why?” he asked, pulling away for a moment to admire her. He then grabbed her leg, which was resting on **his** shoulder, and spread it properly, making Sera flustered.

“It’s inappropriate. You just rented the place, you don’t own it, so doing it here would be rude. Besides, the piano might get dirty” she replied.

“It’s fine. I’ll buy this piano and place it in the penthouse,” he **said**, leaning over to lick her again. Sera gasped and arched her back, gripping Primo’s **hair** tightly **again**. She wanted to stop him, but the pleasure he was giving her was clouding her judgment, so **in** the end, she didn’t try to fight him off.

“Just focus on me,” he added before slipping one finger inside her. Sera pursed her lips, trying not to moan out loud. She was doing her best to muffle her voice, but when Primo added another finger and played with her insides while licking her clit, she couldn’t hold back the small whine that escaped her mouth.

Primo grinned and continued pleasuring her until she begged him to put his member inside her. Sera’s eyes almost rolled into the back of her head, feeling dizzy from the pleasure and the wine she had consumed. She bit her lip and stared down at him again before pulling his hair harshly away **from** her sex. Primo was taken aback by how forceful she had been **with** that gesture before looking up at her, curious about what he had done wrong.

“Sorry, did I-

“Stand up,” she commanded, as if someone had possessed her. Primo swallowed hard and shivered with excitement at how authoritative she sounded just now. His mouth trembled, fighting the urge to grin before standing up. He then waited to see what she was going to say or do next, but he flinched when she grabbed his erection and started rubbing it through his trousers, “I know your finger and mouth are talented, but I want this massive thing inside me instead.”

He swallowed hard, clenching his fist as he tried to hold back. Otherwise, he might really devour her like a starved animal. He tried his best, but it was difficult, especially with Sera provoking him. He had wanted her to beg, but he hadn’t expected her to be willing to have sex here..

“But you said it was inappropriate to do it here?” he teased, pulling her closer to him by the waist. Sera’s breath hitched as she felt his erection against her entrance. She gulped and looked down as he began to rub himself against her slowly. Primo smirked, loving how she was losing herself in **him**. The arousal on his face only increased. “You’re so wet down there that my trousers are getting soaked.”

“Ugh, stop talking like that,” she groaned, clutching the black button-down he was wearing. She had noticed earlier when he arrived at the café, but his outfit really suited him well. His physique was more noticeable because he wasn’t wearing a

suit. that covered his sculpted **body**. Sera could practically see his muscles flexing when he never moved as it was tight around the chest.

“Why? I’m just telling the truth,” he said smugly, but his smugness faded when Sera started matching his movements. She slowly moved her hips, causing him to freeze as he hadn’t expected her to be the aggressive one today.

“Well, if you don’t remove your **pants**, you might burst,” she said, nodding her head once. Her eyes looked at the bulge in his pants before looking up at him. “Put it in before I change my mind.”

“**Hah**, fuck,” Primo groaned, unbuckling his belt and pulling down **his** trousers along with his underwear to reveal his member completely. “I like it when you’re submissive, but it hits differently when you’re being **dominant**,”

He commented, his breath getting heavier as he rubbed his length while staring at her. Sera licked her lips, feeling satisfied by how well he was reacting to her. She **wasn’t** even drunk, yet she was acting like she was.

“I could say the **same**, but in the opposite way,” she smirked before touching his length and positioning it at her entrance. Primo bit his lip, her every action tonight driving him crazy. “Put it in.”

“Cladly,” he smiled before thrusting inside her. Sera gasped and instinctively hugged his neck while he placed his hand on

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her waist for support. As if on cue, they both acted like starved animals. Sera, who had been **against** engaging in sexual activity in such a place. finally lost her sanity and let herself drown in the pleasure she had been craving for the past **five days**. She didn’t want to acknowledge it, but her body was craving him and her desire was finally taking its toll, making her do some crazy stuff.

**Primo**, on the other hand, enjoyed every single second of it. He could tell that she was as desperate **as** him to reach climax, and he never wanted to disappoint her. So, he started moving faster and deeper, making her cry out in pleasure. The way he moved was so intense that the piano started to creak loudly beneath them, and Sera was afraid that the noise would be heard outside.

“Aaaah, ngh—  
Primo, wait” she said between moans, clinging onto him with her legs wrapped around his waist

“Why?” he asked, kissing her neck and not stopping his movements.

“Put me down,” she said, and he did as he was told without hesitation, lowering Sera on to the piano. **Sera** whimpered as she felt herself empty **inside** and looked at him “Let’s do it standing against the wall”

“Alright,” he nodded before taking her hand and pulling her with him, leading her toward the glass wall. Sera then forgot that the walls were made of glass, making her regret what she had just suggested. She wanted to protest, but Primo **had** already made her face the wall and positioned himself behind her,

“Wait-

“Sorry, I won’t wait this time,” he said before pushing his length in with ease. Sera’s eyes widened in surprise, and she gasped. loudly, arching her body slightly before resting her hands against the glass. She stared outside, but their reflection was slightly visible, **making** her flustered. “Don’t worry, the glass won’t break.”

“T—  
that’s not what I’m worried about,” she stammered, feeling her cheeks warm up. “What if we’re being seen from the other building?”

“It’s a one—  
way mirror glass, no one would see you from outside,” he reassured her before reaching for her nipple and playing with it while he continued thrusting. Sera moaned, no longer concerned about anything else but the pleasure coursing through her body from his touch.

Her dress was disheveled, with one strap slipping down her shoulder, and her breast exposed. The panties and blazer she had been wearing earlier were now strewn under the piano. The soft music from the speakers continued to play, but now it was accompanied by their moans, heavy breathing, and the sound of their bodies colliding in various erotic acts, filling the room with a sense of satisfaction.

“Hah, Sera,” Primo moaned, repeatedly whispering her name as he kissed her shoulder.  
“I wanted to see your fa

He paused his thrusting and pulled **out**, causing her to turn and face him. They locked eyes, both panting heavily and flushed with desire. Primo leaned in and passionately kissed her, prompting Sera to moan and wrap her arms around his neck, pressing her back against the glass wall. He then lifted one of her legs and entered her again without breaking the kiss.



“**Aaah**, Primo...she moaned when she pulled away from the kiss and **buried** her face in the crook of his neck while gripping his shoulders tightly. She could feel her **orgasm** building in her stomach, and he noticed her body tensing up, urging him to move faster until she climaxed. Afterward, Primo continued thrusting his thick and long member in and out of her, his grip on the back of her thigh tightening.

“Can I cum inside? We can’t leave a mess for others to **clean** up later,” he panted heavily. “They would **know** what we were doing.

“Yes, do it inside me,” she nodded, clearly losing herself in pleasure. Her body felt hot and tingly; her legs were weak and unsteady, but Primo made sure she wouldn’t lose her balance and fall. He held her tighter as he continued pounding into her, relishing the sight of her.

“Oh God... Sera...” he licked his lips, feeling her core tighten around his thick shaft. He gazed at her intensely as she moaned, his pace quickening as he neared the edge. He then groaned loudly when he reached climax, releasing his seed inside her, and filling her completely.

“Ngghhh,” Sera muffled her moan as she rested her head on his shoulder. She could feel his length throbbing inside her,

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causing her in

inner walls to contract around him.

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“Ugh, shit,” Primo muttered, experiencing a different kind of pleasure as he released inside her. They both panted, leaning into each other. He slowly lowered her leg and stared at her, their eyes locked without saying a word before they shared soft kiss **and** pulled apart. He stroked her cheek with his thumb and rested his forehead on hers. “I booked a room here.. Let’s continue our business there.”

Sera, who **was** feeling tired, looked him in the eyes and smiled while nodding. “Sure,”

Primo smiled and walked over to the nearest table to take a tissue. He wiped his shaft and pulled up his boxers and trousers. He then returned to Sera and cleaned the inside of h

er thigh where his load had spilled. He gulped, feeling aroused, but decided to concentrate on cleaning her. When he was finished, he picked up her underwear and blazer from the floor before putting them on her back.

Sera smiled, grateful for his caring nature after sex. She was certain that if he remained consistent, he would eventually win her heart sooner or later.